OVER · THE · BORDER ·

WILLIAM WINTER

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OVER THE BORDER

QUEEN MARY

Dear to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed

WORDSWORTH

OVER THE BORDER

BY

WILLIAM WINTER

She was lovely in all weather,
  And because my love is true
I will wear her eagle feather
  And her bonnie bonnet blue,
And my heart will sing her praises
  Till the evening shadows close
O'er my rest beneath the daisies
  With the Thistle and the Rose.

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1911

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TO

ELIZABETH CAMPBELL WINTER

Honored And Loved Companion

Of My Long Journey Through Many Climes

Of Sunshine And Of Shadow

Of Joy And Of Grief

I Dedicate These Sketches Of Her Native Land

We've seen the waking smile of morn
On old Edina's crown,
And o'er Loch Awe, where you were born,
We've watched the sun go down, my dear,
We've watched the sun go down.

We've known of youth its golden dream,
And seen it fade and die,
And now we watch one less'ning gleam
In life's cold sunset sky, my dear,
In life's cold sunset sky.

That gleam immortal memories leave
On scenes that once were bright,
And bid our spirits not to grieve
At coming of the night, my dear,
At coming of the night.

For whichsoever way we wend
And whatsoe'er our mark,
Life's journeys find one common end,
And light will follow dark, my dear,
And light will follow dark!

'Tis fated all! So let it go—
The Present, like the Past!
The way was hard, but well we know
There will be rest at last, my dear,
There will be rest at last.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	The Heart of Scotland	21
II.	The Canterbury of Scotland	39
III.	Haunts of the Stuarts	51
IV.	Dunfermline Abbey	67
V.	Rambles Around Edinburgh	76
VI.	Sir Walter	88
VII.	Elegiac Memorials	117
VIII.	Edinburgh to Inverness	131
IX.	The Field of Culloden	145
X.	Highland Beauties	156
XI.	The Pass of Glencoe	169
XII.	Storm-Bound in Iona	179
XIII.	The Lure of Scotland	211
XIV.	The Gate of the Hebrides	223
XV.	Random Travel	236
XVI.	Edinburgh to Loch Awe	246
XVII.	Royal Berwick	255
XVIII.	Over the Trossachs	268
XIX.	Into the Highlands	275
XX.	The Holy Isle	285

ILLUSTRATIONS

Queen Mary of Scotland . . . . Frontispiece

Edinburgh—View from the Calton Hill . . . . Facing Page 24

Ruins of Dryburgh Abbey—St. Catherine's Window . . . " " 28

Holyrood Palace and Arthur's Seat " " 34

Craigmillar Castle . . . . " " 38

St. Andrews Castle . . . " " 42

Ruins of the Cathedral of St. Andrews . . . . . " " 50

Linlithgow Palace . . . . " " 56

The Crag and the Wallace Monument—Stirling . . . . " " 66

Dunfermline Abbey—from Northwest . . . . . . " " 74

Edinburgh Castle—from the Greyfriars Church . . . . " " 78

Sir Walter Scott—Statue by G. W. Kemp . . . . . . " " 90

Sir Walter . . . . . " " 100

Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee . . . . . " " 136

Inverness	Facing	Page	146
Oban—the Waterfront . . .	"	"	158
Adnach Dhu—Glencoe . . .	"	"	176
Entrance to Fingal's Cave—Island of Staffa	"	"	186
Robert Burns	"	"	218
Stirling Castle	"	"	248
Loch Lomond—from Inchtavannach	"	"	252
Ellen's Isle—Loch Katrine . .	"	"	274
Ben Venue, and the Pass of the Trossachs	"	"	284
Ruins of St. Mary's Cathedral—Island of Iona	"	"	292

PREFACE

In submitting to my readers this book of memories and thoughts of Scotland, the peculiar home of romance, it is my hope that it will meet with the same kind welcome that has been extended to its predecessors in the realm of sentiment and meditation, SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND *and* GRAY DAYS AND GOLD, *and that it will be viewed as their natural sequel and companion. In those books, whether striving to preserve in words the atmosphere of lovely scenes or to extol the beauty and rejoice in the renown of the achievements of genius, I have endeavored to interweave a thread of Shakespearean interest,—considering, as I do, that the study of Shakespeare is the study of life, and therefore a pursuit of vital and general importance. In this book, which is descriptive of beautiful scenery and memorable places in the Lowlands and the Highlands that are over the border between England and Scotland, I have tried to maintain, for all my themes, an association as intimate as possible with the noble spirit and wonderful genius of Walter Scott,—an author whose works contain all Scotland, and whose*

personality pervades, as with sunshine, music, and fragrance, every portion of his native land. The materials of my sketches were accumulated in the course of several rambles through the heather, taken as occasion chanced to occur and as fancy happened to prompt: the arrangement of them has been ordered with careful consideration of varied pictorial effect. I cannot suppose that I have succeeded in setting Scotland fully before the minds of persons who are already familiar with that romantic country, but perhaps these pages will sufficiently stir their sympathy to win a measure of their approbation, while for persons as yet unacquainted with Scottish scenery and its inspiring associations my words may provide suggestion of an exquisite charm which they would do well to seek, and which would be deeply felt and keenly enjoyed. The world is full of wonders. "See the world," the poet Longfellow once said to me, "if you see it only from a car window." It has been my privilege to do far more than that,—to look upon many marvels; to view, from the deck of a gallant steamship, far north in the wild Atlantic, when great shrouds of snow-white, silvery mist were suddenly dispersed by a rising gale, huge gleaming masses and pinnacles of ice, all round the horizon,—mountain ranges of ghostly

yet rosy splendor; to see, in a dark hour before the dawn, the gorgeous disc of the planet Jupiter rise, in majesty, above the tremendous peaks of the Sierra Madre, towering into heaven; to gaze over a vast expanse of the Pacific, in the mid watches of the night, when all its surface, for miles and miles around, was luminous with phosphorescent flame, and when every billow of it was rimmed with fire, and the stealthy, moving monsters in its awful depth seemed made of shimmering light; and, standing at the verge of that tremendous abyss at the bottom of which the broad, tumultuous Colorado flows in a seeming thread of silver, to contemplate, dazed and awe-stricken by that spectacle of indescribable sublimity, a massive, multitudinous city of subterranean arcades, fortifications, temples, and palaces, endlessly various in shapes and surpassingly beautiful in colors,—a pageant beyond compare: but such sights tend rather to amaze and overwhelm the mind than to soothe and cheer it. Nature in her mood of companionship imparts more of comfort than she can give in her moods of austerity and grandeur, and there is a solace to be found, such as you can scarcely discover anywhere else, in the lonely Highland glens, the sweetly sleeping mystic lakes, the heather-clad, fragrant hills, the rugged rocky

shores, and the haunted Hebrides of beautiful Scotland. The bards of that wild, lovely realm have provided a golden setting for the diamond of romantic interest which is inherent in it, but that is no reason why an enthusiast of letters, who chances to be bound to it by indissoluble ties, of the most intimate personal nature, should forbear to celebrate its glories.

W. W.

New Brighton, New York,
February 6, 1911.

"The northern realms of ancient Caledon,
Where the proud Queen of Wilderness hath placed
By lake and cataract her lonely throne."

SCOTT.

"Triumphant be the thistle still unfurl'd,—
Dear symbol wild! on Freedom's hill it grows,
Where Fingal stemm'd the tyrants of the world
And Roman eagles found unconquer'd foes."

CAMPBELL.

"What are the flowers of Scotland,
All others that excel—
The lovely flowers of Scotland
All others that excel?
The thistle's purple bonnet
And bonnie heather-bell,—
O, they're the flowers of Scotland
All others that excel!"

HOGG.

I.

THE HEART OF SCOTLAND.

"*The Heart of Scotland, Britain's other eye.*"
—BEN JONSON.

A BRIGHT blue sky, across which many masses of thin white cloud are borne swiftly on the cool western wind, bends over the stately city, and all her miles of gray mansions and spacious, cleanly streets sparkle beneath it in a flood of summer sunshine. It is the Lord's Day, and most of the highways are deserted and quiet. From the top of the Calton Hill you look down upon hundreds of blue smoke-wreaths curling upward from the chimneys of the resting and restful town, and in every direction the prospect is one of opulence and peace. A thousand years of history are here crystallized within the circuit of a single glance, and while you gaze upon one of the grandest

emblems that the world contains of a romantic past, you behold likewise a living, resplendent pageant of the beauty of to-day. Nowhere else are the Past and the Present so lovingly blended. There, in the centre, towers the great crown of St. Giles's. Hard by are the quaint slopes of the Canongate, teeming with illustrious, or picturesque, or terrible figures of Long Ago. Yonder the glorious Castle Crag looks steadfastly westward, its manifold, wonderful colors continuously changing in the changeful daylight. Down in the valley Holyrood, haunted by a myriad of memories and by one resplendent face and entrancing presence, nestles at the foot of the giant Salisbury Crag, while the dark, rivened peak of Arthur's Seat rears itself supremely over the whole magnificent scene. Southward and westward, in the distance, extends the bleak range of the Pentland Hills; eastward the cone of Berwick Law and the desolate Bass Rock seem to cleave the sea; and northward, beyond the glistening crystals of the Forth,—with the white lines of embattled Inchkeith like a diamond on its

bosom,—the lovely Lomonds, the virginal mountain breasts of Fife, are bared to the kiss of heaven. It is such a picture as words can only faintly suggest; but when you look upon it you readily comprehend the pride and the passion with which a Scotsman loves his native land.

Dr. Johnson named Edinburgh as "a city too well known to admit description." That judgment was pronounced more than a hundred years ago, before yet Caledonia had bewitched the world's heart as the haunted land of Robert Burns and Walter Scott, and if it was true then it is all the more true now. But while the reverent pilgrim along the ancient highways of history may not wisely attempt a description which would be superfluous, he perhaps may usefully indulge in brief chronicle and impression, for these sometimes prove suggestive to minds that are kindred with his own. Hundreds of travellers visit Edinburgh, but it is one thing to visit and another thing to see, and every suggestion, surely, is of value that helps to clarify our vision. Edinburgh, to be

truly seen and comprehended, must be seen and comprehended as an exponent of the colossal individuality of the Scottish character, and therefore it must be observed with thought. Here is no echo and no imitation. Many another provincial city of Britain is a miniature copy of London, but the quality of Edinburgh is her own. Portions of her architecture, indeed, denote a reverence for ancient Italian models, while certain other portions reveal the influence of the semi-classical taste that prevailed in the time of the Regent, afterwards King George the Fourth. The democratic tendency of this period,—expressing itself here precisely as it does everywhere else, in button-making pettiness and vulgar commonplace,—is likewise sufficiently obvious. Nevertheless, in every important detail of Edinburgh and of its life, the reticent, resolute, formidable, impetuous, passionate character of the Scottish race is conspicuous and predominant. Much has been said against the Scottish spirit,—the tide of cavil purling on from Dr. Johnson to Sydney Smith. Dignity has been denied to it,

EDINBURGH—VIEW FROM THE CALTON HILL

Yea, an imperial city, that might hold
Five times an hundred noble towns in fee,
And either with their might of Babel old,
Or the rich Roman pomp of empery
Might stand compare.

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM.

and so has magnanimity, and so has humor; but there is no audience more quick than the Scottish audience to respond either to pathos or to mirth; there is no literature more musically, tenderly, and weirdly poetical than the Scottish literature; there is no place where the imaginative instinct of the national mind has resisted, as it has resisted in Scotland, the encroachment of utility upon the domain of romance; there is no people whose history has excelled that of Scotland in the display of heroic, intellectual, and moral purpose, combined with passionate sensibility; and no city could surpass the physical fact of Edinburgh as a manifestation of broad ideas, unstinted opulence, and grim and rugged grandeur. Whichever way you turn, and whatever object you behold, that consciousness is always present to your thought,—the consciousness of a race of beings intensely original, individual, passionate, authoritative, and magnificent.

The capital of Scotland is not only beautiful but eloquent. At every step the sensitive mind is impressed with the splendid intellect, the

individual force, and the romantic charm of the Scottish character, as it is commemorated and displayed in that delightful city. What a wealth of significance it possesses can be indicated by even the most meagre record and the most superficial commentary upon the passing events of a traveller's ordinary day. The greatest name in the literature of Scotland is Walter Scott. He lived and labored for twenty-four years in the modest three-story, gray stone house which is No. 39 Castle Street. It has been my privilege to enter that house, and to stand in the room in which Scott began the novel of "Waverley." Many years roll backward under the spell of such an experience, and the gray-haired man is a boy again, with all the delights of the Waverley Novels before him, health shining in his eyes and joy beating in his heart, as he looks onward through vistas of golden light into a paradise of fadeless flowers and happy dreams. The room that was Scott's study is a small one, on the first floor, at the back, and is lighted by one large window, opening eastward, through which you

look upon the rear walls of sombre, gray buildings, and upon a small slope of green lawn, in which is the unmarked grave of one of Sir Walter's dogs. "The misery of keeping a dog," he once wrote, "is his dying so soon; but, to be sure, if he lived for fifty years and then died, what would become of me?" My attention was called to a peculiar fastening on the window of the study,—invented and placed there by Scott,—so arranged that the sash can be kept safely locked when raised a few inches from the sill. On the south side of the room is the fireplace, facing which he would sit as he wrote, and into which, at evening, he has often gazed, hearing meanwhile the moan of the winter wind, and conjuring up, in the blazing brands, those figures of brave knights and gentle ladies that were to live forever in the amber of his magical art. Next to the study, on the same floor, is the larger apartment that was his dining-room, where his portrait of Claverhouse, now at Abbotsford, once hung above the mantel, and where so many of the famous persons of the past enjoyed

his hospitality and his talk. On the south wall of that room now hang two priceless autograph letters, one of them in the handwriting of Scott, the other in that of Burns. Both rooms are used for business offices now, and both are furnished with large presses, for the custody of deeds and family archives. Nevertheless those rooms remain much as they were when Scott lived in them, and his spirit seems to haunt the place. I was brought very near to him that day, for in the study was placed in my hands the original manuscript of his "Journal," and I saw, in his handwriting, the last words that ever fell from his pen. Toward the end the writing manifests only too well the growing infirmity of the broken Minstrel,—the forecast of the hallowed deathbed at Abbotsford and the venerable and glorious tomb at Dryburgh. These are his last words: "We slept reasonably, but on the next morning"—and so the "Journal" abruptly ends. I can in no way express the emotion with which I looked upon those feebly scrawled syllables, —the last effort of the nerveless hand that once

RUINS OF DRYBURGH ABBEY—ST. CATHERINE'S WINDOW

Gaze on the Abbey's ruin'd pile:
Does not the succoring ivy, keeping
Her watch around it, seem to smile,
As o'er a lov'd one sleeping?

had been strong enough to thrill the heart of all the world. The "Journal" was lovingly and carefully edited by David Douglas, whose fine taste and great gentleness of nature, together with his ample knowledge of Scottish literature and society, eminently qualified him for the performance of that sacred work, and the world now possesses this treasure and feels the charm of its beauty and pathos,—which is the charm of a great nature expressed in its perfect simplicity,—but the spell that is cast upon the heart and the imagination by an actual prospect of the handwriting of Sir Walter, in the last words that he wrote, cannot be conveyed in print. Some years ago the entire original manuscript, one hundred and fifty-three lines, of Scott's weird poem called "The Dance of Death," came into my possession, through the generosity of a dear friend, that accomplished actress Viola Allen, and contemplation of it has often solemnly impressed me, seeming to place me in the literal presence of the poet; but remembrance of the sight of the last words that fell from his pen remains a

haunting impulse of even a clearer perception of the man and a deeper sense of the beauty of his genius, the nobility of his character, and the pathos of his fate.

From the house in Castle Street I went to the rooms of the Royal Society, where there is a portrait of Scott, by John Graham Gilbert, more lifelike,—being representative of his soul as well as his face and person,—than any other that is known. It hangs there, in company with other paintings of former presidents of that institution,—notably one of Sir David Brewster and one of James Watt,—in the hall in which Sir Walter often sat, presiding over the deliberations and literary exercises of his comrades in scholarship and art. In another hall I saw a pulpit in which John Knox preached, in the old days of what Dr. Johnson expressively called "The ruffians of Reformation," and hard by was "The Maiden," the terrible Scotch guillotine, with its great square knife, set in a thick weight of lead, by which the grim Regent, Morton, was slain, in 1581, the Marquis of Argyll, in 1661, and the gallant,

magnanimous, devoted Earl of Argyll, in 1685, —one more sacrifice to the insatiate House of Stuart. This monster has drunk the blood of many a noble gentleman, and there is a weird, sinister suggestion of gratified ferocity and furtive malignity in its rude, grisly, uncanny fabric of blackened timbers. You can see, in the quaint little panelled chapel of St. Mary Magdalene, in the Cowgate, not distant from the present abode of the sanguinary Maiden,—brooding over her hideous consummation of slaughter and misery,—the place where the mangled body of the heroic Argyll was laid, in secret sanctuary, for several nights, after that scene of piteous sacrifice at the old Market Cross; and when you walk in the solemn enclosure of the Grayfriars Church, so fitly styled by Sir Walter the Westminster Abbey of Scotland, your glance will fall upon a sunken pillar, low down upon the northern slope of that haunted, lamentable ground, which bears the letters "I. M.," and which marks the grave of the baleful Morton.

In these old cities there is no keeping away

from sepulchres. "The paths of glory," in every sense, "lead but to the grave." George Buchanan and Allan Ramsay, poets whom no literary pilgrim will neglect, rest in that churchyard, though the exact places of their interment are not positively denoted, and there, likewise, rest the elegant historian Robertson, and "the Addison of Scotland," Henry Mackenzie. The building in the High Street in which Allan Ramsay once had his abode and his bookshop, and in which he wrote his pastoral of "The Gentle Shepherd," is occupied now by a barber, but, since he is one who scorns not to proclaim, over his door, in mighty letters, the poetic lineage of his dwelling, it seems not amiss that this haunt of the Muses should have fallen into such lowly hands. Of such a character, hallowed with associations that pique the fancy and touch the heart, are the places and the names that an itinerant continually encounters in his rambles in Edinburgh.

The pilgrim could muse for many an hour over the little Venetian mirror,—a small oval glass, of which the rim is furnished with cres-

cents, twenty-two of them on each side,—that hangs in the bedroom of Mary Stuart, in Holyrood Palace. What faces and what scenes it must have reflected! How often her own beautiful countenance and person,—the dazzling eyes, the snowy brow, the red-gold hair, the alabaster bosom,—may have blazed in its crystal depths, now tarnished and dim, like the record of her own calamitous, wretched days! Did those lovely eyes look into that mirror, and was their glance frightened and tremulous, or fixed and terrible, on that dismal February night, so many years ago, when the fatal explosion in the Kirk o' Field resounded with an echo that has never died away? Who can tell? That glass saw the gaunt, livid face of Ruthven, when he led his comrades of murder into the royal chamber, and it beheld Rizzio, screaming in mortal terror, as he was torn from the skirts of his mistress and savagely slain almost before her eyes. Perhaps, also, when that hideous episode was over and done with, it saw Queen Mary and her despicable husband the next time they met, and were

alone together, in that ghastly room. "It shall be dear blood to some of you," the Queen had said, while the murder of Rizzio was doing. Surely, having so injured a woman,—and such a woman,—any man with eyes to see might have divined his fate, in the perfect calm of her heavenly face and the smooth tones of her gentle voice, at such a moment. "At the fireside tragedies are acted," and tragic enough must have been the scene of their meeting, apart from human gaze, in the chamber of crime and death. No other relic of Mary Stuart stirs the imagination as that mirror does, —unless, perhaps, it be the little ebony crucifix, once owned and reverenced by Sir Walter, and now piously treasured at Abbotsford, which she held when she went to her death, in the hall of Fotheringay Castle.

Holyrood Palace, in Queen Mary's time, was not of its present shape. The tower containing her rooms was standing, and from that tower the building extended eastward to the Abbey, and then it veered to the south. Much of the building was destroyed by fire in 1544,

HOLYROOD PALACE AND ARTHUR'S SEAT

Romantic spot! By honest pride
Of old traditions sanctified,
My pensive vigil keeping,—
Thy beauty moves me like a spell,
And thoughts, and tender thoughts, upwell,
That fill my heart to weeping.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

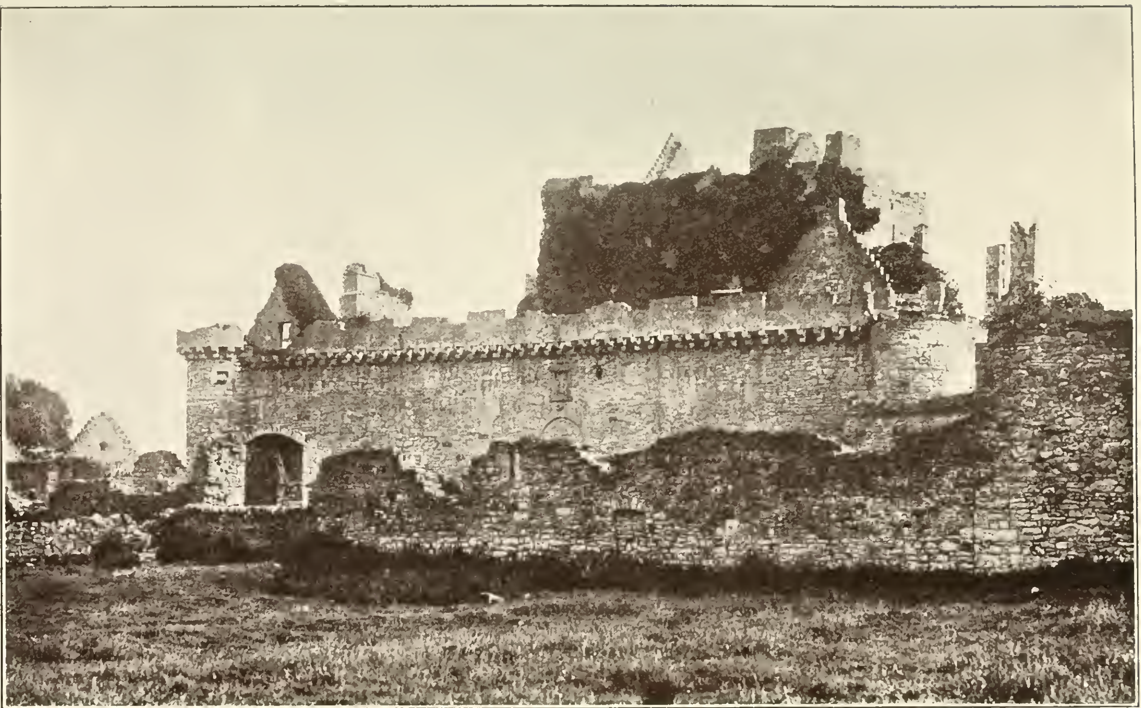
and again in Cromwell's time, but both church and palace were rebuilt. The entire south side, with a tower that looks directly towards the crag, was added in the later period of King Charles the Second. The furniture in Queen Mary's rooms is partly spurious, but the rooms are genuine. Musing thus, and much striving to reconstruct those strange scenes of the past in which that beautiful, dangerous woman bore so vital a part, the pilgrim strolls away into the Canongate,—once clean and elegant, now squalid and noisome,—and still the storied figures of history walk by his side or come to meet him at every close and wynd. John Knox, Robert Burns, Tobias Smollett, David Hume, Dugald Stuart, John Wilson, Hugh Miller, Gay, led onward by the blithe and gracious Duchess of Queensberry, and Dr. Johnson, escorted by the affectionate, faithful James Boswell, the best biographer that ever lived,—these and many more, the lettered worthies of long ago, throng into that haunted street and glorify it with the rekindled splendors of other days. You cannot be lonely

there. This it is that makes the place so eloquent and so precious. For what did those men live and labor? To what were their shining talents and wonderful forces devoted? To the dissemination of learning; to the emancipation of the human mind from the bondage of error; to the ministry of the beautiful,—and thus to the advancement of the human race in material comfort, in gentleness of thought, in charity of conduct, in refinement of manners, and in that spiritual exaltation by which, and only by which, the true progress of mankind is at once accomplished and proclaimed.

But the dark has come, and this Edinburgh ramble shall end with the picture that closed its own magnificent day. You are standing on the rocky summit of Arthur's Seat. From that superb mountain peak your gaze takes in the whole capital, together with the country in every direction for many miles around. The evening is uncommonly clear. Only in the west dense masses of black cloud are thickly piled upon each other, through which the sun is sinking, red and sullen with menace of

storm. Eastward and overhead the sky is crystal, and of a pale, delicate blue. A cold wind blows briskly from the east, and sweeps a million streamers of white smoke in turbulent panic over the darkening roofs of the city, far below. In the north the lovely Lomond Hills are distinctly visible across the dusky level of the Forth, which stretches away toward the ocean, one broad sheet of glimmering steel,—its margin indented with many a graceful bay, and the little islands that adorn it shining like stones of amethyst set in polished flint. A few brown sails are visible, dotting the waters, and far to the east appears the graceful outline of the Isle of May,—which was the shrine of the martyred St. Adrian,—and the lonely, wave-beaten Bass Rock, with its thousands of seagulls and solan-geese. Busy Leith and picturesque Newhaven and every little village on the coast is sharply defined in the frosty light. At your feet is St. Leonards, with the tiny cottage of Jeanie Deans. Yonder, in the south, are the gray ruins of Craigmillar Castle, once the favorite summer home of Queen Mary,

now open to sun and rain, moss-grown and desolate, and swept by every wind that blows. More eastward the eye lingers upon Carberry Hill, where Mary surrendered herself to her nobles, just before the romantic episode of Loch Leven Castle, and far beyond that height the sombre fields, intersected by green hawthorn hedges and many-colored with the various hues of pasture and harvest, stretch away to the hills of Lammermoor and the valleys of Tweed and Esk. Darker and darker grow the gathering shadows of the gloaming. The lights begin to twinkle along the city streets; the echoes of the rifles die away in the Hunter's Bog; a piper, far off, is playing the plaintive music of "The Blue Bells of Scotland"; and, as you descend the crag, the rising moon, now nearly at the full, shines through a gauzy mist, drifting in from the sea, and hangs above the mountain like a shield of gold upon the towered citadel of night.



RUINS OF CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE

For ivy climbs the crumbling hall
To decorate decay,
And spreads its dark, deceitful pall
To hide what wastes away.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

II.

THE CANTERBURY OF SCOTLAND.

As I speed through the green and yellow autumn fields, northward and west out of Edinburgh, the huge Pentland Hills show black in the morning mist, and the sombre Corstorphine looms stately and splendid beneath a rainy sky. There are portents of storm, but in the capricious clime of Scotland the smile is ever close to the tear, and I am rejoiced rather than surprised, when rolling across the Forth Bridge, to see rifts of blue in the sullen clouds and a glint of golden sunshine on the smooth, dark river far below. Upon the beaches of Burntisland the tide is flowing softly, in long, thin, foamless waves that idly lapse and seem to make no sound. Southward, looking across the steel-gray water of the Forth, I can discern the receding spires and

domes of beautiful Edinburgh, with Arthur's Seat and the Pentland Hills, like watchful lions, couched confronting in the mist. Soon I flit through gray Kirkcaldy,—a name grimly famous in Scottish history,—gazing, as I pass, on its quaint church among the graves, and marking, far at sea, the lighthouse on the lonely Isle of May. At Dysart the train leaves the coast and trends northward through meadows that are fresh with verdure, and among graceful hills, crowned with green copses and now beginning to glitter in the brilliant autumn sun. No part of Scotland is more tastefully cultivated and adorned than this section of Fife, where every prospect eloquently denotes the gracious result of many years of industry and thrift. Stately villas peep forth from the woods. Low, red-roofed cottages, the simple and cosey abodes of comfort, nestle in the vales. Lazy cattle, many-colored and picturesque, stray in the pastures, or couch beside the dark, cool, shining stream. Nowhere in Great Britain can the wanderer find gentler pictures of rural peace

than are seen in Fife. At Ladybank the traveller is almost within the shadow of that singular mountain, the obvious inspiration of the name, which, with its symmetrical double peak, suggests a virgin bosom bared to the benediction of the sky. Next I dash past opulent Cupar,—illustrious as the birthplace of that characteristic national poet, Sir David Lindsay (1490-1557),—and presently, from busy Leuchars, where myriads of screaming sea-birds fill the grassy moors, I look across the bay to the sand dunes and the crags of St. Andrews, the gray tower of its ancient and famous church, and the desolate pinnacles of its ruined Cathedral, once so beautiful, always renowned, and still august and reverend among the shrines of Scotland.

St. Andrews of the present is a small gray town, built mostly of stone, perched on a promontory overlooking the northern ocean, and devoted in part to learning and in part to sport. Its four principal streets, like the ribs of an outspread fan, converge to a point at the ruined Castle and Cathedral on its east-

ern shore, and those streets are intersected by lateral causeways and diversified by occasional squares. Upon one side of the promontory the surges of a wild sea break, in stormy music, on beach and crag. Upon the other, rising from the bed of a tiny river, a moorland shelves away to a circle of low hills. Northward, across the broad waste of sparkling water, rises the shore of Forfarshire, stretching from Buddon Ness toward Montrose, while far to the eastward gleams the lighthouse on the Lonely Bell Rock, long famous in legend and poetry as the place of the Inchcape Bell. The living sights of the town are the Colleges and the Golf Links. It is not, however, for living sights that the pilgrim seeks St. Andrews, but for the associations that cluster round its ruins, and for the thoughts that are prompted by remembrance of its past. St. Andrews is to Scotland what Canterbury is to England,—the emblem of a vast civic conflict and a national tragedy,—and as you stand in the roofless nave of its once glorious, now desolate Cathedral, and see the moss and the

RUINS OF THE CASTLE OF ST. ANDREWS

There is an old Castle hangs over the sea—
'Tis living through ages, all wreck'd though it be,
There's a soul in the ruin that never can die,
And the ivy clings round it as fondly as I . . .
How the ghosts of dead ages must glide through the gloom
And the forms of the mighty arise from the tomb,
And the dreams of the past through the wailing winds moan,
For they twine round the ruin as if 'twere their own!

