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# Caledonian Sketches,

OR A

## TOUR THROUGH SCOTLAND

IN 1807 :



TO WHICH IS PREFIXED  
AN EXPLANATORY ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC,

UPON A RECENT TRIAL

BY SIR JOHN CARR.



— Est propria gloria Scotis,

\*\*\*\*\*

Polliciti servare fidem, sanctumque vereri

Numen amicitiae.

BUCHANAN.

“ With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow,  
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise—  
There plague and poison, lust and rapine, grow ;  
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,  
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.”

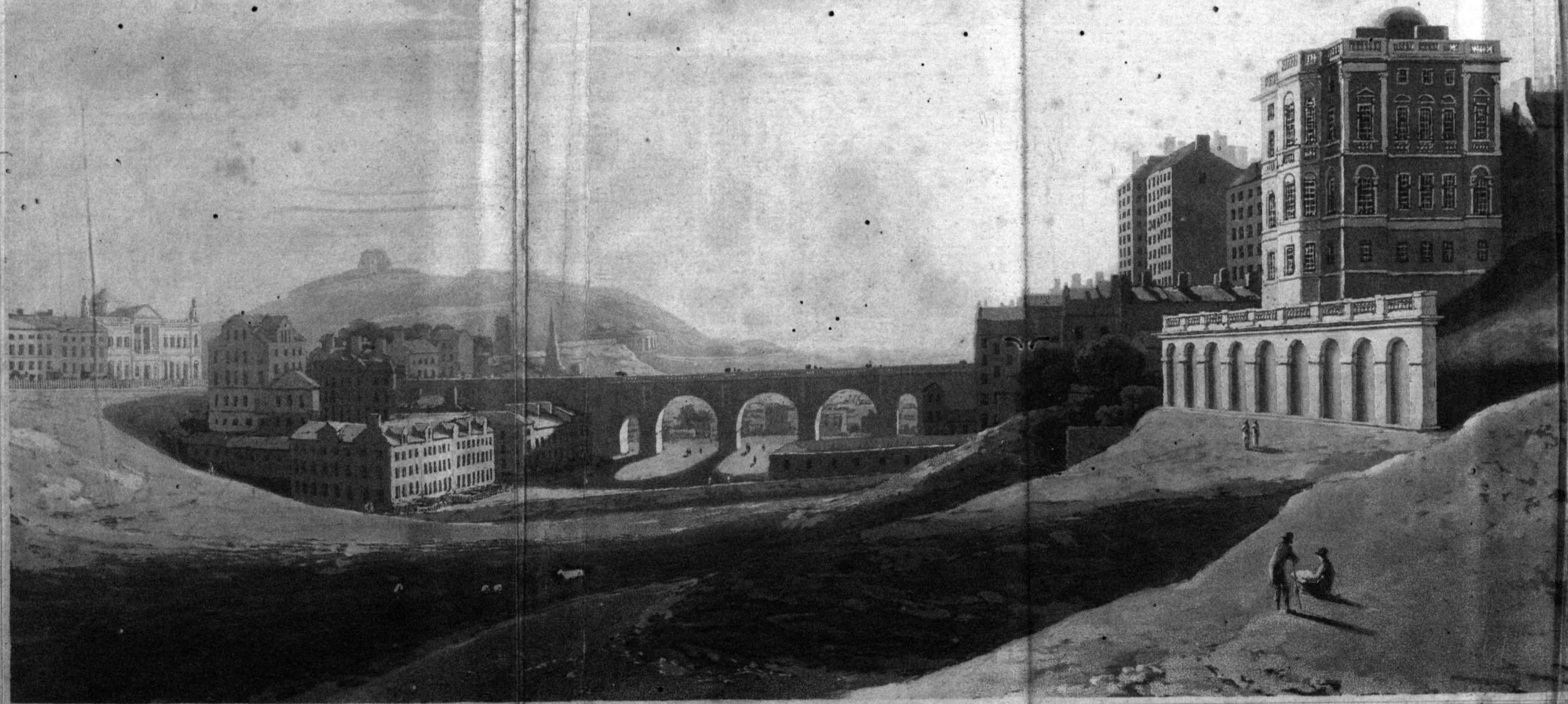
BEATTIE.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR MATHEWS AND LEIGH, IN THE STRAND,

BY W. CLOWES, NORTHUMBERLAND-COURT.

1809.



W.D.

Edinburgh

Old Town

TO  
VISCOUNT VALENTIA, M. P

F.R.S. F.A.S. F.L.S. P.R.I.

MEMBER OF  
THE ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BENGAL, AND THE LITERARY SOCIETY OF BOMBAY.  
VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE AFRICAN SOCIETY;  
VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE LITERARY FUND; &c. &c. &c.

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MY LORD,

To you, who have devoted so many years in the ardent and successful pursuit of knowledge in distant régions, the treasures of which you are about to pour into the lap of your country, I beg to have the honour of dedicating the following pages.

Although, in extent and variety of research, as well as in the acquirements, toil, and enterprise necessary for its success, your Lordship has rarely been equalled, you have not resembled those travellers, who, to a perfect acquaintance with the laws, customs, and manners of other countries, unite an almost entire ignorance of their own.

DEDICATION.

With the local, moral, and political character of the three divisions of the British empire, I know your Lordship is intimately conversant, and I hope that the representation which I have attempted of the natives and the scenery of the northern branch of it will meet with your approbation.

I have the honour to remain,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's obedient servant,

JOHN CARR.

*2, Garden-court, Temple,  
Dec. 20, 1808.*



# EXPLANATORY ADDRESS

TO

THE PUBLIC.

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IN laying before the Public another literary production, I think it due, in point of propriety and respect, to advert to a circumstance which has lately brought my name before it, more especially as that circumstance is distantly connected with the present publication. I refer to an action which I brought against the publishers of a supposed libellous caricature print, and its explanation, of a personal and offensive nature, in consequence of which I have been charged by certain persons with having attempted a violence to the liberty of the press.

Those whose hostility I have increased by that measure have distorted the ground of that action: perhaps no object ever was more grossly and actively misrepresented. From the dominion which my adversaries had and have over some of the public prints, they had considerable means of adding to the injustice which they had before attempted to exercise.

