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From original painting by the late John MacWhirter, R. A.

ON OLD-WORLD HIGHWAYS

A Book of Motor Rambles in France and Germany and
the Record of a Pilgrimage from Land's End
to John O'Groats in Britain.

BY THOS. D. MURPHY

AUTHOR OF "THREE WONDERLANDS OF THE AMERICAN WEST,"
"BRITISH HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS FROM A MOTOR CAR"
AND "IN UNFAMILIAR ENGLAND WITH A MOTOR CAR."

WITH SIXTEEN REPRODUCTIONS IN COLORS FROM ORIGINAL
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GRAVURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS. ALSO MAPS
SHOWING ROUTES OF AUTHOR.



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Preface

I know that of making books of travel there is no limit—they come from the press in a never-ending stream; but no one can say that any one of these is superfluous if it finds appreciative readers, even though they be but few.

My chief excuse for the present volume is the success of my previous books of motor travel, which have run through several fair-sized editions. I have had many warmly appreciative letters concerning these from native Englishmen and the books were commended by the Royal Automobile Club Journal as accurate and readable. So I take it that my point of view from the wheel of a motor car interests some people, and I shall feel justified in writing such books so long as this is the case.

I know that in some instances I have had to deal with hackneyed subjects; but I have striven for a different viewpoint and I hope I have contributed something worth while in describing even well-known places. On the other hand, I know that I have discovered many delightful nooks and corners in Britain that even the guide-books have overlooked.

Besides, I am sure that books of travel have ample justification in the fact that travel itself is one of the greatest of educators and civilizers. It teaches us that we are not the only people—that wisdom shall not die with us alone. It shows us that in some things other people may do better than we are doing and it may enable us to avoid mistakes that others make. In short, it widens our horizon and tones down our self-conceit—or it should do all of this if we keep ears and eyes open when abroad.

I make no apology for the fact that the greater bulk of the present volume deals with the Motherland, even if its title does not so indicate. Her romantic charm is as limitless as the sea that encircles her. Even now, after our long journeyings in every corner of the Island, I would not undertake to say to what extent we might still carry our exploration in historic and picturesque Britain. Should one delight in ivy-covered castles, rambling old manors, ruined abbeys, romantic country-seats, haunted houses, great cathedrals and storied churches past numbering, I know not where the limit may be. But I do know that the little party upon whose experiences this book is founded is still far from being satisfied after nearly twenty thousand miles of motoring in the Kingdom, and if I fail to make plain why we still think of the highways and byways

of Britain with an undiminished longing, the fault is mine rather than that of my subject.

In this book, as in my previous ones, the illustrations play a principal part. The color plates are from originals by distinguished artists and the photographs have been carefully selected and perfectly reproduced. The maps will also be of assistance in following the text. I hope that these valuable adjuncts may make amends for the many literary shortcomings of my text.

THOMAS D. MURPHY

Red Oak, Iowa, January 1, 1914.

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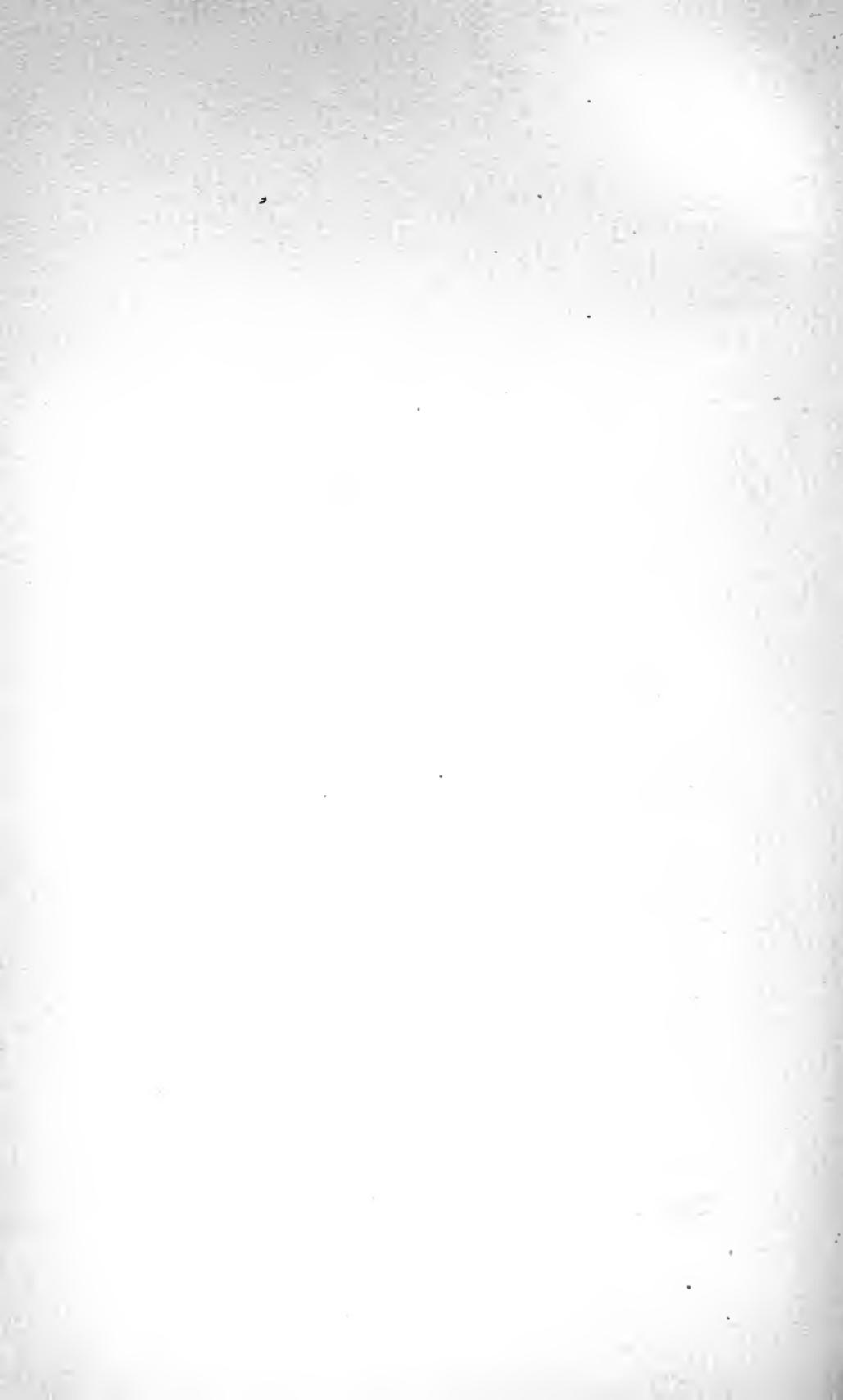
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Through Summer France
and
The Fatherland





SUNSET IN TOURAINE
From original painting by Leon Richet

On Old-World Highways

I

BOULOGNE TO ROUEN

Our three summer pilgrimages in Britain have left few unexplored corners in the tight little island—we are thinking of new worlds to conquer. Beyond the narrow channel the green hills of France offer the nearest and most attractive field. Certainly it is the most accessible of foreign countries for the motorist in England and every year increasing numbers of English-speaking tourists are seen in the neighboring republic. The service of the Royal Automobile Club, with its usual enterprise and thoroughness, leaves little to be desired in arranging the details of a trip and supplies complete information as to route. An associate membership was accorded me on behalf of the Automobile Club of America, whose card I presented and which serves an American many useful ends in European motordom. Mr. Maroney, the genial touring secretary, at once interested himself in our proposed tour. He undertook to out-

line a route, to arrange for transportation of our car across the Channel, to provide for duties and licenses and, lastly, to secure a courier-guide familiar with the countries we proposed to invade and proficient in the French and German languages. The necessary guide-books and road-maps are carried in stock by the club and the only charge made is for these. Our proposed route was traced on the map, a typewritten list of towns and distances was made and a day or two later I was advised that a guide had been engaged. Mr Maroney expressed regret that the young men who serve the club regularly in this capacity were already employed, but he had investigated the man secured for us and found him competent and reliable.

"Still," said Mr. Maroney with characteristic British caution, "we would feel better satisfied with one of our own men on the job; but it is the best we can do for you under the circumstances."

We learned that our guide was a young Englishman of good family, at present in somewhat straitened circumstances, which made him willing to accept any position for which his talents might fit him. He had previously piloted motor parties through France and Italy and spoke four languages with perfect fluency. He had done a lot of knocking about, having recently been in a shipwreck off

the coast of South America and having held a captain's commission in the South African War. We therefore called him "the Captain," and I may as well adopt that designation in referring to him in these pages, since his real name would interest no one. He was able to drive the car and declared willingness to do a chauffeur's part in caring for it. The only doubt expressed by Mr. Maroney was that the Captain might "forget his place"—that of a servant—and before long consider himself a member of our party, and with characteristic frankness the touring secretary cautioned our guide in my presence against any such presumption.

It is a fine May afternoon when we drive from London to Folkestone to be on hand in time to attend to the formalities for crossing the Channel on the following day. Police traps, we are warned, abound along the road and we proceed quite soberly, taking some four hours for the seventy-five miles including the slow work of getting out of London. The Royal Pavilion Hotel on low ground near the docks is strictly first-class and its rates prove more moderate than we found at its competitors on the cliff.

Our car is left at the dock, arrangements for its transport having been made beforehand by the Royal Automobile Club; but we saunter down in

the morning to see it loaded. We need not worry about this, for it goes "at the company's risk," a provision which costs us ten shillings extra. It is pushed upon a large platform and a steam crane soon swings it high in the air preparatory to depositing it on the steamer deck.

"She's an airship now," said an old salt as the car reached its highest point. "We did fetch over a sure-enough airship last week—belonged to that fellow Paulhan and he's a decentish chap, too; you'd never think he was a Frenchman!"—which would seem to indicate that the *entente cordiale* had not entirely cleared away prejudice from the mind of our sailor-friend.

Our crossing was as comfortable as any Channel crossing could be—which in our case is not saying much, for that green, rushing streak of salt water, the English Channel, always gives us a squeamish feeling, no matter how "smooth" it may be. We are only too glad to get on *terra firma* in Boulogne and to see our car almost immediately swung to the dock.

I had read in a recently published book by a motor tourist of the dreadful ordeal he underwent in securing his license to drive; a stern official sat beside him and put him through all his paces to ascertain if he was competent to pilot a car in

France. I was expecting to be compelled to give a similar exhibit, when the Captain came out of the station with driving licenses for both himself and me and announced that we would be ready to proceed as soon as he attached a pair of very indistinct number plates.

"But the examination 'pour competence,'" I said.

"O," he replied, I just explained to his nobs that we were in a great hurry and couldn't wait for an examination—and a five-franc piece did the rest." A piece of diplomacy which no doubt left the honest official feeling happier than if I had given him a joy-ride over the cobbles of Boulogne.

Filling our tank with "essence," which we learn, after translating some jargon concerning "litres" and "francs," will cost about thirty-five cents per gallon—we strike out on the road to Montreuil. It proves a typical French highway and our first impressions are confirmed later on. The road is broad, with perfect contour and easy grades, running straight away for miles—or should I say kilometers?—and showing every evidence of engineering skill and careful construction. But it is old-fashioned macadam without any binding material. The motor car has torn up the surface and scattered it in loose dust which rises in clouds from our wheels or has been

swept away by the wind, leaving the roadbed bare but rough and jagged—a perfect grindstone on rubber tires. The same description applies to nearly all the roads we traversed in France, and no doubt the vast preponderance of them are still in the same state or worse. A movement for re-surfacing the main highways is now in progress and in a few years France will again be at the front, though at this time she is far behind England in the matter of modern automobile roads. The long straight stretches and the absence of police traps in the country make fast time possible—if one is willing to pay the tire bill. Thirty miles an hour is an easy jog and though we left Boulogne after three, we find we have covered one hundred and ten miles at night-fall, including a stop for luncheon. At Montreuil we strike the first and only serious grade, a long, steep hill up which winds the cobble-paved main street of the town—our first experience with the cobble pavement of the provincial towns, of which more anon.

A few miles beyond Montreuil the Captain steers us into a narrow byroad which leads into the quaint little fisher town of Berck-sur-Mer and, indeed, the much-abused “quaint” is not misapplied here. The old buildings straggle along the single street, quite devoid of any touch of the picturesque and thronged

by people of all degrees. We see many queer four-wheeled vehicles—not much larger than toy wagons—drawn by ponies and donkeys, the drivers lying at full length on their backs, staring at the sky or asleep, their motive power wandering along at its own sweet will. It is indeed ridiculous to see full-grown men riding in such a primitive fashion, but the sight is not unusual. We meet a troop of prawn fishers coming in from the sea—as miserable specimens of humanity as we ever beheld—ragged, bedraggled, bare-headed and bare-footed creatures; many old women among them, prancing along like animated rag-bags.

Swinging back into the main highway, we soon reach Abbeville, whose roughly paved streets wind between bare, unattractive buildings. In places malodorous streams run along the streets—practically open sewers, if the smell is any indication. Abbeville affords an example of the terrible cobblestone pavement that we found in nearly all French cities of the second class. The round, uneven stones—in the States we call them “niggerheads”—have probably lain undisturbed for centuries. Besides the natural roughness of such a pavement, there are numerous chuck-holes. No matter how slowly we drive, we bounce and jump over these stones, which strike the tires with sledge-hammer force, send-

ing a series of shivers throughout the car. It is no wonder that such pavements and the grindstone roads often limit the life of tires to a few hundred miles.

Out of Abbeville we "hit up" pretty strongly, for it is nearly dark and we plan to reach Rouen for the night. The straight fine road offers temptation to speed, under the circumstances, and our odometer does not vary much from forty miles—when we are suddenly treated to a surprise that makes us more cautious about speeding on French roads at dusk. In a little hollow we strike a ditch six inches deep by two or three feet in width—a "canivau," as they designate it in France—with a terrific jolt which almost threatens the car with destruction. The frame strikes the axles with fearful force; it seems impossible that nothing should be broken. A careful search fails to reveal any apparent damage, though a fractured axle-rod a short time later is undoubtedly a result of the violent blow. It seems strange that an important main road should have such a dangerous defect, though we find many similar cases later; but as we travel no more after dusk, and generally at much more moderate speed, we have no further mishap of the kind. We light our lamps and proceed at a more sober pace to Neufchatel, where we decide to stop for the night

BOULOGNE TO ROUEN

at the rather unattractive-looking Lion d'Or. We have reason to congratulate ourselves, for the way-side inn is really preferable to the Angleterre at Rouen and the rates are scarcely half so much. It is a rambling old house, partly surrounding a stable-yard court where the motor is stored for the night. The regular meal time is past, but a plain supper is prepared for us. We are tired enough not to be too critical of our accommodations and the rooms and beds are clean and fairly comfortable. We have breakfast at a long table where the guests all sit together and the fare, while plain, is good.

