VARIOUS

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Glammis Castle

Here is a castellated palace, or princely castle, associated with many great and daring events in the roll of Scottish history. It stands in the valley of Strathmore, in a park of 160 acres, a little to the north of Glammis, a village of Angus, N.B. The original foundation is of high antiquity; for Malcolm II. was assassinated here in the year 1034, and the chamber in which he expired is still shown. Two obelisks, one near the Manse, and the other in a neighbouring field, denote the places where he was attacked. In this castle also, according to some historians, Macbeth murdered Duncan. We notice, however, that Sir Walter Scott, in his recently-published version of the story of Macbeth, states the murder to have been committed at "a great castle near Inverness," in which he is corroborated by Bæthius, who says,

the castle stood upon an eminence south-east of Inverness. But Fordun says the murder was perpetrated near Elgin; and others say at Cawdor Castle.

The Castle originally consisted of two rectangular towers, longer than broad, with walls of fifteen feet in thickness; they were connected by a square projection, and together formed a figure somewhat like the letter Z, saving that in the castle all the angles were right ones; this form gave mutual defence to every part of the building. It contains a spiral staircase of 143 steps, reaching from the bottom to the top of the building.

Glammis Castle is still the seat of the Strathmore family. It was given by Robert I. of Scotland, in the year 1376, with his daughter, to John Lyon, Lord Glammis, chancellor of Scotland. Great alterations and additions were made to the building by Patrick, Earl of Strathmore, his lineal heir and successor: these improvements, according to the above cited plan, a date carved on a stone on the outside of the building, and other authorities, were made in the year 1606, and not in 1686, as is said in an old print engraved about that time, and from which our view is copied. The architect employed on this occasion, as tradition reports, was Inigo Jones; indeed, the work seems greatly to resemble Heriot's Hall at Edinburgh, and other buildings designed by him. The great hall was finished in the year 1621; it is a handsome room with a carved ceiling, adorned with heads and ornaments in stucco. Among the apartments shown to visitors, are a wardrobe containing a curious collection of old

state dresses; the armoury, in which are preserved the sword and coat of mail of Macbeth, as well as some articles supposed to have been carried off by Malcolm's murderers, and found in the Loch of Forfar, during the last century; and the chapel built about 1500, the furniture of which remains in its original state. Here also are about one hundred portraits; among which is a large picture, in a carved frame, representing Earl Patrick and his three sons; in the background is a view of the castle, as it was in the year 1683. At that time there were three gates leading from the park. Some idea may be formed of the extent of this establishment from the circumstance of eighty beds being made up within the house, for the Pretender and his retinue, during their sojourn here, besides those for the inferior servants, in the offices out of doors. The forfeiture of the estate was prevented by the earl's brother being killed at the head of his regiment on Shiremore.

In the courtyard is shown a stone, on which is engraved a cross and divers figures, said to allude to the murder of Malcolm, and the death of the murderers, who attempting to cross the Lake of Forfar, then slightly frozen over, the ice broke, and they were drowned: this stone is described and engraved by Mr. Pennant, in his Tour through Scotland.

By way of enlivening these historical data, and as an epigrammatic conclusion to our description, we subjoin a pleasant little anecdote related by Sir Walter Scott, of a certain old Earl of Strathmore, who, in superintending some improvements of the castle, displayed an eccentric love of

uniformity. "The earl and his gardener directed all in the garden and pleasure-grounds upon the ancient principle of exact correspondence between the different parts, so that each alley had its brother—a principle now renounced by gardeners. It chanced once upon a time that a fellow was caught committing some petty theft, and, being taken in the manner, was sentenced by the Bailie M'Wheeble of the jurisdiction to stand for a certain time in the baronial pillory, called the *jougs*, being a collar and chain attached to the uppermost portal of the great avenue which led to the castle. The thief was turned over accordingly to the gardener as the ground officer, to see the punishment duly inflicted. When the Thane of Glammis returned from his morning ride, he was surprised to find both sides of the gateway accommodated each with a prisoner. He asked the gardener, whom he found watching the place of punishment, as his duty required, whether another delinquent had been detected? 'No, my lord,' said the gardener, in the tone of a man excellently well satisfied with himself, 'but I thought the single fellow looked very awkward standing on one side of the gateway, so I gave half-a-crown to one of the labourers to stand on the other side *for uniformity's sake*.'"

