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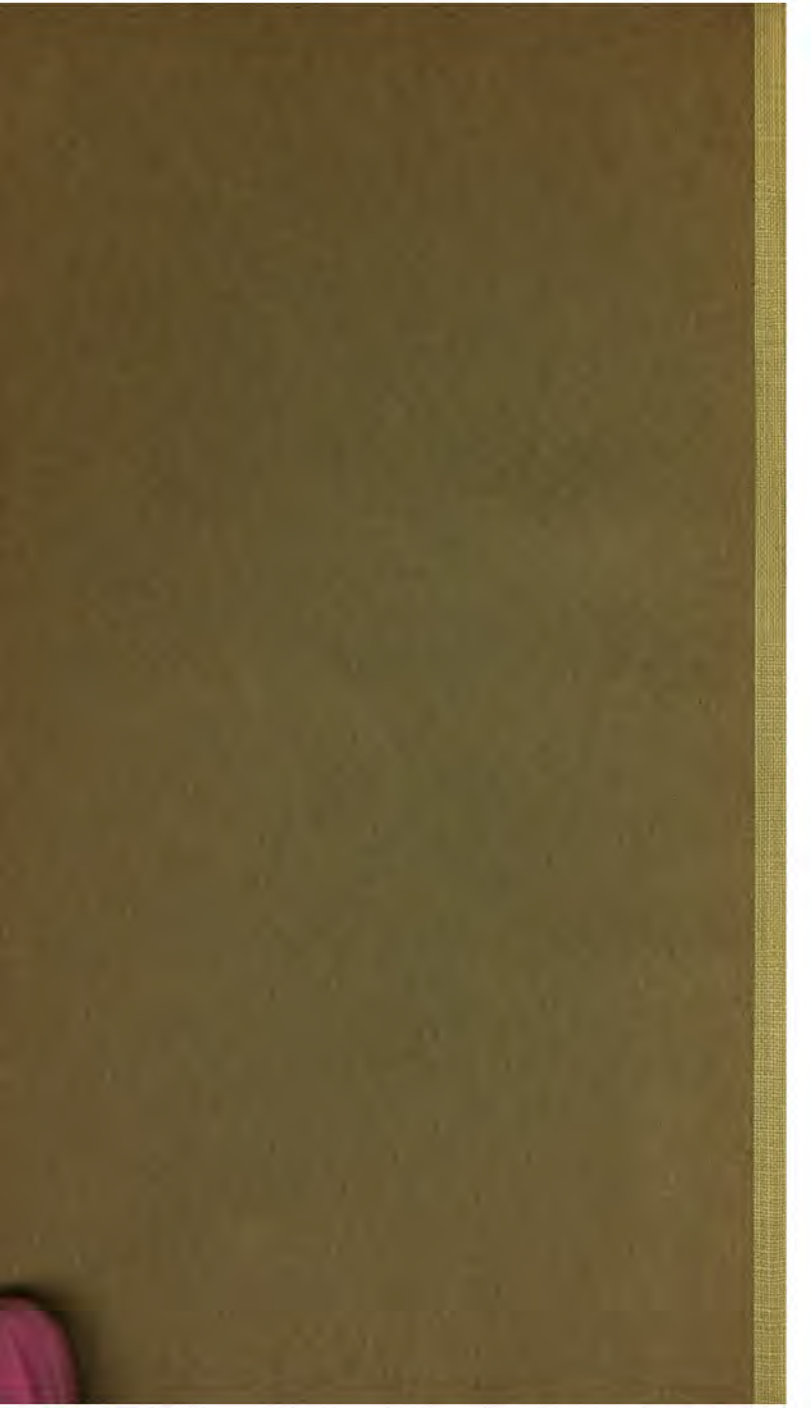


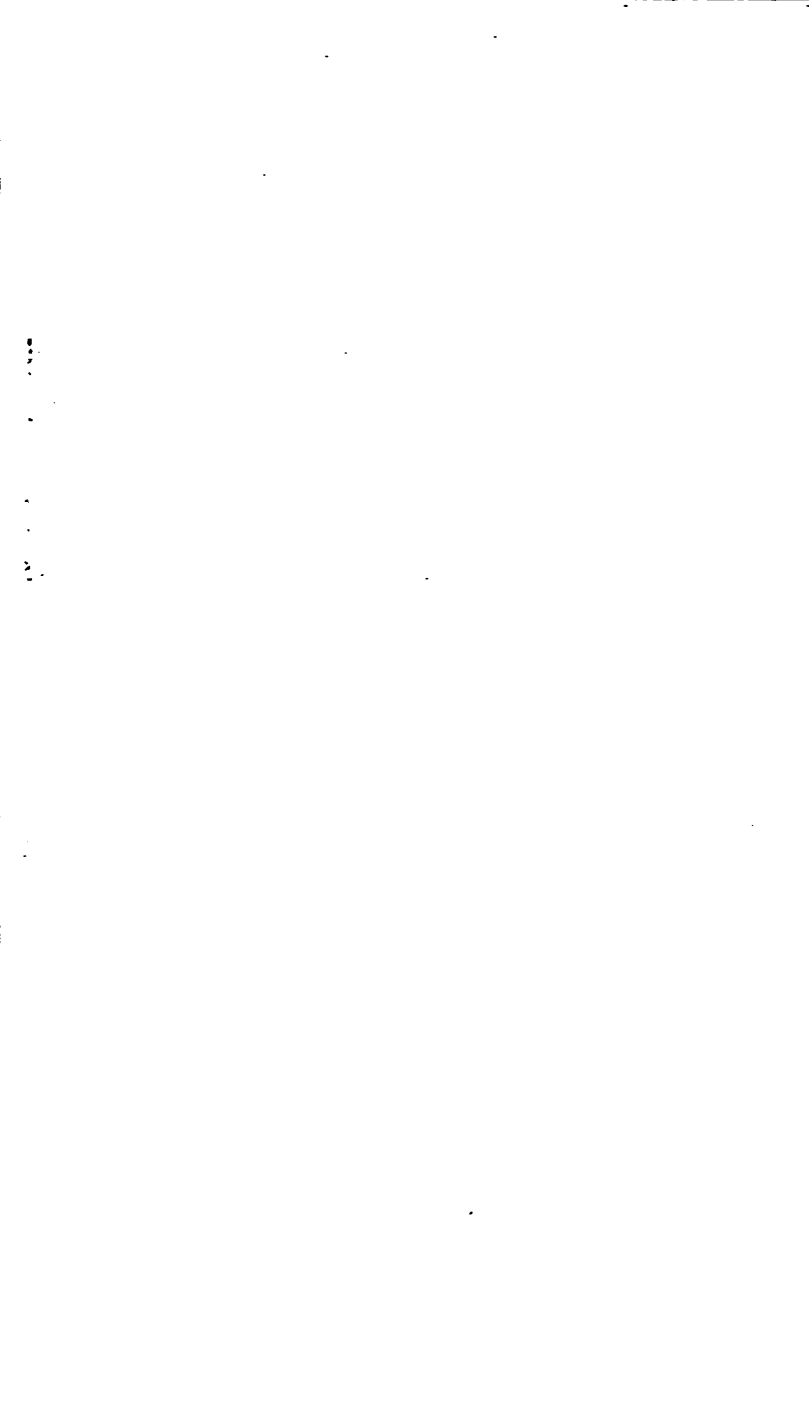
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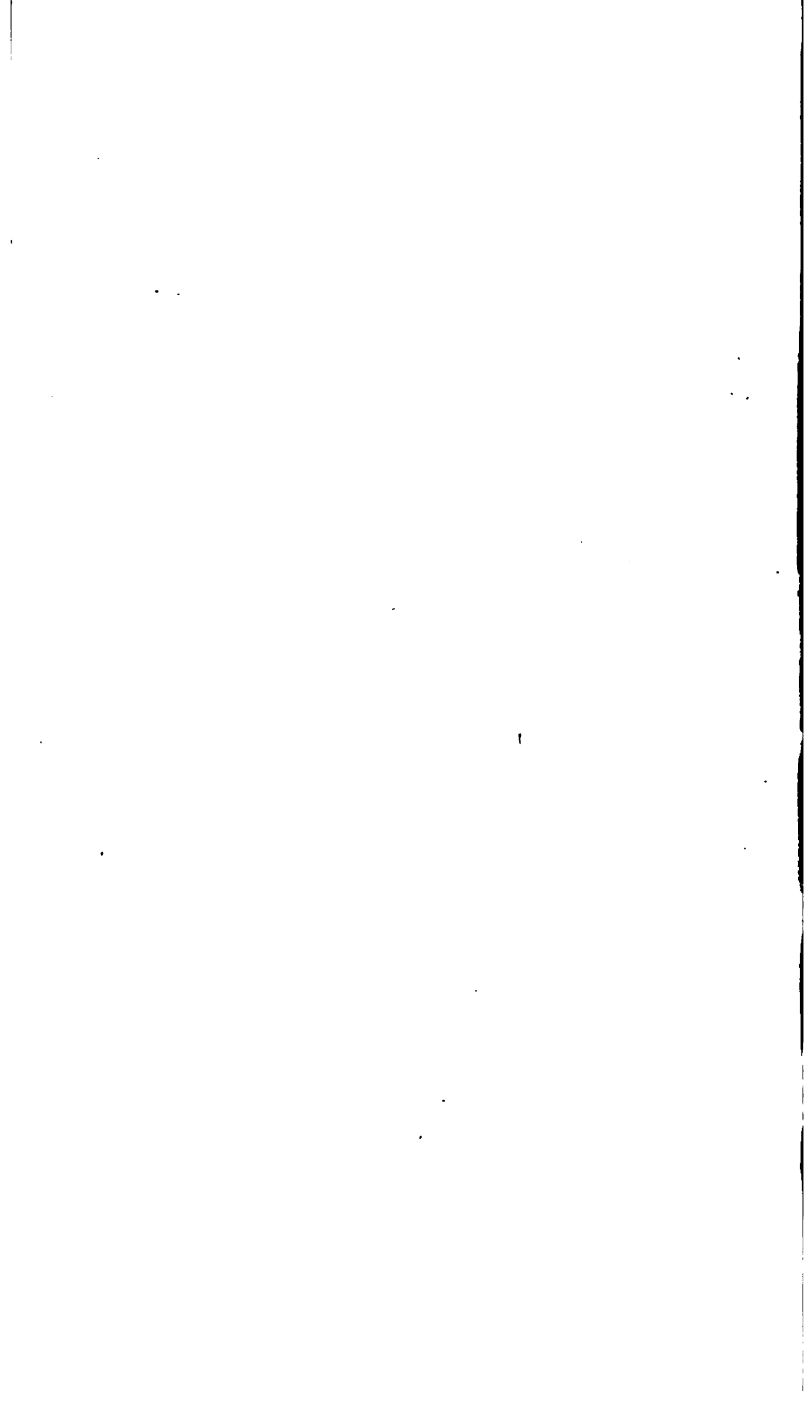


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A  
**CRITICAL EXAMINATION**

OF  
**DR. MACCULLOCH'S WORK**

ON THE  
**HIGHLANDS**

AND  
**WESTERN ISLES OF SCOTLAND.**

by  
James Brown

"SOME BOOKS ARE LIES FROM END TO END."—BURNS.

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## SPIRIT OF THE BOOK.

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So late as the middle of the last century, the Feudal System, which had fairly died out in all the other countries of Europe, leaving the traces of its existence only in the uncouth jargon of the law, or the barbarous technicalities of title-deeds, continued in full force and vigour in the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland. At this comparatively recent period, the civil and military power of the Chieftains was as absolute, the obedience and attachment of the Clans as implicit and unbroken, as in the middle of the fourteenth century.

Inhabiting a remote and alpine region,—generally regarded as barbarians by their neighbours of the plains, with whom they frequently carried on a petty predatory warfare,—and utter strangers to commerce, luxury, and refinement, the Highlanders were placed beyond

the operation of those causes which had produced the most remarkable changes in the condition of the people in other parts of the kingdom; and therefore they continued to cherish, with unabated affection, the customs and institutions of their forefathers, and to sustain the natural chivalry of their character by the poetry, music, and traditionary lore of their native mountains. The influence of the general government was little, if at all, felt in the unexplored fastnesses of their wild romantic land; their loyalty and affection were confined within the limits of their own districts and clans; and, accustomed to look up to their Chiefs as the arbiters of their differences in peace, and as their leaders in war, to reverence them for the antiquity of their origin and the purity of their descent, and to consider themselves as the children of their family, of the same name and blood, they willingly yielded submission to an authority, despotic in itself, but invariably exercised with beneficence and moderation. Hence it was that the relation of liege lord and vassal, of chief and clansman, of protection on the one hand, and obedience on the other—in short, the Feudal System, in its full vigour, continued in

the Highlands long after it had disappeared every where else.

Nor is it easy to conjecture how much longer this remarkable political anomaly might have been suffered to exist, had not the Rebellion of Forty-five, with the alarm and danger it produced, rendered it expedient to break up a system of patriarchal brotherhood, which fostered the martial spirit of the Clans, and which, combining with other causes, had, on that occasion, gone far to establish on the throne of his ancestors the rightful heir to the crown.

Of the means by which this subversion was effected, it is now hardly worth while to pronounce any opinion ; it is sufficient to say, that they were such as might have been expected from a weak and jealous government, vindictive because it felt itself insecure, and unable to master its terrors even after the season of danger had passed away. The events connected with that unfortunate but gallant attempt, however, naturally directed the attention of the public to the history, institutions, manners, character, and language of a people, who, though distanced in the career of civilization by the other subjects of



the kingdom, had given a splendid example of chivalrous loyalty, incorruptible fidelity, and self-sacrificing devotion, and had furnished matter for one of the most brilliant and attractive chapters in what may be called the Romance of History.

But while to this cause, taken in conjunction with the natural desire of traversing a wild and wonderful region, where Nature has operated on her grandest scale, we are to ascribe the innumerable incursions into the Highlands by that class of persons, who, as the negro shrewdly remarked, "take walk to make book;" it is nevertheless matter of infinite regret, that those who have generously undertaken this office have, with perhaps one or two exceptions, been miserably qualified for the task. Acquainted with a state of society and manners different from, and, in some respects, diametrically opposite to that which they went to explore,—brimful of all the prejudices, sensitively alive to all the comforts, and impregnated with not a few of the vices of more advanced civilization,—profoundly ignorant of the language of the people, and more deeply read in the volumes of men than in the great book of Nature,—plodding antiquaries,

crazy sentimentalists, silly view-hunters, cockney literati, and, worst of all, impudent "Stone Doctors" armed with their hammers, have successively invaded the unconquered mountains of Caledonia, to share the hospitality of the simple-hearted natives, and to export, for the edification of the crowd, dry descriptions of cairns, castles, vitrified forts, and parallel roads,—or the mawkish rhodomontade of drivelling delirium,—or paltry and pitiful views of scenery worthy of the pencil of Salvator himself,—or gossiping mendacious anecdotes of the cunning, selfishness, extortion, filth, indolence, and barbarism of a race who never closed their doors against the stranger till his treachery and ingratitude taught them to regard him with suspicion and distrust,—or, lastly, as in the case of the author before us, ship-loads of minerals, with entire bales of libellous misrepresentation, appropriately seasoned with strenuous and reiterated exhortations to the landlords to continue that system of improvement and expatriation which they have so happily commenced, and hitherto so successfully pursued.

Now, we have never heard of any body who would choose, if he could help it, to

have his portrait taken by a caricaturist,—or his character delineated by a satirist, and personal enemy,—or his country described by a flimsy, shallow, conceited tourist, ignorant of its manners, customs, institutions, and language, and prevented by prejudice or incapacity from acquiring any accurate knowledge of either the one or the other. Yet this has been the fate of the Highlanders individually and collectively; a fate of which they might with justice complain, were not the evil at once common and irremediable. It was Sir Walter Raleigh, we believe, who, finding it impossible to ascertain the truth in regard to an occurrence that had taken place under his windows, pronounced all history a romance, and declared that it was no further deserving of attention, than as a record of speculative and hypothetical conjectures. We are not prepared to acquiesce entirely in the opinion of this great man; but, as far as books of travels are concerned, there seems to be some ground even for this broad and sweeping scepticism; for in what extravagant inventions and falsehoods may not travellers indulge respecting the inhabitants of distant and rarely-visited regions, when

in regard to the Highlanders, a people at our doors, and of whom every body knows something, misrepresentation, absurdity, nonsense, and pure fiction, to say nothing of deliberate and malignant calumny, are boldly and unblushingly served up to the public? But we may as well pass in review a few of the itinerant worthies, who have so obligingly told us all that they knew—and more!—on the subject of Donald and his country.

And here it is really painful, and, in our view of the matter, not a little humiliating, to be compelled to state, that, with the exception of “Letters from a Gentleman in the North,” “Letters from an Officer of Engineers to his Friend in London,” and “Letters from a Nobleman to his Son,” we scarcely know any work on the subject of the Highlands, till we come down to the present time, which is deserving of the slightest attention. Pennant, it is true, in despite of all his foppery, pedantry, prejudice, and folly, has adhered pretty strictly to the truth in what he has set down respecting the manners and character of the people; and if he is often wrong, it is because he knew no better, or was occupied with pursuits more congenial

to the bent of his mind, and his general acquirements ; but he is not, with all his blunders, an *intentional* distributor of misrepresentation, falsehood, and slander. Johnson came into Scotland foaming like a bear about Ossian, armed with a tremendous cudgel to chastise Macpherson, and predetermined to believe that the Scots were savages, and their country uninhabitable ; that trees, breeches, and good dinners, were luxuries which an Englishman would in vain expect to meet with to the north of the Tweed. In performing his much-talked-of Tour, the " Great Moralist," too, (as it was once the fashion to call this scrofulous literary despot, and as he has in fact been baptized by one of the devoted idolators who daily performed the *ko-tou* in his presence,) laboured under some disadvantages, which have long disarmed the spirit of retaliation, and reduced his authority to its true value. He was necessitated to use the eyes of others, because he was blind himself ; and as the road to his heart happened to lie through his stomach, which it was not always practicable, in the Highlands especially, to appease, nobody was unreasonable enough to expect that *he* would discover any vestiges of high and chival-

rous feeling lingering among a people who were nearly utter strangers to roast-beef and plum-pudding. His book, accordingly, is just such a production as might, *a priori*, have been expected ; full of grumbling, saucy, ill-natured observations, the spawn of a mind contracted and illiberal, deeply imbued with prejudice, and incomparably more enamoured of antithesis than truth,—the whole being delivered in that pompous domineering tone of insolent superiority, which, from long habit and slavish acquiescence, had become habitual and natural to him ; but, nevertheless, occasionally relieved by lucid intervals of better feeling, under the more benign ascendancy of which, he writes with a freer and bolder hand, and gives forth passages of uncommon interest and power. Viewed as a whole, however, it is a very trashy, lumbering, dull performance, unworthy of Johnson's inordinate reputation ; the poverty of the matter strangely contrasting with the cumbrous, sounding phraseology with which it is almost always overlaid and smothered.

Of Johnson's jackall, poor Jemmy Boswell, we cannot permit ourselves to speak harshly, notwithstanding his habitual servility, and ig-

noble submission to the "Sage's" insolence. Of a truth, he had a ravenous appetite "for anecdote and fame;" his greedy maw was never satisfied; but this amiable weakness, this excusable infirmity, he redeemed by the good-humour with which he retailed the one, and the undisguised vanity which mingled with, and gave a warmer hue to his aspirations after the other. Who now disputes that he was the king of gossips, ancient and modern,—that he has done more to perpetuate Johnson's fame than Johnson himself, and that he has placed his own securely on the same pedestal? It was, indeed, rather humiliating to think that he should have been tied as a cannister to Johnson's tail,—that he should have piloted the English bear on his grumbling expedition, played the toad-eater to the literary monster, and, like a man ashamed of his country, skulked from Johnson's fire even when he could have returned it with effect. But Jemmy was delighted with his office; and as there is proverbially no disputing about tastes, we shall not quarrel with him for his preference. Besides, he was altogether such a capital fellow, so well pleased with every thing, and every body, particularly himself, that "the man is

little to be envied" who can speak or write of "Boswell, Bozzy, Bruce, whate'er his name," without dropping in a passing word of kindness, or inditing an expression of affectionate regard for his memory.

And as we have foisted into our summary the name of James Boswell, we may as well stop a moment to deplore the preposterous prudence or folly of a man who bore no slight resemblance to him in some points of his character; we mean John Home, the author of "Douglas." Nature, it is quite clear, never intended John for an historian; but he was of a different opinion, and chose as his subject the Rebellion of Forty-five, in one of the principal scenes of which he had been partially concerned, as an actor of an obscure part. With the view of collecting materials for his intended work, he sojourned during part of several successive summers in the Highlands, where the reputation he had acquired, together with the respectability of his character, and the suavity of his manners, procured him a kind and hospitable reception. His object was known; and he got credit for courage, ability, and fidelity, which were yet only *in posse*. The Jacobite families, to whom the



secret history of that unhappy movement was quite familiar, opened themselves to him with the most unreserved confidence; and he became possessed of a rich store of authentic and interesting anecdotes, illustrative of the spirit of the times, and of the peculiar features of the Highland character.

But John disappointed every hope that had been formed of him. From some pitiful notions of prudence, and an absurd and groundless dread of giving offence to the reigning Family, by the disclosure of the atrocious cruelties practised in the Highlands, or of circumstances creditable to the character and feelings of the unhappy sufferers, he published his bald, meagre, wretched history, containing a dry detail of facts universally known, and apparently collected from no higher source than the Scots Magazine; while he neglected or concealed the invaluable information he had received, and even destroyed the documents that had been intrusted to him, not a vestige or fragment of which was discovered by those who rummaged his repositories after his death.

This act of sacrilege, which deserves the keener reprobation, that the loss it inflicted

was irreparable, has in our time found a worthy counterpart in the conduct of those who, from affected feelings of delicacy to the living, and pretended regard for the memory of the dead, consigned Lord Byron's Memoirs to the flames. Nor does the resemblance consist merely in the insane folly of the act, or the irretrievable nature of the injury. In both cases the *consequence* has been the same; namely, the publication of innumerable fabrications and lies, which, but for the reckless destruction of invaluable documents, would never have been heard of. As far as poor Home was concerned, he made a double sacrifice; he disappointed the confidence reposed in him, and he inflicted an incurable wound on his literary reputation, for which the best apology that can be offered is, that his mind was latterly infirm.\* Still it is impossible, without some bitterness of feeling and asperity of language, to

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\* This infirmity was probably occasioned by a severe contusion on the head, which he received when his carriage was overturned in Ross-shire, about two years before the publication of his long-meditated history.—COLONEL STEWART'S *Sketches*, vol. i. p. 72, 2d ed.

deplorable proceedings by which a portion of truth is for ever lost to the world; by which the brave and the honourable are deprived of their justification, and the field left open to those base miscreants, who find it profitable to traffic in misrepresentation and calumny, and to pandering to the evil passions of the unthinking multitude.

But to return to the subject more immediately before us: And, that we may not seem altogether to neglect Horace's rule, let us pass over a whole array of authors of "Tours," "Journeys," "Dissertations," "Thoughts," and so forth, and let us come at once to Colonel Stewart's "Sketches of the Character, Manners, and Present State of the Highlands of Scotland, with Details of the Military Service of the Highland Regiments." This work, on which the public has already passed a verdict of unqualified approbation, we need scarcely say that we consider as in all respects incomparably the best which has yet appeared on the subject of which it treats. It is written in a plain, simple, unambitious style, which, nevertheless, becomes occasionally eloquent, and even rises to a sort of unaffected sublimity, when the

author, who has given his whole heart and soul to the subject, either defends his countrymen from the unjust aspersions which have been so lavishly cast upon them—or pleads the cause of an oppressed and suffering people, against the unnatural monopolists, who would either drive them from the country, or reduce them to the lowest state of misery and wretchedness—or chronicles those brilliant military achievements, which have contributed to enhance the martial character of the country, and to increase the renown of the British arms.

But the matter is of more importance than the style. It is no doubt true, that the gallant author lingers with fondness over the fast-disappearing vestiges of ancient manners, and is perhaps a little too much enamoured of the poetry of the Highland character, of the bravery, fidelity, and devotion which distinguished the Clans under their Feudal Chiefs ; and it is equally true, that this generous bias may have even unconsciously influenced the opinions he has been led to form in regard to the present state of the country, and the changes of character and manners which have been produced by the displacement of the an-

cient tenantry, the proscription of the people by their natural superiors and protectors, and the importation of capital and fanaticism from the South. But still it is this part of his book which will be read with the greatest interest; first, because the gallant author is perhaps better acquainted with the character and capabilities of the Highlanders than any other man in existence; secondly, because he has studied the most scrupulous accuracy in the statements which he has brought forward, and which may, therefore, be received with implicit confidence; and, lastly, because we are fully convinced that the system presently in operation in the Highlands of Scotland, if much longer persevered in, will speedily engender, in that hitherto-peaceful country, much of the poverty, wretchedness, and crime, which have so long been the scourge of Ireland, and the disgrace of those by whom Ireland is governed.

We are aware it has been objected to Colonel Stewart's deductions, that he is a bad political economist—nay, so deplorably ignorant of the principles of that fashionable science, as to prefer increasing the comforts and ameliorating the condition of the people, to im-

proving the breed of black-faced sheep or of horned cattle ; that he is rather a retailer of anecdotes and facts, than a reasoner or a theorist ; and that in all his statements and conclusions, he betrays the bias of his profession, and is too ready to view the condition of his native glens, under the modern process of improvement, with the eye of a soldier, who thinks more of rearing a brave and hardy population, fit to serve their country with honour, and sustain the renown of its arms, than of the expediency of large sheep-farms and exorbitant rents.

Now admitting, for the sake of courtesy, that these objections are, to a certain extent, well founded, *we* shall not quarrel very violently with the Colonel for his assumed ignorance, or rather his neglect of Political Economy, because we shall show in the sequel, that the principles of that science are totally inapplicable to the existing state of the Highlands ; and that four-fifths of the poverty and misery which there obtrude themselves upon the view in every direction, have been directly engendered by carrying into practice doctrines plausible enough in theory, but deduced from the circumstances of countries different in soil, climate, position, character,

manners, and state of society. In the next place, we are of opinion, that the people, though of course unworthy of a moment's regard, when put in competition with the benefits resulting, or expected to result, from large sheep-farms and high rents, are nevertheless deserving of *some* consideration ; since even our Political Economists do not disdain occasionally to become advocates for the negroes in the West Indian Islands, whose situation, however, is in almost every respect more comfortable than that of the poor, despised, oppressed, and calumniated creatures, inhabiting the mountains and glens of " our dear native land."

Nor is it, in our estimation, a very deep reproach to the gallant Colonel, that he has considered a few well-authenticated facts as of more value on a subject of this kind, than the most curiously-concocted theory which the most expert Political Economist could manufacture. Facts were never more in request than at present, to correct the absurd and pernicious theories in vogue, which, as Napoleon observed, would break down an empire constructed of granite, were they not fortunately opposed by the common sense and interests of mankind.

And, finally, with regard to the charge of pro-

fessional bias, a soldier, who has so often shown the Highlander the eye of his country's enemy, —who knows his admirable military qualities, his steadiness, his good conduct, his capability of bearing hunger and fatigue, to say nothing of that daring courage which rises with the obstacles it is required to surmount, and which has never been called in question except by the libeller we have yet to discuss,—and, above all, who recollects what happened in Canada during the late contest with America, when Highlanders were for the first time found in arms against their native country;—a soldier, we say, with all this experience and knowledge, who sees a brave and hardy race daily degenerating under the malignant and pestiferous influence of what, with a cruel mockery, has been nicknamed improvement, may perhaps be pardoned for believing that a few thousand additional sheep, and five or ten per cent. increase in the rent of the landlords, offer but a miserable compensation for

“ A bold peasantry, their country's pride,”—

for the brawny arms and gallant hearts which, under a different order of things, the country



might have gathered round its standards at the hour of need.

But laying all considerations of this kind entirely out of view, the subject may at once be brought to this short issue: Has Colonel Stewart told the truth, or has he not? If he has, and if the tree be known by its fruits, then the system presently pursued in the Highlands is a most pernicious system, destructive of the independence and comfort of the people, and, (which will appear more fully by-and-by,) as unproductive of *profit*, in a pecuniary sense, as it is of any result which a wise and enlightened patriotism can ever sanction or approve. If, on the contrary, he has been so far misled by his feelings and prejudices, so as to represent partial and temporary as general and permanent evils; if, as has been covertly and basely insinuated, he has raised a senseless and unfounded clamour against the improvements which have been recently introduced in the North, taking a narrow, illiberal, and contracted view of the process that is presently going forward, and labouring to exasperate the people against their superiors; it is incumbent on those who insinuate (for no one has

dared to state openly) such charges, to bring forward proof sufficient to convict him of prejudice and error, and it is competent to us to sift the nature of that proof, when offered, as well as to endeavour to ascertain the credibility of those by whom it is adduced. And this brings us at once to Dr. Macculloch, and his inimitable quartetto of tomes.

And, certes, if the merit of a book were to be estimated by the arrogant pretensions of its author, the flourish of trumpets with which it is ushered into the world, or the exertions used in its favour by those who are interested in giving currency and obtaining credence to its statements, Dr. Macculloch would, beyond all dispute, be the greatest writer that ever (to use his own elegant phrase) "got *astride* of a pen." But the public approbation is not to be taken by a *coup-de-main*. Notwithstanding the vain-glorious gasconading of the author respecting the superior "accuracy and extent" of his information, the confident anticipations of success entertained by those who participate his sentiments, and even the exertions of the Duchess of Atholl (who, by the way, detests the Highlanders) to procure subscribers, the

book has fallen almost dead-born from the press. As proof of this it is sufficient to mention, that although it has been now a considerable time before the public, only one Journal has deigned to notice it. Nor, assuredly, should we have interfered to stop its natural progress to the trunk-maker and the tobacconist, had it not been for the three following reasons : In the first place, it contains, scattered over various parts, such a defence of the recent conduct of the Highland proprietors, in regard to the aboriginal inhabitants, as a strenuous abetter of the demoralizing process now in operation has been able to offer for them : secondly, the author's reputation as a scientific mineralogist seemed to entitle even his bad wit, bad writing, bad stories, and bad spirit, to some sort of notice : and, lastly, the book being cast in the shape of letters, addressed to Sir Walter Scott, (whether with or *without* permission, is of no consequence at present,) it is thus presented to the world in some measure under the sanction of that illustrious name, which, though blazoned only as it were on the pannels, can hardly fail to entice many, who would otherwise have passed it over with neglect or in-

difference, to take a peep at the miserable and libellous trash it contains. It is incumbent on us to add, that the majority of his statements, anecdotes, and dissertations, is obviously intended to serve as an answer to, and, as far as the author's authority may extend, to counteract the effect produced by Colonel Stewart's work; though, as far as we recollect, he has, in no instance, had the manliness and candour to avow that this was the principal part of his design.\* Indeed, we should almost

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\* The reader will find abundant evidence, in the Doctor's four volumes, of the statement in the text. He talks incessantly of the "ignorant clamour" that has been raised against the Highland Proprietors; and as Colonel Stewart is the only writer who has examined and publicly censured the conduct of these immaculate patriots, there cannot be a doubt that the Doctor means these bitter words to apply to the statements of that gallant officer. But if there did remain any doubt, it would be removed by the fact, that the above, or expressions of synonymous import, are the usual proems to disquisitions intended to controvert and disprove certain positions laid down and illustrated in the "*Sketches*," &c. And to such an extent does the Doctor carry this species of literary bush-fighting, that

be inclined to believe that the book had been got up *solely* with this view, and at the suggestion of a certain noble Duke, who usually entertains the Doctor for six months in the year, and who is so much influenced by his opi-

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he frequently takes the Colonel's very words, and perverts them to a meaning directly opposite to that which they originally conveyed. For example, Colonel Stewart says, "I will add a stone to your cairn, was a friendly wish:" after defining a cairn (vol. ii. p. 46), Macculloch responds, "I will add a stone to your cairn, was NO friendly wish." Colonel Stewart states, that the circular buildings of great solidity and strength to be met with in some districts are called "*Caistail na Fian*," and believed to have been built by the Fingallians: Macculloch re-escobes, "the circular works called DANISH, are very numerous." Vol. i. p. 88. Colonel Stewart introduces in his work a copy of President Forbes's Memorial of the Clans, which he justly considers as of high authority, and which was then *for the first time* printed entire and complete: Macculloch is again at the scratch, declaring that he "shall be satisfied here with referring to the President's list, *often printed*; though it is not the authority it has been reputed, on the subject of clanship." Vol. iv. p. 404. We could produce numerous other instances in proof of what is alleged in the text; but we have contented ourselves with the above, the first that offered.

nions, that he has, at this moment, *twenty-five* farms in his own hands; the former occupants being ruined and *rouped out*, and no new adventurers being fool-hardy enough to risk a similar fate.

In his "introductory letter," the Doctor says, "he will not deny that his *prejudices* are in *favour* of this people;" that he has "laboured hard to reconcile his *wishes* to his *conviction*;" and that "he would *fain imagine* he had only one object—TRUTH." The effrontery of these allegations will be demonstrated in the clearest manner by our subsequent examinations. But in the meantime let us inquire of him, how he expects it to be believed, that "his prejudices are *in favour* of a people," whom he represents as barbarous, incurably indolent, eaten up with beggarly pride, sneaking sycophants, unconscionable extortioners, filthy, dishonest, inhospitable, nay cowardly,—whom, upon every occasion, "he labours hard," in his clumsy fashion, to hold up to ridicule, as the most wretched and contemptible of all God's creatures,—for whose miseries, the *real* source of which no man knows better than he does, he can spare no word of sympa-

thy or commiseration ; while he lets slip no opportunity of extolling, and playing the apologist for their cold-blooded, unnatural oppressors ? Call you this “ backing your friends,” Doctor ? Call you this being “ prejudiced *in favour of* the people ?” But the good man “ laboured to reconcile his *wishes* to his *conviction* :” it was to no purpose, however ; love’s *labour* was lost : so he ended by doing the very opposite of that which he intended, or rather laboured, to do ; namely, “ reconciling his *conviction* to his *wishes*.” And he tells us, or, to speak more correctly, he tells Sir Walter Scott, (*credat Gualterus !*) that “ he would *fain* IMAGINE he had only one object—TRUTH.” “ *What is truth ?* said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer.” We put the same question to the Doctor, and “ pause for a reply.” Is misrepresentation *truth* ? Is slander *truth* ? Is pure fiction *truth* ? Is an assumed tone of insolent superiority *truth* ? Is ingratitude *truth* ? Are we to receive and consider *as truth*, any unsubstantiated dictum which the Doctor may choose to utter *ex cathedrâ*, solely because it is *he* who delivers it ? When he meets and quarrels with

persons who exist only in his pages, are we to consider him as a *bonâ fide* expositor of his real and personal experience? We would pause a whole month, an entire lunation, as he would say, for a reply.

But to come more closely still to the point: We do, without qualification, aver, that in every thing regarding the actual manners, character, and condition of the Highlanders, the Doctor is a *prejudiced* person, in the worst sense of the term; that one of the principal objects he had in view in manufacturing his book, and secondary only to his love of displaying his own *prodigious* erudition, was to white-wash the Highland landlords, and to justify the proceedings to which they have had recourse, by representing the native population on their estates as brutalized beyond all hope of regeneration; and that, therefore, all his statements, *connected with this subject*, are to be received with extreme *suspicion* and *distrust*.

Indeed the main object for which the book has been got up appears at the very outset. After the astounding declaration just noticed, and some slipslop about first impressions, and so forth, he



adds : “ Nor in thus estimating the character of the people, would it be just to withhold praise from their *superiors*. I have already noticed the *obloquy*, which, from a narrow view of the progress of events, has been thrown on them. *That censure is unfounded* ; nor, were it otherwise, is there good policy in exciting mutual discontent between the upper and lower classes,—*in LOOSENING by FORCE and VIOLENCE those BONDS OF UNION which have unfortunately a NATURAL TENDENCY already to DISSOLUTION.*” Vol. i. p. 12.

Now there can be no reason in the world why the *Doctor* should withhold praise from the Highland “superiors,” especially after such a dexterous cut at Colonel Stewart ; but when he asserts in his tranchant oracular way that they have been exposed to unmerited “obloquy,” and that the “censure” passed upon their conduct “is unfounded,” we appeal in defence of those who have censured, and are here accused of calumniating these northern lights, to facts known to all the world.

Will it be gravely denied by any one who pays the slightest regard to truth, that the native population has been proscribed by their

“superiors?” Do not these same “superiors” yearly, nay, monthly and weekly, advertise their hatred of their poor countrymen in the newspapers? Have they not themselves broken every “bond of union” between them and the “lower classes,” by reducing the latter from a condition of comfort and independence, to that of cottars and day-labourers, by crowding them in miserable hamlets, taxing their labour, insulting their feelings, representing them as a race at once despicable and unimprovable, and condemning them to a state of thralldom and degradation more galling than that of the Russian or Polish serfs? Do not these identical praiseworthy “superiors” occasionally eject a refractory tenant by fire, and sometimes, in their hurry, forget to remove the aged and the bedrid from the huts to which they have applied the flaming brand? Can the public have forgotten the facts which were brought to light on the trial of Patrick Sellar? \* And is it endurable, at

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\* This man was tried before the Circuit Court of Justiciary at Inverness, on the 23d of April 1816, “for the Crimes of Culpable Homicide, Real Injury and

this time of day, that the mouth-piece of the Highland "superiors" shall talk of the impolicy of "exciting mutual discontent between the upper and the lower classes," to those whose great ground of complaint against the former is, that they have excited discontent,—turned love and respect into hatred and abhorrence,—and from being the natural protectors, become the unnatural enemies and oppressors of the people? or that the advocates of a once brave, chivalrous, loyal, and affectionate race, should be accused of "*loosening, by FORCE and VIOLENCE, those BONDS OF UNION which (the accuser himself, with his accustomed self-contradiction, admits) have unfortunately a NATURAL TENDENCY already to DISSOLUTION?*"

Who, we would ask, resorted to "*force and violence?*" The patrons and the promoters of ejection by fire. Who have invariably condemned and execrated such abominable proceedings? A few independent men, who love their

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Oppression." See particularly the evidence of William Young, Esq. Agent for the Marchioness of Stafford. Trial, p. 39.

country and their countrymen. Who have “loosened the bonds of union” formerly subsisting between the heads of great families and their tenantry, and “unfortunately” given them “a natural tendency to dissolution?” The fire-worshippers. Who have endeavoured to counteract this *unnatural* “tendency to dissolution,” and to persuade “the upper and the lower classes” in the Highlands that they have but one common interest,—that the former cannot prosper while the latter are impoverished,—that a country cannot be improved piece-meal, but must advance *en masse*? The advocates of the people. Let the public then judge at *whose* door the accusation of “loosening, by *force* and *violence*, those bonds of union,” which formerly subsisted between the people and their natural superiors, ought in truth and justice to be laid; and, in forming their judgment, let them, at the same time, not forget *who* is in this instance the accuser. For it will not surely be believed on the testimony of an insidious libeller, whom we shall by-and-by convict of every species of blunder and misrepresentation, and who overflows with the most rancorous hatred of the people he pretends to describe, that the honourable men

who lament the recent dislocation of society in the Highlands, and endeavour to point out the short-sighted policy of those by whom it has been produced, are actuated by the unworthy motives he chooses to ascribe to them, and are in reality labouring to "excite mutual discontent between the upper and lower classes." Such a mode of accounting for their conduct could only have entered the head of a man who was equally incapable of imagining a better motive, or of ascribing a worse. But these matters will fall more appropriately under our consideration when we come to speak of the Economy and Population of the Highlands. In the meantime, we shall proceed to exemplify the "spirit of the book," and, in particular, to point out that contempt for truth and accuracy of statement by which this author is so pre-eminently distinguished.

