

"Miss Trescott!—Delia! Do you know her? Is she not married?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Where—where can I find her?"

"She is not far to seek," said the lady, laughing, and removing her veil.

"Delia! You?"

"There is nothing surprising in it, after all. My mother was the late Mr. Barr's second cousin, and she and I the only relatives he had. We had no intercourse with him, but he left us his property. Rather he left it to mother, who died a week before him, and I succeeded. There was a condition that the business was to be continued under the old name for at least ten years."

"And yet Morris wrote to me that he knew nothing of your whereabouts."

"That was true at the time he received your letter. He knew afterward, but I

requested him not to let you know, for reasons of my own. I suppose he would not have kept the secret had he lived."

"And you were the good angel who saved me?"

"As to the angel, thank you; but I was not so selfish as you once thought me."

"I never thought you selfish, Delia, but—"

It is not necessary to repeat the conversation to its inevitable conclusion. Two months afterward Barmore led a lady ashore at Rio. Da Cunha was there as they landed.

"This is my friend Senhor Da Cunha," said Barmore to his wife. "Antonio, Mrs. Barmore was the successor to Barr, but now, you see, the houses of McPherson & Co. and Lambert & Barr have been consolidated."

GABIONS OF ABBOTSFORD.

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED FRAGMENT.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

INTRODUCTION.

THOSE who are familiar with Mr. Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott* will recollect the mournful allusions which occur under date 1830-2 to the works which occupied these the last years of his life. Among them special mention is made of the "Reliquiæ Trotcosienses,* or, Catalogue of the Gabions of the late Jonathan Oldbuck." Under this thin disguise we recognize the description of Sir Walter's own curiosities, a labor of love, planned by him in happier days, but which the press of graver work had deferred till now. Mr. Lockhart tells us how during a visit to Abbotsford in September, 1830, Mr. Cadell, with tender considerateness, urged Sir Walter to occupy himself with the "Reliquiæ," hoping in this way to persuade him to rest from the work which was too surely undermining his strength. Sir Walter consented, and threw himself into the congenial occupation with his old ardor; but before long, unfortunately, he felt impelled to resume the labors that had become to him a duty and a necessity, and the catalogue was abandoned.

* So called in reference to the monastery of Trottosey, to which the site occupied by the Antiquary's mansion originally belonged.

The MS. we possess is therefore but a fragment, and the interest which it bears for us only enhances our regret when we think of the many things Sir Walter might have told us, and which now we can never know, regarding his treasures.

I now place before the reader, however, the account of the interior of Abbotsford as it stands, in the belief that Sir Walter's own words regarding his rooms and the curiosities they contain, however brief, will be welcomed by many, and in particular by those who visit Abbotsford.

The title by which Sir Walter chose to designate his collection seems to us to be only another link added to many which serve to connect him with one of his favorite creations. No one, indeed, can fail to be struck with the similarity of Sir Walter's tastes with those of the Antiquary, and in reading the novel we are irresistibly drawn to perceive the humorous hits made by the author at his own antiquarian zeal. While some of the shelves of the Abbotsford library might well have been filled by the Antiquary himself, we believe that the description of the Monkbarns *sanctum* was also in part taken from Sir Walter's study, though we may

feel assured that *his* "womenkind," not to speak of brooms and dusters, met with a more agreeable welcome than was afforded them by Oldbuck.

The term *gabion* needs perhaps some explanation, and as it does not appear that this curious word ever served as a text for the Antiquary's homilies to Lovel on such subjects, we must content ourselves with Sir Walter's brief interpretation of the word as signifying "curiosities of small intrinsic value, whether rare books, antiquities, or small articles of the fine or of the useful arts."

In conclusion I may be permitted to add that it is a pleasure to me to aid in publishing these papers, not only because they illustrate so happily Sir Walter's favorite tastes and pursuits, but also for the reason that they realize in a manner an old childish dream with which perhaps some of my readers may sympathize—that intense desire, namely, that the familiar figures in armor, the cuirasses, swords, and other more peaceful relics, would speak and relate the grim fights or gay gatherings they had witnessed.

MARY MONICA MAXWELL SCOTT.

I.

The visitor enters the hall through a stone porch flanked by two towers, and—to compare small things with great—the plan of which has been taken from Linlithgow Palace, by the ascent from the town of Linlithgow. The hall is of a good size, and, so far as coloring is concerned, it is fitted up in a pleasing and uniform tone. The walls from the floor to the height of 8 feet are panelled with black oak which was once the panelling of the pews belonging to the church of Dunfermline, so famous as containing the sepulchre of the Scottish heroic commander Robert Bruce. In this panelling are inserted many pieces of carved oak of the same work. The west side of the hall is furnished with long windows, which are filled with painted glass representing the arms of different families of the name of Scott. Of those we need only observe that the only point common to all of them, from the Duke of Buccleugh's to the smallest esquire of that numerous clan, is the fillet *or* upon a band *azure*. They almost all bear the two mullets and a crescent *or*. But as this band belongs to the Murdeston family in particular, the Scotts of Harden carry the mullets and crescent

azure on a field *or*, and the branches derived from that stem of the family carry the mullet and crescent *azure* on a field *or*. The ceiling of the hall is about 16 feet high, is vaulted and ribbed, and decorated with a line of escutcheons going round both sides of the hall, with the following inscription in black-letter:

These be the Coat Armouries of ye Clannis and men of name quha keepit the Scottish Marches in ye days of auld. They were worthie in their tyme, and in their defenses, God thaim defended.