There is nothing of interest in Neufchatel, though its cheese has given it a world-wide fame. It is a market town of four or five thousand people, depending largely on the prosperous country surrounding it.

We are early away for Rouen and in course of an hour we come in sight of the cathedral spire, the highest in all France, rising nearly five hundred feet and overtopping Salisbury, the loftiest in England, by almost one hundred feet. At the Captain's recommendation we seek the Hotel Angleterre—which means the Hotel England—a bid, no doubt, for the patronage of the numerous English-speaking tourists who visit the city. There is a deal of dickering before we get settled, for the rates are

unreasonably high; but after considerable parley a bargain is made. We enter the diminutive "lift," which holds two persons by a little crowding, but after the first trip we use the stairway to save time.

One could not "do" Rouen in the guide-book sense in less than a week—but such is not the object of our present tour. If one brings a motor to France he can hardly afford to let it stand idle to spend several days in any city. We shall see what we can of Rouen in a day and take the road again in the morning.

Our first thought is of Jeanne d'Arc and her martyrdom in the old city and our second of the cathedral, in some respects one of the most remarkable in Europe. It is but a stone's throw from our hotel and is consequently our first attraction. The facade is imposing despite its incongruous architectural details and has a world of intricate carving and sculpture, partly concealed by scaffolding, for the church is being restored. The towers flanking the facade are unfinished, both lacking the tall Gothic spire originally planned and, indeed, necessary to give a harmonious effect to the whole. A spire of open iron-work nearly five hundred feet in height replaces the original wooden structure burned by lightning in 1822 and is severely criticised as being

BOULOGNE TO ROUEN

out of keeping with the elaborate stone building which it surmounts.

Once inside we are overwhelmed by a sense of vastness—the great church is nearly five hundred feet in length, while the transept is a third as wide. The arches of the nave seem almost lost in the dim, softly toned light that streams in from the richly colored windows, some of which date from the twelfth century. If the exterior is incongruous, the interior is indeed a symphony in stone, despite a few jarring notes in the decorations of some of the private chapels. There are many beautiful monuments, mainly to French church dignitaries whom we never heard of and care little about, but the battered gigantic limestone effigy discovered in 1838 is full of fascinating interest, for it represents Richard the Lion-Hearted—the Richard of “Ivanhoe”—whose heart, enclosed in a triple casket of lead, wood and silver, is buried beneath. The figure is nearly seven feet in length and we wonder if this is a true representation of the stature of our childhood’s hero, who,

“starred with idle glory, came
Bearing from leaguered Ascalon
The barren splendour of his fame,
And, vanquished by an unknown bow,
Lies vainly great at Fontevraud.”

For Richard's body was interred at Fontevraud, near Orleans, with other members of English royalty. Henry II. is also buried in Rouen Cathedral—all indicative that there was a day when English kings regarded Normandy as their home!

Another memorial which interests us is dedicated to LaSalle, the great explorer, who was born in Rouen. He was buried, as every schoolboy knows, in the great river which he discovered, but his memory is cherished by his native city as the man who gave the empire of Louisiana to France.

Rouen has at least two other churches of first magnitude—St. Ouen and St. Maclou—but we shall have to content ourselves with a cursory glance at their magnificence. The former is declared to be “one of the most beautiful Gothic churches in existence, surpassing the cathedral both in extent and excellence of style.” Such is the pronouncement of that final authority on such matters, Herr Baedeker!

But, after all, is not Rouen best known to the world because of its connection with the strange figure of Jeanne d'Arc? Indeed, her career savors of myth and legend—not the sober fact of history—and it is hard to conceive of the scene that took place around the fatal spot in the Vieux-Marche, now marked with a large stone bearing the inscrip-

BOULOGNE TO ROUEN

tion, "Jeanne d'Arc, 30 Mar. 1431." Here a tender young woman whose only crime was an implicit belief that she was divinely inspired, was burned at the stake by order of a reverend bishop who, surrounded by his satellites, approvingly looked on the dreadful scene. And these men were not painted savages, but high dignitaries of Christendom. Much of old Rouen stands to-day as it stood then, but what a vast change has been wrought in humankind! Only a single ruinous tower remains of the castle where the Maid was confined. While imprisoned here she was intimidated by being shown the instruments of torture; but she withstood the callous brutality of her persecutors with fortitude and heroism that baffled them, though it only enraged them the more.

We acknowledge the hopelessness of getting any adequate idea of a city of such antiquity and importance in a day and the Captain says we may as well quit trying. He suggests that we take the tram for Bonsecours, situated on the steep hill towering high over the town from the right bank of the river. Here is a modern Catholic cemetery with many handsome tombs and monuments and, in the center, a recently erected memorial to Joan of Arc. This consists of three little temples in the Renaissance style, the central chapel enclosing a

marble statue of the Maid. There is a modern church near by whose interior—a solid mass of bright green, red and gold—is the most gorgeous we have seen. The specialty of this church is “votive tablets”—the walls are covered with little marble placards telling what some particular saint has done for the donor in response to a vow. A round charge, the Captain says, is made for each tablet, so that the income of Bonsecours Church must be a good one.

But one will not visit Bonsecours to see the church or the memorial, though both are interesting in their way, but for the unmatched view of the city and the Seine Valley, which good authorities pronounce one of the finest panoramas in Europe. From the memorial the whole city lies spread out like a map—so far beneath that the five-hundred-foot spire of Notre Dame is below the level of our vision. The city, with its splendid spires rising amidst the wilderness of streets and house-roofs, fills the valley near at hand and the broad, shining folds of the Seine, with its old bridges and wooded shores, lends a glorious variety to the scene. The view up and down the river is quite unobstructed, covering a beautiful and prosperous valley bounded on either side by the verdant hills of Normandy. This view alone well repays a visit to Bonsecours, whether one’s stay in Rouen be short or long.

BOULOGNE TO ROUEN

In leaving Rouen we cross the Seine and follow the fine straight road which runs through Pont Audemer to Honfleur on the coast. This was not our prearranged route, but the Captain apparently gravitates toward the sea whenever possible, and he is responsible for the diversion. From Honfleur we follow the narrow road along the coast—its sharp turns, devious windings, short steep hills and the hedgerows which border it in places recalling the byways of Devon and Cornwall. We again come out on the shore at Trouville-sur-Mer, a watering place with an array of imposing hotels. It is not yet the “season” and many of the hotels are closed, but the Belvue, one of the largest, is doing business and we have an elaborate luncheon here which costs more than we like to pay.

Out of Trouville our road still pursues the coast, running through a series of resorts and fishing villages until it swings inland for Caen—a quaint, irregular old place which, next to Rouen, declares Baedeker, is the most interesting city in Normandy. We are sorry that many of its show-places are closed to us, for it is Sunday and the churches are not open to tourist inspection. In St. Stephen’s we might have seen the tomb of William the Conqueror, though his remains no longer rest beneath it, having been disinterred and scattered by the Huguenots in

1562. Caen has two other great churches—St. Peter's and Trinity, which we can view only from the outside.

It is Pentecost Sunday and the streets are thronged with young girls in white who have taken part in confirmation services; we have seen others at many places during the day. It is about the only thing to remind us that it is Sunday, for the shops are open, work is going on in the fields, and road-making is in progress; we note little suspension of week-day activities. The peasants whom we see by the roadside and in the little villages are generally very dirty but seem happy and content. The farm houses are usually unattractive, often with filthy surroundings—muck-heaps in front of the doors—not unlike what we saw in some parts of Ireland.

The road from Caen to Bayeux runs as straight as an arrow's flight, broad, level and bordered—as most main roads are in France—by rows of stately trees. We give the motor full rein and the green sunny fields flit joyously past us. What a relief to “open her up” without thought of a policeman behind every bush! Is it any wonder that the oft-trapped Englishman considers France a motorist's paradise?

The spires of Bayeux Cathedral soon rise before us

and we must content ourselves with the exterior of this magnificent church. Not so with the museum which contains the Bayeux Tapestry, for the lady member of our party is determined to see this famous piece of needlework, willy nilly. The custodian is finally located and we are admitted to view the relic. It is a strip of linen cloth eighteen inches wide and two hundred thirty feet long, embroidered in colored thread with scenes representing the Conquest of England by William of Normandy. It is claimed that the work was done by Queen Matilda and her maidens, though this is disputed by some authorities; but its importance as a contemporary representation of historic events of the time of William I. far outweighs its artistic significance.

The main road from Bayeux to St. Lo is one of the most glorious highways in France. It runs through an almost unbroken forest of giant trees for a good part of the distance—a little more than twenty miles—and the sunset sky gleaming through the stately trunks relieves the otherwise somber effect.

By happy accident we reach St. Lo at nightfall and turn into the courtyard of the Hotel de Univers, a comfortable-looking old house invitingly close to the roadside. I say by happy accident, for we never planned to stop at St. Lo and but

THROUGH SUMMER FRANCE

for chance might have remained in ignorance of one of the most charming little cathedral towns in France. Indeed, we feel that St. Lo is ours by right of discovery, for we find but scant mention of it in the guide-books. After an excellent though unpretentious dinner, we sally forth from our inn to view our surroundings in the deepening twilight. The town is situated on the margin of a still little river which wonderfully reflects the ancient vine-covered houses that climb the sharply sloping hillside. The huge bulk of the cathedral looms mysteriously over the town and its soaring twin spires are sharply outlined against the dim moonlit sky. The towers are not exact duplicates, as they appear from a distance, but both exhibit the same general characteristics of Gothic style. The whole scene is one of enchanting beauty; the dull glow of the river, the houses massed on the hillside, with lighted windows gleaming here and there and crowning all the vast sentinellike form of the cathedral—a scene that would lose half its charm if viewed by the flaunting light of day. And we secretly resolve that we shall have no such disenchantment; we shall steal quietly out of St. Lo in the early morning with never a backward glance. We do not, therefore, see the interior of the church, which has several features of peculiar interest, and



ST. LO FROM THE RIVER

we may be pardoned for adopting the description of an English writer:

“Notre Dame de Saint-Lo has a very unusual and original plan, widening towards the east and adding another aisle to the north and south ambulatories. On the north side is its chief curiosity, an out-door pulpit, built at the end of the fifteenth century and probably used by Huguenot preachers, to whom a sermon was a sermon, whether preached under a vaulted roof or the open sky. What strikes one most about the interior of the church is its want of light. The nave is absolutely unlighted, having neither tri-forium nor clerestory, and the aisles have only one tier of large windows, whose glass is old and very fine, though in most cases pieced together; the nave piers are massive, with a cluster of three shafts; those of the choir are quite simple, and have one noticeable feature, the absence of capitals, the vault mouldings dying away into the pier.”

We shall remember our hotel as the best type of the small-town French inn—a simple, old-fashioned house where we had attentive service and a studied effort to please was made by all connected with the place. And not the least of its merits are its moderate charges—less than half we paid at many of the larger places, often for less satisfactory accommodations.

THROUGH SUMMER FRANCE

Twenty miles westward from St. Lo we come to Coutances, which boasts of a cathedral church of the first magnitude and one of the oldest in Normandy, dating almost in entirety from the thirteenth century. Leaving the main highway a little beyond Coutances, we follow the narrow byroad running about a mile from the coast through Granville, a well-known seaside resort, to Avranches. This road is scarcely more than a winding lane with many sharp little hills, hedge-bordered in places and often overarched by trees—a little like the roads of Southern England, a type not very common in France. South of Granville it closely follows the shore for a few miles, then swings inland for a mile or two, affording only occasional glimpses of the sea. Avranches, from its commanding site on a lofty hill, soon breaks into view, and the Captain suggests luncheon at the Grand Hotel de France et de Londres, which he says is famous in this section. Besides, it is well worth while to ascend the hill for the panorama of St. Michel's Bay, with its cathedral-crowned islet, which may be seen to the best advantage from the town. It is a stiff, winding climb to the summit, but we reach the cobble-paved, vine-embowered court of the hotel just in time for dinner. I suppose the "Londres" was added to the name of the inn with a view of

catching the English-speaking trade, which is considerable in Avranches, since the town is the stopping-place of many tourists who visit Mont St. Michel. From the courtyard we are ushered into the dining-room where, after the fashion of country inns in France, a single long table serves all the guests. At the head sits the proprietor, a suave, gray-bearded gentleman who graciously does the courtesies of the table. The meal is quite an elaborate one and there is plenty of old port wine for the bibulously inclined. I might say here that this inclusion of wines without extra charge is a common but not universal practice with the French country inns; generally these liquors are of the cheapest quality, little better than vinegar, and one trial will make the average tourist a teetotaler unless he wishes to order a better grade as an "extra." After the meal our host comes out to wish us "bon voyage" as we depart and we are at a loss to understand his intention when he picks up a small ladder and begins climbing up the wall. We see, however, that a rose-vine bearing a few beautiful blossoms clings to the stones above a window. The old gentleman cuts some of the choicest flowers and presents them, with a gracious bow, to the lady of our party.

The new causeway makes Mont St. Michel easily

accessible to motorists and affords a splendid view as one approaches the towered and pinnacled rock and the little town that climbs its steep sides. Formerly the tide covered the rough road that led to the mount, much the same as it still covers the approach to the Cornish St. Michael; but the new grade is above high-tide level and the abbey may be reached at any time of the day. It is a wearisome climb to the summit—for the car cannot enter the narrow streets of the town—and for some time we wait the pleasure of the guide, who, being a government official, does not permit himself to be unduly hurried. He speaks only French and but for the Captain's services we should know little of his story. To our half-serious remark that a lift would save visitors some hard work he replies with a shrug,

“A lift in Mont St. Michel? It wouldn't be Mont St. Michel any longer!”—a hint of how carefully the atmosphere of mediaevalism is preserved here.