ANONYMOUS.

trembling wild-flowers on its broken walls, and hear the moan of the ocean wind through its lofty mullioned casements and around its crumbling turrets, all so softly restful to your eyes, you forget the present, and remember only the princes and prelates of a bygone age, the zealots who fought and the martyrs who perished, and all the misery and pathos of the ancient battle, long ended and done with now, for liberty of conscience and of faith. St. Andrews was the centre of that contention, and it is replete with its relics. In the dark and dreadful pit called the Bottle Dungeon, still extant and malignly perfect, in the north-west sea-tower of its Castle, George Wishart was held a captive, until burned, for heresy, in front of the Castle gates, while Cardinal Beaton and his companions of the Church looked on, merciless, at a martyr's death. The old guide, who now lowers his lighted candle into that foul abyss and prattles of its horrors, might make a tamer theme grotesque, but this is wholly tragic, and not even droll volubility can dissipate its gloom. Into that

grisly and loathsome cavern Kirkcaldy of Grange, Norman Leslie and their fierce confederates cast the body of Beaton, and lapped it with salt, after they had murdered him in his bedroom of the Castle, and dangled his corse from the battlements. The windows of the Cardinal's rooms in the great front tower still look upon the town. From that Castle, when taken by the French, John Knox was carried away into captivity in the galleys. Not much remains of the grim old structure now, but, perched as it was upon a precipitous crag, jutting into the sea, with a broad, deep moat around its landward sides, it must have been a citadel of prodigious fortitude: it is formidable even in its ruin. The waves were breaking angrily at its base, and the sea, for many miles around, was white with wreaths of foam, as I looked down upon it from the windy height of the grim Tower of St. Regulus, and in the offing a single ship, with her sails close-reefed, was heavily tossing on the surge. Such a spectacle may often have been seen, from its battlements, by Edward Baliol, or Queen

Mary, or the Regent Murray. It was long the abode of princes before it became the home of priests. Beaton, when he trod its ramparts, looked forth to many a baleful blaze of the fagots kindled by his cruelty for the burning of men whose faith was not as his. Knox gazed from it upon the Cathedral that he hated, and that he was destined to destroy. It was in the ancient Town Church of St. Andrews,—a part of which is still extant, and all of which is characteristic and interesting as an ecclesiastical building,—that Knox preached, June 5, 1559, the inflammatory sermon against Idolatry which caused the destruction of the Cathedral and of the beautiful churches of the Black and Grayfriars; the pulpit in which he preached it is still preserved, in the museum of St. Salvator's College. In the Town Church, also, on the east wall of the south transept, stands the monumental tomb of James Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews, the Becket of Scottish history,—not as noble a character, and not the representative of as great a principle, yet, in the tremendous drama of

the Scotch Reformation, the most conspicuous royalist figure and the most illustrious victim. Within that tomb, whereon, in white and black marble, sculpture and allegory combine to express grief and homage, the mangled body of the slaughtered Archbishop was buried, and there, for many a year, the pensive gazer will review his strange story and consider his ghastly fate; but the dead priest's relics have long been gone. In 1725 the tomb was rifled, and whether those ashes were elsewhere sepulchred, or were cast to the winds of heaven, no man knows.

A pleasant drive of about three miles westward from St. Andrews brought me to Magus Moor, the scene of the Archbishop's murder. The road winds through fertile lands and past the long walls of a park-like estate, and presently, near to the little village of Strathkinness, it ascends a hill and penetrates a thick wood. More than two centuries have passed since the fatal May morning when the doomed prelate, whose sin was ambition and whose offence was an alleged breach of faith, was

there dragged from his carriage and barbarously killed, before his daughter's eyes. The country-side was a bleak moorland then, but over it then, as now, the wind blew softly and birds were on the wing. The grove that now covers that hill-side, though dense and wild, is comparatively young. The scene of the murder is deep in its heart, and the visitor must leave his carriage and make his way to it on foot. A long, winding path, thickly strewn with needles of the fir, leads to the spot, and on it, closely embowered so as to be almost hidden by foliage, stands a grim pyramid of gray stones, on the front of which is an oblong tablet, whereon, in a few Latin words, is written the miserable story of crime and grief: "Hunc prope locum Jacobus Sharp, Archiepiscopus, Sancti Andriæ, a sævis inimicis adstante filia sua et deprecante trucidatus est. A.D. MDCLXXIX." Nine assassins fell upon the old man,—he was in his sixty-first year,—and cruelly and horribly slew him. He had gone to the Court of King Charles the Second, a Presbyterian, commissioned to

represent his Church; he had returned an Episcopalian and Primate of all Scotland, and for that he was doomed to die. Thus was accomplished, despite the frantic supplications of a daughter for her aged father's life, one of the foulest murders in all the long annals of crime, and one more of the many dark and hideous deeds that earnest men have done for the cause of religion and in the name of Him who was the Prince of Peace. A principal hand in that iniquity was John Balfour, of Kinloch, called Burley, whom Scott has so marvellously depicted in "Old Mortality." I had but lately seen, in the Whitehall exhibition at London, the tattered, discolored Bible that once was Balfour's property, and surely his idol. I was now standing at the scene of his fanatical sacrifice and iniquity. From the horror and the anguish of that hideous day it may well be true that he never recovered. But he also sleeps, and even the memory of his wickedness has grown dim with age. In that sequestered place, as I turned away from it, the faint light of an autumn sun, which there

would be dim even at noonday, was fast fading into night, and where once the air resounded with cries of rage, terror, and entreaty, all was now silent, save for a sorrowful moaning of the wind and a dreary rustling of the leaves.

In England the most imposing ecclesiastical ruin is that of Fountains Abbey, which broods upon its desolate, majestic grandeur far in the green depths of the stately park of the Marquis of Ripon. In Scotland it is the Cathedral of St. Andrews, around which has grown up a modern cemetery, but of which the gaunt fragments that yet remain are sublime in their sacred loneliness and inexpressibly magnificent. As I stood in the centre of the recessed western door, so rich and yet so simple in its beauty, and gazed down the nave toward all that time and malice have spared of the lovely chancel, I thought of that reverent pilgrim, Dr. Johnson, who stood there more than one hundred years ago, and I wondered whether for him then, as now for me, the glory of the sun was blazing on those gray and mouldering relics, and the strong wind

singing in the shattered arcades, and whether he also may have pondered on the solemn thought that even this ruin, so bleak and so forlorn, is more permanent than the best of mortal strength and more eloquent than the best of mortal speech.

RUINS OF ST. ANDREWS CATHEDRAL

Here hast thou stood
In nakedness and sorrow, roofless, lone,
For many a weary year, and to the storm
Hast bared thy wasted form
Braving destruction, in the attitude
Of reckless desolation.

III.

HAUNTS OF THE STUARTS.

THE most fascinating figure in the history of Scotland is Mary Stuart. Her nature must have combined imagination, taste, sensibility, intellectual power, deep feeling, and a joyous, passionate abandonment akin to recklessness, and those attributes, manifestly, were incarnated in a person of voluptuous and alluring beauty. Even at the distance of centuries from her death her name arouses the liveliest emotions, and for her sake many a place in England and Scotland is now a shrine of sorrowful pilgrimage and pious reverence. All readers know her miserable story. Some persons believe the best of her, and some believe the worst, but, irrespective of all belief, the world is conscious of her strange allurement, her incessant, abiding charm. It had been my

fortune to see many places with which Queen Mary was associated,—among them her rooms in Holyrood, where Rizzio was murdered; her rooms in Edinburgh Castle, where her son James was born; the ruins of her Castle of Craigmillar, where once she was so happy; Carberry Hill, where she surrendered to her insurgent nobles; the remains of her Loch Leven prison; the field of Langside,—now thickly covered with dwellings, where, May 13, 1568, she lost her crown; the mount of Cathcart, from which she watched the Langside battle; the chapel in Notre Dame, in Paris, where she was married to King Francis the Second of France; the Cathedral at Peterborough, where her mangled body was first buried; and the stately tomb in Westminster, where, finally, her ashes were laid to rest. I was now to stand in the stone chamber in which, December 7, 1542, she was born. It is a roofless ruin,—deserted, save for the footstep of an occasional pilgrim, and silent, save for the moaning of the wind; but no spot could be more eloquent. Linlithgow, I was told, is sel-

dom visited,—and that is the more remarkable, considering how easily it can be reached. It is a gray and red town, rearing itself beside a blue lake, a little south of the Forth, about twenty miles west from Edinburgh, on the road to Falkirk. The place itself is mostly modern and conventional, but the Palace of Linlithgow is one of the noblest ruins in Europe, and even if it were devoid of historic associations it would richly repay study, as a representative dwelling of a remote and picturesque age. It was accidentally burnt, in 1745-'46, and since then it has been a cluster of walls, yet, even so, much of the original building remains, and observation, with a little help of fancy, can readily reconstruct its splendors and animate its desolation with the teeming, sumptuous life of Long Ago. Standing in the courtyard of that gray and bleak ruin, you look up to the inner window of the room in which Mary was born, and you can discern, above it, the royal symbols, still perfect, that were placed there by her son, years afterward, in memory of his

most unfortunate mother. In the room itself the remains of what was once a splendid fireplace will attract your attention, and you will see, in about the centre of the floor, a stone that is marked with nine circular indentations, possibly designed for Mary's juvenile game of nine-pins, as, indeed, the guide does not scruple to declare. The royal infant (for Mary became a queen when she was only six days old) passed but two years at Linlithgow, before she was removed to Stirling Castle. Next to the Queen's room is a chamber that was occupied, in succession, by three of her ancestors, King James the Third, King James the Fourth, and her father, King James the Fifth, and in one corner of it is visible the hiding-place wherein, beneath a trapdoor, King James the Third concealed himself from the lords who would have slain him,—while his Queen, Margaret of Denmark, sat by, in seeming tranquillity, and by her perfect composure averted the suspicion of the insurgents and threw them off the scent. Those rooms, in the old Stuart days, were splendidly decorated.

Indeed, the whole palace was magnificent,—so that Mary of Guise, when King James the Fifth brought her home, said that she had never seen a more princely dwelling. It is a grand structure, even in its decay. At the time of the Stuarts it was so admirable that it was deemed a good model for the splendid castle of Heidelberg, whereof, at the present day, the ruin is one of the grandest spectacles in Europe. At the northeast angle of Linlithgow still stand the bastions erected by King Edward the First. At the northwest you can ascend a noble tower, that still is eloquent of poor Margaret Tudor, who there first heard of the death of her errant husband, King James the Fourth, at the fatal battle of Flodden. The wind was moaning drearily around it as I sat in the little stone chamber at its summit, and the dull November sky was darkly brooding over it, but far away upon the grassy hill-sides and over the wimpling waters of the sullen lake the sunbeams streamed downward from behind masses of cloud, and seemed to typify the life that still springs

triumphant out of death and the hope that ever rises from despair. Nearly four centuries have passed since the bereaved Margaret sorrowed and wept in that room, but all her sorrows and equally all her pleasures are at rest, and around those barren, crumbling stones, which are her cold memorial, surge and beat the waves of a new existence, which is all power, enterprise, confidence, and joy. They show to you, just within the gate of the Palace, a dark, low, groined, gloomy chamber, four stone walls and a floor of bare earth now, in which the Regent Murray died,—shot down, like a dog, in a street of Linlithgow, by Hamilton, of Bothwellhaugh, January 20, 1570. The place of that murder is marked by a medallion bust of Murray, affixed to the County Court building, not distant from the Palace gates. More near to the Palace, of which, indeed, it was once a part, stands the church of St. Michael, renovated, so that it is almost a new building, but not to be overlooked by any pilgrim; for there it was that King James the Fourth, when on his way to

RUINS OF LINLITHGOW PALACE

The changeful forms of mortal things
Decay and pass, and art and power
Oppose in vain the doom that flings
Oblivion on their closing hour.

PEACOCK.

Flodden, received the mysterious warning of his impending fate,—a portentous impartment which, passing into literature in Scott's martial, luxuriant poetic tale of "Marmion," has become a precious gem of romance:—

> Woe waits on thine array!
> If war thou wilt, of woman fair,
> Her witchcraft wiles and wanton snare,
> James Stuart, doubly warn'd, beware:
> God keep thee as He may!

From Linlithgow the distance is not great to Stirling,—of all the Stuart haunts, perhaps, from historical association, the most suggestive to an imaginative visitor. Under a gloomy sky and in the face of a bitterly cold wind I traversed the streets of that ancient town and struggled up the steep ascent to the Castle. It is a grim place, and its bleak grandeur was heightened by the sombre menace of impending storm. Not a ray of sunshine was anywhere visible, and in the north a great, shapeless mass of black cloud covered and concealed everything. The

fortitude of the citadel is extraordinary. It stands upon a vast crag, and its defences include a dry moat, a practical drawbridge, a double portcullis, several gates, several batteries, and, encircling all, walls of tremendous thickness and strength. Almost as soon as you pass the first gate your attention is directed to a low, dungeonlike cell, formerly a guard-room, which was named and described by Scott, in the "Lady of the Lake," as the prison of *Roderick Dhu.* It is now a store-room. Looking upward, you behold, toward the west, a building curiously decorated with uncouth images, which was the royal Palace in the Stuart days, and adjacent to it a square tower wherein once dwelt Queen Mary, and wherein her son James was instructed and trained by the poet, scholar, and historian, George Buchanan. All the windows of that royal building are grated with iron bars—a precaution taken for the security of James, when he was a child. Access to that building is usually denied, since it is occupied as a residence by the officers of the garrison. Opposite

to it, on the north side of an irregular quadrangle, a building that once was a royal chapel is now used as a show-place for armor and weapons,—after the fashion of the White Tower, in London, and of the superb banquet-hall in Edinburgh Castle, but not comparable with either. Beneath this a narrow arch affords access to an enclosure called the Douglas Garden, and thence you enter the room in which the eighth Earl Douglas was cruelly and treacherously murdered, by King James the Second, in 1452. They show to you a little antechamber, through which the body of the murdered man was dragged, and also the window through which it was thrown. A beautiful bit of stained glass, exhibiting the arms of Douglas, now fills that casement,—placed there by Queen Victoria. The Douglas, it is said, was buried where he thus fell, in which case his grave would be in the middle of the pathway, where every passer must tread above his bones. From the Douglas Garden you mount by easy steps to the northern and western ramparts of the Castle, whence you

gaze down upon the links of the winding Forth, the battlefield of old Stirling Bridge (1297), and the ever-memorable field of Bannockburn, —marked by a tall flagstaff, set in the Bore Stone, in which, on that great day, was placed the standard of Bruce. At one point on the western rampart is a lookout port, which is said to have been made for the use of Queen Mary, and with her the Castle has many associations,—as it has also with the earlier Stuarts. On the northeast corner of the Palace stands a rude, quaint statue of King James the Fifth,—King of the Commons, as once they called him,—in his roving character of the Goodman of Ballangeich. In the Queen's room, after Flodden, Margaret Tudor, James's widow, gave birth to Prince Alexander, Duke of Ross, who died in infancy and was buried in Cambuskenneth. In the magnificent Gray-friars, now, by a strange and deplorable perversity of taste, divided into two misshapen parts, called the East Church and the West Church, Mary Stuart, a babe in arms and crying continually throughout the ceremonial,

was crowned Queen of Scotland, September 9, 1543. In Stirling she passed a part of her childhood,—most of the years 1545-'46-'47,—till, in the latter year, she was taken thence to Inchmahome in the Lake of Monteith; and to Stirling she returned, after the French episode of her life was ended, in 1561, and it was at Stirling, in the room of David Rizzio, that she was secretly wedded to her cousin, Darnley, in 1565,—a marriage the most disastrous, perhaps, ever made by any great person. To Stirling she came again, after the birth of her son James, and it was there the boy was christened, amid a splendid pomp of festivity, December 19, 1566. That ceremonial the jealous and infuriated father refused to attend: the house, called Willie Bell's Lodging, in which that day he is said to have kept his carousal, is still extant, in Broad Street, a short walk from the Castle gate. After the frightful tragedy of the Kirk o' Field Mary visited Stirling for the last time, to see her child, and on April 24, 1567, she left it forever. It is easy to understand that no person

who has read the annals of Scotland, no person to whom the strange and melancholy history of Queen Mary appeals with sympathetic force, can look upon Stirling Castle without emotion too deep for words. All the elements of romance and of tragedy cluster around that place.

From Stirling the traveller goes to Cambuskenneth Abbey, being rowed across the Forth in a little boat. Nothing remains of the Abbey except a single tower, part of which has been restored, and a few fragments of broken masonry. Many of the foundation stones, however, are in their place, and the outline of the building can be traced in the soil. It was in shape a cross, having, apparently, two towers at its west end. A graceful pinnacle, terminating in a sculptured flame, surmounts, at the northwest corner, the tower that is still extant, and in that tower there are two spacious chambers, besides a dark basement-room, all devoted to the preservation of pieces of the carved stonework of the old Abbey. The nave, the aisles, and the chancel

are now an open field, but upon the spot where once stood the altar stands now a handsome tomb, enclosed within an iron rail, to mark the sepulchre of King James the Third, and of Margaret of Denmark—to whom Scotland owes the Orkneys and the Shetlands, which were her dower. In Cambuskenneth those sovereigns were buried, four hundred years ago, and there, upon careful exploration, in 1864, the relics of them were discovered. The present tomb was placed by Queen Victoria. Upon the top is a sculptured cross; upon the west end are carved the arms of Scotland quartered with those of Denmark; upon the south side it is written that: "In this place, near to the high altar of the Abbey of Cambuskenneth, were deposited the remains of James the Third, King of Scotland, who died the 11th of June, 1488, and of his Queen, the Princess Margaret of Denmark"; and the north side records that: "This restoration of the tomb of her ancestors was executed by command of H. M. Queen Victoria, A.D. 1865." The surviving tower of this once splendid

church, more Norman than Gothic, is remarkably massive. A hundred steps will conduct you to its summit, from which the prospect is ample and uncommonly beautiful. In the north rises the Abbey Crag, with its gaunt monument, a modern structure, commemorative of William Wallace, and, more distant, the dark, rugged shapes of the Grampian Hills. In the west and south your gaze wanders over the gray houses of Stirling and rests upon its sombre castle, frowning from the crested rock of kings. Eastward and southward fields and farms stretch away into the hazy distance, until the bounds of earth and sky are merged and lost in one blue line. Close at hand are the wonderful, silvery, serpentine links of the Forth,—that broad, bright, teeming river, sparkling, for miles and miles, through a wide plain of brilliant verdure, dotted with villages, and everywhere hallowed with the sense of contentment and peace. No place has witnessed more abundant or more sanguinary strife; no place is now more tranquil and sweet. In the neighborhood of the Abbey ruin there is a

cluster of cottages, nestled among gardens, but the land around the ruin is mostly open field, and it is girdled, upon all but one side, by a curvature of the Forth. In its prosperous days the Abbey, with its monastic buildings and its gardens, must have occupied the whole of the territory thus enclosed by the river, and perhaps a wall upon its landward side protected it there. The history of Scotland centres in that ruin. Wallace, and after him Bruce, knew Cambuskenneth. The first Alexander and William the Lion were buried in it. Next to Iona, it was, for the earlier Scottish kings and nobles, the chief of shrines; and in the terrible warfare and carnage through which the stately civilization of Scotland has been developed all the region round about it has been drenched with heroic blood.

The day of my visit to Stirling was one of alternate gloom and glory. At one time, as I descended from the Castle, a vast bank of gray and yellow fog drifted over the landscape, and through it the Abbey Crag loomed dim and ghostly, a black, shapeless hulk. Soon a shaft

of sunshine smote upon its centre, and I beheld what seemed a gigantic white angel hovering in the mist. A moment more, and this had changed into a great pillar of silver, which presently dissolved, and then the lofty Wallace Tower stood forth, baseless, framed in clouds, a vision floating in the heavens. Next came a mighty wind, and even while I gazed every wreath of mist was swept away, and castle and city and plain, the distant peaks of Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi, and Ben Venue, and the whole Grampian ridge, blazed forth under stainless blue and in the glory of the setting sun. There is no fairer scene in all the world, nor one more richly freighted with memories that stir the heart.

THE CRAG AND THE WALLACE MONUMENT—STIRLING

'Twas the exile of Rachrin that led the array
And Wallace's spirit was pointing the way.

HOGG.

IV.

DUNFERMLINE ABBEY.

The Castle of Edinburgh looms in rugged splendor as the railway train glides along at the base of its gigantic foundation crag, and speeds away through the green fields. It is autumn, and there has been frost, but the landscape still smiles, and beneath a delicate blue sky, rifted with many clouds of white and pink, the harvest fields are golden, and lazy sheep stray in green pastures, and all the earth is glad. In one field innumerable seagulls are busy among the stubble; in another there is a multitude of rooks, portly, sleek, black, and industrious. Upon every side are hedgerows and groups of trees, and often I see long lines of cone-shaped, yellow haystacks, and sometimes red-roofed cottages with russet-tinted barns, and the scene is lovely with

color and with the genial suggestion of rural peace and comfort. The sinuous, domelike shapes of the Corstorphine and the Pentland Hills are stately and mysterious, within vast bastions and parapets of cloud and through a thin veil of gauzy mist. Upon the broad Forth, seen from the great bridge, there is a sheen of gold, as the fitful sun gleams over its surface of wrinkled steel, and, far below, across that wide expanse of burnished beauty, little steamboats make their easy way, each leaving a ripple of silver in its wake. Every time I have seen the Forth, at that point, it has presented a gorgeous picture. This time it was more than ever magnificent, because of impending storm. A great cloud-rack was coming from the north, and underneath a confused interblending of light and shadow,—streaks of blue and rolling masses of bronze and black,—both land and water took on a glory of changing hues for which there is no descriptive word, and a gloomy grandeur which is the perfect garment of mystery and omen. At picturesque Inverkeithing the train darted suddenly into the

heart of the tempest, and no object was discernible till I came to clear skies again, and to fair Dunfermline, serene upon her royal hill.

It was the Abbey that I wished to see, and a short walk, through streets of gray stone houses and little shops, soon brought me to its stately portal,—one of the most imposing types of the recessed Norman door to be found in the kingdom. The church rears itself in the centre of a large burial-place, and, being set upon a ridge of land which slopes both ways, its massive, square tower is visible far off. In the fretwork at the top of that tower appear the words "King Robert the Bruce," the letters being of great size and being placed as supports for the coping. That portion of the fabric is modern, for in the days of Knox the old Abbey,—erected by King Malcolm and Queen Margaret, in 1075,—was demolished, excepting its nave, and the stones of it, which had been hallowed by nearly five hundred years of dedication to sacred worship, were thereupon, from time to time, carried away and built into other structures, wherever stones

might happen to be wanted. The ancient nave remains, and noble it is, with its ponderous round pillars, its lofty casements, its gaunt triforium, and its unmistakable character of simplicity and truth. Two of the pillars are decorated with arrowhead carving, ingeniously devised to create the optical illusion that, according as they are observed from different points of view, they are narrower at the base than at the top or narrower at the top than at the base. In a chapel near the north porch are two stone coffins, one open and one closed and sealed,—the latter containing the bones of two sons of King Malcolm, one of whom was slain, in company with his father, at the battle of Alnwick, and the other of whom brought to his mother, Queen Margaret, tidings of her bereavement. The new part of the Abbey is built immediately over the ruin of the old one, so that the ancient nave affords an avenue to the modern chancel, yet even in that modern structure the spell of antiquity asserts its power,—for immediately under the pulpit is the tomb of King Robert the Bruce,

and beneath the pews toward the north end of the transept rest stone coffins containing the bones of eleven of the earlier monarchs of Scotland. King Malcolm and Queen Margaret were buried side by side, near the altar of the former church, but their tomb, now a ruin, though carefully covered and enclosed, is directly east of the present building and outside of it. The bones of Queen Margaret no longer rest in that sepulchre, having been long ago conveyed away and buried in Spain. Bruce died at Cardross in 1329, and was buried in front of the altar in Dunfermline Abbey. In 1818 his coffin, of oak and lead, was discovered and opened, his skeleton was found entire, and an examination of it revealed the fact that the ribs had been severed with a saw, so that his heart could be removed,—that brave, pious heart, which he had willed should be placed in the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, but which, after many vicissitudes, was buried in Melrose Abbey. The bones of Bruce, it is said, are preserved with pitch. The tomb was marked, in 1889, with a superb brass, set in a slab of

Egyptian porphyry, representing the full-length figure of the monarch, panoplied for war. As to the stone coffins of the other kings, the sexton of the Abbey told me he had several times examined them with great care, but could find no mark by which the identity of the buried persons could be established. The stones that originally covered those remains of royalty appear to have been demolished. Queen Anne's elaborate monument to the architect William Schaw, 1702, is at the west end of the north aisle of the older church, but in a place so dark that I could only discern that it is florid and artificial. Foley's beautiful and touching sculpture, commemorative of General Robert Bruce, brother to Augusta Bruce, who became the wife of the revered Dean Stanley, stands in the south transept, —a veiled woman, supporting the head of a dead man, and bending over his recumbent figure in the mute agony of grief. The contrast of death and life in those figures, together with the truth of anatomy and the flexibility and grace of drapery, make that work a marvel,

and I remember it with the sculptures by Chantrey, and Watts, at Lichfield, and with the angel at the font, in the cathedral at Inverness. In the churchyard at Dunfermline Abbey they show the grave of the mother of the heroic Wallace, still marked, as he marked it, with a thorn tree, the successor to many thorns that have there bloomed and withered. There is no name in Scottish history so encrusted with fable as that of William Wallace, but in this tradition of him it is good to maintain an absolute trust.

A few fragments of gray stone, weather-beaten and beautiful with age, are all that remain of the old Palace of Dunfermline. Those fragments and the land adjacent to them are enclosed, and a small sign, over the gate, announces the Palace ruins. The ground is overgrown with grass and young trees. The Palace must have been extensive; but only one wall of it is now extant. John Knox laid upon Dunfermline the hand of destruction, and Abbey and Palace were tumbled into a shapeless mass of ruin. The wall that

remains is sustained by a strong foundation and by massive buttresses, and it is pierced by many windows, all notable for beauty of design and fine proportion. One window, formerly an oriel, now simply an arch, is especially interesting, as that of the room in which was born Prince Charles, afterward King Charles the First. The spacious fireplace of that room is in the old wall, and about it you can see traces of the carving with which it was adorned. Five of the windows on the lower story are, obviously, those of a banquet hall,—now a broad walk, beneath the sky. Adjacent to that walk, at its east end, can be seen the remains of a spacious chamber, beneath which is a low room, with a groined roof, supported by short columns. That, probably, was a wine-cellar, although the antiquarian preference is to call it a chapel. A circuitous flight of earthen steps conducts the visitor from the terrace above the ruin to a walk along the base of the old wall, and from that place it is easy to see how splendid Dunfermline Palace must once have been. The

DUNFERMLINE ABBEY—FROM NORTHWEST

Bless'd in thy deeds and in thy fame
What lengthen'd honors wait thy name!
In distant ages sire to son
Shall tell thy tale of freedom won,
And teach his infants, in the use
Of earliest speech, to falter Bruce.

position is on the brink of a wide ravine,—now considerably wooded upon both its slopes,—through the dim depth of which flows a rapid stream, sending up continually that sweetest of music, the sound of running water, gently impeded in its incessant course. From the windows of Prince Charles's room the gazer would look down into that deep and verdurous valley, and across it to fertile fields and green pastures, stretching far away to the northern bank of the Forth. It was easy, in imagination, to repeople those vacant spaces, and to see once more the royal Stuarts, in all their glory, little dreaming of the awful fate which was to close their dynasty and ultimately extinguish their race.

V.

RAMBLES AROUND EDINBURGH.

A LOVELY view of Edinburgh can be obtained by a ramble to the Braid Hills. The turf on which I trod was fine, strong, elastic, and of a remarkably beautiful color. All around were sprinkled daisies, foxglove, buttercups, and bluebells. Thistles were in flower, and few objects are more pleasing to the eye than the flowering thistle. The chaffinches were everywhere, and many rooks, loquacious and vocal, croaked in the pleasant air. Little grass-paths, over hill and dell, allured the wanderer's steps, and in every direction glistened the furse,—which is called whins,—and the abundant yellow blossoms of the colt's-foot. A few white clouds were drifting over the stately city in the distance, and around the far horizon floated a delicate wreath of mist, but the Ochill Hills

were clearly defined to the vision, and so were the Lomonds in Fife, and so was the ever-present mountain of Arthur's Seat. Nearby was the river Jordan, flowing through a dell that is wooded with some of the finest trees in Scotland.

From the Braid Hills it was a pleasant walk to Craigcrook, once the home of Lord Jeffrey, —an elegant residence, sequestered in a park. Many of the rooms were shown, and also the garden, wherein were many flowers. Lord Jeffrey was fond of yellow roses, and he cultivated them with success, but there are not any of them in the garden now. The library, which was Jeffrey's, is an antique room, furnished with alcoves, made in the shape of Gothic arches, for bookshelves, and from its windows you can look upon the park, which contains many noble trees and a splendid vista of lawn. Upon the wall there were portraits of Jeffrey and Scott. In the cosey sitting-room the motto over the fireplace had a touching significance: "We want no future that breaks the ties of the past." Other mottoes were in other places, one being

"Live pure. Speak true. Right wrong," and another the familiar lines that end the precept speech of *Polonius* to *Laertes*. In the spacious dining-room there were excellent paintings. As I looked upon the richly furnished drawing-room I thought of the poet Moore, and his singing, in that very room, and Jeffrey listening, with tears, to "There's a song of the olden time." Moore has left, in his diary, a record of that incident. He visited Jeffrey in 1825. Craigcrook is castellated, and at a distance the aspect of the building, as its cones and turrets rise among the trees, is mediæval and especially attractive.

I walked through the neighboring park of Ravelston and looked on the old house. Scott often visited that mansion, in the days of his friend Lady Keith, and he had it in mind when he wrote the description of Tillietudelem, in "Old Mortality." There is much timber on the Ravelston estate, and there is a deep and dark lake in its woods,—an old quarry-hole,—the depth of which is so vast as to be unknown. It would be lonesome at night in Ravelston

EDINBURGH CASTLE—FROM THE GREYFRIARS CHURCH

There watching high the least alarms
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar,
Like some bold veteran, grey in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar.
The pond'rous walls and massy bar
Grim rising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd the invader's shock.

BURNS.

Park, and it would be dangerous because of the precipitous cliffs which are there. Scott's lines came into my thoughts as I strolled away:—

> Till on Ravelston's cliff and on Clermiston's lea,
> Died away the wild war-notes of bonnie Dundee.

From Edinburgh, through Portobello and Musselburgh, it is a short drive to the battle-field of Prestonpans. It was a bright summer morning when last I traversed that region, and the scene of rural peace that was presented by it offered a strong contrast with the stormy picture,—speedily drawn by the nimble fingers of fancy,—of old and half-forgotten war. Upon that field, September 21, 1745, the Highland followers of Charles Edward Stuart struck a blow that shook the throne of England, and if the advantage then gained had been ably pursued the House of Hanover might have fallen, and the House of Stuart might have reigned once more.

It was a rapid fight, the Highlanders showing terrible ferocity, and conquering almost in

an instant. Sir John Cope, leading an English force of three thousand soldiers, had landed at Dunbar, on September 17, and marched along the coast toward Edinburgh, then held by Prince Charles, who was giving balls at Holyrood. The Prince, with a force about equal to the number of his foe, moved eastward to Duddingston, drew his sword, and "flung away the scabbard." Cope advanced by the low road from Seton to Preston; the Highlanders occupied the higher ground, and between the two armies there was a bog. Colonel Gardiner, upon the English side, urged an attack, but his commander chose to stand upon the defensive, and in that way, no doubt, made a fatal error. The Prince's army was piloted across the bog by Anderson of Whitburgh, and in a few minutes the forces of Cope were in full retreat, that officer himself never pausing till he reached Berwick. Gardiner, cut down by a scythe, expired near his own door. On the Prince's side, four officers and fifty soldiers were killed, and six officers and seventy soldiers wounded, while of the

English, five officers and four hundred soldiers were killed, and eighty officers and two thousand soldiers captured. The Highlanders also captured Cope's baggage, which had been left at Cockenzie, and £2500.