The name of each one is above the proper escutcheon. The number is eighteen, but whether this number is quite correct or not it is difficult to decide.

There is also a large range of shields running east and west along the top of this hall, understood to be the various escutcheons belonging to the proprietor, and it is worthy of notice that three of the eighteen ancestors are omitted, the escutcheons being filled with clouds, with the inscription *Premitt nox alta*, by which it is intimated that the family estate of the Rutherfords of Hunt Hill having passed out of the family, no clew is left by which their alliances can be ascertained, and the person concerned has boldly avowed the fact. As there is no likelihood of any of his children standing for a canonry of Strasburg, the damage is the less irreparable. Having said so much as to the propriety of the introduction of this blazonry upon principle, we may add that in point of taste the splendid tinctures of heraldry mix up in very pleasing correspondence with the dark brown color of the carved oak panelling, which has here been brought to a deep complexion. Even the side on which the windows admit the light through the storied panes bears a pleasing uniformity with the tints predominating on the whole.

We may also notice the ingenuity of a collector in the use which has been made of the carved wood already mentioned. On the right side of the hall the close observer is aware of two species of presses, or cupboards, formed of the same carved wood as the rest of the panelling. The visitor is rather astonished, and if a very strict Presbyterian perhaps a little shocked, on being informed that these presses are, or rather were, the pulpit and precentor's desk of Mr. Ebenezer Erskine, upon whom descended the New Light, which fructified

so well that he became the venerable father of the Scottish Associated Synod of Nonjurors, otherwise termed the Burgher Seceders. But I may safely disclaim all irreverence toward Master Ebenezer Erskine and his followers, many of whom I have myself known as personally very excellent men. The idea that pulpit and precentor's desk are *inter res sacras* is in no sense Presbyterian, although such an idea may prevail in the High-Church of England, and is one of the doctrines with which Jack sometimes upbraids Father Martin as being directly derived from the heresies of Father Peter. But with Jack himself the maxim is held unchallengeable that a church when there is no service in it is but a heap of stones and mortar, a pulpit a collection of planks of a peculiar shape, *et sic de ceteris*. For my own part, I can see no harm in applying Ebenezer Erskine's pulpit and precentor's box to the purpose of keeping a few bottles of wine cool in hot weather, when we sometimes, for the sake of taking our family meal *al fresco*, make use of the hall instead of our dining-room. It is true that the ancient panelling may upon such an occasion hear a Jacobite rant to which it was not accustomed in the good days of Master Ebenezer. But we are not afraid of disturbing his kindly spirit by such orgies.

From the line formed by the armories of the ancient border clans to that where the carved panelling is terminated by a sort of festoon extends a space about four feet high, not panelled with Dunfermline wood, but with strong fir deals, painted the color of oak. This is easily penetrated with nails or hooks of iron, and the space is reserved for the occupation of such gables as their size and character recommend to this situation. They are generally arms, both Gothic and modern, offensive and defensive, together with the spoils of wild animals, mineralogical specimens, and other articles which will claim the dignity of more particular mention.

The massive chimney-piece of this hall with the works of the chisel does great honor to the execution of an artist from Darnick, who modelled them in freestone from what is called the Abbot's Seat in the cloister of Melrose. The chimney grate inserted under this ancient arch was the property of the celebrated and unfortunate James Sharp, created Primate of Scotland on the revival of the prelacy after the Restoration. The prelates of

the old Scottish Church and a Presbyterian of the original leaven would give very different interpretations of the emblems which can be traced upon his chimney grate. The motto is "*Fides dona spernit*," illustrated by the figure of a muffled man; that is, a ruffian having his cloak so closely wrapped about him as to disguise his features, who is offering to bribe with meat a mastiff dog, which sturdily rejects the temptation. On the hearth before the grate is placed a bronze pot of the largest size, which was found about twenty years since in the domain of Riddle, in Roxburghshire. It happened that the house-maid, with unnecessary prodigality of domestic labor, had bestowed on the bronze pot several coatings of black-lead when she was burnishing the utensils of the kitchen with that substance. It chanced at a sale of household goods by auction that the present proprietor and a gentleman of rank in the neighborhood were contending with emulation for the possession of what they well knew, especially from its size, was a gable of great merit. This produced no little amazement among the uninitiated, of whom there were a considerable number present, when an old woman, after a long look at the countenance first of one bidder and then of the other, at length ejaculated with a sigh, when the contest was over: "Heigh, sirs, the foundry wark must be sair up in Edinburgh, to see the great folk bidding that gait about a kale pot!" "Aweel," she added, in a tone of submission, "it's needless for me to wait for the frying pan if the kale pot is gaun to gae off for a' thae guineas." With which declaration the good lady left the auction.