The abbey as it stands to-day is largely the result of an extensive restoration begun by the government in 1863. This accounts for the surprisingly perfect condition of much of the building, and it also confirms the wisdom of the undertaking by which a great service has been rendered to architecture.

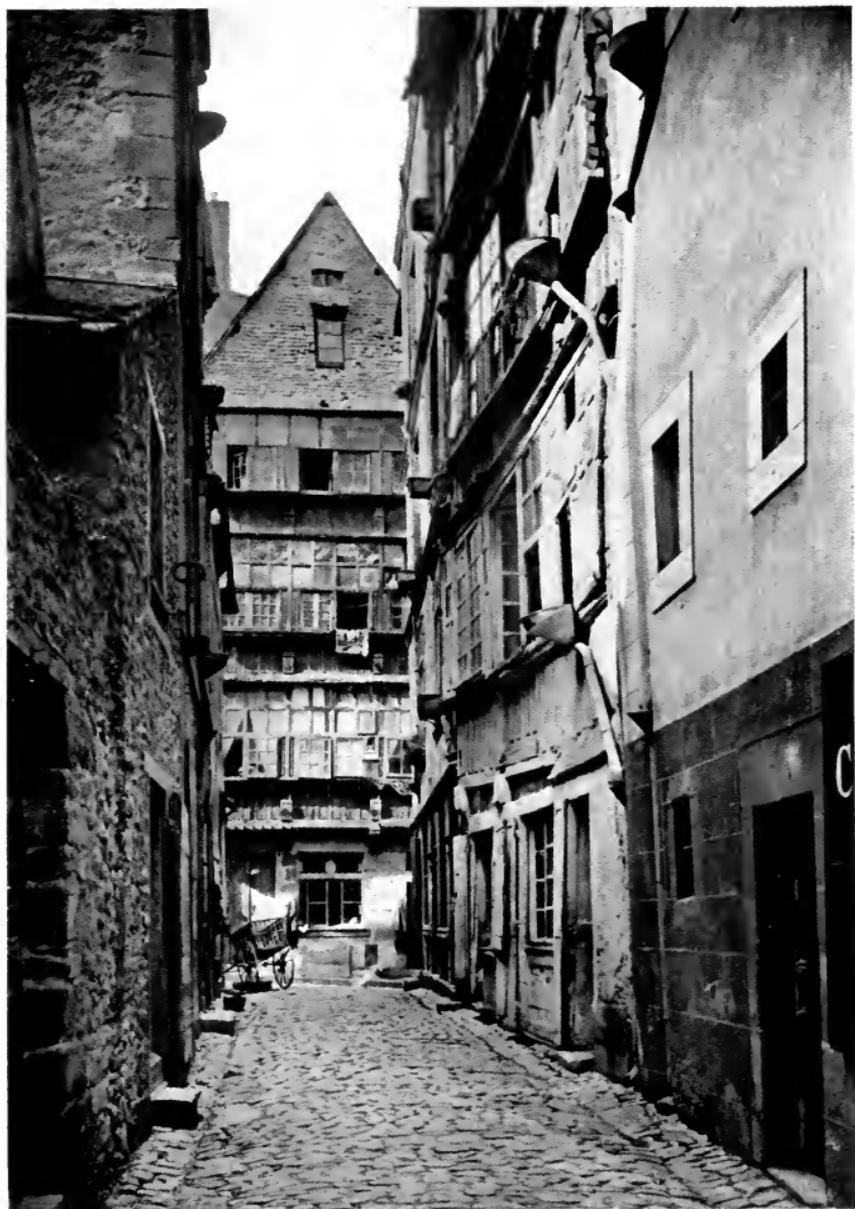
BOULOGNE TO ROUEN

Previous to the restoration the abbey was used as a prison, but it is now chiefly a show-place, though services are regularly conducted in the chapel. Especially noteworthy are the cloisters, a thirteenth-century reproduction, with two hundred and twenty columns of polished granite embedded in the wall and ranged in double arcades, the graceful vaults decorated with exquisite carving and a beautiful frieze. The most notable apartment is the Hall of the Chevaliers, likewise a thirteenth-century replica. The vaulting of solid stone is supported by a triple row of massive columns running the full length of nearly one hundred feet—like ranks of giant tree trunks. There is a beautiful chapel and dungeons and crypts galore, the names of which we made no attempt to remember. Likewise we gave little attention to the historic episodes of the mount, which are not of great importance. The interest of the tourist centers in the remarkably striking effect of the great group of Gothic buildings crowning the rock and in the artistic beauty of the architectural details. Many wonderful views of the sea and of the hills and towns around the bay may be seen to splendid advantage from the terraces and battlements. There are a number of pleasant little tea-gardens where one may order light refreshments and in the meanwhile enjoy a most inspiring view of the

sea and distant landscape. The little town at the foot of the rock is a quaint old-world place with a single street but a few feet wide. The small population subsists on tourist trade—restaurants and souvenir shops making up the village. Little is doing to-day, as we are in advance of the liveliest season. The greatest number of visitors come on Sunday—a gala day at Mont St. Michel in summer.

A rough, stony road takes us to St. Malo and adds considerable wearisome tire trouble to an already strenuous day. We are glad to stop at the Hotel de Univers, even though it is not prepossessing from without.

St. Malo's antiquity and quaintness are its stock in trade, and these, together with its position on a peninsula, with the sea on every hand, make it one of the most popular resorts in France. Steamers from Southampton bring numbers of English visitors—we find no interpreter needed at the hotel. The town is encircled by walls, the greater part recently restored. They are none the less picturesque and the mighty towers at the entrance gateways savor strongly indeed of mediaevalism. In the older part of the town the streets are so narrow and crooked as to exclude motors, the widest not exceeding twenty feet, and there are seldom walks on either side. The houses bordering them show every evidence of



A STREET IN ST. MALO

age—St. Malo is best described by the often over-worked term, “old-world.” The huge church—formerly a cathedral—is so hedged in by buildings that it is impossible to get a good view of the exterior or to take a satisfactory photograph. As a result of such crowding it is poorly lighted inside, though it really has an impressive interior. A walk round the walls or ramparts of St. Malo affords a wonderful view of the sea and surrounding country and also many interesting glimpses of queer nooks and corners in the town itself. The bay is finest at full tide, which rises here to the astonishing height of forty-nine feet above low water. There are numerous fortified islands and it is possible to reach some of these on foot when the tide is out. St. Malo was besieged many times during the endless wars between England and France, but owing to its remarkable fortifications was never taken.

There is more rough, badly worn road between St. Malo and Rennes, though in the main it is broad and level. Its effect on tires is indeed disheartening—we have run less than a thousand miles since landing and new envelopes are showing signs of dissolution. Part of the game, no doubt, but it is hard to be cheerful losers in such a game, to say the least.

Rennes, we find, has other claims to fame than

the Dreyfus trial, which is the first distinction that comes to mind. Its public museum and galleries contain one of the best provincial collections in France, and there is an imposing modern cathedral. We have an excellent lunch at the Grand Hotel, though it is a dingy-looking place that would hardly invite a lengthy stop if appearances should be considered. It is not Baedeker's number one and there is doubtless a better hotel in Rennes.

The road which we follow in leaving the town is the best we have yet traversed in France; it is broad, straight and newly surfaced, and the thirty or more miles to Chateaubriant are rapidly covered. Here we find an ancient town of a few thousand people, and an enormous old castle partly in ruins, a fit match for Conway or Harlech in Britain. Its square-topped, crenelated towers and long embrasured battlements are quite different from the pointed Gothic style of the usual French chateau.

Beyond Chateaubriant the road runs broad and straight for miles through a beautiful and prosperous country. Evidently the land is immensely fertile and tilled with the thoroughness that characterizes French agriculture. The small village is the only discordant note. We pass through several all alike, bare, dirty and uninteresting, quite different from the trim, flower-decked beauty of the English village.



WOODS IN BRITTANY
From original painting by Leon Richet

And they grow steadily more repulsive as we progress farther inland until, as we near the German border—but the subject is not pleasant enough to anticipate!

Angers is a cathedral town of eighty thousand people on the River Maine, two or three miles above its confluence with the Loire. It is of ancient origin, but the French passion for making everything new (according to an English critic) has swept away most of its old-time landmarks save the castle and cathedral. The former was one of the most extensive mediaeval fortresses in all France and is still imposing, despite the fact that several of its original seventeen towers have been razed and its great moat filled up. It is now more massive than picturesque. "It has no beauty, no grace, no detail, nothing to charm or detain you; it is simply very old and very big and it takes its place in your recollections as a perfect specimen of a superannuated feudal stronghold." The huge bastions, girded with iron bands, and the high perpendicular walls springing out of the dark waters of the moat must have made the castle impregnable against any method of assault before the days of artillery. The castle is easily the most distinctive feature of Angers and the one every visitor should see, though I must confess we failed to visit it. We should also have seen

THROUGH SUMMER FRANCE

the cathedral and museum, but museums consume time and time is the first consideration on a motor tour.

Our Hotel, the Grand, though old, is cleanly and pleasant, with high ceilings and broad corridors which have immense full-length mirrors at every turn. The prices for all this magnificence are quite moderate—largely due, no doubt, to the Captain's prearrangement with the manager. The service, however, is a little slack, especially at the table.

At Angers we are in the edge of the Chateau District, and as my chapter has already run to considerable length, I shall avail myself of this logical stopping place. The story of the French chateaus has filled many a good-sized volume and may well occupy a separate chapter in this rather hurried record.

II

THE CHATEAU DISTRICT

For more than two hundred miles after leaving Angers we follow a road that may justly be described as one of the most unique and picturesque in France. It seldom takes us out of sight of the shining Loire and most of the way it runs on an embankment directly overlooking the river, affording a panoramic view of the fertile valley which stretches to green hills on either side. The embankment is primarily to confine the waters during freshets, but its broad level top makes an excellent roadbed, which is generally in good condition. A few miles out of Angers we get our first view of the Loire, a majestic river three or four hundred yards in width and in full flow at the present time. Occasional islets add to the beauty of the scene and the landscape on either hand is studded with splendid trees. It is an opulent-looking country and we pass miles of green fields interspersed at times with unbroken stretches of forest. There are several towns and villages on both sides of the river and they are cleaner and better in

appearance than those we passed yesterday. Near Tours the country becomes more broken and the hillsides are covered with endless vineyards. In places the clifflike hills rise close to the roadside and these are honeycombed with caves; some are occupied as dwellings by the peasants, but the greater number serve as storage cellars for wine, which is produced in large quantities in this vicinity. These modern "cliff-dwellers" are not so poor as their homes would indicate; there are many well-to-do peasants among them. In fact, the very poor are scarce in rural France; the universal habits of industry and economy have spread prosperity among all classes of people; rough attire and squalid surroundings are seldom indicative of real poverty, as in England. Everybody is engaged in some useful occupation—old women may be seen herding a cow, donkey or geese by the roadside and knitting industriously the while.

Tours is one of the most beautiful of the older French provincial cities. We have a fine view of the town from across the Loire as we approach, for it lies on the south side of the river. It is a famous tourist center—perhaps the first objective, after Paris, of the majority of Americans and English, and it has several pretentious hotels. We choose the newest, the Metropole, which proves

THE CHATEAU DISTRICT

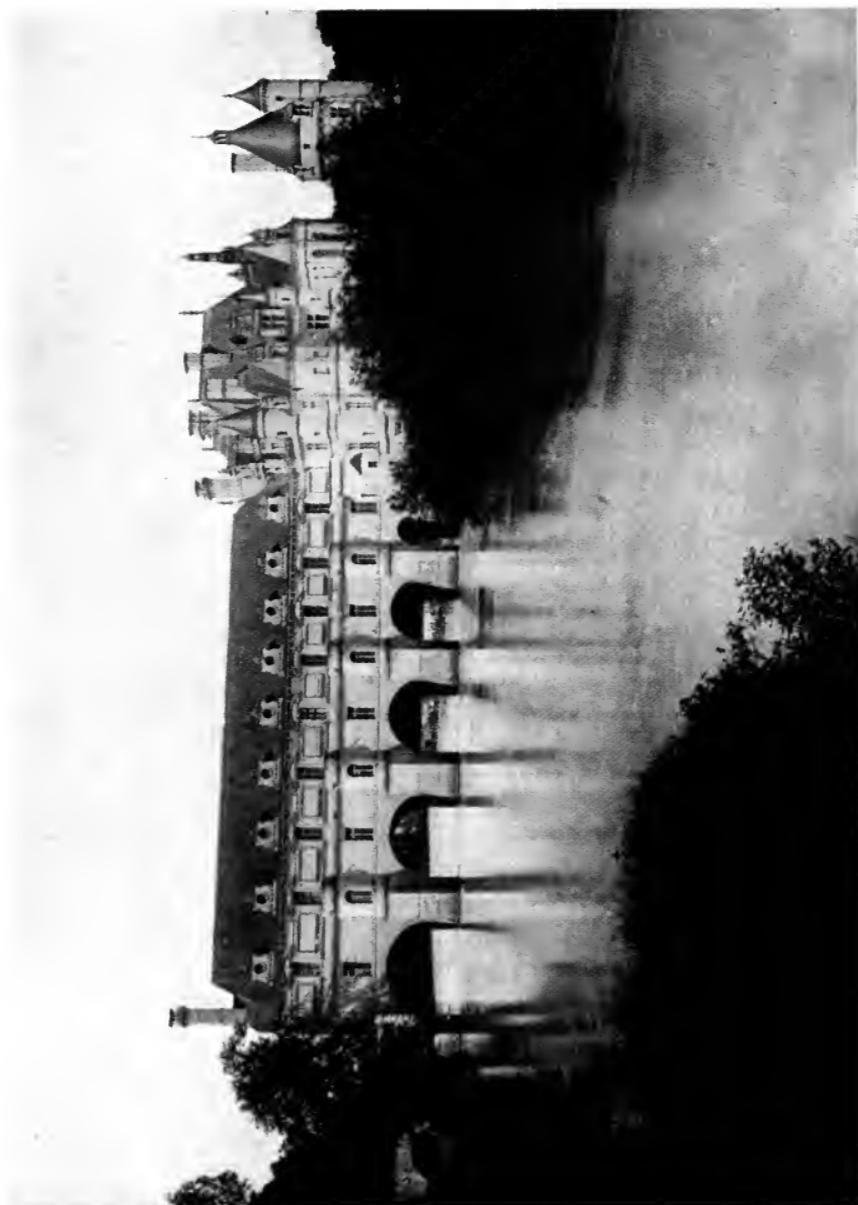
very satisfactory. Here the Captain's wiles fail to reduce the first-named tariff, for the hotel is full, and we can only guess what the charge might have been if not agreed upon in advance. In defense of his bargaining the Captain tells a story of a previous trip he made with an American party in Italy. English was spoken at a hotel where one of the party asked the rates and the proprietor, assuming that his prospective guests did not understand the language of the country, had a little by-talk with a henchman as to charges and remarked that the tourists, being Americans, would probably stand three or four times the regular rates, which the inn-keeper proceeded to ask. He was greatly chagrined when the Captain repeated the substance of the conversation he had heard and told the would-be robber that the party would seek accommodations elsewhere.