If the matter merely related to myself, from my respect to the Public it should drop into oblivion; but it is not my cause, so much as that of literature and its privileges, that is at stake. Truth has been not a little injured; but yet, notwithstanding so many fractures, I hope to set every shattered bone, and restore her to her former symmetry. A loud outcry has been raised against me, in consequence of such gross misrepresentation. The storm roared long and loud: I have waited for a calmer moment to reply.

In 1806 I submitted to the Public the result of my observations made in the year preceding on the sister island, under the title of "The Stranger in Ireland, or a Tour in the Southern and Western Parts of that Country." In this work I avoided those topics upon which the public mind has been fearfully divided: I endeavoured to assist in effacing prejudices, and in making my readers of this country better acquainted with, and consequently more disposed to love and esteem, our brethren in Ireland. The Public received my endeavours with such favour, that, expensive as the work was, very nearly fifteen hundred copies of it have been sold. It has also had a large circulation upon the Continent and in America, where it has passed through several editions. Some highly respectable writers upon matters connected with Ireland have honoured me by considering it as a work of authority, and by quoting from it. It moreover obtained for me the friendship and esteem of many distinguished and honourable persons, both here and in Ireland,

as well Protestants as Catholics. I hope I may be permitted to state thus much, without an imputation of self-complacency.

In 1807 a work was published, the object of whose title was, to make it appear, for the purpose of injuring me in the public opinion, that my Journal of this long and rather laborious Tour had been contained in a few pencil hints, or memorandums. The body of the book was filled with fragments of distant and discordant sentences extracted from my work, absurdly jumbled together, and interspersed with falsehood and the vilest perversions, which were presented to the Public under the imposing mask of fair *quotation*.

Had this attack been announced as a travesty, the Public would have regarded it as a burlesque, and I should have been as much disposed as any one to have smiled at what humour it might have possessed. Indeed I should have deemed it, in some measure, an honour; for, as the nature



of travesty is laughable deformity, the original must at least possess some symmetry, before it could be twisted into deformity. Nay, I should have felt myself flattered to have been placed in the same line of attack in which many illustrious literary characters have been assailed, although immeasurably removed from them in literary reputation. I should also have reflected that the Public would not be interested in the travesty of an unknown author. But many, who have never read the *Tour in Ireland*, have considered the quotations as authentic, and the comment as fair and candid. I am placed before a mirror that distorts, and the mirror is thought to represent me faithfully. Submitting to this malignant and mischievous attack as one of the pains and penalties attached to authorship, I took no notice of the first edition.

In the beginning of the following year, however, a second edition appeared, considerably enlarged, with several caricature prints. It was advertised,

in a long and striking manner, in the London, and most of the provincial, newspapers; and, lest the Public should mistake the object, my name, at full length, was introduced; and the publishers, by means unusual in the trade with regard to works of such a nature, circulated an immense number of copies of it.

The frontispiece of this publication, in most of its parts, and the explanation annexed to it, attempted personally to degrade me in a point of view that had no reference to my travels in Ireland. Legal advisers assured me that both were libellous; and it would be impossible, I believe, even for my adversaries, to deny that their own Counsel partook of the same opinion; I was therefore induced to look for redress to the law. To prove that these caricature prints ought not to be considered as fair critical elucidation, I beg leave to call the attention of the reader to another of them. In my work I have mentioned, that the cruel custom of yoking the

plough to the tail of the drawing horse, which once existed in the uncivilized parts of Ireland, has for some time past been discontinued ; yet, in this print, I am represented in the attitude of making a drawing of this barbarous usage ; and, if such print be admitted to be fair criticism, I am made by the artist's pencil to assert that the custom still endures. In fact I am assured that I have already incurred the displeasure of some of the Irish, who have not perused my work, and who have been misled by this print, for having, as they thought, in this instance thrown an odium upon the character of their peasantry. To return to the action, the frontispiece caricature, and the explanation, constituted the sole ground of my legal complaint. My declaration, or, as it is legally defined, a shewing in writing of the cause of complaint, embraced no other ; and my proofs, as the law requires they should be, were confined to the innuendos contained in the declaration. Could I have conceived, or had I been legally advised, that the Court,

after my declaration had been so shaped, would have admitted of evidence to shew that the body of the obnoxious work was unfair criticism, I could have produced many distinguished literary men to have proved it to have been so. When the cause came on, the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, who presided, maintained that a personal caricature of an author may be considered as fair criticism, as far as he is connected with his work, and impressed such his opinion upon the minds of the jury, who gave their verdict accordingly. My adversaries immediately announced the event as a victory obtained over an enemy to the press, and a person who wished to arm justice against criticism. I hope I shall not be considered as deviating from that respect which is due to Lord Ellenborough as a dignified magistrate, a scholar, and a gentleman, and from that reverence which ought to attend upon judicial opinion, if I submit a few further observations.

So far from aiming at the freedom of the press,



I thought I was making a struggle on behalf of its liberty, as well as its dignity, by an attempt to prevent both from being contaminated and brought into discredit by the low and base alliance of caricature and buffoonery ; and that I never did wish to interfere with the liberty of the press is plain from my not attacking the first work, which was equally as unjust as the second.

The most dignified satirists, such as Dryden, Boileau, Pope, Swift, and Young, never thought of lashing a man by pictures : that task they left to inferior artists ; they confined themselves to their pens alone. If there was any press that I wished to obtain a victory over, it was not the literary press, but the caricature press. Plain fact will demonstrate that I could have no other intention. Had Lord Ellenborough thought the caricature and explanation were libellous, and had I, in consequence, obtained a verdict, the letter-press part of the work, without the caricatures, might have continued to be sold with impunity.

With regard to the liberty of the press, its abuses have not made me cease to be enamoured with its real utility. The censure of assailants, such as I have had, can no more detach me from revering the press, than the turpitude of a wicked priest can shake my veneration for religion. The liberty of the press is the boast of every honest Englishman, and the Judge who sacrifices something of justice in its defence is more entitled to his admiration than his censure; or, if he awaken censure, he will find it but reluctantly roused, and easily appeased.