The eastern end of this room is fashioned into two niches modelled in plaster of Paris from those splendid sculptured niches which formerly held the saints and apostles of the Abbey of Melrose. These niches are each of them occupied by what is very rarely seen in Scotland, namely, a complete suit of feudal steel armor. The one was designed for a French knight, one of the gendarmes of the Middle Ages. He must have been a man considerably under the middle size, and the suit of armor exhibits one peculiarity which will be interesting to students of the learned Dr. Meyrick.* The shield, which is very rarely the companion of

* *Critical Enquiry into Ancient Armour*. Sir S. R. Meyrick. Lond., 1824.

the suit of armor, is not only present in this case, but secured in an unusual manner by nails with large screw heads, instead of being hung round the neck, as was common during "a career," the hands being thus left free, the right to manage the lance, the left to hold the horse's bridle. To complete this suit of armor a lance is placed in one hand exactly after the measure of one in Dr. Meyrick's collection. In the other hand is a drawn sword, which is carved over with writing, and contrived so as to keep a record of the days of the Catholic saints. In a word, it is a calendar to direct the good knight's devotions. The other suit of armor, which is also complete in all its parts, was said when it came into my possession to have belonged to a knight that took arms upon Richmond's side at the field of Bosworth, and died, I think, of his wounds there. If one were disposed to give him a name, the size of his armor might suggest that he was Sir John Cheney, the biggest man of both armies on that memorable day. I venture to think—for I feel myself gliding into the prosy style of an antiquarian, disposed, in sailor phrase, to spin a tough yarn—I venture to think that the calendar placed in the hand of the little French knight originally belonged to the gigantic warrior of Bosworth Field. I imagine it was withdrawn for the purpose of supplying its place with a noble specimen of the sword of the Swiss mountaineers—a sword nearly six feet in length, and wielded with both hands. This we must consider as the *gladius militis levis armature*, or the sword of the light-armed soldier. It was with such weapons that men in old times fought at barriers, or passes in the natural straits of a mountainous country, or upon the breach of a defended castle. They are found mentioned in the wars of Switzerland and in the feuds of the Scottish clans. The Scottish poet Barbour gives a most interesting account of the successful defence made by his hero against the vassals of John of Lorne, three of whom, armed with these dreadful weapons, attacked the monarch at once after the rout of Dalry, and were all slain by him.*

There are several swords of the kind in my small collection, as I may afterward

* "Thai saw on syd thre men cummand,

Lik to lycht men and wanerand.

Swerdis thai had, and axys als," etc., etc.

—BARBOUR. "The Bruce." Book V., v. 410.

call upon the reader to observe; but none of them are like that placed in the grasp of the warrior of Bosworth, which, to speak the truth, may match even with the tremendous blade of the *Castle of Otranto*. I am, however, infringing on my order, such as it is, in anticipating what I have to say upon my gabions before going through the account of the apartments. Before I quit the hall I ought to say that the end on the west or left side of the entrance is garnished with spoils from the field of Waterloo, where I collected them in person very shortly after that memorable action. There are two or three cuirasses, both of brass and steel. The cuirasses of the former metal have become very rare, because they were at once knocked to pieces by the peasantry, who could sell the copper of which they were made at so much a pound. The belts, swords, and axes of the train are also come to anchor in this whimsical place. The caps of the Polish lancers, whose love of liberty never seems to have prevented them from being the foremost to rivet their own chains and those of any other country, are also here.

At the same end of the hall with the relics of Waterloo are stationed in niches casts of two of the few saints whose images Melrose continues to exhibit. These are the figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, which still look down from the ruined walls of the chancel. The former apostle bears his keys, while the other disciple has that "two-handed engine," as Milton calls it, with which he is supposed to have maintained the discipline of the Church, and is said to have suffered his own martyrdom. In the centre of this end of the hall occur two specimens, in most beautiful preservation, which will be valuable to naturalists. The uppermost is a noble pair of stag's horns found at a place called Doorpool, belonging to the estate of Abbot Rule. My friend the late Robert Shortreid, Esq.,* to whom I was obliged for this curiosity, assures me that the creature was found at no great distance from the surface. The skeleton must have

* Mr. Shortreid, as may be remembered, often accompanied Sir Walter in his expeditions into Liddesdale. During the first of these "raids," as Sir Walter delighted to call them, they spent the first night at a farm-house, which, according to Mr. Shortreid, was the original of the charming "Charlie's Hope" of *Guy Mannering*. The gentlemen also captured during their wanderings the large border war-horn which now hangs in the hall at Abbotsford.