I will let this little digression take the place of descriptive remarks concerning Tours, which has probably been written about more than any other city in France excepting Paris. The cathedral everyone will see; it is especially noteworthy for the facade, which is the best and most ornate example of the so-called Flamboyant style in existence. The great Renaissance towers are comparatively

modern and to our mind lack the grace and fitness of the pointed Gothic style.

The country about Tours has more to attract the tourist than the city itself, for within a few miles are the famous chateaus which have been exploited by literary travelers of all degrees. But it has lost none of its charm on that account and perhaps every writer has presented to some extent a different viewpoint of its beauty and romance. Touraine is quite unlike any other part of France; its vistas of grayish-green levels, diversified with slim shimmering poplars and flashes of its broad lazy rivers, are quite unique and characteristic. And when such a landscape is dotted with an array of splendid historic palaces such as Blois, Amboise, Chinon, Chaumont and Chenonceaux, it assuredly reaches the height of romantic interest. All of these, it is true, are not within the exact political limits of Touraine, but all are within easy reach of Tours.

We make Chenonceaux our objective for the afternoon. It lies a little more than twenty miles east of Tours and the road follows the course of the Cher almost the whole distance. The palace stands directly above the river, supported on massive arches which rest on piles in the bed of the stream. A narrow drawbridge at either end cuts the entrances from the shore, though these bridges



CHENONCEAUX—THE ORIENTAL FRONT

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were never intended as a means of defense. Chenonceaux was in no sense a military fortress—its memories are of love and jealousy and not of war or assassination. It was built early in the sixteenth century by a receiver of taxes to King Francis, but so much of the public funds went into the work that its projector died in disgrace and his son atoned as best he could by turning the chateau over to the king.

And here, in the heart of old France, we come upon another memory of Mary Stuart, for here, with Francis II., she spent her honeymoon—if, indeed, we may style her short loveless marriage a honeymoon—coming direct from Amboise, where she had unwillingly witnessed the awful scenes of the massacre of the Huguenots. What must have been the reveries of the girl-queen at Chenonceaux! In a foreign land, surrounded by a wicked, intriguing court, with scenes of bloodshed and death on every hand and wedded to a hopeless imbecile, foredoomed to early death—surely even the strange beauty of the river palace could not have driven these terrible ghosts from her mind.

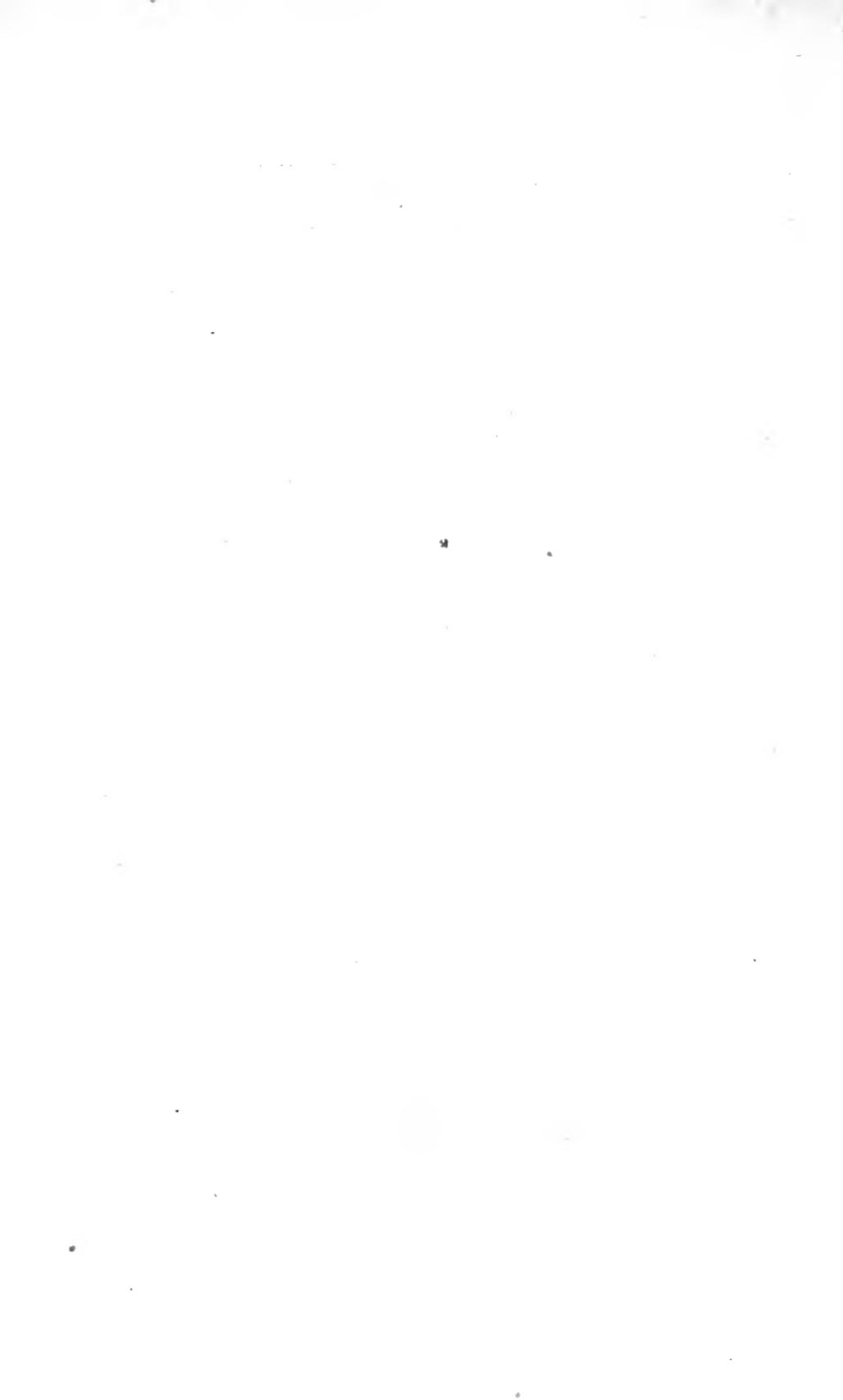
Chenonceaux has many memories of love and intrigue, for here in 1546 Francis I. and his mistress, the famous Diane of Poitiers, gave a great hunting party; but the heir-apparent, Prince Henry,

soon gained the affections of the fair Diane and on his accession to the throne presented her with the chateau, to which she had taken a great fancy. She it was who built the bridgelike hall connecting the castle with the south bank of the river and she otherwise improved the palace and grounds; but on the death of the king, twelve years later, the queen—the terrible Catherine de Medici—compelled Diane to give up Chenonceaux and to betake herself to the older and less attractive Chaumont. The chateau escaped serious injury during the fiery period of the Revolution, but the insurrectionists compelled the then owner, Madame Dupin, to surrender her securities, furniture, priceless paintings and objects of art—the collection of nearly three centuries—and all were destroyed in a bonfire.

Chenonceaux is now the property of a wealthy Cuban who has spent a fortune in its restoration and improving the grounds, which accounts for the trim, new appearance of the place. The great avenue leading from the public entrance passes through formal gardens brilliant with flowers and beautified with rare shrubbery and majestic trees. It is a pleasant and romantic place and the considerateness of the owner in opening it to visitors for a trifling fee deserves commendation.



AMBOISE FROM ACROSS THE LOIRE.



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Quite different are the memories of Amboise, the vast, acropolislike pile which towers over the Loire some dozen miles beyond Tours and which we reach early the next day after a delightful run along the broad river. We have kept to the north bank and cross the river into the little village, from which a steep ascent leads to the chateau. The present structure is largely the result of modern restoration, the huge round tower being about all that remains of the ancient castle. This contains a circular inclined plane, up which Emperor Charles V. of the Holy Roman Empire rode on horseback when he visited Francis I. in 1539, and it is possible for a medium-sized automobile to make the ascent to-day.

Amboise is chiefly remembered for the awful deeds of Catherine de Medici, who from the balcony overlooking the town watched the massacre, which she personally directed, of twelve hundred Huguenots. With her were the young king, Francis II., and his bride, Mary Stuart, who were compelled to witness the series of horrible executions which were carried out in the presence of the court. The leaders were hung from the iron balconies and others were murdered in the courtyard. They met their fate with stern religious enthusiasm, singing, it is recorded,

until death silenced their voices. The direct cause of the massacre was the discovery of a plot on the part of the Huguenot leaders to abduct the young king in order to get him from under the evil influence of his mother.

The chateau contains a tomb that alone should make it the shrine of innumerable pilgrims, for here is buried that many-sided genius, Leonardo da Vinci, who died in Amboise in 1519 and whom many authorities regard as the most remarkable man the human race has yet produced.

But enough of horrors and tombs; we go out on the balcony, where the old tigress stood in that far-off day, and contemplate the enchanting scene that lies beneath us. Out beyond the blue river a wide peaceful plain stretches to the purple hills in the far distance; just below are the gray roofs of the town and there are glorious vistas up and down the broad stream. This is the memory we should prefer to carry away with us, rather than that of the murderous deeds of Catherine de Medici!

On arriving at Blois, twenty miles farther down the river road, thoughts of belated luncheon first engage our minds and the Hotel de Angleterre sounds good, looks good, and proves good, indeed. Its dining-room is a glass-enclosed balcony overhanging the river, which adds a picturesque view



GRAND STAIRWAY OF FRANCIS I. AT BLOIS

THE CHATEAU DISTRICT

to a very excellent meal. The chateau, a vast quadrangular pile surrounding a great court, is but a short distance from the hotel. Only the historic apartments are shown—quite enough, since several hours would be required to make a complete round of the enormous edifice. The castle has passed into the hands of the government and is being carefully restored. It is planned to make it a great museum of art and history and several rooms already contain an important collection. The palace was built at different periods, from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries, and was originally a nobleman's home, but later a residence of the kings of France.

Inside the court our attention is attracted by the elaborate decorations and carvings of the walls. On one side is a long open gallery supported by richly wrought columns; but most marvelous is the great winding stairway projecting from the wall and open on the inner side. Every inch of this structure—its balconies, its pillars and its huge central column—is wrought over with beautiful images and strange devices, among which the salamander of Francis I. is most noticeable. When we have admired the details of the court to our satisfaction, the guide conducts us through a labyrinth of gorgeously decorated rooms with many magnificent fireplaces

and mantels but otherwise quite unfurnished. The apartments of the crafty and cruel Catherine de Medici are especially noteworthy, one of them—her study—having no fewer than one hundred and fifty carved panels which conceal secret crypts and hiding-places. These range from small boxes—evidently for jewels or papers—to a closet large enough for one to hide in.

The overshadowing tragic event of Blois—there were a host of minor ones—was the assassination of the Duke of Guise in 1588. Henry III., a weak and vacillating king, was completely dominated by this powerful nobleman, whose fanatical religious zeal led him to establish a league to restore the supremacy of the Catholic religion. The king was forced to proclaim the duke lieutenant-general of the kingdom and to pledge himself to extirpate the heretics; but despite his outward compliance Henry was resolved on vengeance. According to the ideas of the times an objectionable courtier could best be removed by assassination and this the king determined upon. He piously ordered two court priests to pray for the success of his plan and summoned the duke to his presence. Guise was standing before the fire in the great dining-room and though he doubtless suspected his royal master's kind intentions toward him, walked into the next

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room, where nine of the king's henchmen awaited him. They offered no immediate violence, but followed him into the corridor, where they at once drew swords and fell upon him. Even against such odds the duke, who was a powerful man, made a strong resistance and though repeatedly stabbed, fought his way to the king's room, where he fell at the foot of the royal bed. Henry, when assured that his enemy was really dead, came trembling out of the adjoining room and kicking the corpse, exclaimed, "How big he is; bigger dead than alive!" The next morning the duke's brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, was also murdered in the castle as he was hastening to obey a summons from the king.

There is little suggestion of such horrors in the polished floors and gilded walls that surround us today as we hear the Captain translate the gruesome details from the guide's voluble sentences. We listen only perfunctorily; it all seems unreasonable and unreal as the sun, breaking from the clouds that have prevailed much of the day, floods the great apartments with light. We have not followed this tale of blood and treachery closely; it is only another reminder that cruelty and inhumanity were very common a few centuries ago.

There is a minor cathedral in Blois, but the most interesting church is St. Nicholas, formerly a part

of the abbey and dating from 1138. Its handsome facade with twin towers is the product of recent restoration. There are also many quaint timbered houses in Blois, dating from the fifteenth century and later, but we pay little attention to them. I hardly know why our enthusiasm for old French houses is so limited, considering how eagerly we sought such bits of antiquity in England.

We pursue the river road the rest of the day, though in places it swings several miles from the Loire—or does the Loire swing from the road, which seems arrow-straight everywhere?—and cuts across some lovely rural country. Fields of grain, just beginning to ripen, predominate and there are also green meadows and patches of carmine clover. Crimson poppies and blue cornflowers gleam among the wheat, lending a touch of brilliant color to the billowy fields.

The village of Beaugency, which we passed about midway between Tours and Orleans, is one that will arrest the attention of the casual passer-by. It is more reminiscent of the castellated small town of England than one often finds in France. It is overshadowed by a huge Norman keep with sheltered, ivy-grown parapets, the sole remaining portion of an eleventh-century castle. The remainder of the present castle was built as a strong-

THE CHATEAU DISTRICT

hold against the English, only to be taken by them shortly after its completion. The invaders, however, were driven out by the French army under Joan of Arc in 1429. The bridge at Beaugency is the oldest on the Loire, having spanned the river since the thirteenth century. The town has stood several sieges and was the scene of terrible excesses in the religious wars of the sixteenth century, the abbey having been burned by the Protestants in 1567.