To fair legitimate criticism I have, upon the whole, much reason to be grateful. Fortunately for the literature of Great Britain, in no country in the world is criticism so widely disseminated by means of the different reviews. In these, my works, upon the whole, have been favourably dealt with; and even where my feelings, as an author, may have been mortified, I should be more inclined to admit the liability to error in

myself, than to suppose that a degree of censure had been extended to me, which, it was conceived, I did not deserve. I hope I have shewn enough to establish that I was not so thoughtless as to appeal to the laws against criticism. No lawyer, if he valued his character, would either have advised me to it, or ventured to open his lips in a court of justice in support of such an appeal. Literary reputation is at best but fruit half-filled with wasps : those who but attempt to gather it must expect to be stung.

For my own part, I have ever considered criticism as the great palladium of literature. It is a guard between bad taste and the Public. My maxim has ever been that of Gresset, “ s’honorer des Critiques, et tacher de faire mieux.” But to be assailed by the malignant combination, which was ~~proved~~, and ~~uncontroverted~~, upon the hearing of my cause---to be assailed by weapons unknown in that “ bright armoury” ~~from~~ which the shafts of real wit and satire have ~~hitherto~~ been levelled at mankind---will,

I trust, be considered as some apology for the imprudence with which I have been charged, of seeking protection in a court of justice.

Satisfied with the happiness of moving in an honourable society, and I trust of enjoying its esteem, taking no share, and acting no part, in those scenes which usually excite the ridicule of the caricaturist, I did hope that my venturing to lay before the Public remarks made, and opinions formed, during my different tours, without seeking to embellish and enliven them with the surreptitious ornament of imagination, would not have roused him from his den to waylay me in my peaceful path. My expectations have been disappointed, and I must confess I had not philosophy enough to witness with indifference the almost unexampled activity which was displayed in holding me up to the Public in every newspaper, and in the window of every petty retailer of literature, as an object unworthy of the respectable opinion with which it has hitherto honoured my humble literary labours.



I have only one observation more to make, which I owe in justice to myself and my late publisher, Sir Richard Phillips, who has been accused of having, from objects of personal feeling, prompted me to bring the action to which I have adverted. I can most solemnly declare that he never excited me to such a measure. I was solely guided by my own feelings, and the opinion of my legal advisers; and I trust that my character is too well known, and that I hold too respectable a situation in society, to encourage an expectation that I could be made the instrument of gratifying any man's private animosity.

**I** AM too much indebted to many enlightened Gentlemen, in various parts of Scotland, for the local information they have favoured me with, not to take this opportunity of publicly expressing my thanks and obligations.

It is with cordial pleasure I mention, that, in the month of September last, the foundation-stone of the New Gaol of Edinburgh was laid. This Prison, so much and so long desired, is to be completed from the excellent designs of Mr. Robert Reid. As soon as it is ready for the reception of prisoners, the present Tolbooth, mentioned in the following Tour, will be pulled down.

The Lord Provost and Magistrates are also about to make an application to Government for further aid, to enable them to finish the College. Those who support such an application will do honour to themselves, and confer a lasting obligation upon that illustrious Seminary.

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## ERRATA.

## Page. Line.

21— 8 & 9, *dele* in the number of its churches,  
*and insert it, after memory.*  
 24—14 *dele is.*  
 54—23 *dele* but notwithstanding this precau-  
*tion.*  
 55— 3 *read a before scale-stair.*  
 77—15 *for south read north.*  
 90—17 *after completed read as originally in-*  
*tended, omitted.*  
 132— 5 *for were read are.*  
 161—20 *after is a comma, after it read it is a*  
*fact.*  
 183—16 *for Cole read Coll.*

## Page. Line.

192—21 *for Scengal read Seongal.*  
 194—10 *for imo et alia read uno salta.*  
 264— 9 *for Duplin read Dupplin.*  
 425—18 *for Merven read Morven.*  
 445— 7, *dele great.*  
 461—24 *dele and.*  
 469— 1 *dele severity.*  
 469—Chap. xxv. l. 2. *for Mervin read Morven.*  
 473— 3 *for Tübermoire read Tabernorry.*  
 476—12 *for Makeall read Nakeall.*  
 491—4 & 5 *dele one ton or twenty-one hundred*  
*weight of.*

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## TOUR THROUGH SCOTLAND.

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HOW common in practice, and yet how inexplicable upon principle is it, that we wander from adjacent beauties to remote ones, which, after much toil of mind and body, frequently prove to be inferior to those we leave behind, which have a thousand times courted us in vain both by their attractions and their facilities of access! How often do

we brave the seas and the tempests to draw pleasure from continental resources, and how frequently do we learn from foreigners the beauties of our own country! Is it that we place a false value upon what is difficult of attainment, and feel but little relish for that which can be procured with little exertion? A Scottish gentleman, in whose estate a hill, called Mount Damietta, stands, near Stirling, when in Italy was expressing to a native of that country the delight which the scenery of that beautiful region afforded him, and declared it to be the finest in the world. "It is very fine, undoubtedly," said the Italian, "but inferior to one in *Scotland*; I mean the view from the hill Damietta, near Stirling." The Scottish gentleman was much surprised, and somewhat embarrassed in not being able to make the comparison himself, for the truth was, he had never visited the top of his own mount, and was ashamed to own it.

After having felt somewhat of this fashionable infatuation, with delicate health, however, to offer in excuse, I resolved upon judging for myself of a people and a country long renowned in history, and who, in the pages of a writer high in the annals of literary fame, appeared with a double character, at one time inviting with attraction, at another repelling with disgust.

In the pursuit of my object, I had the additional satis-



faction of reflecting that I had no boisterous seas to cross, and no keen and perilous investigations of a hostile police, to encounter. Having purified my mind from the prejudices which ill-humoured or sarcastic representations had at various times impressed upon it, I set off for Scotland; and as the line of route was to me in some degree novel, I loitered a little in my way, to contemplate objects that I found not only new, but highly interesting.

I commenced my tour with emotions of gratitude to that beneficent and all-wise Ruler who has hitherto preserved us from sharing in the humiliation of so many nations of the earth, and who enables us to wander, as business, pleasure, or the love of information may impel, over a country which we may still proudly call our own, without being compelled to witness the devastations of war, or to contemplate the triumphant march of insatiable ambition.

Seated in an island favoured by Heaven, and fortified by nature against the political storms that rage around us, we view their angry progress, as the astronomer in the calmness of the night contemplates the erratic course of the flaming meteor, in safe and solemn meditation.

