

"Ye're no' to b'lieve all *he* tells. I canna just say I did see it mysel'."

He made amends for his incredulity on this point by relating the legend about the hounds: to the effect that Sir William St. Clair had made a wager with King Robert Bruce, his head staked against the forest of Pentland Moor, that two dogs of his would capture a certain white deer before it crossed a certain stream; and as it plunged therein after a long run, he cried loudly to the hounds by name:—

"Help, Hold! gin ye may,
Or Roslyn tynes his head this day;"

which appeal had the desired effect: the dogs dragged back the deer from the midst of the current, and despatched it. The story was recited in the rapid and unimpassioned tone of a schoolboy getting through a lesson. What elocution can be expected from a man who has to repeat the same thing thousands of times annually? He added the apocryphal piece of information, that Sir William built the chapel in gratitude for his escape. Dates hardly permit this; as the hunt in question occurred about 1320, and Roslin Chapel was not founded till 1446.

In fact, the present building is only the chancel of what was originally intended to be a great collegiate church; and as the St. Clair family were heads of the mason craft, then engrossed by a high and mysterious body of artificers, all the existing talent of the order was brought to bear upon this architecture. The sixteen pillars have all diverse capitals, chiefly of foliage. Here is one encrusted with leaves of the curly kail, perfect as you may have seen it on spring mornings, with rime on its crisped edges; here is another composed of trefoils, bending and drooping like any living vegetation. The guide passes a straw through the basket-work capital of a third, to prove how every rib of the twined willow-wands stands apart in the stone. A fourth is crested with the hartstongue fern; and behold! aloft in a crevice under the roof grow a few sprays of the real plant, as if to attest the accuracy of the model. Oak-leaves, fronds of other graceful ferns, and flower blossoms, are abundant. The very spirit of the woods seems to have penetrated the artist, as he perpetuated their foliage.

Architraves connect the pillars with the side walls, each bearing in relief the embodiment of some story. Isaac lying bound upon the altar, Samson rending the lion, and pulling down the idol temple upon his persecutors, the magi paying homage to the Babe of Bethlehem—are among the Scripture scenes. Emblematical groups of the seven virtues and seven vices are pointed out severally by the guide's long wand. It requires some imagination to perceive what he says exists, in a few instances, for the envious tooth of time has been busy. Among a collection of angels is noteworthy one chubby cherub playing the bagpipes: truly a Celtic carving.

The eastern end of the chapel, where formerly stood the altar, is railed off as the burying-place of the Earls of Rosslyn. Near it a flight of broken steps descends to a subterranean vestry and confessional, containing many niches and recesses,

formerly filled with altars and statues. The threshold of the door through which we pass to the exterior is worn by the hoofs of Cromwell's troop of horse, stabled here once during his Scottish campaign, and who were more tolerant than usual of the beauty of the building.

One might pass a day in close inspection of this exterior, and yet be neither wearied nor satiated. One wishes for a glass-case to shut it in from the weather—to keep off beating rain and boisterous winds from all the delicate carving. Buttresses and flying arches, pinnacles of every device, bracket pedestals, canopies—the whole building is covered with rich chasing. Flowers wreath upon the mouldings of the arches; waterspouts, in the form of animals, carry the rain from the roof. A frieze of St. Sebastian pierced with arrows by Roman soldiers, and of the giant Christopher carrying a child on his shoulder, adorn the doorways. A few feet of the northern transept wall project at one end, unfinished as the workmen left it four centuries ago. Above, on a pinnacle, was clustering a brown swarm of bees, freshly dislodged from some gude-wife's hive.

Standing by the boundary wall, which looks over the deep vale of the Esk, I knew where the artificer had gotten his inspiration for the adornment of this beautiful building. Far below, all around, surged the wide woods of Hawthornden: innumerable whisperings of leaves filled the sunny air: and the loveliness of nature, in the grandest masses and the minutest details, is the inexhaustible fount of the loveliness of art.

MEN I HAVE KNOWN.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

AT no period of English history were political tergiversation and corruption carried to a more scandalous pitch than during the last half of the past century. The epoch of the Revolution, with all its political double-dealing, the party intrigues of the first, and even the undisguised venality of the second quarter of the century, had something redeeming in their objects and effrontery, when compared with the utter profligacy and baseness of the later scheming era. Corrupting, plotting, betraying, defrauding, plundering, selling soul and body to dishonour and bribery, were the concomitants of mock patriotism and dissoluteness, beyond the possibility of decent language to describe. A crisis had arrived. Human patience could endure no farther. Unhappily, in France the reaction destroyed itself in bloodshed and horrors more atrocious and terrible than the evils, however oppressive and grievous, against which the hostility was at its commencement provoked. A few years of demon abominations and desolating fury dispelled the illusion into which the glowing principles and prospects of universal progress had plunged so many speculative and enthusiastic minds; but the time was hardly come for the votaries to confess that if the disease was afflicting, the remedy was murderous.