It is an old story, but the pilgrim who stands upon the veritable scene of the battle comprehends as never before the suspense, the shuddering excitement, the carnage, the panic, and the horror of that memorable episode in the Stuart Wars. The field is now divided by the tracks of a railway, and the most of it is devoted to grain and pasture. I saw and ascended the ancient Market Cross of Preston,—once the centre of the village, now the chief object visible in a market garden,—and I viewed the forlorn fragments that yet remain of Preston Castle, not far away. The tower was once formidable as a place of guardrooms and dungeons, but it is tame and common now. Close to the railway there is a plain monument, on which appears the simple inscription: "To Col. Gardiner, who fell in the battle of Prestonpans, 21 Sept. 1745." A

touching allusion to that gallant person occurs in a letter, preserved among the "Culloden Papers," from General Wightman to the Lord President of Scotland; Newcastle, 26 Sept. 1745: "Honest, pious, bold Gardiner died in the field, and was stripe very nigh to his own house, as is said. I believe he prayed for it and got his desire; for his state of health was bad, and his heart was broken with the behavior of the Irish whom he commanded."

From Preston a short drive brought me to Port Seton, and at Seton House I met Mrs. Dunlop, a kindly gentlewoman, who showed to me the principal rooms of that interesting mansion, and especially its library. There, among other relics, I saw a book of pious discourses, one of them being Archbishop Laud's dying speech, delivered on the scaffold. It had once been the property of a Duchess of Argyll, whose name, Anna Argyll, was written on the title-page of each discourse. On the wall hung an uncommonly good portrait of Garrick as *Hamlet*, together with a painting of Daniel Webster, and several pictures of

North American Indians. Mrs. Dunlop said that her husband, when a youth, about 1830, had visited America and had obtained those American relics. She also indicated a copy of Nasmith's fine portrait of Burns, and said, "It has not the exuberant, birdlike look, as if he were singing in the air, which is in the original."

Seton House is modern, the old castle having been burnt down, many years ago, and from its summit there is a magnificent view. Several showers had fallen, but the rain was now past, and a glorious bow spanned the wide arch of heaven. Eastward the sky was black, and under it the vast bulk of Berwick Law towered in sullen majesty, while far to the west Arthur's Seat and the Salisbury Crag were sumptuous and splendid in the glow of sunset, and northward, in front, a bright green sea, flecked with whitecaps, was writhing beneath the gale.

From Seton House I went to Seton Abbey, a venerable, beautiful church, and one of the notable antiquities of Scotland. Various

authorities allege that it was founded by George, the second Lord Seton, June 20, 1493; but this is doubted by other antiquarians, who declare that the church was founded earlier, as the parochial church, and that it was made collegiate (that is, furnished with canon and prebends), by the second Lord Seton, in the time of King James the Fourth (1488-1513). In architectural style the edifice is Middle Pointed. The choir consists of three bays with a semi-hexagonal end. The transepts consist of two bays, and, as is customary in the Scottish churches, they were designed for mortuary chapels. The tower is low and square, and upon its top is a truncated octagonal spire, of which the haunches are plain. The height of the tower is twenty-four feet six inches. The length of the choir is sixty-five feet three inches; that of the north transept, twenty-nine feet six inches; that of the south transept, thirty-one feet three inches. The roof of the choir is a pointed vault, which from the west end to the centre is plain, but from the centre to the east end there runs a ridge-piece, uniting

transverse and diagonal pieces, which spring from floriated corbels and are joined with sculptured bosses. The windows have two and three lights, foliated loop-tracery in the heads, and moulded hoods with floriated ends. Beneath the east window of the north wall, in a monumental recess, are recumbent effigies of a knight in armor, and a woman. The male figure is five feet nine inches in length. The knight's head rests upon a helmet; that of the woman upon a cushion. This is the tomb of the second Lord Seton, who fell at Flodden. The Setons held the earldom of Winton. In the south transept is the tomb of Isabella Seton, who wedded a man who, had he lived long enough, would have been Earl of Perth, but he died, and he was buried in this church. Both tombs have been despoiled, and they are much decayed. That of Isabella is inscribed with some quaint lines, by Drummond of Hawthornden:

In steed of epitaphes and airye praise
This monument a lady chaste did raise
To her lord's living fame, and after death

Her bodye doth unto this place bequeath
To rest with his till God's shrill trumpet sound.
Thoch tyme her life no tyme her love can bound.

Later, though not much, Isabella married a person named Bothwell, who was unkind to her,—so it had been wise if she had remained true to her original purpose, as denoted in the epitaph which she inspired. I noted in Seton Abbey the large flat stones over the vaults of Lord Wemyss and his wife, the two fonts, ancient and defaced, the ribbed roof of the Lady chapel, which is superb, the remains of several old tombs, and the fragments of carved stone,—one piece, in particular, showing the Winton arms, with the mottoes, "Hazard zit fordward" and "In via virtuti, via nulla." In the north chancel there is a tomb consecrated to James Oglevie of Birnest, 1618, and Georgius Oglevie of Carnousis. Seton Abbey, externally, is of exceptional beauty, impressive with solemn grandeur and pleasing with delicacy and grace. The green moss around its buttresses and the grasses that grow upon parts of its roof augment in its aspect the

effect of venerable antiquity, and likewise they impart to it an air of melancholy, harmonious equally with its reminiscent character and its sequestered, lonely situation. All around it there is a brooding sense of death—extinction—utter finality and silence. George Seton, the fifth Earl of Winton, participated in the Stuart rising of 1715, and, having been captured, at Preston, was sentenced to death, for treason. He escaped, and he died at Rome, in 1749. The Parbroath Setons survive, and are well represented by the admirable scholar, Robert Seton, Archbishop of Heliopolis.

VI.

SIR WALTER.

More than a century has passed since Walter Scott was born—a poet destined to exercise a profound, far-reaching, permanent influence upon the feelings of the human race, and thus to act a conspicuous part in its moral and spiritual development and guidance. To the greatness of his mind, the nobility of his spirit, and the beauty of his life there is abundant testimony in his voluminous and diversified writings, and in his ample and honest biography. Everybody who reads has read something from the pen of Scott, or something commemorative of him, and in every mind to which his name is known it is known as the synonym of great faculties and wonderful achievement. There must have been enormous vitality of spirit, prodigious power of intellect,

irresistible charm of personality, and lovable purity of moral nature in the man whom thousands that never saw him living,—men and women of a later age and different countries,—know and remember and love as Sir Walter Scott. Others have written greatly. Milton, Dryden, Pope, Johnson, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Landor, Tennyson—those are only a few of the imperial names that cannot die. But those names live in the world's respect. The name of Scott lives also in its affection. What other name of the past in English literature,—unless it be that of Shakespeare,—arouses such a deep and sweet feeling of affectionate interest, gentle pleasure, gratitude, and reverential love?

The causes of Sir Walter Scott's ascendency are to be found in the goodness of his heart, the integrity of his conduct, the romantic and picturesque accessories and atmosphere of his life, the fertile brilliancy of his literary execution, the charm that he exercises, both as man and artist, over the imagination, the serene, tranquilizing spirit of his works, and, above

all, the buoyancy, the happy freedom, of his genius. He was not simply an intellectual power, he was also a human and gentle comforter. He wielded an immense mental force, but he always wielded it for good, and always with tenderness. It is impossible to conceive of his ever having done a wrong act, or of any contact with his influence that would not inspire the wish to be virtuous and noble. The scope of his sympathy was as broad as are the weakness and need of the human race. He understood the hardship in the moral condition of mankind and he wished and tried to relieve it. His writings are full of sweetness and cheer, and they contain nothing that is morbid,—nothing that tends toward surrender or misery. He did not sequester himself in mental pride, but simply and sturdily, through years of conscientious toil, he employed the faculties of a strong, tender, gracious genius for the good of his fellow-creatures. The world loves him because he is worthy to be loved, and because he has lightened the burden of its care and augmented the sum of its happiness.

SIR WALTER SCOTT—STATUE BY G. W. KEMP

The vision and the voice are o'er—
But when will be forgot
The buried Genius of Romance—
The imperishable Scott!

CHARLES SWAIN.

Certain differences and confusions of opinion have arisen from the consideration of his well-known views as to the literary art, together with his equally well-known ambition to take and to maintain the rank and estate of a country gentleman. As an artist he had ideals that he was never able to fulfil. As a man, and one who was influenced by imagination, taste, patriotism, family pride, and a profound belief in established monarchical institutions, it was natural that he should wish to found a grand and beautiful home for himself and his posterity. A poet is not the less a poet because he thinks modestly of his writings, and practically knows and admits that there is something else in the world beside literature, or because he happens to want his dinner and a roof to cover him,—or because he desires those blessings for his family. In trying to comprehend a great man, a good method is to look at his life as a whole, and not to deduce petty inferences from the distorted interpretation of petty details. Scott's conduct of life, like the character out of which it sprang, was

simple and natural. In all that he did you perceive the influence of imagination acting upon reason, the involuntary consciousness of reserve power, habitual deference to the voice of duty, an aspiring and picturesque plan of artistic achievement and personal distinction, and a deep knowledge of the world. If ever there was a man who lived to be and not to seem, that man was Walter Scott. He made no pretensions. He claimed nothing, but he simply and earnestly earned all. His means were the oldest and the best,—self-respect, hard work, and fidelity to duty. The development of his nature was slow, but it was thorough and it was salutary. He was not hampered by precocity and he was not spoiled by conceit. He acted according to himself, honoring his individuality and obeying the inward monitor of his genius. But, combined with the delicate instinct of a gentleman, he had the wise insight, foresight, and patience of a philosopher, and therefore he respected the individuality of others, the established facts of life, and the settled conventions of society. His mind was

neither embittered by revolt nor sickened by delusion. Having had the good fortune to be born in a country in which a wise plan of government prevails,—the idea of the family, the idea of the strong central power at the head, with all other powers subordinated to it,—he felt no impulse toward revolution, no desire to regulate all things anew, and he did not suffer perturbation from the feverish sense of being surrounded with uncertainty and endangered by exposure to popular caprice. During the period of immaturity, and notwithstanding physical weakness and pain, his spirit was kept equable and cheerful, not less by the calm environment of a permanent civilization than by the clearness of his perceptions and the sweetness of his temperament. In childhood and youth he endeared himself to all who came near him, winning affection by inherent goodness and charm. In riper years that sweetness was reinforced by great sagacity, which took broad views of individual and social life, so that both by knowledge and impulse he was a serene and happy man.

The quality that first impresses the student of the character and the writings of Scott is truthfulness. He was genuine. Although a poet, he suffered no torment from vague aspirations. Although once, and miserably, a disappointed lover, he permitted no morbid repining. Although the most successful author of his time, he displayed no egotism. To the end of his days he was frank and simple,—not, indeed, sacrificing the reticence of a dignified, self-reliant nature, but suffering no blight from success, and wearing illustrious honors with humility and grace. This truthfulness, the consequence and the sign of integrity and of great breadth of intellectual vision, moulded Sir Walter's ambition and stamped the practical results of his career. A striking illustration of this is seen in his first adventure in literature. The poems originally sprang from the spontaneous action of the poetic impulse and faculty, but they were put forth modestly, in order that the author might guide himself according to the response of the public mind. He knew that

he might fail as an author, but for failure of that sort, although he was intensely ambitious, he had no dread. There would always remain to him the career of private duty and the life of a gentleman. This view of him gives the key to his character and explains his conduct. Neither amid the experimental vicissitudes of his youth, nor amid the labors, achievements, and splendid honors of his manhood, did he ever place the imagination above the conscience, or brilliant writing above virtuous living, or art and fame above morality and religion. "I have been, perhaps, the most voluminous author of the day," he said, toward the close of his life; "and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which, on my deathbed, I should wish blotted." When at last he lay upon that deathbed the same thought animated and sustained him. "My dear," he said to his son-in-law, Lockhart, "be a good man, be virtuous, be religious,—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you

come to lie here." The mind which thus habitually dwelt upon goodness as the proper object of human ambition and the chief merit of human life was not likely to vaunt itself on its labors or to indulge any save a modest and chastened pride in its achievements.

This view of him explains the affectionate reverence with which the memory of Sir Walter Scott is cherished. He was pre-eminently a type of the greatness that is associated with virtue. But his virtue was not decorum and it was not goodyism. He does not, with Addison, represent elegant austerity, and he does not, with Hayley, represent amiable tameness. His goodness was never insipid. It does not humiliate or weary; it gladdens. It is ardent with heart and passion. It is brilliant with imagination. It is lovely with grace and taste. It is alert and triumphant with splendid mental achievements and practical good deeds. And it is the goodness of a great poet,—the poet of natural beauty, of romantic legend, of adventure, of chivalry, of life in its heyday of action and its golden glow of pageantry

and pleasure. It found expression, and it wields invincible and immortal power, through an art whereof the charm is the magic of sunrise and sunset, the sombre, holy silence of mountains, the pensive solitude of dusky woods, the pathos of ancient, ivy-mantled ruins, and ocean's solemn, everlasting chant. Great powers have arisen in English literature, but no romance has hushed the voice of the author of "Waverley," and no harp has drowned the music of the Minstrel of the North.

In literary history the position of Scott is unique. A few authors, indeed, might be named toward whom the general feeling was once exceedingly cordial, but in no other case has the feeling entirely lasted. In the case of Scott it endures in undiminished fervor. There are persons to whom his works are not interesting and to whom his personality is not significant. Those persons are the votaries of the photograph, who wish to see upon the printed page the same sights that greet their vision in the streets and in the houses to which they are accustomed. But those persons con-

stitute only a single class of the public. People in general are impressible through a romantic instinct which is a part of human nature. To that instinct Scott's writings were addressed, and also to the heart that goes with it. The spirit that responds to his genius is universal and perennial. Caprices of taste will reveal themselves and will vanish, fashions will rise and will fall, but those mutations touch nothing that is elemental, and they will no more displace Scott than they will displace Shakespeare.

The "Journal" of Sir Walter, valuable for copious variety of thought, humor, anecdote, and chronicle, is precious for the confirmatory light that it casts upon the character of its writer. It had long been known that Scott's nature was exceptionally noble, that his patience was beautiful, that his endurance was heroic. The "Journal" disclosed to his votaries that he surpassed even the highest ideal of him that their affectionate partiality had formed. The period that it covers was that of his adversity and decline. He began it on November 20, 1825, in his town house, in Edinburgh, and he

continued it, with almost daily entries,—except for various sadly significant breaks after July, 1830,—until April 16, 1832. Five months later, on September 21, he was dead. He opened it with the expression of a regret that he had not kept a regular diary during the whole of his life. He had seen some chapters of Byron's vigorous, breezy, off-hand memoranda, and the perusal of those inspiriting pages had revived in his mind the long-cherished, often-deferred plan of keeping a journal. "I have myself lost recollection," he says, "of much that was interesting, and I have deprived my family and the public of some curious information by not carrying this resolution into effect." Having once begun the work he persevered in it, and evidently he found a comfort in its companionship. He wrote directly, and therefore fluently, setting down exactly what was in his mind, from day to day, but, as he had a well-stored and well-ordered mind, he wrote with reason and taste. The facts that he recorded were mostly material facts, and the reflections that he added, whether

serious or humorous, were important. Sometimes a bit of history would glide into the current of the chronicle; sometimes a fragment of a ballad; sometimes an analytic sketch of character, subtle, terse, clear, and obviously true; sometimes a memory of the past; sometimes a portraiture of incidents in the present; sometimes a glimpse of political life, a word about painting, a reference to music or the stage, an anecdote, a tale of travel, a trait of social manners, a precept upon conduct, or a thought upon religion and the destiny of mankind. There was no pretence of order and there was no consciousness of an audience; yet the "Journal" unconsciously assumed a symmetrical form; and largely because of the spontaneous operation of its author's fine literary instinct it became a composition essentially worthy of the most thoughtful readers.

The original manuscript of that remarkable work is contained in two volumes, bound in vellum, each volume being furnished with a steel clasp which can be fastened. The covers are slightly tarnished by time. The paper is yel-

SIR WALTER

To wear a wreath in glory wrought
His spirit swept afar,
Beyond the soaring wing of thought,
The light of moon or star,
To drink immortal waters free
From every taint of earth,
To breathe before the shrine of life,
The source whence worlds had birth.

CHARLES SWAIN.

low with age. The handwriting is fine, cramped, and often obscure. "This hand of mine," writes Scott, "gets to be like a kitten's scratch, and will require much deciphering, or, what may be as well for the writer, cannot be deciphered at all. I am sure I cannot read it myself." The first volume is full of writing; the second about half full. Toward the end the record is almost illegible. Scott was then at Rome, on that melancholy, mistaken journey by which it had been hoped, but hoped in vain, that he would recover his health. Lockhart, who had access to his papers, made some use of the "Journal," in his "Life of Scott," but the greater part of it was withheld from publication till a more auspicious time for its perfect candor of speech. To hold those volumes and to look upon their pages,—so eloquent of the great author's industry, so significant of his character, so expressive of his inmost soul,—was almost to touch the hand of the Minstrel himself, to see his smile, and to hear his voice. Since their publication, imparting an inestimable treasure to the world, they have been

restored to the ebony cabinet at Abbotsford, there to be treasured among the most precious relics of the past. "It is the saddest house in Scotland," their editor, David Douglas, said to me, when we were walking together upon the Braid Hills, "for to my fancy every stone in it is cemented with tears." Sad or glad, it is a shrine to which reverent pilgrims find their way from every part of the world, and it will be honored and cherished forever.

The great fame of Scott had been acquired by the time he began to write his "Journal," and it rested upon a broad foundation of solid achievement. He was fifty-four years old, having been born August 15, 1771, the year in which Smollett died. He had been an author for about thirty years,—his first publication, a translation of Bürger's "Lenore," having appeared in 1796, the year that was saddened by the death of Robert Burns. His social eminence also had been established. He had been Sheriff of Selkirk for twenty-five years. He had been for twenty years a clerk of the Court of Session. He had been

for five years a baronet, having received that rank from King George the Fourth, who always admired him, in 1820. He had been for fourteen years the owner of Abbotsford, which he bought in 1811, occupied in 1812, and completed in 1824. He was yet to write "Woodstock," the six tales called "The Chronicles of the Canongate," "The Fair Maid of Perth," "Anne of Geierstein," "Count Robert of Paris," "Castle Dangerous," the "Life of Napoleon," and the "Stories from the History of Scotland." All those works, together with many essays and reviews, were produced by him between 1825 and 1832, while also he was maintaining a considerable correspondence, doing his official duties, writing his "Journal," and bearing the burden of a suddenly imposed debt,—which finally was paid in full by him and his representatives,—amounting to about £130,000. Between 1805 and 1817 he had written "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Ballads and Lyrical Pieces," "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," "The Vision of Don Roderick," "Rokeby," "The Lord of

the Isles," "The Field of Waterloo," and "Harold the Dauntless," thus creating a great and diversified body of poetry, then in a new school and a new style, in which, although he has often been imitated, he never has been equalled. Between 1814 and 1825 he had likewise produced "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "Old Mortality," "The Black Dwarf," "Rob Roy," "The Heart of Midlothian," "A Legend of Montrose," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "The Monastery," "The Abbot," "Kenilworth," "The Pirate," "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," "St. Ronan's Well," "Redgauntlet," "The Betrothed," and "The Talisman." This vast body of fiction was also something entirely new in literature, for the English novel, prior to Scott's time, was the novel of manners, as chiefly represented by the works of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett. That admirable author, Jane Porter, had, indeed, written "The Scottish Chiefs" (1809), in which the note of imagination, as applied to the treatment of

historical fact and character, rings true and clear, and that excellent book should be remembered as the beginning of historical romance in the English language. Scott himself said that it was the parent, in his mind, of the Waverley Novels. But he far surpassed it. Another and perhaps a deeper impulse to the composition of those novels was the consciousness, when Lord Byron, by the publication of "Childe Harold" (the first and second cantos, in 1812), suddenly checked or eclipsed Scott's immediate popularity as a poet, that it would be necessary for him to strike out a new path. He had begun "Waverley' in 1805 and thrown the fragment aside. He took it up again in 1814, wrought upon it for three weeks and finished it, and so began the career of "the Great Unknown." The history of literature presents scarce a comparable example of such splendid industry sustained upon such a high level of endeavor, animated by such ardent genius, and resultant in such a noble and beneficent fruition. The life of Balzac, whom his example inspired, and who can be

accounted the greatest of French novelists, is perhaps the only life that drifts suggestively into the scholar's memory as he thinks of the prodigious labors of Scott.

During the days of his prosperity Scott maintained his manor at Abbotsford and his town-house in Edinburgh, and he frequently migrated from one to the other, dispensing a liberal hospitality at each. He was not one of those authors who think that there is nothing in the world but pen and ink. He esteemed living to be more important than writing about it, and the development of the soul to be a grander result than the production of a book. "I hate an author that's all author," said Byron; and in that sentiment Scott participated. His character and conduct, his unaffected modesty as to his works, his desire to found a great house and to maintain a stately rank among the land-owners of his country and as a son of chivalry, have, for this reason, been greatly misunderstood. Dull persons, indeed, would never have found the least fault with him if he had not become a

bankrupt, for the mouth of every dunce is stopped by practical success. When he got into debt, though, it was discovered—by persons remarkable for the commonness of their own ideals—that he ought to have had a higher ambition than the wish to maintain a place among the landed gentry of Scotland, and even though he ultimately paid his debts,—literally working himself to death to do it,—he was not forgiven by that class of censors, and to some extent their chatter of paltry disparagement still survives. While he was rich, however, his halls were thronged with fashion, rank, and renown. Edinburgh, still the stateliest city on which the sun looks down, must have been, in the latter days of King George the Third, a place of peculiar beauty, opulence, and social brilliancy. Scott, whose father was a Writer to the Signet, and who derived his descent from a good old Border family, the Scotts of Harden, had, from his youth, been accustomed to refined society and elegant surroundings. He was born and reared "a gentleman," and a gentleman he never ceased

to be. His father's house was No. 25 George Square, then an aristocratic quarter, now somewhat fallen into decay. In that house, as a boy, he saw some of the most distinguished men of the age. In after years, when his fortunes were ripe and his fame as a poet had been established, he drew around himself a kindred class of associates. The record of his life blazes with splendid names. As a lad of fifteen, in 1786, he saw Burns, then twenty-seven and in the heyday of fame, and he also saw Dugald Stewart, seventeen years his senior. Lord Jeffrey was his contemporary and friend, only two years younger than himself. With Henry Mackenzie,—born in the first year of the last Jacobite rebellion, and thus twenty-six years his senior,—he lived on terms of cordial friendship. David Hume, who died when Scott was but five years old, was one of the great celebrities of his period, and doubtless Scott saw the Calton Hill when it was, as Jane Porter remembered it, "a vast, green slope, with no other buildings breaking the line of its smooth and magnificent brow but Hume's monument on one part and

the astronomical observatory on the other." He knew John Home, the author of "Douglas," who was his senior by forty-seven years, and among his miscellaneous prose writings there is an effective review of Home's works, which was written for "The Quarterly," in March, 1827. Among actors his especial friends were John Philip Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, the elder Charles Mathews, John Bannister, and Daniel Terry. He knew Yates, also, and he saw Miss Foote, Fanny Kemble, and the younger Mathews as "a clever, rather forward lad." Goethe was his correspondent. Byron was his friend and fervent admirer. Wordsworth and Moore were among his visitors and especial favorites. The aged Dr. Adam Ferguson was one of his intimates. Hogg, when in trouble, always sought him, and always was helped and comforted. He was the literary sponsor for Thomas Campbell. He met Madame D'Arblay, who was nineteen years his senior, when she was seventy-eight years old, and the author of "Evelina" talked with him, in the presence of Samuel Rogers,

then sixty-three, about her father, Dr. Burney, and the days of Dr. Johnson. He was honored with the cordial regard of the great Duke of Wellington, a contemporary, being only two years his senior. He knew Haydon, Chantrey, Landseer, Sydney Smith, Croker, and Theodore Hook. He read "Vivian Grey" as a new publication and saw Disraeli as a beginner. Coleridge he met and marvelled at. Mrs. Coutts, who had been Harriet Mellon, the singer, and who became the Duchess of St. Albans, was a favorite with him. He knew and liked that caustic critic William Gifford. His relations with Sir Humphry Davy, seven years his senior, were those of kindness. He had a great regard for Lord Castlereagh and Lord Melville. He liked Robert Southey, and he cherished a deep affection for the poet Crabbe, who was seventeen years older than himself and who died, aged seventy-eight, in the same year. Of Sir George Beaumont, the fond friend and wise patron of Wordsworth, who died in February, 1827, Scott wrote that he was "by far the most sensible and

pleasing man I ever knew." Amid a society such as is indicated by those names Scott passed his life. The brilliant days of the Canongate indeed were gone, when all those wynds and closes that fringe the historic avenue from the Castle to Holyrood were as clean as wax, and when the loveliest ladies of Scotland dwelt amongst them, and were borne in their chairs from one house of festivity to another. But New Street, once the home of Lord Kames, still retained some touch of its ancient finery; St. John Street,—where once lived Lord Monboddo and his beautiful daughter, Miss Burnet (immortalized by Burns), and where, at No. 10, Ballantyne often convoked admirers of the unknown author of "Waverley,"—was still a cleanly place; and Alison Square, George Square, Buccleuch Place, and kindred regions were still tenanted by the polished classes of the stately, old-time society of Edinburgh. The movement northward had begun, but as yet it was inconsiderable. In those old drawing-rooms Scott was an habitual visitor, as also he was in many of the contiguous manors,

—in Seton House, Pinkie House, Blackford, Ravelstone, Craigcrook, and Caroline Park, and wherever else the intellect, beauty, rank, and fashion of the Scottish capital assembled; and it is certain that after his marriage, in December, 1797, to Miss Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, the scenes of hospitality and of elegant festival were numerous and gay, and were peopled with all that was brightest in the ancient city, at first beneath his roof-tree in Castle Street and later beneath his turrets of Abbotsford.

There came a time, however, when the fabric of Scott's fortunes was to be shattered and his imperial genius bowed to the dust. He had long been a business associate with Constable, his publisher, and also with Ballantyne, his printer. The publishing business failed, and they were ruined together. It has long been customary to place the blame for that catastrophe on Constable alone. Mr. Douglas has declared that "the three parties, printer, publisher, and author, were equal sharers in the imprudences that led to the disaster"; and he

has directed attention to the fact that the charge that Constable ruined Scott was not made during the lifetime of either. It matters little now in what way the ruin was induced. Mismanagement caused it, and not misdeed. There were blunders, but there was no fraud. The honor of all the men concerned stands vindicated before the world. Moreover, the loss was retrieved and the debt was paid,—Scott's share of it *in full*: the other shares in part. Great though Scott had been in prosperity, he was to show himself greater amid the storms of disaster and affliction. The earlier pages of his "Journal" are cheerful, vigorous, and confident. The mind of the writer is in no alarm. Presently the sky changes and the tempest breaks; and from that time onward the reader beholds a grand spectacle of indomitable resolution, inflexible purpose, patient endurance, steadfast industry, and productive genius. Many facts of living interest and many gems of subtle thought and happy phrase are found in his daily record. The observations on immortality are in a fine strain. The remarks

on music, on dramatic poetry, on the operation of the mental faculties, on painting, and on national characteristics, are freighted with suggestive thought, but the noble presence of the man overshadows even his best words. He lost his fortune in December, 1825. His wife died in May, 1826. On the pages that immediately follow his note of that bereavement Scott has written occasional words that no one can read unmoved, and that no one who has suffered can read without a pang that is deeper than tears.

But his spirit was slow to break. "Duty to God and to my children," he wrote, "must teach me patience." Once he mentioned "the loneliness of these watches of the night." Not until his debts were paid and his duties fulfilled would that great soul yield. "I may be bringing on some serious disease," he remarks, "by working thus hard; if I had once justice done to other folks, I do not much care, only I would not like to suffer long pain." A little later the old spirit shows itself: "I do not like to have it thought that there is any way in which I can be beaten. . . . Let us use the

time and faculties which God has left us, and trust futurity to His guidance. . . . I want to finish my task, and then good-night. I will never relax my labor in these affairs either for fear of pain or love of life. I will die a free man, if hard working will do it. . . . My spirits are neither low nor high—grave, I think, and quiet—a complete twilight of the mind. . . . God help—but rather God bless; man must help himself. . . . The best is, the long halt will arrive at last and cure all. . . . It is my dogged humor to yield little to external circumstances. . . . I shall never see the three-score and ten, and shall be summed up at a discount. No help for it, and no matter either." In the mood of mingled submission and resolve denoted by those sentences, he wrought at his task until it was finished. By "Woodstock" he earned £8,000; by "The Life of Napoleon" £18,000; other writings also proved remunerative. The details of his toil were recorded day by day in his simple pages, tragic through all their simplicity. He was a broken man from the hour when his wife died,

but he sustained himself by force of will and sense of honor, and he endured and worked till the last, without a murmur, and when he had done his task he laid down his pen and so ended.

The lesson of Scott's life is the most important lesson that experience can teach. It is taught in two words,—honor and duty. Nothing is more obvious, from the nature and environment and the consequent condition of the human race, than the fact that this world is not, and was not intended to be, a place of settled happiness. All human beings have troubles, and as the years pass away those troubles become more numerous, more heavy, and more hard to bear. The ordeal through which humanity is passing is an ordeal of discipline for spiritual development. To live in honor, to labor with steadfast industry, and to endure with cheerful patience is to be victorious. Whatever in literature will illustrate this doctrine, and whatever in human example will commend and enforce it, is of transcendent value, and that value is inherent in the example of Walter Scott.

VII.

ELEGIAC MEMORIALS.

One denotement, among many, of a genial change, a relaxation of the old ecclesiastical austerity long prevalent in Scotland, is perceptible in the lighter character of her modern sepulchral monuments. In the old churchyard of St. Michael, at Dumfries, the burial-place of Burns, there is a hideous, dismal mass of misshapen, weather-beaten masonry, the mere aspect of which before any of its gruesome inscriptions are read, is a rebuke to hope and an alarm to despair. Thus the religionists of old augmented dread of death. Much of that same order of abhorrent architecture, the ponderous exponent of immitigable woe, can be found in the old Grayfriars churchyard in Edinburgh, and in that of the Canongate, but the pilgrim to the Dean cemetery and the War-

riston, both comparatively modern, and finely situated at different points on the north side of the Water of Leith, finds them adorned with every grace that can hallow the repose of the dead, or soothe the grief, or mitigate the fear, or soften the bitter resentment of the living. Hope, and not despair, is the spirit of the new epoch in religion, and it is hope not for a sect merely, but for all mankind.