stood nearly seven feet high, and not a bone of it was wanting. I have learned from one whose private regard I could fully estimate, however imperfectly I was able to comprehend the extent of his scientific knowledge—I have learned, I say, from Sir Humphry Davy that these remains must have belonged to an animal now extinct, since its immense antlers are partly palmated like those of the oak and fallow deer, and partly branched like those of the red deer. Beneath the antlers of this species of stag are nailed the horns of the wild cattle of this country described by our old historians. Their remains are very often found with the antlers of stags of former days. These cattle were said to have an incurable aversion to the human race, refusing to accept food from them, pining to death if reduced to captivity, and abhorring to feed upon grass or branches that men had handled or trodden upon. About a century since this very shy breed of animals was said to be preserved as an object of chase at three places in Scotland—Drumlanrig, Cumbernauld, and Hamilton Palace. I myself have seen them long since at Drumlanrig, and also at Chillingham, the seat of the Earl of Tankerville, near the village of Wooler. The present relic is, I think, of many which I have seen and some which I possess, by far the largest, except one in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh and Queensbury.

II.

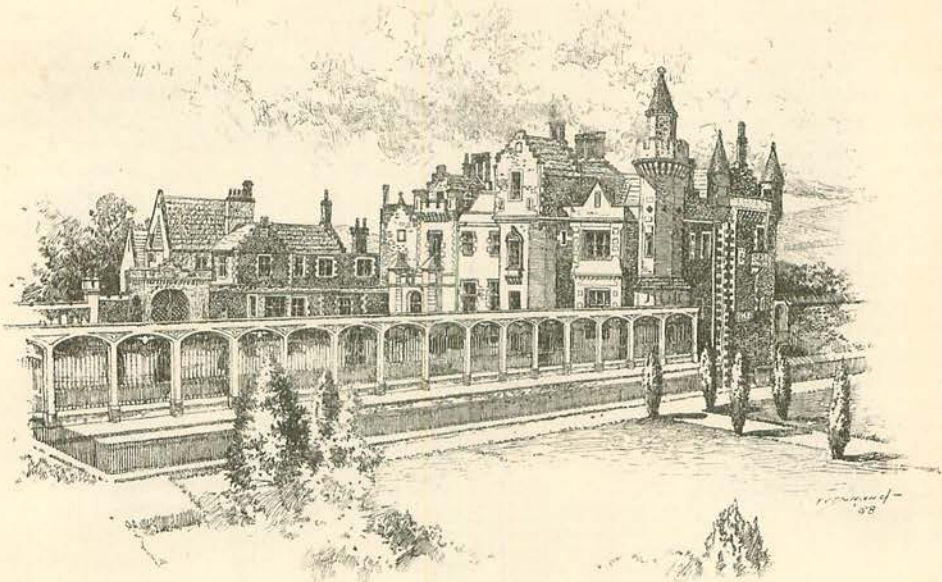
Proceeding to notice the various apartments in the Babylon which we have built, the most important certainly in point of size and in point of utility is the library. Two rooms of different dimensions are dedicated to books, both in the eastern end of the house and communicating with each other, while each has a separate entrance to the hall. The largest of these apartments is a library proper; that is, a room dedicated to the preservation of books, whether of value or of curiosity only. It is accordingly a sizable chamber, which more frequently than I could wish is given up to the purposes of ordinary society. But a house such as I was able to build in respect of extent had not space enough to afford a drawing-room exclusively for social receptions. The library is therefore rather more than 40 feet long by 18 feet broad. It is in appearance a well-proportioned room,

but unless varied by some angles it would want relief, or, in the phrase of woman-kind, would be inexcusably devoid of a flirting corner. To remedy this defect an octagon is thrown out upon the northern side of the room, forming a recess which, corresponding to the uses of the whole apartment, contains two book presses with doors of latticed wire. These are meant to contain books of small size and some rarity, which would otherwise run the risk of being lost or mislaid.

On the general system of locking up book presses, my ideas correspond with those of the great Burke, who, pointing to a selection so secured, declared it reminded him of *Locke on the Human Understanding*. The master of the house who generally uses this practice would hardly escape the suspicion of a churlish jealousy of his guests, like him who should adopt the St. Giles' custom of chaining his knives and forks to the table. Yet the wickedness and meanness of the times are so great that a man who bestows much expense upon a collection of the gems of a bibliomaniacal collection, and yet takes no pains to secure himself against depredation, especially where the public are admitted as visitors, will have some cause to repent his confidence. I have found it the best way to reserve some five or six cases, which can be locked up at pleasure, for the security of such books as are peculiarly valuable, as well as those which for any reason seem unfit to be exposed to the general class of readers. The only precaution which I know, besides the security afforded by lock and key, is that granted by a good double catalogue, one exhibiting the contents of every press in the library, and another an alphabetical catalogue, according to the authors' names, for reference upon occasion.* I need not add that the proprietor must make himself absolutely acquainted with the individual appearance of every book in his collection, and with the shelf it occupies. This is a species of knowledge very frequently acquired to a surprising extent by persons who are not otherwise of literary habits, and who could not be said to read books for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of their contents.