The delightful month of June had just commenced when I left London; and, after passing through a country which

possessed very little to gladden the eye or interest the mind, I arrived at Cambridge, where I had the gratification of being the bearer of letters of introduction to several gentlemen distinguished for their knowledge, and extent of research in distant countries, and of contemplating many magnificent and venerable edifices sacred to learning, along whose walls the Cam slowly and silently moves, as if conscious that it flowed through the seat of study and meditation, reflecting upon its dark and placid surface many a luxuriant bank, and tree of stately growth, harmoniously grouped together, and naturally disposing the mind unfamiliarized to the scene, to pensive reflection.

The groves and gardens of the colleges are equally sweet and equally solemn; but they had materially suffered by a recent and violent flood, which had overflowed the country to a great extent, and had left many rueful marks of its visitation upon tree, shrub, bank, and flower. Among the trees, three weeping elms are pointed out to the stranger, which cannot be seen without admiration. I do not mean to fatigue the reader by elaborate architectural descriptions of the different buildings which adorn this celebrated seat of science; but I cannot pass over unnoticed the chapel of King's College, which, for size, lightness, and beauty, has no rival in this country, and, I am well informed, none in any other.

In this, as in most pure Gothic buildings, the principal exterior decorations are reserved for its summits; but what pencil or pen can adequately pourtray the symmetry and beauty of the interior of this pile? The eye rises with delight from the floor to the elegant roof of Gothic arches, springing from their buttresses; it then roves along the "slender shafts of shapely stone," finely contrasted with the florid richness of the painted windows, and the whole decorated with a profusion of elaborate ornaments, varying from each other in form, and rivalling each other in beauty. The imagination is more disposed to consider this exquisite structure as the fabled temple raised by magic than a fabric of human workmanship. It stands a splendid monument of the taste, piety, and munificence of Henry VI. its original founder, and of succeeding sovereigns. The sight of such a building would nobly remunerate the pains and perils of a long pilgrimage.

A natural curiosity induced me to pay an early visit to the rooms which the illustrious Pitt occupied in Pembroke College, where I felt that glow of enthusiasm which departed genius never fails to excite in the spot which it has rendered sacred by its presence. A professor, who favoured me with his company on the occasion, had the honour of having known that exalted character well. He informed me, in opposition to the generally credited

remark that Mr. Pitt knew but little of Greek, that he was thoroughly well versed in that language at the age of fourteen, but that he never quoted from any Greek authors in the senate, from a well-founded conviction that the only impression he would have excited amongst the greater portion of his auditors would have been that of pedantry. How finely and powerfully his Latin quotations applied is in the public recollection. Mathematics formed his favourite study, to the pursuit of which, he used to observe, he intended to return, whenever the cares of the state no longer demanded his undivided attention. Although he shook the senate with the thunder of his eloquence, in private life he was remarkable for his gentle and unassuming manners. In the colloquial pleasures of the table he would listen with the most patient good humour to great talkers, and argue with them as if his mental powers had been but a little above their own. He never, like Jupiter conversing with the clown, appealed to his thunder. He supported the diffident, and played with the overbearing: in short, in the hours of relaxation, he charmed and delighted, as much as, in those which were devoted to the public welfare, he excited the astonishment and admiration of the world.

It is a matter worthy of remark, that scarcely in one instance, throughout the eventful histories of two of the

most illustrious statesmen and orators that ever adorned this or any other country, is any coincidence to be found, except in the extent and brilliancy of their mental powers, and the melancholy fate which consigned them together to the common lot of mortality. Even in their early studies, whilst Cambridge derives increased celebrity from having the name of Pitt upon her records, Oxford may boast with equal pride the lasting honour of having imparted to Fox the treasures of her learning.

The same spirit of (I hope not illaudable) curiosity induced me to explore the apartments which Gray occupied in the same college. Strange to remark, no one belonging to it could be found to tell me where they were. At last an aged inhabitant of the town was sent for, who immediately conducted me to them. In one of the rooms of this college there is a medallion of Mason. The professor I before mentioned remembered Gray when at college, and observed that what principally remained upon his recollection was his large aquiline nose, and cold inaccessible manner; in the garden belonging to this college there is a Gothic bower remaining, though hastening to rapid decay, which he and Mason planned. It is singular that in the common hall there is no portrait of either Gray or Pitt: to the memory of the latter, however, a fine statue is to be erected in the senate house, by that able and tasteful artist, Nolckens.

Under one of the windows in one of the rooms which Gray previously occupied at St. Peter's College, there still remains a staple, which the Poet, who was very fearful of fire, had fixed there, for the purpose of escaping from the danger of that element by a rope ladder. An authentic anecdote is told of a college trick which was upon this occasion played off upon him, in revenge for his general unpleasant deportment and unmanly timidity. He was one night roused from his slumbers by a loud cry of "Fire;" upon which he immediately affixed his ropes, and descended into a large tub of water, which his roguish comrades had placed under his window to receive him. Thus, thinking to escape from one element, he fell into another. In consequence of this trick the Bard left St. Peter's for Pembroke.

In the chapel of Trinity College there is an exquisite statue of the immortal Newton, in white marble, by Roubiliac. The great philosopher is represented in a loose gown, with a prism in his hands, and his face elevated to Heaven, as if in divine meditation. On the pedestal is inserted

" Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit."

The library of Trinity College is a very noble room, and said to contain many valuable books, but it is sadly disfigured by the window of painted glass at the south end,

representing Sir Isaac Newton, who died in 1726, being presented to his present Majesty, George the Third, who was born in 1738 : the king is seated upon a throne, holding a laurel chaplet in one hand, and attended by Minerva, whilst below the Lord Chancellor Bacon, who died in 1626, is seen preparing to register the reward which the sovereign is about to bestow upon the philosopher, who died about twelve years before his royal benefactor existed. The execution of this gaudy association of the dead and of the living, this transparent portrait of absurd anachronisms, corresponds with the design. Amongst the MSS. in this library are the *Comus* and other poems of Milton, in his own hand, with his alterations. The admirers of the sublime and beautiful in poetry may be gratified by seeing a lock of hair of this illustrious bard at Lord Fitzwilliam's, at Richmond.