The adornment of those cemeteries alone might well tempt you to explore them, but no pilgrim will neglect them who cares for literary memorials. Walking in the Dean, on an afternoon half-cloudy and half-bright, when the large trees that guard its western limit and all the masses of foliage in the dark ravine of the Leith were softly rustling in the balmy summer wind, while overhead and far around the solemn cawing of the rooks mingled drowsily with the twitter of the sparrows, I thought, as I passed the sunlit aisles, that Nature could nowhere show a sweeter scene of peace. In this gentle solitude has been laid to its everlasting rest all that could die of

some of the great leaders of thought in modern Scotland. It was no common experience to muse beside the tomb of Francis Jeffrey, the once formidable Lord Jeffrey of "The Edinburgh Review." He lies buried near the great wall on the west side of the Dean cemetery, with his wife (she was an American) beside him. A flat, oblong stone tomb, imposed upon a large stone pedestal and overshadowed by tall trees, marks the place. On one side of it is written that once dreaded name, now spoken with indifference or not spoken at all: "Francis Jeffrey. Born Oct. 23, 1773. Died Jan. 25, 1850." On the end of the tomb is a medallion portrait of Jeffrey, in bronze. It is a profile, showing a symmetrical head, a handsome face, severe, refined, frigid, and it is the denotement of a personality remarkable for the faculty of taste and the instinct of decorum, though not for intrinsic power. Near to Lord Jeffrey, a little to the south, are buried Sir Archibald Alison, the historian of Europe, and Henry Cockburn, the great jurist. Combe, the philosopher, rests

near the south front of the wall that bisects this cemetery from east to west. Not far from the memorials of those famous persons is a shaft of honor to Lieutenant John Irving, who was one of the companions of Sir John Franklin, and who perished amid the polar ice in King William Land, in 1848-'49.

In another part of the ground a tall cross commemorates David Scott, the painter (1806-1849), presenting a fine effigy of his head, in one of the most animated pieces of bronze that have copied human life. Against the eastern wall, on the terrace overlooking the ravine and the rapid Water of Leith, stands the tombstone of John Blackwood, "Editor of 'Blackwood's Magazine' for thirty-three years: Died at Strathtyrum, 29th Oct. 1879. Age 60." That inscription, cut upon a broad white marble, with scroll-work at the base, and set against the wall, is surmounted by a coat of arms, in gray stone, bearing the motto "Per vias rectas." Many other eminent names can be read in this garden of death, but most interesting of all are the names of Wilson and

Aytoun. Those worthies were buried close together, almost in the centre of the cemetery. The grave of "Christopher North" is marked by a simple shaft of Aberdeen granite, beneath a tree, inscribed: "John Wilson, Professor of Moral Philosophy. Born 18th May, 1785. Died 3d April, 1854." Far more elaborate is the white marble monument,—a square tomb, with carvings of recessed Gothic windows on its sides, supporting a tall cross,—erected to the memory of Aytoun and of his wife, who was Wilson's daughter. The inscriptions tell their sufficient story: "Jane Emily Wilson, beloved wife of William Edmonstoune Aytoun. Obiit 15 April, 1859." "Here is laid to rest William Edmonstoune Aytoun, D.C.L., Oxon., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. Sheriff of Orkney and Zetland. Born at Edinburgh, 21st June, 1813. Died at Blackhills, Elgin, 4th August, 1865. 'Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.' I Cor. i. 7." So they sleep, the poets, wits, and scholars who were once so bright in genius, so gay in spirit, so splendid

in achievement, so vigorous in affluent, brilliant life! It is the old story, and it teaches the old moral.

Warriston, not more pictorial than Dean, is more sumptuous in situation; certainly it commands a more splendid prospect. The traveller will visit Warriston for the sake of Alexander Smith,—remembering the "Life Drama," "City Poems," "Edwin of Deira," "Alfred Hagart's Household," and "A Summer in Skye." The poet lies in the northeast corner of the ground, at the foot of a large Runic cross, which is bowered by a chestnut-tree. Above him the green sod is like a carpet of satin. The cross is thickly carved with laurel, thistle, and holly, and it bears upon its front the face of the poet, in bronze, and the harp that betokens his art. It is a bearded face, having delicate features, a slightly pouted, sensitive mouth, and being indicative more of nervous sensibility than of rugged strength. The inscription is: "Alexander Smith, Poet and Essayist. Born at Kilmarnock, 31st December, 1829. Died at Wardie, 5th January, 1867.

Erected by some of his personal Friends." Standing by his grave, at the foot of this cross, you can gaze southward to Arthur's Seat, and see the whole line of imperial Edinburgh at a glance, from the Calton Hill to the Castle. It is such a spot as he would have chosen for his sepulchre,—face to face with the city that he dearly loved. Near, on the east wall, appears a large slab of Aberdeen granite, to mark the grave of still another Scottish worthy, "James Ballantine, Poet. Born 11th June, 1808. Died 18th Dec., 1877"; and midway along the slope of the northern terrace, a little eastward of the chapel, under a freestone monument bearing the butterfly that is Nature's symbol of immortality, you can see the grave of "Sir James Young Simpson, Bart., M.D., D.C.L. Born 1811. Died 1870"; and if you are weary of thinking about the evanescence of the poets, you can reflect that there was no exemption from the common lot even for one of the greatest physical benefactors of the human race.

The oldest and the most venerable of the

cemeteries of Edinburgh is that of the Grayfriars. Irregular in shape and uneven in surface, it encircles the famous old church, in the haunted neighborhood of the West Bow, and is hemmed in by many buildings. More than four centuries ago this was the garden of the Monastery of the Grayfriars, founded by King James the First of Scotland, and thus it deserves its name. The monastery disappeared long ago; the garden was turned into a graveyard in the time of Queen Mary, and by her order. The building, called the Old Church, dates back to 1612, but it was burnt in 1845 and subsequently was restored. Here the National Covenant was subscribed, 1638, by the Lords and by the People, and in this doubly consecrated ground are laid the remains of many of those heroic Covenanters who subsequently suffered death for conscience and their creed. There is a large book of "The Epitaphs and Monumental Inscriptions in Grayfriars Churchyard," made by James Brown, keeper of the grounds, and published in 1867. That record does not pretend to be

complete, and yet it mentions no fewer than two thousand two hundred and seventy-one persons who were buried in this place. Among those sleepers are Duncan Forbes, of Culloden; Robert Mylne, who built a part of Holyrood Palace; Sir George Mackenzie, the persecutor of the Covenanters; Carstairs, the adviser of King William the Third; Sir Adam Ferguson; Henry Mackenzie; Robertson and Tytler, the historians; Sir Walter Scott's father; and several of the relatives of Mrs. Siddons. Captain John Porteous, who was hanged in the Grass-market, by riotous citizens of Edinburgh, on the night of September 7, 1736, and whose story is so vividly told in "The Heart of Midlothian," was buried in the Grayfriars churchyard,—"three dble. pace from the S. corner Chalmers' tomb"—1736. James Brown's record of the churchyard contains various particulars, quoted from the old church register. Of William Robertson, minister of the parish, who died in 1745, it is recorded that he "lies near the tree next Blackwood's ground." "Mr. Allan Ramsay," says the same quaint chronicle,

"lies 5 dble. paces southwest the blew stone: A poet: old age: Buried 9th January 1758." Christian Ross, his wife, who preceded the aged bard by fifteen years, lies in the same grave. Sir Walter Scott's father was buried, April 18, 1799, and his daughter Anne was placed beside him in 1801. In a letter addressed to his brother Thomas, in 1819, Sir Walter wrote: "When poor Jack was buried, in the Grayfriars churchyard, where my father and Anne lie, I thought their graves more encroached upon than I liked to witness." The remains of the Regent Morton were, it is said, wrapped in a cloak and secretly buried there, at night,—June 2, 1581, immediately after his execution, on that day,—low down toward the northern wall. The supposititious grave of the scholar, historian, teacher, and fine Latin poet George Buchanan ("the elegant Buchanan," Dr. Johnson calls him) is not distant from this spot, and in the old church can be seen a beautiful window, a triple lancet, in the south aisle, placed there to commemorate that author.

Hugh Miller and Dr. Chalmers were laid

in the Grange cemetery, which is in the southern part of Edinburgh, near Morningside. Adam Smith is commemorated by a heavy piece of masonry, over his dust, at the south end of the Canongate churchyard, and Dugald Stewart by a ponderous tomb at the north end of it, where he was buried, as also by the monument on the Calton Hill. It is to see Ferguson's gravestone, however, that the pilgrim explores the Canongate churchyard,—and a dreary place it is for the last rest of a poet. Robert Burns placed the stone, and on the back of it is inscribed: "By special grant of the managers to Robert Burns, who erected this stone, this burial-place is to remain for ever sacred to Robert Ferguson." That poet was born September 5, 1751, and died October 16, 1774. These lines, written by Burns, with an intentional reminiscence of Gray, whose "Elegy" he fervently admired, are his epitaph:

> No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,
> No storied urn nor animated bust—
> This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
> To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.

One of the greatest minds of Scotland was David Hume, who could think more clearly and express his thoughts more precisely and cogently upon abstruse subjects than almost any metaphysician of our English-speaking race. His tomb is in the old Calton cemetery, close by the prison, a grim Roman tower, predominant over the Waverley Vale and visible from every part of it. This structure is open to the sky, and within it and close around its interior edge nine melancholy bushes were making a forlorn effort to grow, in the stony soil that covers the great historian's dust. There is an urn above the door of this mausoleum, and surmounting the urn is this inscription: "David Hume. Born April 26th, 1711. Died August 25th, 1776. Erected in memory of him in 1778." In another part of this ground you find the sepulchre of Sir Walter Scott's friend and publisher, Archibald Constable, "born 24th February 1774, died 21st July 1827." Several priests were roaming over the cemetery when I saw it, making its dismal aspect still more dismal by that unctuous, furtive aspect which

oftens marks the ecclesiastic of the Roman Catholic Church.

Another famous writer, Thomas de Quincey, is buried in the old churchyard of the West church, that lies in the valley beneath the west front of the crag of Edinburgh Castle. I went to that spot on a bright autumn evening. The place was deserted, except for the presence of a gardener, to whom I made my request that he would guide me to the grave of De Quincey. It is an inconspicuous place, marked by a simple slab of dark stone, set against the wall, in an angle of the enclosure, on a slight acclivity. As you look upward from this spot you see the grim, magnificent Castle, frowning on its precipitous height. The grave was covered thick with grass, and in a narrow trench of earth, cut in the sod around it, many pansies and marigolds were in bloom. Upon the gravestone is written: "Sacred to the memory of Thomas de Quincey, who was born at Greenhay, near Manchester, August 15th, 1785, and died in Edinburgh, December 8th, 1859. And of Margaret, his wife, who died

August 7, 1837." Above the head of the sleeper were two white daisies peeping through the green, one of which I thought it not wrong to take away, for it is the symbol at once of peace and hope, and therefore a sufficient embodiment of the best that death can teach.

VIII.

EDINBURGH TO INVERNESS.

The Pentland Hills vanish to the southward, under clouds of pale blue steel, through which the silver globe of the morning sun strives vainly to break its way, casting a dim, gray twilight over the wide, green landscape and adding to its beauty by fine contrast of color. The tide is out at the Forth bridge, and many boats are aground upon the sands beneath it, but several vessels, including a trim ship of war, are at anchor in the stream, and the graceful stone piers, the gray villages on the banks of Forth, and the miniature lighthouses on the little rocks along its channel make another lovely picture. The water, much beaten by recent heavy rains, is smooth and of a sullen brown. A cool wind is blowing, and birds are on the wing. Soon the sunshine grows

stronger, and upon the emerald hills and plains around Dunfermline there are exquisite effects of golden light and passing shadow. The old church-tower shows grand beneath a wild sky, and in a passing glimpse of it I think again of the noble life that it commemorates, and revere the good Queen Margaret whose grave was made at its base. On many hill-sides around that ancient city are sheaves of the harvest, and calm, self-absorbed cattle are grazing in the wet meadows. The clouds that had dispersed grow suddenly dense, but shafts of sunlight linger continually on the high summits of the bleak, distant hills, and presently the blue of heaven shines through great rifts in the sullen sky, and all Nature seems to be rejoicing after the storm. The burnies, which are full to overflowing, rush gayly on their course and murmur and sparkle as they speed. Scores of sheep couch in the pastures,—the placid images of content. Loch Leven is revealed,—its wide, gray water gleaming in the capricious sun,—and as I gaze upon its island and upon the little dark town that is nestled

on its shore my thoughts fly away to the remote days of Queen Mary, and I see her midnight flitting across the stormy waves, and muse once more upon the fascination of that imperial nature, victorious over so many noble persons, and now, at the distance of more than three centuries, still vital and regnant. Toward Perth the country grows more hilly and rocky, and there are deep ravines, densely clad with the beautiful Scotch fir. Upon the more distant hills appear copses, which have an aristocratic effect of studied refinement, while numerous sheep, reposing amid the dark green broom, show upon the landscape like little balls of white wool. Down in the lowlands are hay-stacks shaped like ancient towers,—one sign, among many others, of the manner in which the forms of the Middle Ages have here affected the taste of to-day. Perth lies couched in a green glen, with lovely wooded hills around it, and over its beautiful valley the sky is a dome of almost cloudless blue, flooded with silvery light. Northward a brown-red castle rises stately among the trees, and soon I see the

glistening water of the superb Tay winding through the most opulent meadows of Scotland. Never could memory lose such a picture,—the brilliant green of the fields; the patches of red clover; the beds of marigold; the purple of heather; the wild luxuriance of bracken; the vine-clad stone walls; the groves of poplar, larch, oak, and pine; the thick-leaved boughs tossing, and the many-colored flowers trembling, in a cold, brisk wind; the constantly changing outlines of the distant hills; and, over all, the benediction of the kindly sun. This part of Scotland is as finely cultivated as the best in England, and similar to it,—and sometimes superior to it,—in effect of luxuriant beauty.

For a long distance after leaving Perth the course is through a fertile valley. The sun lies warm upon it and the vegetation is very rich. No observer could fail to notice, in that region, the splendid effect of sunshine glinting through the trees—the foliage illuminated and glowing as if with internal light. In a little

while Dunkeld is reached, and then presently Dalguise. It is a lonely country, but all the lovelier for its loneliness. The encircling hills are craggy, and gaunt rocks stare through the trees. There is a wealth of woods, of remarkable variety, and many pretty roads wind away and are lost in them. The bushes are covered with hips and haws. The dark stream of Tummel shines in a deep ravine. Pine forests begin to crown the hills, and the pilgrim's gaze lingers pleased upon little shielings of gray stone, nestled in the sheltered dells. Pitlochrie now, which is one of the loveliest places in the Highlands, and then that famous Pass of Killiecrankie, through which, in a frenzy of panic, the broken, bleeding ranks of the English fled from the victorious Highlanders of Dundee. The houses of Pitlochrie, made of gray stone and rising amid groves of birch and Scotch fir, are blazing with wild roses and with the brilliant purple shields of the clematis, and around them the crisp air is honeyed with the balmy fragrance of the pine. The Tummel and the Garry commingle here; the

scenery blends rugged grandeur with tranquil refinement, and it can truly be said that few spots in Great Britain are lovelier than this one is. A glowing autumn sun pours its flood of crystal light upon the wild Pass of Killiecrankie, and the narrow, rapid stream in the depth of the verdurous mountain gorge is burning with the lustre of a river of diamonds. Every element of great scenery, excepting the element of great size, can be seen at Killiecrankie, and from there to Blair-Athole. They have marked with a memorial stone the place, upon the battlefield, where the victorious Claverhouse fell,—a mighty spirit; a hero equally of history and romance; a great soldier; perhaps, after Montrose, the greatest soldier that Scotland has known. The mind is full of him, in this wild and glorious region of his last battle, his brilliant victory, and his triumphant death. Ended long ago was that unavailing strife —that useless, pathetic waste of valor, vigor, and blood. Nothing but an epitaph remains to tell of it. But genius can hallow whatever it touches, and as long as the stars

GRAHAM OF CLAVERHOUSE, VISCOUNT DUNDEE

Sleep, and till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea
Scotland shall not boast a braver
Chieftain than our own Dundee.

AYTOUN.

hold their courses in the heavens this grand mountain pass and haunted glen will keep the romantic memory of the great Marquis of Dundee. Scant pause is allowed for reverie. The great are gone—but the sun shines and the roses bloom, and if we would see them at all we must see them now. When Dundee fought his battle it was a scene of wildness and gloom. It is a scene of life and beauty to-day. The hills around Tummel and Garry are yellow with hay-fields, and in the levels below there are thick-fleeced sheep, and sleek cattle, and graceful hayricks, and clumps of firs. Blair-Athole sleeps in a vale of sunshine, and around it, far away, rise the bold, bare peaks of the mountains that are Scotland's glory and pride. As the pageant lessens you see a vast range of wooded acclivity on the east and the river Tummel on the west, flowing at the base of brown and barren crags. Throughout this region the architecture of the gray stone houses is characteristic and superior, and if it lacks the repose of the English rural village it possesses a blending of solidity and

piquancy all its own. The cone-pointed turret often rises among the trees, and the Tudor porch, covered with late roses, gleams forth from groves of fir, and everywhere there are shapes and objects of beauty,—the rowan-tree, blooming and brilliant with its clusters of red berries; the blazing purple of the heather-clad hills; the fantastically figured groups of wandering sheep; the brown, transparent water of the rapid stream, at intervals suddenly broken into a tumult of silver foam; and, far away, a faint, delicate, blue mist upon mountain peaks that seem to tower into heaven.

North of the Forest of Athole now—and the track is through a land of rock and heather, with not one tree to give it shade and with no creature stirring but an occasional sheep. For miles and miles nothing is visible but lonely heath, extending up the long mountain slopes on either hand, desolate beneath the clear sunshine of an autumn day. A solitary human being is walking over the moor, and the dreary waste grows drearier still as the gaze rests

upon his dark figure and sees it pass away. Soon there is a momentary glimpse of Loch Ericht,—the highest of the Scotch lochs and reputed the gloomiest,—and grim and gaunt enough it is, beneath the autumnal sky, which even now has begun to lower with the remote approach of night. Around, at distance, the outline of the hills is much broken,—range beyond range of swart and grisly mountains rising upon all sides and filling the prospect. This is in the valley of the Spey and the depth of Glen Truim. A backward look through the hill-gap sees the whole wild landscape under a semi-dome of silver. Presently the glen becomes wooded; abodes of man appear; hundreds of sheep are visible upon the moors; the mountain-peaks are nearer and the mists creep down upon them and swathe them in a snowy fleece, while a few birds (the first that have been seen for hours) fly low in the glen. There is a noble view of the Spey, whose broad, black water, flowing beneath the three arches of the bridge of Newtonmore, glistens like ebony in the morn-

ing light. At Kingussie the traveller sees a sumptuous fir-grove and a ruined castle, and is entranced with the lovely effect of sunshine falling here and there, from behind black clouds, on hills that otherwise are lapt in shadow and in mist. The landscape now is wonderfully various—a splendid breadth of valley bordered with young firs and teeming with dense foliage and with great masses of purple heather. The village of Kincraig is here, a gem to be remembered, and sweet Loch Ellen is not distant. There is a sharp and sudden contrast of fir-groves with barren, desolate, rock-strewn hill-side. A lonely cabin sweeps into view and a woman at the door pensively looks at the passing train. Loch Inch is eastward from the track; Loch Alvie westward. Yonder, upon a spur of the mountain, is a monument to the Duke of Gordon. There, to the northeast, rises in a faint blue cloud the mysterious Cairngorm mountain, which surely never looked more beautiful than now. At Aviemore the clouds lower and a mist is on the hills, but in the sky behind

them there is a streak of silver. Miles of moorland succeed. The sky darkens. The wind is chill. The country is very lonely. If human beings are here they make but little sign of their presence. One low cabin is indeed discerned,—a mantle of green velvet moss upon its roof and many hens roosted on its window-sills, in disconsolate meditation. The river Spey, broad and lovely, flows through this plain, and as far as the eye can see its gaze lingers lovingly upon dense masses of dark green broom, among which, erect or couched, are the stately black cattle of the North. Fine gleams of sunshine fall suddenly, now and then, out of the gray sky, and rifts of wonderfully brilliant blue shine through the sombre rack of the storm. More and more I delight in the burnies that gleam like threads of silver on the hill-sides and bicker into foam and music as they come dashing through the plain. The clouds threaten, but the landscape smiles. Near at hand is shadow, but far away the sunshine falls upon a yellow field amid the blue-green of the fir-

trees and seems to make a glory over half the visible world.

It is the land of "Macbeth" through which I have been speeding,—"How far is't called to Forres?"—and at many a place upon those desolate, rock-strewn moors of peat and heather the Shakespeare-lover has seen the "blasted heath," the storm-clouds hanging low, fantastic masses of mist drifting over the wet earth, *Macbeth* and *Banquo* with their marching forces, and the dim shapes of the three *Weird Sisters* gliding upon the haunted air. It was toward Forres that the victors were marching, on that day of destiny when the deadly purpose in the heart of Macbeth took form and voice in the evil angels who thenceforward were to lead him to his doom. Toward Forres now. The sun, beneath dark clouds in the west, is sending down shafts of light upon a fertile valley, the harvest in sheaves, the yellow fields of oats, the cattle in pasture and the sheep in fold, while the cold wind, sweeping over a woodland of birch and fir, is sweeter than honey. Forres next—a cleanly

stone town with a cone-capped tower in the middle of it; a place that is ample in population, active in enterprise, and abundantly possessed of the rewards of industry and thrift. At Brodie, looking across harvest fields and a low growth of firs, I see the glimmer of gray and leaden water and so catch my first glimpse of the Moray Firth. A little while, and I look upon the fine gray spires of Nairn, and see the Moray like a narrowing river, and beyond it the bald, round mountains of Caithness, range back of range, disappearing in the angry northern sky. Westward a narrow cascade of light, falling from a dense bank of slate-colored clouds, illumines a little river, the garments that are bleaching on the copious bushes of the broom, the level lands of peat and heather, and the hard, white roads that wind away toward Dalcross and Culloden. A mighty flock of sea-mews momentarily darkens the air, and I hear their quick, sharp cries, and can almost hear the whirring rustle of their innumerable wings. The day is done,—a long and lovely day of poetic pageant and unalloyed

delight,—and just as streaks of gold under layers of blue and lead declare the sunset, I see the gray battlements and towers of my desired haven, and glide to rest in the bosom of Inverness.

IX.

THE FIELD OF CULLODEN.

EASTWARD from Inverness, on the way to Culloden, the road at first skirts the southern shore of the Moray Firth, and the traveller driving on it sees a broad reach of shining water over which the sea-mews sport, and beyond it the bleak hills of Caithness, sleeping solitary in the sun. Soon the track bends southerly and then east again, and finally, passing beneath an arch of sumptuous beeches, it climbs the long hill-slope toward Drummossie Moor. The hedges on both its sides are filled with hips and haws and with the lovely bluebells of Scotland, and from many a neighboring glade of fir and birch sounds the clear, delicious call of the throstle,—turning the crisp air to music and filling the heart with grateful joy that this world should be so beautiful. Yonder

on the hill is a massive gray tower, venerable with antiquity and stained as only time could stain it, with moss and lichen. Near at hand is the more humble dwelling of a cottager,—decked with clematis and marigold. A single rook, poised upon the extreme topmost spike of a tall pine-tree, looks down upon the wide green fields, thick sown with yellow flowers of the colt's-foot, and croaks with comfort. The warm sun is riding high in the cloudless blue of heaven, and every wind is hushed. I could not have found a day of greater peace in which to gaze on a most desolate and pathetic scene of buried war. The first intimation that you receive of the battlefield is a gray rock at the roadside, directing attention to a couple of stone cottages in the adjacent field,—inscribed with the words, "King's stables: station of the English cavalry, after the battle of Culloden." The immediate approach to the centre of the field is made through a grove of pine-trees, with which Duncan Forbes, Laird of Culloden,—generously considerate of a cause to which his ancestor, Lord President Forbes,

INVERNESS

All things that make a city fair are thine,
The rightful queen and sovereign of this land. . . .
Temple and tower are thine, and castled keep,
And ample stream, that round fair garden'd isles
Rolls its majestic current, wreathed in smiles.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

was inveterately hostile,—has caused it to be surrounded. You reach it almost before you are aware of its presence, and your heart must be hard indeed if you can look upon it without emotion. No spot that ever I have seen so melts the soul with a sense of desolation. I had been told that there is but little at Culloden, and in the sense of mere prose that may be true. There is a large, oval, grassy plain, thickly strewn with small stones. On one side of it there is a tall, round cairn. On the other side there is an irregular line of low, rough stones (they were placed there, in 1881, by Duncan Forbes), to mark the sepulchres of the clans that died in this place,—brave men, vainly sacrificed for a dubious cause and a weak leader. That is all. But to the eyes of the spirit that lonely moorland,—once populous with heroes, now filled with their mouldering bones,—is forever hallowed by glorious remembrance of the passionate devotion and adamantine fidelity of men who were willing to perish for what they loved. I stood there a long time, in pensive meditation. The faint

white ghost of the half-moon was visible in the western sky, and the place was so still that I could hear the buzzing of flies in the air. No voice broke the mournful silence, and from the neighboring grove of pines no whisper floated—though at a distance I could see their pendent tassels just swayed, and nothing more, by the gentle autumn wind. Words have their power, but it is not in the power of any words of mine to paint the solemnity of that scene or to express the sublimity of its spirit.

The battle of Culloden was an unequal battle, and the issue of it seems to have been for only a few moments in doubt. The Highlanders—weakened by hunger and want of sleep, wearied by a long and useless night-march, and unfit for battle—were largely outnumbered. The English artillery, strongly placed on a long ridge of the moor, mowed them like grain. They swarmed from the hills on the west and the south, but in the face of the English batteries their impetuosity was their ruin. Their first charge did indeed break the left wing of the first of the three English

lines that had been arrayed against them, and if the Macdonalds had reinforced that charge the final result might have been different; but the Macdonalds had been denied the place of honor, and they remained quiescent. It is an old story now. The Duke of Cumberland had commanded that no life should be spared, and when the massacre began men were shot down in droves. One spot on the moor is marked "The Well of the Dead." There the slaughter was fiercest and bloodiest. The Chief of the Magillivray fell there, and the rude lettering on that rough rock commemorates one of the bravest men that ever met a foe. No attempt has been made at epitaph or mortuary recital. Each rock of sepulchre bears simply the name of the clan that is buried beneath and around it,—Clan Fraser, Clan Mackintosh, Clan Cameron, Clan Stuart of Alpin, Clans Macgillivray, Maclean, and Maclachlan, and the Athole Highlands,—those, with the Mixed Clans, make up a roll of honor that neither change nor detraction can tarnish nor time forget.

The Cairn of Culloden, erected in 1858, suits the place as no other form of monument could suit it. Rugged truth and homely simplicity are its characteristic attributes. It is a circular tower about thirty feet high and about ten feet in diameter. It consists of twelve rows of heavy, irregular stones, laid without mortar but joined by layers of slate. Upon the corner-stone, at the south side, is sculptured the commemorative record: "CULLODEN. 1746. E. P. FECIT. 1858." The top is flat, and on it is a wild growth of flowers and grass. A tall slab, set at the base of its east front and protected by an iron grill of pointed shafts, bears this inscription:

THE BATTLE
OF CULLODEN
WAS FOUGHT ON THIS MOOR
16TH APRIL, 1746.
THE GRAVES OF THE
GALLANT HIGHLANDERS
WHO FOUGHT FOR
SCOTLAND AND PRINCE CHARLIE
ARE MARKED BY THE NAMES
OF THEIR CLANS.

Drummossie Moor extends for about six miles along this region. It was vacant and treeless in the wild days of the Pretender, but in later times some of it has been cultivated and much of it has been reclaimed and inclosed for pasture land. In a meadow east of the Cairn, called "The Field of the English," are buried the soldiers of Cumberland who perished in that terrible fight. Still further east, and at a point that commands a comprehensive, magnificent view of the moor, the valley, and the southern hills beyond it, stands a large, almost flat, rock marking the position of the Duke of Cumberland on the day of the battle, and now inscribed with his execrated name. Upon that rock you can climb, and as you stand there and gaze over the green, heather-spangled waste,—seeing no motion anywhere save of a wandering sheep or a drifting cloud, and hearing no sound except the occasional cawing of a distant rook,—your imagination will conjure up the scene of that tremendous onset and awful carnage in which the last hope of the Stuart was broken and the star of his destiny

went down forever. Here floated the royal standard of England and here were ranged her serried cohorts and her shining guns. There, on the hill-slopes, flashed the banners of the Highland clans. Everywhere this placid moor,—now brown and purple in the slumberous autumn light,—was brilliant with the scarlet and the tartan and with the burnished steel of naked weapons gleaming under the April sky. Drums rolled and trumpets blared and the boom of cannon mingled in horrid discord with the wild screech of bagpipes and the fierce Highland yell; and so the intrepid followers of Royal Charlie rushed onward to their death. The world knows now,—seeing what he became, and in what manner he lived and died,—that he was unworthy of the love that followed him and of the blood that was shed in his cause. The student of politics can instruct us now that a victory at Culloden for the House of Stuart might have meant the restoration of bigoted ecclesiastic rule to its old supremacy over Great Britain, and thus might have set back the kingdom to the iron days of King

Henry the Seventh. But when Culloden was fought Charles Edward Stuart was still, in Scottish minds, the gallant young prince unjustly kept from his throne, and the clans of Scotland, never yet pledged to the Union, were rallied around their rightful king. Both democracy and religion can now rejoice that the Duke of Cumberland was the victor, but, standing on that grave of valor, with every voice of romance whispering to his heart, the sympathy of the pilgrim is with the prince who was a fugitive, the cause that was lost, and the heroes who died for it—and died in vain. I thought of Campbell's fervid poem of "Lochiel's Warning," which first fired my heart when I was a schoolboy, and as I recalled its solemn, ominous lines I was confirmed in the conviction that not in any language has there been achieved a more eloquent, passionate, poetic commemoration of a great national event. To think of it there was to place upon knowledge the crown of inspiration, and to have had the privilege of recalling it on the scene which it portrays will be a cause for gratitude as long as I live.

The position occupied by Charles Edward at the battle was under a tree, still called Prince Charlie's Tree. Culloden House, the manor of Lord President Forbes, stands a mile north of the moor. On the top of the Cumberland Rock I made the acquaintance of H. H. Drake, LL.D., the venerable author of "The History of the Hundred of Blackheath," who chanced to be sitting there. At Inverness I met a bookseller, who said he had known a very old inhabitant who had pointed out, upon Drummossie Moor, the exact burial-place of Keppoch, the gigantic chief of the Macdonalds, who fell while vainly urging his discontented followers into action. That spot the veteran remembered, because, when a boy, it had been shown to him by his father, a survivor of Culloden fight; and persons digging there found the bones of a very large man. The place is a sad one, but it is a significant landmark in the history of the progress of civilization, and contemplation of it cannot fail to inspire solemn thought. I was told of the visit that Jefferson Davis made to

it, soon after he went abroad, carrying the gloomy memory of his Lost Cause,—a pilgrimage not unsuitable, for no spot could be more eloquent than the field of Culloden is of the abortiveness of wasted valor and the desolation of blighted hope.