Towards evening we again come to the river bank and ere long the towers of Orleans break on our view. Despite its great antiquity the city appears quite modern, for it has been so rebuilt that but few of its ancient landmarks remain. Even the cathedral is a modern restoration—almost in toto—and there is scarcely a complete building in the town antedating 1500. The main streets are broad and well-paved and electric trams run on many of them. Our hotel, the Grand Aignan, is rather old-fashioned and somewhat dingy, but it is clean and comfortable and its rates are not exorbitant. There is a modern and more fashionable hotel in the city, but we have learned that second-class inns in cities of medium size are often good and much easier on one's purse.

Our first thought, when we begin our after-dinner ramble, is that Orleans should change its

name to Jeanne d'Arcville. I know of no other instance where a city of seventy thousand people is so completely dominated by a single name. The statues, the streets, the galleries, museums, churches and shops—all remind one of the immortal Maid who made her first triumphal entry into Orleans in 1429, when the city was hard pressed by the English besiegers. Every postcard and souvenir urged upon the visitor has something to do with the patron saint of the town and, after a little, one falls in with the spirit of the place, rejoicing that the memories of Orleans are only of success and triumph and forgetting Rouen's dark chapter of defeat and death.

In the morning we first go to the cathedral—an ornate and imposing church, though one that the critics have dealt with rather roughly. It faces the wide Rue Jeanne d'Arc—again Orleans' charmed name—and it seems to us that the whole vast structure might well be styled a memorial to the immortal Maid of France. The facade is remarkable for its Late-Gothic towers, nearly three hundred feet high, while between them to the rear rises the central spire, some fifty feet higher. There are three great portals beneath massive arches, rising perhaps one-fourth the height of the towers, and above each of these is an immense rose window.

THE CHATEAU DISTRICT

Perhaps the design as a whole is not according to the best architectural tenets, but the cathedral seems grand to such unsophisticated critics as ourselves. Being a rather late restoration, it does not show the wear and tear of the ages, like so many of its ancient rivals, and perhaps loses a little charm on this account. The vast vaultlike interior is quite free from obstructions to one's vision and is lighted by windows of beautifully toned modern glass. These depict scenes in the life of Joan of Arc, beginning with the appearance of her heavenly monitors and ending with her martyrdom at the stake. The designing is of remarkably high order and the color toning is much more effective than one often finds in modern glass. There are a number of paintings and images, many of them referring to the career of the now venerated Maid. The usual gaudy chapels and altars of French cathedrals are in evidence, though none are especially interesting.

Orleans has several other churches and all pay some tribute to the heroine of the town. A small part of St. Peter's dates from the ninth century, one of the few relics of antiquity to be found in Orleans. The Hotel de Ville, built about 1530, has a beautiful marble figure of Joan in the court, and an equestrian statue of the Maid is in the Grand Salon of the building, representing her horse in the

act of trampling a mortally wounded Englishman. Both of these statues are the work of Princess Marie of Orleans—a scion of the old royal family of France. The Hotel de Ville also recalls a memory of Mary Stuart; here in 1560 her boy-husband, Francis II., expired in the arms of his wife, and her career was soon transferred from the French court to its no less troubled and cruel contemporary in Scotland. The town possesses an unusually good museum, which includes a large historical collection, and the gallery contains a number of paintings and sculptures of real merit. Of course one will wish to see the house where the patron saint of the town lodged, and this may be found at No. 37 Rue de Tabour. There is also on the same street the Musee Jeanne d'Arc, which contains a number of relics and paintings relating to the heroine and her times.

But for all the worship of Joan of Arc in Orleans, she was not a native of the place and actually spent only a short time within the walls of the old city. The Maid was born in the little village of Domremy in Lorraine, some two hundred miles eastward, where her humble birthplace may still be seen and which we hope to visit when we make our next incursion into France.

III

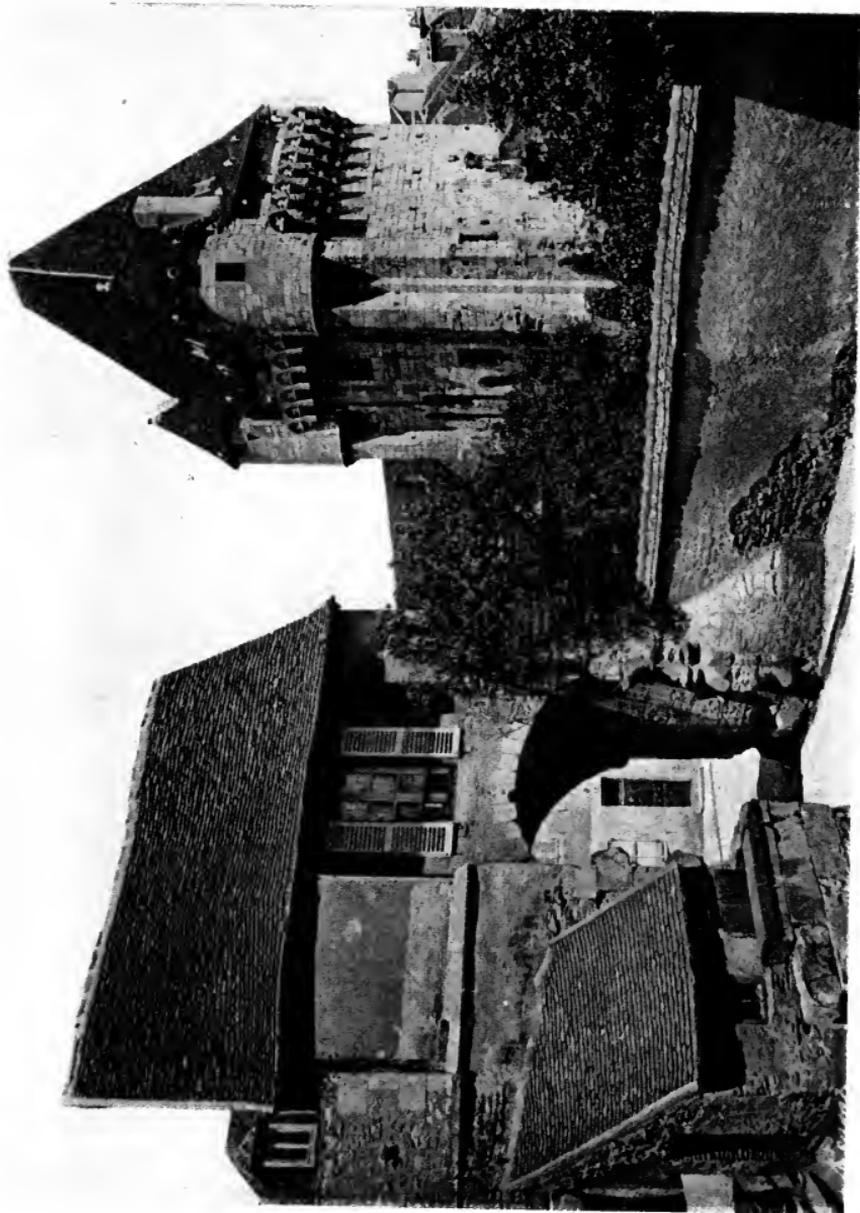
ORLEANS TO THE GERMAN BORDER

We have no more delightful run in France than our easy jaunt from Orleans to Nevers. We still follow the Loire Valley, though the road only occasionally brings us in sight of the somewhat diminished river. The distance is but ninety-six miles over the most perfect of roads and we proceed leisurely, often pausing to admire the landscapes—beautiful beyond any ability of mine to adequately describe. The roadside resembles a well-kept lawn; it is bordered by endless rows of majestic trees and on either hand are fertile fields which show every evidence of the careful work of the farmer. The silken sheen of bearded wheat and rye is dotted with crimson poppies and starred with pale-blue cornflowers. At times the poppies have gained the mastery and burn like a spot of flame amidst the emerald-green of the fields. Patches of dark-red clover lend another color variation, and here and there are dashes of bright yellow or gleaming white of buttercups and daisies. With such surroundings and on such a clear, exhilarat-

ing day our preconceived ideals of the beauty of Summer France suffer no disenchantment.

Cosne is an old river town now rather dominated by manufactories and here Pope Pius VII. sojourned when he came to France upon the neighborly invitation of Napoleon I. He stopped at the Hotel du Cerf, but we try the Moderne for luncheon, which proves unusually good.

About three o'clock we reach Nevers and a sudden thunder shower determines us to stop for the night at the Hotel de France. Outside it is quite unpretending, though queer ornamental panels between the windows and a roof of moss-green tiles redeem it somewhat from the commonplace. We have no reason to repent our decision, for the rambling old inn is scrupulously clean and the service has the personal touch that indicates the watchful eye of a managing proprietor. We are somewhat surprised to see a white-clad chef very much in evidence about the hotel and even taking a lively interest in guests who have suffered a breakdown and are wrestling with their car in the stable-yard garage. We learn that this chef is the proprietor, and his wife, an English woman, is the manageress. The combination is an effective one; English-speaking guests are made very much at



PORT DU CROUX—A MEDIEVAL WATCHTOWER AT NEVERS

home and the excellence of the meals is sufficient proof of the competence of the proprietor-chef.

Nevers has a cathedral dating in part from the twelfth century, though the elaborate tower with its host of sculptured prophets, apostles and saints was built some three hundred years later. The most notable relic of mediaevalism in the town is the queer old Port du Croux, a fourteenth-century watch-tower which one time formed part of the fortifications. It is a noble example of mediaeval defense—a tall gateway tower with long lancet openings and two pointed turrets flanking the steep, tile-covered roof. The ducal palace and the Hotel de Ville are also interesting old-time structures, though neither is of great historic importance. The history of Nevers is in sharp contrast with the checkered career of its neighbor, Orleans, being quite uneventful and prosaic. It is a quiet place to-day, its chief industry being the potteries, which have been in existence some centuries.

The next day, thirty miles on the road to Autun, we experience our first break-down in eighteen thousand miles of motoring in Europe—that is, a break-down that means we must abandon the car for the time. Near the little village of Tamnay-Chatillon an axle-rod breaks and a new one must be made before we can proceed. Our objective

point, Dijon, is the nearest place where we will be likely to find facilities for repair and we resolve to go thither by train. We have been so delayed that train-time is past and we shall have to pass the night at the village inn. It is extremely annoying at the time, though in retrospect we are glad of our experience with at least one very small country road-house in France. The inn people spare no effort to make us as comfortable as possible and we have had many worse meals in good-sized cities than is served to us this evening. Our beds, though apparently clean, are not very restful, but we are too weary to be excessively critical. The next morning, leaving the crippled car in the stable-yard, we take the train for Dijon. The Captain carries the broken axle-rod as a pattern and soon after our arrival a workman is shaping a new one from a steel bar. And in this connection I might remark that we found the average French mechanic quick and intelligent, with almost an intuitive understanding of a piece of machinery. Our job proves slower than we anticipated; the work can be done by only one man at a time and it is not completed before midnight of the following day.

In the meanwhile we have established ourselves at the Grand Hotel de la Cloche, a pretentious—and, as it proves, a very expensive stopping-place.

ORLEANS TO THE GERMAN BORDER

We have large, well-furnished rooms which afford an outlook upon a small park fronting the hotel. Our enforced leisure allows us considerably more time to look about Dijon than we have been giving to such towns and we endeavor to make the most of it. The town is one of the military centers of France, being defended by no fewer than eight detached forts, and we see numerous companies of soldiers on the streets.

The museum, we are assured, is the greatest "object of interest" in the city and, indeed, it comes up to the claims made for it. The municipal art gallery contains possibly the best provincial collection of paintings in France—an endless array of pictures of priceless value, representing the greatest names of French art. There is also a splendid showing of sculpture, occupying five separate rooms. The marble tombs of Philip the Brave and John the Fearless, old-time dukes of Burgundy, are wonderful creations. They were originally in the Church of Chartreuse, destroyed in 1793, when the tombs were removed to the cathedral in a somewhat damaged condition. They were later placed in the museum and restored as nearly as possible to their original state. Both have a multitude of marble statuettes, every one a distinct artistic study—some representing mourners for the deceased—

and each little face has some peculiar and characteristic expression of grief. The strong contrast of white and black marbles is relieved by judicious gilding and, altogether, we count these the most elaborate and artistic mediaeval tombs we have seen, if we except the Percy monument at Beverly in England. The museum also has an important archaeological collection, including a number of historical relics found in the vicinity, for the city dates back to Roman times. The showing of coins, gems, vases, ivory, cabinets and jewelry would do credit to any metropolitan museum. And all this in a town of but seventy-five thousand people—which shows how far the French municipalities have advanced in such matters. Dijon is no exception in this regard, though other cities of the class may not quite equal this collection, which I have described in merest outline.

Dijon has several churches of the first order, though none of them has any notable distinguishing feature. The Cathedral of St. Benigne is the oldest, dating in its present form from about 1280, though there are portions which go back still farther. It was originally built as an abbey church, but the remainder of the abbatial buildings have disappeared. St. Michael's Church is some four hundred years later than the cathedral, and has, ac-

According to the guide-books, a Renaissance facade, though it seems to us to be better described as a Moorish adaptation of the Gothic style. At any rate, it is an inartistic and unattractive structure and illustrates the poor results often attained in too great an effort after the unusual. Notre Dame is about the same date as the cathedral, though it has been so extensively restored as to have quite a new appearance. Its most remarkable feature is its queer statuettes—nearly a hundred little figures contorted into endless expressions and attitudes—which serve as gargoyles. The churches of Dijon are not particularly noteworthy for their interiors and none has especially good windows. Our extended sojourn in the city enables us to visit a number of shops, for which we have heretofore found little time. These are well-stocked and attractive and quite in keeping with a city of the size of Dijon. According to Herr Baedeker, the town is famous “for wine and corn, and its mustard and gingerbread enjoy a wide reputation.”