In the vestibule of the public library are some valuable antiquities, which have been presented to it by Dr. Clarke, a gentleman equally known for his learning, and the uncommon enterprise and enthusiasm with which he achieved a very extensive tour through various distant countries, particularly in Greece, from which, at considerable cost and with infinite address and labour, he contrived to bring the celebrated colossal bust of Ceres, exhibiting part of the body, from the girdle upwards, from the temple of Eleusis, and present it to his Alma Mater. In raising and embellishing



this gorgeous and stupendous temple, the most illustrious artists of Greece are said to have exerted their highest energies, until they left it a work of matchless perfection, at once the admiration and wonder of the world. Amongst the literary treasures collected by Dr. Clarke, in the course of his travels, are a Plato, beautifully written on vellum, by Professor Porson styled a monument of literature, and other valuable works from Patmos, Naxos, Mount Athos, and from Constantinople. The Doctor has also brought some antique monuments from Sais, in Egypt, (the ruins of which city were first discovered by Messrs. Clarke and Crips,) and various other antiquities from Upper Egypt, collections of medals and vases from all parts of Greece, and sculpture and inscriptions from the Cimmerian Bosphorus, the Crimea, the shores of the Euxine, the Plain of Troy, the Greek Islands, and the Grecian Continent. The public has been long in expectation of seeing in print the researches and observations of this elegant and learned traveller, and it is to be hoped that so high a gratification will not be long delayed.

After viewing the magnificent edifice devoted to piety or learning, the traveller will do well to visit a fabric of a different nature; I mean the gaol, which is small, but admirably designed and constructed. In the discipline of the prison I saw nothing to object to, except an unneces-

sary weight of irons with which an unfortunate delinquent was loaded, and which, the goaler himself acknowledged, were much too ponderous ; but I think he added, they had none lighter. This matter is not unworthy the attention of the gentlemen to whom the inspection of the prison is entrusted.

From Cambridge I proceeded to Stamford, through Huntingdon. The fens are much drained, and the country was extremely pleasant. Stamford, in the number of its churches, brought the city of Cologne to my memory, which, as well as most of the houses, are built of a fine and hard stone, brought from a neighbouring quarry, and with which Downing College at Cambridge is to be constructed, when the architect and the mason are no longer restrained by the torpid spells of the law. Apprehensions having been entertained that St. Mary's Church, the handsomest building in the town, was giving way, the inhabitants had it cramped up with iron, and by an Hibernian mode of proceeding, to make it more secure, have, as I was informed, suspended in it *two additional bells*. Stamford stands upon a rocky soil, so porous, that the inhabitants have only to make a cess-pool or deep hole, and every thing thrown into it soon disappears. Burleigh House and Park adjoin the town, and give it the only interest which it possesses. This munificent donation of Elizabeth to her favourite mi-

nister is well known. Compared with his merits, she courteously said it was too small. In the noble apartments are many costly and exquisite paintings. On that of our Saviour by Carlo Dolce, so justly celebrated, I gazed long and ardently, and withdrew with emotions of admiration and regret. The divine face seemed sufficient to kindle the flame of piety in the breast of the most depraved. The new lodge is in bad taste: the towers are surmounted with domes resembling large full-grown cabbages inverted, which produce an unpleasant effect.

In my way to York I passed through Doncaster, the elegant appearance of which cannot but arrest the attention of the traveller. York is a great and gloomy city, enriched by one of the most grand and beautiful specimens of Gothic architecture in the kingdom. For nearly twenty years, the old and decaying parts of this beautiful cathedral have been restoring. In this very nice and difficult work, an ingenious mason, of the name of Shute, has been employed for a considerable length of time. What has been done has been creditably done; but it would have been better under professional direction, which is not thought necessary. Such is the case at Westminster, and I believe at Lincoln. Whilst such a method is used, it is well that the cathedral of York is under such excellent government, for it might have had

a dean \* of less taste and judgment, and less enthusiasm with regard to purity of style.

Although no one is more happy to acknowledge the general taste as well as the profound learning of our churchmen than I, yet I cannot as readily admit that they can be, without the assistance of a skilful and experienced architect, capable of faithfully restoring the delicate “foliated tracery” of Gothic architecture, by merely modelling and copying different parts of the original fabric. To copy with fidelity and effect is an effort of knowledge as well as of labour. What mason could copy with truth and effect the exquisite productions of Flaxman and Nollekens? Not the minutest ornament should be replaced, in such venerable and beautiful piles as I have enumerated, but under the superintendence of an able artist. The ravages of time upon the minster of York will furnish constant employ for the restoring hand of art for a century to come.

This august pile has been frequently described. It was commenced in 1171. Its interior corresponds with the majesty of its external appearance. The ancient painted windows are of exquisite workmanship, and at a distance resemble delicate light-coloured lace work. As far as the

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\* The Rev. Dr. Markham.

senses are concerned in aid of a spirit of devotion, I cannot but think that the *pure* Gothic is the best adapted for that purpose. In this minster, in the abbey of Westminster, and in similar buildings, I feel a *religious awe* pervade my mind which I never feel in the vast and majestic cathedral of St. Paul. But for the sound of the organ, and the voice of the choristers, it might be regarded as a stupendous pantheon instead of a place of devotion. In the screen are the effigies of several of our kings, one of which very whimsically presents itself to the eye with red hair gilt, by which the artist intended to show, that in this prince's reign it was the fashion to *powder the hair with gold dust*. In the library belonging to the minster, there is a fine volume, in vellum, containing Erasmus's works. This library is intended to be removed to the chapel, which formerly belonged to the archbishop's palace. In this city there is an annual display of benignity which I cannot pass over in silence; a spirit of liberality, which it would be well for the world were it more imitated. A nunnery has been established here for many years, in which there are about one hundred and thirty young ladies, who are brought up in the Catholic religion; the Lady Abbess pays a yearly visit to his Grace the Archbishop of York, by whom she is always most kindly and cordially received.