Thus a gentleman very eminent in the

* For account of Sir Walter's system of replacing books lent by "dummies," and a description of his books of *book motto*, see Lockhart's *Life*, Vol. V., p. 321.



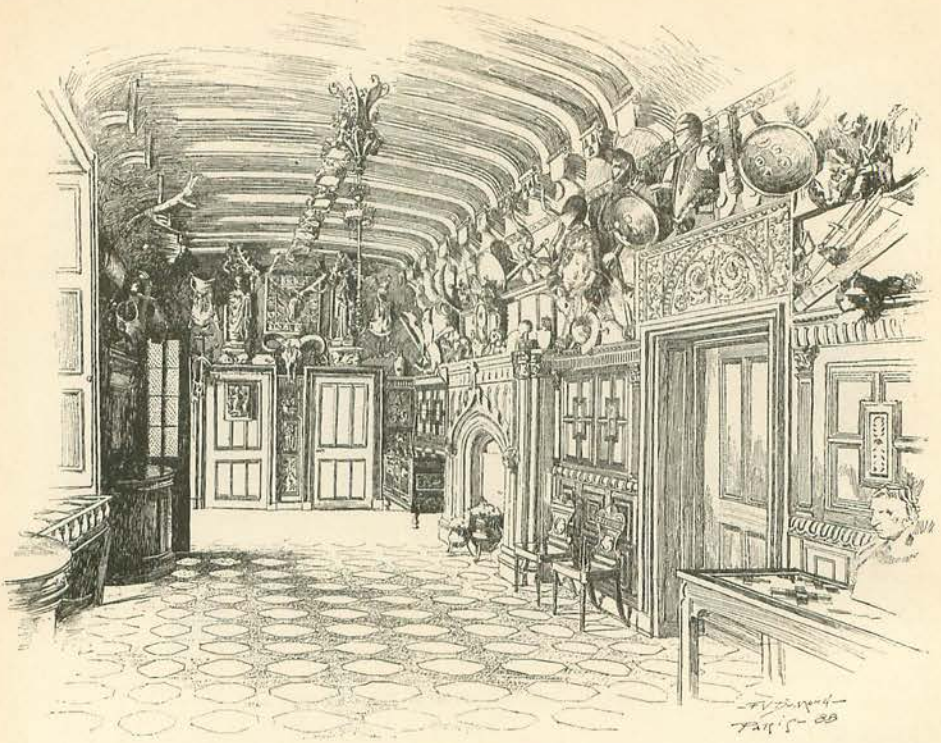
VIEW OF ABBOTSFORD FROM THE GARDEN.

trade, as it is called—that is, in the professional art of bookselling—came to such a pitch of accuracy that he would suffer his eyes to be blinded while his guests or friends put into his hands at pleasure such books as they selected from a private press in his drawing-room, and he could give the proper title to each merely by examining it with his fingers. So schooled was he that some of his guests having put into Mr. Constable's hands certain of the books which had not been in the cabinet alluded to, he said, not suspecting the trick which had been played upon him: "Well, I must own my memory is not so good as I thought. If these books which I now hold were any part of the contents of the cabinet referred to, I must own that I do not remember them." This corollary of his proposition was the more singular because the books were selected as being of the same size and external form with those which lived recorded in the memory of the gentleman I allude to.

I own that such an exertion, of the truth of which I am perfectly satisfied, seems to me even more extraordinary than that of a shepherd who, lying upon the hills with his flock for many weeks, makes himself master of the personal ap-

pearance of every sheep, and knows them individually from each other, just as an officer becomes acquainted with the faces of his regiment.

To return to the description of the library: its roof, on a level with that of the hall, is 16 feet high, and the presses rise to the height of 11 feet, having a space of 5 feet accordingly between the top of the shelves and the ceiling. This was a subject of great anxiety to me. A difference of 6 feet in height all round a room of 60 feet long would have added greatly to my accommodations. But, on the other hand, a bulky and somewhat ancient person climbing up to a height to pull a book down from a shelf 13 feet high is somewhat too much in the position of a sea-boy on the dizzy shroud. Indeed, being one of those who hold that good people are valuable as well as scarce, I have remarked with anxiety that the lives of such worthies as myself are very often embittered, but not ended, by the consequence of a fall from the steps of their own library staircase. I recollect with a degree of horror—for I cannot imagine a more excellent and valuable man in a more perilous situation—a late eminent literary character progressing



THE ENTRANCE HALL.