X.

HIGHLAND BEAUTIES.

SEEN in the twilight, as I first saw it, Oban is a picturesque, seaside town, gay with glancing lights and busy with the movements of rapid vehicles and expeditious travellers. It is called the capital of the Western Highlands, and no doubt it deserves the name, for it is the centre of all the trade and enterprise of that region, and all the threads of travel radiate from it. Built in a semicircle, along the margin of a lovely sheltered bay, it looks forth upon the wild waters of the Firth of Lorn, visible, southwesterly, through the sable sound of Kerrera, while behind and around it rises a bold range of rocky and sparsely wooded hills. On these are placed a few villas, and on a point toward the north stand the picturesque ivy-clad ruins of Dunolly

Castle, in the ancestral domain of the ancient Highland family of Macdougall. The houses of Oban are built of gray stone and are mostly modern. There are many hotels fronting upon the Parade, which extends for a long distance upon the verge of the sea. The opposite shore is Kerrera, an island about a mile distant, and beyond that island and beyond Lorn Water extends the beautiful island of Mull, confronting iron-ribbed Morven. The Scottish hills have a delicious color and a wildness all their own, while the skies lower, gloom, threaten, and tinge the whole world beneath them,—the moors, the mountains, the clustered gray villages, the lonely ruins, and the tumbling plains of the desolate sea,—with a melancholy, romantic, shadowy darkness, the perfect twilight of poetic vision. No place could be more practical than Oban is, in its everyday life, nor any place more sweet and dreamlike to the pensive mood of contemplation and the roving gaze of fancy. Viewed, as I viewed it, under the starlight and the drifting cloud, between two and three o'clock

in an autumn morning, it was a picture of beauty, never to be forgotton. A few lights were twinkling here and there among the dwellings, or momentarily flaring on the deserted Parade. No sound was heard but the moaning of the night-wind and the plash of waters softly surging on the beach. Now and then a belated passenger came wandering along the pavement and disappeared at a turn of the road. The air was sweet with the mingled fragrance of the heathery hills and the salt odors of the sea. Upon the glassy bosom of the bay, dark, clear, and gently undulating with the pressure of the ocean tide, more than seventy small boats, each moored at a buoy and all veered in one direction, swung at ease, and mingled with them were numerous schooners and little steamboats, all idle and all at peace. Many an hour of toil and sorrow may come before the long, strange journey of life is ended, but the memory of that wonderful midnight moment, alone with the majesty of Nature, will be a solace in the darkest of them.

The Highland journey, from first to last, is

OBAN—THE WATERFRONT

For Oban is a dainty place;
In distant or in nigh lands
No town delights the tourist race
Like Oban in the Highlands.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

an experience altogether novel and precious, and it is remembered with gratitude and delight. Before coming to Oban I gave several nights and days to Loch Awe,—a place so beautiful and so fraught with the means of happiness that time stands still in it, and even "the ceaseless vulture" of care and regret ceases for a while to vex the spirit with remembrance of anything that is sad. Looking down from the summit of one of the great mountains which are the rich and rugged setting of that jewel, I saw the crumbling ruin of Kilchurn, upon its little island, gray relic first of the Macgregors and then of the Campbells, who dispossessed them and occupied their realm. It must have been an imperial residence once. Its situation,—cut off from the mainland and commanding a clear view, up the lake and down the valleys, southward and northward,—is superb. No enemy could approach it unawares, and doubtless the followers of the Macgregor occupied every adjacent pass and lay ambushed in every thicket on the heights. Seen from the neigh-

boring mountain-side, the waters of Loch Awe are of such crystal clearness that near some parts of the shore the white sands are visible in perfect outline beneath them, while all the glorious engirdling hills are reflected in their still and shining depth. Sometimes the sun flashed out and changed the waters to liquid silver, lighting up the gray ruin and flooding the mountain slopes with gold, but more often the skies kept their sombre hue, darkening all beneath them with a lovely gloom. All around were the beautiful hills of Glen Orchy, and far to the eastward great waves of white and leaden mist, slowly drifting in the upper ether, now hid and now disclosed the Olympian head of Ben Lui and the tangled hills of Glen Shirra and Glen Fyne. Close by, in its sweet vale of Sabbath stillness, was couched the little town of Dalmally, sole reminder of the presence of man in those remote solitudes, where Nature keeps the temple of her worship and where words are needless to utter her glory and her praise. All day long the peaceful lake slumbered in placid beauty under the solemn sky,

a few tiny boats and two little steamers swinging at anchor on its bosom. All day long the shadows of the clouds, commingled with flecks of sunshine, went drifting over the mountain. At nightfall two great flocks of sheep, each attended by the pensive shepherd, in his plaid, and each guided and managed by the wonderfully intelligent collies that are a never-failing delight in those mountain lands, came slowly along the vale and presently vanished in Glen Strae. Nothing then broke the stillness but the sharp cry of the shepherd's dog and the sound of many cataracts, some hidden and some seen, that lapse in music and fall in many a mass of shattered silver and flying spray, through deep, rocky rifts down the mountain-side. After sunset a cold wind came on to blow, and soon the heavens were clear and the stars were mirrored in beautiful Loch Awe.

They speak of the southwestern extremity of this lake as the head of it. Loch Awe station, accordingly, is at its foot, near Kilchurn. Nevertheless, "where Macgregor sits is the head of the table," for the foot of the loch is lovelier

than its head. And yet its head also is lovely, although in a less positive way. From Loch Awe station to Ford, a distance of twenty-six miles, you sail in a toy steamboat, sitting either on the open deck or in a cabin of glass and gazing at the panorama of the hills on either hand, some wooded and some bare, and all magnificent. A little after passing the mouth of the river Awe, which flows through the black Pass of Brander and unites with Loch Etive, I saw the double crest of great Ben Cruachan towering into the clouds and visible at intervals above them,—the higher peak magnificently bold. It is a wild country all about that region, but here and there you see a little hamlet or a lone farm-house, and among the moorlands the occasional figure of a sportsman, with his dog and gun. As the boat sped onward into the moorland district the mountains became great shapes of snowy crystal, under the sullen sky, and presently resolved into vast cloud-shadows, dimly outlined against the northern heavens, and seemingly based upon a sea of rolling vapor. The sail is past

Inisdrynich, the island of the Druids, past Inishail and Inisfraoch, and presently past the lovely ruin of Inischonnel Castle, called also Ardchonnel, facing southward, at the end of an island promontory, and covered thick with ivy. The landing is at Ford Pier, and about one mile from that point you see a little inn, a few cottages, crumbling in picturesque decay, and a diminutive kirk, that constitute the village of Ford. My purpose was to view an estate near this village, many years ago the domain of Alexander Campbell, an ancestor of my children, being their mother's grandsire; and not in all Scotland could be found a more romantic spot than the glen by the loch-side that shelters the melancholy, decaying, haunted fabric of the old house of Ederline. Such a poet as Poe would have revelled in that place,—and well he might! There is a new and grand mansion, on higher ground, in the park, but the ancient house, almost abandoned now, is far more characteristic and interesting than the new one. Both are approached through a long, winding avenue, overhung with

great trees that interlace their branches above it and make a cathedral aisle, but soon the pathway to the older house turns aside into a grove of chestnuts, birches, and yews, winding under vast dark boughs that bend like serpents completely to the earth and then ascend once more, and so goes onward, through sombre glades and through groves of rhododendron, to the levels of Loch Ederline and the front of the mansion, now desolate and half in ruins. It was an old house a hundred years ago. It is covered with ivy and buried among the trees, and on its surface and on the tree-trunks around it the lichen and the yellow moss have gathered, in rank luxuriance. The waters of the lake ripple upon a rocky landing almost at its door. Here once lived as proud a Campbell as ever breathed in Scotland, and here his haughty spirit wrought for itself the doom of a lonely age and a broken heart. His grave is on a little island in the lake,—a family burying-ground, such as can often be found on ancient, sequestered estates in the Highlands, —where the tall trees wave above it and the

weeds are growing thick upon its surface, while over it the rooks caw and clamor and the idle winds career, in heedless indifference that is sadder even than neglect. So destiny vindicates its inexorable edict and the law of retribution is fulfilled. A stranger sits in his seat and rules in his hall, and of all the followers who once waited on his lightest word there remained but a single one,—aged, infirm, and nearing the end of the long journey,—to scrape the moss from his forgotten gravestone and to think sometimes of his ancient sovereignty, forever passed away. On the stone that marks this sepulchre are these inscriptions:

"Alexander Campbell, Esquire, of Ederline. Died 2^{d} October, 1841. In his 76th year."

"Matilda Campbell. Second daughter of William Campbell, Esq., of Ederline. Died on the 21st Nov^{r} 1842. In her 6th year."

"William Campbell, Esq., of Ederline. Died 15th January 1855, in his 42nd year."

"Lachlan Anderson Campbell. His son. Died January 27th, 1859. In his 5th year."

John Campbell, the eldest son of Alexander,

died February 26, 1855, aged 45, and was buried in the Necropolis, at Toronto, Canada. His widow, Janet Tulloch Campbell, a native of Wick, Caithness, died at Toronto, August 24, 1878, aged 65, and was buried beside him.

I was rowed around Loch Ederline by that old servitor, and looked into its black waters, that in some parts have never been sounded and are fabled to reach through to the other side of the world, and, as the oars dipped and plashed, the timid moor-fowl scurried into the bushes and the white swans sailed away in haughty wrath, while, warned by gathering storm-clouds, multitudes of old rooks, that long have haunted the place, came flying, with many a querulous croak, toward their nests in Ederline grove.

Back to Loch Awe station, and presently onward past the Falls of Cruachan and through the grim Pass of Brander,—down which the waters of the Awe rush in a sable flood between jagged and precipitous cliffs for miles and miles,—and soon I see the bright waves of Loch Etive smiling under a sunset sky, and

the many bleak, brown hills that fringe Glen Lonan and range along to Oban and the verge of the sea. It seems wild and idle to write about these things. Life in Scotland is deeper, richer, stronger, and sweeter than any words could possibly be that any man could possibly expend upon it. The place is the natural home of imagination, romance, and poetry. Thought is grander there, and passion is wilder and more exuberant, than on the velvet plains and among the chaste and stately elms of the South. The blood flows in a stormier torrent, and the mind takes on something of the gloomy and savage majesty of those gaunt, barren, lonely hills. Even Scott, speaking of his own great works,—which are precious beyond words, and must always be loved and cherished by readers who know what beauty is,—said that all he had ever done was to polish the brasses that already were made. This is the soul of excellence in British literature, and this, likewise, is the basis of stability in British civilization,—that the country is lovelier than the loveliest poetry that ever was

written about it, or ever could be written about it, and that the land and the life possess an inherent fascination for the inhabitants that nothing else could supply, and that no influence can every destroy or even seriously disturb.

"Once more upon the waters—yet once more!" Soon upon the stormy billows of Lorn I shall see these lovely shores fade in the distance. Soon, merged again in the strife and tumult of the commonplace world, I shall murmur, with as deep a sorrow as the sad strain itself expresses, the tender words of the Minstrel:

> Glen Orchy's proud mountains,
> Kilchurn and her towers,
> Glen Strae and Glen Lyon
> No longer are ours.

XI.

THE PASS OF GLENCOE.

As I sailed out of Oban Bay the sea was smooth, the air was cool and sweet, and, looking eastward, I could see rifts of blue gleaming through a gray, rainy sky. The course was northward, past the gaunt ruins of Dunolly Castle and past the mouth of Loch Etive, with Lismore, the Great Garden, on the west, and the mountains of Benderloch and Ardchattan on the east, while in front gradually opened the gay, blooming prospect of the Airds of Appin. It is a lovely country, and whether seen in sunshine or in shadow it fires the imagination and satisfies the heart. On Lismore the fields were green and fair, and upon the rocks that fringe the shore glowed many patches of brilliant moss, which presently were reflected in the still and shining water, and I

saw little clefts along the coast, wherein boats had been beached, and, inland, occasional tall trees, and many stone cottages nestled in sheltered nooks. The scene was encompassed by hills and constantly, as the steamer sped onward, —leaving a wake of broadening rollers, over which the greedy gulls circled and screamed,—that wrinkled landscape would change in form and color, till the senses were bewildered with its variety and pomp. Far to the eastward were visible the gigantic double peaks of Ben Cruachan, and not alone those proud, imperial heights, but the spires and ridges of all the mountain chains around Glen Creran, Glen Etive, Glen Kinglas, and Glen Strae; while in the west, defined with wonderful sharpness of outline, rose the frowning bastions of Morven, and, more southerly, the black, precipitous mountains of Mull. As the steamer drew near to Appin,—whence sprang the royal Stuarts,—the sea, before it, was a mirror of burnished steel, while behind, underneath a misty sun, it was one broad plain of rippling silver. There is a fine bay at Appin,

a sturdy sea-wall and a pretty beach, and I could see the sleek, contented cattle feeding in the pastures, the sloping hill-sides above them, thickly wooded with the hardy Scotch fir, and the great highlands beyond, red and gleaming with heather, in its perfection of bloom. The land was of various colors,—tawny, yellow, red, and dark green,—and the water was so placid that the unbroken reflection of the adjacent mountains could be distinctly seen in its depths, while each lonely bird that drifted on the surface left a ripple in its wake. Sometimes near the land, sometimes distant from it, the rapid steamer made her steadfast way, while ever, as she advanced among the engirdling hills, new vistas of beauty kept opening and changing, till perception was confused with the novel vicissitude of mysterious prospect. The sun, near meridian, hung in the heavens like a silver shield. Mists began to thicken and to droop, but through them I saw the riven sides of crags, black and barren, and towering behind them the dark mass of Ben Vair, where it frowns upon the mouth of Loch Leven. The

landing was at Ballachulish pier, and from that point onward I drove toward the grim Pass of Glencoe.

No doubt it is a beaten track; but every track is beaten, in these days of systematic touring and all-conquering steam, and, as to the results of observation, everything is dependent on the eyes that see. For a time the course was by the margin of the loch and eastward along the base of the stern mountains that border it, following a road through the village of Ballachulish, where there are slate quarries of great extent, and where I saw a fine slatestone monument, to commemorate the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria. In that region the fields are divided by walls of slate, and at one point the carriage rolls beneath a tall, splendid arch of slate-stones, fashioned in a buttress to the impending hill, and creating a singular effect of rugged grace. A small church appears, proclaiming itself by no fewer than six crosses, and on the broad reaches of bleak hillside the traveller's gaze wanders curiously over groups of mountain sheep,—the tiny, graceful

beasts of the Highlands. It is one effect of solemn emotion that it causes you to observe trifles with acute perception, and I think no person of a sensitive temperament could approach that little village of Glencoe without such feelings of awe as would impress the scene upon his memory forever. The place of the massacre lies near the entrance to the glen, and it is marked by a simple granite shaft. Scarce anything remains of the shielings of the McIan tribe of the clan Macdonald,—the wretched victims of that hideous crime,—but you are told of the spot where the house of the chieftain stood, and you see the ruins of a few huts that once were the homes of his unfortunate tribe. Time, that heals all wounds and tries to hide all scars, has gently covered every vestige of the inhuman butchery with verdure and bloom, and that scene of horror is now a peaceful hamlet, in which you can hear the sound of the church-bell and the laughter of children at play. All the same, there is a shadow on the place that nothing can remove,—a sense of unspeakable terror

and dread. More than two centuries have passed since that fearful winter night, February 13, 1692, when the soldiers of King William the Third basely murdered the trusting Highlanders whose bread they had eaten and in whose homes they had slept, but, whether from its physical peculiarities or from the mysterious power of association, the Pass of Glencoe is forever invested with pathos and gloom. All around are huge mountains, black and barren, or clad with green turf and bracken, and mostly veined with deep, stony fissures, which are the beds of rapid rivulets. Low in the gorge you see the rocky bed of the river Cona, here and there diversified with tiny waterfalls, and you hear the noise of water bickering over the stones, the lonely caw of rooks, and the bleating of distant sheep. Beside that river the long road, like a ribbon of silver, ascending and descending, winds away, with the windings of the glen. Far in the Pass I found a refuge, and it was my privilege to spend a night amid those scenes of desolation,—among the

dreariest beneath the eye of heaven. In that way only can the full meaning of such a place be absorbed into the mind,—the lonely magnificence of stupendous natural objects, and that copious, cruel, terrible vitality of Nature which is so austerely indifferent to the life of Man.

Thus I reflected, sitting among the rocks in that wilderness, and listening, in the gloom, to the voice of the hidden mountain streams. Above me towered the gigantic black crags of Bidean-nam-Bian, its huge bastions banked like some great organ, whereon, smitten by all the tempests round about the world, might sound, through everlasting time, the solemn music of eternity. Not distant I saw the black waters of Loch Triochatan, and far above, in the mountain-side, the dark and seemingly inaccessible arch of Ossian's Cave,—for that poet, it is claimed, was born beside the Cona, and the spell of his weird genius rests on all those rocks and waters. (A myth, no doubt, but it is possible to appreciate the poetic rhapsodies of Macpherson without regard to his fiction of authorship.) As the night

deepened, a faint moonlight, as from another world,—for the moon was hidden behind the mountain peaks,—drifted into the Pass, suffusing its grim battlements and dusky depths with an unearthly glow, and almost I could see dim shapes of phantoms, the murdered children of the glen, gliding toward me, across the riven rocks. Later, and just before the dawn, I saw where great clouds of mist were drifting across the mountain-sides, while yet the peaks rose bare and grim above, and looking upward I beheld, through a rift in the driving clouds, the burning orb of the morning star.

I had seen Glencoe under a blaze of sunshine. I was now to see it under the transient shadow of a storm. Nothing can exceed in grandeur the effect of the Scottish mountains when they are draped in mist. All the imagery of Ossian is justified, and more than justified, by the portentous shapes and the immeasurable magnitude that the vapors impart to the hills. Sometimes those mists are piled upon each other till they reach far into the heavens. Sometimes they drift in vast masses,

ADNACH DHU—GLENCOE

High mountains closed the vale,
Bare, rocky mountains, to all living things
Inhospitable; on whose sides no herb
Rooted, no insect fed; no bird awoke
Their echoes, save the eagle, strong of wing,
A lonely plunderer, that afar
Sought in the vales his prey.

SOUTHEY.

low down upon the crags. Sometimes they impend and float in strange processions,—thin, long streamers, moving slowly across the mountain-side. But, whatever shape they take, and however they come, they are beautiful; and very grateful I was to the little birds whose twittering in the eaves of the cottage awakened me before the dawn, that I might enjoy that spectacle of majesty and wild romance. I took a boat and rowed for a while upon the lake,—musing in that delightful solitude, beyond the reach of man to despoil or to mar, however darkened by the shadow of his crime and sin. I saw the remains of the old bridle-path along which some of the Macdonalds escaped from the murderous hands of Campbell of Glen Lyon, and I was told that many ruined houses, once tiny cots of stone and thatch, the homes of the clan Macdonald of other days, can still be seen, scattered in places among the hills. Scotland's glens were far more populous two hundred years ago than they are now, for then the land was owned by the clans, and each clan obeyed its chieftain

and possessed the product of its toil, but after the rising for Prince Charles, in '45, and the disaster of Culloden, those lands were rented and parcelled among the conquerors, and gradually the old inhabitants have been banished to the south or into foreign countries. The clannish feeling, the native language, and the primitive customs of the Highlander have not, indeed, been extinguished, but they survive only in remote and isolated places—such as Morven, Iona, Mull, and Colonsay, and such as the weird Pass of Glencoe. Far distant be the day when a language so sweetly musical and so poetically expressive shall cease to sound, when customs so picturesque shall be discarded, and when a home life so generous and romantic shall exist no more.

XII.

STORM-BOUND IN IONA.

The wanderer who lands upon the little stone ledge, partly natural and partly artificial, that serves for a pier at Iona should be prepared to remain upon that island not simply as long as he likes but as long as he must. In the Hebrides the weather is the sovereign, and never was there a sovereign more potent, arbitrary, and imperious. At any moment the storm-wind may sweep over them. At almost any moment it may cease to blow. It seems to know not any law except its own caprice. When the tempest has spent its fury the calm that reigns there is the calm of Paradise, but while the tempest rages no sail can brave the blast that beats those waters and no boat can make for that perilous shore. I landed at Iona about noon on a September day, intend-

ing to return to Oban the next morning. Five days passed, without prospect of escape. Postal communication with the mainland, regularly occurrent only once every forty-eight hours in fair weather, ceased, as also did telegraphic communication. Resting, however, in such a home-like haven as the St. Columba Hotel, and cheered by companionship with the kind Highland hearts then dwelling there, the practice of patience was not difficult.

It was neither coarse weather nor fine when I sailed out of Oban. The sky was a dome of steel and the morning sun, beneath half-transparent clouds, was a disc of silver. At one point the sunrise splendor pierced its sullen veil and followed the steamer with a diamond shaft of light. The wind was fresh, the sea lively, and now and then there came a dash of rain. Northward I saw the ruined tower of Dunolly, in its verdant robe, and the black stone upon the coast to which, as legend loves to tell, King Fingal chained his dog. Far up Loch Linnhe rose the huge back of Ben Nevis,

encumbered with sombre cloud. More near, upon the right hand, glistened the wet rocks of gray and lonely Lismore, while upon the left frowned the flinty shore of Mull. Upon the heights of Mull shone the purple of heather and the rich emerald of a velvet turf. The light-house tower upon Lismore stood out in bold relief against the sky, and over the lurking rock where Maclean of Duart bound fair Ellen of Lorn and left her to perish the waves were breaking in wreaths of snowy foam. All around were flights of sea-mews, and, in passing, I could see upon the wide ascendant moors of Mull, the scattered gray stone cottages and the cattle and sheep scattered over the land. In the foreground towered the iron-ribbed mountains of Morven, dark and terrible in their sterile solitude. The first time I ever saw Morven the ghostly mists were trailing over its sable parapets, and there seemed no limit to the altitude of its mysterious, inaccessible heights. This time its mountain masses stood clearly disclosed in their grim grandeur and cold, implacable indifference. The course is

northwestward between Morven and Mull, and as the steamer sped onward past the pleasant town of Salen, secure in its little bay, the clouds hung low, the waves glimmered green in the casual flashes of sunlight, the sea-birds screamed their warning, and upon both shores, as far as the eye could see, the white breakers foamed angrily against dark, riven rocks. At most times I should have deemed those sights the portents of impending peril. I did not heed them then. There are moments when the soul exults in storm and danger, blindly feeling, perhaps, that its fetters are momentarily broken and its freedom at last begun. Besides, Scottish scenery needs its environment of tempest. You want no gentle breezes nor languorous lights, but the frowning sky, the chill wind, and the drifting mist.

Back of Tobermory, which is the capital of Mull, there was sunshine on the distant hills, and as I looked at it from the sea, that ancient Highland town, winding up its pleasant terraces on the side of a noble cliff, seemed the

chosen home of adventure and romance. Ben More and Ben Talla rose supreme at distance, bathed in flying light, but Morven, under a slate-colored pall, was sullen and cold. Soon I discerned the ruins of Ardtornish, where dwelt of old the Lords of the Isles, and where the genius of Scott has caused to be spoken that eloquent, sublime blessing of the abbot upon royal Bruce which is among the noblest strains of poetry in our language. Then, presently, gaining the open sea, I looked all at once upon the Tresnish Isles,—seeing Fladda and Lunga and Black Mor, which is the Dutchman's Cap, and Black Beg, and, far to the southward, the misty outline of Iona, while more to the north and west Tiree and Coll, which are the haunted lands of Ossian, lay like dim clouds on the horizon's verge. Staffa is not seen as early as you see Iona when steering this course,—which gradually turns southwest and south after Ardnamurchan Point is left to the northward,—although it is nearer to you, for the other isles of the Tresnish group partly hide it, but it soon comes into view

lying upon the lonely ocean like a long ship, dismasted and at rest. Fame has long known that flat-topped crag, covered with brilliant grass and honeycombed with caverns in which only cormorants and petrels haunt and breed, while ocean listens to its own solemn and tremendous music, whether of calm or storm. No attempt was made to land, for the sea had risen and the place was dangerous, but the boat steamed along the south side of the island, and I gazed into Fingal's Cave and into Mackinnon's and looked long and wistfully at those mysterious basalt columns which make a temple for the worship of Nature grander than any creation of the hand of man. On a previous occasion I had landed and explored the caves, and it is always wise, when any form of experience has entirely filled and satisfied the soul, not to attempt its repetition. The visitor to Staffa finds a sufficient pathway, artfully contrived, along the face of the cliff, and a rail by which to sustain himself, so that he can enter Fingal's Cave and walk nearly to the end of its cathedral arch and gaze upward at its

groined vault of petrified pendent lava and downward into its black, transparent depths, where only the monsters of ocean have their lairs. It is a solemn and awful place, and you behold it without words and leave it in silence, but your backward look remains long fixed upon it, and its living picture of gloom and glory will never fade out of your mind. From Staffa the course is southerly, with the great island of Mull upon the left hand, Iona exactly ahead, and, eighteen miles distant in the solitary western ocean, the lighthouse on Skerryvore. You pass Loch-na-Keal, which nearly divides Mull, and see at its mouth Gometra and Ulva, and, south of them, Little Colonsay. It is to Ulva that the hapless lovers would speed, in Campbell's fine poem of "Lord Ullin's Daughter." Gometra is the nearest land to Staffa, and it is from Gometra that the boatmen row out, in the lifeboat, to carry visitors from the steamer to the isle of caves, on days when it is possible to land. Their boat was not on the waters as the steamer passed, and that again

should have been an omen, but I was destined more and more to learn that the fascination of Iona will not be baffled and cannot be opposed.

Iona Sound is only one mile wide, but it lies nearly north and south, the anchorage ground in it is uncertain and unsafe, and, under the stress of a westerly gale, the fierce waters of the Atlantic Ocean pour through it in one solid torrent of irresistible force and fury. On both sides, with but scant exception, the shore is fringed with rock. On the Mull coast that rock is mostly a precipice. No splendor of the horrible could exceed the grisly grandeur of that iron shore, that grim and terrible battlement which confronts and defies the savage sea, from Kintra around most of the Ross of Mull. Toward the southwest corner of Mull the Sound of Erraid pours its tides into the Sound of Iona, parting Erraid Island from the larger isle. The southwest corner of Erraid marks the end of Iona Sound, and not on all that perilous coast is there any other spot so full of peril. Here are the

ENTRANCE TO FINGAL'S CAVE—ISLAND OF STAFFA

Where, as to shame the temples deck'd
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself it seem'd would raise
A Minster to her Maker's praise.

SCOTT.

Torranen Rocks,—the Otter, Frasiers, and the West Reef,—and here, during days of almost unprecedented tempest, watching them for hours and hours, I have seen great domes of water foaming upward fifty feet and more into the air and gleaming perfectly black against the livid sky. It was toward the time of sunset that the storm finally broke upon the island, and from that moment onward, with but little pause, it continued to rage. Such a succession of westerly gales I was assured had seldom been known even upon that coast. Such a glory of tempest surely was never surpassed anywhere. All the night the wind moaned and howled around my habitation as with the many threatening voices of hungry and baffled beasts; all night the rain was driven in tumbling sheets against the windows; and all night I heard, in the darkness, the long roar of the clamorous, resounding sea. At morning, and at various other times during the day, there was sunshine,—fitfully commingled with cloud and rain,—but at no moment was there a lull in the gale, and when at noon I looked out upon the Sound its great

waves were rolling northward along its whole extent, in one regular, incessant procession of livid green ridges, each reaching almost from shore to shore and each mantled with an ermine crest. No boat could have lived a moment in such a sea. That night suddenly the wind fell, the sky cleared, the air grew soft and balmy, the stars came out, innumerable and glorious, in the vast, dark vault of heaven, and even the ocean curbed its anger and changed its shuddering, hollow roar to a soft and solemn dirge. The sailors know that habit of the gale and are not deceived by it: the storm has paused to catch its breath. Most of the next day that deceitful calm continued, and no spot of earth ever looked more fair than lonely and beautiful Iona,—silent then, save for the sound of Sabbath bells mingled with the murmur of the many-colored, musical sea. Late at evening, walking over the moors which are at the south of the island, I heard a sudden sharp note in the southern blast, and knew that another change was at hand. At midnight the wind was moaning in the chimney and whistling in shrill puffs through

every cranny of the house, and I could hear the swirl of rain, and from every side the horrid crash of breakers on the rocks. The following morning dawned brightly, but it soon darkened, and all day long there was an alternation of shadow and sunshine,—now black clouds and sudden bursts of drenching rain, now a twilight of silver mist which sometimes turned to glittering rainbows over the stormy Sound,—but never was there a pause in the violence of the gale. In some hours of the ensuing night the moon cast her mantle of silver upon the raging waters, giving them a new and even more terrible beauty in their wrath and menace. It is a long time, though, since I ceased to trust the moon, and I did not trust her then. The night-wind in the chimney was a better monitor, and of that night-wind in the chimney at Iona I shall carry the memory to my last day. Its prophetic note was amply justified by the continued storm—less violent, perhaps, but not less effective. Often, that day, did I climb upon Maclean's Cross, which stands on the causeway by the nunnery ruins, and there question the

ocean, now one way and now another, for the approach of any boat, but the colossal breakers on the Torranen rocks, seen though inaudible, were all my answer. That day, also, climbing to the windy summit of Dun-I, which is the highest hill on the island, I looked forth to the terrible crags that gird its bay upon the west, and saw Cabbach Isle, and Dite, and Musinal, white with the flying shrouds of shattered breakers, and the Spouting Cave in action, hurling its snowy column far into the air, to fall in a cataract of silver. It is a cruel shore, look at it from what point you will. Early one morning I was on the most placid part of it that I could find,—the Martyrs' Bay,—but even there the sullen waves were storming up the beach and strewing its hard white sand with long, serpent-like grasses and with many sinister shapes of the brown, wrinkled, slimy weeds of the sea. To that beach, in ancient days, came many a train of funeral barges, with muffled banners and with coronach, bringing home dead kings of Scotland, for burial in the Holy Isle. Over that white sand was borne the mangled

body of "the gracious Duncan," who rests by Oran's chapel, and not long afterward, as some historians believe, was brought the ravaged corse of his cruel murderer, to sleep beside him in the same royal sepulchre. Duncan and Macbeth side by side, and the grass growing over them, and the wild sea-birds screaming above their nameless rest!

It is a part of the tradition that Macbeth, after his defeat on "high Dunsinane hill," which is about eight miles northeast of Perth, was overtaken in flight, and was slain, at Lumphanan, a little north of the Dee, about midway between Ballater and Aberdeen. A cairn that bears his name, and is dubiously said to mark his grave, can be seen in a meadow of Lumphanan. Some authorities, however, declare that his remains were conveyed to Iona, which had been the imperial sepulchre from, at latest, the time of King Kenneth the Third, 974. The custom was to embark the royal corse at Corpach, on Loch Eil. The funeral barges would thence make their way through lonely seas to the Holy Isle. The burial of King

Duncan at St. Columba's Cell is mentioned by Shakespeare:

> *Rosse.* Where is Duncan's body?
> *Macduff.* Carried to Colmes-kill,
> The sacred store-house of his predecessors
> And guardian of their bones.