The castle, standing upon an elevated and spacious area

of ground, containing the county hall, (a superb building of the Ionic order,) and the old and new prisons, is highly deserving of attention. The Court of Nisi Prius is formed after the best possible plan for hearing and for accommodation, two essentials which are not often found in any of our seats of justice. The prison for felons is the ancient gaol, which, although inferior to modern buildings of this description, is far from being objectionable. The magistrates deserve the thanks of their county for the constant attention which they pay to the discipline of this prison, which is in consequence kept very clean; and the unfortunate felons, of whom there were only fifteen when I visited it, are enabled by their labour to support themselves tolerably well until delivered by due course of law: humane discretion is visible here in the weight of the prisoners' chains. Opposite to the county hall, and corresponding with it in front, is a noble building, containing the prisons for female felons and debtors, hospital, &c. which do great honour to the skill and taste of Mr. Carr, the architect. The debtors are also very humanely permitted to walk in the area. In the city gaol, I was informed by a magistrate, there were no prisoners, although the jurisdiction of the city extends over a population of about 25,000 persons. Another circumstance, equally creditable to the vast county of York, deserves to be mentioned. At the last general election no accident occurred, and no disturbance arose, although not less than

22,000 persons were brought from the country into the city to vote, and, as far as the fact could be ascertained, not one horse was killed from excess of driving. The ancient bridge over the Ouse has often attracted the pencil of the artist; and the ruins of St. Mary are still beautiful, though they have been lately much dilapidated, for the sake of the materials.

The ride to Durham is very pleasant, and frequently picturesque. This city derives all its consequence from its enormous cathedral, (situated in a lofty and well-wooded knoll,) the windings of the river Wear and its bridges, and the beautiful walks which adorn its meanders. In these walks are many elms and mountain-ash, of the noblest growth. The houses are in general mean, and far from corresponding with the features I have just before mentioned. The cathedral is a vast heavy pile, chiefly of Saxon architecture, a huge quarry above ground, the foundation of which was laid in 1093. The size of the interior, and the massy magnitude of the pillars, arrayed in all the clumsy magnificence of the Norman style, are all that are worthy of notice within. The castle, or bishop's palace, adjoining, is, like the cathedral, very large and gloomy. The rooms within are dark and unfurnished. The only object worthy of any notice is a curious and highly-embellished Saxon arch, in the long gallery, which, only a few years



since, was discovered behind a covering of plaister. Some, but a very small part, of the castle, is supposed to be coeval with William the Conqueror. The Bishop shews his taste by residing at Bishop Auckland, about eleven miles distant, and never entering the gloomy abode but when official duty renders it necessary. In one of the chambers, I am informed, is the coffin of St. Cuthbert, a large chest, strongly hooped with iron. As my Cicerone did not mention this circumstance, I have done it for the benefit of future travellers who are curious in such matters \*.

\* The manor of Sockburne, formerly belonging to the Conyers, now in the possession of Sir William Blackett, Bart. in the neighbourhood of Durham, is held by knight-service under the Bishop of Durham, and by an observance of the following singular ceremony:—At the first entrance of the Bishop into the country, the Lord of Sockburne, or his agent, meets him in the *middle of the Tees* at Neesham, where the water is fordable, or at Croft Bridge, when he presents a falchion to the Bishop, as an emblem of his temporal power, and repeats the following words:—"My Lord Bishop, I here present you with the falchion wherewith the champion Conyers slew the *worm, dragon*, or fiery flying serpent, which destroyed man, woman, and child, in memory of which the King then reigning gave him the manor of Sockburne, to hold by this tenure, that, upon the first entrance of every Bishop into the country, this falchion should be presented." The Bishop then takes the falchion in his hand, and immediately returns it to the person who presents it, wishing the Lord of Sockburne health, and a long enjoyment of the manor.

In the ancient pedigree of the family of Conyers it is set forth, that "Sir John Conyers, Knt. who slew y<sup>e</sup> monst'rous vennomous and poysonous wyvern, asp, or worm, which overthrew and devoured many people in fight, and the scent of the poyson was so strong that no person might abide it, and hereby p'vidence of Almighty God overthrew it, and it lyeth buried at

The prison is well calculated to punish the prisoner before his guilt is proved: the dungeons, which are below each other, are dark, damp, and unwholesome. The ventilators, which ascend to the top of the gaol, are choked up. The prisoners sleep upon straw; the common room is small, and badly ventilated; and the male prisoners are let out only seven at a time into a small yard for exercise, and that only twice a week, which yard is close to an inn, and commanded by it. It is additionally painful to reflect that the assizes are only held here once a year. The keeper of the prison is a humane and respectable man, and much regretted that the building was so objectionable. The bride-well is in a shocking state. The sleeping-room of the prisoners is a great cave under the road, strewed at the bottom with straw, like the stables of the robbers in *Gil Blas*. Into this vault I was shown, in mid-day, by the aid of a lantern: it was dripping with wet on every side.

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Sockburne before the Conquest. But before he did enterprise, having but one childe, went to the church in complete armour, and offered up his sonne to the Holy Ghost, which monuments are yet to see. Also the place where the serpent lay is called Greystone." Tradition still points to the spot where this mighty worm or dragon was entombed. The story, if literally taken, is more curious than singular, in depicting the credulity of distant times; but it is most probable that this flying monster was figuratively used to denote some great rebellious Lord, who was successfully resisted by the gallant *Convers*.

## CHAP. II.

A VILLAGE OF BUTCHERS—EFFECT OF HABIT—BEN JOHNSON'S RIDDLE—SPANISH PROVERB—NEWCASTLE—EXPORTATION OF COALS—CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF A SHOT-TOWER—THE VILLAGE OF LEMINGTON—ROMAN PIECE OF PLATE—GREENWICH—HOSPITAL LANDS—HEXHAM ABBEY—NATURE PRETTY EQUAL IN HER GIFTS—NORTHUMBRIAN DIALECT—FRENCH LANGUAGE TRACEABLE IN NORTHUMBERLAND—A HINT TO THE TRUSTEES OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL—ROMAN WALL—A NORTHUMBRIAN FAIR—WATLIN STREET—ANECDOTE OF SIMY DOD—CAPHEATON—WALLINGTON HOUSE—A PEEL.

IN the road from Durham to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, I passed by Lumley Castle, a noble seat of Lord Scarborough, near Chester-le-Street, a village which is nearly filled with butchers, who supply the adjoining collieries with meat. The spiral smoke of these collieries blackens the atmosphere to a great distance, and gives to the surrounding country the appearance of a collection of volcanos. Between Chester-le-Street and Newcastle the traveller is carried over a very long and tedious hill, exposed and barren, called Gateshead-fell, (from the summit of which there is a fine view of the Tyne,) when the road might, with the greatest ease, be

carried through a beautiful vale. Upon this hill most of the grindstones, for which Newcastle is so famous, are found and manufactured, of which there are several depots, resembling so many piles of cheeses.