The Doctor condescendingly informs us, that he should have known much less than he actually does of the Highlanders, "had he not made bosom-friends of the boatmen, acted King Pipen among the children, driven cattle with the drovers, listened to interminable stories about stots, and sheep, and farms,

—partaken of a sneeshing with the beggar, drank whisky with the retired veteran, sat in the peat reek with the old crones, given ribbons to the lassies and pills to the wives, and fiddled to the balls in Rum.” Now, it is really matter of regret, that this boatmen-loving, Pip-pin-acting, cattle-driving, stot-story-listening, sneeshing-partaking, reek-dried, ribbon-giving, Rum-fiddling Doctor, did not, amidst all the good company into which he appears to have fallen, contrive to coax himself into good-humour with the poor creatures with whom *he* says he mingled, but who, *we* know, were incessantly repelled from any approach to communicativeness, by his caustic, disagreeable, overbearing manners. He says, indeed, “he knows not what other and better proof he could give of his esteem for Donald and all his race,” than by associating with drovers, snuffing with beggars, and playing merry-andrew to the children. Perhaps he does not ; but it occurs to us, that by speaking with ordinary civility, decency, and truth, of a people who generally gave him a kind reception, he would have proved his “esteem for Donald and all his race,” in a manner more creditable to himself, than by coin-

ing fictitious colloquies for the purpose of turning them into ridicule, and making invidious ungentlemanlike remarks on the domestic economy and habits of the gentlemen at whose tables he was a frequent guest.

With regard to *fictitious colloquies*, the book abounds with them, and they merit this appellation *par excellence*, because they are just as unreal as those of Captain M'Turk ; with the additional disadvantage, that they are devoid of all verisimilitude, and give about as fair a representation of the broken jabber spoken by the lower Highlanders, as they do of the dialect of the Crees or Iroquois Indians. As a specimen of these "imaginary conversations," the reader may take the following, which has turned up at random. The Doctor meets a "snuffy-looking native" in Glen Lednach, "cutting hay with his *pocket-knife*," (a tedious enough operation, we should suppose), and he asks,—

" ' How far is it to Killin ? '—' It's a fine day.'—' Aye, it's a fine day for your hay.'—' Ah ! there's no muckle hay ; this is an unco cauld glen.'—' I suppose this is the road to Killin ? ' (trying him on another tack)—' That's an unco fat beast of yours.'—' Yes,

she is much too fat ; she is just from grass.'—

' Ah ! it's a mere, I see ; it's a gude beast to gang, Ise warn you ?'—' Yes, yes, it's a very good pony.'—' I selled just sic another at

Doune fair five years by-past : I warn ye she's a Highland-bred beast ?'—' I don't know ; I bought her in Edinburgh.'—' A weel, a

weel, mony sic like gangs to the Edinburgh market frae the Highlands.'—' Very likely ; she seems to have Highland blood in her.'—

' Aye, aye ; would you be selling her ?'—

' No, I don't want to sell her ; do you want to buy her ?'—' Na ! I was na thinking of that ; has she had na a foal ?'—' Not that I

know of.'—' I had a good colt out of ours when I selled her. Yere no ganging to Doune the year ?'—' No, I am going to Killin, and

want to know how far it is.'—' Aye, ye'll be gaing to the sacraments there the morn ?'—' No ; I don't belong to your kirk.'—

' Ye'll be an Episcopalian than ?'—' Or a Roman Catholic.'—' Na, na ; ye're nae Roman.'

' And so it is twelve miles to Killin ?' (putting a leading question)—' Na ; its na just that.'—' It's ten then, I suppose ?'—

' Ye'll be for cattle then, for the Falkirk



tryst ?—‘ No ; I know nothing about cattle.’—‘ I thocht ye’d ha been just ane of thae English drovers. Ye have nae siccan hills as this in your country ?’—‘ No ; not so high.’—‘ But ye’ll ha’e bonny farms ?’—‘ Yes, yes ; very good lands.’—‘ Ye’ll nae ha’e better farms than my Lord’s at Dunira ?’—‘ No, no ; Lord Melville has very fine farins.’—‘ Now, there’s a bonny bit land ; there’s na three days in the year there’s na meat for beasts on it ; and it’s to let. Ye’ll be for a farm hereawa’ ?’—‘ No ; I’m just looking at the country.’—‘ And ye have nae business ?’—‘ No.’—‘ Weel, that’s the easiest way.’—‘ And this is the road to Killin ?’—‘ Will ye tak’ some nuts ?’ (producing a handful he had just gathered)—‘ No ; I cannot crack them.’—‘ I suppose your teeth are failing. Ha’e ye any snuff ?’—‘ Yes, yes ; here is a pinch for you.’—‘ Na, na ; I’m unco heavy on the pipe, ye see, but I like a hair of snuff ; just a hair :’ touching the snuff with the end of his little finger, apparently to prolong time, and save the answer about the road a little longer, as he seemed to fear there were no more questions to ask. The snuff, however, came jüst in time to allow him to recall his ideas, which the nuts were

near dispersing.—‘ And ye’ll be from the low country ?’—‘ Yes ; you may know I am an Englishman by my tongue.’—‘ Na ; our ain gentry speaks high English the now.’—‘ Well, well, I am an Englishman, at any rate.’—‘ And ye’ll be staying in London ?’—‘ Yes, yes.’—‘ I was ance at Smithfield mysel’ wi’ some beasts : it’s an unco place London. And what’s yere name ? asking your pardon.’—The name was given. ‘ There’s a hantel o’ that name i’ the north. Yere father’ll maybe be a Highlander ?’—‘ Yes ; that is the reason why I like the Highlanders.’—‘ Weel, (nearly thrown out) it’s a bonny country now, but it’s sair cauld here in the winter.’—‘ And so it is six miles to Killin ?’—‘ Aye, they call it sax.’—‘ Scotch miles, I suppose ?’—‘ Aye, aye ; auld miles.’—‘ That is about twelve English ?’—‘ Na, it’ll not be abune ten short miles, (here we got on so fast, that I began to think I should be dismissed at last) ; but I never seed them measured. And ye’ll ha’e left your family at Comrie ?’—‘ No ; I am alone.’—‘ They’ll be in the south, may be ?’—‘ No ; I have no family.’—‘ And are ye no married ?’—‘ No.’—‘ I’m thinking it’s time.’—‘ So am I.’—‘ Weel, weel, ye’ll have the less

fash.'—' Yes, much less than in finding the way to Killin.'—' O, aye, ye'll excuse me ; but we countra folk speers muckle questions.' —' Pretty well, I think.'—' Weel, weel, ye'll find it saft a bit in the hill, but ye maun had wast, and it's na abune tan mile. A gude day.'”  
 Vol. i. p. 135-136.

The drift of this, we presume, is to prove that the Highlander combines the indirectness of the Lowland Scot with an inquisitive curiosity peculiar to himself. Nobody denies that the low Highlander is inquisitive, particularly if he chance to meet with a Sassenach *flat* inquiring the way to the moon ; but even in that extreme case, he is *respectfully* inquisitive, and never accosts a stranger with the blunt, surly, bull-headed assurance of the *Gaul na machair* : and it is something too much for a writer, who cannot hit off a single characteristic phrase, to attempt a dramatic delineation of peculiarities which he does not understand, and cannot appreciate. Were we to form a judgment of the Highlanders from this execrable lingo,—worse, if possible, than their own broken English, which has generally infused into it all the raciness of the Celtic idiom,—we should pronounce

them the most arrant blockheads extant, excepting, perhaps, the peasantry of Old England, whose pre-eminent stupidity, and brutal indifference to all that passes around them, has never yet, we believe, been called in question.

But it must be evident to every one in the least degree acquainted with the Highlanders, that the language (if language it may be called) which Macculloch puts into the mouth of the "snuffy-looking native" of Glen Lednach, is not only a spurious jabber, neither Scotch, English, nor Erse, but as unlike the attempts of the Highlanders to express themselves in English, as English is unlike Celtic. As far as this circumstance goes, therefore, it is clear that the dialogue is fictitious. Nor will this inference be invalidated by attending to the substance of the conversation. For who will believe, that any man of common patience, and least of all a person so irritable and haughty as Dr. Macculloch, could have endured a cross-examination of such intolerable impertinence and length, on the part of a "snuffy-looking native," before he could be brought to answer the plain question, "How far is it to Killin?" The thing is quite incredible: the language and the matter equally prove

that the whole is the coinage of the Doctor's brain, and that however dull and leaden his imagination may be, his inventive powers are extremely active.

Upon the same principle, every other colloquy in the book may be considered as belonging to the Doctor by exclusive right of property: And lest any one should suppose that we have drawn a rash or hasty conclusion, we shall produce an instance which, independently of internal evidence, we shall show to be spurious by collateral proof of the most decisive kind. Our author reports the following dialogue as having passed between him and a Highlander, (another "snuffy-looking native," of course) about a *new* and *old* road leading to Aberfeldy.

“ ‘ Which is the road to Aberfeldie ?’ there were two branching from a point.—‘ You may gang either,’ said Donald.—‘ But the one looks better than the other.’—‘ It is the most fashionable wi’ they gentry.’—‘ And which is the shortest ?’—‘ The narrowest is the shortest.’—‘ What is the use of two ?’—‘ They chused to mak’ a *new* ane ;’ with a sneer and a huff.—‘ Then I suppose the *old* is bad ?’—‘ We like the *auld* ane best.’—‘ Very likely.’—‘ It

is the shortest,' trying to defend himself.—  
 ' Which will take me to Aberfeldie soonest ?'  
 —' The *new* ane ;' in a surly tone.—' Then  
 it is the shortest ?'—' It's three miles langer,'  
 said the advocate of antiquity.—' But it is an  
 hour shorter,—some *new* fashions are good.'—  
 ' Hungh !' said Donald, with a snort, and  
 walked away." Vol. i. p. 373.

Now the whole of this dialogue *must* be false,  
 because *no NEW road has been made, in any  
 one direction leading to Aberfeldy, WITHIN  
 THE LAST NINETY YEARS !!!*\* On a fabri-  
 cation so monstrous as this, all commentary  
 must be superfluous.

The Doctor has a wonderful fortune in meet-  
 ing with adventures, some of which are hardly  
 less startling and apocryphal than his dialogues.  
 For example, he tells us, that in Jersey he was  
 seized by a corporal and a file of men, and intro-  
 duced to the main guard ; that in Cornwall he

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\* See the County and District Records. The fact  
 we have stated in the text is within the knowledge of  
 every individual in Aberfeldy and its neighbourhood,  
 —using the latter term in the wide acceptance given to  
 it in the Highlands.

was apprehended as a horse-stealer ; that in the same sensible and discriminating county he was taken for the merry-andrew of a quack-doctor ; that in Plymouth he was carried *by a Frenchman* before the Port-Admiral ; and that in Wales, a jackass, "*whom*" he met in the ruins of Lamphey, was the only "*person*" who seemed to take any interest in his fate,—probably from the principle of natural sympathy which subsists among all animals of the same species. No such "moving accidents" appear to have occurred to him in the Highlands ; but his adventures there, though less exclusively personal, are equally marvellous.

In Glenlyon, for example, "a flock of little boys and girls happened to be coming from their school, and I called to the biggest of them, a creature of ten years old, to shew it (a limestone rock) him, and to ask him where his father obtained his lime for his farm. He not only described to me the quarry whence I knew it to come, but every known bed of limestone in the country, for many miles round ; some of which I then knew to be truly indicated, and others which I was thus led to examine. But this was a philosopher in an egg-shell, in many

more shapes. His school was one where English was taught, and where it was prohibited to speak Gaelic. *He explained to me the whole discipline, and spoke of the reputed policy of this measure, and of general education, as if he had been a reader of Reviews!* I had a quantity of pence in my pocket, and as pence are shillings at this age, I gave them to him to divide among his followers, who seemed all to hold him in reverence, and were all silent whenever he spoke, or appeared about to speak. Unluckily, there were fourteen children, and only thirteen pennies; and as he was about to retain the last for himself, he saw one little girl, who was so small that she had been overlooked. He immediately gave her his own, and seemed happier than the rest when he had done it. Such a hero as this might become a Rennel, or a Malthus, or a Bayard; but he will flourish and fade unseen, at the plough or the mattock, unless Lord Breadalbane or Colonel Stewart should discover in him the germ of a Simpson, a Ferguson, or a Burns." Vol. i, p. 72, 73.

A boy only ten years of age describing, to the satisfaction of a veteran geologist, "every



known bed of limestone in the country, for many miles round," and discoursing of "the reputed policy" of prohibiting the use of Gaelic in Highland Schools, "and of general education, as if he had been a reader of reviews!" Here is precocity with a vengeance. Zerah Colburn, George Bidder, and all the youthful prodigies we have heard of, sink in comparison with this "philosopher in an egg-shell."

This, however, affords the Doctor no opportunity of figuring as the hero of his own tale; so at Killin he meets with "a man of reputed education, and, by grace, a philosopher, and, as he doubtless flattered himself, a man of taste," who accosts him at the inn-door—abuses Killin as the ugliest place he ever saw in his life—and applies to the Doctor, who "*he knew was a person of taste,* and understood these things," to shew him what there was to look at. The Doctor, of course, is full of pity and contempt for the nameless wight whom he introduces here, merely to hang a compliment to himself about the poor fellow's neck, and that he may *make* an occasion to abuse "the people who travel and write tours, and tell the world what they have—or rather what they have not

seen." (*Doctor ! quid rides ? mutato nomine de TE fabula narratur.*) " I dare say," adds he, with his usual charity, " he returned from his Highland tour as well informed on all points as he was on the subject of Killin." But the Doctor is not yet done with the " man of reputed education, and, by grace, a philosopher : " he produces him once more at Lochearn, that he may have the pleasure of fairly *hammering* him to death. After some deplorable rant about " Geology, divine maid," hammers, and so forth, he proceeds—

" The philosopher whom I met at Killin seemed to think it (his hammer) an ornament and an honour ; like a red ribband or a blue garter. By what innate property is it, that, when a man is a fool, he discovers it even before he speaks ; nay, *before he is seen !* And, secondly, why does he take so much more trouble to display his folly, than a wise man to shew his knowledge ? Is it the only gem worth wearing ? is it the only quality of which we ought to be vain ? While at breakfast, I received a message from ' a gentleman with a hammer,' as mine host announced him, requesting the honour of a conference,

as he was in search of knowledge, and expected much illumination from so celebrated a personage, as well known through all the Highlands as Jack Pudding himself. The hammer was bright from the anvil; raw as the philosopher that bore it; but was displayed in great state, as if to gain consequence, as well in my eyes as in those of Mr. Cameron, and of all the waiters and ostlers of Killin, and Tyndrum, and Loch Earn, and Callander. The folly and the hammer were equally visible; for he wore both on the outside of his coat: the more prudent conceal them in their pockets. When it was the fashion for gentlemen to be 'angry,' and to fight, every tailor carried his sword by his side. Now, every blockhead who has cracked a stone at Salisbury Craig must display a hammer about the country, to the astonishment of innocent people and his own vast inconvenience. The world will never be the wiser for all their hammers. My philosopher requested to know what the opposite mountain was 'made of;' I answered, neglectingly, I know not what; but the word was not very long. *He looked as much confounded as if I had spoken in heathen Greek: and thus,*

with one little word, not half an inch in length, *I fathomed the depth and bottom of his mineralogical understanding!* Yet he will write a book. And, what is worse, he will tell the world his name. It is not for me to *gibbet* him; every man has a right to perform this ceremony on his own person, if he pleases." Vol. i. p. 121, 123.

We know not "by what innate property it is, that, when a man is a fool, he discovers it before he speaks;" but we know perfectly by what innate property it is, that, when a man is a fool, he betrays it the moment he opens his lips, and particularly when he gets "astride of a pen." It cannot surely be necessary to point out to the intelligent reader the folly, vanity, and malignity with which the preceding extract abounds. In fact, the story, as told by Macculloch, proves that he is both a puppy and a brute, and that he ought to have been kicked for his supercilious insolence. A civil, if not a very wise question was asked him; and by his own showing he answered it, not like a gentleman, but a coal-heaver. However, the "philosopher looked as much confounded as if the Doctor had spoken heathen

Greek." No wonder ; only, we never heard that Macculloch could speak Greek, either christian or pagan. But he assures us he "fathomed the depth and bottom" of the philosopher's understanding. It must have been a very shallow one, when his line could reach the "bottom." Yet after all this impertinence and abuse, he takes credit for not *gibbetting*, as he calls it, the name of the unfortunate individual, whom he here endeavours to show up for the amusement of those who can find pleasure in jokes without wit, and malignity neutralized by dulness. But if the story be not altogether a fabrication, (which we are rather inclined to believe it is) we can imagine a reason for the Doctor's forbearance, which he has not thought proper to mention ; namely, that had he coupled with the above execrable caricature the name of any individual holding in society the rank and status of a gentleman, he would probably have by this time formed a practical acquaintance with the first principles of baculine law, or been invited to examine, in a morning walk, the localities of Chalk Farm.

After various rambles, counter-rambles, and doublings, the Doctor finds himself at Blair-in-

Atholl, where he tells us “ he *must* say something, or it would be *ingratitude* to a *place*, of which he knows each dingle, bush, and alley green; ingratitude to its lovely scenes and to its *hospitable towers*; to the Noble Owner of which, *this country owes a deep debt*, for the unwearied activity of his exertions and example, and of whom it is praise enough to say, that he is a pattern of a truly British Country Gentleman.” In this instance, at least, we are not disposed to question the sincerity of the Doctor’s gratitude to the “ place,” the “ hospitable towers,” and the “ Noble Owner:” the *place* is beautiful, the towers are *hospitable*, and the Duke of Atholl is one of the very best men in existence; but till we read the sycophant’s puffery, we had not the slightest conception that his Grace was so great a public benefactor, that the “ country” was so “ deeply in his debt,” or that “ the unwearied activity of his exertions” had extended farther than *regenerating* his own tenantry, and maintaining his political ascendancy in the county. And verily he has had his reward. Has he not, at this present writing, *twenty-five farms* in his own hands,—and is not his portrait suspended in the County.

Hall at Perth? What could his Grace, or his "shadow," the Doctor, wish for more.

It being thus clearly proved that the Duke of Atholl is a great public benefactor, the very beau-ideal of a patriotic country gentleman, and, in particular, that he is an extremely good landlord (at his own table), it follows, according to the Doctor's approved maxim of "no pudding no praise," that Dunkeld and Blair are the most superb places in the whole world; and conversely, that, wherever he was not courted and entertained, he discovered nothing but paltriness and insignificance. Of this new criterion of picturesque beauty there are some curious examples. "None of our thousand travellers and writers," says our author, "have (has) done justice to Drummond Castle. It is absolutely unrivalled in the low country, and *only exceeded in the Highlands by DUNKELD and BLAIR.*" Vol. i. p. 139. Now, without meaning any disparagement to Drummond Castle, the situation of which is certainly striking, we only infer from this extravagant laudation, that Macculloch was a frequent guest at the "Noble Owner's" table: for if the reader turn to page 257 of the same vo-

lume, he will find the Geologist labouring to persuade the public that Inveraray, one of the most magnificent seats in Scotland or in Britain, is altogether a paltry insignificant place, destitute of picturesque beauty, and inferior to "a hundred other places which have had no advocate, which have not been puffed into fame;" and that "if there are places which are deservedly admired, it is not because their beauties have been *discovered* by their admirers, but because, *like Inveraray*, they have been written into notice." But we happen to know that the Duke of Argyll's gates did not fly open to admit the Colossus of *Roads*, and that he never in the whole course of his life spoke greater truth by accident than when he said, "To me, at least, it was *disappointment* at my *first* visit; and, *instead of improving on the second*, at each time I have revisited it, the *disappointment has been greater!*" We should be ashamed to say one word in favour of such a place as Inveraray;\* but we may

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\* "The architect of Inveraray," says the Doctor, "probably supposed that he had performed a mighty act when he placed a casino, I ought to say, casino



mention, as a probable secondary cause of the Doctor's feud against that princely residence, that the Duke of Argyll is one of the kindest and most indulgent landlords in Scotland, particularly to his small tenantry; that instead of "rouping them out," like a noble Duke cele-

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upon casino, on the top of a baronial Gothic keep: but he of Taymouth, resolved to outwit him, has surmounted his castle with a church." Vol. i. p. 96. Of Taymouth we shall speak presently; these, however, are specimens of the Doctor's architectural criticisms when not previously mollified by pudding. When fasting, or obliged to pay for his dinner, the finest remains of antiquity are described as of the "pepper-box order," with "extinguisher turrets," or, like Grandtully Castle, "monkey-like specimens," not to be compared to the Castles of England and Wales; though, if the fortunes of the Highland Chiefs had been equal to those of the possessors of Chepstow, Ragland, and Caermarthen, so would probably have been their residences. To do him justice, however, he seems a good deal perplexed about Blair and Dunrobin, the seats of his patrons, and never descends to particulars. To have disparaged them would of course have given serious offence to the "noble owners" of these "hospitable towers;" he therefore endeavours to get out of the difficulty by shortly describing them as "great baronial residences."

brated for his hospitality to itinerant geologists, —or burning their houses over their heads, like a noble Marchioness, of fire-worshipping fame, —or driving them across the Atlantic, like a certain notorious, would-be chieftain, —or crowding them into miserable fishing hamlets on the coast, to starve at their leisure and die piecemeal, like others we could point out, —he cherishes and retains them in their ancient possessions; and though himself embarrassed and in difficulties, will not suffer them to be impoverished for his relief. He seems to consider himself as their natural guardian and protector; to reckon their gratitude, attachment, and independence as deserving of some small pecuniary sacrifice; and to regard the conduct pursued by the abettors of the new system as equally criminal and indefensible with that of unnatural parents who disinherit their children without cause. “MacCaillain More’s heart is still warm to the tartan;” and when it ceases to throb with this hereditary feeling, “it must indeed be as cold as death can make it.”\*

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\* A humane, patriotic, and indulgent landlord, never, by any accident, finds favour in the Doctor’s eyes. For

But how happens it that this grateful minera-  
logist is so surly with the " Noble Owner" of

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example, we have reason to know that he was introduced to the late Lord Macdonald, and hospitably entertained at Armadale Castle, of which, however, he says little or nothing ; and while he lauds some of the Northern Guebres to the very echo, he studiously eschews paying even a passing compliment to that noble and truly excellent person. Perhaps the Doctor had the tact to discover that his Lordship's invitations were not likely to be very frequent or very pressing ; which circumstance, taken in conjunction with another which we shall now mention, may serve to account for the Doctor's silence.

No admirer of the new system of improvement by ejection, fire, fishing hamlets, and starvation, the late Lord Macdonald, like the Duke of Argyll, seemed to consider himself as the natural protector of his people, whose condition he sought to ameliorate by very different, and, with Dr. Macculloch's leave, more legitimate means ; and, judging from his conduct, one could not help coming to this conclusion, that, in his Lordship's view of his duties, the proprietor of a great estate is not created solely for the purpose of consuming rent. The natural consequence was, that his Lordship was extremely beloved, and would have been bitterly regretted, had not the present possessor of his title and fortune religiously followed in the footsteps of his noble and worthy brother. This is not the puffery of a hireling apologist of cruelty

Taymouth, who, with only *one* exception, has done more in the way of regenerating, or rousing out, than any other proprietor in the Highlands; and who, therefore, on his own shewing, *must* be a public benefactor, “and a pattern of a truly Scotch Country Gentleman?” Is this phenomenon also to be explained on the great principle above indicated? Not a whisper of the “hospitable towers” of Taymouth, “of which he knows not that he can say aught which has not been said by others, and which was never said by any one *worse than by BURNS, who, whenever he attempted to describe natural scenery* unconnected with his own peculiar moral views and situations, SANK THE LOWEST OF THE LOW!!”\* On the con-

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and oppression, who must be paid in solid pudding for his praise; it is the honest though humble tribute of one who loves his country, to the memory of a true patriot and a man of virtue.

\* “Whenever he attempted to describe natural scenery, Burns sank the lowest of the low!” Such is the language which this miserable toad-eater has the audacity to apply to our inimitable bard. What “natural scenery, unconnected with the poet’s own peculiar moral views and situations,” may happen to mean, we

trary, he rakes up the yet-unexpiated horrors of Glenco, to hurl them in the teeth of the Clan Campbell. "Let us remember," says he, "that the *really* guilty were Breadalbane and Glenlyon." Here, we are happy to say, we so far agree with him. "The *principally* guilty" were, to be sure, Breadalbane, aided and abetted by President Stair, and his son the Secretary, "who," as Laing remarks, "had imbibed the spirit of Lauderdale's administration:" Glenlyon was the miserable instrument by which the chief of his name perpetrated his savage vengeance. But when he says that "the massacre of Glenco was *not* the act of William," and that the stigma must attach, "not to the House of Nassau, but to that of Campbell," we must demur to so broad a conclusion, and protest against the doctrine in morals which it seems to infer. Breadalbane's atrocious guilt no sane person will dispute; he was the *primum mobile* of the conspiracy, and was already inured to mas-

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cannot even conjecture; and must, therefore, leave this qualifying clause to the ingenuity of those learned persons, who sometimes find a meaning for an author when he happens to have neglected to give one himself.

sacre, by the execution of letters of fire and sword against the Earl of Caithness, whose estates he had formerly usurped. Nor is it denied, that the fact of Macdonald of Glenco having made his submission to Government had been carefully concealed from William. But granting this, what was the conduct pursued by the King? It was this: He signed, and, for the greater security of those who were to be concerned in this tragedy, *countersigned*, instructions to proceed to military execution against the men of Glenco; he armed private hatred with the authority of government and law; and on the testimony of persons, one of whom was notoriously disaffected, issued orders for the extermination of a whole race. Was this the conduct which a wise government or a humane prince should have pursued? Ought not William to have paused before he affixed his signature to a deed authorizing massacre? There was no plea of necessity. Admitting his belief that the Macdonalds still refused to submit to the government, public tranquillity could not have been endangered, even had that belief been well-founded. He ought, therefore, to have been slow in applying the *ultimum remedium*.

There were many circumstances which might have aroused his suspicion. Breadalbane was at feud with the Macdonalds ; his character was notoriously sanguinary ; and the warrant, *contrary to all usage*, was required to be *counter-signed*. Did a demand so unprecedented attract no observation ? King William was of a cold, passionless, and calculating disposition ; is it possible, then, to conceive, that neither the eagerness of Breadalbane, nor the extraordinary precaution required, excited the least suspicion ? Or that any man of common penetration, far less a prince of William's sagacity, could fail to perceive that these circumstances alone might eventually fix upon his memory the chief stigma of the crime, which others were to commit by his authority for their own profit, or the gratification of their private revenge ? It is no justification, therefore, because it will not be believed, that the King unthinkingly signed the warrant, and that he never contemplated the murderous cold-blooded atrocities, for the commission of which it furnished a sort of legal pretext. But even if this total absence of reflection and suspicion were as admissible as it is the contrary ; is a prince to be exonerated from

all share in the guilt of a dreadful crime, because he *recklessly* issues the warrant for its commission, or because the instruments he thinks proper to employ exceed the limits of their instructions, and revel in all the excesses of brutal and barbarian vengeance? In matters of such fearful importance, the inconsiderate negligence which tolerates, is not far removed in criminality from the direct intention which commands or compasses massacre; and certainly, in a moral point of view, he who rashly sanctions the commission of a crime, is little, if at all, better than those who avail themselves of that sanction to glut their murderous revenge. For these reasons, we hold that the massacre of Glenco *was*, and *will ever be* considered as, to a certain extent, “the *act* of William;” and that the indelible stigma of the crime will attach, in nearly equal degrees, to the House of Nassau and to that of Campbell.

From Glenco, the Doctor enters the Moor of Rannoch, a space of some eighteen miles of black bogs and desolation, for the transit of which he hires a Highland pony, with a guide, for the exorbitant sum of two guineas. The “almost unknown *spot*” is passed, of course;



the Doctor, very much to his own satisfaction, escapes drowning in the sludge of a peat-moss ; and the rascally Celt who attends him, Sandy Macdonald by name, demands first an extra guinea, " because it was harvest," and, failing in that modest requisition, " aught shillings" for carrying the Doctor's umbrella. But the Doctor is inflexible ; and Sandy objurgates him in pure Erse and broken English, concluding by calling him " not a gentleman." The Doctor acquiesces at once in the reproach ; " assures" Sandy that he is not a gentleman, but an *informer* ; and that, " instead of paying him, he would lodge an information against him for letting horses on hire without a license." This formidable threat was enough : the rage of the mountaineer fell " to a moderate level : " Sandy got his money, and departed, " vowing revenge against the next Saxon who should fall into his clutches." Hence the Doctor concludes, " it is not very wonderful that travellers in the Highlands call the *people* extortioners." It is not, undoubtedly ; provided it were true that the whole race of Gael were smitten with the insatiable cupidity of Sandy Macdonald, or that the said Sandy constituted " the people" in his own proper worthless

person. On another occasion, the Doctor says, "I am well aware of the *folly* and difficulty of generalizing on national character ;" yet, in the face of this avowed conviction of the "folly" of so "generalizing," he sets down the whole Highlanders as "extortioners," because, if we credit his own version of the story, (which, by the way, has every appearance of having been manufactured for the occasion,) *one* individual made an extravagant charge for his services. And this is his invariable mode of "generalizing," as he calls it. Whenever he meets with any person who offends him, he straightway ascribes to the whole people of the North the faults or vices which he fancies he discovers in the object of his resentment ; the Highlanders in a body are traduced for the imaginary delinquencies of individuals ; but he takes especial care to give them no credit for the numerous instances of disinterestedness and integrity which, notwithstanding his habitual contempt for truth and fairness, he is obliged to record. At Pluscarden, for example, he meets with an admirable trait of character, an instance of the most scrupulous and conscientious honesty ; but lest any merit should therefrom redound to the

hated sons of the Gael, he is careful to state that " Pluscarden is not in the Highlands," though he forgets to add, that the poor woman in question was a Highlander. We are not silly enough to complain of such shameful perversion and disingenuity. Candour, impartiality, and truth, are virtues to which the man is evidently a stranger ; he falsifies and misrepresents " with a stubborn malignity of purpose," wholly without precedent in the literature of this country ; and shews an utter contempt for accuracy of statement, even where he has no apparent object to gain by his fabrications. All this we pledge ourselves to prove : and, before we are done, we shall not leave him a ray of reputation with which to cover his nakedness.

But to proceed,—if the Doctor believes in Highland " extortion," he more than atones for his fault, by his scepticism in regard to Highland fidelity—the "*incompacta fides*," for which the people are pretty generally thought to have been distinguished, before the grand process of modern civilization commenced. Adverting to the concealment of Prince Charles after the battle of Culloden, he says, " unless Highlanders themselves had been *his* blood-hounds, (he means—

if he were accustomed to write English—the blood-hounds of the government), he could scarcely have been discovered in any one of the places where he took refuge. English soldiers might have hunted him in vain till now.” Vol. i. p. 456. These averments would startle any body who has not had the good fortune to read Dr. Macculloch’s book ; for it is commonly by courtesy presumed, that a man has calmly meditated and weighed what he deliberately prints and gives forth to the world ; and antecedently to our experience of the contrary, it is difficult to believe that any man could be so imprudent as to give forth assertions at hap-hazard in opposition to well-established facts, and to put it in the power of the most ordinary reader to detect his errors, and destroy his credit as an author.

When the Doctor prepares his defence to the charges which we shall establish against him, we trust he will attend to the following queries submitted to his serious consideration : 1. Were not Highlanders of the loyal clans, as they were called, employed as well as English soldiers in “ hunting ” the unhappy Prince ? 2. Was not Charles, on one occasion, saved from falling

into the hands of his pursuers, by the unparalleled devotion of a young gentleman of the name of Mackenzie, who strikingly resembled him in person, and cheerfully sacrificed his life to continue the "heroic deception" to which that resemblance gave rise? 3. When he was hemmed within the island of Skye, and every exit vigilantly guarded, what would have become of him, but for the admirable contrivance and conduct of Flora Macdonald? 4. On these, and other occasions of a similar kind which might be mentioned, was not escape rendered utterly impracticable, had it not been for the superior address of the native Highlanders, whose vigilant fidelity never relaxed, and to whom the largest bribe ever offered for treachery held out no temptation? 5. Is it not a downright perversion of facts, to allege that the fidelity of the Highlanders was merely *negative*, when it is notorious, that but for their active and unwearied assistance, the Prince could not have existed or concealed himself for one month, far less six? 6. If "he could scarcely have been discovered in any one of the places where he took refuge," will the Doctor have the goodness to explain how it happened that he *was* repeatedly disco-

vered (we have mentioned one instance, and might have given more), and escaped from his pursuers by a miracle of fortune, and of address and presence of mind on the part of his attendants? 7. Admitting that "English soldiers" were as sluggish and inert as the Doctor would insinuate (and we only concede this for the sake of simplifying the query), would thirty thousand pounds offer no stimulus to exertion; especially as the "Butcher's" daily orders to the parties sent out to search were, "You take no prisoners, you understand me!" that is to say, they were to secure the reward by the simple act of blowing out the Prince's brains the instant they got sight of him, as happened to poor Mackenzie? 8. But instead of the English soldiers being inactive in "hunting" the unhappy fugitive, is it not, on the contrary, matter of historical fact, that they were extremely zealous and ardent in pursuit; and that had the Prince been abandoned to himself, and the Irish refugees who attended him, he must beyond all doubt have fallen into the fangs of the "blood-hounds" who were sent in quest of him? 9. And did not the vigilant honour, the incorruptible fidelity, the unwearied activity, to which

he ultimately owed his escape, extend even to outlaws, by whom he was sheltered in his extremity, saved from perishing of hunger, and conducted, amidst all the perils that environed him, to a place of safety? If he shall answer these queries in a satisfactory manner, we promise to believe—almost any thing he may choose to tell us; even that our worthy friend *Donald* Sinclair, innkeeper at Kinloch Rannoch, bears the Christian name of *Shemus*, and with his immortal needle repaired some injuries “of time and travel” in the Doctor’s inexpressibles; that the poems of good old Struan, the prototype of the inimitable Baron of Tully-Veolan, are “a disgusting mixture of *profligacy* and *religion*,” and that the Doctor was perfectly justifiable in cracking malicious and ungentlemanly jokes about the red nose of a respectable woman (Mrs. Pennycuik, late innkeeper at Moulinearn), in whose house he was often kindly treated.

It was Napoleon Buonaparte, we believe, who once remarked, that from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step. The transition is as easy from a prince to a Highland innkeeper—from Charles Edward Stuart to Donald, *alias*

Shemus Sinclair. A word in regard to the latter. The Doctor discovers that Donald, *alias* Shemus, has a *library*, which, he says, "had one prime merit, at least in the eyes of the Roxburghe club, for it was very black;" and finding in the said library such books as Smith's Wealth of Nations, Lempriere's Dictionary, Montaigne, Virgil, Grotius de Veritate, Clerk's Ovid, &c. he enters forthwith into some "amusing speculations on the libraries of these Highland inns." In the present case, however, the whole mystery and marvel will, we hope, vanish, when we state, that Donald's son, a very promising youth, was educated for the church, and that the books in question were *his*,—a fact which the Doctor might have easily learned, had facts been his object. But the only point, perhaps, in which he is consistent throughout, is his contempt for the *nuda veritas*, the plain matter of fact, and his invincible propensity to indulge in "speculations."

And as we have condescended to notice Donald, by the Doctor rebaptized Shemus, Sinclair, we may also call the reader's attention to another individual of the same district, whom the



Geologist has honoured with an unusual share of abuse. Speaking of Schichallien, and adverting to the deaths of Smeaton, Maskelyne, and Playfair, he adds, by way, we presume, of completing a group: "Time, too, has clutched the knavish Donachie, who erected himself to the post of my guide, uninvited. There was some ingenuity in *this particular vulture*, entitling him to a distinction among that *new class of Cearnachs*, now to be found wherever a Saxon traveller is seen or expected. Why he concluded that I was an astronomer or a mathematician, I know not, unless he saw the mark of a parabola, or a *sinister aspect*, in the third house of my face. But he talked of zenith distances, and of Dr. Maskelyne, and was, I doubt not, very profound when he was in proper company. He should be happy to accompany me, if I would permit him; he would meet me on the morrow, and explain every thing. I wanted no explanation; I suppose he thought otherwise, for the next day he was at my elbow. I thought this somewhat too much; however, *for the honour of astronomy*, I gave him a crown. I found that he had expected a guinea, which assuredly was per-

fectly mathematical ; because if the former was a proper fee for *two hours of hire*, what reward could be sufficient for him who had generously volunteered his services ? As he turned off grumbling, I prepared for my own departure, *when I discovered that this scientific scion of Clan Donachie had taken care to arrive at the inn the night before, WHERE HE HAD REGALED HIMSELF WITH ALL THE DELICACIES HE COULD PROCURE, repeating the same process in the morning, and, for the third time, HAVING ORDERED DINNER TO BE REGISTERED IN THE ASTRONOMICAL BILL.* This was the very *cube* of Highland knavery ; *but unless he and the landlord solved the equation between them, it remains undetermined to this day.*" Vol. i. p. 486.