At this inauspicious epoch, distinguishing him-

self by his superior talents from his associate ranks, rose Sir James Mackintosh; well educated, intended for the medical profession, but relinquishing it for the study of law, and (for a season) the law itself leaving, in order to devote himself to a political career. Before the "Edinburgh Review" constellation appeared, he had come to London, and besides contributions to the "Courier" newspaper (to whose proprietor he was nearly related), wrote or assisted in several publications advocating the cause of the French democracy. The crown of this pamphleteering was his celebrated "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," a defence of the Revolution, in which he measured strength with no less formidable an adversary than Edmund Burke. The great ability displayed in this work attracted much attention, and it must be presumed led to some patronage, and a different direction of the powers of the applauded author. He lectured on the British constitution as professor at Lincoln's Inn; he pronounced the famous defence of Peltier for a libel on Buonaparte in the "Ambigu" journal; and was appointed to the Recordship of Bombay. This office was with some difficulty squeezed from the king, who, when assured of the change in Mackintosh's views, yielded with the shrewd remark, "A man may be allowed to change his opinions, never his principles." On his return from India, where he performed good service to literature, he was elected into parliament and joined the Opposition, with Lord Lansdowne and the other leaders with whom he was ever after connected; holding office, however, also under the too brief administration of Mr. Canning, who had forgiven, if he had not forgotten, his painful vote against him on the Lisbon mission question. But politics furnish no lines for my sketches, and I only introduce so much of the public man, in order to serve as a back-ground to the traits of private portraiture.

Mackintosh was an indolent being. On his sofa in Cadogan Place he would repose in loose attire; take his quiet ride round Hyde Park, and then to the House, wherein he spoke seldom; but he made himself a name for ever by his movement for the reform of the criminal laws, and the admirable eloquence with which he supported it. When we reflect on the prodigal and disgusting waste of life which made almost every week a saturnalia in London, we cannot be too grateful to those who exerted themselves so zealously to free us from these degrading and depraving executions, when a Dr. Dodd and a burglar, and ten or more wretched men and women at one time, would make a morning show to excite a brutal mob.

But the most extraordinary endowment of Mackintosh was his prodigious memory. From the deepest reading in his library and most learned researches, to the merest temporary relaxations, even to the last new poem or novel when enjoying his sofa relief, he seemed to forget nothing. The classic and philosophical lessons of his youth, the comprehensive literary attainments of his riper years, and the cream of his later amusements, were all stored as in a museum of enormous extent and endless variety, and could be referred to and brought forth at pleasure. The charm of his conversation was

consequently unrivalled; it was like that of no other man I have ever known, or, I should say, that no man I have ever known could in this respect compare with him. Quote, for example, a remarkable line or expression in Dante: he would on the instant recall its prototype in a Greek or Roman author, its resemblance in Shakespeare, or Milton, or Schiller, or Racine, or Pope, or some obscure writer at home or abroad, of all ages and in all countries. The exhibition was wonderful. Person alone, with reference especially to the poets of Greece and the thousand reflections of their thoughts and images, came in that measure into competition with the more general though less profound illustrative powers of Mackintosh. He was strongly formed, and looked like a Scot; and for any other countryman, when he opened his lips, he could not be mistaken. His "History of England" did not sustain his reputation; but his "Discourse on the Law of Nations and Nature," his political pamphlets, and his numerous contributions to the "Edinburgh Review," fully warrant the elevated station, for penetrating judgment, deep inquiry, and masterly reasoning, which contemporary admiration assigned to him with one accord.

THE DOGS OF CORNWALL.

BY A WESTMORELAND NATURALIST.

"OUR mountain sheep-dogs" have had a chapter to themselves,* and perhaps they will claim another at some future time; but our note-book has so many references to the dogs of the west, that it seems but fair they should have a little record of their own.

We are not going to debate that mysterious and wholly bewildering question, "What is Instinct?" and therefore no grave psychologist need be alarmed at the prospect of a vapouring rhapsody. Materials for argument, facts for philosophers, rudiments for reasoning, may perhaps be found in these desultory papers; while it is earnestly hoped that they will tend to the cultivation of a large-hearted sympathy in the interests of the brute-world, as well as a reverential admiration of the goodness and wisdom of the great Creator.

It is very entertaining to observe how thoroughly dogs sympathize in any great popular emotion—how ready they are to join in any novel excitement. There was one public-spirited dog in Cornwall who rejoiced exceedingly at the opening of poor Brunel's railway not long ago—that beautiful line which so triumphantly spans the subject valleys, binds hills together in unexpected fellowship, and refuses to be dismayed by little obtrusive inlets of the sea, or by the languid protest of the winding rivers. Small hamlets, which had previously slumbered on under the illusion that they were lost in the deep hush of country life, and were at liberty to take as long naps as they chose, were suddenly startled up into a flurry of excitement by that portentous voice, a railway whistle. The dog mentioned above had hitherto led a sober life, quietly going through the

* See "Leisure Hour," No. 339.