How full of accommodation is habit! a gentleman of Newcastle, who travelled with me from Durham, observed, that he looked upon smoke as good for all disorders, and particularly efficacious in repelling the plague; and a gentleman, who had a considerable property in the marshy part of Lincolnshire, before observed to me, that the *fens* were unusually wholesome.

Newcastle is a large and splendid town, but under a volcanic atmosphere, which threw a sombre tint over every object. The inhabitants, I am told, are not conscious of this. The crown-like summit of the tower of St. Nicholas is well worthy of notice. Wallis, in his History of Northumberland, vol. ii. page 221, thus describes this steeple:—"Four stone  
" images, at full length, adorn each corner of a square tower,  
" out of which rises a curious steeple, in height sixty-four  
" yards, one foot, and three quarters, decorated with thirteen  
" pinnacles, two bold stone arches, supporting a large and  
" beautiful lanthorn, on which is a tall and stately spire."  
Ben Johnson, it is supposed, made the following uncouth

riddle upon this steeple, preserved in Gray's Choro-graphia :—

My altitude high, my body four-square ;  
My foot in the grave, my head in the air ;  
My eyes in my side, five tongues in my womb ;  
Thirteen heads upon my body, four images alone.  
I can direct you where the wind doth stay,  
And I tune God's precepts twice a day.  
I am seen where I am not, I am heard where I is not,  
Tell me now what I am, and see that ye miss not."

The prison of this town has not participated in its improvements. It has no sick room, no chapel. In one small room were three felons, two of whom slept in one room, and the third under. The debtors were shockingly crowded : the only place allowed them for exercise was the leads on the roof. The felons have no place to take the air in. A miserable female convict some years since attempted to make an escape, by descending from the battlements (where she was permitted to walk) by a cord, which was too weak to sustain her, and she fell into a small yard adjoining, and died in consequence a few days after. The assizes are here also held only once a year. It is a matter of surprise, that, in a town so opulent and flourishing, a suitable prison should not be erected. It has been long in contemplation to build a new one, but the gentlemen of the corporation should be reminded of the Spanish saying, that " Heaven will be filled with those who *have* done good things, and the lower regions with those who *intended* to do them."

There are several very handsome buildings in this town, particularly the theatre, the assembly-rooms, (which were built about forty years since,) and the town-hall, by the quay side, on the weather-cock of which a rook used, during many years, to build its nest. There are very large glass-works carried on here, and manufactories of white and red lead; there are also manufactories of broad and narrow cloths, wrought iron, several soap-boilerries, and potteries. The grindstones which I have mentioned are so frequently shipped from this place, that there is a proverb, "that a Scotchman and a Newcastle grindstone travel all the world over."

But its principal exportation is that of coal, the annual amount of which from the port of Newcastle is estimated at four hundred thousand *Newcastle chaldrons*, equal to seven hundred and seventy-five thousand *London chaldrons* \*. As I am upon this subject, it may not be uninteresting to mention that the annual importation of this valuable mineral into the port of London is averaged at *nine hundred and fifty thousand London chaldrons*; which, deducting about one-twentieth part, say fifty thousand

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\* Before the last war, for several years, it was nearly 448,000 Newcastle chaldrons: at which time considerable cargoes used to be annually freighted for Holland, and other parts of the north of Europe.

chaldrons, consumed in the counties in the neighbourhood of London, forms the annual consumption for London, Westminster, Southwark, and the environs, in which about two thousand six hundred chaldrons are consumed every day, for the whole year, which is doubled in very cold weather.

At Newcastle there is a patent-shot tower of great height, with which the following extraordinary anecdote is connected. Some time since it sunk on one side, and was alarmingly out of its perpendicular, which it recovered by an enterprising ingenuity of the persons employed, who dug away the earth from its opposite and more elevated side, until it recovered its level.

In the road to Hexham is the village of Lemington, where there are several glass-houses for window-glass, and a considerable iron manufactory; and nearly opposite, on the south side of the Tyne, are Smallwell iron-works, which are very extensive. In crossing the Tyne at Corbridge I passed by the place where a noble piece of silver Roman plate, richly embossed, was found some years since, now in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland, and which is frequently exhibited upon his Grace's sideboard. Above Corbridge, at low water, may be seen the remains of a Roman bridge. Roman coins are frequently found here,

and in the neighbourhood. Near Dilstone, or Devil's Stone, are the remains of the ancient seat of the Derwentwaters, now in the possession, with the rest of the property of that family, of the trustees of Greenwich Hospital. The friend and admirer of that magnificent asylum for the support of naval valour in its declining days will be happy to hear that the farm at Dilstone, comprising about five hundred acres, which about twenty years before was let at 500*l.* per annum, was lately re-let for 1,780*l.* per annum, and that most of the Greenwich-Hospital estates have risen in proportion.

Hexham is a considerable town, in which a large manufacture of gloves is carried on. The inhabitants appeared to be very idle; and every other house in the town is an ale-house. Colonel Beaumont has lately repaired and altered the old abbey, which with the rich lead mines, and all the other property now in the possession of the Beaumonts in Northumberland and Durham, belonged to the family of the Blacketts. Most of the lead from the mines is brought to Hexham, and thence sent to the smelting-mills in the neighbourhood for extracting the silver. The grounds about the abbey have been levelled, to group with the alterations, in consequence of which the bones of many a holy friar have been disturbed. This building is close to the church, which unites the Gothic and Saxon architecture; a large and venerable



pile. The view from Hexham along the vale, over the Tyne, commanding a very handsome bridge, through which that beautiful river meanders, with numerous sloping gardens on one side, and richly planted woods and elegant country houses on the other, is extensive and very fine.

O! ye dales  
Of Tyne, and ye most ancient woodlands! where,  
Oft as the giant flood obliquely strides,  
And his banks open and his lawns extend,  
Stops short the pleased traveller, to view,  
Presiding o'er the scene, some rustic tow'r,  
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands.

AKENSIDE.