ON LOCALITIES:

LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS OF LONDON

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

No intellectual enjoyment, in my opinion, can surpass the delight we experience when traversing those spots of the habitable earth where celebrated warriors fought, minstrels sang, philosophers pondered, or where philanthropists have immortalized their names by deeds of charity. To roam through the romantic vales of Italy—surrounded at all turns by the sad memorials of its former magnificence—the mighty ruins of its temples and palaces, and the mutilated remains of its statues and triumphal columns, conveying to the mind mournful images of the fallen fates of those who had for ages been its proud possessors; where the Mantuan bard first caught inspiration from the deathless muse; where Tully charmed the listening throng, whilst defending with mild persuasion the arts and the sciences he loved, and condemning in terrible denunciations the mad ambition that threatened the destruction of his country; to wander among its groves, and say, here Ovid, in lonely exile,

soothed his sorrows with the melody of his heaven-inspired strain; here Petrarch wooed his much-loved Laura in sonnets soft as the affection that gave them birth; here Tasso made history and Jerusalem immortal by crowning them with the garlands of his Promethean genius; and here Ariosto, Dante, Metastasio, and a galaxy of poets and philosophers shed the splendour of their gifted imaginations on the expiring greatness of their country.

Where is the portion of the civilized globe that has not some delightful reminiscence connected with it? There is not a country in the world, even the most barbarous, where the inhabitants will not feel pride and pleasure in pointing out to your attention some sacred spot ever dear to their memories: some battle-field or scene of conquest; some warrior's grave; some monarch's sepulchre, or some chieftain or legislator's dwelling. And what shall we say of the classic soil of Greece? where the eye cannot turn, or the foot move to a place which is not eternalized by its associations: where the waters will not remind you of Castalian founts; the flowers of Parnassian wreaths; the eminences of the Phocian hills; and where the air of all breathes inspiration. To a mind prone to contemplation, a walk through Athens must awaken the most exquisite reveries. Although "fallen from its high estate," there is enough in the tottering ruins which yet remain to recall the history of its ancient grandeur: the shattered Acropolis and the Pyraeus tell the tale of other days, in language at once pathetic and intelligible—

"The time has been when they were young and proud,
Banners on high and battles pass'd below."

The mind must be distracted with the multiplicity of its recollections; all that is great or good or glorious in our nature, must be identified with some forcible remembrance; and heroes, poets, statesmen, patriots, legislators, philosophers, and the historical events connected with their names, must congregate before us in sublime and touching similitude. "Alas, poor country!"—On those shores the monuments of science and of art, which drew admirers from the remotest corners of the earth, are now demolished by the savage and cowardly slaves of a despot, who is himself a slave; the eloquence which swayed the passions of applauding multitudes is dumb; the pencil of Appelles that breathed over the canvass, and the chisel of Praxiteles that gave life and animation to shapeless blocks, are now no more; and the all-powerful lyre, whose sweeping chords would rouse the soul to rage or melt it into pity, is now, and perhaps FOR EVER, mute and unstrung!

These observations, which you may think too enthusiastic, were elicited by the perusal of an article in your No. 388, entitled "A Desultory Chapter on Localities." Your Correspondent states, that "it is needless to travel to foreign countries in search of localities. In our own metropolis and its environs a diligent inquirer will find them at every step." The following Collection will serve to confirm the truth of his statement, and should you

deem it worthy "a local habitation" in your excellent journal, I doubt not it will prove interesting, if not quite new to many of your readers. [1]

C.E.