The only person in Rannoch at all answering to the above caricature, was a man of the name of John Roy Robertson, who died about four years ago, at the advanced age of eighty-four. He lived a little above Mount Alexander, at a place now called Colyear Town, where he had a house and some acres of land rent-free from the late Colonel Robertson of Struan. This individual had received an uncommon edu-

cation for his time and rank in life ; possessed a very tolerable share of knowledge in the mathematics and in practical astronomy ; and had attended Dr. Maskelyne during the time he was performing his celebrated experiments to determine the attraction of Schichallien. In his youth he had been in easy circumstances ; but having involved himself in difficulties, he latterly depended for his subsistence on Struan's bounty. His spirit, however, continued unbroken, in spite of the two great evils of age and poverty ; he was respected by every person in the country ; and his superior information and accomplishments made him a welcome guest wherever he went. Such really *was* the person (for it could not be any body else) whom Macculloch describes as a " knavish Donachie," and a " vulture," whose ingenuity " entitled him to a distinction among the *new class of Cearnachs*," which now, it seems, infest the Highlands.

That John Roy Robertson, the long-established cicerone of the district, and, by the time Macculloch saw him, far advanced in garrulous old age, may have proved a little more communicative than that learned The-

ban relished, we can well imagine ; that he ever fingered a farthing of the Doctor's cash, we do not believe—and for the following reasons : first, he would have considered himself insulted by the offer of money ; and, secondly, this was perhaps the only insult which the Doctor would have spared him. As to his “ regaling himself with all the delicacies he could procure,” at the inn (of Kinloch Rannoch), and ordering a dinner “ to be registered in the astronomical bill, the Doctor might have passed this proceeding *sub silentio*, seeing he left the “ scientific scion of Clan Donachie” to pay for the good cheer with which he had indulged himself ; at least such we take to be his meaning when he says, that “ this was the very *cube*\* of Highland knavery ; but unless he (Ro-

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\* “ The *cube* of Highland knavery !” This is a sample of the miserable jargon which this man mistakes for smart writing ; but it is nothing in comparison of another which has just turned up. At page 121, he tells us, that “ the idle visions of his lost and wasted hours,” and “ the toys and trifles that *crossed* his path,” were “ uncared for as the grouse that rose before him, *while he was* EXTRACTING THE SQUARE ROOT OF A MOUNTAIN WITH HIS HAMMER !”

bertson) and the landlord (Donald Sinclair) solved the equation, *it remains undetermined to this day.*" But without wasting more words on the subject, we shall state at once, that we regard the dinner-ordering part of the story *as worse than apocryphal*; that we do not discredit it merely on *presumptive* evidence; that we do not believe John Roy Robertson received a crown of the Doctor's money "for the honour of astronomy;" and that we regard the whole as a miserable compound of falsehood and malignity.\*

We request the reader's particular atten-

\* As we have occasion to give a flat contradiction to so many of this man's stories, it may be proper to take one at random, and leave it to speak for itself. A robust young Highlander had accompanied him as a guide to Ben Nevis, and during the excursion they were involved in a little snow-drift;—"When my guide found himself in a whirlwind of fog and snow, so thick that we could scarcely see each other, and without the prospect of any thing better, *he began to cry*; lamenting that *he should never see his mother again*, and reproaching himself for having undertaken the office." Vol. i. p. 237. A Highlander blubbering and "greeting for his mammy," because he found himself in a snow-shower!

tion to the following most extraordinary statement: " I can venture to say (*MACCOLLOCH* *loquitur*) that *there is not a garden* from Barra-Head to the Butt of the Lewis; nor from the Mull of Cantyre to Cape Rath. I can *most truly* assure you that *I never saw such a thing, nor even a culinary vegetable of any kind.* You might as well seek for a mangosteen as for an onion, a leek, a turnip, or even a cabbage. Whether the Gaelic language has names for such objects, I know not, but *the articles themselves are* UTTERLY UNKNOWN; AND I WILL PRODUCE YOU TEN THOUSAND HIGHLANDERS WHO NEVER SAW EITHER."—" I once supposed that the poor *little* people in the Highlands had never heard of gardens and vegetables, and that they might therefore be taught to mend their diet, and increase their comforts," Vol. ii. p. 291. And again, at p. 293 of the same volume, he says, " I do not remember that I *ever saw* any other vegetable than potatoes at a *real Highland table.*" He admits that there are some few exceptions; but he distinctly avers that these are to be found " on the borders of the Lowlands, or in the hands of low country ten-

ants, or under *some peculiar circumstances of accident*, WITHOUT AFFECTING THE GENERAL PRINCIPLE." Now, let us examine a little, in detail, this admirable and unique piece of information.

1. "I can *venture* to say," quoth the Doctor, "that *there is not a garden* from Barra-Head to the Butt of the Lewis, nor from the Mull of Cantyre to Cape Rath;" and he adds, "I can *most truly* assure you that *I never saw such a thing, nor even a culinary vegetable of any kind.*" After this, we shall not be surprised at any thing he may "venture to say;" but when he gravely asserts, that, throughout the long track he defines, he "*never saw a garden, nor even a culinary vegetable of any kind,*" we must suppose, either that he is joking, or that if he be not, he is as blind as one of his own hammers,—or, if neither of these solutions be admissible, that he is a person who will "venture to say" any thing. He was frequently at Broadford in Skye; how happens it that he "never saw" the garden of Mr. Mackinnon of Corry, which is in the immediate vicinity? He has favoured us with a long account of Portree; did he "never see"

the garden of Mr. Macpherson, which, like that of Mr. Mackinnon, is well stocked with fruit-trees and bushes of all sorts, to say nothing of "culinary vegetables," which are produced in great abundance? Is there no garden at Armadale Castle, none at Dunvegan, (there are two,) none at Balmacarra, none at Inverinet, on the banks of Lochduich? We ask him, if, at the head of Lochourn, one of the wildest spots in the whole Highlands, (which he also visited,) he "never saw" the garden of Macdonald of Barrisdale, which would be esteemed a fine one even in some of the most cultivated parts of the Lowlands? Nay, we defy him to mention the name of a single Highland gentleman who has *not* a garden which produces all the "culinary vegetables" he has stated—and more.

But we go much farther than this. Every respectable person who rents a portion of land cultivates a garden for the use of his family, and rears all the vegetables he has condescended on; nor, on the extensive estates of M'Leod of M'Leod, for example, is there, so far as we know, (and we have had occasion to know a little of that country,) a single excep-



tion to this statement. The same thing applies to the barony of Glenelg, with which the Doctor ought to be acquainted, as he has blotted a great deal of paper on the subject; and we may just mention, as one instance out of many which we could bring forward, the farm of Beolary, situated on the coast, to which there is attached a capital garden, tastefully laid out by a native Highlander, and stocked with apple, pear, and plum-trees, besides the grand desideratum of "culinary vegetables." It is true that many of the common people have not "kale-yards," for the best of all possible reasons, because many of them have no ground; but such of them as have, (and this is still a very considerable number,) lay out little plats, adjoining their huts, in which they rear greens and potatoes; nor is it possible for any man, who has eyes in his head, and will believe the evidence of his senses, to dispute the fact. Yet Dr. Macculloch says, that "*there is not a garden from Barra-Head to the Butt of the Lewis, nor from the Mull of Cantyre to Cape Rath;*" and that he can TRULY aver "*he never saw such a thing, nor even a culinary vegetable of any kind!*"

But, independently of what we have now stated, we aver, on special grounds, and from direct testimony, that this statement is *untrue*. For we are authorized to state, that Captain Niel Macleod of Gesto, Skye, was in the magnificent garden at Armadale Castle in company with Dr. Macculloch; that the "culinary vegetables" served up at dinner were the produce of his Lordship's garden; and that the fact could not be unknown to the Doctor, unless he disbelieved the combined evidence of his eyes, his ears, and his palate. In like manner, we have permission to state, that Mr. Gregerson of Ardtornish was with Dr. Macculloch at the house of Mr. Macpherson of Portree, who has one of the finest gardens in Scotland. The Doctor remained a week there, in the course of which time he was frequently in the garden. And, to render the contradiction we have thus given to his statement triumphantly complete, we shall produce against him the testimony of a gentleman (a friend of his own, we believe,) who travelled in the Highlands at the same time with the Doctor, and who thus describes the seat of Mr. Macdonald of Tanera, on Loch Inver, near Loch-

broom, Ross-shire,—a place which they both visited in the same season.\*

“ The house seen on the shore is occupied by Mr. Macdonald, the proprietor of Tanera, who carries on an extensive fishing concern in herrings, cod, and salmon. A stranger, who has wandered among the pathless and rugged wilds of the neighbouring Highlands, cannot fail to be agreeably surprised on descending to this sequestered and *well-cultivated* spot, *the abode of an hospitable family, surrounded with the comforts and elegancies of life.* The plantations formed by Mr. Macdonald are in a very healthy state ; and there is a GARDEN attached to the mansion, enclosed, according to the custom of Scotland, by a substantial stone-wall ; the portion reserved for the culture of

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\* It would even appear, from an incidental allusion in Macculloch's book, that Mr. Daniell and he not only visited Loch Inver in the same season, but *together* ; for speaking of a gale of wind which he encountered in the Loch, he says, (Vol. ii. p. 354.) “ Your friend Daniell *passed under our stern* in the commotion ; and made a narrow escape of becoming more intimate with the sea than was necessary for his aquatintae.”

CULINARY VEGETABLES is *very productive*; and the ORCHARD yields a fair crop of *apples, pears, cherries, and small fruit* of various kinds, especially *gooseberries and currants*, which are here comprised under the general denomination of *berries*. Two green islands, near the entrance of the bay, afford pasture for some flocks belonging to Mr. Macdonald; and from the nutritive quality of the herbage, probably improved by the saline spray which occasionally irrigates it, his table is never wanting in a supply of excellent mutton!"\*—DANIELL'S *Voyage Round Great Britain*, vol. iv. p. 74.

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\* The above extract shows how a man of honour and veracity is in the habit of writing in regard to the places he visits, and the circumstances which fall under his observation. Dr. Macculloch also favours us with a description of the country about Loch Inver: "It would not be easy," he says, "to find a more dolorous-looking country than is all this rocky division of Ross and Sutherland. *Of TREES, HOUSES, or CULTIVATION, there is not, of course, a SUGGESTION or a RECOLLECTION: there is not even a HINT of the POSSIBILITY of such a thing.*" Vol. ii. p. 344. Now, judging from the account of Mr. Daniell, the reader will perhaps be inclined to believe, that Mr. Macdonald's residence, with

2. He asserts, that "you might as well seek for a mangosteen as for an *onion*, a *leek*, or a *turnip*;" that the "articles are *utterly unknown*;" and that "he will produce *ten thousand* Highlanders who *never saw either*." After what has just been said on the subject of gardens and "culinary vegetables," these ridiculous averments might safely be passed without particular notice. This, we believe, is the first time it was ever alleged that "onions" were "utterly unknown" to the Highlanders, who for centuries past have been twitted on account of their ravenous fondness for that pathetic root. The assertion, however, is false: the

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which the Doctor is well acquainted, might have supplied both "a suggestion" and "a recollection" of "trees, houses, and cultivation," or at least "a *hint* of the *possibility* of such a thing," even in this "dolorous-looking country;" but such is the perverse obliquity of this man's mind, that he sets down, without any qualification, the words we have now quoted, in the very same breath in which he proclaims his acquaintance with the respectable gentleman just named, talking of him, at the same time, as if he were a Highland gilly, and calling him *his aide-de-camp*. A rare mixture this of impertinence, vulgarity, and misrepresentation.

onion is as well known to the Highlander as the leek to the Welshman, or cabbage to the carnivorous John Bull; and with regard to Macculloch's affirmation, that "he *will* produce *ten thousand* Highlanders who *never saw* either "a turnip, a leek, or an *onion*," he might with equal propriety and truth have engaged to produce ten millions, for the one is just as easy as the other. But as we are inclined to make great allowances for the Doctor's love of the hyperbolic, and to subtract largely from his statements when matters of fact are concerned, we shall not require him to do any thing nearly so difficult as that which he has voluntarily undertaken. Let him produce *ten* Highlanders who shall make affidavit that they *never saw* an *onion*, and we shall dispense with the remaining nine thousand nine hundred and ninety, and shall not call in question any thing he may happen to assert, even should he tell us that he put *Dun Mac Sniochain* in his snuff-mull, and carried away the island of Rum in his breeches pocket.

But the Doctor sometimes finds it as difficult to "see" houses as gardens, though equally visi-

ble to all other eyes but his. Of this we have an amusing instance in his travels through part of Sutherland. He arrives at the river Hallowdale when swollen by rain, and notwithstanding his well known courage, bogles a good deal at taking the ford, the only way of crossing, especially as, he informs us, "the Post determined that it was utterly impracticable." The Post was wrong. The Doctor manfully takes the ford, which, when in the middle of the stream, "he concluded was his last ford in this world." The Doctor, too, was wrong: he really got over without being drowned, but forgot his *bag* on the other side. "By the aid of a stone," however, the Post flung the bag across to the disconsolate Doctor; which, by the way, does not say much for the *breadth* at least of the river, if the Doctor's bag was replenished with its usual furniture. But wise men do not incur such hazards without a motive. "Night," says he, "was coming on, the storm continued, there was not a living creature for miles, we could not sleep on the moor, if we returned to the Strathy, it would by that time have become worse than the Hallowdale, and if it continued

to rain, we must remain, were it for a week, *between these two rivers, and not a house in the whole country.*" Vol. ii. p. 460.

Close to the ford of the Hallowdale river, where the Doctor must have crossed, are the residences of upwards of twenty families. In Strath Hallowdale, the ancient inhabitants have not been dispossessed, except from the grounds rented by one stock-farmer from the south, who has a house not two miles from the ford. Strathy, once the property of a respectable family of Mackays, was purchased a few years ago by Lord Stafford; and though the people have been removed to make way for the new system, Mr. Mackenzie, a respectable man, lives in one of the houses attached to the old family mansion. Besides the country population on the estate of Bighouse, there is a small fishing establishment on the coast not two miles from the ford. But the Doctor tells us there is not a house in the country between the rivers Strathy and Hallowdale; and the Doctor is "an honourable man."

But the Doctor tells more extraordinary things than this. "My poor horse," says he, a few pages after, "will not soon forget that *he*



*could get nothing to eat from Tongue to Cromarty ; nor did his rider fare much better."* He must have been a very wonderful horse that had the honour of carrying the Doctor and his bags upon this occasion, as the distance between Tongue and Cromarty is exactly *one hundred and eighty-seven miles*. In this memorable journey, the Doctor must have travelled through the very centre of the Sutherland improvements, which he here most grossly slanders by the statement, that, neither his horse nor himself could get any thing to eat during a pilgrimage of a hundred and eighty-seven miles. He ought really to have a little caution, or he will forfeit the confidence of his employers.

In page 464 of the same volume, he produces what he calls "Houna Inn," as an example of Highland inns. Now Houna is merely a cottage on the beach where the mail bag for Kirkwall is embarked, but contains no stables, or any accommodation for travellers. Five years ago, the late Lord Caithness fitted up a room with a bed in one end of this cottage, and, we believe, built a stable, for accommodating the horse of the occupier, to which it is barely adequate. Yet Macculloch, who could not be ignorant of

these circumstances, produces Houna as a specimen of Highland inns. This, however, is only contemptible; the following is pregnant with intentional falsehood.

Notwithstanding his long rides and perilous fords, the Doctor finds himself once more in Skye. There, it seems, he had received St. Ronan's Well, and instantly felt a prodigious itching to fall in with a Highland Meg Dods; and, as our readers must have already perceived, the Doctor is never at a loss to discover what he goes in quest of. Having resolved to cross the ferry at Kylerhea to Islandreoch, then the residence of Norman Macleod, Esq. and thinking that "the better day the better deed," he selected Sabbath for his expedition, on the morning of which day he came to the inn at Kylerhea. Of his walk and conversation there, the following is his own account; ours will come afterwards.

"It was early in the morning when Roger (the pony) and I arrived at the pass; and, winding down the long descent between the mountains of the Kyle Rich, found ourselves in front of the inn. 'This is the ferry-house.'— 'Aye, aye, ye'll be wanting the ferry, nae

doot?'—'To be sure; and you can give me some breakfast.'—'It's the Sabbath.'—'I know that; but I suppose one may breakfast on the Sabbath?'—'Aye, I'se warn ye; that's a bonny beast.'—'It's my Lord's pony.'—'Aye, I thought it was Roger; I thought I kenn'd his face. And where'll ye be gaun?'—'I am going to Eilan Reoch, and I want some breakfast.'—'A weel, a weel, I dinna ken: Lassie! tak' the gentleman's horse.' No sooner, however, had Mrs. Nicholson taken possession of the gentleman and his horse, and his property also, securing thus the soul and body both of Don Pedro, than *all this civility vanished on a sudden*, small as it was before. I asked for the ferry-man, and the boat, and the tide—she kenn'd naething about the ferry. 'Why, I thought you said this was the ferry-house?'—'That was true; but the ferry-boat was half a mile off, and she had nothing to do with the ferry-man, and her husband was not at home, and the ferry-boat would not take a horse, and Mrs. Nicholson did not care what became of the horse, or of me, or of the tide.'—'Would she not send?'—'Na; I might gang and speer myself if I likit.' Good High-

land civility, this ; particularly to your landlord's friend. But *Mrs. Nicholson said she cared not a baubee for my Lord nor his friends neither.*

“ I was obliged to go and look after the ferry-boat myself. When I came there, there was a boat, it is true ; but the ferry-man was at church, five miles off, on the other side of the water ; he would probably be back by twelve o'clock, or two or three, or not at all. When I returned to Mrs. Nicholson, the breakfast was not ready.—‘ Where is my breakfast ?’—‘ And dev ye want breakfast ?’—‘ The deuce is in you.’—‘ Ye manna swear on the Sabbath,’ said the puritanical hag ; ‘ but ye'll get your breakfast : aye, aye, ye's get gude tea and eggs.’ It was twelve o'clock before this breakfast came ; and, *instead of tea and eggs, there entered a dirty wooden bowl full of salt herrings and potatoes.* This was the very diet with which her villanous ancestry fed the prisoners, who were thrust into their dungeons to choak with thirst : and when I remonstrated, she told me that I was ‘ ower fine, and *a saut herring was a gude breakfast for ony gentleman, let alone the like o' me.*’ It was impossible to

eat salt herrings, after six hours' walking and riding in a hot summer's day ; but that did not exempt me from paying *two shillings*. In the end, the ferry-boat was not forthcoming,—the man was not to be found,—he would not carry a horse if he was,—I was obliged to go without my breakfast,—and finding a man with a cockle-shell of a boat idling along the shore, I left Roger to the mercy of Mrs. Nicholson, and rowed down the strait to Eilan Reoch.

“ *On the next day* I returned to claim my horse : and now I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson united ; a worthy pair. You have no Mr. Dods in your establishment. Mr. Nicholson immediately opened his battery, and asked me what business I had to leave my horse with him so long, ‘ to eat up all people’s grass :’ he had a mind to let it go, as he supposed I should never pay for the keep. Now this was a hypothesis Mr. Nicholson had no right to form. ‘ I left my horse at his inn ; what was his charge ?’—‘ He could not make a charge ; grass was very scarce, and he paid, God knows what, for his field.’ I could only presume that his business was to keep horses and to charge for them. *In fact, poor Roger*

*had been turned loose on the sea-shore, to pick up what he could ;* and Mr. Nicholson, after much calculation, and grumbling, and swearing, determined that, as a great favour to Lord Macdonald's friend, he would condescend to take *six shillings for the night's starvation ;* a sum greater than the annual rent of all the grass which he possessed ; muttering again, even when he felt the dulcifying touch of the silver, at ' people bringing their horses to eat up all his grass.' Thus ended my adventure, as far as Mr. Nicholson's grass was concerned ; but here Mrs. Nicholson put in her oar, and supposed I had been '*after some o' Eilan Reoch's bonny dochters.*'—'*What business had I so long at Eilan Reoch ; the lassies were a hantel too bonny for the like o' me, and if she was Eilan Reoch, nae siccan traveller fouk shud gang speiring after her dochters.*'—' She dare-said I kent naething o' My Lord after a, and should-na doot that I had stawn Roger.' By this time, Roger seemed to think, as well as I, that he had listened long enough to Meg's eloquence. I saw that he was about to lose his patience and borrow an opprobrious epithet from the female collie, which seemed, by its grim vi-

sage and muttering snarl, to be well grounded in the family feelings ; so I gave him permission, and the triple objurgations of Meg, Sposo, and cur, pursued us till the sound expired in the whistling of the mountain breeze." Vol. iii. p. 434-437.

In support of our averment, that every dialogue embodied in these lying volumes is *fictitious*, we have already produced some striking evidence, and it is unnecessary to revert to the subject, or to trouble the reader further on that head. The foregoing extract has been introduced for a different purpose ; to show the malevolence which presided over the concoction of this man's falsehoods, and to prove that they must have been intentional, because their invariable object and tendency is either to vilify the country or traduce the people. The preceding story is a lie from beginning to end ; and we have almost the Doctor's own authority for so describing it. " I had actually drawn the pen through the whole," he says, " partly from *pure cowardice*, and partly because I thought the tale *incredible* !" But we shall convict him of falsehood on more unexceptionable testimony than his own. The following is an extract

from a letter now before us, by the Reverend Mr. M'Kinnon, the highly respectable clergyman of Sleat in Skye; it is dated Manse of Sleat, 20th April 1825, and is in answer to certain queries proposed to him respecting the calumnies which Macculloch has published against that island.

“ With respect to the Doctor's alleged treatment at Kylerhea, as described in the extract from his villanous book prefixed to your letter, the statement is, *in every circumstance*, false and malicious, and the falsehood cannot but have been *intentional*.

“ I have examined the innkeeper, Mr. Alexander Nicholson, and his wife, regarding what occurred on the occasion of the visit in question; they are persons above the ordinary class, and of respectable connections; the account which I had from them has all the internal marks of correctness, and is corroborated, in many important particulars, by other respectable authority, especially by that of Mr. Macleod of Knock (late of Islandreoch.)

“ It is true that the Doctor on a Sunday morning did come to the Inn at the ferry, mounted on Roger, and that he asked for and



procured breakfast, *but not of salt herrings and potatoes brought in a wooden bowl, for Mrs. Nicholson declares she never had a wooden bowl*, and at that season of the year, it being the month of July, *there were neither salt herrings nor potatoes to be had in the country*; he got tea and eggs, against the goodness of which, Mrs. Nicholson does not recollect hearing any complaint.

“ She expressed *no scruple* to get ready this meal for him *because it was the Sabbath*, nor is it likely that she would, having been for many years in the habit of receiving travellers on that day.

“ She made *no inquiries* respecting his horse, nor did she know to whom he belonged; the dialogue between her and her guest as set down in the Doctor’s publication *is a mere fabrication*, evidently for the purpose of turning her into ridicule. She cannot speak, scarcely ever heard, and would not understand one syllable of the Scottish dialect, which the Doctor, with so little regard to truth, puts into her mouth; like every other person in the Highlands, who has received the benefit of education, she expresses herself with grammatical correct-

ness.—The horse was left, not for *one* night, but for *four* ; was tethered during the day, and stabled at night, when he got a feed of corn. Roger, who, since the time he had the honour of carrying the Doctor and his hammers, has paid the debt of nature, was a well-known character in Skye, and among other qualities for which he was notorious, if left loose, invariably ran off home, however distant, and would not have remained for two minutes, *if so left to pick up grass on the shores of Kylerhea*. There was an altercation between the Landlord and the Doctor on his return, *occasioned by the latter refusing to pay for the keep of his horse, as he belonged to Lord Macdonald* ; but at length the charge of six shillings, being at the rate of one and sixpence for the twenty-four hours, was peremptorily demanded, and grumbly complied with. The Doctor then mounted, conveniently forgetting to pay for the breakfast he had got on his way forward, and had proceeded a few yards, when Mrs. Nicholson happening to remind him of the omission, and demand one and sixpence, not two shillings, incurred, it appears, his bitter indignation, and procured for her the polite epithet to which the

Doctor with so much *gentlemanly feeling* alludes."

Completely corroborative of this statement, is the following letter from Norman Macleod, Esq. of Knock, Skye, (late of *Islandreech*.) It is dated Knock, 12th April 1825, and, besides confirming the testimony of Mrs. Nicholson in several points, contains some curious information concerning the Doctor's *political* opinions at the period to which it refers.

"In answer to your letter enclosing an extract of Dr. Macculloch's late publication, I have only to say that I have a perfect recollection of that person's visit to Islandreech, where I then resided. Instead of leaving his horse for *one* night at the Inn of Kylerhea, he must have done so for *four* nights, during which I was honoured with the Doctor's company; but not finding me sufficiently scientific to take any interest in his mineralogical pursuits, he kindly exerted himself to make me a convert to his own avowed democratic and Jacobinical principles, and had *well nigh convinced* me of the propriety of Britain placing herself under the protection of Buonaparte, who was then in the very zenith of his power.—The terms in which

he alleges Mrs. Nicholson to have spoken of my daughters, would entitle her to my gratitude, were it not for the *trifling* circumstance of my being disposed to question the Doctor's veracity upon this as well as on *every other point*.

“ Mrs. Nicholson, it so happens, in common with her countrymen and countrywomen, *cannot utter a single sentence in the Scottish dialect*, which the Doctor, with such effrontery, puts into her mouth: and, besides, my oldest unmarried daughter was not then above twelve years of age, and therefore not likely to be considered worthy of attracting the favourable notice of so *illustrious* an individual as Dr. Macculloch. (Signed) NORMAN MACLEOD.”

Testimony so decisive as this\* renders all commentary superfluous and impertinent; the

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\* As we shall have frequent occasion to refer to Mr. M'Kinnon's communications, we may state once for all that we do so by express permission. “ So fully convinced am I,” says he, “ of the accuracy of all I have communicated to you on the matters regarding which you have referred to me, that *you are at perfect liberty to make such use of this and the accompanying letters, as in your discretion you may think fit.*”

more especially as the Doctor may soon have to answer for these calumnious fabrications at the bar of a different tribunal\* from that of criticism. The sequel of the story still remains. *Two years after this event* the Doctor happened to be passing the Kyle in an excise boat.

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\* The Doctor informs us (Vol. ii. p. 439) that "the very sight of a memorandum-book is now sufficient to keep the Innkeepers in order;" and that "in an Inn where something had gone very wrong, the Landlady came into his room, like Niobe all tears, hoping that he would not put it into the book." He does not say whether he tried the effect of the "memorandum-book" on Mrs. Nicholson, who may probably ere long try the effect of another sort of *memorandum* on himself. But be this as it may, the circumstance here stated serves to account for the aversion which the people show to that class of Sassenach intruders who enter the country predetermined to make a book, and who, in lack of matter more attractive, or of honesty, intelligence, and observation, cram the pages of their "memorandum-books" with tavern adventures, taking care to season them with the necessary portion of exaggeration and falsehood. That the Highlanders should dread the lucubrations of such gentry, will be matter of surprise to no reader of Macculloch's book.

“As our boat glided along, I related this (‘incredible’) story to my boatmen. The honour of the Highlanders was piqued, and they vowed that Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson were neither Gael nor Scot. ‘*Had I any objection to allow them to make a seizure if they could?*’ They were sure that such a knave as Mr. Nicholson dealt in smuggled whisky.’ ‘Very possibly.’ ‘Then hurry, my boys,’ said the boatswain, ‘pull in shore.’ The boat was ashore in an instant, the men dashed into the house, and in a minute three of them re-appeared, each with a large cask of whisky on his shoulder, *followed by Mrs. Nicholson, wringing her hands, scolding and crying, all in regular set terms; and then by Mr. Nicholson, threatening them with robbery and revenge.* But the style and colour of our long boat told too probable a story; while the application of the talismanic chalk dazzled the eyes of both. ‘Ye’re neither gentlemen nor excisemen,’ *said Mr. Nicholson.* ‘Ye’re rogues and thieves,’ *cried the wife;* when lo! the awful image of the cutter appeared, with the crown and anchor at the gaff end, gently drifting up the strait. ‘*How do you do, Mr. Nicholson?*’ said the

boatswain; ‘ I hope your grass is recovered.’—  
 ‘ *Good evening to you, Mrs. Nicholson,*’ said  
 Niell; ‘ I hope breakfast will be ready the next  
 time I come.’—‘ Sorry gang wi’ ye all,’ said  
*Mrs. Nicholson*; ‘ the de’il flee awa’ wi’ the  
 gaugers,—*I kent weel he was na a gentleman.*”  
 Vol. iii. p. 437-438.

We give the Doctor full credit for the cowardly vengeance which he had meditated during two long years against this luckless pair, and which he afterwards accomplished in a manner so strikingly illustrative of his own character; but, unfortunately for his veracity, they were not destined to be the victims of it; and consequently, with the single exception that a seizure was made, the Doctor heading the crew of a cutter’s boat for that purpose, the whole is a gross fabrication. “ By the magnanimous exploit of seizing the whisky some years afterwards,” says Mr. M’Kinnon in the letter already referred to, “ *the Nicholsons were no losers, as they quitted the inn a year before, and had retired to a small farm, which they still occupy; it was their successors who suffered for the serious offence which they had committed against the illustrious traveller!*”

In further illustration of the principles and character of this unfortunate man, we may mention here, that the above is not the only instance in his book in which he appears to have enacted the volunteer guager. In vol. iv. p. 367-69, for example, we find him marauding on the shores of Lismore, with a gang of excisemen at his heels; crowing with infinite exultation and triumph over the demolition of a still, by the produce of which, some poor creatures probably hoped to pay the exorbitant rents now almost every where exacted; and making merriness with the tears and distress of the women, in finding that their little all had been seized by the sharks of the law. It is unnecessary to state what impression conduct like this is calculated to produce on all honourable minds. The government has appointed a certain class of functionaries, charged with the special duty of enforcing the excise laws, seizing smuggled whisky, and destroying stills wherever they are to be found; but when was there ever an instance before of a *gentleman*, real or pretended, volunteering his services in aid of the King's revenue, which neither needed nor required them, and seeking, for his amusement, or the



gratification of his spite, an employment universally odious, and felt to be such by those who are bound to exercise it? Yet, strange to say, this Doctor-Guager is incessantly complaining of Highland *incivility*. Now, to say nothing of his own declaration, that “as to *want of civility*, those who have met with this **MUST HAVE PROVOKED IT,**” (vol. i. p. 272.) we do humbly opine, that if there be any truth in the account he gives of his own “adventures” among the Islands, he, of all living men, should be the last to grumble on this score; but, on the contrary, he should bless God every day he rises that he exported his carcass entire beyond the reach of those whom he had so grievously “provoked;” for assuredly the time has been when, had he chosen to amuse himself after this fashion, he might have run some risk of being wrapped up with a stone in a plaid, and flung into a Highland loch, to settle matters with the pikes, and study ichthyology at his leisure.\*

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\* Our author informs us, that he does not relate the seizure at Kyclerhea, “because it was an adventure, but because it is a *specimen of character!*” It is undoubtedly

Having thus shown how our Geologist treats Highland innkeepers,\* we shall next produce a

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“ a specimen of character,” and one of a very unenviable kind too ; such “ a specimen,” indeed, as will enable the public to form a tolerably correct estimate of the moral principles of the adventurer. But when he perverts language so far as to call his intended spoliation of the Nicholsons a “ retribution,” we are irresistibly reminded of the words of Tacitus on a greater occasion—*Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem laeseris*. This is the true “ moral of the history, which lies open to the day, as much as if it were a real fable.” “ Retribution” would have had some meaning had it chanced to fall the other way, and had the Doctor been soused in a horse-pond, like the unlucky knight of the hammer, who was mistaken for him by the infuriated crones of Tobermory.

\* With this class of persons in the Highlands the Doctor is at mortal feud. His impartiality is quite edifying ; he abuses the whole clanjamfry without mercy or moderation. Every thing he gets to eat is utterly abominable, and cooked to suit. “ God sends meat, and the devil sends cooks,” says the proverb. In the Highlands, says Dr. Macculloch, the devil sends both. Then his patience is invariably put to the torture by an everlasting Peggy, who, possessing a sort of ubiquity, attends him like his shadow, and is ever ready to cry, “ *Coming Sir,*” but never ready to *come*. In short, nothing can exceed the miseries the worthy Geologist endured, ex-

specimen of the manner in which he talks of Highland gentlemen. He visits Strathaird, at

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cept it be, perhaps, the lamentable ignorance of gastronomy, which, to his inexpressible sorrow, he found universally to prevail. The following summary may not be the less amusing that it is devoid of even the semblance of truth. "At Callander, you may ring the bell forty times in a quarter of an hour, or else for a quarter of an hour at one time: it is pretty much the same thing. At Luss, you wait four hours for your dinner, the cloth being laid; and if there be any bread, you have devoured it all before the dinner arrives. When it does, it consists of herrings which might have been cooked in ten minutes, and of mutton which was cooked yesterday; unless, indeed, the time has been more justifiably employed in killing the sheep. At Broadford (in Skye), there is a picturesque dish of milk set on the table at four o'clock, with salt, mustard, and knives and forks. The problem is how to eat milk with a knife and fork; but at five a shoulder of mutton enters to apologize for them. In half an hour more, you have a plate full of potatoes, and the cheese; and when you have eaten the cheese and said grace, you have a dish of fish. At Kinloch Rannoch, you are promised kale, good mutton kale; you mistake kale for cabbage, foolishly enough; and find a species of barley water, spangled with the glittering drops elicited from a few mutton bones, in which it is difficult to discover whether the

whose table, *we know*, he was hospitably entertained, and in whose *abominable* domicile he found it convenient to tarry for several days.

“ The house had three stories, and was fair, and large, and new, and clean ; that is, outside. Cuchullin, who emptied rain on it day and night, not by pailfuls, but rivers, took care of that part. The inside being just the reverse, there was thus a fair average for the whole. The entrance hall or passage, remaining just as the masons had left it ten years before, was a pool ; and a deal board served for a bridge to conduct to the parlour. The floor here had been fitted without being fixed ; so that it remained unplanned, gaping at every cranny. *A half-crown fell out of my pocket, and rolled away till it sunk beneath the stage, like Don Juan.* ‘ Ah, never mind,’ said my worthy host, ‘ there is a good deal of money there.’

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meat or the bone is hardest.” This is a mere fragment of the Doctor’s jeremiade, which he concludes by exhorting the reader, or Sir Walter Scott, we are not quite certain which, to “ eat his dinner, and above all keep his good-humour.” Vol. i. p. 462.

The walls, too, remained as they had come from the mason's hands, unplastered; except that, instead of being white, they were black as jet. They kept in the smoke effectually; as did the chimney, for not a puff was ever seen to come out of it; but then, in return, they admitted all the rain. Hence the navigation of the passage, which, as I understood, extended, when it was Gala-day with the storm, to the parlour also. My good host was very much surprised and hurt *that he had an asthma, and could not breathe*; and that his eyes were always inflamed, so that he could not see, considering that Skye was of so pure and mild an air. I proposed to him to treat with the rain and the smoke at once. 'It was useless to try, for it had been so ever since the house had been built; ten years: the masonry was bad, and therefore he would not allow the house to be finished.'—'The exposed gable might be slated or harled.'—'No, he was determined that nothing more should be done;' and in the meantime, like Moliere's misanthrope, he had enjoyed the pleasure of abusing the mason every day for ten years. But the ten years of pleasure and patience were expired, and the very

deal boards which I had traced hither\* were to remedy the evil, by building a new house. The existing one might have been rendered water-tight for ten pounds, and half as many shillings would have cured it of smoking. Tristram Shandy's door was a joke to this.

“ How the expedient turned out, it remains for the postscript to say. Three years after, I found a new house standing by the side of the original, like a calf by its cow ; the same bare

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\* The mode of conveying these deal boards was, it seems, abundantly singular. A single deal being slung on one side of a pack-saddle, counterpoised, not by another deal, but “ by a pannier full of stones, trailing along the ground,” formed the load of a horse ; and “ there was a whole ship-load of deal boards to be thus transferred over *fifteen* miles of a stony track,” for “ building a new house” to Strathaird. Vol. iii. p. 410. Such is Macculloch's statement.

“ It is not true that the deals for building Mr. Macalister of Strathaird's house were carried in the way which the Doctor describes, *or in any other way*, through the valley of Strath ; they were landed, not *fifteen* miles distant, but barely *one half mile* from the place where they were to be used.”—EXTRACT *Letter from the Rev. Mr. M'Kinnon of Sleat.*

gable, exposed to the same never-ending rains, and all things else fitting. Whether it smoked and leaked also, no one knew; *for he could not be 'fashed' to leave the old one.* WHEN I THINK OF SUCH ADVENTURES, I SOMETIMES RUB MY EYES, AND WONDER IF I HAVE NOT BEEN DREAMING." Vol. iii. p. 416, 417.

Now, as usual, almost every part of this statement is false. *Strathaird never had an asthma in his life*; so he could not well be "very much surprised and hurt" on account of a malady to which he is happily an utter stranger. The contemptible story of the half-crown, with the remark ascribed to Strathaird, is—Dr. Macculloch's; who has likewise *imagined* the remainder of the colloquy. And with regard to the new house standing by the side of the original, like a calf by its cow, the Doctor has favoured us with no dates, so we cannot speak absolutely; but we know, that in 1819, this "new house was completely and most comfortably furnished, and inhabited by Strathaird; that we never heard of his having occupied the one of three stories, washed outside by "Cuchullin;" and that even if he did occupy it, he submitted to the "fash-

ery" of leaving it, which could hardly be unknown to our author, who tells us elsewhere, that he was in the country in 1821.\*

These are very unimportant matters, and we beg to apologize for introducing them ; but they enable us to estimate the degree of credit due to

\* Since the above was written, we received the communication to which we have already so often referred, by the Rev. Mr. M'Kinnon ; it completely corroborates the contradiction we had previously given to Macculloch's story.

"Than Mr. Macalister of Strathaird," says the Reverend Gentleman, "a more polite and hospitable landlord cannot exist, and though now in his eighty-second year, I am glad to say, *never had an asthma*. He is the gentleman whose house, and his reception there, the Doctor describes ; the circumstances of it are most unfairly coloured and exaggerated ; but provided the Doctor says what he conceives a smart thing, he gives himself very little concern about its accuracy. The story of the half-crown having disappeared through a cranny of the floor, *is utterly void of truth* ; nothing of the kind could have ever happened, as *that part of the house was most completely furnished*. Mr. Macalister has got a lesson, which, I rather think, will in future render him a little cautious as to whom he receives in unsuspecting kindness under his roof."



our author's statements in regard to others of more "pith and moment," which concern the welfare of the country, and the happiness of the people. Nor is this all. They enable us to estimate Dr. Macculloch's notions of propriety and gentlemanly conduct. He goes to the house of a respectable gentleman; eats his mutton, and drinks his wine; receives all the attention and kindness which are due to the character of a man of reputed science, and a stranger: in return for which, he sets down in his note-book, and afterwards publishes to all the world, that his host is afflicted with a rheum in his eyes, which is true; that he is "much surprised and hurt that he has an asthma," which is false; that a half-crown, which dropped by chance from his pocket, fell through the carpet and floor of the parlour, which is very extraordinary; that his host has a penchant for building, which was no affair of his; and that he most generously tendered his advice, which was very properly treated with contempt.