round the shelves of his own library, not on the "unsteady footing of a spar," but by the still more precarious assistance of the shelves themselves, along which he transported himself by his feet and hands. Thus he sidled along at a great height from the ground, now making astonishing exertions to possess himself of the volume he wanted, now consulting it, with the aid of one hand, in the lofty situation which he had reached. Though a fall would most likely have been death, he was weighing his valuable life against five minutes' gain in ascertaining the precise date of some obscure historical event which perhaps never happened at all. In these days I myself had no books—none, at least, worthy of being mentioned as a collection. I remember wasting my invention in endeavoring to devise a mode of placing my volumes in an order easily attainable for the purpose of consultation. But I never could hit upon an idea more likely to answer than imagining a librarian who, like Talus in Spenser, should be in point of constitution "an yron man and made of yron molde." He should be a creature without hopes, views, wishes, or studies of

his own, yet completely devoted to assist mine; an unequalled clerk, with fingers never weary, possessing that invariable local knowledge whereby my volumes, like the dishes at King Oberon's banquet, should draw near and retire with a wish. I have never been able to find for myself a mechanical aid of such a passive description, and the alternative to which I am reduced is the working-room and study, in addition to my library, where I keep around me the dictionaries and books of reference which my immediate needs may require me to consult.

The library properly so called contains only one picture, that of a young hussar officer nearly related to the proprietor, and which is worthy of attention, as it is painted by the eminent historical artist William Allan.

III.

The study is a private apartment 16 feet high, like the others, 20 feet long by about 14 broad, with a space of about 7 feet in height to the ceiling of the apartment, which affords room for a small gallery filled up with oaken shelves running round three sides of the study, and

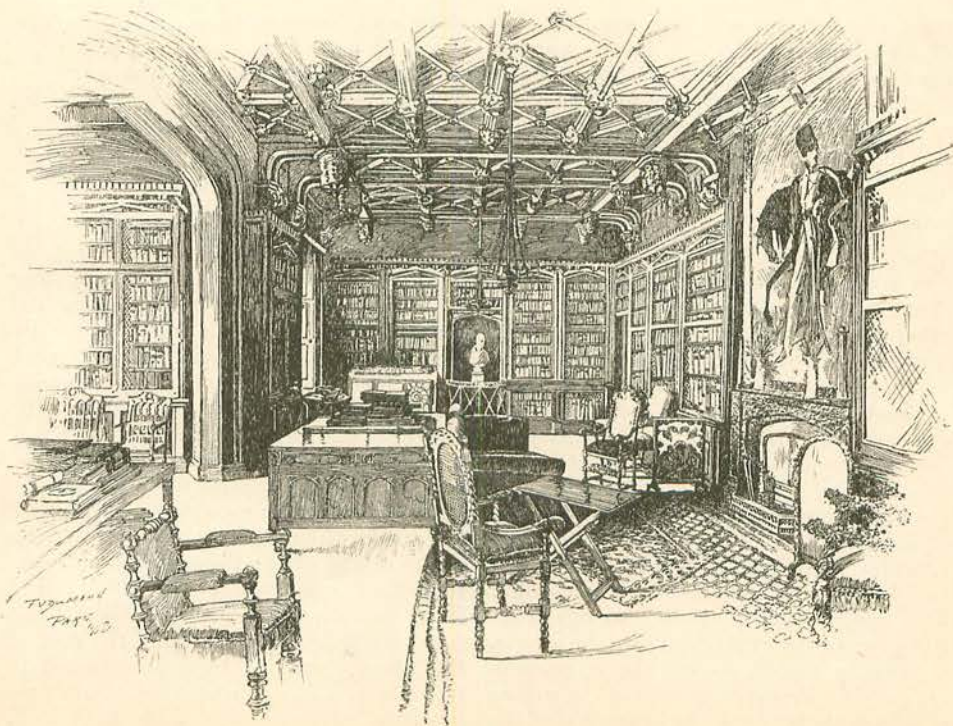
resting upon small projecting beams of oak. The gallery and its contents are accessible by a small stair about three feet in breadth, which gains room to ascend in the southward angle of the chamber, and runs in front of the books, leaving such a narrow passage as is sometimes found in front of the balustrades of old convents, and was certainly designed for the use of the lay brethren alone. In the southeast angle of the room a small door encloses a staircase which leads about seven paces higher, and by another private entrance reaches the bedroom story of the house, and lands in the proprietor's dressing-room. The inhabitant of the study, therefore, if unwilling to be surprised by visitors, may make his retreat unobserved by means of this gallery to the private staircase which unites his study with his bedroom—a facility which he has sometimes found extremely convenient.

IV.

The apartments of the house designed for the reception of friends are, like the fortunes of the possessor, formed upon a

limited scale. There is, in the first place, a small drawing-room 24 feet by 18, and in height the same as the others. When this apartment is inadequate to the accommodation of our fair friends, especially if dancing or a musical party be in contemplation, we have only to open the door between the drawing-room and the library in order to obtain all the space necessary for the purpose, at least in a poor man's house. The furniture of the drawing-room consists of curious antique ebony chairs, an antique cabinet said to have been a part of the furniture which found its way out of the palace when burned the night after the battle of Falkirk, and verifying by its appearance its alleged antiquity. There are also in the drawing-room some paintings, chiefly of relations of the family, which we may perhaps afterward notice. The contents of the Linlithgow cabinet may afterward be inserted in their proper place among my gabions.