The Captain and myself take an early train for Tamnay-Chatillon and have the satisfaction of finding the new axle-rod a perfect fit. We enjoy the open car and the fine road more than ever after our enforced experience with the railway train. The country between Tamnay and Dijon

is rolling and the road often winds up or down a great hill for two or three miles at a stretch, always with even and well-engineered gradients that insure an easy climb or a long exhilarating coast. There are many glorious panoramas from the hill-crests—wide reaches of hill and valley, with groves and vineyards and red-tiled villages nestling in wooded vales or lying on the sunny slopes. Most of the towns remain unknown to us by name, but the Captain points out Chateau Chinon clinging to a rather steep hillside and overshadowed by the vast ruined castle which once defended it. A portion of the old wall with three watch-towers still stands—the whole effect being very grim and ancient. Near the town of Pommard the hills are literally “vine-clad,”—vineyards everywhere running up to the very edge of the town.

The Hotel St. Louis et de la Poste at Autun does not present a very attractive exterior, but it proves a pleasant surprise and we are hungry enough to do justice to an excellent luncheon, having breakfasted in Dijon at five o'clock. Autun has an unusual cathedral—“a curious building of the transition period”—some parts of which go back as far as the tenth century. The beautiful Gothic spire—the first object to greet our eyes when approaching the town—was built about 1470. Por-

tions of the old fortifications still remain. St. Andrew's Gate, partly a restoration, is an imposing portal pierced by four archways and forms one of the main entrances. There is also the usual museum and Hotel de Ville to be found in all enterprising provincial towns of France.

Beyond Autun the character of the country changes again; we come into a less prosperous section, intersected by stone fences which cut the rocky hillsides into small irregular fields. We pass an occasional bare-looking village and one or two ruined chateaus and we remark on the scarcity of ruins in France, so far as we have seen it, as compared with England. A more fertile and thriving country surrounds Dijon, which we reach in the late afternoon.

We have had quite enough of Dijon, but we shall remain until morning; an early start should carry us well toward the German frontier before night. We find some terribly rough roads to Gray and Vesoul—macadam which has begun to disintegrate. The country grows quite hilly and while, in the words of the old hymn, "every prospect pleases," we are indeed tempted to add that "only man is vile." For the filthiness of some of the villages and people can only be designated as unspeakable; if I should describe in plain lang-

uage the conditions we behold, my book might be excluded from the mails! The houses of these miserable little hamlets stretch in single file along both sides of the broad highway. In one end of the house lives the family and in the other the domestic animals—pigs, cows and donkeys. Along the road on each side the muck-piles are almost continuous and reach to the windows of the cottages. Recent rains have flooded the streets with seepage, which covers the road to a depth of two or three inches, and the odors may be imagined—if one feels adequate to such a task. The muck is drained into pools and cisterns from which huge wooden or iron pumps tower above the street. By means of these the malodorous liquid is elevated into wagon-tanks to be hauled away to the fields. And this work is usually done by the women! In fact, women are accorded equal privileges with a vengeance in this part of rural France—they outnumber the men in the fields and no occupation appears too heavy or degraded for them to engage in. We see many of the older ones herding domestic animals—or even geese and ducks—by the roadside. Sometimes it is only a single animal—a cow, donkey, goat or pig—that engages the old crone, who is usually knitting as well. The pigs, no doubt because of

their headstrong proclivities, are usually confined by a cord held by their keepers, and with one of these we have an amusing adventure. The pig becomes unruly, heading straight for our car, and only a vigorous application of the brakes prevents disaster to the obstreperous brute. But the guardian of his hogship—who has been hauled around pretty roughly while hanging to the cord—is in a towering rage and screams no end of scathing language at us. “You, too, are pigs,” is one of her compliments which the Captain translates, and he says it is just as well to let some of her remarks stand in the original!

As we approach Remiremont, where we propose to stop for the night, we enter the great range of hills which form the boundary between France and Germany and which afford many fine vistas. Endless pine forests clothe the hillsides and deep narrow valleys slope away from the road which winds upward along the edges of the hills. Remiremont is a pleasant old frontier town lying along the Moselle River at the base of a fortified hill two thousand feet in height. It is cleaner than the average French town of ten thousand and clear streams of mountain water run alongside many of its streets. The Hotel du Cheval de Bronze seems a solid, comfortable old inn and we turn into

the courtyard for our nightly stop. The courtyard immediately adjoins the hotel apartments on the rear and is not entirely free from objectionable odors—our only complaint against the Cheval de Bronze. Our rooms front on the street, the noise being decidedly preferable to the assortment of smells in the rear. The town has nothing to detain one, and is rather unattractive, despite its pleasing appearance from a distance. On the main street near our hotel are the arcades, which have a considerable resemblance to the famous rows of Chester.

We are awakened early in the morning by the tramp of a large company of soldiers along the street, for Remiremont, being so near the frontier, is heavily garrisoned. These French soldiers we have seen everywhere, in the towns and on the roads, enough of them to remind us that the country is really a vast military camp. They are rather undersized, as a rule, and their attire is often slouchy and worse for wear. Their bearing seems to us anything but soldierly as they shuffle along the streets. Perhaps we remember this the more because of the contrast we see in Germany a little later. A good authority, however, tells us that the French army is in a fine state of preparedness

and would give a good account of itself if called into action.

We are early away from Remiremont on a fine road winding among the pine-clad hills. Some sixteen miles out of the town we find a splendid hotel at Gerardmer on a beautiful little lake of the same name in the Vosges Forest, where we should no doubt have had quite different service from the Cheval de Bronze. We have no regrets, however, since Remiremont is worth seeing as a typical small frontier town. At Gerardmer we begin the long climb over the mountain pass which crosses the German border; there are several miles of the ascent and in some places the grades are steep enough to seriously heat the motor. We stop many times on the way and there is a clear little stream by the roadside from which we replenish the water in the heated engine. The air grows cooler and more bracing as we ascend and though it is a fine June day, we see banks of snow along the road. On either side are great pine trees, through which we catch occasional glimpses of wooded hills and verdant valleys lying far beneath us. Despite the cool air, flowers bloom along the road and the ascent, though rather strenuous, is a delightful one.

At the summit we come to the customs offices

of the two countries, a few yards apart. Here we bid farewell to France and slip across the border into the Fatherland, as its natives so love to call it. A wonderful old official, who seems to embody all the dignity and power of the empire he serves, comes out of the customs house. His flowing gray beard is a full yard long and the stem of his mighty porcelain pipe is still longer. He is clad in a faultless uniform and wears a military cap bespangled with appropriate emblems—altogether, a marvel of that official glory in which the Germans so delight. His functions, however, do not correspond with his personal splendor, for he only officially countersigns our Royal Automobile Club passport, delivers us a pair of number plates and, lastly, collects a fee of some fifteen marks. He gives us a certificate showing that we are now entitled to travel the highways of the empire for two weeks, and should we remain longer we shall have to pay an additional fee on leaving the country. The Captain waves an approved military adieu, to which the official solemnly responds and we set out in search of adventure in the land of the Kaiser.

IV

COLMAR TO OBERAMMERGAU

Had we crossed a sea instead of an imaginary dividing line we could hardly have found a more abrupt change in the characteristics of people and country than we discover when we descend into the broad green valley of the Rhine. We have a series of fine views as we glide down the easy grades and around the sweeping curves of the splendid road that leads from the crest to the wide plain along the river—glimpses of towns and villages lying far beneath, beyond long stretches of wooded hills. On our way we meet peasants driving teams of huge horses hitched to heavy logging wagons. The horses go into a panic at the sight of the car and the drivers seem even more panicky than the brutes; it is quite apparent that the motor is not so common in Germany as in England and France.

The province of Alsace, by which we enter Germany, was held by France from the time of Napoleon until 1871, but it never entirely lost its German peculiarities during the French occupation.

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Its villages and farmhouses are distinctly Teutonic, though the larger towns show more traces of French influence. Colmar, some twenty miles from the border, is the first city—a place of about forty thousand people and interesting to Americans as the birthplace of the sculptor, Bartholdi, who designed the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. It is a substantially built town with an enormous Gothic church and its museum has a famous collection of pictures by early German masters.

A few miles from Colmar we come to the Rhine, so famed in German song and story, a green, rushing flood that seems momentarily to threaten the destruction of the pontoon bridge which bears us across. Beyond the river the level but poorly surfaced road leads to Freiburg, a handsome city of about seventy-five thousand people. It is a noted manufacturing town and has an ancient university with about two thousand students. Its cathedral is one of the finest Gothic structures in Germany, the great tower, three hundred and eighty feet in height, being the earliest and most perfect of its kind. The windows of fourteenth-century glass are particularly fine and there are many remarkable paintings of a little later date. The city has other important churches and many beautiful public buildings and monuments. Indeed, Freiburg

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is a good example of the neatness, cleanliness and civic pride that prevails in most of the larger German cities. It has many excellent hotels and we have a well-served luncheon at the Victoria. We should stop for the day at Freiburg were it not for our unexpected delay at Dijon; we must hasten if we are to reach Oberammergau in time for our reservations. In the three remaining daylight hours we make a swift run to Tuttlingen, some sixty miles eastward, passing several small villages and two good-sized towns, Neustadt and Donaueschingen, on the way. The latter is near the head waters of the Danube, and from here we follow the river to Tuttlingen. We pass through a beautifully wooded country and several inns along the way indicate that this section is a frequented pleasure resort. There are many charming panoramas from the road, which in places swings around the hillsides some distance above the river.

Had we known the fate in store for us at Tuttlingen, we should surely have stopped at one of the hotels which we hastily passed in our dash for that town. But we reach it just at dusk—a place of about fifteen thousand people—and turn in rather dubiously at the unattractive Post Hotel. If the Post is a fair sample of the country inns of

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Germany, the tourist should keep clear of country inns when possible. On entering we meet an assortment of odors not especially conducive to good appetite for the evening meal, and this proves of the kind that requires a good appetite. We are hungry, but not hungry enough to eat the Post's fare with anything like relish and we are haunted by considerable misgivings about the little we do consume. The Post, however, does not lack patronage, though it seems to come mainly from German commercial men who are seeking trade in the thriving town.

We are away early in the morning, following a rough, neglected road some dozen miles to Ludwigshaven at the head of Lake Constance, or the Bodensee, as the Germans style it. A new highway leading down to the lake shore is not yet open, though nearly ready, and we descend over a temporary road which winds among tree stumps and drops down twenty per cent grades for a couple of miles. We are thankful that we have only the descent to make; I doubt whether our forty-horse engine would ever have pulled us up the "bank," as a Yorkshire man would describe it.

But having reached the level of the lake, we find a splendid road closely following the shore for forty miles and affording views of some of the finest and

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most famous scenery in Europe. In all our journeyings we have had few more glorious runs. The clear balmy June day floods everything with light and color. The lake lies still and blue as the heavens above, and beyond its shining expanse rise the snow-capped forms of the Swiss Alps, their rugged ranks standing sharply against the silvery horizon. At their feet stretches the green line of the shore and above it the dense shadows of the pines that cover the slopes to the snow line. It is a scene of inspiring beauty that one sees to best advantage from the open road. Near at hand green fields stretch to the hills, no great distance away, and the belated fruit-tree blossoms load the air with perfume. Hay-making is in progress in the little fields—women swing the scythes or handle the rakes and pitchforks while staid old cows draw the heavy, awkward carts. There are several pleasant little towns along the shore, rather neater and cleaner than the average German village, though even these are not free from occasional touches of filthiness. Near the center of the lake is Friedrichshafen, a popular resort with numerous hotels. There is a beautiful drive along the lake, bordered with shrubs and trees, and fronting on this is the comfortable-looking Deutsches Haus, surrounded by gardens which extend to the shore. We remember the

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Deutsches Haus particularly, since on its glass-enclosed veranda we are served with an excellent luncheon. As we resume our journey, feeling at peace with the world, and open up a little on the smooth lakeside road, the Captain exclaims:

“If I had all the money I could possibly want, do you know what I’d do? I’d just buy a motor, don’t you know, and do nothing on earth but tour about Europe!”

And we all agree that under such conditions and on such a day his proposed vocation seems an ideal one.

Friedrichshafen, I should have said, was the home of Count Zeppelin of airship fame, and as we passed through the town his immense craft was being made ready for an experimental trip. It was then attracting much attention in Germany and was the precourser of the only line of commercial airships now in existence.

Lindau, a small resort built on an island about three hundred yards from the shore, marks the point of our departure from Lake Constance. We enter the town over a narrow causeway which connects it with the main road, but find little to detain us. We climb the steep winding road leading out of the valley and for the remainder of the day our course wends among the foothills of the Bavarian

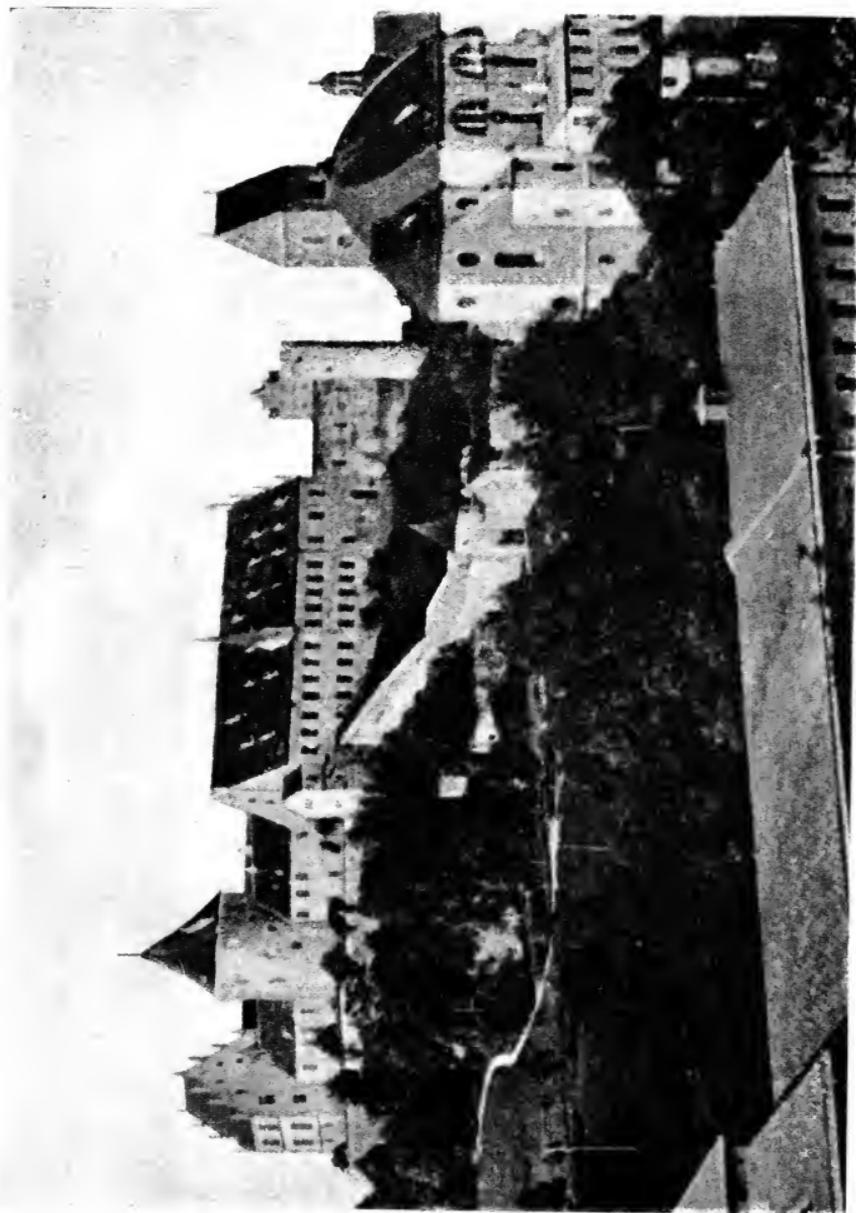
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Alps. It proves a delightful run; we witness constantly changing displays of color and glorious effects of light and shadow. Thunder storms are raging in the mountains and at intervals they sweep down and envelop our road in a dash of summer rain. Above us tower the majestic Alps; in places the dazzling whiteness of the snow still lies against the barren rocks or amidst the dense green of the pines, while above the summits roll blue-gray cumulus clouds glowing with vivid lightning or brilliant with occasional bursts of sunshine. Near at hand stretch green meadows of the foothills, variegated with great splashes of blue or yellow flowers as though some giant painter had swept his brush across the landscape. The effect is shown with striking fidelity in the picture by the late John MacWhirter R. A. which I have reproduced, though it is quite impossible on so small a scale to give an adequate idea of the original canvas—much less of the enchanting scene itself.