Is it wonderful, if, after experiencing such unbecoming treatment, the gentlemen of the Highlands should shut their doors against Sassenachs; and that the people should regard them with sus-

picion and hatred? Is it wonderful, that your book-making itinerants should be viewed as a new species of "rogues and vagabonds," to be defined in some future editions of the vagrant acts? Is it wonderful, that frequent experience of ingratitude, treachery, and falsehood, should compel respectable families to refuse admittance, or hospitality, to intruders and spies, who watch every word and every look, pick up every floating tale, and chronicle every little domestic occurrence, in order to hash them up as a mess for the ravenous maw of the "reading public?" Is it wonderful, that the common people should detest a generation of insolent, domineering, conceited peripatetics, who, arrogating to themselves a vast superiority of knowledge and refinement, omit no opportunity of insulting the prejudices, and of showing their contempt for the manners and customs, of those among whom they sojourn? Is it wonderful, if nothing but an enormous bribe will induce the latter to render the smallest service to persons who are so indefatigable in making themselves hateful? And, finally, is it not a natural consequence of all this, that many strangers, eminently worthy of

kindness and attention, should reap the fruits of this exasperation, in unmerited coldness and neglect?\*

Not less extraordinary, and equally false in every respect, is the Doctor's account of his expedition to Loch Scavaig. It is as follows :

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\* No class of persons is more deservedly hated than your Knights of the Hammer, who seem to think they may do whatever they like in the Highlands. The Spar Cave in Skye, which drew "tears of rapture" from the late amiable and accomplished Lord Kinnedder, is on the property of Macalister of Strathaird, the venerable gentleman whom this impertinent, mendacious jackanapes endeavours to hold up to ridicule. Formerly it was open to any one who chose to enter. But to such a shameful extent was the demolition of the stalactites, which cover the whole of the sides and the roof, carried on by the Hammermen, that, to prevent the total destruction of the Cave, the proprietor was obliged to close up the entrance, putting on a strong door and a powerful lock, the key of which he keeps in his own possession, and now suffers none of the hammering gentry to enter it unrecommended or unaccompanied. For a fragment of red granite, the same Goths, if they durst, would break in pieces the Egyptian obelisk in front of St. Peter's.

“ Having reached Gillan, and engaged a boat and a crew in the evening, that I might have the benefit of a long day, *I was on the beach at six o'clock in the morning*, as the men were appointed to have been. The boat was there, it is true, *because I had left her securely moored before I went to bed* ; and I was too much used to the ways of the world here, to be much surprised to find that there were no men. *By nine o'clock, they came straggling down, half awake*, and then they began to talk. As usual, the palaver was high and hot, and, probably, as useless as, to me, it was mysterious ; being all in the heathen tongue of the country. Like many other councils, it seemed to produce no event, except that, in the mean time, the tide had ebbed away, and the boat was high and dry. *They attempted to launch it, but in vain ; so that it was necessary to return half a mile to the 'toun' for more help*. More help produced a fresh palaver ; *all, probably, tending to know whether the Saxon would pay them something more for their having detained him four hours* ; for by the time the boat was afloat again, another hour had elapsed. The launch being completed, we

found ourselves quite ready for sea; except that, out of the four oars, there were three absent. Another hour served to procure the complement of oars from certain other boats; and, my exemplary patience being thus at length rewarded, I took my seat in the stern, full of hope, as the day was not yet half done. A third palaver, however, arose, in which the word '*putachan*' seemed to be pre-eminent; while the men were fishing with their hands for something that was expected to come out of the dirty water which filled half the boat; forming, in this country, the usual ballast, as not being subject to shift, perhaps. *Two rowing pins, where eight should have been, extracted out of this receptacle of all manner of fishiness, explained the clamour about 'putachan.'* If there are trees in Skye, *there were none at least at Gillan*; but still I did not despair, as I knew that a Highlander is never at a loss for an expedient. He has a good-humoured philosophy, that is not easily disconcerted; and, accordingly, *a harrow was procured, and a few of its wooden teeth being drawn, we found ourselves stored with the very best of putachans.*

“ At length we were really under way ; even the first stroke of the oars had been given, when, as fate willed it, an unlucky breeze sprang up. It was now time to think of despairing ; and, though not always of Gonzalo’s opinion, in this difficult country, I would have preferred a good many furlongs of the worst moor in Skye, to even an acre of the navigation which I saw impending. *It was immediately proposed, of course, to return for a sail ; the very evil which I had tried to guard against, by choosing a boat that had neither rudder nor mast, nor even a step for a mast.* If all these were not obstacles, what could one feeble ‘ filet’ of English voice expect to do against the ‘ gueules’ of five Highlanders, all talking at once in an unknown tongue. In a minute we were again on shore, and away they all went to get a sail ; while I sat, ignorantly consoling myself that they would be unable to rig it when it arrived, and hoping that it would not arrive at all. It did arrive, however, and, what was much more, it was rigged too. *The trunk of a birch tree, not particularly straight, formed the mast, and that, for want of a bolt, was fastened to one of the thwarts*

with some twine. The yard had been abstracted from a broom or a rake, and was secured in the same manner to the top of the tree ; while the sail, made of two narrow blankets, pinned together by wooden skewers, was also skewered round the broomstick. Haulyards, of course, there were none ; and as I was wondering whence the sheet and tack were to come, one of the men very quietly stripped the scarlet garters from his chequered stockings, and thus a ship was at length generated, not much unlike those of the heroic ages, the memorials of which still exist in the sculptures of Iona. It was now two o'clock ; and, in consequence of this unexampled activity, in seven hours more than a frigate would have required, we were ready for sea.

“ I knew it was a four hours' row to Loch Scavig : with a fair wind, it would probably be as many days' sail ; *but I knew too that matters would not be better if I waited a month, and that every to-morrow would be as every to-day, to the last syllable of recorded time.* So I took the helm, the oar I should have said, and away we went ; rejoicing that the trouble of rowing was at an end, and looking very

much like a party of school boys in a washing tub. The wind being right aft for half a mile, we proceeded as boldly down the stream as the Bear in the Boat; but as the breeze drew along shore, it first came upon the quarter, and then upon the beam. By degrees, we went to leeward, and then we made nothing but leeway; and then the wind became before the beam, and the separate *blankets* beginning to disagree, we lay to, upon a principle as ingenious as it was new to me, then unskilled in Celtic navigation. I explained to the men, that whenever we moved we went sideways, and that when we did not go sideways we stood still. But any thing was preferable to rowing; and as long as the wind was blowing the sail about, they were satisfied. ‘He must have a long spoon, however, that would sup porridge with the deil;’ and as neither Saxon authority, Saxon *money*, nor Saxon arguments, seemed of any avail, *the Saxon steersman was obliged to have recourse to a little nautical cunning*. A grey squall was just ruffling the water a-head; so I threw the boat up into the wind, brought the sail aback, and the whole apparatus, garters, skewers, blankets, broom-



stick, and tree, all went overboard. I ARRIVED *at Loch Scavig, of course, A LITTLE BEFORE DARK*, just in time to put about and return, made fresh vows never to go into a Highland boat again, and SPENT HALF THE NIGHT AT SEA." Vol. iii. p. 466, 469.

Such is the account of his expedition to Scavaig, which, unfortunately for himself, Macculloch has had the audacity to publish. With the exception of the bare fact that he did visit that remarkable place, we shall be able to disprove, by direct testimony, every circumstance stated in his narrative, and, at the same time, to furnish the reader with complete details of what actually took place. He did not, as he says, reach Gillin *on the evening previous* to the day on which he visited Scavaig, and, therefore, he could not have "engaged a boat and crew on that evening," and left the former "securely moored before he went to bed;" he arrived at Gillin *about noon of the day on which he made the trip*, accompanied by Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, now merchant in Leith, having come that morning from Armadale Castle, where he had slept, and which is about eight miles distant. Nor were the Doctor's fore-

sight and activity put in requisition on this occasion ; for, instantly on his arrival, a boat and crew were procured for him, and all the other necessary arrangements effected, by the kind offices of Keith Macdonald (now Macalister) Esq. a young gentleman, who had been for eight years in the naval service of the East India Company ; and from whom, as well as from his brother Charles Macdonald, Esq. of Gillin, (late Lieutenant in the 7th West India Regiment,) who accompanied Macculloch to Scavaig, we have now before us letters describing minutely what actually took place. The former of these gentlemen positively denies that the boat was in the state described by Macculloch ; on the contrary, he declares that it was perfectly in condition to perform the voyage ; and, on this point, the authority of an experienced seaman must surely be decisive. With regard to the term "*putagan*," which he says he heard the boatmen (all natives of Skye) employ as synonymous with boat-pins or thowls, it is sufficient to mention, that the word, though, we believe, used in Argyleshire, is unknown in Sleat, where the Gaelic term is "*cnagan*," and none other is by any chance employed.

The following is a copy of the letter, above referred to, of Keith Macdonald Macalister, Esq. It is dated Achagoyle, the 2d of April 1825, and is now by permission laid before the public.

“ I received your letter of the 8th February, inclosing an extract from Dr. Macculloch's ‘ Western Isles.’ Of his visit to Gillin and his departure for the opposite coast, I have a perfect recollection. He did not arrive at Gillin on the evening previous to his jaunt to Scavaig, and consequently could not have seen the boat secured; indeed *he never saw it until I gave him notice that it was ready.* I well recollect that the men said, if it was to be a favour conferred on me, that they would go and not ask the stranger any remuneration for their trouble. I replied, that I would certainly consider it as a favour done me; but, at the same time, that the Doctor would pay them for their trouble, which I presume he did. His account of the launch—the palaver about the ‘putagan’ (*which, by the way, is not a Skye name for thowls*) is a d—d \* \* \*, no such thing having occurred, and indeed *could not occur, as the boat was*

*in perfect readiness, and quite fit to proceed, BEFORE he came out of the house.*

“ Should the boat have been high and dry, as he alleges, it surely would not have been necessary to send for more help to the town, there being four of a crew, Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, my brother Charles, Dr. Macculloch, and myself, to launch a boat of fifteen feet keel. Dr. Macculloch is as ignorant of a boat, and the management of it, as he is of telling truth; for *I can hardly trace one single observation of his that is not false and malicious in the extreme.*

“ I recollect, the mast and yard, &c. used on the occasion referred to, *were not such as described by Macculloch*; had they been crooked, I think it could not have escaped my notice, having seen more masts and yards in my day than ever he did. Should it have been necessary to resort to the expedient of using the harrow teeth for thowls, it is not very likely that the harrow would be brought to the boat, *which was nearly a quarter of a mile from the house where the harrows were at that season of the year secured*; and, unfortunately for the Doctor's veracity, *there were no harrows*

*with wooden teeth at Gillin, for many years previous to his visit.*

“ His statement, that he was on the beach at six o'clock in the morning, is false, as at that time he must have been comfortably moored in his bed at Armadale, a distance of at least eight miles. On the Doctor's return from Scavaig, which would be *about nine o'clock in the evening*, I met him as he was stepping out of the boat, and brought him to the house, where he and Mr. Mackenzie remained for the night. Next morning, I accompanied him to the old ruin of Dunscaich and Ord; of the former he took a sketch, which appeared to me to be very like, and well executed. *I merely mention this to convince you that I recollect every circumstance that occurred while I was in the company of this splenetic traveller.* What information I am deficient in, my brother Charles, who accompanied him to Scavaig, may possibly supply.

(Signed) KEITH M'D. MACALISTER.”

The following is a copy of the letter, also above referred to, of Charles Macdonald, Esq. of Gillin. It is dated Gillin, 9th April 1825,

and, like the preceding, is by express permission laid before the public.

“ I have perused, with much surprise, the extract which you sent me from Macculloch's book, describing his visit to Scavaig. The fellow must be one of the greatest \* \* \* \* \* unchanged. I was at home when he and Alick Mackenzie arrived here; *it was not in the evening, but about eleven o'clock in the forenoon.* He came that morning from Armadale, and, I believe, breakfasted at Ostaig. We soon saw that he was a peevish vulgar fellow, yet having come to us from Armadale, we put ourselves out of our way to show him attention. I cannot conceive what could have induced the late worthy Lord Macdonald to receive such a person.

“ He states a falsehood when he says that he procured the boat, or saw it launched; that was done by my brother Keith; and *the fact is, that he never saw it until he was stepping into it. There were no harrow teeth used as pins; for had pins been wanted, there was plenty of wood at hand, not many yards from the shore.* I wish the gentleman, though I scarcely think he deserves that name, would

repeat his visit, and I would make him feel that there is timber at Gillin.

“ I accompanied him to Scavaig, but recollect nothing particular about his conduct, *except its shabbiness*. He found a stone, which I think he called Labrador Spar, which, he said, was very rare, and offered half a guinea to any one of the crew that would find such another. One of the men, after a considerable search, did so, and the Doctor put the stone into his *bag*, (which, I suspect, was a greater receptacle of filth and nastiness than my boat) but forgot to put his hand into his purse.—*You may verily believe me when I affirm, that the whole of his account of the sail to Scavaig is a tissue of lies.*

(Signed) - CHARLES MACDONALD.”

On perusing the communications of these gentlemen, and reflecting on the decisive evidence they contain of the utter falsehood of Macculloch's whole narrative of the trip to Scavaig—a falsehood which cannot be accidental in any one respect, because the marked intention of every circumstance he states, is to represent the people as the most indolent, useless, and procrastinating of human beings—the reader may pro-

bably feel inclined to address him in the words which Congreve puts into the mouth of one of his characters on a similar occasion : “ Fernan Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou \* \* \* \* of the first magnitude.” For the honour of literature, let us hope, that there is not another man alive, having any the smallest pretensions to be thought a gentleman and a scholar, who, for any consideration on earth, would have laid himself open to the shame and ignominy of exposures like these. His infatuation, however, is easily accounted for. The impunity with which the lies in his former publication were disseminated, emboldened him to plunge deeper in falsehood in this ; imagining that it would pass unquestioned into general circulation under the sanction of his name. He has woefully deceived himself in this reckoning : yet his present plight is so truly deplorable, that even our stubborn determination is softened, and we are disposed to speak of him “ more in pity than in anger.”\*

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\* While the Doctor was rambling in those parts, he visited, as a matter of course, the ruins of Duntulm. As



*Sed paullo majora canamus ;* we have what we consider a graver charge to bring

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he approached his destination, the grey shadows of evening came on, and he began to look anxiously around for a house where he might stow himself for the night ; but discovering no trace of human habitation, and listening in vain for the sound of the sheep-bell, he made up his mind to sleep in the ruins. " At length I came unexpectedly upon a shepherd, reclining under a rock, with his dog by his side, keenly watching his master's eye, that was directed toward the hill. He was a tall, spare, *anxious* figure, with the coarse grey checked plaid and trousers, a long branch of a tree for a staff in his hand, and a Highland bonnet on his head. I requested a direction to the Major. ' I am very glad to see you,' was the answer. Had I not been initiated, the Cincinnatus condition of the Major might have troubled me. But we discussed the great Stuart tree, and much more, and some smoked salmon, and some whisky ; and had I not been among the adepts, I might still more have marvelled at finding a sensible personage, with the manners and information of a gentleman, enveloped in such a pair of trousers, with such a staff, such a pair of shoes, and such a Major's commission. Such is the disguise which a gentleman assumes in this country. It puzzled Birt, a century ago." Vol. iii. p. 456, 457.

The gentleman here presented in caricature, was Major Macdonald of Mugstot, an officer who had served long

against the Doctor, than that of retailing “ imaginary conversations” and mendacious anecdotes, squabbling with innkeepers, marauding for smuggled whisky, ridiculing respectable gentlemen, whose hospitality he shared, or fabricating adventures injurious to the country and the people ; and as there is really no end to his falsifications, this, with a few remarks on the alleged indolence and unimproveable character of the Highlanders, shall conclude the first part of our Critical Examination.

When setting down some of his usual stuff about Highland funerals, &c. he breaks out into several furious tirades against “ the dark spirit of Calvinism,” which he describes as having

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in the East Indies, and who was distinguished for his urbanity and hospitality. He is now no more ; and his death has unhappily rendered it impossible for us to expose Macculloch’s injurious ribaldry, by direct testimony. But we can state, on the authority of those who knew him, particularly on that of the Reverend Mr. M’Kinnon, that Macculloch’s portrait is grossly overcharged in every part, and that *no gentleman* ever visited Major Macdonald, and came away with the impressions of him and his establishment which this “ traveller man” seems anxious to convey to his readers.

eradicated from the minds of the Highlanders "all respect for the remains of those they loved;" felicitates himself, that the antiquities of the country did not, "like the Catholic monuments, fall under the ban of the Knoxes and the Cants;" sneers at "this Calvinized country;" pours out the phials of his wrath on "the zealous iconoclasts of the Reformation;" and blasphemes about "the legitimate creaghs of the militant church of Knox."

Of a surety, these be bitter words. But what, we would ask, does this "Stone Doctor," as he calls himself, know of "*Calvinism*,"—except, perhaps, that a certain opaque prelate of the English Episcopal Bench, the author of a *Life* of his former pupil, consisting chiefly of scraps from the Treasury Journals and clippings from the Parliamentary Debates, wrote a bad book to "refute" it, as he said, and was soundly drubbed for his ignorance and incapacity? Does he imagine, that, in order to be consistent, it is incumbent upon him, because he maligns the *inhabitants* of one part of the country, to insult the *religion* of Scotland at large? By his own shewing, he is an Episcopalian,—a member of that church which has a CALVINISTIC creed,

an *Arminian* clergy, and a Popish ritual : if he is pleased with such an order of things, well ; no Scotsman will deride his belief, or ask “ a reason of the hope that is in him.” But reciprocal toleration and forbearance will not content him ; he must be the aggressor ; he must sneer at “ this Calvinized country,” grin at “ the Knoxes and the Cants,” abuse “ the iconoclasts of the Reformation,” and rave incoherent nonsense about “ the creaghs of the militant church.” For such language, contempt and scorn are not sufficient ; the lash should be laid to the back of him who employs it, with a firm decided hand ; Mr. Southey’s “ branding-iron” should be applied to his forehead. He scoffs at the creed we revere,—at the great names which adorn the history of our church. Will he descend into the arena of controversy, gird up his loins for the combat, and fairly wrestle with the “ dark spirit” that disturbs his repose ? He has only to throw down the gauntlet of defiance, and we pledge ourselves he will find an antagonist, prompt in accepting the challenge, and with his lance already in the rest.

And what, after all, does this Geologist know of “ the iconoclasts of the Reformation,” of

“the Knoxes and the Cants?” We will answer, —He has read the glaring misrepresentations of Hume, but has not had the honesty to read, or the capacity to appreciate, the sober and conclusive investigations of M’Crie. And who really were “the iconoclasts of the Reformation?” In almost every instance, “the rascal multitude,” the long-abused, deluded, and oppressed people, bursting with indignation against the consecrated villains who had for ages held them in spiritual bondage, and whose just fury Knox and his friends restrained. It is true, that stocks and stones, altars and fonts, with all the trumpery and *matériel* of idolatry, were swept away “with the besom of destruction.” The Reformers did no more; they could not have done less.

In the first access of the fever, the people, intoxicated with their disenfranchisement, and exasperated with the remembrance of the galling and oppressive yoke which they had so long worn on their necks, gave way to the indignant and resentful feelings of the emancipated slave, stung by a sense of humiliation and debasement, and in spite of every effort that could be used, committed some outrages. But, generally

speaking, the churches and religious houses were saved, not by any abatement of popular fury, but by the exertions and influence of those "zealous iconoclasts of the Reformation," whom this poor malignant driveller would fain hold up to execration as wholesale destroyers. But had he been as well acquainted with the men and times which he presumes to describe, as he is clearly ignorant of both, he would have known, that the Reformers wanted nothing so much as places of worship; that they were too much devoted to the success of the great cause in which they had embarked, and too great strangers to the frantic ferocity characteristic of political anarchists, to sanction the destruction of that of which they stood in the greatest need; that, sworn foes as they were to idolatry and superstition, they were not prejudiced or bigotted enough to refuse to teach truth under those roofs that had re-echoed to the rites and mummeries of that "STRONG DELUSION" which, during many ages of misery and darkness, lorded it over the blinded nations; in a word, that although the Reformers did not consider the stone and mortar of a church as invested with any peculiar sanctity, or objects of supersti-

tious veneration, they were sufficiently aware of the importance of possessing fit and proper places where the people might assemble to worship that Almighty Being, "who is not confined to temples made with hands." Who, that is acquainted with the times and men of the Reformation, can for a moment doubt, that if Knox had but "said the word," every Popish place of worship,—every hive where dronish monks dreamed and dozed away their worthless existence,—every prison where females were doomed to pine away in hoplessness and in solitude, or "to light the unholy fires of a rampant priesthood," would have been levelled with the dust; not one stone would have been left upon another; perhaps (*horrescimus referentes*) not even a ruin, for the comfort of our modern sentimental antiquaries.

And in what, we would beg to ask, consisted "the *legitimate* CREAGHS of the militant church of Knox?" Does the man really mean to say that the Church of Scotland was enriched by plunder? If she was, whither, in the name of wonder, have her riches fled? Was she not from the very first—is she not at the present hour, the poorest church in the world,—yes,

the poorest, and, by necessary consequence, the purest? Granted that there were "legitimate creaghs;" granted that the property of the Catholic Church was plundered and divided. But who were the "legitimate kearnachs"—the real spoilers? We answer, the Crown, in the first instance—powerfully aided by the ancestors of some of those "noble owners" of "hospitable towers," with the luxuries of whose tables, and the "*rouping out*" of whose tenantry, the Doctor is a great deal more familiar than with "the dark spirit of Calvinism," or the History of the Church of Scotland. Let him search her annals, and he will find that that Church did not share in the spoils of the system upon the ruins of which she arose: these were barely sufficient to appease the ravenous cupidity of the arch-hypocrites and apostates, who ranged themselves on the side of the Reformation, gaping like hungry vultures, to fatten on the carcase of the ancient Church. She has, consequently, remained in a state of honourable apostolic poverty, forming a singular contrast to a certain overgrown Hierarchy, which costs the country that is blessed with it nearly NINE MILLIONS annually; a sum which consi-



derably exceeds the annual expenditure on the clergy of the whole Christian world!\* And for what, we would beg leave to ask, does the

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\* The total number of Christians in the world, exclusive of the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, amounts to 198,728,000, who pay to their clergy L. 8,852,000. The total number of Christians of all denominations in Great Britain and Ireland is 21,000,000, who pay to their clergy L. 9,920,000. But of these 21 millions, 14,600,000 are dissenters from the church of England, who pay to their clergy only L. 1,024,000. Therefore, the annual expenditure on the clergy of the Established Church of England and Ireland, which has only 6,400,000 hearers, is L. 8,896,000; that is L. 44,000 per annum more than the expenditure on the clergy of 198,728,000 hearers, being, as we have said, the total number of Christians in the world, exclusive of the United Kingdom!

In Scotland there are two millions of inhabitants, of whom 1,500,000 belong to the Established Church, which costs annually L. 206,000; while the remaining 500,000 provide spiritual instruction for themselves at the annual cost of L. 44,000. Were religion, therefore, administered in England as cheaply as in Scotland, which justly boasts the most efficient church in the world, the annual expenditure would only amount to L. 1,500,000 Sterling!—REMARKS *on the Consumption of Public Wealth by the Clergy*, p. 56, 3d ed.

country alluded to, with a thousand millions of debt hanging like a millstone about her neck, pay so enormous a price? Is it for an apostolic church and a working clergy that she is so lavish of her wealth? Or is it for upholding a great engine of political and parliamentary influence, which the government can wield at its pleasure, either to extend the prerogative of the crown, or maintain the dominion of the aristocracy; and from which religion, except in the garb of cold and freezing formality, has been all but divorced?

We leave these questions to be answered by our author at his leisure. Had he not been seized by an unaccountable *Calvinophobia*, causing him to rave and blaspheme against the church founded by the Knoxes, the Buchanans, the Melvilles, the Ponts, the Rows, the Cants, and the Fergusons, men whose names are hallowed in our ecclesiastical annals; and had he been content to chant his tiny laudations in the wake of the huge leviathan which he attempts to sooth by his flatteries, without mingling venom in his drivelling ditty, we should have willingly passed over the Dagon that he worships,—with perhaps a smile of

contempt for the selfish prostration of his idolatry, but without uttering one word to disturb his grovelling adoration.

In regard to the state of religion in the Highlands, our author informs us, that "he *did* think that, *at this very day*, the Highlanders were a religious people;" but, "fearing that he is either an *incompetent judge*, or that his *prejudices* IN FAVOUR OF the moral and religious character of the people have influenced his judgment," he feels himself necessitated to acquiesce in the statements set forth in some "recent documents," which, he indulgently says, "must be considered *official*." He had no "fears" about his "incompetency to judge," when he talked of "the dark spirit of Calvinism," which he falsely accused of having eradicated from the minds of the Highlanders all respect for the remains of those they loved; when he stigmatized the Reformers as "holy barbarians," and poured contumely and insult on the illustrious name of Knox, the great founder of our civil and religious liberties. Nor did he deem it necessary to examine the statements contained in the "recent documents, which must be considered *official*," or to inquire *who*

were the persons by whom these reports were generally manufactured, and *what* were the purposes which they were intended to serve. We will endeavour to supply this omission.

The *persons* who abuse the public confidence by the most extravagant statements in regard to the religious condition of the Highlanders, are generally weak well-meaning zealots, of what is called the Evangelical Party, who, receiving a commission from some Auxiliary Bible Society, straightway proceed to the Highlands, ramble about for a month or six weeks, "spying ferries," preaching in barns to such of the poor people as they can assemble together "by beat of drum ecclesiastic," and invading the province of the regular clergy, whom they never fail to denounce as "slow bellies," "wolves in sheep's clothing," and shepherds who "feed themselves, and not the flock:" and having executed their mission greatly to their own satisfaction, and, as they never fail to tell us, to the infinite edification of the poor benighted Highlanders, they return to report to their constituents on the state of religion in the Highlands.

The *reports* are worthy of the manufacturers. They are generally a repertory of

of miracles, and sometimes of discoveries. Sudden awakenings and conversions, attendant on the "words in season," spoken home to the conscience by these favoured apostles, form the staple commodity; seasoned, however, with long tirades against the laziness and inefficiency of the parochial clergy, and occasionally by the discovery that, in the districts traversed by these children of the light, the number of persons who cannot read exceeds, by a fourth, a third, or even a half, "the total of the whole" inhabitants. This information excites no surprise, because it is expected and wanted. It is, accordingly, received with undisguised satisfaction, given to the world as "the words of *truth* and soberness," and not unfrequently laid before the Committees of the General Assembly. Grave measures are in consequence adopted. The petty functionaries, who hold a monopoly in spiritual things, are all bustle, activity, and benevolence. Sermons are preached, speeches delivered, reports spun from the womb of reports, each successive production being overlaid with a fresh garniture of pious exaggeration; and the tradesman and artisan are of new called upon for their penny a-week, to aid the further

operations of those who are to convey "the glad tidings of salvation" to the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

Now the *purpose* for which this apparatus is prepared, and this machinery set in motion, cannot elude the dullest apprehension. All your modern evangelical people, particularly of the sectarian school, have somehow adopted the comfortable persuasion, that the whole human race, except themselves, are under the cloud of spiritual darkness, and strangers to the power of vital godliness ; and proceeding upon this assumption, which they appear to regard as perfectly indisputable, they straightway constitute themselves the spiritual patrons of those who neither solicit nor want their assistance. No matter for that, however ; the insensibility of ignorance is no proof of the uselessness of knowledge ; and if the people do not discover their own deplorable condition, they should be made acquainted with it. Their whole machinery of sermons, meetings, speeches, and subscriptions, is forthwith set in motion, that the public may be made a party to the affair, and contribute the necessary funds ; for religious philanthropy is wonderfully provident, and ge-

nerally as parsimonious of its own as it is liberal of the public means ; and when the requisite sum is procured, the Missionary sets forward on his tour. He again is not slack in discovering, that nothing could have been more seasonable than his own appointment, or more manifest than the Christian love and benevolence of his patrons, to whose appetite for the marvellous he quickly discerns that it is extremely prudent and convenient to pander. There is a mutual action and re-action between the parties, each concealing from the other the real motive by which they are actuated, and both co-operating to keep alive the zeal of that simple-minded portion of the public, to which they look for efficient support. Meanwhile, it is amusing to observe the importance which these theophilanthropists assume ; the patronizing airs which, with all their affected humility, they can give themselves. Nor is this to be wondered at. They have perhaps heard the sound of their own voices at a meeting, have been consulted by others poking about in search of the same inglorious sort of popularity, and have perchance seen their names paraded in the columns of a newspaper. Yet they know how to mask their vanity, spiritual

pride, and love of consequence, under the show of prodigious zeal for the glory of God and the good of souls; and one of the most approved recipes for this purpose is, to exaggerate grossly the ignorance and blindness of those whom they generously labour to rescue from perdition, and to magnify their own exertions and those of the itinerants whom, from time to time, they send forth. That sickly zealots, such as we have now described, may be enabled to maintain their factious importance, and publish statements "which must be considered *official*," the Highlanders must of course be represented as little better than South-Sea Islanders, or Kamtschadales, perishing for lack of knowledge, and the public confidence abused by reports filled with a rare melange of extravagance and deliration. Let the plain, simple, honest truth be told, and their "occupation's gone."

Taken in the mass, the Highlanders are both a moral and a religious people. We do not deny, that the misery in which, from causes it is not necessary at present to specify, the people have been recently plunged, has engendered vice, and that the actual standard of both is lower than it once was. But that we may be enabled to es-



timate the mischief which proceedings analogous to those above-mentioned have a tendency to produce, it may be proper to state distinctly the general characteristic of the religion of the Highlanders. And this may be done very briefly. Their religion is rather a sentiment than a conviction; rather a strong feeling of reverence for the Supreme Being and his laws, than a series of doctrinal dogmas, in favour of which they are prepared to wrangle and dispute. More imaginative than the Lowlander, Christianity is, in the eyes of the Highlander, invested with an awful majesty, before which he humbles himself with the most profound devotion. Hence his belief originates in his heart rather than in his head; hence he requires no laboured demonstration of its truth, because he is a stranger to doubt, because all the feelings of his nature are marshalled on its side. In dealing with people of this temperament, it is obvious, we think, that the business of the teacher of religion is not to grapple with its unfathomable mysteries, and "find no end in wandering mazes lost," but to enforce, by the sanction of the divine word, the practical observance of its moral precepts; to impress upon the minds of his hearers, that the

Great Author of our faith does not require of his creatures to torment themselves by seeking *evidences* of their acceptance with him in the evanescent visions and vagaries of a heated fancy, but “in doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humble before him.”

This is the course which, we think, ought to be pursued, and which, we believe, is, with few exceptions, pursued by the parochial clergy, men who know well the character of the people whom it is their duty to instruct in spiritual knowledge. “Oh, but this is *moral* preaching,” some of your modern illuminati will say; “this is the very evil to be remedied,—the great cause of backsliding, which the children of the New Light feel themselves called upon to remove!” If we are not greatly mistaken, Jesus Christ, the Founder of our Faith, was a *moral* preacher, and upon all occasions inculcated the great precepts of justice, mercy, charity, and the love of God, without suffering the slightest dash of mysticism to mingle with his divine instructions. But this can of course be no reason why modern theologues should follow his example. In truth, they seem to think of nothing less. Their object is

to amaze, astonish, or appal ; to grope amidst the secrets of the unseen world ; to exhibit to the imagination a phantasmagoria of horrors. Hence it is that apostle after apostle is despatched into the Highlands, filled with all the holy mysteries which the wisdom of ages has not been able to unravel. Cherishing an habitual reverence for religion and its ministers, the people receive them with open arms, listen with enchained attention to the fervour of their mystifications, and give up the reins to an excited imagination. By and by, they see visions, dream dreams, revel in the wildest hallucinations, imbibe spiritual pride, and, after the ferment of contending passions has subsided, settle down into morose intolerant fanatics. In his natural unexcited state, the Highlander is an utter stranger to intolerance ; the Catholic and the Protestant live quietly and harmoniously together, each worshipping his Maker according to his own form, without being considered by the other as a child of the Devil, with the mark of the Beast on his forehead, and predoomed to eternal perdition. After he is thoroughly dosed with the New Light, he becomes quite a different man,—unfurls the insignia of bigotry in his

countenance,—forswears the innocent amusements and enjoyments of life,—takes a wonderful interest in the condition of his neighbour's soul,—and, as this state of things cannot last long, generally ends by exhibiting a rare compound of the hypocrite and the fanatic. It is known to every one conversant with the Highlands, that the recent degradation and misery of the people have predisposed their minds to imbibe these pestiferous delusions, to which they fly for consolation under their sufferings; and that fanaticism was altogether unknown till, deprived of all the comforts, and destitute of many of the necessaries of existence, they found themselves condemned "to groan and sweat under a weary life." Fortunately the evil is not yet irremediable. The enlightened spirit of the age, and, above all, the exertions of the parochial clergy, may impose a check on the circulation of this spiritual poison, noxious alike to sound morals, true religion, and real happiness.

But though we have thus freely and boldly animadverted on the practices of those, who, with more zeal than knowledge, and more knowledge than honesty, report the Highlanders as destitute of religion, and then labour, some-

times but too successfully, to inoculate them with the *virus* of fanaticism, we should consider what we have said incomplete, if we suffered some of the misrepresentations of Dr. Macculloch, on one or two points connected with the subject, to pass uncontradicted. It is a common practice with him, when he admits any thing favourable to the Highlanders in one part of his book, to explain it away or give it a flat denial in another. Thus he says, in several places, that the Highlanders are a *moral* and *religious* people; but he neutralizes all this, by insinuating very broadly, in the passage above referred to, that he believes all the *immorality* and *irreligion* with which they are charged, "in some documents, which must be considered *official*." In the same spirit, after repeatedly stating that the Highlanders show the greatest reverence, not only for religion itself, but for every thing connected with it, he introduces the following particulars :

"On parting company with the deal boards,\* I found myself in a valley which Nature certainly

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\* See page 105, note.

meant to be useful and beautiful both ; but such cattle as happened to stray that way on a false hypothesis, were destined to find that fields were not invariably meant to contain corn, potatoes, nor grass. They were not, however, deprived of all the benefits of the Church, *since they slept in it*. I presume they give way to their betters on Sundays. I had heard of such neglect in Scotland, but did not believe. This, however, is not the first or second time that I have found a parish church in the Highlands open to all the elements *as well as to the cattle*; nor, as in this very case, *is it unusual for the country people to dilapidate it themselves, and carry off the wood-work*. In England, this would be called sacrilege ; but, by whatever name called, it would not happen. Where nothing is sacred, nothing is respected ; and the Highlander treats his church, when he dares, just as he does his church-yard. I have been told that such things do not exist ; I know very well that they do not occur in Edinburgh. I have been told that they are impossible ; which I consider very fortunate. *Nor is this inconsistent with what I so lately remarked respecting the religious feelings of this people.*

The church, quoad church, is only so much lime and stone: it is not, any more than the burying-ground, the metaphysical church. It is the church when the Minister is present, when it is the house of actual prayer. And, *unseemly and incongruous with the religious disposition of the Highlanders as it may appear, it is not unusual for them to break the windows, when intoxicated at the funerals, the frequent irregularities of which I formerly noticed.* Where the funeral is not a religious ceremony, the church is no more an object of respect than the ale-house. That such things, however, do not occur often, I know; but *it would be more agreeable to be able to say that they never happened.*" Vol. iii. p. 413, 414.

Now, we can "say" the "more agreeable" thing with the greatest confidence; for we boldly aver, that there is not one word of truth in the whole of this statement. The church alluded to is that of Strath; and we assert, upon direct authority, that "cattle *never* slept in it."\*

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\* "As to cattle having slept in the Church of Strath, I pledge my veracity for its being an utter falsehood;

How cattle could "sleep" among the pews of a church, Dr. Macculloch will perhaps be able to

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the church is, to be sure, not a very splendid edifice, but it has never been exposed to such intrusion, as the slightest inspection of the interior, which is neatly and commodiously seated, would shew."—EXTRACT *Letter by the Rev. Mr. M'Kinnon of Sleat*, son to the venerable pastor of Strath.

If Dr. Macculloch had applied to the Church of Blair-Athole, what he has falsely said of the Church of Strath, he would for once have written the truth. The former has, for many years past, been in such a state of complete ruin and dilapidation, as to be not only unfit for a place of worship, but positively dangerous, from the decayed state of the walls and roof, and the rottenness of the wood-work. What is called the gallery, we can compare to nothing but a hen roost; and as the plaster and lath underneath are totally gone, leaving holes which look like so many trap-doors, no female can enter it, while those of the other sex who are hardy enough to risk the experiment, are in danger of falling through by the force of gravity alone, and of either breaking their own necks or those of the people who have the courage to sit below. But this is not all, nor even the worst. Having been used as a place of interment to an unpardonable extent, exhumed skulls and other relics of humanity cover the floor, and give it the appearance of a charnel-vault. Yet this miserable hovel, nicknamed a church, is in the



explain, as well as to condescend upon the places where he found churches "open to all the elements *as well as the cattle.*" "*All the elements*" are, in this case, we presume, to be understood of rain and spow merely, which commonly enter houses by flaws in the roof, or broken panes of glass in the windows; but it is not usual, we believe, even for Highland cattle to enter houses by the roofs or the windows. "Nor, AS IN THIS CASE," adds he, "*is it UNUSUAL for the country people to dilapidate it* (the church)

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immediate vicinity of Blair-Athole Castle, to the "noble owner of which this country owes so deep a debt;" and Dr. Macculloch, who has written the above falsehoods about the Church of Strath, and who "*grieves over the wretched architectural pretensions*" of that of Kenmore, remarked as being one of the best parochial country churches in Scotland, conveniently forgets to say a single word about that of Blair, which has long been the disgrace of his patron, and which an impartial traveller would have animadverted on, in the hopes that his observations would attract notice, and shame some people into the discharge of their duty. We are happy to learn, that a new church is at length being built, the opposition of the Duke of Atholl having, we understand, been overborne by that of the other Heritors, and by the condemnatory deliverance of the Presbytery of Dunkeld.

*themselves*, AND CARRY OFF THE WOOD-WORK.”