In the story of Macbeth, as it has been told by Shakespeare and learned by the heart of the world, the dominant, all-controlling power,—permeating, and diffusing around it a weird atmosphere of mystery and dread,—is that of the haunted imagination; and nowhere, surely, could remembrance of that story cause such a thrill of emotion, commingling terror with awe, as comes upon you when, at midnight, amid the wild tumult of a raving tempest, you stand in that bleak burial-place of the ancient Scottish Kings,—on which pale rays of moonlight, streaming through riven clouds, momentarily gleam over the effigies on their stones of sepulchre,—and think that the dust of the cruel, wicked regicide is close beneath your feet.

In some editions of Shakespeare "Macbeth" is included among the "Histories," but as there is no authentic historical basis for the play, and as it is essentially poetic and imaginative, that classification of it, obviously, is wrong. Shakespeare found the prose material upon which, remotely, he built his tragedy, in Holinshed's "Chronicle History of Scotland." That "Chronicle" tells a story of the murder of King Duffe, A. D. 972, by contrivance of Donwald, one of his chieftains, and that chieftain's wife, and also it tells a story of the murder of King Duncan, A. D. 1039, by Macbeth, Banquo, and other conspirators against him,—Macbeth's wife approving of the plan and encouraging her husband to commit the crime and thus make himself King. King Duffe was the great-grandfather of Lady Macbeth, and Donwald's servants slew him in a castle, near to Forres, in Elginshire. He had given Donwald and his wife some offence, by hanging several of their relatives. King Duncan was the grandfather of King Malcolm the Second, in conflict with whom Macbeth's father, Finlegh,

Prince of Ross, had lost his life, and who had killed the grandfather of Lady Macbeth, as also her first husband, Gilcomgain, Prince of Moray, and had put to death her only brother. "The gracious Duncan" was, in fact, slain by Macbeth and his adherents in a blacksmith's shop, near to Elgin, in the shire of that name,—the place being called Bothgowanan, which means "the smith's bothy." Gilcomgain's widow, afterward Lady Macbeth, was called Lady Gruoch, and she had a son, named Lulach, who succeeded Macbeth as King, but, after a reign of only a few months, Lulach was killed, 1057, at Essie, in Strathbogie, in battle with Malcolm, called Malcolm Ceanmore,—that is, "Malcolm of the great head,"—who ascended the throne of Scotland as King Malcolm the Third. The early history of Scotland is an amazing and appalling narrative of internecine strife and almost indiscriminate carnage. The Hebrides and a considerable part of the northern and western coast of that country were under the dominion of Norway, and it was after a battle in which Norwegian forces had

defeated those of King Duncan, that Macbeth, —till then one of his loyal chieftains,—deemed it expedient to turn against him, slaughter him, and make friends with the conqueror, thereby securing his own advancement to the sovereignty of Scotland.

The traveller in that romantic country is told of Glamis Castle, Cawdor Castle, and Inverness Castle, and of the actual room in which King Duncan was privily murdered; but the truth is that no vestige remains of any castle of Macbeth's time, and that those tales of haunted rooms in Glamis and Cawdor are mere fabrics of romantic fancy. The castles of the tenth century were made of timber and sod, and Time has long ago bestowed them deep in that capacious wallet "wherein he puts alms for oblivion." But standing in the roofless chapel at Iona, or wandering through the darkly wooded hills around Inverness, Shakespeare's story of Macbeth is the story that comes back upon the memory, and musing on that story the weird lines of Mickle, in the fine old ballad that prompted Scott to write

"Kenilworth," floated back to me, from the realm of Long Ago:

> The death bell thrice was heard to ring,
> An aerial voice was heard to call,
> And thrice the raven flapped its wing
> Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

Much indeed as Shakespeare has transmuted the story of Macbeth, there are, in the old "Chronicle," passages which could not fail to rouse the imagination of the poetic dramatist, and which few persons are likely to read without a sense of weirdness and a thrill of dread,—such passages, for example, as this, relative to a secret murder committed by Kenneth, the brother of King Duffe, who poisoned Duffe's son Malcolm:

"Thus might he seem happy to all men, but yet to himself he seemed most unhappy, as he that could not but still live in continual fear lest his wicked practice concerning the death of Malcolm Duffe should come to light and knowledge of the world. For so cometh it to pass that such as are pricked in conscience for

any secret offence committed have ever an unquiet mind. And, as the fame goeth, it chanced that a voice was heard as he was in bed in the night time, to take his rest, uttering unto him these or the like words, in effect: 'Think not, Kenneth, that the wicked slaughter of Malcolm Duffe by thee contrived is kept secret from the knowledge of eternal God. . . . ' The King, with this voice being stricken into great dread and terror, passed that night without any sleep coming in his eyes."

Such an opportunity for minute observation of this remarkable spot as was provided by the accident of my detention there through stress of tempestuous weather was not likely to occur again, and, whether in storm or calm, it was not neglected. Standing upon the summit of Dun-I, I looked northward to the hook-like point of the island and its wide curves of yellow beach where the white breakers were sporting in their dance of death. Mysterious Staffa, in the northern distance, was distinctly visible. Eastward, across the swift, raging channel,

I looked on the swarthy rocks of Mull, with the treeless mountains of Mull and Morven towering beyond them, blended in one colossal heap of chaotic splendor. In the west I saw the wild Atlantic, breaking along the whole three miles of crag and beach that make Iona's outmost coast. In the foreground of the southern prospect there is a spine of rock-ribbed hill, beyond and around which the land shelves downward into levels, toward the encircling sea. More distant, in the south, the steeps once more ascend, presenting a wide, broken surface of lonely moorland, covered with rock and heather, in which the shaggy black and brown cattle, with their wide-spreading horns and their great, luminous, beautiful eyes, couch or stray, in indolent composure. At the extreme southern point the Isle presents a lofty crescent headland of riven rock,—each cleft a dark ravine, and each declining crag margined at its base with cruel, jagged points, like iron teeth. All that savage scene, in one comprehensive glance, the gazer from Dun-I can gather into his vision; and, whether he regards it as Nature in her

naked glory or as the holy ground that religion has hallowed with her blessing and history has covered with the garlands of deathless renown, he cannot look upon it unmoved, and he can never forget either its magnificent aspect or its deep meaning.

Iona is three miles long, and at its widest point a mile and a half wide, and it contains about two thousand acres of land, of which about a quarter is under cultivation—for oats, hay, vegetables, and flowers. Three-quarters of it are devoted to pasture. There are within its limits, of cattle, horses, sheep, and other animals, about a thousand. The collie and the household cat are frequently encountered, and you will not stroll far upon the moors without meeting the dark and stately Highland bull. I counted about fifty dwellings. The population is small. The minister of Iona, the Rev. Archibald Macmillan, whose friendly acquaintance I had the pleasure and privilege to gain, told me that his parish,—which comprises Iona and a section of the western end of the Ross of Mull,—contains about five

hundred and fifteen persons, of whom about three hundred dwell in Mull. The church is the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, but there is also a Free Church. One of the buildings is the manse. Another is the schoolhouse. All the houses are made of stone, and some of them have roofs of thatch, held in place by clamps, superincumbent timbers, and heavy weights of stone or iron. There are two hotels: one, the St. Columba, once kept by Captain Ritchie, now dead; the other, the Argyll Arms, once kept by John Macdonald, also now deceased, long the official guide to Iona, as his father was before him. The crofters, all of whom are prosperous, live in little stone cottages, rarely more than one story high. The village consists of a single street, with those humble huts ranged upon one side of it, their doors and windows facing eastward toward the Sound. The post-office is also a shop, and there are two or three shops besides. Three times a week a little steamboat, sailing out of Bunessan,—a town of Mull, sheltered in Loch-na-Keal,—calls at Iona, if she can, and

takes away a mail, and leaves one,—touching, by means of a skiff, at St. Ronan's Bay. The settled part of Iona is a slope upon its eastern shore, not distant from the northern extremity, a region somewhat protected, by the hills, from those westerly and southerly winds that are the scourge of the island. There are only a few roads, but the pedestrian can readily make his way almost anywhere, without fear of trespass. The inhabitants are generally religious and are orderly, courteous, and gentle. No physician dwells in the place and no resident of it is ever sick. Death may come by drowning or by other accident, but, as a rule, the people live until they are worn out, and so expire, naturally, from extreme age. The Gaelic language, although it is dying away in the Highlands, is still spoken in Iona. The minister, preaching on alternate Sundays at Iona and at Bunessan, in Mull, speaks in English first, and then repeats his discourse in Gaelic, or he reverses that order, and for both sermons he has an audience. It was my good fortune to hear his discourses in company with about fifty

other persons, seated on wooden benches in a whitewashed room, and I have not heard a preacher more devout, earnest, sincere, and simple. The school is largely followed, and in the schoolhouse I found a library of nearly five hundred volumes (there are four hundred and fifteen titles in the catalogue), collected partly through the friendly ministrations of the Rev. Leigh Richmond, who visited Iona in 1820, and partly contributed by Mr. Thomas Cook, of London. Shakespeare, Scott, Macaulay, Hume, Smollett, Tytler, Dickens, Sydney Smith, Cowper, John Wilson, and J. R. Green are among the authors represented. Several volumes of Cook's Voyages are there, and so are ten volumes of Chambers' Encyclopædia. Many sermons appear in that repository, together with many tomes of the order of the everlasting Josephus—whom everybody venerates and nobody reads. Among the benefactors to the Iona Library are the Rev. Dr. S. Dwyer; G. Gallie, of Glasgow; A. Philp, of Bute; F. Clapp, of Exeter; the Rev. G. F. W. Munby, of Turvey; Miss Copeland, of Dum-

fries; Miss Roberts, and the directors of the Scottish Temperance League. It has been my privilege to contribute a hundred volumes to the collection. No newspaper is published at Iona, but there is a little printing-office near the St. Columba Hotel, and from that germ may be expected, one day or another, such practical growth of enterprise and of civilizing thought as follows in the track of a wisely ordered press. The Presbyterian house of worship was built in 1830, and it is a primitive sort of structure, now much dilapidated; but in every attribute that should appertain to the character of a clergyman its minister would do honor to the finest church in the kingdom. Iona is owned by the Duke of Argyll, to whose family it was granted by King Charles the First. Before that time it had long been held by the chieftains of the great house of Maclean. When Dr. Johnson visited Iona, with Boswell, in 1773, Maclean, then lord of the clan, was their companion, and both Johnson and Boswell have borne fervent testimony to the unstinted hospitality with which they were

received, notwithstanding that the Campbells were in possession of the land. The sturdy doctor was obliged, indeed, to sleep on the hay in a barn, with his portmanteau for a pillow, but that was the best accommodation obtainable in the island, and the Maclean slept beside him. There is greater comfort to be found in Iona now, but there is no luxury. Nor is it a place for luxury. There you are cut off from the world. There you are alone. There you are brought face to face with eternity. There, accordingly, if anywhere on earth, the mind would be inspired, the heart would be clean, and life would be simple and pure. On one of those storm-stricken days I stood alone upon the Hill of Angels and looked at the grim desolation of the dark Atlantic plain, and I could not wonder, as I felt the overwhelming solitude and grandeur of the place, at the old superstitious belief that when St. Columba stood there, thirteen centuries ago, the seraphic beings of another world came floating down from heaven to talk with their brother upon earth.

It is perhaps trite history that Columba came from Ireland to Iona in the year 563, bringing Christianity to the Picts of the Western Islands, and that he made Iona the fountain-head of religion and learning for Northern Europe,—dying there A.D. 597, at the age of seventy-six. No one can speak of Iona, though, without speaking of her Saint. His spirit is indelibly stamped upon the place, and whosoever walks in his footsteps must venerate his memory and hallow his name. The monastic remains, however, that the traveller finds in the island are the ruins of red granite buildings of a much later period than that of Columba,—structures that his pious labor had rendered possible, but which his eyes never beheld. The nunnery, St. Oran's chapel, the Cathedral and its adjacent fragments of monastery, all roofless, and all the sport of time and decay, are relics of about the twelfth century. Parts of those ancient fabrics are, possibly, of a still earlier date,—the noble Cathedral tower, up which you can ascend by a spiral stone staircase of forty-two steps, the arches of its north transept, and

the simple form and massive and beautiful arched doorway of St. Oran's chapel bearing architectural traces of a very remote antiquity. The church that Columba erected did not stand upon the site of the present Cathedral ruin, but was situated further to the north and nearer to the sea, while the place of his cell,—wherein his pillow was the almost heart-shaped stone now preserved in the ruined chancel,—is believed to have been the site of a cottage under the friendly shelter of Dun-I, a little northward from the Argyll Cross. That monument stands near the little mound that St. Columba ascended on a memorable day, toward the end of his life, when he gave his farewell blessing to the island. It is alone in a green square, enclosed within an iron fence, and around it are tall bushes of the fuchsia, covered with graceful, drooping blooms. It is formed like the cross of St. Martin, which stands in front of the Cathedral ruin, except that the ends of the transverse beam are not grooved to the nimbus, as they are in St. Martin's,—evidently incomplete,—and it is made

of red granite, from the quarry in Mull. The inscription upon it is cut in this manner:—

TO
ELIZABETH
SUTHERLAND
WIFE OF
GEORGE
EIGHTH DUKE
OF ARGYLL
THIS CROSS
IS ERECTED
BY
HER HUSBAND
IN THE ISLAND
SHE LOVED
1879

But whatever may be the measure of the antiquity of the gaunt ecclesiastical relics of Iona, they are more holy and beautiful than words can tell, in their lone magnificence and desolate grandeur of ruin. Accurate detail of what they are and of what they contain is well-nigh impossible, even to antiquarian research. The ravages equally of barbarian hordes and of relentless time have left scarcely

anything in its place, whether of statue, or carving, or inscription, or symbol, or brass, or picture, or memorial stone. But of their general character,—their rugged strength, their romantic aspect, their awful solemnity of isolation amid a wilderness of brown crag and tempestuous sea, and of the sublimity which they must have derived as well from their sacred purpose as from their marvellous natural investiture,—it is not difficult to judge. Imagination supplies every defect of knowledge, and the spirit that gazes upon those remnants of vanished greatness is lifted far above this world. The natural scene is the same to-day that it was of old. A thousand years make no change in those pitiless rocks and that stormy, savage clime. But man and all his works,—all his hopes and fears, his loves and hatreds, his ambitions and passions, his famous deeds, his labors and his sufferings,—have been swept away, and are become even as an echo, a shadow, a hollow, dying word, a pinch of dust borne seaward on the gale! In the precincts of the Cathedral, at the foot of Oran's chapel,

was the burial-ground of the kings of Scotland—Releig Oran. The grass grows thick upon it. No stone remains in its original place. The rude letters and symbolic carvings have been blasted by time and storm. The dust of the humbler dead has mingled with the dust of warriors and of princes in its royal soil. The rooks that haunt the ruined Cathedral tower caw over it as they pass, and over it sounds forever the melancholy booming of the surges of the restless sea. It is a place of utter desolation, where nothing reigns save Nature's stony mockery of all the achievements of man. What colossal forces of human strength and feeling lie hushed and cold beneath that humble sod; what heroes of forgotten battles; what heroines of old romance; what black, self-tortured hearts of specious, ruthless murderers; what busy brains of crafty, scheming statesmen, toiling ever through tortuous courses for the power that they never could long maintain! Monarchs and warriors that fought against Rome, in the great days of Belisarius and Constantine; kings that fell in battle and kings that died by the

base hand of midnight murder; kings that perished by the wrath of their jealous wives, and kings that died peacefully in the arms of mother church; Princes of Ireland and of Norway, and Lords of the Isles—there they all sleep, in unknown graves and in inaccessible solitude, beneath the wings of brooding oblivion. Hard must be the heart, insensible the mind, that could dwell upon that stupendous scene of mortality without awe and reverence, or could turn away from it without having learned, once and forever, the great lesson of humility and submission.

XIII.

THE LURE OF SCOTLAND.

In sailing away from Iona, when at last I was rescued from the imprisonment of storm, the intrepid commander of the *Columbia,*—notwithstanding a high wind and a heavy sea,—elected to guide his little steamer through the maze of the Torrin Rocks (no maze to him!), and right gallantly was that feat accomplished. Those rocks fringe the southwest corner of Mull, the extreme point of a long peninsula of that island, extending between Loch Scriden on the north and the Atlantic Ocean on the south,—and a place of more cruel aspect and deadly menace to the mariner it would, indeed, be hard to find. The narrow, tortuous channel is thickly sown with reefs, some visible, others sunken, against which and over which the angry surges dash themselves, in boiling masses

of snowy foam. As the swift, staunch vessel, plunging steadily onward,—steered with unerring precision,—made her way through that cruel labyrinth, it would have been quite possible to leap from her side-rail to some one of the many black and gleaming crags that thrust their hideous heads above the whirling waves. One error of command, one wrong turning of the wheel, and the steamer would have been instantly hurled to ruin, on the merciless ledges of that iron coast; but there was no trepidation or tremor in the superb management that carried her through that peril, and with seemingly the velocity of light she sped from all danger and gained the safety of the open sea.

There are places which possess an irresistible allurement; places which, once seen and known, can never be forgotten; places which continuously call the lover of them to come back, and will not be denied. Such a place is the beautiful city of Edinburgh. Such a place is the Holy Island of Iona. Such are many nooks in the wild Highlands. Scotland enthralls the imagination with a glamour that cannot be

resisted. Among all lands she is the most prodigally generous in fulfilment of romantic expectation. The country, wildly and mysteriously beautiful, is prodigiously rich in legendary and historic association. The inhabitants of it may be reticent, often taciturn, but in their emotions they are fervent and sincere, and in their goodness they are practical. Nowhere else is found more virtue of life and simplicity of manners, more sympathy with fine ideals, more confirmed habits of thought, more scholarship, more genial hospitality, and more affectionate kindness. The wish, surely, was natural, to roam again amid scenes endeared to memory, and again to rejoice in the magic influence of old Scotia,—blue bells and brown heath, lovely lake and haunted glen, the lonely mountain, the rock-riven shore, and the melancholy sea.

Much time, however, was to pass, much labor was to be done, and many events were to occur, before that wish could be gratified. The parting from Iona chanced to be preliminary to a parting from the Old World. Then

came an ocean voyage, in the face of one of the most terrible tempests that have been recorded in the marine chronicle of many years: then home, and the resumption of old pursuits. But all the while the lure of Scotland made itself felt, in wistful memories and longing dreams. Often I seemed to see the glory of sunset fading over the crystal of Loch Awe: often to watch the spectral mists gathering and floating around the peaks of Ben Cruachan: often to hear the moaning of the night wind in the gray ruins of the Cathedral of Iona. It is the nature of a passionate desire eventually to fulfil itself, and the hour which at last found me once more a pilgrim in Great Britain, however much it may have held of pleasure, contained little element of surprise.

Masses of dusky cloud were hanging low over Liverpool as I sped away from it, in the early morning, returning to Scotland. The air was cold, the day cheerless, and the time seemed long before I came to the open country and was gladdened with the sight of green fields, the dark foliage of many trees, and

the golden sheaves of the harvest, lovely in the glint of sunshine, beneath dim, slate-colored skies. Soon I saw the towers and steeples of Ormskirk and, in its adjacent pastures, many bright patches of heather, purple against the green. The country there is low, flat, and much intersected by canals. Next came Rufford, green but sombre, its dreariness accented by the trembling of wind-swept rushes in its cold streams. At Croston there was a pleasing picture of placid life, in the grouping of cattle in the fields, and presently, gazing over Houghton, I was aware of distant mountains, rising nobly through the mist. Spires, chimneys, and copious smoke announced busy Blackburn, and soon thereafter the train flashed into the deep and variegated valleys of Lancashire.

Around Gisborne the country smiles with bloom, the hill-side pastures are populous with sleek cattle and fleecy sheep, and in the deep dales the green of the meadow is strikingly diversified with the darker green of graceful hedge-rows which add so much to the charm

of that delicious land. After Hellifield there were picturesque fields and hedges upon every side, and then the open country grew lonely and bleak once more. Around Settle and Appleby the valleys are of great breadth and sumptuous beauty, and as you look westward from those scenes of peace and plenty you can see the mountains of Cumberland, and your thoughts will drift away to the poetic past,—to Southey, the blameless and gentle, among his books, on Greta's bank, and to Wordsworth, austere and simple, wandering among his native hills and uttering their heart in words of sweet cadence and imperishable truth. At Salkeld you would note a tiny river flowing, amid flowers, through a plain of sunshine, and, far away, the receding, misty, much broken outline of the country of the Lakes. There was but a faint prospect of Carlisle,—memorable for sad associations of the Stuart rising in 1715,—and after Carlisle I caught a glimpse of the ocean, and then, with a quick sense of freedom, I dashed over the Border and was in Scotland.

There was not a cloud in the sky at Dumfries, and underneath a brilliant sun the pastures around that stony, rugged town glowed and sparkled, while in the clear, cool, autumn breeze the roses and flowering vines on many a gray cottage seemed to dance with joy. The country all along is level, but its diversity of object and color makes it piquant, and as I heard or saw the familiar names, and caught a fleeting glimpse of Lincluden, I thought of Burns, whose especial region it is, and could not fail to recognize its loveliness and feel its charm. There, within the radius of a few miles, is comprised the entire story of that great poet's life. His first seven years are associated with the cottage at Alloway, where he was born, January 25, 1759, and where he lived until 1766. Then, becoming a laborer for his father, he moved to the farm of Mount Oliphant, where he remained till he was eighteen. In 1777 he accompanied his parents to another farm in Ayrshire, called Lochlea. His next residence, and one at which he wrote many characteristic and beautiful poems, notably

"The Cottar's Saturday Night," was at Mossgiel, near Mauchline, his home from 1784 till 1788. In 1786 he first went to Edinburgh, and during about two years he was a brilliant figure in that brilliant capital; but Edinburgh was an episode. In July, 1788, he established his residence at Ellisland, where he wrote, among other immortal verses, "John Anderson," and the exquisite lyric "To Mary in Heaven," and where he became an exciseman. In 1791 he settled in the neighboring town of Dumfries, and there he died, July 21, 1796, and there he was buried. His lifetime comprised only thirty-seven years and a half. He never left Scotland, and even of his native land he saw but little,—having only travelled northward as far as Inverness. It is astonishing to consider how narrow were the physical limits of Burns's environment and observation, when contrasted with the wide range of his mental and emotional experience. Thus recalling familiar facts, and with many wandering thoughts upon them, I traversed the country of Burns and sped through the haunted land of

ROBERT BURNS—1759-1796

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye
And on his manly brow.

HALLECK.

the Border, leaving, far eastward, St. Mary's Loch and the haunts of the Ettrick Shepherd, and far southward Ecclefechan, with its memories of Carlyle; passing Kilmarnock, where the poems of Burns were first published; seeing the distant mountains of Arran, beyond the Firth of Clyde; thinking of Scott, Campbell, Wilson, Motherwell, Thomson, Montgomery, and other minstrels who have shed imperishable glory on the land, and coming at last, in the cold lustre of closing day, to Glasgow and to rest.

The traveller commonly sees Glasgow in rain, and then it is indeed dismal, but on a bright day there is not a cheerier city in the kingdom. Along the Broomielaw,—while the Clyde flashes in sunshine, and the graceful stone bridges are thronged with vehicles and pedestrians,—the ships and steamers are gay with flags, and there are many signs of prosperous activity. In Buchanan Street and other great thoroughfares the teeming shop-windows denote a profuse opulence. The Lowland Scots seem not to be as variable as the Highlanders,—

who alternate forever between impetuous joy and calm despondency, the smile and the secret tear,—but to possess more of the steadiness and uniformity that mark the English. Glasgow is self-centred, the home of contented industry, and the peer, for enterprise, of any city in the world. Edinburgh possesses the eminent advantage of position, and is glorious with historic association and literary renown, but Glasgow is the commercial centre of Scotland, and to look upon her busy streets, her sumptuous public buildings and monuments, and her noble university, throned above the pageant of Kelvin Grove, and to hear the clatter of hammers in the splendid shipyards on the Clyde, is to know the restless, puissant, victorious spirit of the present day and to feel that Scotland is the land of deeds as well as dreams.

Devotion to practical affairs, on the other hand, has not made Glasgow mindless of national literature and art, for George Square, with its grand column to Scott, and its statues of Burns, Campbell, Sir John Moore, Lord Clyde, Livingston, Watt, and Sir Robert Peel,

not to speak of the massive, symmetrical buildings around it, is imposing in its architecture and intellectual in its significance. The poet Campbell was born in Glasgow, but I sought in vain for the house of his birth. In those streets he may have walked, as was his custom of composition, when meditating the sonorous "Pleasures of Hope"; and, thinking of the eloquence and beauty of that poem, it was a pleasure beyond expression to follow in the footsteps of that fine genius and to honor his memory. There may be other pursuits which tend more to broaden the mind and strengthen the character, but, if so, I have not found them, and I know not of any pursuit so gratifying to the imagination and so stimulating to spiritual growth as that of musing among haunts that have been adorned by genius, endeared by associations of heroic or pathetic experience, and dignified by the splendid force of illustrious example. The Present should not be blindly undervalued, in comparison with the Past, but no man is to be envied who could stand unmoved beside the grave of

Motherwell, in Glasgow's solemn Necropolis, or at the stone that covers the dust of Edward Irving,—a stone whereon the face of the apostle looks with eyes of life from a wonderful painted window,—in the gloomy crypt of her grim Cathedral. By sights like those the virtues of human character are sustained and augmented, and by sights like those the place of them is made precious forever, in a loving and reverent remembrance.

XIV.

THE GATE OF THE HEBRIDES.

In the gray light of dawn, looking from a high casement in my hotel lodging, I saw the towers and chimneys of Glasgow, its ranges of buildings, lighted here and there, but mostly dark, and its long lines of empty street, bleak and cheerless, thinly veiled in mist. To view a great centre of population and industry when thus quiescent is to be reminded of that pathetic weakness which, even at the best, always underlies the condition and achievement of man. The lesson of humility can be learned in many ways, and it is a lesson that, sooner or later, all persons must learn.

The city was still asleep when I made my way toward the Clyde, and even upon the Broomielaw, usually so populous, I saw but few passengers. I was soon embarked and

gliding down the river, at first slowly, amid ships, barges, and steamers that seemed to rise like phantoms out of the mist, then more rapidly, as the sharp, brisk wind came on to blow and the river grew clearer beneath the gradual approach of the sun. Soon I was speeding past those great shipyards, the glory of that region, the echo of whose busy hammers is heard round the world. Then presently I saw, upon the green banks of the Clyde, farm-houses couched among trees, cattle in pasture, a circle of smiling hills, and far away, beneath a gray sky flecked with blue, the mountain peaks that seem to whisper of Loch Fyne, Loch Lomond, and the haunted North. Flights of rooks enlivened the air, and in the wake of the vessel an eager flock of gulls persistently followed, with catlike mewing and shrill cries. The dome of the sky was filled with misty, dreamlike sunshine. Around flitted many tiny vessels, with brown sails and sturdy hulls,—the fishing-boats of Greenock. Past Dunoon and Innellan, onward I journeyed, past the pretty lighthouse on Toward Point, past opu-

lent Rothesay,—its gray houses and teeming causeways gloomy in the subdued light,—and so into the lovely Kyles of Bute and over happy waterways to Loch Fyne, rocky Tarbert, the port of Ardrishaig, and the Crinan Canal.

All along that course the scenery is sharply characteristic of Scotland;—a rocky coast, girdled by steel-colored seas; hills, clad with heather; peaceful bays; stone houses, scattered among the rocks; fishing-boats, with red or brown canvas, at anchor, or under sail, or slowly drifting with the tide; fields, superbly cultivated, alternating with lonely pasture and moorland sprinkled with wandering sheep; ruined towers, on dark, sea-girt crags; and, over all, the ever-changing gladness and gloom of skies that are always beautiful, never at rest, and never twice the same. Beside the Crinan the Highland piper was playing, and I heard the wild slogan of the Macgregor and the plaintive cadences of "Bonnie Doon." There are several locks in the canal, and the steamer, accordingly, is, at times, impeded and is obliged to move somewhat slowly: when

in the locks it is, of course, stationary, and many passengers usually improve the opportunity to disembark and to stroll along the grassy borders of the waterway and buy refreshments or souvenirs, at occasional inns or from opportune peddlers. The progress is one of equal leisure and pleasure. Once through the Crinan, the brief and cheery run to my desired haven was northward, along the coast of Lorn, with Islay, Jura, and Scarba on the west and south, past the ominous precincts of Corrivreckin, past St. Columba's Garveloch Isles, past the slate quarries of Balnahuay, and so to the Sound of Kerrera and the gay and generous port of Oban.

The Sound of Kerrera, running about northeast and southwest, and being about a mile wide, separates the island of Kerrera from the mainland. At the head of it lies Oban, in a sheltered bay, backed by a great semicircle of wooded crags and heather-covered hills. The water front of the town, in shape a crescent, is protected by a splendid sea-wall, made of granite, and fretted like the battlements of a

castle. Two little piers jut into the harbor, around which are often clustered many black steamboats, picturesque with rakish hulls, tapering spars, and red funnels, and upon which, at almost all times, there is the stir of travel. Along the crescent street and up the contiguous hill-side are ranged the many stone buildings that constitute the town. Hotels are numerous; lodging-houses abound; the inhabitants number about five thousand; there are gay shops,—in one of which I saw a sporran and a massive twisted stick once owned by Rob Roy Macgregor, together with a bronze clock, once the property of Scott, and in all ways the place is pleasant, not incommodious, as rural places often are found to be, and possessed of the luxuries as well as the comforts that modern civilization provides. It was founded in 1791, under the ownership of Donald Campbell, of Dunstaffnage, and for a time it remained a proprietary settlement, but of late years it has intertwined the enterprises and interests of many persons, advanced in wealth and in architectural adornment, and

assumed that civic dignity to which it is well entitled, as the capital of the Western Highlands, the point at which all lines of travel through that region converge, and from which a surprising variety of delightful excursions is readily feasible.