"In St. Giles' Church lie Chapman, the earliest and best translator of Homer; and Andrew Marvell, the wit and patriot, whose poverty Charles II. could not bribe.—Who would suppose that the Borough was the most classical ground in the metropolis? And yet it is undoubtedly so. The Globe Theatre was there, of which Shakspeare himself was a proprietor, and for which he wrote his plays. Globe-lane, in which it stood, is still extant, we believe, under that name. It is probable that he lived near it: it is certain that he must have been much there. It is also certain that on the Borough side of the river, then and still called the Bank-side, in the same lodging, having the same wardrobe, and some say, with other participations more remarkable, lived Beaumont and Fletcher. In the Borough, also, at St. Saviour's, lie Fletcher and Massinger in one grave; in the same church, under a monument and effigy, lies Chaucer's contemporary, Gower; and from an inn in the Borough, the existence of which is still boasted, and the site pointed out by a picture and inscription, Chaucer set out his pilgrims and himself on their famous road to Canterbury.

"To return over the water, who would expect any thing

[1] Is not this very interesting extract by Leigh Hunt?—We have not his *Indicator* at hand for reference.

poetical from East Smithfield? Yet there was born the most poetical even of poets, Spenser. Pope was born within the sound of Bowbell, in a street no less anti-poetical than Lombard-street. So was Gray, in Cornhill. So was Milton, in Bread-street, Cheapside. The presence of the same great poet and patriot has given happy memories to many parts of the metropolis. He lived in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet-street; in Alders-gate-street, in Jewin-street, in Barbican, in Bartholomew-close; in Holborn, looking back to Lincoln's Inn Fields; in Holborn, near Red-lion-square; in Scotland-yard; in a house looking to St. James' Park, now belonging to an eminent writer on legislation, and lately occupied by a celebrated critic and metaphysician; and he died in Artillery-walk, Bunhill-fields; and was buried in St. Giles', Cripplegate.

"Ben Jonson, who was born 'in Hartshorne-lane, near Charing-cross,' was at one time 'master' of a theatre in Barbican. He appears also to have visited a tavern called the Sun and Moon, in Aldersgate-street; and is known to have frequented with Beaumont and others, the famous one called the Mermaid, which was in Cornhill.

"The other celebrated resort of the great wits of that time was the Devil Tavern, in Fleet-street, close to Temple-bar. Ben Jonson lived also in Bartholomew-close, where Milton afterwards lived. It was in the passage from the cloisters of Christ's Hospital into St. Bartholomew's. Aubrey gives it as a common opinion, that at the time when Jonson's father-in-law

made him help him in his business of bricklayer, he worked with his own hands upon the Lincoln's Inn garden wall, which looks upon Chancery-lane, and which seems old enough to have some of his illustrious brick and mortar still remaining.

"Under the cloisters in Christ's Hospital (which stand in the heart of the city unknown to most persons, like a house kept invisible for young and learned eyes) lie buried a multitude of persons of all ranks; for it was once a monastery of Gray Friars. Among them is John of Bourbon, one of the prisoners taken at the battle of Agincourt. Here also lies Thomas Burdet, ancestor of the present Sir Francis, who was put to death in the reign of Edward IV., for wishing the horns of a favourite white stag, which the King had killed, in the body of the person who advised him to do it. And here too (a sufficing contrast) lies Isabella, wife of Edward II.

> 'She, wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
> Who tore the bowels of her mangled mate'
>
> *GRAY*

"Her 'mate's' heart was buried with her, and placed upon her bosom! a thing that looks like the fantastic incoherence of a dream. It is well we did not know of her presence when at school; or after reading one of Shakspeare's tragedies, we should have run twice as fast round the cloisters at night time, as we used. Camden, 'the nourrice of antiquitie,' received part of his education in this school; and here also, not to mention a variety

of others known in the literary world, were bred two of the most powerful and deep-spirited writers of the present day; whose visits to the cloisters we well remember.