Now, putting aside our own private knowledge, we have made repeated inquiries of several gentlemen belonging to Skye, whether it had ever been consistent with their knowledge, that the people had been guilty of the sacrilegious spoliation here laid to their charge, and, in particular, whether the church of Strath had been “dilapidated,” as Dr. Macculloch describes, and “the wood-work carried off;” to all of which we received one uniform answer, that nothing of the kind was ever heard of, and that the charge is untrue, as is that of the people breaking the windows “when intoxicated at funerals.”\* Dr. Macculloch first says, that

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\* “*A single instance never occurred within the range of my knowledge or information, where a Highlander dilapidated or carried away the wood-work of his church, or broke its windows, in a drunken frolic. As to their religious sentiments, I certainly should be better informed than even Macculloch; fortunate would it be for him did he possess even a slender portion of their piety, integrity, and honour, and then he would feel that no one can lay claim to the character of a Christian and a gentleman, who can sit down and calmly and knowingly pen a series of gross misrepresentations and glaring*

such things are "not unusual," by which, we presume, he means that they "are usual" and common; and in conclusion, he states, that "they do not occur *often* ; by which, we presume, he means that they are "unusual" and rare: which of these two averments are we to consider as the true one, according to his notions of the truth? Truth, did we say? The whole passage is pregnant with falsehood, and betrays a malignant spirit, of which even Pinkerton, in the orgasm of his wrath against the name of Celt, cannot be accused, and would most undoubtedly have been ashamed. If the Highlanders were really such horrid miscreants, as to desecrate, dilapidate, and plunder their churches, we ourselves would be the first to preach a crusade against them, to urge the expediency of issuing letters of fire and sword, and of exterminating them to the last man. But they are not what this Geologist would represent them; nor is it *usual* for them to be guilty of sacrilege; the law itself would prevent that. At the same

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falsehoods."—EXTRACT *Letter by the Rev. Mr. M'Kinnon of Sleat.*

time, they scorn his poor apology, that "such conduct is not inconsistent with what he so lately remarked of the *religious* feelings of this people."

It is a paralogism in especial favour with writers, like Macculloch, who undertake the task of defending or apologizing for whatever is noxious in the system upon which the affairs of a country are managed, to trace all the evils which obtrude themselves on public observation, to some radical defect or vice in the general character of the people, which is continually opposing an insurmountable obstacle to all attempts for improving their condition and increasing their happiness ; and, again, to assume the defect or vice thus gratuitously ascribed, as a sufficient justification of proceedings the most iniquitous and oppressive. If, for example, a long series of tyranny and misrule have, as in Ireland, debased the character of the people, plunged them in misery, and goaded them to the commission of crime, the inevitable consequences of misgovernment are gravely produced as a reason why it should be perpetuated. In like manner, if, as in the Highlands of Scotland, the native inhabitants are proscribed as incurable by the landlords, because they do not all at once

comprehend and adopt the improvements, which it required a century and a half to introduce into the Lowlands, and because they manifest the natural repugnance to innovation, which more or less distinguishes the people of all countries in the earlier stage of their career ; and if, when driven from their possessions, where they enjoyed comparative comfort and independence,—reduced to the condition of day-labourers in a country where there is little capital and employment,—and huddled together in miserable villages upon a barren coast, where their own wretchedness is aggravated by the sight of that which prevails around them, and where they must nevertheless earn their subsistence, and pay the rent of their huts and the few acres of sandy beach or naked rock allotted to them, by prosecuting a precarious branch of industry, to which all their previous habits were alien ;—if, in these circumstances, we say, they manifest symptoms of reluctance, apathy, or despair, they are straightway denounced as indolent and unimproveable ; and this assumed indolence, and aversion to improvement, is brought forward as a sufficient apology for all the oppressive measures which the modern regenerators

have already adopted, or may in future adopt, in prosecution of their great object of degrading and debasing a once loyal, brave, and moral people. This atrocious sophism, which sets out with a false assumption, and then employs it to justify the very worst species of tyranny, is accordingly the burden of Macculloch's song; which he chants *con amore*, because it affords him the double gratification of slandering the people, and offering an apology for their unnatural oppressors.

“ They prefer lounging in the old way,” says he, “ to gaining *four shillings* by an *hour's* exertion,” and “ this is *common* EVERY WHERE ;” though in many places they are in such deplorable want of the means of subsistence, that families of five, six, and eight, exist for half the year on shell-fish, gathered during the ebb of the tide. This, if it were true, would surely be the apathy of “ flat despair.” Again : “ *So strong is the* AVERSION *to steady labour* among the Highlanders, and *so great their* INDOLENCE, that it is doubtful if any *other* system (than that of proscription, ejection, and expatriation) could extract from them that exertion, which is no less necessary for their own

interest, than for that of the proprietors of estates." From this "aversion" to "steady labour," no dependence, he assures us, can be placed upon them, as they will leave an engagement to return to their tranquillity the moment that it becomes displeasing to them; and he goes on to state, that "this was the case with the labourers on the Caledonian Canal," though one of the main objects of that project was to find employment for the Highlanders; and that for the same reason "it was found necessary to import quarrymen from the Lowlands into Skye and into Assynt, to work on (in) the marble and limestone quarries, as the Highlanders considered it too hard work, and would not persevere beyond a few days, even when induced to commence."

But our author has such an admirable knack of contradicting himself,\* and of neutralizing one statement by another of an opposite kind,

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\* We might produce hundreds of statements diametrically opposite and contradictory. The following is one connected with the subject under discussion. In vol. iii. p. 6, he says, "If I have represented the Highlanders as *deficient in industry*, I have

that it is always in our power to confute him out of his own mouth. In the very same para-

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also admitted that *this fault is neither UNIVERSAL nor IRREMIEDIABLE:*” Yet, in the passage above quoted, he assures us, that the Highlanders “prefer lounging in the old way, to gaining four shillings by an hour’s exertion,” and that “*this is common EVERY WHERE;*” and in another place, also quoted (vol. iii. p. 157), “that *so strong is the AVERSION to steady labour among the Highlanders, and so great their INDOLENCE, that it is doubtful if any other system could extract from them that exertion, which is no less necessary for their own interest, than for that of the proprietors;*” in other words, that their *deficiency in industry* is IRREMIEDIABLE. In further disproof of the assertion noticed above, the reader may consult the chapter or letter, entitled, “To-Morrow,” vol. iv. p. 299, where the Highlanders are represented in every possible way as inveterately and “irremediably” indolent, and averse to steady labour of all kinds: Nay, to such a degree of extravagance does this laziness extend, with the men especially, that, when they go to dig peats, they compel the women (if we may believe Dr. Macculloch) “to supply the place of horses,” to which, he says, they are “*regularly trained.*” He was also informed, that the women actually did draw the harrows; “but this,” he adds, “he did not witness.” We should have been surprised if he had. He was indemnified, however, for missing so “harrowing” a spec-



graph that contains the words last quoted, he admits, that "in the slate quarries of Seil and Balahulish, and when employed in the towns, they are *as active workmen as the Lowlanders.*" How they should refuse "to persevere beyond a few days in Skye and Assynt," yet prove themselves "as active workmen as the Lowlanders" at Seil and Balahulish, the Doctor does not condescend to explain. He asserts, indeed, that indolence is confined to those "who have not yet received the contamination of Lowland improvement." But if this principle were well-founded, the people of Skye and Assynt, who must have been thoroughly "contaminated" by the quarrymen imported from the Lowlands, should have proved themselves "as active workmen as the Lowlanders;" and the same inference must be drawn in regard to the Caledonian Canal, where the contagion must have been peculiarly active. How, we would ask, does the hypothetical indolence of the Highlanders explain these anomalies? Is it

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tacle, by seeing "a lazy fellow ride his wife across a ford!"

their laziness that renders them active and industrious at Seil and Balahulish, averse to steady labour of the very same kind in Skye and Assynt, and reluctant to work in any way on the Caledonian Canal? This certainly is a novel method of generalizing.

With respect to the Caledonian Canal, however, it is proper to mention here a fact which will be found to throw some light upon the subject. Only *one-sixth* of the work was done by day-labour, the remaining parts having been executed by *contract*. Of course, it was the interest of the contractors to procure the cheapest labour. With this view, they invited over a host of Irish, who were willing to take whatever price the contractors chose to give them. In this way a competition was created to the disadvantage of the Highlanders, in a work undertaken expressly for their benefit; and seeing that others were preferred, many of them left the work in disgust.

But what, in the Doctor's estimation, places the indolence of the Highlanders beyond all question or doubt, is "the conduct of the Highland proprietors themselves, in preferring Low

Country labourers, tenants, and fishermen, and even in advertising them as *preferred*."

Now this is the identical sophism to which we have just adverted: "the Highland proprietors themselves" discourage native industry, by telling the people as plainly as they can, that they will not receive them as labourers, tenants, or fishermen, if they can possibly help it; and when a patriotic soldier, like Colonel Stewart, remonstrates with them for their ingratitude to a race famed for their affectionate and devoted attachment to their Chiefs and superiors, they turn round and exclaim, "Oh, you have no idea how indolent and lazy they are; we must contaminate them with the example of Lowland improvement; or if that won't do, send them to starve on the coast, or drive them across the Atlantic." In answer to such averments as this, the gallant Colonel contends that the natives are "indolent" and "lazy," because they are *discouraged*; that the Highlander, like every other human being, must be desirous to improve his condition, and susceptible of being swayed and influenced by ordinary motives; that with a little care and attention, any thing

may be made of him ; and that he is entitled to some indulgence from those to whom he cherishes an hereditary attachment. But this is a language which the regenerators, the “contaminators with Lowland improvement,” either cannot or will not understand. They have the economists on their side, who flatter them with visions of high rents, chivalrously put themselves forward as the defenders and champions of reformation, by summary ejection and fire, and write learnedly on the miseries of a *redundant* population, and so forth : And what care they for the people ?

This is not mere hypothesis. A few years ago, a Highland proprietor had ejected, by the usual means, a large body of tenantry, who were thrown destitute on the world, and might truly say, that “the foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, but they had not where to lay their heads.” Moved with their forlorn condition, a venerable clergyman, now no more, waited upon this gentleman, and after stating a number of facts of which he was well aware, and imploring him to take into his most serious consideration the case of these poor people, requested to know what he proposed to do

with them? "Do with them!" exclaimed this *Highland* philanthropist\* in a passion; "LOCHDUICH IS WIDE ENOUGH FOR THEM ALL!" These words are universally known, and will never be forgotten. We could give the name of the barbarian who uttered them; but we shall spare him, not because he deserves to be spared, but because, in his hatred of the native population, he is by no means so singular, as in the atrocious nonchalance with which he expressed it.

"If supreme felicity consists in doing nothing," says Dr. Macculloch, "why, then, Donald is the only true philosopher;" and by his shewing, it appears that this "true philosophy" is carried nearly to perfection; for "you would almost suppose," he adds, "that he had adopted the Turkish maxim, that to sit is better than to

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\* We do not mean to say, that the individual referred to is a *native* Highlander, though he happens to be a *Highland* proprietor; we introduce the above anecdote solely because the sentiments he seems to entertain are unhappily not confined to naturalized *Glasgowegians*, who have served an apprenticeship to improvement by driving negroes in the *West Indies*!

stand, to lie is better than to sit, to sleep is better than to wake, and death is best of all!" Yet it is wonderful how "a true philosopher," like Donald, may be "contaminated" by example, and moulded by kindness. Of this the Doctor himself supplies very convincing and satisfactory proof. "Every one," says he, "is bound to notice the new village of St. Fillan's, situated at the eastern extremity of this lake, (Lochearn,) *as an instance of what may be done by GOOD SENSE and EXERTION in reforming the comfortless and dirty habits of the rural population of this country.* The inhabitants are now as fond of their roses and honey-suckles, as they formerly were of their dunghills and gutters; A SUFFICIENT PROOF THAT THE PEOPLE ARE TRACTABLE WHEN PROPERLY MANAGED, and that *many of the faults* of the lower classes of the Highlands, which arise from carelessness of comfort and cleanliness, *ought to be attributed to their SUPERIORS, who themselves unjustly complain of what they never attempt to remedy!*" Vol. i. p. 126, 127.

Now, if, by "good sense" and "exertion," much may be done "in reforming

the comfortless and dirty habits of the population" of the Highlands, can nothing be done in stimulating them to habits of industry and activity, in which their interests are surely as deeply concerned, as in planting roses and honey-suckles to please Lord and Lady Gwydir? If their "carelessness of comfort and cleanliness *ought to be attributed to their SUPERIORS*, who unjustly complain of what they never attempt to remedy," what shall be said respecting the *indolence* with which they are reproached, and which their "*superiors*," so far from attempting to remedy, foster and increase, by discouraging incipient habits of industry, and fairly driving their labour from the market? If the "people are tractable when properly managed," whose fault is it that they are ill managed, neglected, or oppressed? If it be worth while to encourage them to plant roses and honey-suckles, is it not of infinitely greater importance to stimulate them to improve their condition, and thus at once increase their own comfort, and add to the prosperity of the country? "Whoever," says our author, "thinks that Donald cannot be improved *by attention*, would probably, if he

was in the same situation, remain in it for ever." Why is this "attention" not bestowed? Are the people of less value than roses and honeysuckles? Neither Dr. Macculloch, nor "the Dey of Algiers,"\* nor even "a Highland Laird," will say so.

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\* "*Were I the DEY OF ALGIERS, or a Highland Laird,*" adds the Doctor, "I would *enhance* even on Lord Gwydir, and keep an officer of health, with power to wash Mr. and Mrs. Maclarty, and all their family, by force, or to fumigate them like rats, and, in default of ultimate reformation, to BURN THEM OUT." Vol. i. p. 128. It is not safe to deny any thing within the limits of possibility. Were the present "Dey of Algiers" bowstringed, according to immemorial usage, there is no saying upon whom the choice of a successor might fall. The Swedes elected as their king a French General, a Gascon by birth; and there is no reason in the world, so far as we can see, to hinder the Algerines from conferring a similar honour on an Anglo-Scotch Geologist, celebrated for that peculiar talent in which all Gascons excel. We shall rejoice to hear of the Doctor's promotion; and we venture to predict that the Grand Turk shall confirm the election. And as it is not the office that reflects honour upon the man, but the man that adorns the office, we are satisfied, that, were fortune to place him on the divan, he would speedily outstrip all his predecessors in the career of summary reformation. He might then keep an officer



But the truth is, that the fanfaronade about Highland indolence and laziness is all miserable cant, put forward as an excuse for proceedings totally indefensible, and which, as we shall shew in another part of this critique, have been found as unprofitable, in an economical point of view, as they are incompatible with patriotism or humanity. It is clear, as Colonel Stewart has well observed, that, "in the prosecution of recent changes in the North, the original inhabitants were never thought of, nor included in the system which was to be productive of such wealth to the landlord, the man of capital, and the country at large;" or it was foreseen that no native would be intrusted with, or found hardy

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of health to wash the Blackamoors by force, fumigate them like rats, and, in default of ultimate purification, to burn them out.

But while we have no objection whatever to the Doctor's becoming "Dey of Algiers," we do fervently pray that no freak of fortune may ever make him "a Highland Laird!" for what with forcible washing, fumigation, and burning out, we fear he might be too exclusively occupied to prosecute his invaluable researches into the history and travels of the Marsh Poison, the continuation of which is eagerly looked for by the public.

enough “ to act a part in the execution of plans which commenced with the ejection and banishment from their native land of their friends and neighbours.”

The indefensibility of the regenerating process, and the contempt with which the feelings and interests of the people were treated, in the course of the changes that have been effected, are therefore the causes that have given birth to the numerous publications in which the Highland population has been so unblushingly reviled, as a race of lazy, filthy, incorrigible drones, actuated by no desire to improve their condition, and incapable of being roused to active and industrious exertion. Charges like these, vamped up, and rung without intermission in the ears of the public, would, it was thought, divert the current of popular feeling which had begun to set in against the Northern Reformers, and furnish an apology, if not a defence, for their proceedings. It was never anticipated, that any one would be so chivalrous as to espouse the cause of the poor, the despised, and the persecuted; or to whisper that that must be a strange system which could only be apologized for (we do not say defended) by slandering the

friendless and the destitute : And if any body accidentally had the courage to remark that it was rather *too late* to accuse the people of indolence, *after* they had been deprived of their farms, burned out of their dwellings, and left without the means of subsistence ; and that to reduce the great mass of the people to the condition of day-labourers, in a country where a population can only be maintained on the produce of the soil, and where there are no towns, no capital invested in manufactures, and hardly any market for labour, is certain to engender discontent, misery, and vice, to deteriorate the character of the people, and unnerve the very sinews of society,—if any one had the hardihood to state these and other things of similar import, he was either silenced by clamour, or met by such arguments as these : “ Are not we Highland proprietors ? and will you have the assurance to tell us that we do not know the character of the people on our own estates, or that we may not dispose of these estates as we please ? We tell you that their laziness is quite incorrigible, and that ought to satisfy you ; at least, if you will not believe us, only read what has been published on the subject. Deeply

instructed in the science of Political Economy, we are labouring for the public benefit, not our own, by endeavouring to remove the great evil of a redundant population ; for which we consider ourselves entitled to the gratitude of the country." But the time when such nonsense will be listened to is gone by. Macculloch, it is true, has taken up the note that was struck to him, and has screamed it out at the top of his compass ; but with no better success than his less ambitious predecessors. The Highland proprietors as a body have no doubt a monopoly of the soil of the country ; but they are not equally fortunate either in regard to knowledge or the press ; and though they may eject, burn out, impoverish, and expatriate the poor defenceless people, public opinion is beyond their controul. To this tribunal they must submit their conduct ; and it is to its candid decision that we appeal respecting the falsehood of the charges which have been so industriously circulated against those who had every possible claim to their countenance and protection.

Such are a few specimens of the malignant slanders which this author has published against the people of the North, at the same time coat-

ing them over with a varnish of the most despicable hypocrisy, that the public may swallow them without suspicion. There is scarcely a mean contemptible vice in the long and black catalogue of human depravity, of which he has not in some part or other of his book accused them. They are liars, extortioners, sycophants, cheats; proud, vindictive, treacherous, cowardly; inveterately lazy, and averse to earning their bread by honest labour, provided they can pick up a precarious subsistence, by smuggling, or in any other disreputable or mendicant way; and, worst of all, sacrilegious barbarians, who plunder their churches, and desecrate the tombs of their ancestors. And if, to give a colour of plausibility to these heavy charges, he is obliged to take notice of any good quality for which they have hitherto got credit, he instantly sets himself to turn it into ridicule, and to furbish up every rusty tatterdemalion jest, every disgraceful and spiteful tale, the coinage of ignorance, hatred, or folly, to aid him in creating a disbelief in their virtues, and impressing the reader's mind with a conviction that, after all that can be said for them, they are nevertheless a race of execrable knaves and miscreants.

For example, he admits that in one or two instances, the Highlanders have shown something like true courage, and have even had the impudence sometimes to charge regular troops sword in hand, and put them to flight; but then he takes care to add, that they were terribly afraid of cavalry, believing that the horses would eat them; and he repeats, in every possible form, that the native Celt is a cowardly, ignoble animal, and that the military spirit of the Highlanders is extinguished. He tells us, that "as to want of civility, generally speaking, those who have met this must have provoked it;" yet by his own account, he appears to have met with nothing but *incivility*, and a fifth part at least of his book is filled with tales, (traveller's tales,) the obvious meaning and purpose of which, is to represent the people as a rude, savage, repulsive race, inferior to the Russian boors, and very little better than Samoieds or Calmuck Tartars. And, as if all this were not sufficient to neutralize his own statement, and to leave an ultimate impression on the reader's mind, that the Highlanders are a rude uncivil race, he travels back to a manuscript account of Scotland in 1670, slumbering among

the cobwebs of the Harleian Library, in which "it is said, that the Highlanders are so currish, that if a stranger inquire the way in English, they will 'only' answer in Erse, *unless by force of a cudgel*;" a mode of expiscating information which we should not have considered eminently safe for general practice, laying altogether out of view the difficulty of compelling a man, even "by force of a cudgel," to answer a question which he did not understand, in a language of which he was ignorant. As to extortion, again, it is the *maladie du pays*; and you are every hour, and every minute, liable to be overreached by some knavish Gael, prowling about in quest of prey, or, like the devil, seeking whom he may devour. He informs us, that "virtue is a good thing, (a wise saw!) arise from what it may;" but in the same breath he denies the Highlanders all manner of credit for their unparalleled fidelity to Prince Charles Edward, and the unhappy exiles of Forty-five, assuring us, that "it was the VIRTUE of the ERA, RATHER THAN OF THE PEOPLE!" "I may say the same," he adds, "of their HONESTY with regard to exposed property, WHICH HAS BEEN FOOLISHLY RIDICULED."

Now here we have a bright specimen of the Doctor's master *ruse-de-guerre*. For whenever he wants to exhibit any thing in a light "absolutely ridiculous," he hints that it *has* been "ridiculed," subjoining some qualifying epithet, to screen his malignity, and prevent suspicion. We beg leave to call the particular attention of the public to this circumstance, because it furnishes a key to all that this author has written in disparagement of our brethern of the North, and exhibits the paltry device upon which he has fallen in order to gratify his malice, by insinuating what he durst not openly and boldly state. The "honesty" of the Highlanders has been "ridiculed," therefore it is "absolutely ridiculous." This is Macculloch's logic, stript of its verbiage. Now we deny the first half of the enthymeme; "honesty" is never ridiculed except by thieves, who doubtless indulge in a vast deal of pleasantry on the subject,—upon the same principle that courtezans make a mock of chastity, courtiers of patriotism, renegades of consistency, profligates of sobriety, infidels of religion. But honesty, chastity, patriotism, consistency, sobriety, and the fear of God, are not on that account "ridiculous."



Yet, incredible as it may seem, this wholesale accuser and calumniator, who perverts, misrepresents, and falsifies, to indulge his propensity to slander the people whom he so causelessly hates, has the unparalleled effrontery to describe himself as *a friend to the Highlanders!* Thus, in vol. iii. p. 157, he says, “ I want to *prove* to you (he is addressing SIR WALTER SCOTT!\*)

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\* When we read these volumes for the first time, and perceived an intention to traduce the Highlanders, discredit their history, ridicule their achievements, and vilify their country, manifested in every page, almost in every line, the first question we naturally asked ourselves was, How comes it that a book of this kind is inscribed to Sir Walter Scott; that his name is stuck up, like the title of a passport, at the head of every letter; that he is incessantly appealed to for the truth of the wildest fictions? Is it possible that this extraordinary use has been made of his name with his own knowledge and consent? Is it possible that the Highlanders, in whose society he has often mixed, whose tartan he has often worn, whose bravery he has often applauded, and on one part of whose history he has thrown some of the brightest rays of his genius, must, after all, have the mortification of believing, that a slanderer of their manners, their character, their country, and their courage, can find shelter and protection under his wings?

that, instead of being ACERB, *I am the very best FRIEND the Highlanders ever had :*”

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Putting the question in this general way, we came at once to the conclusion, that the supposition was impossible ; that, by an unpardonable breach of decorum, of which, however, we could easily have believed Macculloch guilty, he had either employed Sir Walter's name without his consent, or abused his confidence, by concealing from him the pollution contained in his book. This, it will be granted, was a natural and probable inference ; but, like many more elaborate deductions, it has the misfortune to be ill-founded. After diligent inquiry in various quarters, we have found, that, through the medium of Mr. Skene of Rubieslaw, Sir Walter's permission was solicited and obtained, and that a part of the book in manuscript was even submitted to him. Whether he read what was thus laid before him, we have, of course, had no means of ascertaining ; the probability is, that he did not ; Sir Walter must have sundry modes of occupying his leisure hours more beneficially to himself, and more agreeably to the public, than wading through the dirty scrawl of a tenth-rate author ; but the fact stands as we have now stated.

Assuming, therefore, that our information is correct (and we believe we may pledge ourselves for its authenticity), and that from habitual kindness of disposition, and a reluctance to disoblige, Sir Walter, in an unguarded moment, gave his consent to the use which has been

And again, in vol. iv. p. 477, " It is I that am always their *steadiest* FRIEND and APOLOGIST."

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made of his name ; we now call upon him to disavow this monstrous tissue of libels and falsehoods,—in justice to the Highlanders, whom, we know, he loves,—in justice to truth, which he reveres,—and in justice to his own honourable and spotless name. And we demand this disclaimer, at his hands, with the greater confidence, because of our conviction, that his *apparent* sanction has already given a currency to this man's falsehoods which they would never have acquired without it ; and because he is uniformly appealed to as a voucher and an authority whenever the Doctor's fabrications become so gross, that he himself betrays an apprehension of their being discredited. It is not endurable that a man of high genius, honour, and virtue, should stand as literary sponsor to an abortion like this ; or that his name should be associated, in public estimation, with its manifold pollutions and iniquities.

## LITERARY CHARACTER OF THE BOOK.

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HAVING thus, at considerable length, endeavoured to point out the spirit in which the author writes, and to refute a number of the slanders which he has thrown upon the people of the North, against whom he appears to cherish a causeless and rancorous hatred,—we shall now proceed to examine his literary pretensions, and to show that the accuracy of his general knowledge is very nearly upon a level with that of his defamatory statements. In undertaking this task, we disclaim being actuated by a spirit of retaliation, however allowable it might be, in the circumstances of the case, to indulge it. Still less are we desirous of enjoying the malicious pleasure of detecting his blunders, and exposing his ignorance. Our conduct on this occasion is influenced by very different motives.

We have already remarked, that the book was introduced into the world with a prodigious flourish of trumpets, and after a note of preparation had been sounded from certain high quarters ; and we may now add, that its pretensions are of the loftiest description. The author plainly affects universal knowledge ; and in the conceit, that all preceding writers are invariably wrong, while he himself is invariably right, he indulges in a bitter, petulant, overweening dogmatism, which is alternately laughable and disgusting. All received opinions in regard to the origin, history, and language of the Highlanders, he treats with the most supercilious derision ; the labours of our most learned Celtic antiquaries excite only his pity and contempt. He answers an argument by a silly sneer, and attempts to overwhelm an antagonist by a volley of opprobrious epithets. “ A joker without wit,” and “ malignant without injury,” his constant endeavour is to hold up to ridicule every monument or achievement in which the Highlanders take pride ; to contradict, and, if possible, disprove every opinion they entertain. In the same spirit, he adopts and fathers every hypothesis, however extravagant, which he

thinks derogatory to their national character, or likely to mortify their pride ; and borrows at second hand from Pinkerton the scum of those rabid lucubrations by which that meek and gentle personage endeavoured to prove, that the Celts are “ mere radical savages, not advanced even to a state of barbarism,” “ incapable of industry or cultivation, even after half their blood is Gothic,” and remaining at this day, “ as marked by the ancients, fond of lies, and *enemies to truth*.”\* And to dazzle the simple, or bewilder the unlearned, his pages are stuck full of proper names, title-page erudition, and hack-nied quotations, intended to pass current as symptomatic of great learning and research, and presenting altogether a very formidable, if not a very inviting appearance.

A writer of this description necessarily pre-

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\* If the Celts be as “ fond of lies,” and as great “ enemies to truth,” as some of those who revile them, they must indeed be an execrable race. “ Mister John Pinkerton,” Petralogist, might, however, have spared us the information contained in the latter clause. People who are “ fond of lies” are not commonly “ *friends to truth!*”

sents a broad mark to a critic ; and when it is considered that, next to his love of display, the great object for which the Doctor has furbished up his lore, is to discredit the origin, history, poetry, and martial achievements of the Highlanders, we may be excused for letting fly a shaft or two by way of defence, and for proving his ignorance in regard to matters where it is to be presumed that he could not have been altogether misled by his prejudices and his animosities.

But of all his manifold acquisitions in literature, it is on Classical and Historical subjects chiefly that " he has got the start of the majestic world, and bears the palm alone." Let us endeavour to appreciate the " extent and accuracy" of his information on these two important branches of knowledge.

I. And, first, of his classical acquirements. The Doctor has favoured us with a new theory of the " Battle of the Grampians," and some commentaries on the account of Tacitus, to which we solicit the reader's particular attention. After inditing a vast quantity of nonsense about the " Mons Grampius," and rating soundly the

whole tribe of antiquaries, from Richard of Cirencester to Sir Robert Sibbald, whom he is never weary of abusing, he thus developes his solution: "But to come back to master Sir Robert Sibbald. Dealgin Ross is a moor near Comrie; and Sir Robert being somewhat deaf, and not comprehending Donald's mode of pronunciation in his nose and throat, imagined he heard Galgachan. This produced Galgacus; and Richard's Grampian Chain, fortunately, suited any place; Fraserburgh, Stonehaven, Comrie, or Lochlomond; or Cape Rath, had it been in Sir Robert's way. Thus the *battle of Agricola* was fought at Comrie; and neither this learned personage himself, nor one of his hundred followers, ever thought of inquiring whether the Roman fleet was anchored at Lochearn, or upon the top of Drummond Castle. Tacitus seems to have supposed that it must have sailed on the sea. He says, at least, that Agricola sent forward his navy to spread terror among the Caledonians, *and that they were dismayed by the sight of this fleet, and that his camp contained seamen as well as horse and foot.* Lest he should have made a mistake, Agricola himself says, that he crossed



IMMENSE arms of the sea ; in plain terms, the firths (friths) of Forth and Tay. As to Galgacus, since Tacitus speaks for him, it is of less moment that he says, ‘ the Roman fleet is hovering on our coasts.’ *That* STONEHAVEN *must be the place, becomes, therefore, a simple case of dilemma, because none other will answer all the* CONDITIONS.” Vol. i. p. 39.

The intelligent reader will at once discover that this is substantially the theory which the worthy Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck, called of Monk-barns, was in the very act of revealing to young Lovell, when he was so unseasonably interrupted by Edie Ochiltree. It may therefore appear a little extraordinary, that we should be disposed to take up the matter seriously, and make it the subject of grave criticism. But as the Doctor is in downright sober earnest himself,—as he has prefaced, with rather more than his usual petulance, a theory stolen without acknowledgment from the respectable gentleman just named,—and as we have undertaken to give the reader some specimens of the “ extent and accuracy” of his classical researches, we shall take it, upon his own authority, that he is perfectly serious,—examine in detail his solution by di-

lemma,—and endeavour to prove, to the satisfaction of scholars, either that he has not read Tacitus at all, or, supposing him in charity to have done so, that he has not had the good fortune to understand what he read. To this alternative, we think, the matter may be easily reduced. Let us see.

If we dismiss the miserable stuff contained in the beginning of the paragraph above quoted, we shall come at once to the Doctor's first tangible proposition; which is, that "Agricola sent forward his navy to spread terror among the Caledonians, *and that they* (the Caledonians) *were dismayed by the sight of this fleet, and that his camp contained seamen as well as horse and foot.*" Now here there are three distinct allegations; first, that "Agricola sent forward his navy to spread terror among the Caledonians;" secondly, that the Caledonians "were dismayed by the sight of this fleet;" and, thirdly, that Agricola's camp "contained seamen as well as horse and foot." But the first of these allegations only is true; the second and third describe what took place *the year before* the battle of the Grampians was fought, that is, A. D. 83, and therefore cannot enter as ele-

ments into an investigation, having for its object to determine the locality of that celebrated conflict. A short explanation will place this in the clearest light.

In the summer in which Agricola entered upon the *sixth* year of his command, (*quá* SEXTUM officii annum inchoabat,) that is, A. D. 83, he extended his views to the countries situate to the northward of the Forth; and dreading a general combination of the more remote tribes, who had hitherto been disunited by their mutual hostilities, he ordered his fleet to survey the coast, and sound the harbours. Guided by the information derived from his naval commander, he himself soon after undertook an expedition beyond the Forth, the fleet attending on all his movements; “*ac sæpe iisdem castris pedes, equesque, et nauticus miles* (the marines) *mixti copiis et lætitiâ, sua quisque facta, suos casus attollerent.*” At the same time he learned from the prisoners he took, that their countrymen were greatly alarmed by the appearance of the fleet, “*tantum, aperto maris sui secreto, ultimum victis perfugium clauderetur.*” But by the time Agricola arrived among the Horestii, a

people of Fife, the Caledonian Britons commenced offensive operations from the higher ground; first by assaulting the forts which the Roman General had left in his rear without adequate defence; and next by a bold and well-planned night-attack on the ninth legion. They were repulsed, however, after a desperate struggle, in which the skill of the Roman General, and the accidents to which a night-attack is liable, did more for the ninth legion than their own discipline and courage. Agricola then completed the subjugation of the Horestii, which *terminated* the operations of the year 83, being, as we have said, the *sixth* of his command.

In the beginning of the *seventh* summer, that is, A. D. 84,\* Agricola lost his infant son, but

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\* The words of Tacitus are: "Initio aestatis Agricola, domestico vulnere ictus," &c. All the commentators are of opinion that the word "*septimae*," or the numeral VII., has dropped out in the course of transcription after the word "*initio*." This opinion is confirmed by a consideration of all the circumstances, and particularly by the words which Tacitus puts in the mouth of Agricola. He *expressly* states, that the night-attack on the ninth legion was made in the *sixth* year of Agricola's com-

did not suffer this domestic calamity to divert his attention from the expedition he had resolved on, for the subjugation of the Caledonians. Accordingly, *præmissâ classe, quæ pluribus locis prædata, magnum et incertum terrorem faceret*, and having set out with his army equipped in what is now called light marching order, (*expedito exercitu*,) he came "*ad montem Grampium, quem jam hostes insederant.*" A decisive battle immediately took place, the particulars of which it is unnecessary to detail.

Now, from this very brief statement, it appears that Macculloch has confounded the events of the year 83, with those of the year 84, when the battle with Galgacus was fought; that the dismay of the Caledonians, at the sight of the Roman fleet, is stated on the report of the prisoners (*ut ex captivis audiebatur*) who were

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mand, and he makes that General, while haranguing his troops previous to the battle with the Caledonians, say, "*li sunt, quos proximo anno unam legionem furto noctis adgressos, clamore debellâstis.*" This is decisive of the point, that the *summer* spoken of was the *seventh*, and renders the opinion, that the original reading was "*Initio septimæ aestatis,*" &c. almost demonstratively certain.

taken in Fife the former year ; that the intermixture of marines (*nauticus miles*) with the horse and foot in the same camp also took place in the preceding campaign ; and that, as no mention is made of the recurrence of these circumstances in the year 84, they can never enter as elements in the solution of the question as to the site of that celebrated conflict.

An attentive perusal of Tacitus will convince any one who is competent to read that concise and difficult author, that it was not on the direct and immediate, but on the indirect and general co-operation of the fleet, that Agricola relied in his *seventh* campaign,—on the distraction and terror which it would occasion by hovering on the coast, and making predatory debarkations at different points ; and that there cannot be a greater error than to suppose, as Macculloch, and a hundred others as careless or ignorant as himself have done, that the Roman fleet was *in sight* of the armies during the battle of the Grampians. If this had been the fact, it would surely have been stated with a distinctness and precision commensurate with its importance. But so far is this from being the case, that, in the whole of the Historian's narrative,

there is not a single expression, which, properly understood, can possibly lead to this conclusion ; while all the circumstances tend to confirm the opposite one.

It is mentioned that, on the eve of his march, Agricola sent forward the fleet, *quae magnum et incertum terrorem faceret* ; which, by appearing on different points, might distract the minds of the Caledonians, already alarmed at the sight of this novel species of force, and might occasion a great and indefinite panic, by their uncertainty as to the time or place where they might be attacked. But it does not surely follow from this that the fleet attended all the movements of the army, as in the former year, or that it was in sight when the battle of the Grampians was fought. Nor is it consistent with the idea the Historian has given us of the generalship of Galgacus, to suppose that he would have *accepted* battle (for he was clearly not compelled to fight) in a situation, which, even if it had not exposed him to be attacked at once by the whole force of the enemy, must have been peculiarly discouraging to the Caledonians, who, we are told, were alarmed at the sight of the fleet the former year,

and, from their ignorance of ships and navigation, would probably have been seized with a panic had the fleet been in view when they were ordered to engage. But Tacitus states nothing which gives countenance to such an hypothesis. He makes Galgacus indeed say, "*ac ne mare quidem securum, imminente nobis classe Romana;*" but this, taken in conjunction with what he had stated a little before, can only be construed to mean the indirect and general co-operation we have already indicated: "Even the sea is no longer a defence, since the Roman fleet is hovering on our coast;" and, therefore, "*proelium atque arma, quae fortibus honesta eadem etiam ignavis tutissima sunt.*" But he does not say, or even hint, that the Roman fleet was in sight; a circumstance much too remarkable to have been passed over, had such really been the case.

From all this, then, it follows, that the presence of the Roman fleet—the dismay of the Caledonians at the *sight* of this fleet—and the intermixture of the marines (not "seamen," as Macculloch erroneously says) with the land forces in Agricola's camp *at the time of the battle of the Grampians*, are assumptions totally



without foundation, and to be rejected by every inquirer into the scene of that famous combat.

But our author proceeds: "Agricola himself says, that he crossed IMMENSE arms of the sea; in plain terms, the firths (friths) of Forth and Tay." Agricola says no such thing: his words are simply "*transisse aestuaria*:" he is enumerating, in a general way, the difficulties which the soldiers had surmounted, among which "*transisse aestuaria*" is one; and he tells them, that what at first view does so much credit to their perseverance, will, in the event of defeat, become the means of their inevitable destruction. If "*aestuaria*" here be not the plural for the singular, in conformity with the practice of the language, when a statement is meant to be general and indefinite, (and this is the more probable interpretation,) Agricola can only mean the friths of Solway and Forth; for the *Tau* of Tacitus (*Agricola* 22,) is, we think, the Solway Frith of modern times. Agricola subdued the different tribes as far as the *Tau* in the *third* year of his command in Britain, but did not penetrate into the countries situated "*trans Bodotriam*" (beyond the Forth) till three years thereafter. As to "IMMENSE

*arms* of the sea," the reader must already have seen that the qualifying adjective is the exclusive property of the learned Theban, whose solution by dilemma we are now considering.

Upon the whole, therefore, it appears that not one of the "CONDITIONS" laid down, as determining the site of the battle of the Grampians at Stonehaven, is tenable; and, *e converso*, that wherever it was fought, the scene Macculloch has fixed upon must renounce the honour he intended for it.

In two Dissertations, one on the "Gaelic Language," and another on the "Origin and Races" of the Celts, there are materials for a volume of classical criticism, if it were worth any body's while to devote his time and trouble to the ungrateful task of exposing his endless blunders and mis-statements. We must confine ourselves to a few cursory criticisms.

After a great deal of learned trifling, in the course of which he contrives to involve a subject, obscure enough of itself, in tenfold darkness, the Doctor at length condescends to give us, on the authority, he says, of Sir William Jones, "the general and leading division of the European

tongues." According to this division, there are two radical languages, from which all others have been derived; the Sanscrit, from which have descended the first Persian, the old Egyptian, Gothic, Greek, Latin, Pictish, Saxon, Scandinavian, and German; and that of the Assyrians, or second Persian race, from which have come the Hebrew, Syriac, Phœnician, Carthaginian, Arabic, Abyssinian, Tartar, and African tongues, and *the Celtic*. Vol. iv. p. 222. Hence, if this leading division were well-founded, it would follow that the Celtic and Gothic are derived from distinct roots.