The immediate vicinity of Oban has charms that familiarity will only endear. Each day, while dwelling there, I walked many miles, and every day I found a new prospect of beauty. A few steps from the town will, at any time, bring the musing pilgrim into Highland glens where absolute solitude seems to hold perpetual sway, where nothing stirs but, now and then, a wandering sheep, or the fragrant purple heather, ruffled by a gentle wind, and where the only sound is the lone call of the solitary curlew or the musical murmur of a hidden brook: or, should he be minded for the water and for the heights and moors of Kerrera, a sail of half an hour will carry him to that lonely and lovely island, upon which, although it is not uninhabited, he can stroll for hours, without sight of a human

face or sign of a human abode. Gazing from a headland on the west coast of Kerrera, I saw the dark mountains of Mull and Morven, clear-cut against the heavens,—vast masses of rock and verdure, softly relieved by spots of light, and calm as if no gale had ever swept their summits, nor darkness, tempest, and danger ever been known to them. The sky was covered with thin, gray clouds, in which were rifts of blue, and from behind its fleecy mantle the sun flashed here and there a gentle radiance. The sea, in all directions, was smooth and still, and the thin, rocky points that jut into it, and the tiny islands scattered upon its surface, seemed carved out of ebony. In front were visible the lighthouse on the southern arm of Lismore, the Lady Rock,—a dark speck in the glassy water, from which the Campbells rescued Fair Ellen of Lorn,—the ruins of Duart Castle, in Mull, and those of Ardtornish, in Morven, the ancient fortress of the Lords of the Isles. Far and near, the rocky shores, indented by many bays, displayed a great variety of shape and prospect. There is almost

always a stir in the heavens in that wild region, and even while I gazed an arrow of gold darted slantwise across the grim Morven hills, while above it huge masses of steel-colored clouds curled upward toward the zenith, and a single brilliant shaft of light fell straight upon the intervening plain of the sea. Upon neighboring rocks rested for a moment a few uneasy gulls. In the pastures below, heedless sheep were feeding and cattle were couched at rest. A single sail-boat drifted on the deep. A solemn hush seemed brooding over the world. Only at times a melancholy jackdaw croaked from a higher cliff, the air was turned to music by the momentary rippling warble of birds, and, in the deep silence, was faintly audible the sleepy buzzing of idle flies. Amid that scene of peace I looked toward the more distant Hebrides, and almost I could see, upon the gloomy, desolate waters, the frowning, martial galleys of old Norwegian kings.

Southwesterly from Oban the road to Kilbride, Ardoran, and Loch Feochan runs close to the margin of Kerrera Sound, and for a

lovely twilight ramble I do not think a more delightful place could be discovered. Almost as soon as you leave the town you come upon great boulders clad with heather, and your walk is then between sea and mountain, along the base of a gigantic cliff, at first slightly masked by a luxuriant growth of larch and fir, then naked and bold in its colossal strength and rugged desolation. In cosey nooks beneath the shadow of those tremendous crags there are a few dwellings, lovely amid flowering lawns, and richly decorated with the beautiful green and crimson of the delicate woodbine,—their windows opening on the ever-changeful waters of the Sound. Those waters, as I saw them, were faintly wrinkled by the gentle wind of evening, while every puff of the breeze brought delicious odor from the moorlands and the woods. A little island showed dark in the stream, and midway between Lorn and Kerrera a bright, revolving light flashed from a tiny buoy, anchored to the rocks. At that point there is a ferry to Kerrera, practicable when signalled from the mainland. The

margin of the shore is there a confused mass of haggard rocks, while huge, beetling cliffs overhang the road. Toward the end of the crag I saw the mouth of a cavern which, since it has been there, unchanged, for centuries, must have been the abode of savage beasts, or of men scarcely less savage, in early ages of unrecorded time. Not distant, in the vacant pasture, was a strange, uncouth, lichen-covered stone, in shape a royal sphinx, silently watching over the bleak, darkening waste. Along the white road, which curves with the curving of the shore, there is an ample growth of rushes and of thistles, the down of which was floating here and there, and, looking up the gorges of the hills, I saw much bracken and great shining patches of golden gorse. Throughout that region there is a wealth of flowers, while among the mountain rocks are large trees of thick ivy, so that the face of every crag is veined with green and the sternest aspect of Nature often wears a smile. In a little bay, where a boat had been beached, I rested long, to dream upon that scene of grim grandeur and yet of

sweet repose. Far out upon the glassy water a single sloop was nestled, like a bird asleep. The regular, rhythmic beat of the oars of a distant skiff floated over the silent sea. The faint breeze was scented with the fragrance of hay-fields near at hand, a few drowsy bird-notes were sprinkled on the air, and slowly, over the sacred stillness, the soft gray light which follows sunset waned and faded, until all was dark.

Oban, indeed, is a place of strange, incommunicable beauty, and words can only faintly suggest its charm. Looking northward from windows of my lodging, I see the pretty bay, placid now and smooth as a mirror, and in it a few little steam-yachts and fishing-boats, at anchor. Many gulls are resting on its glossy, steel-like surface, or circling, with shrill clamor, in the empurpled, golden air. Immediately before me lies the ample garden of a neighboring dwelling, its walks fringed with marigolds and late roses, its green lawns shaded by tremulous willow trees, the rowan, and the ash, a still fountain in its centre, and in the

ample, dry basin of the fountain a child at play. Beyond the garden rises the embattled sea-wall of the town. Away to the right stretches a long line of dwellings, gray against the autumn-tinted green of Dunolly Mount. Through the middle distance extends the bleak, green, treeless, broken, vacant point of Kerrera, upon which, near its northern extremity, stands a simple monument, to commemorate David Hutcheson, whose management of steam navigation provided general maritime access to the western coast and islands of Scotland. On the left are the buildings and gardens of a railway, and a little westward of them rises the wooded height of Pulpit Hill,—commemorating the revered character and life of David Macrae,—from which summit you can obtain one of the loveliest views of landscape and water that are anywhere to be found. Far off in the north and west, ridge beyond ridge, extend the dark, frowning mountains of Morven and Mull. From the streets adjacent comes a noise of traffic: the click of hoofs, the rattle of wheels, and the occasional

clangor of bells. Flocks of black-faced sheep and herds of shaggy, wide-horned cattle appear suddenly, from time to time, coming around the curves of the harbor road, and, spurred by shepherds and by vigilant collies, they tramp away and vanish. The sun, as it sinks behind the mountains, casts slanting rays of golden light across the peaceful bay, from beneath thick clouds of lilac and steel. The sky immediately above is of the clearest, deepest blue, and high in heaven little starlings are flying in flocks, while a single sea-swallow, poised for an instant, makes a picture of wild freedom, serene in the sapphire arch.

XV.

RANDOM TRAVEL.

THE heather was pink on the sides of the hills and over their grim tops the white mist was drifting, and in the tender light of morning the Highlands looked their loveliest when I bade them a short farewell. Silver clouds dappled the sky, mingled with streamers of dark slate; the air was soft and cool, and on a shining sea, without a ripple to break its calm, the boat sped southward, down Kerrera Sound. For a time the light mist lingered on the land, but presently a rising breeze swept it away, and then in the smooth, clear water were reflected the rocky shores of Kerrera,—its lone hills gaunt and grim and its verdure wonderfully bright. A few buoys here and there, marking the channel, animated the picture, each being thickly covered with perching sea-

birds, while other sea-birds circled around them. In the distance, northwestward, rose the mountains of Mull, a long line of sable bastions and parapets, distinct and huge, against a streak of yellow light. On the low shores of little islands in the stream there was an occasional dash of sudden breakers, as if the sea were momentarily troubled, but those surges were far off and inaudible. When the boat drew near to Easdale the sunshine fell, in long, spear-like shafts, upon the dark water, and the grand cliffs of Seil were burnished with gold, while all the rocks were seen to be covered with sea-gulls, seemingly in deep meditation, so still were they, and so unspeakably solemn. A woman and a child, standing among the thickly scattered slate-stones on the tiny, circular island of Easdale, waved their hands in farewell as the boat glided away. The village of Easdale, sheltered under high banks, facing a broad bay and composed of small stone cottages, is simplicity itself, but it seemed to be the abode of unusual comfort. New pictures, however, soon dimmed the impression of its cosey tranquillity.

Promontories and islands, of irregular size and shape, came quickly into view; the great rocks, westward in the sea, far off, seemed like monsters that had risen to breathe, and were resting on the surface; a single fisherman, in a little boat, flitted by: a rapid solan-goose winged its expeditious way, close to the water; and around and astern the air was full of hungry gulls. At Luing a lifeboat came alongside, with passengers, and then, over a smooth sea, and under brilliant skies, golden and blue, the boat skimmed blithely through Dornsmor,—the Great Gate,—and past Duntroon Castle, superb upon its crag, to the rock and fort of Crinan, from which place the transit is readily practicable, by more than one pleasant route, to Glasgow, and thence across to Edinburgh.

An interesting journey, by a crescent route especially advantageous to the traveller who wishes to go speedily from the east coast of Scotland to the waterways on the west, is the journey from Edinburgh to Gourock. In mak-

ing that trip I left the capital at early morning. The sky was cloudless, the air crisp, the sun bright, and only on the far horizon was there any mist. In England when the hills are misty and the sheep couch you can expect fair weather; in Scotland all portents are dubious. At first the course was through a rolling country of pastures and lawns, diversified with hay-stacks, yellow sheaves of the harvest, clumps of trees with shining leaves, green hedges, and woods beginning to turn brown. Then, near Currie Hill, stone houses appeared, and long shadows, falling westward, streamed across vacant fields. All that part of Scotland is well wooded, and on every side there are signs of prosperity, order, and taste.

The distant prospects across the country grew more and more lovely,—a sweet confusion of many-colored fields, red-roofed cottages, mansions of gray stone bosomed in tall trees, pastures with flocks of sheep, white roads winding through plain and over hill, and wooded ravines, each with a babbling stream in its green, rocky depth. Wide tracts were passed of unoccupied

land, all of it cleared and in fine condition. Then a light mist began to drape the variegated landscape and slowly to settle upon the lovely green of the pastures, and from Fauldhouse to Hollytown and Bellshill scarce anything was visible. Near the latter place a huge stone quarry was suddenly revealed, the workmen upon its various ledges looking like pygmies. Then a bright, dark river was crossed, and in the neighboring meadows great flights of starlings seemed almost to darken the air. Ibrox and Cardonald were left behind,—towns of a rough region, devoted to shops, coal, and the industries of the railway,—and in a little while I dimly saw, glimmering through the fog, the crowded buildings of Paisley, beneath a sun that hung in the gloomy sky like a globe of tarnished silver. At Paisley you think of the old Abbey which is there, with its wonderful echoing aisle, and of the contiguous ruins of Crookston Castle, where Queen Mary was plighted to Darnley. The run from Paisley to the southern bank of the Clyde was swiftly made, and at Gourock Pier the pilgrim can

comfortably embark for the north, or can turn his steps, as presently I did, to Glasgow and the south.

Glasgow faded in a dense fog on a September morning when I said farewell to its busy streets and happy homes, and my first glimpses of sunshine were caught as the mists parted over the towers, cones, steeples, and gray and red houses of Motherwell and Flemington. The course was southeasterly, across Lanarkshire, and, since only a passing glance at the country was possible, it seemed wise to make the most of it. Even as the character of an individual can, to some extent, be divined from his environment, so the life of a people can be deduced from the aspect of its habitations and its visible pursuits. Wishaw was soon passed,—a large, crowded town, encompassed with pastures and with many pretty hedgerows in which the haws were gleaming red against the green. It is mostly a level land, but near to Law and to Castlehill there are deep, finely wooded ravines, and beyond the

broad expanse of hay-fields and meadows adjacent there are long lines of trees, like distant sentinels, on the dim horizon. At gray Carluke, partly on a hill-side and partly in a verdant vale, the eye lingers pleased upon red roofs, woods of fir, green and pleasant pastures, and, now and then, the silver thread of a brook. Around Carstairs there is much open country, and a river glides through the plain and gladdens it, while crowds of sprightly starlings, twinkling in the sunshine, skim over the stubble of fields lately reaped and now shining with orange tints and green.

Fine hills presently appear, to the westward of the track, on some of which there are grand reaches of woods, and sometimes an isolated farmhouse, with many cone-shaped yellow haystacks, shows prettily through the trees. Soon I am among bleak moors and fern-streaked hills, and I see that in many places the bed of the river has been laid bare by intense drouth. The stream is Evan Water, and the course is along its valley, through a region of moors, and occasional marshes.

Northward a beautiful prospect opens, of the loneliness of vacant hills, on which, beneath a flood of sunshine, the fern, the heather, and the grass are commingled, in masses of color, brown, green, pink, and gold. The fern has been crisped by heat, and turned to russet. A few cottages are noted amid that wilderness, and, in a little enclosure beside one of the lonely houses on the moor, a white gravestone tells its melancholy tale of the parting that is inevitable and the tragedy that never ends. In the few trees there are touches of color, and upon the gaunt hill-sides, as they recede, multitudes of couchant sheep seem like bits of stone, in the distance. I have passed Moffat, which is the entrance to the Vale of Yarrow and lone St. Mary's Loch,—places haunted by glad memories of the Bard of Rydal, the Ettrick Shepherd, and the Minstrel of the North,—and I have left the region of the Hartfell and now am on the lowland plain.

In the objects that compose the Border scenery there is neither great variety nor strik-

ing character, yet that scenery is never monotonous. The smooth, green fields, intersected by hedge-rows; the trim white roads, winding away over hill and plain; the dark, still rivers, spanned by many a stone bridge, picturesque on strong, graceful arches; the comfortable farmhouses, each amid shaded, flower-spangled lawns; the occasional palace on an upland, bosomed in lofty elms; the ever-changing groups of sheep and cattle, the frequent flights of rooks,—so suggestive of ordered industry and yet of adventure, mischief, and sport,—the slumberous mist upon the landscape, and the general air of permanence and repose,—all these blend themselves into endless pictures of diversified, piquant beauty. Through Wamphrey, Dinwoodie, Nethercleugh, and Ecclefechan, onward I speed, and so, across a long stretch of level green country, much variegated with hedge-rows and strips of woodland, I come to the Eden, and see the villas on its sunny banks, and the great square Cathedral tower, and the red and gray buildings of antique Carlisle.

The wish to see that ancient city is early implanted in the mind of every votary of Sir Walter, by the graphic and pathetic description, in "Waverley," of the trial and the last hours of *Fergus MacIvor*,—a beautiful example of simplicity and sincerity in literary art. Carlisle, although the old walls have been destroyed, retains some architectural relics and presents some modern beauties: portions are discernible of the Minster that was founded there, in the twelfth century, by Ætholwulf, confessor to King Henry the Second, and the east window of the present Cathedral is large and fine: but whatever of romantic atmosphere lingers about the place is supplied by the association of its Castle with the novel of "Waverley."

XVI.

EDINBURGH TO LOCH AWE.

Under a soft, gray sky and through fields that seem to be slumbering in the early morning mist, the train rolls out of Edinburgh, and I am again bound for the north. The wind blows gently, the air is cool, strips of thin, fleecy cloud are drifting over the distant hill-tops, and the birds are flying low. The track is by Queensferry, and in that region many little, low stone cottages are seen, surrounded by simple gardens of flowers. For a long time the train runs through a deep ravine, with rocky banks on either hand, but presently it emerges into pastures where the sheep are grazing and into fields in which the harvest stands garnered in many graceful sheaves. Tall chimneys, vigorously smoking, are visible here and there in the distant landscape. Stone

houses with red roofs glide into the picture, and a graceful church-spire rises on a remote hill-top. In all directions there are trees, but they seem of recent growth, for no one of them is large. Soon the old cattle-market town of Falkirk springs up in the prospect, girt with fine hills and crested with masses of white and black smoke that is poured from the many tall chimneys of its busy ironworks. The houses there are made of gray stone and of red brick, and many of them are large, square buildings, seemingly commodious and opulent. Carron River, with its tiny but sounding cataract, is presently passed, and at Larbert your glance rests lovingly upon a little gray church on a hill-side. North of this place, beyond the Forth, the country, in the distance, is mountainous, while all the intermediate region is rich with harvest-fields. Kinnaird lies to the eastward, while northward, not distant, lies the famous field of Bannockburn. Two miles more, and the train pauses in gray Stirling, glorious with associations of historic splendor and romance.

The Castle of Stirling is not as ruggedly

grand as that of Edinburgh, but it is a noble architectural pile, and it is nobly placed, on a great crag fronting the vast mountains and the gloomy sky of the north. The best view of it is obtained looking at it southward, and as I gazed upon it, under cold, frowning clouds, the air was populous with many birds that circled around its cone-shaped turrets and hovered over the plain below, while across the distant mountain-tops, east, west, and north, dark, ragged masses of mist were driven in tempestuous flight. Speeding onward now, along the southern bank of the Forth, the traveller takes a westerly course, past Gargunnock and Kippen, seeing little villages of gray stone cottages nestled in the hill-gaps, distant mountain-sides clad with furze, dark patches of woodland, and moors of purple heather commingled with meadows of brilliant green. The sun breaks out and shines for a few moments, and the sombre hue of the gray sky is lightened with streaks of gold. At Bucklyvie there is a second pause, and then the course is northwest, through heather-covered banks and braes, to Menteith

STIRLING CASTLE

Old Stirling's towers arose in light
And twined in links of silver bright
Her winding river lay.

SCOTT.

(where, perhaps, the traveller will linger for a little while, to visit the pretty lake of that name, and Inchmahome, the Isle of Rest, where Mary Stuart once dwelt, with her four Marys who have been immortalized in ballad and song), and so onward to peaceful Aberfoyle, slumbering at the base of precipitous Craigmore, and haunted by memories of Sir Walter's *Bailie Nicol Jarvie* and the intrepid Rob Roy.

The characteristic glory of the Scottish hills is the variety and beauty of their shapes and the loveliness of their color. The English mountains and lakes, in Westmoreland and Cumberland, possess a sweeter, softer grace, and are calmly and wooingly beautiful, but the Scottish mountains and lakes excel them in grandeur and romance. It would be useless to undertake to describe the solemn austerity, the lofty and lonely magnificence, the bleak, weird, haunted isolation, and the fairy-like fantasy of that poetic realm, but a lover of it can declare his passion and speak his sense of its enthralling charm. Scott's spirited, trenchant

lines on the emotion of the patriot sang themselves over and over in my thought, and were grandly ratified, as the coach rolled up the mountain road, climbing height after height, while new and lovely prospects continually unrolled themselves before delighted eyes, on the breezy journey from Aberfoyle to the Trossachs. That mountain road, in its upward course, and during most of the way, runs through treeless pastureland, and in every direction, as your vision ranges, you behold kindred mountains equally bleak, except for the bracken and heather, among which the sheep wander and the grouse either nestle in concealment or whir away on frightened wings. Ben Lomond, wrapt in straggling mists, was dimly visible, far to the west; Ben A'an towered conspicuous in the foreground, and further north Ben Ledi heaved its broad mass and rugged sides toward heaven. Loch Vennacher, seen for a few moments, shone like a diamond set in emeralds. Loch Achray glimmered forth for an instant under the gray sky, as when "the small birds would not sing aloud" and the

wrath equally of tempest and of war hung silently above it, in one awful moment of suspense. There was a sudden, dazzling vision of Loch Katrine, and then all prospect was broken, and, speeding down among the thickly wooded dwarf hills that give the name of Trossachs to this place, the coach plunged into the masses of fragrant foliage that girdle and adorn, in perennial verdure, the lovely scene of "The Lady of the Lake."

Loch Katrine, like all the Scottish lakes, has the advantage of a sharp, inspiriting air and of leaden and frowning skies,—in which, nevertheless, there is a peculiar, penetrating light,—that shadow the waters and impart to them a dangerous aspect which yet is strangely beautiful. As the steamer swept past Ellen's Island and Fitz-James's Silver Strand I was grateful to see them in the mystery of that gray light and not in garish sunshine. All around that sweet lake are the sentinel mountains, —Ben Venue rising in the south, Ben A'an in the east, and the castellated ramparts that girdle Glen Finglas in the north. The

eye dwells enraptured upon the circle of the hills, but by this time the imagination is so acutely stimulated, and the mind is so filled with glorious sights and exciting, ennobling reflections, that the sense of awe is tempered with a pensive sadness, and you feel yourself rebuked and humbled by the final, effectual lesson of man's insignificance,—a lesson severely taught by the implacable vitality of those eternal hills.

It is a relief to be brought back to actual life, and this relief you find in the landing at Stronachlachar and the ensuing drive,—across the strip of the shire of Stirling that intervenes between Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond,—to the port of Inversnaid. That drive is through a wild, picturesque country, but after the mountain road from Aberfoyle to the Trossachs it could not well seem otherwise than comparatively tame,—at least till the almost precipitous descent into the vale of Inversnaid. From Inversnaid there is a short sail upon the northern waters of Loch Lomond,—haunted by the shaggy presence of Rob Roy and the fierce

LOCH LOMOND—FROM INCHTAVANNACH

Now I gain the mountain's brow;
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapors intervene,
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of Nature show
In all the hues of Heaven's bow.

JOHN DYER.

image of Helen Macgregor,—and then, landing at Ardlui, you drive past Inverarnan and hold a northern course to Crianlarich, traversing the vale of the Falloch and skirting along the western slope of the grim and gloomy Grampians, on which for miles and miles no human habitation is seen, nor any living creature except an occasional abject sheep. The mountains are everywhere now, brown with bracken and purple with heather, stony, rugged, endless, desolate, and still with a stillness that is awful in its pitiless air of utter isolation.

At Crianlarich the railway is found again, and thence you whirl onward through lands of Breadalbane and Argyll to the proud mountains of Glen Orchy and the foot of that loveliest of all the lovely waters of Scotland, the dark, transparent Loch Awe. The night is deepening over it, in the picture of it that my memory holds. The dark, solemn mountains that guard it stretch away into a mysterious distance and are lost in a shuddering gloom. The gray clouds have drifted by, and the cold, clear stars of autumnal heaven are

reflected in its crystal depth, unmarred by even the faintest ripple upon its surface. A few small boats, moored to anchored buoys, float motionless upon it, a little way from shore. There, on a lonely island, dimly visible in the fading light, stands the gray ruin of Kilchurn. A faint whisper comes from the black woods that fringe the mountain base, and floating from far across this haunted water there is a drowsy bird-note that hardly breaks the silence. It is a scene of peace and beauty to be taken into the heart and never to be forgotten.

XVII.

ROYAL BERWICK.

It is sometimes necessary, when travelling, to follow a preordained course, but the rambler in strange lands will be wise to wander, whenever possible, in whatever direction the capricious impulse of fancy prompts him to go. In the British Islands especially, where distance from one place to another is comparatively inconsiderable, it is no less facile than agreeable to drift as your mood dictates, and dream as you drift. That was my custom in Scotland, and it was never attended by any disappointment. Being in Edinburgh, and remembering that, though I had seen it at distance, I had not explored the ancient town of Berwick, I suddenly resolved to go there, and as suddenly fulfilled that resolution.

Royal Berwick is a town of sombre gray houses capped with red roofs, elaborate, old-fashioned, disused fortifications, dismantled military walls, noble stone bridges, stalwart piers, breezy battlement walks, fine sea-views, spacious beaches, castellated remains, steep streets, broad squares, narrow, winding ways, many churches, quaint customs, and ancient memories. The Present, indeed, has marred the Past in that old town, dissipating the element of romance and putting no adequate substitute in its place; yet the element of romance is there for such observers as can look on Berwick through the eyes of imagination, while even those persons who can imagine nothing must at least perceive that its aspect is regal. Viewed from the great Border bridge between England and Scotland, it rises on a graceful promontory, bathed in sunshine and darkly bright, amid the sparkling silver of the sea, a veritable ocean queen. I have walked upon its walls, threaded its principal streets, crossed its ancient bridge, explored its suburbs, entered its municipal hall, visited its parish church, and taken long

drives through the country that encircles it, and now, at midnight, sitting in a lonely chamber of the King's Arms and musing upon the Past, I hear not simply the roll of a carriage wheel in the distance, or the footfall of a late traveller, but the music with which warriors proclaimed their victories and monarchs kept festival and state.

This has been a pensive day, and in its course I have viewed much loveliness. Edinburgh was never more beautiful than when she faded in the yellow mist of autumnal morning. On Preston battlefield the golden harvest stood in sheaves and the meadows glimmered green in the soft sunshine, while over them white clouds drifted and many birds made wing, in happy indolence. Soon the ruined Abbey of Seton came into view, with its stunted tower and its venerable gray walls couched deep in trees, and around it the cultivated, many-tinted fields and breezy, green pastures stretching away to the verge of the sea. A glimpse, and it was gone. But one sweet picture no sooner vanishes than its

place is filled by another. Yonder, on a hill-side, is a manor-house, with stately battlement and tower, its antique aspect softened by great masses of clinging ivy. Here, nestled in a sunny vale, are little stone cottages, roofed with red tiles and bright with the adornment of arbutus and hollyhock. Around are harvest-fields and market-gardens,—the abundant dark green of potato-patches being gorgeously lit with the intermingled lustre of myriads of wild-flowers, white and gold, over which drift many flights of doves. Sometimes upon the yellow level of hay-fields a sudden wave of brilliant poppies seems to break,—dashing itself into scarlet foam. Timid, startled sheep scurry away in the pastures, as the swift train flashes by them. A woman standing at her cottage door looks forth with curious gaze. Farms teeming with plenty are swiftly traversed, their many circular, cone-topped hay-ricks standing like towers of amber. Tall, smoking chimneys in the factory villages flit by and disappear. Everywhere are signs of industry and thrift, and everywhere also are denotements of the

sentiment that is spontaneous in the nature of the inhabitants.

Tantallon lies in the near distance, and speeding toward ancient Dunbar I dream once more the dreams of boyhood, and can hear the trumpets, and see the pennons, and catch the silver gleam of the spears of *Marmion.* Dunbar is left behind, and with it the sad memory of Queen Mary, infatuated with barbaric Bothwell, and whirled away to shipwreck and ruin,—as so many other fine spirits have been, and will be again to the end of time,—on the cruel reefs of passion. The heedless train is skirting the hills of Lammermoor now, and speeding through plains of a verdure that is brilliant and beautiful down to the marge of the ocean. Close by Cockburnspath is the long, lonely, melancholy beach that may have been in Scott's remembrance when he fashioned that weird, tragic close of the most poetical and pathetic of his novels, while, near at hand, on a desolate headland, the grim ruin of Fast Castle, which is deemed the original of his Wolf's Crag, frowns darkly on the white breakers at its surge-

beaten base. *Edgar of Ravenswood* is no longer an image of fiction when you look upon that scene of gloomy grandeur. But do not look upon it too closely or too long,—for of all scenes that are conceived as distinctly weird it can truly be said that they are more impressive in the imagination than in the actual prospect. That coast is full of dark ravines, stretching seaward and thickly shrouded with trees, but in them, now and then, a glimpse is revealed of a snugly sheltered house, overgrown with flowers, securely shielded from every blast of storm. The rest is open land, intersected by many dark stone walls, and many hawthorn hedges, and many little white roads that wind away toward the shore; for this is Scottish sea-side pageantry, and the sunlit ocean makes a silver setting for the jewelled landscape, all the way to Berwick.

The profit of walking in the footsteps of the Past is perception of the value of the privilege of life in the Present. The men and women of the Past had their opportunity, and each, after his kind, improved it. These are the plains

in which Wallace and Bruce fought for the honor and established the supremacy of the kingdom of Scotland. The same sun gilds these plains to-day, the same sweet wind blows over them, and the same sombre, majestic ocean breaks in solemn murmurs on their shore. "Hodie mihi, cras tibi,"—as it was written on the altar skulls in the ancient churches. Yesterday belonged to our ancestors; To-day belongs to us; and well will it be for us if we improve it. In such an historic town as Berwick the truth is brought home to a thoughtful mind with convincing force and significance. Much has happened here,—and every actor in the great drama has long since passed away. Hither came King John, and slaughtered the people and burnt the city, himself applying a torch to the house in which he had slept. Hither came King Edward the First, and mercilessly butchered the inhabitants, men, women, and children, even violating the sanctuary of the churches. Here, in his victorious days, Sir William Wallace reigned and prospered, and here, when Menteith's treachery

had wrought Wallace's ruin, a fragment of that patriot's mutilated body was displayed upon the bridge. Here, in the castle, of which only a few fragments remain, King Edward the First caused to be confined, in a wooden cage, that intrepid Countess of Buchan who had crowned Robert Bruce, at Scone. Hither came King Edward the Third, after his victory at Halidon Hill, which is near to this place, had finally established the English power in Scotland. All the princes who fought in the wars of the Roses have been in Berwick and have wrangled over the possession of it. King Richard the Third doomed it to isolation. King Henry the Seventh declared it a neutral State. By Queen Elizabeth it was fortified, —in that sovereign's resolute, vigorous resistance to the schemes of the Roman Catholic Church for the dominance of her kingdom. John Knox preached here, in a church on Hide Hill, before he went to Edinburgh, to shake the throne with his fervid eloquence. The picturesque, ill-omened King James the Fourth went from this place to Ford Castle and

Lady Heron, and thence to his death, at Flodden Field. Here it was that Sir John Cope first paused in his fugitive ride from the fatal field of Preston, and here he was greeted as affording the only instance in which the first news of a defeat had been brought by the vanquished commander himself. Within sight of Berwick ramparts are those perilous Farne Islands, where, at the wreck of the steamer *Forfarshire,* in 1838, the heroism of a woman wrote upon the historic page of her country, in letters of imperishable light, the name of Grace Darling. There is a monument to her memory, in Bamborough churchyard. Imagination, however, has done for this region what history could never do. Each foot of this ground was known to Scott, and for every lover of that great author each foot of it is hallowed. It is the Border Land, the land of chivalry and song, the land that he has endeared to the world, and you come to it mainly for his sake.

> Day set on Norham's castled steep,
> And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
> And Cheviot's mountains lone.

The village of Norham is a few miles west of Berwick, upon the south bank of the Tweed, —a group of cottages clustered around a single long street. The buildings are low and are mostly roofed with dark slate or red tiles. Some of them are thatched, and grass and flowers grow wild upon the thatch. At one end of the main highway is a market-cross, near to which is a little inn. Beyond that and nearer to the Tweed, which flows close beside the place, is an old church, placed toward the west end of a long, ample churchyard, in which many graves are marked by tall, thick, perpendicular slabs, many by dark, oblong tombs, crumbling to ruin, and many by short, stunted monuments. The church tower is low, square, and of great solidity. Upon the south side of the chancel are five windows, gracefully arched, the dog-toothed casements being uncommonly complete specimens of that ancient architectural device. This church has been restored, the south aisle in 1846, the north aisle in 1852. The western end of the churchyard is thickly masked by great trees, and looking directly east

from this point your gaze falls upon all that is left of the stately Castle of Norham, formerly called Ublanford, built by Flamberg, Bishop of Durham, in 1121, and restored by Hugh Pudsey, another prince of that see, in 1164.

That castle must have been a place of tremendous fortitude and of great extent. Now it is open to the sky, and nothing of it remains but roofless walls and crumbling arches, on which grass is growing and pendent bluebells tremble in the breeze. Looking through the embrasures of the east wall, you can see the tops of large trees that are rooted in the trench below, where once were the dark waters of a moat. All the courtyards are covered with sod, and quiet sheep nibble and lazy cattle couch where once the royal banners floated and plumed and belted knights stood round their King. It was a day of uncommon beauty when I saw that ruin, a day golden with sunshine and fresh with perfumed air, and nothing was wanting to the perfection of solitude. Near at hand a thin stream of pale blue smoke curled upward from a cottage chimney. At

some distance the fresh voices of playing children mingled with the chirp of birds and the occasional cawing of a rook; the long grasses that grow upon the ruin moved faintly, but made no sound; a few doves were seen, gliding in and out of crevices in the mouldering turret; and over all, and coldly intimating the survival of Nature when the grandest works of Man are dust, sounded the rustle of many branches in the heedless wind.