"In a palace on the site of Hatton-garden, died John of Gaunt. Brook House, at the corner of the street of that name in Holborn, was the residence of the celebrated Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brook, the 'friend of Sir Philip Sydney.' In the same street, died, by a voluntary death, of poison, that extraordinary person, Thomas Chatterton–

> 'The sleepless boy, who perished in his pride.'
>
> *WORDSWORTH*

He was buried in the workhouse in Shoe-lane; a circumstance, at which one can hardly help feeling a movement of indignation. Yet what could beadles and parish officers know about such a being? No more than Horace Walpole. In Gray's Inn, lived, and in Gray's Inn Garden meditated, Lord Bacon. In Southampton-row, Holborn, Cowper was a fellow-clerk to an attorney with the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow. At the Fleet-street corner of Chancery-lane, Cowley, we believe, was born. In Salisbury-court, Fleet-street, was the house of Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset, the precursor of Spenser, and one of the authors of the first regular English tragedy. On the demolition of this house, part of the ground was occupied by the celebrated theatre built after the Restoration, at which Betterton performed, and of

which Sir William Davenant was manager. Lastly, here was the house and printing-office of Richardson. In Bolt-court, not far distant, lived Dr. Johnson, who resided also for some time in the Temple. A list of his numerous other residences is to be found in Boswell[2]. Congreve died in Surrey-street, in the Strand, at his own house. At the corner of Beaufort-buildings, was Lilly's, the perfumer, at whose house the Tatler was published. In Maiden-lane, Covent-garden, Voltaire lodged while in London, at the sign of the White Peruke. Tavistock-street was then, we believe, the Bond-street of the fashionable world; as Bow-street was before. The change of Bow-street from fashion to the police, with the theatre still in attendance, reminds one of the spirit of the Beggar's Opera. Button's Coffee-house, the resort of the wits of Queen's Anne's time, was in Russell-street—we believe, near where the Hummums now stand. We think we recollect reading also, that in the same street, at one of the corners of Bow-street, was the tavern where Dryden held regal possession of the arm chair. The whole of Covent-garden is classic ground, from its association with the dramatic and other wits of the times of Dryden and Pope. Butler lived, perhaps died, in Rose-street, and was buried in Covent-garden Churchyard; where Peter Pindar the other day followed him. In Leicester-square, on the site of Miss Linwood's exhibition and other houses, was the town mansion of

[2] The Temple must have had many eminent inmates. Among them, it is believed, was Chaucer, who is also said, upon the strength of an old record, to have been fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan Friar in Fleet-street.

the Sydneys, Earls of Leicester, and the family of Sir Philip and Algernon Sydney. In the same square lived Sir Joshua Reynolds. Dryden lived and died in Gerrard-street, in a house which looked backwards into the garden of Leicester House. Newton lived in St. Martin's-street, on the south side of the square. Steele lived in Bury-street, St. James'; he furnishes an illustrious precedent for the loungers in St. James'-street, where scandal-mongers of those times delighted to detect Isaac Bickerstaff in the person of captain Steele, idling before the Coffee-house, and jerking his leg and stick alternately against the pavement. We have mentioned the birth of Ben Jonson, near Charing-cross. Spenser died at an inn, where he put up on his arrival from Ireland, in King-street, Westminster—the same which runs at the back of Parliament-street to the Abbey. Sir Thomas More lived at Chelsea. Addison lived and died in Holland House, Kensington, now the residence of the accomplished nobleman who takes his title from it. In Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, lived Handel; and in Bentinck-street, Manchester-square, Gibbon. We have omitted to mention that De Foe kept a hosier's shop in Cornhill; and that, on the site of the present Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, stood the mansion of the Wriothesleys, Earls of Southampton, one of whom was the celebrated friend of Shakspeare. But what have we not omitted also? No less an illustrious head than the Boar's, in Eastcheap—the Boar's Head Tavern, the scene of Falstaff's revels. We believe the place is still marked out by a similar sign. But who knows not Eastcheap

and the Boar's Head? Have we not all been there time out of mind? And is it not a more real, as well as notorious thing to us, than the London Tavern, or the Crown and Anchor, or the Hummums, or White's, or What's-his-name's, or any other of your contemporary and fleeting taps?

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.