Among the foothills and often well up the mountainsides are the characteristic chalets of Tyrol and an occasional ruined castle crowns some seemingly inaccessible rock. We pass several quaint little towns and many isolated houses, all very different from any we have seen elsewhere. The houses are mostly of plaster and often ornamented

with queer designs and pictures in brilliant colors. The people are picturesque, too; the women and girls dress in the peculiar costume of the country; the men wear knitted jackets and knee pants with silver buckles and their peaked hats are often decorated with a feather or two.

Our road averages fair, though a few short stretches are desperately bad—this unevenness we have noted in German roads generally. In one place where the rain has been especially heavy we plunge through a veritable quagmire, and we find spots so rough and stony as to make very uncomfortable going. We finally strike the fine highway which follows the River Lech and brings us into the mountain town of Fussen. It is a snug little place of some five thousand people, nestling in a narrow valley through which rushes a swift, emerald-green river. The Bayerischer-Hof proves a pleasant surprise; one of the cleanest, brightest and best-conducted inns we have found anywhere. Our large, well-lighted rooms afford a magnificent view of the snow-capped mountains, which seem only a little distance away. The landlord, a fine-looking, full-bearded native who speaks English fluently, gives the touch of personal attention that one so much appreciates in the often monotonous round of hotel life. To the rear of the hotel is a beer-garden



CASTLE AT FUSSEN

where brilliant lights and good music in the evening attract the guests and townspeople in considerable numbers. Several other American motor parties stop at the hotel and we especially notice one French car because it carries nine people—and it is not a large car, either! The Bayerischer-Hof is first-class in every particular, and we find when we come to depart that the charges are first-class, too. The Captain is exasperated when we are asked sixty cents per gallon for “benzin” and says we will chance doing better on the way—a decision which, as it happens, causes us no little grief and some expense.

Fussen has an impressive Gothic castle—a vast, turreted, towered, battlemented affair with gray walls and red-tiled roof which looms over the town from the slope above the river. I fear, though, that the castle is a good deal of a sham, for there are spots where the stucco has fallen from the walls, revealing wooden lath beneath, and while in Fussen they call it a “thirteenth-century” building, Baedeker gives its date as two or three hundred years later. It was never intended as a defensive structure, being originally built as the residence of the Bishop of Augsburg. It is now occupied by the district court and the interior is hardly worth a visit.

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Oberammergau lies over the mountain to the east of Fussen, scarcely ten miles away in a direct line, but to reach it we are compelled to go by the way of Schongau, about four times as far. We pursue a narrow, sinuous mountain road, very muddy in places. We have been warned of one exceptionally bad hill—a twenty-five per cent grade, according to the Royal Automobile Club itinerary—but we give the matter little thought. It proves a straight incline of half a mile and about midway the sharp ascent our motor gasps and comes to a sudden stop. We soon ascertain that the angle is too great for the gasoline to flow from the nearly empty tank, and we regret the Captain's economy at Fussen. A number of peasants gather about us to stare at our predicament, but they show nothing of the amusement that an American crowd would find in such a situation. A woman engages the Captain in conversation and informs us that she is the owner of a good team of horses, which will be the best solution of our difficulties. "Wie viel?" Seventy-five marks, or about eighteen dollars, looks right to her and she sticks to her price, too. Her only response to the Captain's indignant protests is that she keeps a road-house at the top of the hill, where he can find her if he decides we need her services. And she departs in the lordly manner of

one who has delivered an ultimatum from which there is no appeal. A peasant tells us that the woman makes a good income fleecing stranded motorists and that the German automobile clubs have published warnings against her. He says that a farmer near by will help us out for the modest sum of ten marks and offers to bring him to the scene; he also consoles us by telling us that five cars besides our own have stalled on the hill during the day. The farmer arrives before long with a spanking big team, which gives us the needed lift, and the grade soon permits the motor to get in its work.

We reach Oberammergau about two o'clock, only to find another instance where the Captain's economical tendency has worked to our disadvantage. He had declined to pay the price asked by Cook's agency in London for reservation of rooms and seats for the Passion Play and had arranged for these with a German firm, Shenker & Co. at Freiburg. On inquiring at the office of the concern in the village we find no record of our reservations and no tickets to be had. "Shenker is surely a 'rotter,'" says the Captain, immensely disgusted, and it requires no small effort to find quarters, but we at last secure tiny rooms in a peasant's cottage in the outskirts of the village. Tickets we

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finally obtain by an earnest appeal at Cook's offices, though at considerable premium.

Our quarters are almost primitive in their plainness, but they are tolerably clean; the meals, served in a large dining-hall not far away, are only fair. The people of Oberammergau, our landlord says, face a difficult problem in caring for the Passion Play crowds. These come but once in ten years and during the intervening time visitors to the town are comparatively few. Yet the villagers must care for the great throngs of play years, though many apartments and lodging-houses must stand empty during the interval and the only wonder is that charges are so moderate.

The regular population of Oberammergau is less than two thousand, though during the play it presents the appearance of a much larger place. The houses are nearly all of the prevailing Bavarian style, with wide, overhanging eaves and white walls often decorated with brightly colored frescoes. Through the center of the village rushes the Ammer, a clear, swift mountain stream which sometimes works havoc when flooded. The church is modern, but its Moorish tower and rococo decorations do not impress us as especially harmonious and there is little artistic or pleasing in the angular lines of the new theatre. The shops keep open on every



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day of the week, including Sunday, until nearly midnight. These are filled with carvings, pottery, postcards and endless trinkets for the souvenir-seeking tourist and perhaps yield more profit to the town than the play itself. There are several good-sized inns, but one has no chance of lodging in one of them unless quarters have been engaged months in advance—not very practicable when coming by motor.

One will best appreciate the magnificent situation of the village from a vantage-point on one of the mountains which encompass the wide green valley on every side. On the loftiest crag of all gleams a tall white cross—surely a fit emblem to first greet the stranger who comes to Oberammergau. In the center of the vale is the village, the clean white-walled houses grouped irregularly about the huge church, which forms the social center of the place. The dense green of the trees, the brighter green of the window-shutters, the red and gray-tile roofs and the swift river cleaving its way through the town, afford a pleasing variety of color to complete the picture. The surrounding green pastures with the herds of cattle are the property of the villagers—nearly every family of this thrifty community is a landholder. The scene is a quiet, peaceful one, such

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as suits the character of the people who inhabit this lovely vale.

And these same villagers, simple and unpretentious as they are, will hardly fail to favorably impress the stranger. The Tyrolese costume is everywhere in evidence and there is a large predominance of full-bearded men, for the play-actors are not allowed to resort to wigs and false whiskers. They exhibit the peculiarities of the Swiss rather than the Germans and their manners and customs are simple and democratic in the extreme. While the head of the community is nominally the burgo-master, the real government is vested in the householders. The freedom from envy and strife is indeed remarkable; quarrels are unknown and very few of the inhabitants are so selfish as to seek for honor or wealth. The greatest distinction that can come to any of them is an important part in the play; yet there is never any contention or bitterness over the allotments. It would be hard to find elsewhere a community more seriously happy, more healthful or morally better than Oberammergau.

I shall not write at length of the world-famous play. It has been so well and widely described that I could add but little new. It is interesting as the sole survival of a vast number of mediaeval miracle plays, though it has cast off the coarser features and

progressed into a really artistic production. I must first of all plead my own ignorance of the true spirit and marvelous beauty of the play ere I saw it. I thought it the crude production of a community of ignorant peasants who were shrewd enough to turn their religion into a money-making scheme and I freely declared that I would scarcely cross the street to witness it. But when the great chorus of three hundred singers appeared in the prelude that glorious Sunday morning, I began to realize how mistaken I had been. And as the play progressed I was more and more impressed with its solemn sincerity, its artistic staging and its studied harmony of coloring. Indeed, in the last named particular it brought vividly to mind the rich yet subdued tones of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and the effect of the rare old tapestries one occasionally finds in the museums. The tableaux in many cases closely followed some famous picture—as Leonardo DaVinci's "Last Supper" or Rubens' "Descent from the Cross,"—all perfectly carried out in coloring and spirit. The costumes were rich and carefully studied, giving doubtless a true picture of the times of Christ. The acting was the perfection of naturalness and the crude and ridiculous features of the early miracle plays—and, not so very long ago, of the Passion Play itself—

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have been gradually dropped until scarce a trace of them remains. The devil no longer serves the purpose of the clown, having altogether disappeared; and even the tableau of Jonah and the whale, though given in the printed programs, was omitted, evidently from a sense of its ridiculousness. I found myself strangely affected by the simple story of the play. One indeed might imagine that he saw a real bit of the ancient world were it not for the great steel arches bending above him and the telephone wires stretching across the blue sky over the stage.

But I think the best proof of the real human interest of the play is that it held the undivided attention of five thousand spectators for eight long hours on a spring day whose perfect beauty was a strong lure to the open sky. And it did this not only for one day but for weeks, later in the summer requiring an almost continuous daily performance. And, having seen it once, I have no doubt the greater number of spectators would gladly witness it again, for so great a work of art cannot be grasped from a single performance.

Of course Oberammergau has not escaped the critics, but I fancy the majority of them are, like myself before our visit to the town, quite ignorant of the facts as well as the true spirit of the people.

COLMAR TO OBERAMMERGAU

The commonest charge is that the play is a money-making scheme on the part of the promoters, but the fact is that the people are poor and remain poor. The actual profits from the play are not large and these are devoted to some public work, as the new theatre, the hospital and the good cause of public roads. The salaries paid the players are merely nominal, in no case exceeding a few hundred marks. The only source of private profit comes from the sale of souvenirs and the entertaining of visitors, but this can not be great, considering that the harvest comes only once in a decade. The play is "commercialized" only to the extent of placing it on a paying basis and if this were not the case there could be no performance. The very fear of this charge kept the villagers up to 1910 from placing their tickets and reservations in the hands of Cook and other tourist agencies, though they were finally persuaded to yield in this as an accommodation to the public. The most effective answer to the assertion that the chief end of the play is money-making may be found in the constant refusal of the villagers to produce it elsewhere than in Oberammergau. Offers of fabulous sums from promoters in England and the United States for the production of the play in the large centers of these countries have been steadily refused, and the actors have pursued their

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humble avocations in their quiet little town quite content with their meager earnings. Nor have they yielded to the temptation to give the play oftener, though it would be immensely profitable if presented every year or even every alternate year.

We leave the little mountain-girdled valley with a new conception of its Passion Play and its unique, happy people. The majestic spectacle we have witnessed during our stay will linger with us so long as life shall last and it can never be otherwise than a pleasant and inspiring memory.

V

BAVARIA AND THE RHINE

Munich is sixty miles north of Oberammergau and the road is better than the average of German highways. For some distance out of the village we pursue a winding course among the mountains, which affords some glorious vistas of wooded vales and snow-capped Alps while we descend to the wide plain surrounding Munich. We pass through several sleepy-looking villages, though they prove sufficiently wide-awake to collect a toll of two or three marks for the privilege of traversing their streets. A well-surfaced highway bordered by trees leads us into the broad streets of Munich, where we repair to the Continental Hotel.

We remain here several days and have the opportunity of closely observing the Bavarian capital. We unhesitatingly pronounce it the cleanest, most artistic and most substantial city we have ever seen. A number of drives through the main streets and environs reveal little in the nature of slums; even the poorest quarters of the city are solidly built and clean, and next to its beautiful buildings and artistic

monuments the cleanliness of Munich seems to us most noteworthy. Perhaps the ladies should be given credit for this—not the members of the women's clubs, who are often supposed to influence civic affairs for the better, but the old women who do the sweeping and scrubbing of the streets, for we see them in every part of the city. This spick-and-span cleanliness of the larger German cities forms a sharp contrast to the filth and squalor of the villages, some of which are even worse than anything we saw in France—but of this more anon.