The day was setting over Norham as I drove away, the red sun slowly obscured in a great bank of slate-colored cloud, but to the last I bent my gaze upon it, and that picture of ruined magnificence can never fade out of my mind. The road eastward toward Berwick is a green lane, between harvest fields, which were thickly piled with golden sheaves, while over them swept great flocks of various birds. There are but few trees in that landscape, scattered groups of ash and plane, to break the prospect. For a long time the stately ruin remained in view,—its huge bulk and serrated outline, relieved against the red and gold of sunset,

taking on the perfect semblance of a colossal cathedral, with vast square tower, and chancel, and nave; only, because of its jagged lines, it seemed, in that prospect, as if shaken by a convulsion of Nature and tottering to its fall. Never was illusion more perfect. Yet as the vision faded I could remember only an illusion that will never fade,—the illusion that a magical poetic genius has cast over those crumbling battlements, rebuilding the shattered towers and pouring through their ancient halls the glowing tide of life and love, of power and pageant, of beauty, light, and song.

XVIII.

OVER THE TROSSACHS.

THE Forth Bridge, while it is a marvel of construction, is not beautiful, whether viewed from afar or close at hand. The gazer can see it from many heights in Edinburgh. It is visible from the Calton Hill, the Nelson Column, the Scott Monument, the Castle, Salisbury Crag, the Braid Hills, and the breezy eminence of Arthur's Seat. For the visitor to the shores of the Forth it frequently comes into the picture all along those shores, from Dirleton to Leith and from Elie to Burntisland. While, however, it is not beautiful, it impresses the observer with a sense of colossal magnificence, and that effect is enhanced by its pictorial accessories. East and west, as I crossed the giant bridge, in the morning of a quiet, overcast, mournful September

day, the broad expanse of the Forth was visible for many miles. A light breeze was stirring, from the southeast, and the air was cool and sweet. The bridge, which is more than a mile and a half long, spans the river at a distance of one hundred and fifty feet above the high-water mark, and looking down I saw the steel-gray water wrinkled like the scaly back of a fish. The scene is richly diversified. Midway a little island rears its spine of rock out of the stream. Westward at some distance rises a crag, on which is a tiny lighthouse-tower, painted red. The long, graceful stone piers that stretch into the Forth at this point,—breakwaters to form a harbor,—and the little gray houses of Queensferry, Inverkeithing, and the adjacent villages looked like the toy buildings which are playthings of children. A steamboat was making her way up the river, while near the shores were many small boats swinging at their moorings. Over this scene the rising sun, obscured by dull clouds, cast a faint rosy light, and even while the picture was at its best the train glided

away from it into the pleasant land of Fife.

In former days the traveller toward Stirling commonly went by way of Linlithgow, and westward past Falkirk, and he was prompted to think of the enchanting historic figure of Queen Mary, because he usually caught a glimpse of Niddry Castle, one of the houses of her faithful Lord Seton, at which she rested on the memorable occasion of her romantic flight from Loch Leven, but since the Forth Bridge was opened (1890) he goes by way of Dunfermline. That Malcolm of whom a glimpse is provided in the representation of "Macbeth" had a castle there, nine hundred years ago, of which a fragment remains, and on a slope of the coast, a few miles from Dunfermline, vigilant antiquarian research has fixed the site of Macduff's Castle, where Lady Macduff and her children were slaughtered. Behind the ancient Abbey of Dunfermline,—as mentioned in an earlier chapter of this chronicle,—stands the tomb of Malcolm and of Margaret, his queen,—an angel among women when she lived, and

worthy to be remembered now, as the saint that her church has declared her to have been and to be. She was canonized, by Pope Innocent the Fourth, in 1250. She died, in the Castle at Edinburgh, November 16, 1093, aged about forty-eight, and because that fortress was then being threatened by her husband's brother, Donald Bane, her body was secretly conveyed to Dunfermline, and hastily buried there. Her remains, however, do not rest in that tomb, for long afterward, at the Reformation, they were taken away, and, after various wanderings, were enshrined at the church of St. Lawrence, in the Escurial, at Madrid. One account of this sad vicissitude alleges that the relics of Queen Margaret, and also those of King Malcolm, were given to King Philip the Second, of Spain, and by him were inurned, but it adds that when, in the time of Pope Pius the Ninth, an effort was made to recover them and bring them back to Scotland, they could not be found. It is also alleged that the head of Queen Margaret was once possessed by Queen Mary (of Scots),

and later by the Jesuits of Douai, and that it was thrown away, in the course of the French Revolution. Ecclesiastical history is fervid in its reverential eulogy of Queen Margaret. I had stood in the little chapel that the good queen founded in Edinburgh Castle, —a place desecrated now, because used as a shop for the sale of pictures and memorial trinkets,—and I was soon to stand in the ruins of St. Oran's chapel, in far Iona, which also was built by her, and it was with reverent thought of an exalted soul and a beneficent life that I saw the great, dark tower of Dunfermline Abbey vanish in the distance.

At Stirling the rain, which had long been lowering, came down in floods, and after that for many hours there was abundance of genuine Scotch weather. That also is an experience, and, although that superb drive over the mountain, from Aberfoyle to Loch Katrine, was marred by coarse weather, I was pleased to see the Trossach country in storm, which I had already seen in sunshine. It is a land of infinite variety, and lovely even in tempest.

The majesty of the rocky heights, the bleak, barren loneliness of the treeless hills, the many thread-like waterfalls which, seen afar off, are like rivulets of silver frozen into stillness on the mountain-sides, the occasional apparition of precipitous peaks, over which are driven white streamers of mist,—all those are striking elements of a scene which blends into the perfection of grace the qualities of gentle beauty and wild romance. Ben Lomond in the west and Ben Venue and Ben Ledi in the north were indistinct, and so was Ben A'an in its nearer cloud, but a brisk wind had swept the mists from Loch Drunkie, and under a bleak sky the smooth surface of Loch Achray shone with the liquid lustre of a diamond. An occasional grouse rose from the ferns and swiftly winged its way to cover. A few grazing cows, wet but indifferent, composed and contented, were now and then visible, while high upon the crags appeared many sure-footed sheep, the inevitable inhabitants of those solitudes. So onward, breathing an air perfumed by miles and miles of purple heather, I descended

through the dense coppice of birch and pine that fringes Loch Katrine, and all in a moment came upon the levels of the lake. It was a long sail down Loch Katrine for a pilgrim drenched and chilled by the steady fall of a penetrating rain, but Ellen's Isle and Fitz-James's Silver Strand brought gentle thought of one of the sweetest of stories, and the lonesome waters seemed haunted by a ghostly pageant of the radiant standards of Roderick Dhu. To-night the mists are on the mountains, and upon this little pine-clad promontory of Stronachlacher the darkness comes down early and seems to close it in from all the world. The waters of Loch Katrine are black and gloomy, and no sound is heard but the rush of the rain and the sigh of the pines. It is a time for pensive memory, and I write my whole heart in these few words:

> The night-wind that sobs in the trees—
> Ah, would that my spirit could tell
> What an infinite meaning it breathes,
> What a sorrow and longing it wakes!

ELLEN'S ISLE—LOCH KATRINE

Weeping or smiling, lovely Isle!
And all the lovelier for thy tears—
For though but rare thy sunny smile,
'Tis heaven's own glance when it appears.

MOORE.

XIX.

INTO THE HIGHLANDS.

Going westward from Stronachlacher, a drive of several delicious miles, through the country of Rob Roy, ends at Inversnaid and the shore of Loch Lomond. The rain had passed, but under a dusky, lowering sky the dense white mists, driven by a fresh morning wind, were drifting along the heath-clad hills like a pageant of angels trailing robes of light. Loch Arklet and the little shieling where Helen, the wife of the Macgregor, was born were soon passed,—a peaceful region smiling in the vale, —and presently, along the northern bank of the Arklet, whose copious, dark, rapid waters, broken into foam upon their rocky bed, make music all the way, I descended that precipitous road to Loch Lomond which, through many a devious turning and sudden peril in the

fragrant coppice, reaches safety at last, in one of the wildest of Highland glens. That drive is a delight of Highland travel, and it appears to be one that the "march of improvement,"—meaning the extension of railways,—cannot quite abolish, because that way, solitary and beautiful, happens to be very difficult.

You easily divine what a sanctuary that region must have been to the bandit chieftain, when no road traversed it except, perhaps, a sheep track, and when it was darkly covered with the thick pines of the Caledonian forest. Scarce a living creature was anywhere visible. A few hardy sheep, indeed, were grazing on the mountain slopes; a few cattle were couched among the tall ferns, and sometimes a sable company of rooks flitted by, cawing drearily in their flight. Once I saw the slow-stepping, black-faced, puissant Highland bull, with his menacing head and his dark air of suspended hostility and truculent menace. All the cataracts in those mountain glens were at the flood, and at Inversnaid the magnificent waterfall came down in great torrents of black and

silver, and with a long, resounding roar that seemed to shake the forest. Soon the welcome sun began to pierce the mists, patches of soft blue sky became visible through rifts in the gray, and a glorious rainbow, suddenly cast upon a mountain-side of opposite Inveruglas, spanned the whole glittering realm with a great arch of indescribable splendor. The place of Rob Roy's cavern was seen, as the boat glided down Loch Lomond,—a snug nest in a wooded crag,—and, after all too brief a sail upon those placid, ebon waters, I mounted the coach that plies between Ardlui and Crianlarich, from which latter place the traveller proceeds to Oban by rail.

Within recent years, in the march of improvement, a track has been laid through Glen Falloch, skirting the west shore of Loch Lomond, and connecting Crianlarich with Balloch and Helensburgh, which thus makes railway communication continuous and complete between Glasgow and Oban. No land can be more romantic than that part of Scotland is, and it can reasonably be doubted whether the

exquisite loveliness of the Scottish Highlands will not become vulgarized by facility of access. Sequestration is one of the elements of romance, and numbers of persons invariably make everything common upon which they swarm. But nothing can debase the unconquerable majesty of those encircling mountains. I saw "the skyish head" of Ben More, at one angle, and of Ben Lui at another, and the lonely slopes of the Grampian Hills, and over the surrounding pasture-land, for miles and miles of solitary waste, the thick, ripe heather burnished the earth with brown and purple bloom and filled the air with dewy fragrance. The day proved capricious, and by the time the railway train from Crianlarich had sped a little way into Glen Lochy the landscape was once more drenched with wild blasts of rain. Loch-an-Beach, always gloomy, seemed black with desolation. Vast mists hung over the mountain-tops and partly hid them, yet down their fern-clad, heather-mantled sides many snowy rivulets, seemingly motionless in the impetuosity of their motion, streamed in countless ribbons

of silver lace. The mountain ash, which is in perfect bloom in September, bearing great pendent clusters of scarlet berries, gave a frequent touch of brilliant color to that wild scenery. A numerous herd of little Highland steers, mostly brown and black, swept suddenly into view, in Glen Lochy, and at beautiful Dalmally the sun again shone out, with sudden transient gleams of intermittent splendor, so that gray Kilchurn and the jewelled waters of sweet Loch Awe, and even the cold, grim grandeur of the rugged Pass of Brander, were momentarily clothed with tender, golden haze.

Oban was soon reached, and beneath the solemn light of waning day I once more stood amid the ruins of Dunstaffnage Castle and looked upon one of the most representative and picturesque relics of the feudal times of Scottish history. That castle is situated about three miles from the town, on a promontory, where Loch Etive joins Loch Linnhe. The carriage was driven to it through a shallow water and across some sands which soon a returning tide would deeply submerge. The

castle is so placed that, when it was fortified, it must have been well-nigh impregnable. It stands on a broad, high, massive, precipitous rock, looking seaward toward Lismore Island. Nothing of the old fortress remains except the battlemented walls, upon the top of which there is a path, and portions of its towers, of which originally there were three. The roof and floors are gone. The courtyard is turfed, and over the surface within its enclosure the grass grows thick and green, while weeds and wild-flowers fringe its slowly mouldering walls, on which also several small trees have rooted themselves, in crevices filled with earth.

One superb ivy-tree, of great age and size, covers much of the inner surface of the ruin with a wild luxuriance of brilliant foliage. There are indications in the masonry of the manner in which the area of the castle was once divided into rooms of various shapes and sizes, some of them large, in which were ample fireplaces and deeply recessed embrasures and arched casements opening on the inner court. There dwelt the early kings of Scotland. There the

national story of Scotland began. There for a long time was treasured the Stone of Destiny, Lia Fail, before it was taken to Scone Abbey, thence to be borne to London by King Edward the First, in 1296, and placed, where it has ever since remained, and is visible now, in the old coronation chair in the chapel of King Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey. There, through the slow-moving centuries, many a story of love, ambition, sorrow, and death has had its course and left its record. There, in the stormy period of the Stuart rising in 1745, was imprisoned for a while the intrepid, constant, noble Flora Macdonald, who had saved the life of the fugitive Charles Edward, after the fatal defeat at Culloden. What pageants, what festivals, what glories, and what horrors have those old walls beheld! Their stones seem agonized with ghastly memories and weary with the intolerable burden of hopeless age, and as I pondered upon their gray decrepitude and arid desolation, while the light grew dim and the evening wind sighed in the ivy and shook the tremulous wall-flowers and

rustling grass, the ancient, ruined pile seemed to have a voice, and to plead for the merciful death that should put an end to its long, consuming misery and dumb decay. Often before, when standing alone among ruins, I have felt, or seemed to feel, a spirit of supplication, and seen, or seemed to see, a beseechful look, in the silent, patient stones: never before had that strange, forlorn aspect of inanimate objects appeared with so much of pathetic appeal. Such thoughts, no doubt, are the vagaries of extravagant fancy; yet they do occur to wise writers. Even Sir Walter causes his Minstrel to exclaim:

> Call it not vain:—they do not err
> Who say that when the Poet dies
> Mute Nature mourns her worshipper
> And celebrates his obsequies.

As recently as December, 1910, a legal decision discredited the claim of the Duke of Argyll to Dunstaffnage Castle, and recognized as valid that of Angus John Campbell, its present possessor. The Duke had maintained that

Dunstaffnage became a property of his family, as a part of the barony of Lorn, in 1470. His opponent maintained that it had been possessed by his ancestors since 1436, and represented himself as the twentieth hereditary Captain of Dunstaffnage. Both claimants, it was testified, are descendants of Ionganech, "the Wonderful";—the Duke from the eldest son of that chieftain, Angus John from his fourth son, Dugald Mhor, designated as the first Lord of Dunstaffnage. The Castle, it was shown, had been occupied for centuries by the ancestors of Angus John Campbell, as the manor house of their estate, and now, finally, the ancient banner of his branch of the family floats in triumph over the ruin.

On the western side of the churchyard of Dunstaffnage, accessible by a low flight of steps, stands a small stone building, which bears upon its front the sculptured date of 1725, intertwined with the letters AE.C. and LC., and the words Laus Deo. That was the residence of the Campbells of Dunstaffnage, prior to 1810, when a fire devastated their habitation.

From the battlements I had a wonderful view of adjacent lakes and engirdling mountains,—the jewels and their giant guardians of the lonely land of Lorn,—and saw the red sun go down over a great inland sea of purple heather and upon the wide waste of the desolate ocean. Those scenes and such as those make Scotland distinctive and have stamped their impress of stately thought and romantic sentiment upon its people. Amid such scenes the Scottish national character has been developed, and under their influence the exquisite poetry, the enchanting music, the noble art and architecture, and the austere civilization of imperial Scotland have naturally been created.

BEN VENUE, AND THE PASS OF THE TROSSACHS

The sun in all his brightness, the clouds, in fleecy whiteness,
That float in airy lightness in the azure of the sky,
The purple hills eternal, the trees and meadows vernal,
The bright-wing'd stars that burn all in yonder dome on high,
The flowers that give their fragrance to the south wind's gentle sigh,
Have a grace and a charm for the eye.

J. L. FORREST.

XX.

THE HOLY ISLE.

THE sky was cloudy and the wind was cold when I sailed out of Oban, bound for Staffa and Iona, but the sea was smooth, and soon the sun struggled through the clouds and streaked the liquid plain with lace-like rays of silver. On Mull the mountain shapes were dark and stately, and the green hills of Morven, less impressive than when they are half hidden by streamers of drifting mist, stood forth, bold and splendid, in the gray light of an autumn morning. The tide was gently plashing on the Lady Rock as the boat swept by it, and frowning in the distance rose the grim ruin of Duart Castle, objects eloquent of the cruel Maclean and of his baffled crime, long since commemorated alike in poem and in play. In the north I saw Ardtornish, and I thought of Scott and of "The

Lord of the Isles." Over that region, also, as over Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, and the land of the Macgregor, the great Minstrel of Scotland has cast the imperishable glamour of his genius and renown. Upon both shores of the spacious Sound of Mull I saw the ruined castles that Scott has immortalized, strongholds of ancient chieftains, long since dead and gone, and soon I looked again on modest Salen and haughty Tobermory, sheltered secure in their peaceful bays. A thin silver haze had gathered on the mountains when the steamer put to sea from Tobermory, but through it I had a grand vision of lofty Ardnamurchan, the cape of the Great Seas, the extreme western point of Britain, and far away I could discern the sequestered islands of Coll and Tiree, lying like long clouds on the western horizon. At Staffa the wind was hushed, the sun shone brightly over that mysterious island,—bosomed on the ocean like a great ship dismantled and grounded,—and, except for a deep, regular swell that surged through the channels of rock upon its riven coast, the sea was silent, a giant, breathing low

in his heavy sleep. The boatmen of Gometra, this time, were there, with a great red lifeboat, and a landing was easily made. When you are rowed into Fingal's Cave you can gaze upward, in the centre of its superb cathedral isle, and hear, from its reverberant arches, the echo of musical surges that solemnly break upon its base. Staffa might, perhaps, be adequately described by an observer who should dwell there for a time without human companionship,—because in solitude the spirit of the place would be revealed and would become an inspiration and a guide. Even when marred by the chatter and levity of a commonplace throng of sight-seers, the scene has a wonderful power upon the heart. It was very glorious on that day,—the solemn cave almost flooded with brilliant sunshine, the jagged walls covered with gleaming sea-grass and limpets, and the dark, basaltic columns basking in light and heat. To be there alone, to listen to the breakers, to see the endless succession of oncoming waves, —each sinister with cruel desire and awful with silent menace,—and to hear the wind

among the rocks, would be to feel the weird mystery and the nameless terror of the caverned isle, and, perhaps, to translate them into words.

In the Highlands and among the Hebrides the traveller is influenced more by natural objects and their atmosphere than by historic association. Throughout those mountain glens and upon those lonely islands and those bleak, wandering waters man has, indeed, been active, from an immemorial time, alike in the ravages of war and the pursuits of peace, but, in contrast with those solitary hills and that gloomy ocean, man and all his works dwindle to insignificance and seem no more than the dying echo of a wave that is spent. With that thought I stood upon the summit of the crags of Staffa and gazed out upon the Hebrides, sleeping in a sea of gold. Never have the shores of Scotland been more lovely to human eyes than they were that day,—for never was the sunlight more resplendent upon them, or the sky more cloudless, or the girdling sea more brilliant or more calm. Northward the Tresnish Islands lay like gems of jet in the sparkling water;

eastward green Inchkenneth smiled upon sable Ulva and the jagged, ruddy coast of Mull; westward, a dark speck in the wild Atlantic, was dimly visible the rock of Skerryvore, and in the south rose once more the single mountain of Iona,—the Holy Isle, the land of my desire and the chief goal of my pilgrimage, at once the most romantic, the most pastoral, and the most illustrious of all the shrines of Scotland.

It has been said of Iona that "its interest lies altogether in human memories." Those memories certainly hallow it, and they invest it with a peculiar solemnity, but in itself, by reason of its position and its physical attributes, Iona exercises upon the senses and the imagination the exceptional spell of an august and melancholy charm, and therefore it possesses an interest essentially intrinsic. You can go nowhere in that island without seeing, every hour, a new picture, and every picture will be superb. In the early morning the scene is usually sombre, but as the sun mounts into the clear sky, burning away the mist, all the region begins to glow with glistening verdure

and with a sheen of many-colored waters and to vibrate with the vital energy of a cool, crystal air which is delicious with various fragrance and with the music of many birds. The surrounding sea is a mirror, sometimes purple, sometimes blue or green, and alike upon the sea and the land the passing clouds cast many a gray shadow as they drift along. In little gardens, here and there, red roses are in bloom, flaming marigolds lift their bright heads, and the broad shields of the clematis fleck the cottage walls with purple splashes, darkly beautiful against green leaves and gray stones. Fields of clover, flooded with sunshine, tremble in the breeze. The wallflowers and thin grasses upon the ruined church and nunnery stir faintly and seem to make the stillness stiller and the solitude more deep. Far off, in austere Mull, the rays of the sun, falling from behind a great cloud, light up the red, barren rocks, and make them, for a moment, vast masses of ruby and diamond. Every minute the sea and the sky are changed, while silence seems to grow denser and holier with the deepening of the day.

There is a low murmur of waves upon the shore. A stray jackdaw caws lazily, floating around the grim Cathedral parapet, so lovely in its decay. There is a flutter of birds, the friendly little starling being the chief of them, and that occasionally breaks into a song or a tremulous trill, while far away sounds the low and mournful call of the curlew.

If you pause in your moorland ramble, the air is so still that you can hear the hum of a passing bee or the buzzing of flies. High among the rocks of Dun-I, black woolly cattle and little fleecy sheep gaze at you with attentive eyes, and make no motion of fear or flight. Now and then you come upon a small cottage, sequestered in seaside cove or rural glen or moor, and from every chimney a thin spire of white and blue smoke rises almost straight toward the placid sky. Out upon the Sound of Iona a single boat is drifting with the tide, while around the point of the Torrin Rocks, —terrible in tempest, but now full of peace,— a tiny steam yacht makes her graceful course, like a phantom floating across the mirror of

a dream. In the broad fields, lately mown and now rough with stubble, the harvest has mostly been stacked in yellow sheaves, and sometimes, over the distance,—in an air so clear that faint sounds are audible for more than a mile,—you can hear the singing of the reapers, the sound of laughter, and even that of spoken words. So speeds the happy day; and now, a little later, the sun sinks slowly, beyond the wide, desolate Atlantic plain. Eastward the crags of Mull grow dark, while high above them, girdling the summit of Ben More, vast masses of bronze cloud float dreamily in space. The Strait of Iona is a rill of burnished silver. Westward in the heavens the gold of sunset is veined with long rifts of lilac and steel-blue. The shadows deepen. The wide and lonesome moors,—in daytime green with lush grass and purple with abundant heather,—grow dimmer and more forlorn. The whisper of the sea rises, upon a faint breeze of night, and over the darkening solitude the jackdaws, in a sable multitude, make wing for the sombre tower of the ruined church which is their home.

RUINS OF ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL—ISLAND OF IONA

The only, the perpetual dirge,
That's heard here is the sea-bird's cry,
The mournful murmur of the surge,
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

JOHN PIERPONT.

At a late hour of the night I went again to St. Oran's chapel, among the graves of the Scottish kings, and to the Cathedral ruins, which then were partly in shadow and partly illumined by the faint light of a gibbous moon. The winds now were hushed. The sea was like glass. The sky was covered by thin clouds of silver fleece, through which the moonlight struggled, commingling with the faint, doubtful radiance of a few uncertain stars. Upon the grassy plain that surrounds the ancient church the spectral crosses,—of St. Martin, St. Matthew, and St. John, each casting a long, weird shadow,—glimmered like ghosts. Within the ruins the awful silence was broken only by a low sighing of the wind through crevices of the mouldering walls, and by the fluttering of birds, in the dark, hollow heights of the great tower,—jackdaws, disturbed in their midnight slumber by the unusual foot of man. Framed in darkness, the lovely eastern casement was a wonder of light, each mullion clearly defined, and every lancet and rose made visible in a perfection of form scarce dreamed of until then. I stood

for a long time on the place of the altar, with those strange, rude effigies of kings and warriors and priests around me, and the stone pillar of St. Columba close by, and I listened to the faint murmur of the sea, and in the chill air of midnight the rustling of the grass upon those broken arches seemed the whisper of beings from another world. Amid such scenes as those the human spirit is purified and exalted, because amid such scenes as those the best of our present life can be enjoyed, while our humble and reverent hope of a life to come is strengthened if not confirmed.

On a Sunday morning I passed, in a small boat, from Iona across to Mull. Neither wind nor tide would serve, and the rowers were compelled to make a long reach toward the ocean, so that I saw, close at hand, and in their holiday guise, those dangerous Torrin Rocks,—well remembered as I had seen them in the terrors of the tempest, but peaceful and smiling now, in the warm light of the morning sun and amid the calm of the sleeping sea. Over the waters all around, and often near to

the boat, the seagulls swooped and mewed, and cormorants skimmed, while scores of black divers made their pretty curves and vanished in the deep. Seals here and there came up to view, and upon the low rocks of the coast some pairs of hoodie-crows, the ill-omened corbies of the moorland, sat near together, in sinister counsel, planning mischief, and doubtless intent upon its speedy accomplishment,—for no bird seems more sagacious or more wicked. The landing upon Mull was accomplished by difficult scrambling over a mass of jagged rocks, and presently I came to a neat road that winds away across the great island, eastward and north, toward the villages of Kintra and Bunessan. Near to the shore there is a lonely little graveyard, in which are a few mounds and rude sepulchral stones, and I was told that the bodies there buried were such as had been intended for interment in Iona, but had been stayed by storms,—for, in tempestuous weather, the Sound becomes impassable and, as I had ruefully learned, can remain so for many days at a time. Many such accidental bourns

of sepulchre exist in the Western Islands of Scotland, their presence deepening the melancholy bleakness of solitary places, and darkly bespeaking the inexorable power of the savage sea.

The walk was through pasture lands for about three miles, with scarcely a house in sight, but many cattle and sheep were visible, peacefully grazing, and often I passed huge piles of peat, the only fuel that is used in the Ross of Mull. Peat bogs abound in that country, and some that I saw were at least twelve feet deep. The lower stratum is said to be the best, and a fire of peats, as I had occasion to know, is both comfortable and fragrant. I made my way into Mull as far as the parish of Icolmkill extends, its eastern boundary being marked by a tiny brook, the "burnie" of Scottish song, which ripples beneath the road, not far eastward of Loch Porlie. There are, in that parish, which reaches from Kintra to Erraid and from the Sound of Iona to Creich, about four hundred and twenty inhabitants, inclusive of the keepers of the lighthouse on Dhu Heartach,

otherwise called the Rock of St. John, which is distant from Iona about twelve miles southwest, in the lone Atlantic, and on the still more remote and desolate Skerryvore. Those light-house-keepers have homes upon Erraid Island, among the Torrin Rocks, and each man is allowed to pass two weeks at home, after six weeks at the Light, when the weather permits a relief-boat to bring him from his ocean solitude. Lonelier vigils are not kept, anywhere in the world, than on those remote, storm-beaten coasts of the Hebrides. Nowhere have I found more primitive manners than in Mull. The inhabitants speak the Gaelic language, and in that language divine service was performed at Creich,—the Minister of Iona, the Rev. Archibald Macmillan, delivering a sermon marked by deep feeling, winning grace, and perfect simplicity. A schoolroom serves for a church in that wild place, its walls of discolored plaster being embellished with maps, and the worshippers sit on wooden benches. The manner of all things there was simple, and I have not seen in any house of worship a more profoundly

reverent spirit. The building is isolated amid a broad expanse of encircling pasture. In the home of the schoolmaster, Duncan Cameron, I was entertained with Highland cordiality, and, so parting, I rowed away.

The sky, half blue and half filled with clouds of white and slate, smiled as the boat sped; the sea was smooth, and, except for the lapping of the waves, I heard no sound. When half-way across the Strait of Iona the voyager can see weird Staffa in one direction, the savage Torrin Rocks in another, and the Morven heights peeping over Mull. A wreath of mist was on Ben More, but the peak of that mountain stood clearly forth above it, and, scattered here and there among the glistening red rocks of Mull, the little cottages seemed more than ever the abodes of predestinate, unassailable peace. In front lay the fields of fair Iona, golden and green in a blaze of sunshine. Around the sea was gray, or violet, or resplendent with great streaks of purple. Clear against the western sky rose the cairn of Iona's single mountain, Dun-I, and more near I saw

the ruins of the nunnery and the Cathedral, beautiful in proportion, lovely in color, and venerable with the memories of eight hundred years. The great Cathedral tower, visible from almost every point in that region, dominates every picture, and no effect of color could be finer than its commingling of red and gray, in the warm light of an autumnal sun, with weeds, flowers, and long grass in its crevices, and jackdaws circling about its summit. There it stands, in desolate magnificence, the gaunt survivor of a glorious past, the lonely embodiment of a spirit of devotion, dead and gone, and forever departed out of the world. Men build no more as they built when love was the soul of religion and self-sacrifice the law of life. Such a temple as Iona Cathedral or Fountains Abbey will never again be reared. It is the age of reason now, not of feeling. I have lingered in the Port of the Coracle and stood upon the rock where Columba landed, and wandered, in the twilight, upon the White Beach of the Monks. Not a vestige remains of the saint or of his labors; but the place is

beautiful beyond words, and his august spirit has hallowed it forever.

FAREWELL TO IONA.

I.

Shrined among their crystal seas—
Thus I saw the Hebrides:

All the land with verdure dight;
All the heavens flushed with light;

Purple jewels 'neath the tide;
Hill and meadow glorified;

Beasts at ease and birds in air;
Life and beauty everywhere!

Shrined amid their crystal seas—
Thus I saw the Hebrides.

II.

Fading in the sunset smile—
Thus I left the Holy Isle;

Saw it slowly fade away,
Through the mist of parting day;

Saw its ruins, grim and old,
And its bastions, bathed in gold,

Rifted crag and snowy beach,
Where the seagulls swoop and screech,

Vanish, and the shadows fall,
To the lonely curlew's call.

Fading in the sunset smile—
Thus I left the Holy Isle.

III.

As Columba, old and ill,
Mounted on the sacred hill,

Raising hands of faith and prayer,
Breathed his benediction there,—

Stricken with its solemn grace,—
Thus my spirit blessed the place:

O'er it while the ages range,
Time be blind and work no change!

On its plenty be increase!
On its homes perpetual peace!

While around its lonely shore
Wild winds rave and breakers roar,

Round its blazing hearths be blent
Virtue, comfort, and content!

On its beauty, passing all,
Ne'er may blight nor shadow fall!

Ne'er may vandal foot intrude
On its sacred solitude!

May its ancient fame remain
Glorious, and without a stain;

And the hope that ne'er departs
Live within its loving hearts!

IV.

Slowly fades the sunset light,
Slowly round me falls the night:

Gone the Isle, and distant far
All its loves and glories are:

Yet forever, in my mind,
Still will sigh the wand'ring wind,

And the music of the seas,
'Mid the lonely Hebrides.

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