We have not at present the means of referring to the speculations of Sir William Jones on this subject; but we well remember, that he has distinctly declared the radical affinity of the Greek, the Zend, and the Sanscrit; an opinion which, so far as respects the European nations, has been practically established by the analytical investigations in Dr. Murray's History of European Languages. This incomparable philologist has also shown, "that the Celtic is an original language, which bears great similarity in many of its words to the Sanscrit;" and

that "the Greek, Latin, Sanscrit, and Celtic, resemble one another."\* He also proves, that this resemblance extends to the Teutonic, though it "often differs from all of them, and affords an explanation of their peculiarities." Now, if this statement be well-founded, it overthrows the Doctor's leading division, upon which the whole superstructure of his theory is reared, and clearly establishes that the Gothic and Celtic originally sprung from the same source. And, to give Dr. Murray's authority its due weight, it should be remembered, that he did not first form a theory, and then cast about for arguments to support it; but that he was led to the conclusions detailed in his work by an analytical examination of the words of which the European languages consist. Of these conclusions, by far the most remarkable is, that they have all sprung from one common monosyllabic language, which he found to be at the root of the Celtic, Teutonic, Greek, Latin, Sclavonic, Persian, and Sanscrit.

But independently of the argument derived

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\* *History of European Languages*, vol. i. p. 149, 150.

from Dr. Murray's profound investigations, the contradictions in which Macculloch is involved by the theory of two radical languages, sufficiently prove its futility. According to his principles of affiliation, the Greek is a composite language, the root of which is the Sanscrit, with an intermixture of the first Persian, the old Egyptian, and the Gothic.\* This is the doctrine distinctly laid down by our author in the passage above referred to; this is the doctrine which, he says, he borrowed from Sir William Jones, who, if we recollect rightly, considered the Sanscrit and the Pelhvi as radical languages, because he had not carried his analytical researches to the same extent as Dr. Murray; this is the doctrine which, he warns us, is to enter as an element into his inquiry respecting the parentage and descent of the Gaelic language. Yet this fundamental principle is almost immediately lost sight of; for only two pages subsequent† to that where it is formally enunciated, we are informed, that "Greek is compounded *from* the Gothic and Celtic," and

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\* Vol. iv. p. 222.

† Vol. iv. p. 224.

that "Latin is a compound of Celtic and Greek."\* He then proceeds to state (for he never attempts to prove any thing, nor quotes distinctly any authority), that the Pelasgi were Celts, not Goths, as Jamieson and others have maintained, and spoke pure Celtic, which in time became Æolic Greek; that the Etruscans, Oscans, Umbrians, and Ausonians, were of the same race, and spoke the same language, which the early Romans borrowed from them; that the Greeks were "a dark, sallow, black-haired race, a Celtic race," whereas "the Goths were a tall, fair-haired, and blue-eyed one;" that "the Hellenic race was the Gothic one, and hence the resemblance of the Greek and German;" and that "such is the true parentage and nature of the Gaelic tongue!" He must indeed be an expert philologist who can

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\* Our author's theory may be represented by algebraic symbols, thus: Greek = Gothic + Celtic: Latin = Celtic + Greek. But for Greek in the latter equation, we may substitute its equivalent, viz. Gothic + Celtic; in which case we shall have Latin = Celtic + Gothic + Celtic; that is, Latin = Gothic + 2 Celtic!!

puzzle his way through these contradictory assertions.

In his dissertation on the "origin and races" of the Celts, the Doctor returns to the subject ; and in order to enlighten us the more in regard to the Celtic population of the Highlands of Scotland, he favours us with a long and laboured discourse on the original colonization of Italy. In the few remarks we propose to make on this head, we shall not inquire too curiously into the connexion that may be supposed or imagined to have existed between the *primi cultores Italiae* and the different branches of the Great Celtic Race who at different times established themselves in this country. In his rage for paradox, however, we may observe, that he makes all the world Celtic except the Celts. According to him, the Pelasgi were Celtic ; the Etruscans, Oscans, Umbrians, and Ausonians, were Celtic ; Troy was Celtic ; Carthage was Celtic ; Greece was to a certain extent Celtic ; Rome was almost entirely Celtic ; but the Highlanders of Scotland, who to this hour speak the purest dialect extant of the Great Celtic Tongue, are nevertheless *not* Celtic, and the Doctor is surprised that they should " still

imagine themselves Celts.” Language, we had thought, was the most durable of human monuments, and the infallible criterion of the race and descent of those by whom it is spoken ; but the Doctor cannot bring himself to admit this principle,\* which he strenuously rebuts by hardy

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\* A learned Professor, for whom we have a great esteem, in a learned work, from which we have derived much instruction, unguardedly describes the Hebrew as “the poorest of all written languages.” Our author, with infinitely less knowledge of the subject, extends the same anathema to the Gaelic. “It is immeasurably *behind* the Arabic,” he says, as if any body had ever said it was *before* the Arabic : “it has borrowed from modern languages innumerable terms which it *ought* to have possessed :” “it does not distinguish seas, bays, firths, (friths) and lakes, still less, as it ought, the varieties of these,” which is not true : “it is the same for rivers,” which is very singular, seeing that almost all the rivers in Scotland, and many of those in France (the Garonne, *Garw avon*, for example) and elsewhere, are known to this hour by Gaelic appellations : “it possesses but one name for many birds, and thus *beyond enumeration*,” which is not remarkable, considering that in the time of the Pelasgi, when the language was first imported into Europe, ornithology had not probably become a science. Yet this barbarous language was, according to our author,



and persevering assertion, his never-failing resource in all the controversies in which he em-

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the parent of the Greek, while those who spoke the latter were Goths !

We shall not dispute with him about a language of which he obviously knows as little as he does of the Zend or the Pellvi ; for who can reason with a man who denies that the Celtic names of mountains, rivers, districts, and places, furnish any evidence of the original ascendancy of the people by whom these names were imposed ? Etymology has hitherto been considered one of the great aids of the Historical Antiquary in prosecuting his inquiries into the early history of nations ; and we have before us a brilliant example of what may be achieved, even in this shadowy region of research, by a person profoundly skilled in ancient languages, and thoroughly versed in historical and geographical knowledge. We allude to a recently published work, entitled, "*ORIGINES ; or Remarks on the Origin of several Empires, States, and Cities,*" by Sir William Drummond, the accomplished Translator of Persius, and the ingenious author of the "*Academical Questions ;*" a work which throws more light on the origin of the three great empires of the ancient world, and on the early history of Egypt, than all those that have been hitherto published, and in which etymology, corrected by the lights of history and geography, is the great instrument so successfully employed by the author. It is an invaluable present to every scholar.

barks. Nor is this all. He denies that, in any period of their history, the Celts ever approached even to the confines of civilization, till they were "contaminated" by an admixture of Gothic blood; yet he maintains that the Etruscans were a purely Celtic race, and admits that *they* had attained to a high degree of civilization and refinement. How he proposes to reconcile these paradoxes, it would be vain to conjecture; still less can we divine how the Scottish Highlanders, who "have more than an equal portion of Gothic blood in their veins," should still continue, as he alleges, in a state little, if at all, removed from their primitive barbarism.

But we must not altogether forget the Doctor's theory of the primitive settlement of Italy. Dr. Jamieson and others conclude that the Hellenes and the Pelasgi were originally the same people, and that they were not Celts. This he denies, upon the faith of the physiological argument,\* to which we have already

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\* If Blumenbach's classification may be relied on, the Doctor's physiological argument vanishes. That great

referred. But he has not told us where he discovered that the Pelasgi were "a dark, sallow,

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Naturalist divides the single species which the genus *Homo* contains, into the Caucasian, Mongolian, Æthiopian, American, and Malay varieties. The characters of the first of these varieties, are white skin, either of a fair rosy tint, or inclining to brown; hair black, or of the various lighter colours, copious, soft, and generally more or less curled or waving; irides dark in those of brown skin, light blue or gray in those of fair complexion; large cranium, the upper and anterior regions being particularly developed; face oval and straight; forehead expanded; moral and intellectual faculties most energetic, and susceptible of the highest development and cultivation. This variety includes all the ancient and modern inhabitants of Europe, except the Laplanders and the rest of the Finnish race; the former and present inhabitants of Western Asia, as far as the river Ob, the Caspian Sea, and the Ganges; the Sarmatians, Assyrians, Medes, and Chaldeans; the Philistines, Phoenicians, Jews, and inhabitants of Syria generally; the Tartars, Georgians, Circassians, Mingrelians, Armenians; the Turks, Persians, Arabians, Afghans, and Hindoos of high caste; the Egyptians, Abyssinians, and Guanches. Now, if there be any foundation in nature for this classification, it follows that both Celts and Goths belong to the same variety (the Caucasian) of the human race, and that the differences subsisting between them were only sub-

black-haired race." The ancient writers are silent on the subject. But they are not so in regard to the identity of the Pelasgi and Hellenes. Dionysius of Halicarnassus \* speaks of two tribes of Greek origin, who, he says, were the primitive inhabitants of Latium; the Aborigines and the Pelasgi. The former, according to him, quitted Arcadia seventeen generations, or about 500 years, before the taking of Troy, (that is, about 1700 † years A. C.)

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varieties occasioned by climate, food, situation, and other causes. "I think it will appear," says Mr. Lawrence, (*Lectures on Physiology, Zoology, and the Natural History of Man*, p. 509,) "that most of the virtues and talents which adorn and ennoble man, have existed from early times, in a higher degree, among the Celtic and German, than among the Slavonic and Oriental people."

\* *Antiq. Rom.* i. 9, 10, 11, and 12.

† Dr. Macculloch says (vol. iv. p. 267.) that "the Pelasgi settled in Greece in 1500 A. C." and quotes Dionysius of Halicarnassus as his authority, though without giving a reference. There is no such statement in the *Roman Antiquities*. Dionysius says that the Aborigines quitted Arcadia seventeen generations before the taking of Troy, and that the Pelasgi emigrated from Thessaly 150

and, under the conduct of Oenotrus and his brother Peucetius, proceeded by sea to Italy, whither they were followed by the latter, originally from Thessaly, about 150 years thereafter ; and about sixty years before the capture of Troy, (that is, 1240 years A. C.) a colony of Pelasgi and Hellenes, setting out from Pallantium in Arcadia, landed in Italy, under Evander, and built Pallantium or Palatium, on one of the hills which the "Eternal City" was afterwards destined to cover. Now, although we admit that there are some disputable circumstances in this narrative, yet it is clear that Dionysius considered the Pelasgi and the Hellenes homogeneous tribes ; and it is no less certain, that he is borne out in this conclusion

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years later. But according to the chronologies, Troy was taken in 1184 A. C.; and, allowing thirty years for a generation, the emigration of the Aborigines must, according to Dionysius, have preceded that event by 510 years, and the commencement of the vulgar era by 1694 years. This also fixes the date of the first *emigration* of the Pelasgi from Greece, which took place in the year before Christ 1544. With regard to their *settlement* in Greece, which was probably *antecedent* to their emigration, Dionysius is silent.

by the concurrent testimony of all the ancient writers.

The people called Tyrrhenians, or Tyrse-nians by the Greeks, and Thusci, or Etrusci by the Latins, followed the Pelasgi; and immediately preceded the arrival of the Hellenic Colonies. Hellanicus of Lesbos, quoted by Dionysius of Halicarnassus,\* expressly states, that they were a tribe of Pelasgi from Greece; that they landed in Italy at the embouchure of the Po, built the inland town of Cortona, and afterwards peopled the whole territory called Tyrrhenia. The fable of Herodotus, that the Etrusci were a Lydian colony, is at the same time ably refuted by the author of the *Roman Antiquities*.† We could produce numberless

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\* *Antiq. Rom.* i. 18.

† Mr. Dunlop, the elegant Historian of Roman Literature, is inclined to favour the account of Herodotus: "It is evident," says he, "that the Etruscans themselves believed that they sprung from the Lydians, and that they inculcated this belief on others;" and he grounds this statement on the circumstance mentioned by Tacitus, in his *Annals*, L. iv. c. 55. Eleven cities of Asia contended, it seems, for the infamous honour of erecting

authorities to prove that, according to the prevailing belief of antiquity, the Hellenes and the Pelasgi were the same people. But if they had been Celts, it is not easy to see how they could have attained to a higher degree of civilization than any other tribe or branch of that great race, or by what process their native language could have been metamorphosed into Æolic Greek.

The truth is, however, that there is distinct evidence in the ancient writers, of the immigration of five successive tribes into Italy, of which the Celts were only one: viz. the Illyrians, the Iberians, the Celts or Gauls, the Pelasgians, and the Etruscans; and this circumstance serves to account for the very small portion of Celtic which the Latin evolves when decomposed. But of all these different tribes, the Etruscans attained to the highest degree of refinement in

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an altar to Tiberius; and this ridiculous and humiliating question was gravely argued in the presence of the tyrant, and before that degraded Senate whom he had publicly taunted with their abject servility. On this occasion, the Sardians, one of the contending parties, insisted particularly on their affinity to the Etruscans; in proof of which they produced a decree of that people, repeating the old fable

art, in agriculture, and policy, and became the masters of the early Romans, to whom they taught the rudiments of civilization. "The Romans," says Mr. Dunlop, "were indebted to the Etruscans for the robes which invested their magistrates, the pomp that accompanied their triumphs, and the music that animated their legions. The purple vest, the sceptre surmounted by an eagle, the curule chair, the fasces and lictors, were the ensigns and accompaniments of supreme authority among the Etruscans; while the triumphs and ovations, the combats of gladiators, and Circensian games, were common to them, and the Romans."\* But that Etruria taught its arts to Greece, is so far from being "nearly proved," as Macculloch asserts, that it is inconsistent with the statements of all the ancient historians, and with a fact which has

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of Herodotus, and attesting the original confraternity of the Sardiens and Etruscans. What degree of credit is due to a document founded upon tradition, flattering to popular vanity, produced in such a cause, before such judges, and upon the authenticity of which the historian is silent, we leave Mr. Dunlop to decide.

\* *History of Roman Literature*, vol. i. p. 21, 1st ed.



never been disputed, namely, that the redundant population of the East was, in those early days, constantly discharged upon Italy. The Etruscans therefore must have imported with them the seeds of civilization, which afterwards took root in the genial soil and under the benignant climate of Italy, and were fostered into maturity by a cessation of war, the great enemy of human improvement. It is only upon this hypothesis, that we can rationally account for the superiority of the tribes of Pelasgic descent over those which at different times immigrated into the Peninsula.\*

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\* Having said this much of the Doctor's classical pro-  
lusions, it may not be amiss to advert, in a note, to his  
classical quotations. These bristle in serried lines upon  
almost every page; but are generally very inaccurately  
given, as, for example, in the following line of a well-  
known passage from Persius—

“ Tunc crassos transisse dies, *vitamque* palustrem”—

where “ *vitamque*” is ignorantly substituted for “ *lucem-  
que,*” to the manifest detriment both of the passage and  
the poet. Again: “ I do not profess myself,” says the  
Doctor, writing of Caledonian Music, “ a great admirer of  
the ‘ fortem Gygen fortemque Cloanthum’ of ‘ Fy let us a’  
to the bridal.’ ” A scholar would not have written this

But we must take leave of the Doctor's speculations on classical subjects, and direct our attention to matters in which the reader will probably take a more immediate interest.

II. The Doctor does not merely blunder in regard to subjects, the difficulty or obscurity of which make error pardonable; he has the knack of being wrong in regard to facts and circumstances within the knowledge of every one. A few short criticisms will make this abundantly evident.

1. Speaking of the tombs in Dunkeld Cathedral, he says, "The most remarkable is that of CUMIN, the celebrated Alister More-mac-an-righ, better known as the Wolf of Badenoch." Vol. i. p. 25.

An author remarkable for an ostentatious

nonsense, in the first place; and, secondly, he would have quoted Virgil's words correctly had he quoted them at all, thus: "*fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.*" Once more: "the 'exiguus mus' is indeed the mountain bringing forth the mouse:" that is, the "little mouse is indeed the mountain bringing forth the little mouse!" Truly this must have been a "*ridiculus mus.*" *Sed ohe jam satis!*

parade of learning, and for the severity of his strictures on preceding Historians and Antiquaries, should not surely have been ignorant of what is known to every school-boy in Dunkeld; namely, that "ALISTER MORE MAC-AN-RIGH," that is, *Alexander the King's son*, could not possibly have been a *Cumin*, as Scotland never had any kings of that family or name; and that the "celebrated" personage in question was *Alexander STEWART*, son of Robert II. of Scotland, by Elizabeth More. Had he been acquainted with the early history of this kingdom, the inscription on the Wolf's tomb, "*Hic jacet Alexander Senescallus, filius Roberti Regis Scotorum et Elizabethae More, Dominus de Buchan et Badenoch, qui obiit, A. D. 1394,*" which he quotes in the succeeding sentence, would have prevented his falling into this mistake.\*

Again, in page 414 of the same volume, he informs us, that "John of Strathbogie, A CUMIN, became Earl of Atholl in right of his

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\* Vide "De Nuptiis Roberti Senescalli Scotiae atque Elizabethae Morae Dissertatio:" *Scotichronicon*, vol. ii. Curâ Goodall, Edinburgi, 1759.

wife." But "John of Strathbogie" was no more a *Cumin* than John Macculloch is a correct Historian. He was a descendant of Duncan Earl of Fife, and took the surname of Strathbogie from being proprietor of the district of that name, of which his family had been in possession from the time of William the Lion.

2. After alluding to "the magnificent scenery which occurs before entering the rugged and deep pass of Loeh Awe," our Historian proceeds thus :

"The remainder of the pass *conducting* the road and the river, is singularly wild ; particularly near the bridge which is here thrown across this boisterous and rude river. *Here was fought the celebrated action between BRUCE and JOHN LORD of LORN ;* the ratification, if not the original cause, of the downfall of that great family. This chief had taken the side opposed to BRUCE, and the impulse on the part of the King seems to have been revenge, as he had already gained the contested ascendancy. A detached party of archers having taken a commanding position on the hill, annoyed the Argyll men so much, that they retreated ; and having attempted in vain to break down the

bridge across the Awe, *they were defeated with great slaughter*. JOHN escaped by means of his boats on the lake. This *defeat* argues little for the military tactics of JOHN and his followers, as the pass of Loch Awe might easily be defended by a handful of men against a very superior force : it is a stronger position than even Killicrankie." Vol. i. p. 265.

The confusion and ignorance that predominate in this passage will be sufficiently proved by the following dates. King Robert Bruce was born in 1274, crowned King at Scone in 1306, and died in 1329, in the 55th year of his age. But the first Lord of Lorn was Robert Stewart, eldest son of Sir John Stewart of Innermeath,\* by Isabel, daughter and heir of Eugene de Ergadia of Lorn. He was one

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\* It is proper to mention, that Sir John Stewart of Innermeath, father to Robert, the first Lord Lorn, is designed John Stewart of Innermeath, Lord of Lorn, in Rhymer's *Foedera*, 1407, and in a charter dated 1412. But this will not serve Dr. Macculloch's turn; for supposing Sir John to have been born in the year in which King Robert Bruce died, he would have been 83 years of age at the date of the charter in 1412!

of the Commissioners appointed to treat with England for the release of James I. in 1421, one of the hostages for the payment of his ransom in 1424, and remained in England till 1429. Upon his return, he was created a baron and lord of Parliament; and is a witness, under the style of *Robertus Dominus de Lorn*, to a charter bearing date the 5th of September 1439. And his eldest son and heir, the *second* Lord Lorn, was the FIRST person of the Christian name of JOHN who enjoyed that title. So that, in point of fact, *there was no such person extant in the time of King Robert Bruce, and for a century after his death, as JOHN LORD OF LORN*; and the presumption therefore is, that King Robert could not fight with a nonentity.

But there nevertheless *was* a "celebrated action fought" not far from the spot which the Doctor indicates. Bruce was crowned King, at Scone, on the 27th of March 1306; and on the 20th of July following, he was unexpectedly attacked at Methven, in Perthshire, by Aymer de Valence, the English General, at the head of a considerable army. After an obstinate contest, the King was defeated, and forced to

flee to the north with the remainder of his forces. The faction which had opposed his elevation took advantage of his misfortune. In the course of his march, he was set upon, at a place called Dalree, in Breadalbane,\* by MACDOUGAL OF LORN, aided by the Macnabs, who had adhered to the party of John Baliol; and there experienced a second overthrow. In the retreat from Dalree, the King was hotly pursued by one of the Macdougals, who seized hold of his cloak or plaid, which was fastened across his breast by a large brooch. The King turned round and killed the man with his battle-axe, but, in his haste, left the mantle and brooch, which were torn off by the dying grasp of Macdougall. This highly-prized trophy was long carefully preserved, but was said to have been destroyed when the Castle of Dunolly, the family residence, was burned, in the seventeenth century.† It is rather matter of surprise, that

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\* BUCHANANI *Rer. Scotic. Hist.* L. vii. c. 30.

† COLONEL STEWART'S *Sketches, &c.* Vol. II. p. 369, 2d ed. The statement in the text is that which all the authorities we have consulted warrant. But observing by the newspapers that an antique gem, called "The

either Macdougall or Macnab were suffered to retain any part of their lands, and that the whole were not forfeited, as generally took place in the commotions of a subsequent period: yet such was the case. The estates of Lorn merged in those of two other great families, "from natural causes. These facts require no commentary. We must repeat, however, that our

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Brooch of Lorn," was a short time ago presented to the young Laird of Macdougall by General Campbell of Lochnell, and surmising that, notwithstanding the current story of its destruction, the curious relic torn from the person of King Robert Bruce might have been accidentally preserved, we lost no time in making the necessary inquiries respecting the history of a jewel obviously considered of great value, from some connection with the ancient family to whose actual representative it was, as it were, publicly restored. The result of these inquiries is, that, according to the *general belief* in the country, founded on traditional record, as well as from the peculiar form and fashion of the gem itself, the brooch given by Lochnell to the young Laird of Macdougall is "*The Brooch of Lorn.*" We cannot too highly commend the good taste and feeling that prompted the restoration of this singular trophy, which the first peer in the land might be proud to possess, but which belongs of right only to MACDOUGALL.



author cautiously avoids giving dates, which are so useful in the detection of error; and that he has not produced a single authority of any use or value, from the beginning to the end of his book. Whether this proceeds from neglect or intention, we leave it to the public to decide.

3. "The date of Kilchurn Castle," says the Doctor, "is 1440; having been built *while Sir Colin Campbell, who was a Knight Templar, was absent at the crusade.*" Vol. i. p. 264.

What "crusade" Sir Colin Campbell "was absent at" in 1440, we would be extremely curious to know; for the seventh and *last* "crusade," which was undertaken by Louis IX, of France, to avenge his defeat in the sixth, terminated in 1270, by the death of that monarch in his camp before Tunis,\* exactly *a hundred and seventy years before* "the date of Kilchurn Castle." Unless, therefore, the worthy "Knight Templar" was "crusading" by himself, it is no easy matter to account for his "absence" on such an errand in 1440, a

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\* GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. xi. p. 148, 8vo. ed.

hundred and seventy years *after* the mania for these wild expeditions had finally ceased.

But the Doctor has frequently two, and sometimes more, versions of the same story. In his dissertation on "Highland Castles," after stating that, "in two instances, at least, the original plan has been on a liberal and somewhat magnificent scale," he adds, "this is the case with Kilchurn and Inverlochy, already described; *the former built BY Sir Colin Campbell, whose ideas had probably been expanded by his knowledge of foreign countries, obtained by travelling.*" Vol. ii. p. 162. This is rather curious information. First, Kilchurn Castle was built in 1440, *while* Sir Colin Campbell was "absent *at* the crusades," 170 years after they had ceased; and, secondly, it was built *by* Sir Colin Campbell, "whose ideas had probably been expanded by his knowledge of foreign countries, obtained by travelling"—or "crusading," as aforesaid.

As the first of these statements involves an impossibility, the reader will not be surprised to learn that the second is false. Whatever, in the plan of Kilchurn Castle, "has been on a liberal and *somewhat* magnificent scale," belongs, not

to Sir Colin Campbell, but to his Lady, by whom it was repaired and enlarged. It was a seat of her father, Lord Lorn, and came into her possession as co-heiress ; so that Sir Colin Campbell had no more title or claim to the merit of the design, or the magnificence of the execution, than if he had been born before the flood, or " absent at the crusade" all the days of his natural life.

4. " The principal feature in Loch-goyle," says our Historian, " is Carrick Castle, an *ancient* seat of the Dunmore family, and even now a very perfect ruin." Vol. ii. p. 11.

Carrick Castle could not well be an "*ancient*" seat of the Dunmore family, because that family is not *ancient*. The first Earl of Dunmore was Lord Charles Murray, second son of John, first Marquis of Atholl. He was raised to the dignity of the peerage on the 16th of August 1686, when he was created Earl of Dunmore, and Viscount Fincastle, titles derived from the names of two places in the district of Athole. Carrick Castle has always been a seat of the Campbells.\*

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\* This blunder is perhaps intentional, and meant as complimentary to the Atholl family, by representing a

5. "Eilan-gherrig, at the entrance of Loch Ridan, is," according to our author, "a spot of historical celebrity, having been fortified by the *untucky* ARCHIBALD DUKE OF ARGYLL in 1685." Vol. ii. p. 24.

*There was no Duke of Argyll in 1685, nor till sixteen years thereafter.* Archibald the tenth Earl of Argyll, son to Archibald the ninth Earl, the illustrious martyr in the cause of civil and religious liberty, was the first Duke of his house. In consideration of his eminent ser-

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junior collateral branch of it as "ancient." He contrives to be wrong, however, where neither this nor any other explanation can be given of his error. For example, speaking of Blair-Athole, he says, "such appearance of artifice as occurs in these grounds belongs to the period of 1742, at which they were laid out." Vol. i. p. 413. But it was not till 1748 that "these grounds" were "laid out," and the castle modernized, as it at present stands. In 1746 the garden was a peat-moss, from which the innkeeper at Blair was supplied with fuel; and the grounds in front of the castle were in tillage. What confidence can be placed in the statements of an author, who commits such palpable mistakes in regard to a place of which he boasts that he knows "each dingle, bush, and alley green?"

vices, and unalterable attachment to the principles of the Revolution of 1688, King William advanced him to the dignities of Duke of Argyll, Marquis of Kintyre and Lorn, Earl of Campbell and Cowal, Viscount of Lochnow, &c. with remainder to his heirs-male—by patent, dated at Kensington, 23d June 1701.

The nobleman whom our accurate historian here describes as “the *unlucky* Archibald Duke of Argyll, was, therefore, Archibald the ninth Earl, who perished, like his father, in defence of the civil and religious liberties of this kingdom; and whose memory, dear to his native land, is a sort of public inheritance, of which every true patriot considers himself as in some measure a guardian. He was condemned and executed, as is well known, not for attempting to subvert by force of arms a persecuting and tyrannical government,\* but on an iniquitous sen-

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\* The unfortunate issue of Argyll's enterprise has been ascribed by Laing and others to his want of decision and energy of character. It would have been more correct to have said, that the public mind was not then prepared to second so bold an attempt, and that he was

tence formerly pronounced against him for subscribing the Test, with this qualification, that, as the Parliament could not mean to impose contradictory oaths, he took it as far as it was consistent with itself and the Protestant religion.\*

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borne down by the force of adverse circumstances. Admitting that he erred in not proceeding directly to the Lowlands, where the tyranny of the government had been most severely felt, and where he had the best chance of support, the insubordination of his officers, the shameful surrender of Ellengreig Castle, where his arms and military stores had been deposited, and, lastly, the flat refusal of his men to fight after he had descended into the Lennox, together with the apathy manifested by the people, for whose deliverance he had risked all, would have disconcerted the ablest commander, and ruined the best planned enterprise. In his extremity, however, he despaired not of the good cause. The following lines are taken from the epitaph he composed for himself in prison the day before his execution :

On my attempt tho' Providence did frown,  
His oppressed people God at length shall own ;  
Another hand, with more successful speed,  
Shall raise the remnant, bruise the serpent's head.

\* " The pleadings are extant, and the arguments of Lockhart reflect dishonour on the public accuser (Sir George Mackenzie), and infamy on the court. He demonstrated to the secret conviction of the judges them-

This judicial murder was perpetrated on the 30th of June 1685.

6. Treating of the Highland dress, our Historian informs us, that the philibeg "was first introduced at Tyndrum, about a century past, by Rawlinson, the superintendant or agent of the lead mines, who, finding his Highland labourers encumbered with their belted plaids, taught them to separate the two into the present form." Vol. i. p. 181.

We readily admit, that it is of no importance whether this statement be true or false, and that the subject is not worth controversy; but as our author delivers it with his usual confidence of assertion, it may be as well to state the fact as it really stands.

Now, independently of all authority, it is sufficiently improbable that the Highlanders should never have discovered the convenience of dividing the belted plaid, till it was pointed out

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selves, that the explanation, far from amounting to treason, was not even criminal; and that the particular expressions were of the most innocent import, necessary to disburden the conscience from perjury, and strictly legal.'—LAING'S *History of Scotland*, vol. iv. p. 128.

to them by an Englishman. Be this as it may, however, the opinion, that the kilt is of recent introduction, was, we believe, first broached by an anonymous writer in the Scots Magazine for the year 1798, and has been adopted by many persons, and, among others, by our author, on no better authority than that now mentioned. But it is totally without foundation ; for by the general statutes and canons of the Scottish Church for the years 1242 and 1249, the clergy are prohibited from wearing tartan, or the *kilt*. “ The ecclesiastics are to be suitably apparelled, avoiding red, green, and striped clothing, and their garments are not to be *shorter than the middle of the leg.*”\* A number of other authorities might be quoted to prove that the *philibeg* is much more ancient than the time of Rawlinson ; and Colonel Stewart, who is unquestionably the best authority on such a subject, expressly states, “ that, as far back as they have any tradition, the truis, *breachan-na-feal* (the kilted plaid), and *phili-*

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\* See “ Remarks on the Chartularies of Aberdeen,” by J. G. Dalyell, Esq.



*beg*, have ever been the dress of the Highlanders."\* We have reason to know that the gallant Colonel expresses the unanimous opinion of his countrymen; an opinion which has been adopted and acted upon by Government, in making the kilt a part of the dress of the Highland regiments; for had it been conceived that there was a form more ancient, or more national, it would doubtless have been preferred. Till lately, it was never doubted that the kilt had, time out of mind, been part of the costume of the native Highlanders.

7. Speaking of "ancient Highland warfare," our author observes, "They (the Highlanders) were always remarked for being afraid of cavalry, and to a degree which is sometimes described as being absolutely ludicrous; *as if the animal (the cavalry?) itself was to devour them.*" Vol. i. p. 84.

Now, if it were true, as is here alleged, that the Highlanders "were always remarked for being afraid of cavalry," their reluctance to encounter that arm of the regular service might,

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\* Sketches, vol. ii. Appendix, L.

we think, be accounted for on military principles, without any discredit to their native courage and gallantry in the field. To irregular troops, whose mode of attack is to rush on the enemy sword in hand, and in line, cavalry must be peculiarly formidable, provided the attack be made, as at Culloden, on ground where they can act with efficiency. The impetus of a compact determined charge of cavalry, on a given point of a moving line, the continuity of which is liable to be interrupted by every accident of ground, must in general be quite irresistible, even though that line were composed of the bravest men in the world. It would not, therefore, be surprising, but, on the contrary, a proof of their sagacity, and of their correct knowledge of the strength as well as the weakness of their peculiar mode of attack, had the Highlanders really shown the repugnance, for which "they have always been remarked," to engage cavalry in the open field, and had they been careful not to commit themselves in action, except on ground where cavalry could not act. There are certain physical odds which no degree of bravery can overcome; and though gallant men accidentally involved in a hopeless struggle, will rather die

than yield, it may be a proof of frenzy, but can be none of courage, to fight without a chance of success. A mad bull may rush against a stone-wall, and knock out his brains by the collision ; but we would only infer from that that he was a *mad* bull.

But it is not true that the Highlanders “ were always remarked for being afraid of cavalry ; ” at least they never hesitated to attack that arm when it was necessary to do so. They attacked and routed cavalry at Gladsmuir, at Clifton, and at Falkirk ; and it is well known, that at Culloden, Cumberland’s cavalry never ventured to charge till the Highland line was broken by the fire of his infantry and artillery, and particularly by that of the Campbells. Do these circumstances then justify the inference, that the Highlanders were “ afraid ” of cavalry ? As to the Lowland nursery-tale, that a people, whose country abounds in horses, believed that those of the regular cavalry were anthropophagi, it is a great deal too silly and contemptible to deserve a serious answer. \*

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\* The Doctor’s former work had prepared us to expect all the extravagances of this, on subjects of a military

This tale has an object, however. Not content with denying every virtue and ascribing every vice to the Highlanders, he seeks to complete the odious picture of their character by depreciating their military reputation, and insinuating that they are deficient in common cou-

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nature. He there asserts (for what will he not assert?) that "Skye, with a population of at least 16,000, *has not a man in the army!*" Vol. i. p. 115. Now, at the period to which he refers, *viz.* during the late war, that island and another had near 4000 men under arms, including local militia. And in prosecution of the same subject, he adds, "that if recruits should be raised in the islands, they would be found in Islay, *not in Skye, nor in the Long Island.*" In answer to this averment, Colonel Stewart states, that during the twenty-one years he belonged to the 42d and 78th Regiments, these corps did not receive 20 men from Islay, while 732 were enlisted for the 78th alone *from one landlord's estate in the Long Island*; and that for his own battalion, 240 men, "as good soldiers as ever left the Highlands," enlisted from the island of Lewes, one portion of Lord Seaforth's estate on the Long Island. These recruits, sometimes five and six together, entered the regular service for a bounty of only *twelve guineas*, whereas they might, *the same day*, have received *twenty or twenty-four guineas* had they chosen to enlist as militia substitutes. *Sketches, &c.* vol. ii. p. 442, 445, 2d ed.

rage. With this view he calls in question every achievement they have performed, describes them as "an ever-beaten people," alleges that they are notoriously "averse to the army," sneers at those who consider them naturally brave, and, as in the instance before us, gathers up, and gravely relates, nursery tales to complete the unfavourable impression. These calumnies are answered by the mere statement of them. "The *Highlanders of Scotland* and the Irish peasantry," says an eloquent writer, "as they are one race of men, so they are alone and above all in the day of battle. There is a hardiness of sinew and firmness of heart, like the living rock of their own mountains, which belongs to them alone. The soldiers of England possess a moral power, and an unbending stedfastness, which places them above the warriors of the continent; but they do not rush to battle with the keen delight of the Irish; they do not shed their blood as water; they do not mock at death. The Highlander has been disciplined into more sobriety of feeling than the Irishman; but *both display in the field of battle a power which rises into grandeur and sublimity, in its scorn of human efforts and contempt of dan-*

*ger and suffering, a power before which, when well led, there is nothing on this solid globe which must not bend and be broken."*\*

8. We cannot bring these criticisms to a close without advertng, in a general way, to the Doctor's dissertation (vol. ii. p. 190) on that novel topic of controversy, the authenticity of the poems ascribed to Ossian. The reader need not be alarmed; he is in no danger of a fresh dissertation; we shall touch the subject in the most "perfunctory manner," without even stopping to expose the glaring anachronisms and inconsistencies into which our author has as usual fallen. Not that we have any disposition to spare him: he will acquit us of any such womanish weakness: but the public will not *now* endure that a dead and buried imposture should be dragged from the shadows of oblivion, and made a subject of new contention. Our present purpose is very different.

We refer to this Essay as a specimen of the skill, candour, and honesty with which the learn-

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\* *O'Driscol's Views of Ireland, Moral, Political, and Religious*, vol. i. p. 63.

ed Doctor handles controversial topics. At the commencement, he starts as a determined Ossianist; rates Mr. Laing for his "little liberal and highly over-wrought objections;" and, to use his own words, "leaves even Macpherson far behind." He accuses Pinkerton of "forgetting who the Celts originally were, and *how many POWERFUL and REFINED nations they produced*;" and anticipates, that "unquestionably he will be considered as one of the most outrageous of the outrageous *Celts* (Dr. Macculloch a Celt!) and defenders of the Ossianic antiquity." But the Doctor is destined to be the death of his own hopes; for he almost immediately veers about to the opposite side, and falls into the most deplorable scepticism. Recovering himself again, he gives up a portion as fabricated, arguing for the authenticity of the remainder; but "unable to collate the Gaelic with the English," he seems so much puzzled to determine what that remainder really is, that he may with perfect truth be described *Hibernicè*, as fighting on both sides at once. First, we are assured the poems are Irish; secondly, Scotch; and, lastly, that the Irish and Scotch were originally one and the same people. And,

in truth, it is only towards the close that we begin to catch a glimpse of the *object* the author had in view, in twaddling so long and so woefully on a subject, in regard to which little or nothing remained to be said. "I believe," says he, "I may as well *end* this discussion, in which *I would willingly defend the Ossianic poetry, if I could*, no less from its injudicious friends than its enemies. *I hope, at least, that it will be accepted as a proof of good wishes by all the worthy Donalds whose petty errors have occasionally come across me.*" Vol. ii. p. 224. This, we believe, is the most extraordinary avowal ever made by any controversialist. Conscious that he has calumniated the Highlanders, he hopes to fling dust in their eyes by this equivocating twaddle about the authenticity of Ossian, not because he considers it defensible, but "that it may be accepted as a proof of good wishes by all the worthy Donalds whose *petty errors* have occasionally come across him!"

With regard to James Macpherson and his Ossian, the opinion of the public seems to be irrevocably fixed. That he was an impostor, incurably addicted to literary fraud, is proved by



his deliberate vitiation of the documents he consulted in the composition of his history ; that he never attempted to pass as author of these poems, till *after* he found that his imposition had been successful, is admitted on all hands ; that, with the exception of some Celtic fragments with which he embroidered his own drivelling, these poems were substantially his own production, has been proved by the unanswered and unanswerable arguments of Mr. Laing ; and that, even if they were as authentic as they are spurious, their poetical merit has been acknowledged to be so trifling, that they have already fallen into general neglect, and will probably in a few years be as little known and read, and as thoroughly forgotten, as the Epics of Blackmore or Southey. Let it be observed, however, that the Ossian of James Macpherson is, and ought to be, totally distinct from the veritable remains of ancient Highland poetry and song, the real objects of enlightened curiosity, though they have somehow been strangely overlooked in the preposterous warfare which has been waged by the acrimonious assailants and furious defenders of Macpherson's imposition.