The drawing-room, besides one door into the entrance hall and another into the library, has a third serving for a communication with a small room which for



THE LIBRARY.



THE STUDY.

want of a better name has acquired that of the armory. It is not a sitting apartment, and is chiefly useful by insulating the drawing-room, and interposing a proper space between it and the dining-room, to which we are now approaching.

V.

The armory consists of two parts, one of which, looking southward, is about 10 feet in length, and filled with water-color portraits of members of the family. The other portion, being 25 feet in length, is entirely hung round with gables, some of which may be hereafter more particularly commemorated. The two portions of the armory communicate by an archway shut occasionally by an oaken wicket of Gothic carving, and when this is closed a private passage is opened from the southern part of the armory for the purpose of communication between the drawing-room and the household apartments below-stairs. The said southern armory also affords space for a conservatory, where the plants, it must be owned, do not thrive particularly well. Proceeding outward by means of a passage between the lower end of the dining-room and the back of the conservatory,

and communicating with the staircase which leads upward to the bedroom story, and down-stairs, in the words of the old Scottish song, "to the regions below, which men are forbidden to see."

VI.

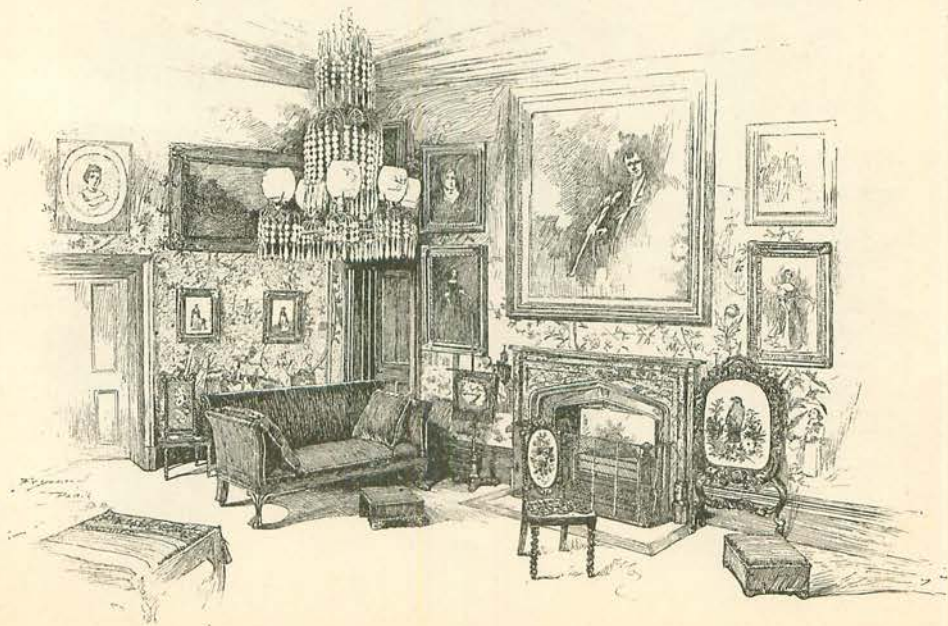
The dining-room is a quiet apartment, not very large, indeed, yet ample enough for all the common wants of a private family, and capable of accommodating a larger company of guests than the proprietor would often wish to see together. The dimensions of this room are 30 feet in length, including a considerable bow, and 17 feet in breadth. The ceiling is not above 12 feet in height, and is apparently supported by ribs of carved oak, which nevertheless are only stucco, but so ingeniously moulded and panelled and tied with ornaments and escutcheons at the places where they cross each other that they can hardly be distinguished from more permanent material. Thus what we have said respecting the roof of the library may be held as repeated in this place. The dining-room contains a beautiful dining-table of Scottish oak, with room for thirty people, and clouded

in the most beautiful style. On this last subject, and apropos of the set of dining-tables, these are valuable for more reasons than one. They were made of particular parts of the growth of certain very old oaks, which had grown for ages, and had at length become stag-headed and half dead. On the place where they originally stood, in the old and noble park of Drumlanrig Castle, these trees were sold by the late Duke of Queensbury, along with the more thriving plantations growing upon the domain around the castle. But no one being aware of the curious and valuable purposes to which they might be applied, they fetched low prices, and some of those who bought them did not think it worth their while to cut them down, since the payment must have been a necessary consequence of closing their bargain. So stood the matter when the Duke of Queensbury concluded an unusually long life, and the bargain, so far as it respected these old trees, became in every respect forfeited. Mr. Bullock, who chanced to be in attendance at Drumlanrig about the time, had no hesitation in giving it as his opinion that the progress of years had exactly brought these ancient oaks to the point of perfection when their timber would make the most excellent furniture. The set of tables designed for Abbotsford was accordingly taken in

hand, and turned out to be most beautiful, so that it was one of the singular chances that accident will often bring a commodity through mere chance to that purpose for which it is best adapted. A case made also by Bullock out of the roots of elm and yew trees which had grown in the woods of Rokeby completed the set of tables, forming a convenient and useful receptacle for the separate leaves. Of the rest of the furniture of the eating-room there is nothing remarkable to say. There are, however, certain peculiar gabions, and that name may also be conferred upon such paintings as hang upon the walls. The proprietor has no judgment at all to enable him to prize them as works of art, and merely treasures them for some hobby-horsical point and for accommodation.