At Hesleyside, the seat of my friend W. J. Charlton, Esq. I was received with great hospitality, and, with him and his amiable mother and aunt, renewed in retrospection the scenes which, as accident brought us together, we had visited in various parts of the north of Europe. I leave to those who have thus agreeably met abroad and at home to conceive the pleasures of such an interview. This part of Northumberland abounds with more charms for the sportsman than for the lover of rural nature. But Providence is always equal in the distribution of its favours, though divided into infinite variety. In this bare and rugged soil, the poor peasant may, with very little trouble and as little expense, procure as much coal as he requires,

so that throughout the year the humblest cottage is rendered comfortable by the blaze of a cheerful fire. For two shillings and sixpence he can procure a two-horse cart-load of this valuable mineral, which lies horizontally, frequently only half a yard below the surface. In the neighbourhood of Hesleyside the Scottish character begins to appear, and the Scottish dialect commences. The ear cannot easily encounter sounds more horrible than those in which the language of the Northumbrians is conveyed when spoken in all its *native purity*. Most of the shepherds speak Scotch, some of the words of which are pronounced precisely the same as some words of German, and have the same meaning; for instance, a shepherd one day said to a friend of mine, "The maiden is no blaet," (shy). In German it runs thus, "Das madehen is nicht blöde." The French language is also traceable in the Northumbrian dialect; for instance, "Don't *fashe* (vex) me"—*fâcher*. "That is a fine *grozer* (gooseberry-bush)"—*grosseille*. "*Pezz*" is to weigh up; in French *peser*. These and many other French words are supposed to have been introduced in consequence of the number of French persons who accompanied Queen Mary to Scotland. Amongst the provincial expressions, the Northumbrian peasants say, *shearing* corn and *clipping* sheep.

Offended as the ear may be, the eye is delighted in contemplating the neatness of the peasants' cottages, which are

compactly thatched with heath, there called hether, and rendered impervious to the rain, whilst within every part is clean, and on either side of the sprightly fire there is an oven and boiler ; the scene of content and comfort reminded me of the consummation of Frederick's (the Great) wish, that he might live to see the time when every one of his poor subjects had a fowl on a Sunday, to put in his pot.

Hesleyside is in the parish of Simonburn, perhaps the most extensive parish in England. The living might be made to produce about 5000*l.* per annum. I am informed it is in the gift of the trustees of Greenwich Hospital. If my information be correct, it would be wise, upon the death of the present incumbent, to divide it into eight or ten livings, to which chaplains of men of war ought to be exclusively presented.

The peasantry are uncouth in manners, faithful, keen, laborious, and thrifty. There are very few of them who cannot read, write, and cast accounts. The estates in this county are sometimes upon an immense scale, owing to the vast extent of moorland. Walnut-trees and poplars do not flourish in this county. The principal game with which it abounds is the grouse, and the black or grey game (the cock black, and the hen grey). On the borders of Scotland, however, the soil is rich and highly cultivated, so

much so, that a farm which till lately let for 80*l.* was re-let for 343*l.* per annum, and another was raised from 250*l.* to 915*l.* per annum. Much of the county has been greatly improved, within these last twenty-five years, by draining and planting. Near Hesleyside is Billingham, a miserable hamlet, filled with petty tradesmen, carriers, smugglers, and poachers. The inhabitants have a wild appearance, and realise considerable sums of money by their lawful as well as lawless traffic.

In a little tour which I made whilst in this part of Northumberland, I passed by part of the celebrated Roman wall, which I had also seen in my way to Hesleyside. We are informed that Agricola first suggested the idea of building this stupendous wall, by erecting, A. D. 79, a row of forts across the island, from Tinmouth, on the German Ocean, to the Irish Sea, to connect which, the Emperor Hadrian, in A. D. 120, and afterwards Severus, in A. D. 207, raised separate walls along the same tract of country; that Hadrian's Valium appears to have been a turf wall, with a deep foss or ditch accompanying it on the north side; that there was another, called by Horsley the South Agger, or mound, at the distance of about five paces to the south of it, as also another and larger agger on the north side of the ditch, supposed to have been the military way to this work. These four works, it is observable, keep a constant regular

parallelism to one another. Upon this wall, which generally runs upon the top or ridge of the higher ground, both keeping a descent towards the north or enemy's side, certain castles and turrets have been placed. The sounding pipes, said to be made from one end to the other, were doubtless fabulous: much easier and more certain modes of communication could have been made. The wall ran from station to station, till an unfordable frith on one side, and a wide and deep river on the other, rendered its further extension unnecessary. Many antiquities have been and still continue to be frequently found, viz. Roman altars and tomb-stones, with inscriptions.

The foss of Severus's wall, running down a pretty steep descent from Brunton to the North Tyne, conducts the traveller to the curious remains of a Roman bridge, which has anciently spanned that river at this place. A great many large square stones, with holes in them, wherein iron rivets have been fixed, but which have been caten away by rust many ages ago, still lie bedded on the spot, and defy the violence of the rapid floods. The Roman bridge stood a little to the south of the present one at Chollerford, over which I passed. I was present at a great scene of Northumbrian festivity at Stagshawbank fair, at which, as at the Dutch fairs before the Revolution, the high and the low from distant parts assemble. The principal characters who

supported the gaiety of the place were, as usual, professors of salt-box melody, fire-eaters, and keepers of wild beasts.

In my route from Hesleyside to Capheaton, the seat of Sir John Swinburne, I crossed the Watlin Street, a celebrated Roman road, which runs through Watling-street in London to Edinburgh. Upon the surface of the adjoining ground Roman coins are sometimes thrown up by moles. In my way, a very mean house, in a dreary waste, was pointed out to me, in which a singular character, called Simy Dod, for many years resided, and who had lately died after a long life of toil and penury, as a shepherd and grazier, leaving behind him a fortune of about 100,000*l*. At times he used to shear 50,000 of his own sheep. Such is the force of habit, his eldest son, to whom the largest share of this property devolved, having been before brought up as a herdsman, without shoes or stockings, still continues the same pastoral life and attire. Capheaton is the seat and manor of the ancient family of the Swinburnes. It is a charming place, well wooded about the house, having a considerable lake, with islands in it. This beautiful piece of water is also rendered extremely gay by a number of little sailing-vessels. In the grounds are several fine beech-trees, and about four miles of walks, kept in the highest neatness. The old part of the house was built in 1668, and has upon its front two singular figures, representing Men-