Upon the whole, from the evidence we have produced, and which we might have extended to almost any length, we think we have demonstrated, that the literary character of these volumes is as contemptible as the spirit in which they are written is malignant ; and that the author is fully as inaccurate on subjects of general knowledge, as in his statements regarding matters of fact. We shall, therefore, conclude this part with a specimen of the nonsense, which forms so large an ingredient in the “ Universal Guide to the Highlands and Isles,” and which we could not conveniently notice any where else.

A chapter, or letter, *aut quocunque nomine gaudet*, entitled, “ Loch Hourn—Winds—Education,” begins thus : “ This embarking to plough the salt-sea in a black ship, for two or three months, is very like (a whale !) *jumping out of bed in a cold frosty morning* ; notwithstanding all the coming pleasures. To see ‘ Neptunum procul e terrâ furentem,’ and to quit the ‘ tangling woodbine, musk-rose, and eglantine,’ for hard lurches and bilge water, *is* like the first blow. But it is half the battle also ; and thus, when once we have begun, we plough on, till we find ourselves in St. Kilda,

or elsewhere, almost wondering how. So much does the inertia of mind resemble that of matter; so like is a man's head to a tennis-ball. Give either of them a *kick*, and they continue in motion for a time proportioned to the impulse, minus the friction, (of a man's head!) and other impediments. Let the kick be given by the Devil, and *the soul and body depart at a tangent*, crossing all obstacles, *till they are stopped by a Fi fa* (fum,) or knock *their* brains out against the gallows. An insufficient impulse from some casual principle, *generates a logarithmic spiral*, which after a few diminishing turns, *falls into a centre of rest*. The more fortunate concurrence of forces produces a revolution of order,—and thus the world goes round!" Vol. ii. p. 226.

## HIGHLAND ECONOMY AND POPULATION.

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So much, then, for the *fidelity* and *accuracy* of Dr. Macculloch's statements respecting the character and manners of the Highlanders, and for the *literary merits* of this *magnum opus*. The former have been impugned on grounds too firm to be shaken; of the latter, from the foregoing criticisms, the reader will be enabled to form his own judgment. The way being therefore cleared, we shall now, in conformity with our design, proceed to examine, as briefly as possible, those of the Doctor's economical statements and doctrines, which are intended to serve either as an apology for the violent changes which have been already effected, or as a recommendation for the further extension of the system presently in operation in the north of Scotland.

Every body has remarked how thoroughly the spirit of change has become incorporated with the public mind of the age. We shall not stop at present to inquire whether this be a natural consequence of the general diffusion of knowledge, and the dissemination of what are called liberal opinions, or a result of circumstances and principles accidentally developed by the course of political events ; the fact itself is admitted on all hands ; and the best evidence of it is, that the men who profess an anti-reformatory creed, resist all projects of general improvement, and are never weary extolling “ the wisdom of our ancestors ” and “ things as they are,” have been infected with the rage of innovation to a degree not generally known, because the sphere of its operation is circumscribed.

But there is a marked difference in the direction in which this spirit operates. In the case of those upon whom it has been poured out without measure, it embraces a very wide range, —scrutinizes the principles and conduct of government,—keeps a vigilant eye on the expenditure of the public money,—detects and exposes time-honoured abuses,—and watches, or pretends to watch, over the rights and interests

of the people. With the more orthodox, on the other hand, it is confined within much narrower limits. Setting out with the assumption, that, contrary to all analogy, the world was wiser when it was younger, and that, in government and administration, "whatever is, is best," this class of innovators forms a steady well-organized phalanx of opposition to the schemes of political optimists and reformers, nursing all the fury of the reformatory spirit, to discharge it on some devoted district or glen in the shape of what are called economical changes and improvements. Hence, politically considered, these two classes, the antipodes of each other, are correctly enough distinguished as reformers and anti-reformers; but viewed in connexion with the predominant spirit of the age, they may be regarded as specific varieties of the same genus, and described as political and economical reformers.

The characteristics of these two classes, participant of the same spirit, yet, like homologous poles, mutually repellent, are nevertheless sufficiently distinguishable. If one of the former, for example, should by accident stumble upon an ancient abuse, and drag it to light; or

should take a fancy to explore the dark recesses of corruption, and to drive forth the bloated spiders who have been fattening unobserved on the plunder of the commonwealth ; or, after long and careful examination, should discover a rotten timber in the vessel of the state, and propose to replace it by a fresh and sound one ; the latter are on the alert to sound the tocsin of alarm, to discourse eloquently about the dangers of innovation, and to oppose the dead mass of their inertia to the natural course of improvement, which time, the greatest of all innovators, renders necessary. Nothing, indeed, can be more edifying, or, in general, better acted, than their well-feigned horror of change. Full of " wise saws and modern instances," they exaggerate the benefits which the community enjoy, not in consequence, but in spite of abuse and corruption ; and in the same proportion they magnify the perils of experimental improvement. In the disfranchisement of a rotten burgh, or the repeal of a sanguinary and obsolete law, these alarmists see nothing but a door opened to anarchy and revolution ; and with such phantoms, as with the Gorgon's head, they attempt to petrify their opponents with

their own imaginary terrors. Yet, odd as it may at first seem, the very men, or at least some of the very men, who form the chosen cohort, the *corps d'élite*, ready to rally round the cause of corruption in the state whenever it is vigorously assailed, show themselves the most reckless and fearless of all innovators when they come to act as private legislators upon their own estates, and over their own tenantry. The displacement of an over-fed sinecurist, or the reformation of an ancient abuse, fills them with alarm for the stability of the government, and the safety of the constitution; but they foresee no danger, and feel not the slightest compunction, in depopulating a whole glen or district "at one fell swoop," and in reducing an old attached tenantry to beggary and want. They will protect a public delinquent, but they have no bowels of mercy for those who inherit from their forefathers an hereditary attachment to their family and name. In matters of public policy, they are incessantly and loudly proclaiming their aversion to the principles of modern philosophy; in matters of economical arrangement, they have adopted and reduced to practice some of its most questionable doctrines.



As legislators and politicians, they express a laudable dread of rash innovation, an orthodox hatred of reformers, and a strong passion for "things as they are;" as landlords, they abandon themselves to the dominion of the principles they affect to detest, lose all respect for the wisdom of their ancestors, and overturn, innovate, and regenerate, with a radical boldness and fury altogether wonderful.

This apparent anomaly is of easy solution. Views of interest more or less enlarged not only regulate the conduct, but determine the principles of the bulk of mankind. Show a man what it is for his advantage to believe, and you will find no difficulty in making him a proselyte; persuade him that a given line of conduct will insure ultimate benefit to himself, and, in general, he will pursue it. Interest real or imaginary is the great lode-star that rules in the ascendant over human actions and human conduct. Swayed by this principle, the same men resist the amelioration of public institutions, and practice radical reform upon their own estates; they see nothing but danger in the former, they laugh to scorn the bare possibility of its following even as a remote consequence from the latter.

In this way we account for the conduct that has been pursued by *some* of the Northern Improvers, who, untainted by the plague-spot of whiggery, have plunged deeper in the abyss of innovation than even those whose general creed had at least the merit of perfect consistency ; and, from this rare combination, has the condition of the people, and the whole face of the country, undergone a change the most striking and remarkable, perhaps, that ever was effected in so short a space of time.

When by means of the statements of land-jobbers and speculators, these admirable patriots first obtained a sort of Pisgah view of the advantages and benefits in the shape of high rents, which were held out as certain to accrue from the immediate adoption of modern improvements, they seem to have been inflamed with an Israelitish fury to realize what they had only descried in distant perspective. Accordingly, from that moment, it appears to have been resolved that the people should either adopt the improvements which were to be tendered them as it were by beat of drum, or the word of command ; or that, in case of backwardness on their part, they should be ejected to make room

for more enlightened occupants. Not a thought was wasted on the propriety of instructing them in the methods by which they were to raise a greater amount of produce, and pay a vast increase of rent ; not a thought on the necessity of allowing them a little *time* to learn what was required of them, and to carry into effect the changes contemplated by their "superiors." These were elements which never entered into the calculation of the Northern Sages. What signified the people, when they were told that "great capitalists" from the South swarmed in shoals, like the herrings on their own coast, and were ready to take their lands and *promise* high rents, provided the useless drones by whom these lands were encumbered were at once expelled to make way for them ? Was it to be expected that, in these circumstances, and tempted by the prospect of great and immediate advantages, they would sacrifice their interest at the shrine of their patriotism, and wait till the people were instructed and improved ? The bare idea of such folly was scouted as preposterous ; the people, as the shortest apology for the course about to be pursued, were denounced as backward and indolent beyond the reach or even the

hope of amelioration ; humanity, it was said, could devise nothing better for their interest, than to rousp them out, eject them, or, in case of their proving refractory, burn their houses over their heads, leaving them to die on the moors, starve on the coast, or sell the reversion of their labour for a passage to America : And thus began those changes which have exerted a most baneful influence on the comfort, character, and independence of the Highlanders,—changes, the remote consequences of which, it is impossible even for the most clear-sighted sagacity to penetrate.

Had the peasantry of a district where manufactures are established, and public works carried on, been suddenly thrown out of employment, and deprived of the means of earning a subsistence by the only species of labour to which they had been trained, their condition would probably have been bad enough, and they would, in all likelihood, have suffered severely ; but, after a season of distress, migration would have relieved the pressure upon that particular district, and the people disengaged would have found other employments, and been gradually absorbed into the mass of the population. But

the case must be altogether different when a vast proportion of the inhabitants, not of a particular district, but of a whole country,—an agricultural and pastoral country,—are suddenly dispossessed of their farms, and turned adrift on the world, a great majority of them destitute of the means of transporting themselves to other countries, and, even if the case were otherwise, trained to no handicraft trade or occupation by which they could earn a livelihood. In such a case as this, it is evidently preposterous to allege that either migration or emigration can afford any adequate relief; for local and partial distress the former is the obvious and only remedy; for a whole population disengaged and deprived of the means of subsistence, in a country where general employment is wanting, it is clearly impracticable and useless; while in both cases, the latter is plainly not available to any beneficial extent.

To say nothing of the reluctance which every man, and particularly a Highlander, feels to banish himself for ever from his native land—the land hallowed by the ashes of his forefathers—emigration, the last desperate remedy, is only within the reach of a few; a whole people cannot

emigrate ; for, in every country, a certain portion of the population is as immoveably fixed to the soil as the serfs of Poland or Russia. This is a consequence of circumstances still stronger and more invincible than positive law. Emigration, therefore, could afford no sensible relief from the pressure of a disengaged population ; it could only remove a drop from the bucket ; it could only inflict a great evil on individuals, without alleviating the general distress. Hence it was a cruel mockery to tell the people that they might emigrate ; to desire them to avail themselves of a remedy which to the great body was absolutely beyond their reach. Yet this was the resource which the Northern Improvers invariably recommended. The country, said they, is overpeopled ; a redundancy of human beings is the great evil under which it is labouring ; and this evil springs from the minute subdivision of farms. We must strike at once to the root of this evil, by expelling the inhabitants, and laying out our estates in large sheep farms. In this way we hope to increase our rent-rolls, at the same time that we cut off the source of a gangrene which is eating into the vitals of the com-

munity; thus consulting our own interests, while we give undoubted proof of our patriotism and humanity. As for the wretches whom we shall be obliged in the first instance to eject, why, they can emigrate, or starve, if they prefer it.

Such was the course adopted under the benign ascendant of the genius of Northern improvement, and such was the relief held out to those who were to be the first sufferers under its operation. The landlords have now got large farms; but the population, instead of diminishing, has increased in a ratio somewhat higher than in the most favoured and fertile portions of the empire. And this brings us to consider the "fundamental argument" by which the displacement of the ancient tenantry has been defended; an argument, by the way, for which the Northern Improvers are indebted to their friends the Economists.

"As this people," says Macculloch, "is maintained chiefly as cultivators, and on lands in a state of extreme division, the population of any given tract must thus be greater than under a more extended system, and the conversion of many small farms into one must diminish it.

But in this case the agricultural machine is more perfect; the same produce is obtained by fewer hands, or at a less expense; as, in manufactures, that is the state of perfection, where the greatest return is obtained on the lowest terms." Vol. iv. p. 138, 139. Let us examine this fundamental argument with the attention it deserves.

1. And, first, we are told, that "a more extended system, and the conversion of many small farms into (a large) one, must diminish the population." Now, admitting, for the sake of argument, the perfect legitimacy of the means which have been employed to effect the "conversion" here spoken of, and to introduce the "more extended system" which the Doctor eulogizes, it is a sufficient answer to the above argument, that the population, so far from diminishing since these changes were produced, has, on the contrary, increased with unexampled rapidity, as it always must and will do when the people are reduced to such a low ebb of wretchedness, that moral restraint loses all its force. Ireland furnishes an example in point, were it necessary to produce any example in support of a fact which cannot possibly be disputed, and



which is at least a hundred times admitted, in one shape or other, by Macculloch himself.\* In his former work, for instance, after an unequivocal statement, that the Highland population is redundant, and, to use the mildest phrase, pressing hard on the means of subsistence, he adds, "the redundancy must be removed, *if possible*, by diverting it to those places where there *may*

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\* The following passages, the first that have presented themselves, will suffice to substantiate the assertion in the text: "No one who is acquainted with the Highlands can doubt, that in many parts, the people are not merely in that state of relative redundance, which may still be corrected by lowering the scale of living, but that *this condition is even absolute, and without remedy of that nature; the population being already reduced to the lowest state, as to wealth, at which it can well exist.*" Vol. iv. p. 126. Again, at page 187, he says, "The greatest inconveniences now experienced by the Highlanders, *arise from a population, in many, perhaps in most places, too dense for the employment which it can command.* This," he adds, "I demonstrated long ago." He might have saved himself the trouble of "demonstration;" a plain statement would have been sufficient; for the fact is so notorious, that the public would have believed it even on the authority of Dr. Macculloch.

be a demand for labour;”\* and in his essay on “Highland Economy and Population,” in the work before us, he actually states “the great increase of population which has followed it” as one of the signal benefits of which the crofting (or Irish) system has been productive; and adds, that “this increase has held pace precisely with the extension of sheep-farming.” So that “the conversion of many small farms into (a large) one,” and “a more extended system,” which, according to this author, in one part of his work, “must *diminish* the population,” have, according to the same consistent and valuable authority, in another part of his lucubrations, produced a totally opposite result, and been followed by a constant and co-extensive increase. As far, therefore, as diminishing the population was concerned, the new system has not only not removed, but really aggravated the evil.

In fact, the increase in the numbers of the people is a necessary result of that system. The

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\* *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 105.

sudden displacement of the ancient tenantry, by augmenting in a prodigious ratio the number of labourers, created a competition for employment, and of course reduced the wages of labour. But the wages of labour are regulated by the proportion which the capital of a country bears to the absolute quantity of labourers soliciting employment. If the quantity of capital, compared with the number of labourers, be great, wages are high ; if the quantity be small, wages are low. If, therefore, the number of labourers be suddenly increased, without a corresponding increase of capital, wages necessarily fall ; the condition of those who have no resource but their labour is deteriorated ; and if the disproportion be so great that regular employment cannot be procured, or that numbers cannot be employed at all, it is easier to conceive than to describe what must be the consequence of such a state of things. Now this was precisely what happened in the Highlands. A large proportion of the population was suddenly reduced from a state of comparative ease, comfort, and independence, to the condition of cottars and day-labourers, while not only was there no corresponding addition made to the capital of the

country, hitherto invested in employments which required and paid for labour, but a portion of it was withdrawn to be invested in large sheep farms under the new system, from which greater returns were expected. With the exception of kelp and the fisheries, which yielded only temporary employment to a small portion of the people, there was absolutely no manufacture in the country, no capital invested in the formation of any product which required the services of those who had nothing to dispose of but their labour. The natural consequence of this state of things was general and excessive misery.

But when men are reduced to such a depth of wretchedness that there is no lower depth; when they find themselves compelled to subsist for one half of the year upon potatoes and salt, and for the other upon shell-fish; when, by the force of habit, which deadens equally the sense of misery and the enjoyment of pleasure, men become reconciled to a bare physical existence; having no longer a stake in society, or any prospect of improving their condition, moral restraint, the main check to a vicious increase of the population, loses its power; they fly to that

gratification of which neither the laws of the country nor the operations of economists can deprive them ; they marry, and beget heirs to inherit no other portion than their parents' misery. Such is the inevitable tendency of human nature in the circumstances we have described.

We are prepared to admit, and the admission in nowise compromises our view of the question, or benefits Macculloch's, that, under the old system, lands were perhaps in a state of too minute division ; and that the tendency of such a condition of things, unless counteracted by moral causes, is to give a stimulus to the principle of population. But it does not follow from this, that the admitted evil, so far as it was an evil, might not have been cured by other means than the entire dislocation of society, and the degradation and debasement of the people. How easy would it have been, for example, to introduce gradually and almost imperceptibly a more extended system of cultivation, by combining two or even three contiguous small farms into one as the former occupants died out or removed, and thus to effect the desired improvements in the natural course of events, without

violence or injury to any one, but, on the contrary, with manifest advantage to all parties. But when it was resolved to adopt a new system, *per saltum* as it were, the landlords thought only of an immediate increase of rent, and listened with delighted attention to every project and suggestion which ministered to this master passion; they were in haste to empty the bag before it was filled. At this period, the redundancy of the population was the great evil complained of, and the minute division of lands was plausibly held out as the cause of that evil, and, so long as it was suffered to exist, an effectual bar to improvement. Yet the very men who set forth these pleas in defence of a sudden transition to large farms, and of all the violence with which that transition has been effected, have, with admirable consistency, introduced a more minute division of lands than had ever been known in the Highlands of Scotland at any former period; thus furnishing fresh nutriment to the evil which it was their professed object to eradicate, and entailing a double calamity upon the country. A few words will explain what we mean.

When the people were dispossessed of their farms, and deprived of all means of support, or of transporting themselves to other countries, the landlords were ashamed to suffer them to die of sheer starvation, or perhaps were alarmed for the consequences of driving them to absolute despair. In this dilemma, the crofting system, as it has been called, was invented. That is, the people who had been dispossessed were removed to the coast, where, in some instances, cottages were built for them, in others, they were left, with the few shillings they had received in compensation for their former dwellings, to build huts for themselves; in addition to which, each family received, for a rent to be paid either in service or money, a few acres of beach, or of land equally barren, which they were desired to cultivate and improve. By this proceeding, the landlords accomplished a double purpose; they provided themselves with a sort of defence against the animadversions of those who were inclined to espouse the cause of the people, and they contrived to secure a rent, either in money or service, for what had formerly yielded none; thus combining their humanity with

their interest, in a way singularly felicitous in itself, and fortunately far from being uncommon in the history of Highland improvement.

But it was early objected to this Irish system of crofts and potatoe gardens, that the whole produce raised upon the miserable patches of soil allotted to the ejected tenantry, even if sold to advantage, would not pay the rent exacted for them. To this it was answered, and the answer has been unguardedly repeated by Macculloch, who does not see how it demolishes every claim he has set forth in favour of his friends the improvers; that, as the people were henceforth to live, not by agriculture, but by fishing, (an employment, by the way, for which all their previous habits unfitted them,) this was merely an expedient to extract a rent from the sea; in other words, to tax the labour of the people, and to make them pay for the liberty of existing! It will probably be admitted, that the justice of this proceeding bears a pretty exact proportion to its humanity. Macculloch, it is true, pretends to discover an analogy between this tax and the rent paid by an artisan for the house in which he exercises his trade or craft; but the slightest reflection will



suffice to convince, that there is no analogy whatever between the real case of the crofter, and the supposed one of the tradesman. The rent of a house is the interest of the money expended in building it, together with an additional sum as a fund to defray the expense of the repairs which from time to time become necessary ; and the artisan who occupies a house pays the rent out of the profits of his trade, as an equivalent for the use of the property, without which that trade could not be profitably exercised. But the rent exacted for the miserable patches of land on the North coast, which prior to the commencement of the new system yielded no rent whatever, is neither the interest of money expended by the landlord, nor is it an equivalent for the use of property enabling the tenants to carry on a profitable trade ; for it would puzzle even Macculloch to show that a man is enabled to fish to more advantage for cod, herring, or ling, by being accommodated with a few acres of sandy beach, the whole produce of which he can sometimes carry home on his back. A man rents land that he may cultivate it, and pay the landlord's rent out of the returns it yields him ; but we have yet to learn that an artisan rents a

house that he may cultivate it, and pay to the landlord a share of the produce. A house is a convenience for which the occupant pays from the profits of his craft or trade, whatever that may be; land is, to a certain extent, the raw material from which, either by his labour, or his capital, which is the representative of labour, the agriculturist manufactures food to support himself and his family, and pay the landlord's rent from the surplus. The rent of land is, or at least ought to be, paid from the produce of land, raised by the labour, or, which comes ultimately to the same thing, the capital of the cultivator, expended on that land; but what man in his senses would say, that the rent of a house is paid from the produce of the house, raised by the labour or capital of the occupant expended upon that house? There is no conceivable analogy between the rent paid for a house and the rent paid for a field; the sums paid are both indeed loosely called rent; but they arise from different sources, and can never be confounded, except by those who are not accustomed to compare and arrange their ideas in a clear and intelligible form.

Such is the defence set forth in behalf of the "austere men" of the North, who, by means of this ingenious system, have contrived to "take up that they laid not down, and to reap that they did not sow." But the cunning alchemy which extracts a rent from the sea, in the shape of a direct tax upon labour, could only have effected this extraordinary transmutation in a country, where the force of circumstances gave to the landed proprietors an absolute controul over the people, and enabled them to assume the character and exercise all the baneful influence of the most exclusive monopoly. If the country had possessed manufactures, if there had been any regular demand for labour, if the system of large farms had not become so general as to render migration impracticable; in short, if the people who were ejected to make way for the "great capitalists" had not been entirely at the mercy of their "superiors," the crofting system, with all the evils of which it has been so fertile, would never have been heard of; or if it had been proposed, the people would have treated the scheme with scorn and contempt. Unfortunately, they were left without choice or

resource. They could not die on the moors; they could not migrate, like birds of passage, at the first approach of winter, as they had no instinct to guide them to a more genial region; they were destitute of the means of transporting themselves to other countries; and it was perhaps less revolting to the feelings of men, remarkable for their attachment to their native land, to sell the reversion of their labour for a miserable existence at home, than for a passage to America, and slavery in the prairies of the Illinois, or in the forests and wilds of Upper Canada. In these circumstances the language held by the Northern philanthropists was in substance as follows:—"We are perfectly aware that the patches of land we have given you are really worth nothing; but you must bring them into cultivation by your labour—you must create soil for us which shall in time be productive; and as the sea is open to you, and we cannot afford to dispense with rent even for that which formerly yielded none, we have fallen upon this expedient, which we call the crofting system, to extract a rent from the ocean; in other words, to tax you for our *humanity* in not driving you entirely out of the country, and

to make you pay, as of right, for the liberty of existing in that happy land which ~~we~~ we have *re-generated* and *improved*." \*

"The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel," says an authority which we are accustomed to reverence. Let the reader, unbiassed by prejudice either for or against the Highlanders, reflect on these circumstances; let him take into account the great increase in the number of labourers, without a corresponding increase of

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\* "The real source of the *benefit* to the proprietor of the maritime crofts, is a *tax on, or rent from labour*. The farms themselves are commonly so *minute* that *the people could not subsist on them*; they could pay no rent, of course, from a *surplus produce*, since *their lands afford none*. The rent here, therefore, is *the rent of the fisheries, not of the land*, although levied on it." Such is Macculloch's statement (vol. iv. p. 115.), and, for once, he has written the truth. It is this *beneficial* system which has given such an unnatural, not to say dangerous, stimulus to the principle of population; a result which our author (p. 121.) describes as another *benefit* "which has followed it, and held pace precisely with the extension of sheep farming:" but he soon loses sight of this *benefit*, and says, (p. 134.) "Little praise can be given to schemes, that would multiply population, only to multiply misery."

employment, which took place, when the new system commenced—a disproportion which is daily augmenting ; the precarious and limited resource afforded by the fisheries and the manufacture of kelp, which cannot be prosecuted without neglecting the cultivation of the soil ;\* the extraordinary device fallen upon to extract a rent from the Atlantic Ocean, and to levy a direct tax from the labour of those, whose greatest misery is that they cannot procure employment ;—let the reader, we say, calmly and dispassionately weigh these considerations, and he will then peruse without surprise the following description of the practical effects of the crofting system,

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\* “ As a proof of the injurious effects of the kelp manufacture, it may be mentioned, that the agriculture of the islands on which it is carried on to any extent by the tenantry of those islands, is in a very miserable state, and has made no progress in comparison with that of those isles in which no kelp is made. Lewes, and the greater part of the chain called the Long Island, particularly distinguished for this manufacture, are far behind Islay, and even Mull and Skye, in the essential parts of Hebridian agriculture.”—MACDONALD'S *Agricultural Survey of the Hebrides*, p. 142.

which Macculloch, either from ignorance, or a motive still more reprehensible, has so strenuously eulogized. It is extracted from a letter, now before us, by the Reverend Dr. Ross of Lochbroom, one of the most learned and accomplished men in the Highlands of Scotland, and whose name will be a sufficient guarantee for its perfect accuracy in all respects.

“ I regret much that you did not find it convenient to extend your visit as far as Lochbroom, where you would have had as good an opportunity (particularly in the village of Ullapool,) of seeing *misery embodied*, as any where else; and of remarking, both *the frightful change which the store-farming system has produced on the condition of the Highlanders*, and, on the other hand, *the extraordinary degree of privation and suffering to which their high spirit of independence, and sound religious and moral principles, have hitherto taught them to submit*. I am convinced that an example of the same kind cannot be produced in the history of civilized nations. We partly know the effects resulting in Ireland from distresses *incomparably less intolerable* than those endured by the Highlanders; and *there is not the*

*smallest doubt, if the middling and lower classes in England were exposed to the same sufferings for three days, which have prevailed here for more than three years, that the most dreadful convulsions would be the consequence.*

“ I persuade myself that you will agree with me when I say, that the patience of the Highlanders ought not to be tried too far ; that it is not the fear of danger, but the love of peace—a confirmed habit—an *almost* invincible propensity to regular conduct and subordination, that keeps them quiet; and that it would be wiser far, as well as easier, to prevent than to remove the calamities, which grievances altogether intolerable must, sooner or later, inevitably produce. The people have been not only driven from their habitations, *as if by fire and sword*, PENNED UP IN BARREN CORNERS OF THE LAND, and deprived of their ordinary exercises, employments, and *means of subsistence from the produce of the earth*, but THE VERY SEA HAS BEEN TAXED TO THEM *beyond the power of bearing*. Every landlord who has a spot of ground contiguous to the sea-shore to dispose of, *imposes a rent upon the occupier, not accor-*



*ding to its intrinsic value, or convenience for trade, but far above the highest probability of his success in fishing; this rent is exacted with rigour, whether there is a fishing or not: the Fishery Officer comes upon him, backed by an Act of Parliament, and cuts and destroys his nets, his only property, without rendering him any compensation: his family is ruined: he wishes to retire to a land where his labour will subsist them, but the means are wanting, or if he could convert his all into a sufficient sum, the Legislature interferes to prevent the possibility of his departure! The people are thus crowded upon each other, without money, without employment, without food, without clothes, without pity! Not one effort of a public or private nature is made to relieve them; and, in cases of the most clamant distress, from extreme poverty and helplessness, I have known myself an application by the parish minister for a contribution among the Heritors, to prevent the necessity of a legal assessment, resisted and refused!*

“ Such is the state of the people in many parts of the Highlands! Even the comforts of religion are scornfully withheld from them: the

admirable constitution of our church, for which our fathers bled and died, is avowedly violated to deprive them of their dearest rights; and if a murmur of discontent is heard, their zeal for the religion of the Bible is denounced and punished as rebellion against the laws of the country.\*

Such is the testimony of a man who ranks high in the profession he adorns, who is no croaker or alarmist, who is "the furthest thing from a radical that can be," and who "is equally far

\* Macculloch says, that since the new system commenced, famines have been less frequent in the north than formerly. What idea the Geologist attaches to the word famine, it would be vain to conjecture; but, according to our acceptation of the term, Dr. Ross has now described it, divested indeed of its usual attendant, pestilence, which, thanks to the salubrity of the climate, has hitherto been almost unknown. How long, even in the pure air of the Highlands, the human constitution can resist that predisposition to disease, created by bad and insufficient food, is another question. We may add, that Macculloch, with his accustomed felicity of self-contradiction, admits, almost in the same page in which he makes the above statement, that the "tendency to famine always exists."

from telling the people that they have any grounds of complaint against their Rulers in Church and State ;” but who cannot shut his eyes to the intolerable distress which prevails around him, and which he knows to be the progeny of that detestable system, of which a wholesale libeller is the only suitable apologist.

: If, then, it be true, as unquestionably it is, that even under the pressure of such dreadful misery the population of the country is on the increase, it is one of the most fearful symptoms of that disease with which the people have been smitten by the Improvers, and for all the misery and crime that may flow from which, they are accountable to God and their country. It is impossible that the moral and religious principles of any people can long hold out against such a load of suffering ; and already symptoms of a deplorable change in these respects are beginning in some parts to appear. This is a subject from which the true patriot will turn with dismay, mixed with just indignation at the conduct of those who, with a short-sighted eagerness to enrich themselves, and, if possible, to acquire the means of competing in extravagance with the wealthier proprietors of the

south, have, with fatal success, laboured to demoralize the fine population of their native mountains and glens, and to reduce them to potatoe gardens and *Whiteboyism*,<sup>9</sup> like their neighbours the Irish. “It was a cold-hearted spirit of calculation,” says Colonel Stewart, with inimitable feeling and eloquence; “it was a cold-hearted spirit of calculation, from before which humanity and every better feeling shrunk, that induced men to set up for sale that loyalty, fidelity, and affection, which, as they cannot be purchased, are above all price.”\* Esau, we are informed, sold his birthright to satisfy the wants of nature, yet was he accursed of Heaven and man, for the sacrilegious bargain. What then shall be said of the Improvers of the North, who have put up to sale for a paltry increase of rent, which many of them did not need, and more have not been able to realize, the fidelity and affection of the Clans, inherited from a long line of ancestry; who have degraded, beggared, oppressed, and calumniated a race which it would have been the pride of their forefathers

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\* *Sketches, &c.* vol. i. p. 148, 2d ed.

to have protected and cherished; and who, surrounded and stared in the face by the poverty and misery which they themselves have produced, come forward, with a scrap of political economy in their mouths, to demand that applause which they have forfeited, or send forth a libeller, like Macculloch, to malign those they have oppressed, and distort, misrepresent, and fabricate in their defence? The curse of breaking and broken hearts is upon them.

2. Having thus shown, both on general principles, and by distinct testimony to the fact, that the store-farming system, while it depopulates particular districts and glens, has a tendency, not to diminish, but to increase the aggregate amount of the population; and that, under its operation, this increase has actually taken place, thus aggravating every other evil of which it has been productive; we come now to consider the other branch of the argument in its favour, viz. that "the same produce is obtained by *fewer* hands, or at *less* expense."

That, under the new system, the same amount of produce is obtained "by *fewer*

hands" than under the old, is a harmless truism, which nobody will dispute; that it has been obtained "at *less* expense," we positively deny, and shall now endeavour to disprove. In order to this, it is not necessary to maintain that the old system was in all respects a good one; on the contrary, it was in many respects the reverse. But it will not follow, that, though the old system was in many points bad, the new system is in all or any points good.

The truth is, the radical faults of the old system were solely attributable to the landlords. The greater proportion of their tenants had no leases, and consequently no encouragement to improve. This evil, it is true, was the less felt while the people retained any portion of their ancient attachment to, and confidence in their superiors; but still it was an evil, to a certain extent, and ought to have been removed. The spirit of the age was decidedly hostile to the system of tenants at will; and experience had demonstrated, that the best encouragement for a tenant to improve his lands, was a legal security that he or his natural heirs would reap the benefit of his labour and skill. The withholding leases, therefore, could serve no other purpose

than to keep the tenants in a state of vassalage and dependence on their landlords, and to damp the spirit of enterprise.

Nearly akin to this was the practice of letting lands to joint tenants ; a practice so plainly pernicious, and so fatally calculated to check the progress of improvement, that we cannot sufficiently wonder at the ignorance of those by whom it was introduced, tolerated, or continued. It was Mr. Owen's system in embryo. A joint tenant could hardly be supposed to labour or improve very zealously, when he could only reap a fraction of the produce of his own labour or improvement. Every man has a natural monopoly of his own exertions ; infringe that monopoly, and you destroy the great principle that stimulates and rewards all human enterprise. It has been often remarked, that mobs commit atrocities, which the individuals who compose them would, as individuals, shrink from. The guilt which is shared by many, every individual shoves by his own door. In like manner, it has been remarked, that joint tenants are indolent, lazy, thriftless, backward, callous ; standing stock still when every body and every thing is advancing around them. The reason is obvious ; the

reproach of indolence or ignorance is unfelt, because it must fall on several heads at once, while the reward of exertion will be shared by the idle as well as the active. So that in both these cases the principle is the same; participation, which lessens the odium of crime, has an influence equally baleful on improvement. Men may indeed club their capital in joint-stock companies, when by so doing they hope to obtain greater returns than from separate investments; but it is vain to expect that they will club their labour, their skill, their enterprise, or their activity, where the returns must be lessened by division, and where the share of him who is lazy and indolent must be equal to his who rises up early and lies down late, and who bears the burden and heat of the day.

Not less injurious in its effects was the practice of letting lands to a sort of middle men, called Tacksmen, who again sublet them for a profit, in some shape or other, to the smaller tenantry. The first and most obvious result of this was, to diminish the affection of the people for their superiors, by interposing a monopolist between them. Had the practice been otherwise advantageous, this, in the estimation of



some persons, would have gone for little ; but it was found to act as an effectual bar to improvement. Imitating their superiors, the Tacksmen gave the poor people, whom they were naturally anxious to retain in all due obedience and submission, no security for their continuance in their possessions ; and as the subtenants had little or no money, they generally exacted a rent-service, which we believe we are correct in describing as extremely injurious and oppressive. A portion, at least, of the lands was thus effectually placed beyond the reach or even the possibility of improvement ; while, as far as moral causes were concerned, the people were deprived of every motive that could stimulate them to improve their condition. We are perfectly aware that the gentlemen Tacksmen constituted a very important, and, what is more, a very useful order of men in the North ; that their presence was necessary in many parts, particularly in some of the remoter and larger islands, for the purpose of acting as Justices of the Peace, and maintaining good order in the country ; and that, since the new system of things commenced, and the " great capitalists from the South" invaded the sequestered glens and wild mountains

of Caledonia, the want of this respectable and useful order of men has been severely and generally felt; but we are equally convinced, that, even if they had been continued, it would have been highly expedient and advantageous to deprive them of the power of subletting their lands.

Now, had the Northern Proprietors commenced their course of improvement by granting leases to their tenantry,\* by dissolving the

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\* It is not a little remarkable, that while so much has been done in the way of change to accommodate the large farmers, one of the worst errors of the old system, the withholding leases, has been pertinaciously adhered to in the case of the small tenants. Macculloch, as usual, has an apology ready. "The small tenants," says he, "by a due and gradual application of that labour which is now unoccupied, or of that time which is spent in idleness, might gradually improve their pastures, as they have recovered from the waste their arable lands. From them no outlay of capital is required, and they would unquestionably be recompensed for their labour. *It is true that, having no leases, they have neither temptation nor security for improvement, according to popular opinion. But I have a better opinion of Highland landlords than to consider this a valid objection;*" "I sincerely

joint farms, by depriving their tenants of the power of subletting their lands, by encouraging

believe, that the smallest tenant, at rack rent, as they all virtually are, *has as good security as can be desired, IF HE CONDUCTS HIMSELF WELL!*" Vol. iii. p. 101.

With the first part of this statement we cordially agree; but we are most decidedly of the "popular opinion" in regard to the necessity of "leases." No improvement ever has been, or ever will be effected, where the tenant may be ejected at the pleasure or caprice of the landlord. Had the ancient confidence which the Highlanders reposed in the honour and good faith of their superiors remained unbroken, we can easily imagine that small tenants might have undertaken the improvement of their lands without the legal security of a lease; but to talk of the will and pleasure of landlords, who have wantonly destroyed that confidence, being "as good security as can be desired," or indeed any "security" at all, argues a woful ignorance of the present state of the Highlands, or a wilful blindness to facts of everyday occurrence. Suppose that ten small tenants, renting contiguous farms, have improved them in the way our author recommends; and after they have done so, and are about to be recompensed for their exertions, suppose, further, that some "great capitalist" appears, and offers for the whole; will Dr. Macculloch pretend to say, that, assuming the offer to be advantageous, the landlord would hesitate a single hour to eject the small

the introduction of improved implements of husbandry and the green crop system, by pointing

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tenants in order to make way for the intruder? This is what takes place every day, and is matter of notoriety to all; nay, more, it is what *must* take place, because it is a result of principles of universal operation, and does no more depend upon the "better opinion" of Dr. Macculloch, than the growing of the grass, or the ebb and flow of the tide. If you wish the people to improve, make it their interest to do so; but there can be no interest where there is no security, and, as bitter experience has shown, no security without leases. What person in his senses would take any patch of land, however small, in the Lowlands, without a lease? Can it be shown that there is any reason in the nature of things, why the Highland tenant should be denied the security granted, as a matter of course, to his Lowland neighbour. It is quite ridiculous to talk of "opinion" in regard to an admitted self-evident principle; and it is not a little presumptuous in the fire-worshippers of the North to call upon the people to shut their eyes to proofs strong as those of Holy Writ, that they are undeserving of confidence and attachment; and to act with all the implicit and unsuspecting reliance of a patriarchal age, now numbered with the years beyond the flood. The days of chivalry and feudalism are past, and those of pounds, shillings, and pence, have come in their stead. Bargains are not now made by "prolling thumbs," nor lands let by

out to their tenantry the advantage of rearing stock on those parts of their estates which were

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word of mouth. Men have become more enlightened, more selfish, more suspicious. Bills and bonds have succeeded to the simple usages of our forefathers—because the circumstances of the world required them; and no man in the present day places his rights at the mercy of another, or adventures his labour and capital upon an “opinion.” The smallest tenant must *now* be as firmly secured by his lease, as the landlord by the immunities of his estate; and it is right that he should.