VII.

A breakfast parlor, or boudoir, as the word is more fashionable, serves the womenkind of the family for making their tea or sewing their samplers, and contains a rich harvest of art by modern masters of the brush, which fell into my hands in the following manner. Several artists some years ago united to club their talents for the purpose of sending forth a work of copperplates, to be called the "Provincial Antiquities of Scotland." Whether the plan was too vague and ex-

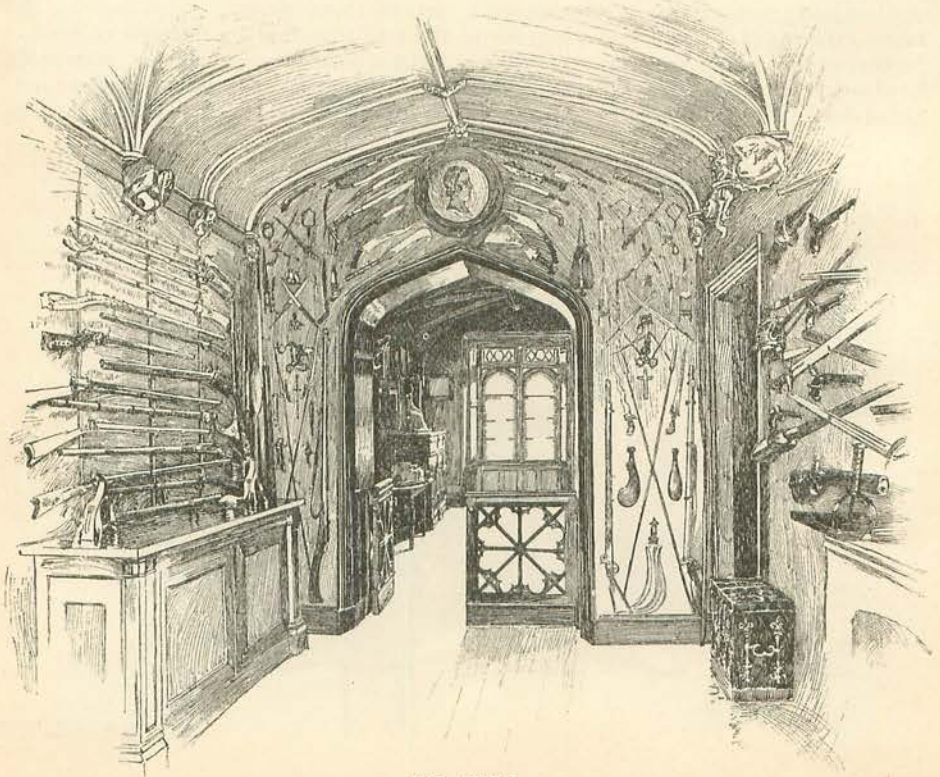


THE DRAWING-ROOM.

tensive, or whether it had no combining quality to give the whole unity and precision, it is not for me to say. But the talents and names engaged ought to have found for it a warmer reception from the public. Agreeable to a certain engagement, the artists furnished a number of valuable drawings, which were engraved. On being applied to for the purpose of making suitable descriptions, I did what I thought was my best in that capacity, and have the pleasure to believe that if I failed it was not for want of sufficient labor bestowed on my subject. Although the gentlemen concerned were desirable to make a suitable pecuniary recompense to the humble prose man who had furnished the descriptions, I did not think it proper for me to accept, and the gentlemen concerned put an end to our amicable debate by making me a gift of the original paintings and drawings, colored and plain, to which I had contributed descriptions. This was a recompense far too valuable for my deserts, but which few circumstances could have inspired me with the self-denial necessary for re-

fusing. These valuable relics by Turner, by Calcott, William Blore, and other artists of the first name form the furniture of the boudoir in which they are hung, and bear witness of the deserved fame of the artists engaged in the enterprise. Since the work has been announced as finished the demands of the public have considerably increased, and will one day, I hope, be carried as high as its deserts seem to warrant.

Having thus reached the bounds prescribed by society to those who show their houses or to those to whom they are shown, I flatter myself that there is no occasion for going into further detail. The bedroom story contains a number of apartments for the accommodation of members of the family or guests. The attic story contains a number of sleeping-places for servants, and others for occasional anglers or moor-fowl shooters, or, in case of need, for amateur tourists warranted not to walk in their sleep, as the place being rather high, the ascents and descents require a stranger to have all his senses about him.



THE ARMORY.