“Leases,” says the author of the Agricultural Survey of the Hebrides, “are the best means of improving the country, and consequently of increasing the population, and promoting the advancement of this part of the kingdom. *The want of them is the most fruitful source of emigration and distress; it perpetuates slavery, discontent, slothfulness, and despair.* The Hebridian cannot appear to advantage, while deprived of that stimulus to exertion so necessary for counterbalancing the numerous disadvantages of his situation; namely, the stimulus of independence, and the hope of a speedy reward. It ought also to be considered, that *this system redounds still more to the benefit of the landlord than that of the tenant.* The island of Islay is a remarkable proof of what good management may do, both with regard to Hebridian land and Hebridian character. That country and people have totally changed, and all to the better,

either not susceptible of cultivation, or at least could not be cultivated to advantage; in short, had they given to their old, loyal, attached, and faithful tenantry but one-fourth of the encouragement which they have spontaneously given to shepherds from the Moffat Hills, and other interlopers, whom they have designated by the pompous adjunct of "great capitalists from the south,"—instead of a discontented, starving, and miserable population, the appropriate prey of demagogues and fanatics, they would have retained on their estates the great body of the ancient tenantry, who would have been daily increasing in wealth, comfort, and independence; the augmentation of their rents would have kept pace with the progress of improvement, and the rise in the price of produce; they would have been accounted the protec-

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since they came into the hands of their present master. May others take the good example, and extend over their estates those agricultural improvements, and among their people that happiness and comfort, which now distinguish Islay among the Hebrides, as the seat of active industry, and as the property of a judicious and beneficent landlord!"

ters and the benefactors, not the calumniators and oppressors, of their people; and would have promoted their own best interests, while at the same time they strengthened the sinews of the state. But they thought proper to follow a different course, an outline of which we have already given, and need not here repeat. Let us now attend to the *only* argument by which it has been defended.

Why, it has been a thousand and a thousand times asked, employ many in doing that which fewer can accomplish? Is it not desirable to raise the same amount of produce by a smaller number of hands, and at less cost? And if this "fundamental" question be answered in the affirmative, can there be any doubt that the new system, which has effected this great object, is a good system, and that the "clamour" raised by "restless and evil spirits" against it is a proof of nothing but their own ignorance and prejudice?

Now, from what we have stated above, it must be manifest, that it is contrary to every rule of fair reasoning to institute a comparison between the old system and the new, inasmuch as the former was never fairly tried, and inas-

much as, generally speaking, no encouragement was given to the ancient occupants to improve, whereas every sort of encouragement has, with unexampled liberality, been lavished on the new occupants, the store-farmers. We know what the new system has effected; that is matter of fact and certainty: what the old system might have effected under similar encouragement, it is not difficult to conjecture. The faults of that system were almost wholly attributable to the landlords, by whom they might have been easily and beneficially remedied; and it was at least worth while to make the attempt. The same motives which influence the conduct of men in other countries, would not have been altogether powerless in the Highlands, the inhabitants of which are supposed to be peculiarly sharp-sighted where their own interest is concerned.\* But

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\* Although we have already sufficiently rebutted the charge, that the Highlanders are incurably indolent and unimproveable, we conceive that the following extract from a letter now before us, by the Reverend Dr. Ross of Lochbroom, will be read with interest, as it completely demonstrates what care, attention, and kindness, may accomplish with a people sensitively alive to generous



it is rather too much in the supporters and apologists of the new system to turn round and in-

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treatment, and, to say the least, as susceptible of improvement as any portion of the population of the empire.

“ Why is there no employment found for active and able labourers? Some of as handsome, able, and vigorous men as are in this parish have solicited me for certificates of mendicity, that by the most revolting of all means to a Highland mind they might procure a miserable subsistence to their families. Are not landed proprietors aware of the consequences of such a state of things? Are there no moors to plant? Are there no waste lands to improve? Millions of acres to add, and at a trifling expense, to the yet scanty proportion of our arable fields? I myself had on my glebe (which is rather an extensive one) a number of small tenants, who paid me an ample rent during the continuance of the war. But subsequently to that period they fell back in their circumstances, and failed to pay any rent. I could not afford to let them have their possessions for nothing; to turn them out on the world, according to the plan of my rich and powerful neighbours, was equally impossible. I lotted out the one end of the glebe, which was steep and rugged, and covered thick with underwood, among twelve families. Being situate on the sea-shore, they have each a quantity of sea-ware for manure; they can have two cows a-piece; for the land they pay a feu-duty

stitute a comparison between the faults which they themselves introduced or tolerated, and the assumed benefits which have resulted from their reformatory operations. One thing, however, we must concede, that even if the old system had been continued and ameliorated, the same produce must have been raised by a greater number of hands. But if it can be shown, that notwithstanding the greater number of hands, the landlords would have derived a rent equally high as under the new system, it is difficult to conceive, unless they had a rooted aversion to the people, how *their* interest was concerned in lessening their numbers. And that this might

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of two shillings and sixpence for the first seven years; they are obliged to clear an acre on each lot per year; they lie conveniently to the herring fishing when it casts up; they are their own masters every day. The last spring, which was only their second, they sowed about a boll of oats per family, besides plenty of potatoes; they earned L.5 or L.6 each besides at my hands; the face of the ground is rapidly undergoing the most astonishing change; the people are all cheerful and happy, and are becoming the envy of their surrounding neighbours. *What might be done by great Landed Proprietors?*"

have been realized, experience, the surest guide in such matters, has completely demonstrated.

But Macculloch, like his employers, contends that "sheep cannot be *cultivated* to a profit unless in large tracts;" that "small capitalists cannot manage them;" that "hence arose the necessity for large sheep-farms;" that, to secure a supply of winter food, it became compulsory "to take from petty agriculture the smaller interspersed tracts which are adapted to this purpose;" and, finally, that "those small spots being occupied by a race of *starving* and *miserable* tenants, who impeded the application of what they could not use, it became necessary to eject them, by any means, even by *force*, should that be required, for the *general* benefit, as well as *their own*." This is the substance of his argument fairly stated; and it is either so vague or so false in its assertions, that it might be fairly left to itself. A few observations will make this sufficiently apparent.

The term "large" here employed, is so very indefinite and vague, that it is not easy to ascertain the *extent* of its meaning. In some parts of the Highlands, sheep-farms embrace a line of coast extending to thirty miles and upwards.

Does the Doctor mean that "tracts" so "large" as this must be given to one store-farmer, before he can "cultivate sheep to a profit?" But not to dispute with him about words, and to come at once to the point; if his assertion only goes to this, that sheep cannot be "cultivated" to the least advantage except on pastures of two, three, five, or ten thousand acres in extent, it is utterly groundless,—it is contrary to the fact. It is on such enormous farms, for which so much has been sacrificed, that they are "cultivated" to the least advantage. And the reason is obvious. The capital required for a sheep-farm consists principally in the first stocking, and in the wages of labour payable to those who perform the different services required to prepare the produce for the market. When "a great capitalist," to use the fashionable phrase, takes a sheep-farm of this sort, he is almost always a stranger, generally a shepherd from the Moffat Hills, who has succeeded in realizing a little money; and although he may be tolerably well acquainted with the rearing of stock, he is of course compelled to pay for all the labour he requires, and he is himself a mere superintendent. Hence he rears his produce at a greater cost than the small farmer,

whose capital consists partly in his own and the labour of the different members of his family, which, by being so employed, acquires a value it could not otherwise possess. Nor is it possible for the head of a "large" concern of this kind to give the same attention to the rearing of his stock as the head of a small one, whose eye is daily on every part of his property, and whose interests are moreover in the hands of those who have a deep stake in his welfare. "The master's eye," says the proverb, "makes good work." But the "great capitalist" is at the mercy of strangers, whose only concern in his prosperity is, that he may be able to pay their wages. It is not with a "large" Highland sheep-farm as with a large manufactory, where all the different operations are carried on under a single roof, and where the master's eye is constantly on every part of the processes that are going forward. The property of a Highland sheep-farmer is scattered over mountains and glens separated by a distance of many miles, and exposed to a great variety of accidents from which the small farmer is in a great measure secure.

But, in addition to this disadvantage, he is exposed to others of a more serious kind. If

stock fall suddenly in price, or a bad season overtake him, and his sheep die—unless he has surplus capital sufficient to meet such exigencies, he is lost ; there is no expedient to which he can betake himself, except wind-bills, or fictitious credit, which only puts off the evil day a little ; he has a fixed money rent, while his returns are inadequate, or his stock perhaps destroyed ; and he must come down at last. The general bankruptcy that took place last year among the sheep-farmers, affords a striking illustration of these remarks.

When a landlord's estate is divided among a few such engrossers, the bankruptcy of even one of them must be attended with consequences peculiarly unpleasant, as well as unprofitable. He loses the whole or a "large" portion of his rent for at least one year ; and he must either reduce the rent, or eject the occupant to make way for another adventurer. If he adopt the latter course, and if, as often happens, a season elapse before a new tenant offers, he incurs an additional loss, for which he can hope for no compensation from the in-coming tenant in the shape of an increase of rent. Further, if, as is almost always the

case, the landlord has built a "large" steading to accommodate the "great capitalist," the amount of his loss will fall to be augmented by the interest of the money expended in its erection.

In the case of the small tenant, the risk of the landlord is almost nothing. Laying the moral principles of the people entirely out of view, and the well known pride they take, when kindly treated, in submitting to the greatest sacrifices and privations, in order to meet rent day, the small tenant is, from the very nature of things, less liable than the large one to be overwhelmed by a fall of price, or the loss of part of his stock. He is not a *gentleman*, but a labourer; the expense of his living is comparatively nothing; he has not an establishment of any kind to support; he scruples not to turn his labour to account in any honest and laudable way; and he will submit to privations of which Lowlanders and Southrons have no idea. In short, it may be stated generally, that the landlord's annual risk of loss is inversely proportional to the number of his tenantry. Hence the small tenant can rear his sheep at less cost, and with less risk to the landlord, than the large farmer, and yet afford to pay him an equal,

or even a greater proportional rent. If we had room we could confirm these views by producing apposite and convincing examples.

But Macculloch asserts, that it was compulsory "to take from petty agriculture the smaller interspersed tracts" adapted to raising winter food for the sheep, and to eject, *by force* if necessary, for the general benefit as well as *their own*," the "race of *starving* and *miserable* tenants who impeded the application of what they could not use." Upon the new system it was, doubtless, found necessary to follow this course; though how the operation of ejectment contributed to the advantage of those upon whom it was performed, we would be extremely curious to know. By this blessed process, they were unquestionably deprived of the means by which they had earned their subsistence and supported their independence, turned adrift upon the world without resource, almost without hope, and left to starve at their leisure. If this was for their benefit, it will be no easy matter to say what would be for their disadvantage. But it is clear, that, in all he says on this subject, he wilfully confounds small farmers with the occupiers of mere spots or patches of land, such as those with which the



Improvers have accommodated the ejected tenantry on the coast, in order to describe them as "a race of miserable and starving tenants." This trick, or blunder as it may be, shall not avail him. How the small tenants lived anterior to the system of ejection, to the benefits of which they continue perversely blind, we have already described; they were strangers to the luxuries in which certain atrabilious Geologists delight to indulge in the "hospitable towers" of their oppressors; but they enjoyed what they considered comfort and independence; they paid their rents regularly, and, had a little time been granted them, would have been able to increase their comforts and their rents together. Comfort and independence are, no doubt, relative terms. It is calculated that 25,000 Englishmen of the labouring class consume what would be adequate to the support of 91,000 Highlanders of the same rank. Among these two classes the ideas attached to comfort and independence must be very different. But the religious regularity with which the Highlanders paid their rents, was a stubborn fact that deserved some consideration; especially as it was coupled with the certain prospect of an increase. With regard

to mere cottars, again, they are generally poor everywhere ; their condition, therefore, does not affect the argument either one way or other. But in the Highlands at present, except on a few estates, there is no intermediate class such as we have described ; there are only two great classes,—the rich, and the miserably poor. The condition of the latter, as we have already seen, is deplorable beyond belief.

Mr. Owen has been called a man of one idea ; Macculloch is a man of only one argument. Every objection to the new system must, he thinks, vanish, when he states, for the hundredth time, that “ owing to the improvements of the country, the means of living have increased ;” that “ there is more productive labour, and more produce,” than formerly. There is, we readily admit. But this, like all the rest of his reasoning, completely blinks the question. The point at issue is, Whether the same amount of produce might not have been raised by other means,—by gradual improvements on the old system, without extruding the ancient tenant ry, and driving them to starve in fishing hamlets on the coast ? If, however, he means to say that the increase in the means of living has been at-

tended with any advantage to the great body of the people, and occasioned the melancholy increase in the population which he admits to have taken place, we must dissent from his opinion. Before the Highlander can consume, he must be able to purchase. With what can he purchase? His labour. But then there is no demand for his labour, and he has perhaps a rent-service to perform, for the miserable patch of barren coast upon which he and his family starve together. He has therefore little or no money; with what can he purchase? Animal food he almost never tastes; how can the increase in the quantity of produce reared add to his comforts, and stimulate the principle of population? The market for the surplus produce of the sheep-farms is not in the Highlands, where the consumption of the people has not increased, but in the Lowlands.

But we have not yet stated the case against the improvers so strongly as circumstances warrant. Deluded by promises of ultimate gain, as magnificent and as hollow as those on which the Mississippi or South Sea Schemes were bottomed, they laid out enormous sums in draining land, forming roads and communications, and

introducing the most approved agricultural instruments. On the Sutherland estate alone, upwards of L. 210,000, equivalent to a rental of L. 10,500 per annum, have been expended in improvements for the benefit of the "great capitalists." Does the reader inquire what returns have been yielded by this vast expenditure? Supposing him to do so, we answer, none. On the contrary, a large abatement of rent has become imperiously necessary, the tenants of capital (for there were many adventurers who had none,) having been the first to call for relief; and so complete has been the frustration of the hopes with which the new system commenced, so baseless has been the golden dream which, in the first intoxication of improvement, it engendered, that there are symptoms, on the part of those who have been abused, of a desire to retrace their steps and to return to the old system, if that were practicable. These facts are worth a thousand speculations. They embody an experimental refutation of all the nonsense which has been said and written in favour of the desolation of the country, the oppression of the people, and the incalculable profits of sheep-farming on a great scale; they

prove, that that system has been equally unprofitable and pernicious, and that, by a wise dispensation of Providence, the avarice which expunged human feelings and human happiness from its cold-hearted calculations of advantage, is as short-sighted as it is cruel, and in its contempt for the comfort and welfare of others, misses the paltry gratification of gain which it deems a sufficient equivalent.

The Southern reader can have no idea of the sacrifices which have been made to secure these losses. The following passages from Macculloch will, however, give him a glimpse of the truth. It ought to be recollected that Sutherland was formerly a populous country, inhabited by a quiet, orderly, brave, religious race of men, remarkable for their fine forms, great bodily strength, and high military qualities.

“ Since sheep have found their way to those pastures which black cattle and men once half occupied, this country is *one wide and waste solitude*. These, its only tenants, are invisible to an unpractised eye. Where three or four shepherds with their dogs can take charge of a district of twenty miles in extent, their huts occupying some secluded glen on its outskirts, it

is not surprising if we wander for days without seeing the trace of life ; solitary as if in the sands of Africa, or the immeasurable ocean : ‘ far from the busy haunts of men, and herds, alike.’ ”

“ The traces of former times, of existence that has disappeared, which may chance to cross the path which we are with difficulty exploring over these wild and boggy wastes, only serve to increase those feelings of melancholy and desertion which no energy of spirit can dissipate. Of all solitudes there is no solitude like *that of ruins* ; nor is their effect ever felt more strongly than in meeting the dilapidated remains of villages which occur in our wanderings over this vacant and void territory. The solitude of the forest is solemn, it is often soothing : that of the wide expanse of hill and moor and heath is at least impressive ; that of the desert and the ocean is sublime ; and, amid the solitude of mountains and valleys, the forms of grandeur and beauty seem, themselves, to people the wilderness with objects that speak to the imagination. These are the solitudes of nature, and they are expected ; if they remind us of man, it is only of man as yet the tenant of a newly created earth. A world still waiting for its

inhabitants conveys no images of melancholy : rather, it excites the pleasures of hope. But the solitude of ruins is the solitude of art, not of nature. It startles us with ideas of destruction, it excites feelings of pain. In contemplating the untenanted habitation, the ruined and grass-grown walls, the cold and abandoned hearth, we are struck with images of misery and death. It is this which makes the narrow grave, mean object as it abstractedly is, a solitude of solitudes. If there indeed be a solitude like that of the grave, it is the city of the plague, the empty house and silent street. It is silence and death ; but only because it once was life and motion."

" By slow degrees these symptoms of human existence (lumps of scattered and green turf ) increased ; and the downward track, still wider and greener, and at length skirted by detached spots of pasture among the heath, promised in no long time the sight of human habitations. Shortly, a stray horse appeared, perched on a knoll more verdant than the rest, gazing at the intruder, who now began to accelerate the wearied paces that promised a speedy termination of his labour. The sun was just gleaming beneath the cloud of approaching evening ; the

brook, now increased to a river, brawled along its pebbly bed, over which a few scattered birches were bending their light foliage; and marks of the plough were seen in the green ridges that rose in a gentle slope from its banks. The village was now close at hand; for a few broken enclosures began to appear, and the top of an ancient ash, gilded by the last rays of yellow light, hung with all its drooping branches over the high bank which still intercepted the view of the houses that occupied the well-known green hollow, waiting the traveller's arrival. I turned the last angle of the winding path, and the village was in my view; a shapeless heap of black ruins. All was silent and dead: the turf was still verdant; but the ancient mazes in the green 'for lack of tread were undistinguishable.' *These are the former hamlets of the idle and useless population of the hills*: the people have been moved; but that affords little consolation to him who is thus left to struggle through these empty wastes. It is easy for a fat and well-fed London philosopher to satisfy himself in his closet with politico-economical consolations on this subject; but these offer little comfort to the unfortunate wight who is thus bemired, be-



hungered, bewildered, and benighted, in the wilds of Sutherland." \* Vol. ii. p. 452—56.

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\* When he did happen to find people, the Doctor, it seems, had no reason to boast of the reception he met with. Having occasion "to land *with* a boat under the magnificent cliffs near the Ord," where a party were employed on the herrings, "the herring cleaners," he says, received us in a menacing attitude, and with shouts of defiance and offence." Vol. ii. p. 474. Now, if this be true, it shows how much the treatment they have experienced has changed the manners of the people; for the Sutherlanders were always remarkable for their quiet and regular habits, and respectful attachment to their superiors; and when serving as soldiers, were repeatedly applauded in general orders for their uniform steadiness and good conduct. (See article "Sutherland Highlanders," in Colonel Stewart's work.) But we are disposed to question the Doctor's statement. In a letter now before us, by the Reverend Mr. Mackenzie, the venerable pastor of Tongue, that gentleman says, "After being fifty-nine years preaching the gospel to Highlanders, first in the lordship of Strathnaver, in the parish of Farr, and then in this parish (Tongue), from 1769 to the date hereof, I can testify, from personal experience of every description, I ever knew the Strathnaverians are the most religious, devout, and at the same time the most loyal subjects, liberal in their sentiments, benevolent in their dispositions, and honest in their dealings," &c. &c. Such

But this is only the outside of the picture ; a closer inspection will reveal misery which the " fat and well-fed " people of the South have no conception of, and which they would not, or could not endure for a single day. Nay, the creature whose innumerable blunders, contradictions, falsehoods, and misrepresentations we have wasted so much time in exposing, and who, with a heart harder than one of his own hammers, tries to raise a laugh at the emigrants embarking for a foreign land, and taking their last farewell of their native country, singing the melancholy air, "*Ha til mi tulidh* ;" even this man, in his lucid intervals, when truth breaks in upon him, now and then tells " a tale of real distress," before which the creations of fancy sink into insignificance.

On one occasion, for example, he enters a wretched hut on the shores of Lochcarron, and finds " a poor woman cooking some shell-fish over a peat fire, attended by two children," while " on the floor, scarcely covered by a wretched

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are the " wild Sutherlanders " in the estimation of a better authority than Macculloch. Their land is now desolate.

supply of blankets, lay the husband sick of a fever ;” and “ except this bedding and the cooking apparatus,” he saw no article of furniture in their wretched dwelling. This extreme misery the wretched inmates bore with uncomplaining resignation. “ We found, on enquiry,” he adds, “ that *having been EJECTED from their farm, and having NO OTHER RESOURCE*, they had been suffered by a neighbouring farmer to build their hut from his woods, and to graze their only cow upon his waste; and thus, *with the assistance of shell-fish which they caught at low-water*, and some casual labour, they had contrived to *live through* that portion of the summer which was past. How the *winter* was to be surmounted, it was both too easy and too painful to imagine.” “ In the reforms of land for the purpose ofcrofting, on the new system, the ejected tenants have generally been provided with new *farms* (patches of land) on the *seashores*. *Yet instances do and must occur, where a proprietor has no land to distribute ;* AND, IN SUCH A CASE, WHERE, FROM POVERTY OR OTHER CAUSES, THE PEOPLE CAN NEITHER MIGRATE NOR EMIGRATE, SIMILAR CONSEQUENCES ARE INEVITABLE !” Vol. ii.

p. 271. Then comes some twaddle and common-place by way of apology for the system which has been productive of such misery.

Had this been an insulated case of suffering, it might have attracted the notice of a traveller, and found a corner in his journal, but would have been of no use in an argument like this. Unfortunately, it is one which may stand for a whole class; it is the case of thousands and thousands both on the mainland and in the islands, who, steeped in misery to the lips, support a wretched existence by means which it is revolting to humanity to think of. Unfortunately, too, it is the natural and inevitable result of that baneful system, which, in one year, has effected a greater change in the manners, habits, and character of the people, than all the furious and vindictive proceedings which followed the insurrection of 1745. This result was foreseen and foretold; but the warning was treated with contempt, and those who gave it were laughed at as visionaries and alarmists. It is not yet too late to apply a remedy. The cry of an oppressed people has been heard; and there are not wanting men able and willing to advocate their cause. Much may be done to alle-

viate their sufferings ; much to cause them to forget the wrongs they have endured. But that relief can only be afforded in one way ; by giving them the means of earning their subsistence from the produce of the soil. If this be not resorted to, the actual quantity of misery must go on increasing till it reach the limit of endurance, and break forth into violence, rapine, and bloodshed. In an agricultural and pastoral country, the produce of the earth is the fund from which the people must be maintained ; and it is only in raising that produce that they can be employed to advantage, or indeed be employed at all. This Macculloch himself distinctly acknowledges in one of those strange passages which have somehow found their way into his book, though at variance not only with its spirit, but also with the statements it contains, and the doctrines it promulgates.

*“ It is difficult to conceive,”* says he, *“ how people do contrive to live WITHOUT LAND in this country ; nor, in fact, is it possible for them to do more than exist miserably. The men caught fish, and the women and children were all employed at low water in digging cockles ; but all the vegetable food*

*they could have had to eke out this diet, was to be procured from an ACRE of land which the proprietor had given them from his own farm. If I have represented the Highlanders as deficient in industry, I have also admitted that this fault is neither universal nor irremediable.\* It is not only JUST, but USEFUL, to point out instances of activity, as it may lead those who DESPAIR OF ROUSING THIS PEOPLE TO EXERTION, OR CULPABLY NEGLECT THAT DUTY, to make the attempt, instead of abandoning the pursuit as hopeless. If a Highland proprietor imagines that his tenant will not exert himself in draining or improving his farm, in cultivating his fishery, or in working his quarries, it is certain that by IMPORTING lowland or foreign tenants, fishermen or labourers, HE CUTS OFF ALL HOPE FROM HIS PEOPLE, and is not entitled to pronounce that AN INCORRIGIBLE STATE, which is in a great measure FOSTERED BY HIS OWN IMPATIENCE*

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\* In complete disproof of this assertion, the chapter, or letter, entitled, "To-Morrow," vol. iv. p. 299, maintains vehemently the very opposite of this; and almost every anecdote in the work may be referred to.

OR WANT OF EXERTION. I wish they would all recollect what has been said by one who has concealed much sound philosophy under the cap of folly ; ‘ *comme enfant nouvellement nay, les fault allaiter, bercer, esjourir ; epargner, restaurer, appuyer, assseurer.*’ They are children ; *and kindness and care might do much for them.* To say that the Highlanders are incapable of being roused to industry, is as *injurious in its effects* as it is UNTRUE ; it is often difficult, but *time, patience, and method, WILL EFFECT A GREAT DEAL.*”

Here we shall conclude these general remarks ; but we have yet one word to say on a subject to which we have already alluded ; we mean the alleged decay of the military spirit in the Highlands. “ The Highlanders,” says the Doctor, “ are notoriously averse to the army.” This is the inevitable result of the Doctor’s own theory. Who could expect that a mongrel race like the Highlanders, sprung originally from “ the *base and cowardly Celts,*” and crossed successively by Goths, Norwegians, Danes, Scandinavians, and Saxons, would inherit any warlike propensities ? But he accounts for an “ aversion ” known only to himself, and contrary

to the fact, by assigning as the cause of it the number of small farms, on which, it seems, the people are so contented and happy, that they are reluctant to leave the enjoyments of their houses for the perils, privations, and barren glory of a military life. How he reconciles this with the general bearing of his speculations, we cannot tell, and do not concern ourselves. But this is not the only way in which he accounts for the decay of the military spirit. So "notedly averse" are the Highlanders to the army, that it appears they *lie* to support their military reputation. "*It was said*, that in the American war there were 70,000 Highland soldiers employed. That was more nearly the population of the country than the amount of its army, which throughout the whole campaigns never exceeded 12,000 men." Vol. iv. p. 142.

The reader will perhaps be curious to know who "said" that 70,000 Highland soldiers were employed in America. We will inform him; it was Dr. Johnson, from whom Dr. Macculloch has stolen the falsehood, without expressing his obligation. "England," says the Lexicographer, "has for several years been filled with the achievements of SEVENTY THOU-



SAND *Highlanders employed in America.* I have heard from an English Officer, not much inclined to favour them, that *their behaviour deserved a very high degree of military praise*; but their number has been much exaggerated. One of the ministers told me that *SEVENTY thousand men could not have been found in all the Highlands, and that no more than TWELVE thousand never took the field.*" \*

Now, from the date at which this was written, Dr. Johnson could only have alluded to the war in America *anterior* to that of the Revolution, when the Colonies took up arms against the mother country. But instead of 70,000, or even 12,000, the Doctor's lowest estimate, there were only three regiments "employed in America" at that time,—the Royal Highlanders, and Fraser's and Montgomery's regiments, which could not altogether exceed 5000 men. This was a grievous error on the part of "the Sage;" and it was pointed out and exposed. But what shall be said of Macculloch, who not only adopts Johnson's blunder, but, by applying it to the

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\* *Journey to the Western Islands*, p. 150.

*Revolutionary* war, and insinuating that this absurd exaggeration originated in the vanity of the Highlanders, overlays it with a fresh blunder, and seasons it with an additional falsehood of his own ?

And such in spirit, in literary character, and in economical views, is the book we have been examining, and which pretends to be an “universal guide” to the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. That in every thing relating to the character, manners, and condition of the Highlanders, it is distinguished for an intrepid contempt of truth, unparalleled in modern literature, we will be bold to say we have proved beyond the possibility of doubt ; that, in other respects, it is a “guide” to nothing but mis-statements, blunders, and perversions of the plainest matters of fact, will follow of course from the preceding criticisms. “Old men and travellers,” says the Proverb, “lie by authority.” Dr. Macculloch seems to have improved upon the adage, and to \* \* \* by patent. If, therefore, he has met with a severe correction in the course of this examination, it is only what he must be conscious he deserved ; nay more, it is only what he fully expected. No sooner has a piece of wanton and

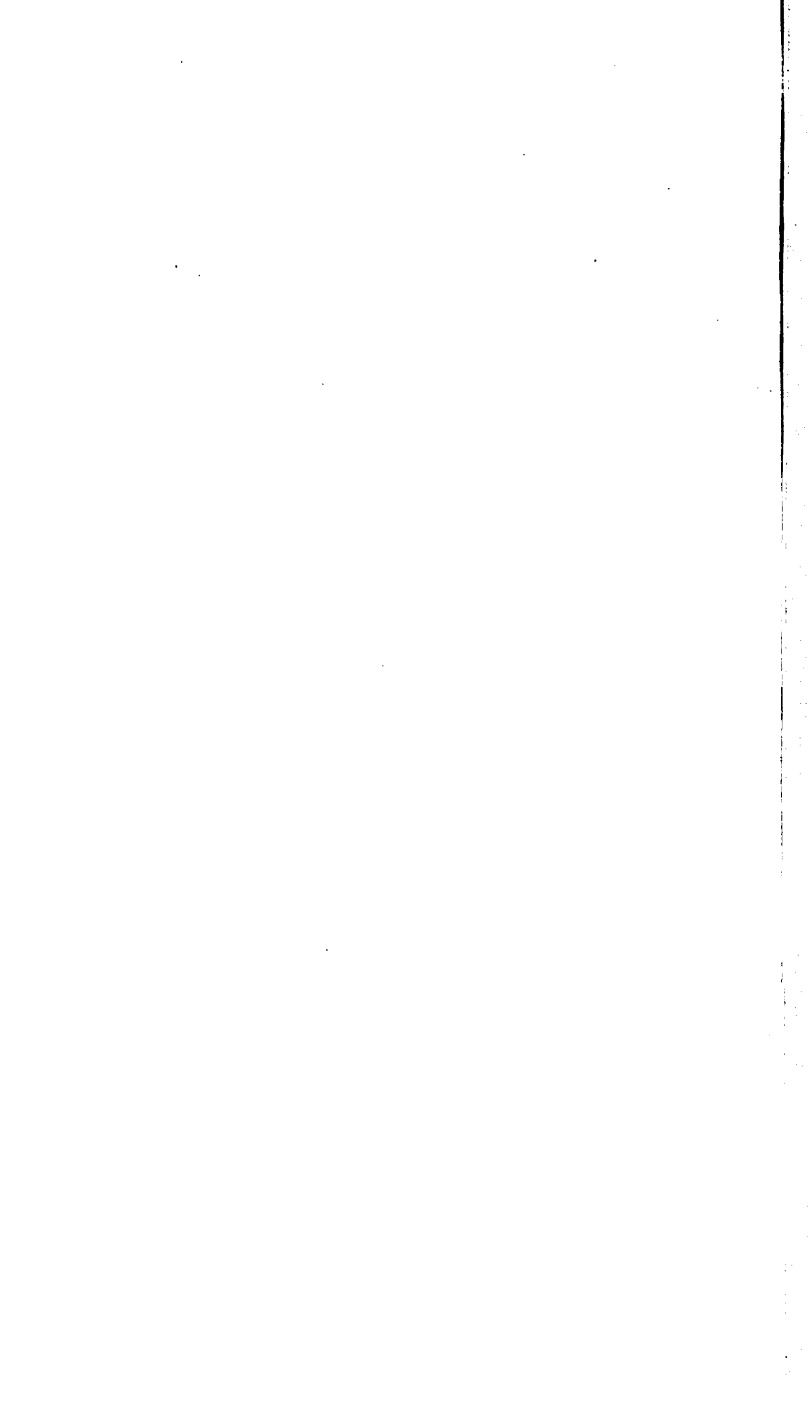
malicious fabrication dropped from his pen, than he is disturbed by visions of "some rabid Mac-Nicol" with a poisoned dirk," or a "Cerberian mouth;" he shudders while his disordered fancy pictures the "sword of Damocles" suspended over his head by a single hair. These are the natural terrors of the *mens conscia sibi pravi*; the panic anticipations of conscious demerit, which could hardly fail to be realised. But "the poisoned dirk" was in his own hand; and if in the struggle to wrench it from his grasp, an incurable wound has been inflicted, we shall console ourselves with the reflection, that "even-handed justice" has corrected him with his own weapon, and that his sufferings will be compensated and atoned for by the benefit of his example.

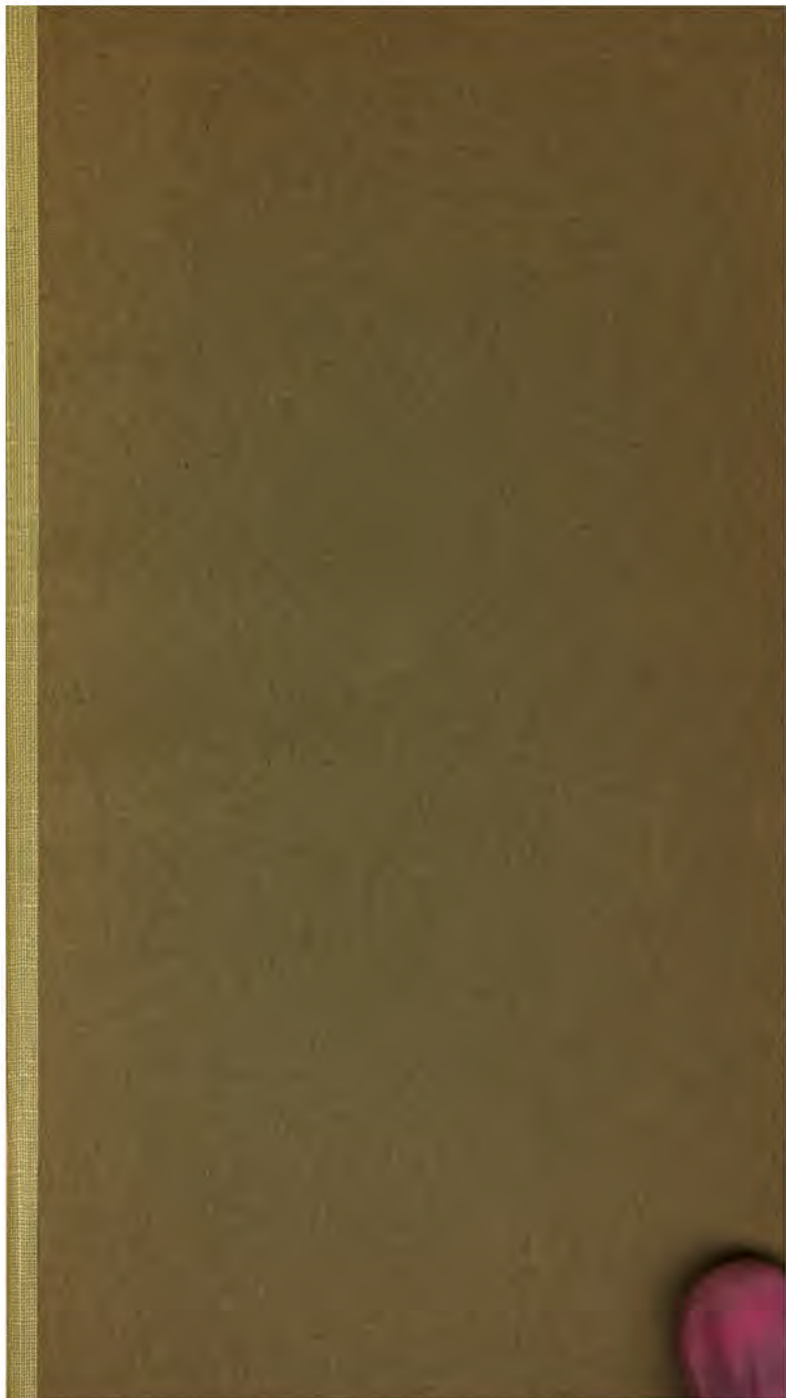
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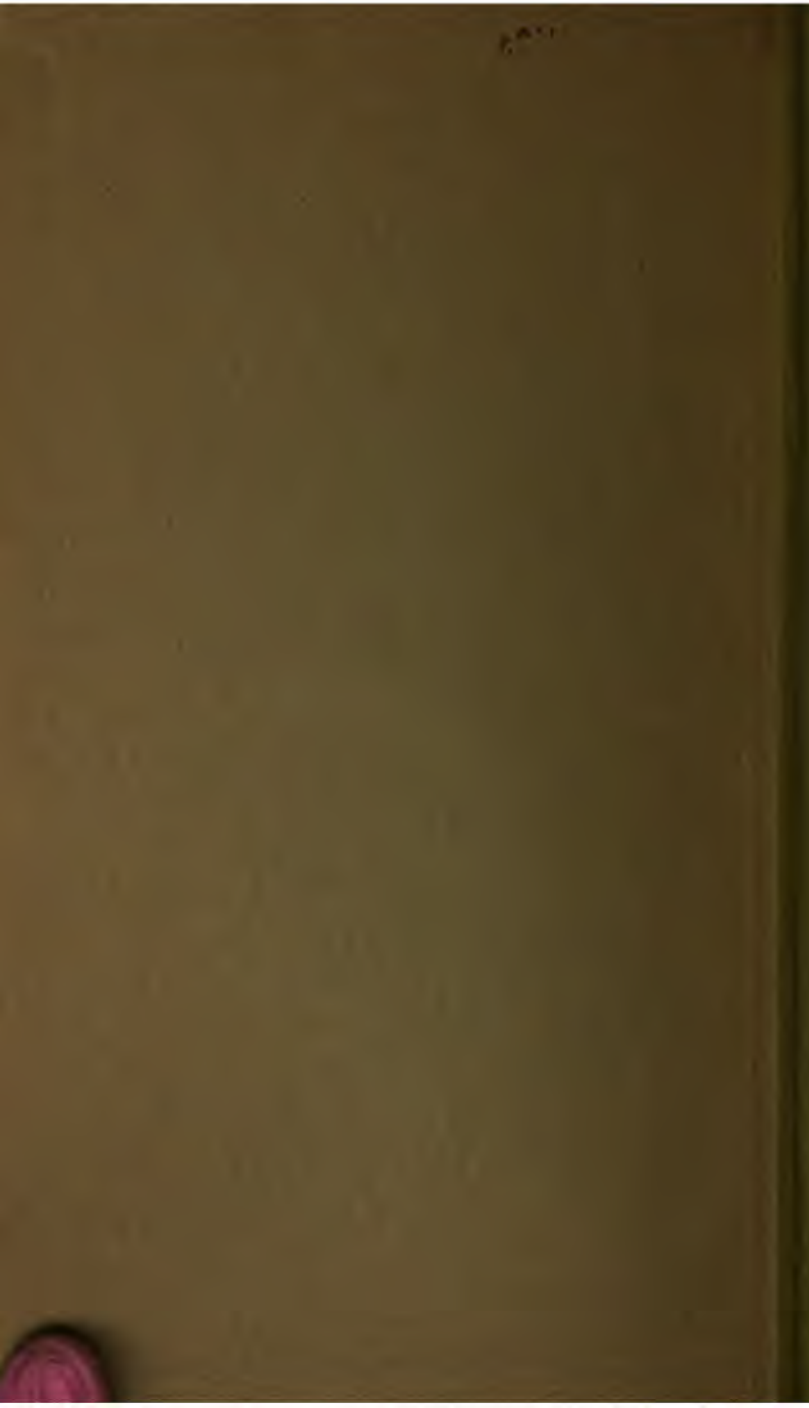
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