Munich has a population of more than a half million, and having been built within the last century, is essentially modern. It has many notable public buildings, mainly in the German Gothic style—the Rathhaus, with its queer clock which sets a number of life-size automatons in motion every time it strikes the hour, being the most familiar to tourists. The Royal Palace and the National Theatre are splendid structures and the latter is famous for grand opera, in which the Germans take great delight. Munich ranks as an important art capital, having several galleries and museums, among which the Bavarian National and German Museum are the most notable. There are numerous public gardens and parks, all kept with the trim neatness that characterizes the entire city. And

one must not forget the beer-gardens, which play so large a part in German life; the whole population frequents these open-air drinking-places, where beer and other refreshments are served at small tables underneath the trees. The best feature of these is the excellent music which is an invariable accompaniment and Munich is famous for its musicians. The most proficient of these think it no detraction to perform in the beer-gardens, which are attended by the best people of all classes; students, artists, professors, business and military men make up a large proportion of the patrons of these resorts. The gardens are conducted by the big brewers and Munich beer is famous the world over. There is comparatively little manufacturing in the city, though we noted one exceptionally large iron foundry and a great engine works.

During our stay we took occasion to have our car overhauled at a public garage and were impressed with the intelligence and efficiency of the German mechanics. They were usually large, fine-looking fellows, always good-natured and accommodating. The wages paid them are quite small as compared with those of American mechanics, being about one-third as much. At four o'clock in the afternoon everything stops for a quarter of an hour while the workmen indulge in a pot of beer and a

slice or two of black bread. We saw this in a large foundry, where several hundred men were employed and were told that the custom is universal.

The Captain, while admitting that most of the German workmen were very good fellows, often treated them in a supercilious manner that I fear sometimes worked against our interests. In fact, the Captain's dislike of everything German was decidedly pronounced and the sight of a company of soldiers usually put him in an ill humor. "I'll have to take a crack at those fellows some time, myself," he would say, in the firm conviction that war between England and Germany was inevitable.

He was not put in a better state of feeling towards our Teutonic hosts when he came to pay the bill at the Continental. Through carelessness unusual on his part, he neglected to have an iron-clad understanding when he engaged accommodations and we had to suffer in consequence. He made a vigorous protest without appreciable effect on the suave clerk, who assured us that the rates of the Continental were quite like the laws of the Medes and the Persians. They were high—yes; but only persons of quality were received. Indeed, a princess and a baroness were among the guests at that moment and he hinted that many applicants were turned away because their appearance did not

meet the requirements of the Continental. "We just look them over," said the clerk, "and if we don't like them we tell them we are full." All of which the Captain translated to us, though I should judge from his vehemence in replying to the clerk that he used some language which he did not repeat—perhaps it had no equivalent in English. But it was all to no purpose; we paid the bill and were free to get whatever comfort we could from the reflection that we had been fellow-guests with a princess. "I saw her one day," said the Captain. "She was smoking a cigarette in the parlor and I offered her one of mine, which she declined, though she talked with me very civilly for a few minutes."

We start rather late in the day with Ulm and Stuttgart as objective points. The weather is fickle and the numerous villages through which we pass would be disgusting enough in the sunshine, but they fairly reek in the drizzling rain. The streets are inches deep in filth and we drive slowly to avoid plastering the car—though the odors would induce us to hasten if it were possible. Along the high-road stretch the low thatched cottages; each one is half stable and the refuse is often piled above the small windows. We dare not think of our plight if a tire should burst as we drive gingerly along,

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but we fortunately escape such disaster. Everywhere in these villages we see groups of sturdy children—"race suicide" does not trouble Germany, nor does the frightfully insanitary conditions of their homes seem to have affected them adversely. On the contrary, they are fat, healthy-looking rascals who—the Captain declares—scream insulting epithets at us. On all sides, despite the rather inclement weather, we see women in the fields, pulling weeds or using heavy, mattock-shaped hoes. We even see old crones breaking rock for road-work and others engaged in hauling muck from the villages to the fields. Men are more seldom seen at work—what their occupation is we can only surmise. They cannot be caring for the children, all of whom seem to be running the streets. Possibly they are washing the dishes. But, facetiousness aside, it is probable that the millions of young men who are compelled to do army service for three years leave more work for the women at home. The railway traveler in Germany sees little of the conditions I have described in these smaller villages; few of them are on the railroad and the larger towns and tourist centers are usually cleanly.

The dominating feature of Ulm is the cathedral, whose vast bulk looms over the gray roofs of the houses crowding closely around it. It is the second



ULM AND THE CATHEDRAL



largest church in Germany and has one of the finest organs in existence. The great central spire is the loftiest Gothic structure in the world, rising to a height of five hundred and twenty-eight feet, which overtops even Cologne. It has rather a new appearance, as a complete restoration was finished only a few years ago. The cathedral has made Ulm a tourist center and this no doubt accounts for the numerous hotels of the town. We have a very satisfactory luncheon at the Munster, though the charge startles us a little. We cannot help thinking that some of these inns have a special schedule for the man with an automobile—rating him as an American millionaire, who, according to the popular notion in Germany, is endowed with more money than brains.

From Ulm we pursue a poor road along the River Fils to Stuttgart, making slow progress through the numerous villages. The streets are thronged with children who delight in worrying our driver by standing in the road until we are nearly upon them. The Captain often addresses vigorous language to the provoking urchins, only to be answered by an epithet or a grimace.

Stuttgart is a clean, well-built city with large commercial enterprises. We see several American flags floating from buildings, for many Stuttgart

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concerns have branches in the States. It is a famous publishing center and its interest in books is evidenced by its splendid library, which contains more than a half million volumes. Among these is a remarkable collection of bibles, representing eight thousand editions in over one hundred languages. There are the usual museums and galleries to be found in a German city of a quarter of a million people and many fine monuments and memorials grace the streets and parks. The population is largely Protestant, which probably accounts for the absence of a church of the first magnitude. We stop at the old-fashioned Marquardt Hotel, which proves very good and moderate in rates.

The next day we cover one hundred and sixty miles of indifferent road to Frankfort, going by the way of Karlsruhe, Heidelberg and Darmstadt. We come across a few stretches of modern macadam, but these aggregate an insignificant proportion of the distance. The villages exhibit the same unattractive characteristics of those we passed yesterday. Many have ancient cobblestone pavements full of chuck-holes; in others the streets are muddy and filthy beyond description. It is Sunday and the people are in their best attire; work is suspended everywhere—quite the opposite of what we saw in France. The country along our route is level

and devoid of interest. From Karlsruhe we follow the course of the Rhine, though at some distance from the river itself. We pass through several forests which the government carefully conserves—in favorable contrast with our reckless and wasteful destruction of trees in America. There is much productive land along our way and the fields of wheat and rye are as fine as we have ever seen. But for all this the country lacks the trim, parklike beauty of England and the sleek prosperity and bright color of France.

Heidelberg, thirty miles north of Karlsruhe, is a town of nearly fifty thousand people. The university, the oldest and most famous school in the empire, is not so large as many in America, having but sixteen hundred students in all departments. It has, however, an imposing array of buildings, some of these dating from the fourteenth century, when the school was founded. The town is picturesquely situated on the Neckar, which is crossed by a high bridge borne on massive arches. There is a fine view down the river from this bridge and one which we pause to contemplate. From the bridge we also get a good view of the town and the ancient castle which dominates the place from a lofty hill. Ruined castles, we have found, are as rare in Ger-

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many, outside the Rhine region, as they are common in England.

We reach Frankfort at dusk, more weary than we have been in many a day. The roads have been as trying as any we have traversed in Europe for a like distance, and these, with the cobblestone pavements, have been responsible for an unusual amount of tire trouble, which has not tended to alleviate our weariness or improve our tempers. The Carlton Hotel looks good and proves quite as good as it looks. It is the newest hotel in the city, having been opened within a year by the well-known Ritz-Carlton Corporation. In construction, equipment and service it is up to the highest Continental standard—with prices to correspond.

One would require several days to visit the points of interest in Frankfort, but our plans do not admit of much leisurely sightseeing. It is one of the oldest of German cities, its records running back to the time of Charlemagne in 793. We shall have to content ourselves with a drive about the principal streets and an outside view of the most important buildings. Chief among these is the magnificent opera house, the railway station—said to be the finest on the Continent—the library, the Stadel Museum, the "Schauspielhaus," or new theatre, and the municipal buildings. The Cathe-



GOETHE'S HOUSE—FRANKFORT

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dral of St. Bartholemew is the oldest church, dating from 1235, but architecturally it does not rank with Cologne or Ulm. The interior has a number of important paintings and frescoes. St. Peter's, the principal Protestant church, is of the modern Renaissance style with an ornate tower two hundred and fifty feet in height.

There is one shrine in Frankfort that probably appeals to a greater number of tourists than any of the monumental buildings we have named—the plain old house where the poet Goethe was born in 1749 and where he lived during his earlier years. Goethe occupies a place in German literature analogous only to that of Shakespeare in our own and we may well believe that this house is as much venerated in the Fatherland as the humble structure in Stratford-on-Avon is revered in England. It has been purchased by a patriotic society and restored as nearly as possible to its original condition and now contains a collection of relics connected with the poet—books, original manuscripts, portraits and personal belongings. The custodian shows us about with the officiousness and pride of his race and relates many anecdotes of the great writer, which are duly translated by the Captain. While it is hard for us to become enthusiastic over a German writer about whom we know but little, it is easy to see

that the patriotic native might find as much sentiment in the Goethe house as we did in Abbotsford or Alloway.

It is only a short run from Frankfort to Mayence, where we begin the famous Rhine Valley trip. We pause for luncheon at the excellent Hotel d'Angleterre, which overlooks the broad river. The city, declares Herr Baedeker, is one of the most interesting of Rheinisch towns and certainly one of the oldest, for it has a continuous history from 368, at which time Christianity was already flourishing. It figured extensively in the endless church and civil wars that raged during the middle ages, and was captured by the French in 1689 and 1792. After the latter fall it was ceded to France, which, however, retained it but a few years. Formerly it was one of the most strongly fortified towns in the kingdom, but its walls and forts have been destroyed, though it still is the seat of a garrison of seventy-five hundred soldiers. It has a cathedral of first importance, founded as early as 400, though few traces of the original building can be found. A notable feature is a pair of bronze doors executed in 988, illustrating historic events of that time. But the greatest distinction of Mayence is that Johann Gutenberg, the father of modern printing, was born here near the end of the fourteenth century. At



BINGEN ON THE RHINE

least this is the general opinion of the savants, though there be those who dispute it. However, there is no doubt that he died in the city about 1468; neither is it disputed that he established his first printing shop in Mayence, and did much important work in the town. The famous Gutenberg Bible, a copy of which sold recently for \$50,000, was executed here about 1450. A bronze statue of the famous printer by Thorwaldsen stands in front of the cathedral.

The fifty or sixty miles between Mayence and Coblenz comprise the most picturesque section of the Rhine, so famous in song and legend, and our road closely follows the river for the whole distance. The really impressive scenery begins at Bingen, ten miles west of Mayence, where we enter the Rhine Gorge. On either side of the river rise the clifflike hills—literally vine-covered, for the steep slopes have been terraced and planted with vineyards to the very tops. Our road keeps to the north of the river and is often overhung by rocky walls, while far above we catch glimpses of ivy-clad ruins surmounting the beetling crags. The highway is an excellent one, much above the German average. In places it is bordered by fruit-trees—a common practice in Germany—and we pass men who are picking the luscious cherries. So

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strong is law and order in the Fatherland, we are told, that these public fruit-trees are never molested and the proceeds are used for road improvement. The day is showery, which to some extent obscures the scenery, though the changeful moods of light and color are not without charm. The great hills with their castles and vineyards are alternately cloud-swept and flooded with sunlight—or, more rarely, hidden by a dashing summer shower.

Bingen has gained a wide fame from the old ballad whose melancholy lilt comes quickly to one's mind—though we do not find the simple country village we had imagined. It has about ten thousand people and lies in a little valley on both sides of the Nahe, a small river which joins the Rhine at this point. It is an ancient place, its history running back to Roman times. Slight remains of a Roman fortress still exist, though the site is now occupied by Klopp Castle, which was restored from complete ruin a half century ago. This castle is open to visitors and from its tower one may look down on the town with its gray roofs and huge churches.

From Bingen to Coblenz, a distance of about forty miles, the gorge of the Rhine is continuous and we are never out of sight of the vine-covered hills and frequent ruins. Nearly all the ruined cas-



CASTLE RHEINSTEIN

BAVARIA AND THE RHINE

tles of Germany center here and we see fit matches for Caerphilly, Richmond or Kenilworth in Britain. In this hurried chronicle I cannot even mention all of these picturesque and often imposing ruins, though a few may be chosen as typical.

A short distance from Bingen is Rheinstein, originally built about 1270 and recently restored by Prince Henry as one of his summer residences, though he has visited it, the custodian tells us, but once in two years. A wearisome climb is necessary to reach the castle, which is some two hundred and fifty feet above the road where we leave our car. The mediaeval architecture and furnishings are carried out as closely as possible in the restoration, giving a good idea of the life and state of the old-time barons. There is also an important collection of armor and antiquities relating to German history.

In this same vicinity is Ehrenfels, which has stood in ruin nearly three hundred years. Its towers still stand, proud and threatening, though the residential portions are much shattered. Opposite this ruin, on a small island in the river, is the curious "Mouse Tower," where, legend asserts, a cruel archbishop was once besieged and finally devoured by an army of mice and rats, a judgment for causing a number of poor people to be burned in order to get rid

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of them during a famine. But as the bishop lived about 915 and the tower was built some three hundred years later, his connection with it is certainly mythical and let us hope the rest of the story has no better foundation. The old name, Mausturm (arsenal), no doubt suggested the fiction to some early chronicler.

The castles of Sonneck and Falkenburg, dating from the eleventh century, surmount the heights a little farther on our way. These were strongholds of robber-barons who in the middle ages preyed upon the river-borne traffic—their exploits forming the burden of many a ballad and tale. These gentry came to their just deserts about 1300 at the hands of Prince Rudolph, who consigned them to the gallows and destroyed their castles. Sonneck is still in ruins, but Falkenburg has been restored and is now private property.

Almost every foot of the Rhine Gorge boasts of some supernatural or heroic tale—as myth-makers the Germans were not behind their contemporaries. We pass the Devil's Ladder, where the fiend once aided an ancient knight—no doubt on the score of personal friendship—to scale the perpendicular cliff to gain the hand of a "ladye fair." A little farther are the Lorelei Rocks, where the sirens enticed the sailors to destruction in the rapids just



EHRENFELS ON THE RHINE

below. Quite as unfortunate were the seven virgins of Schonburg, who for their prudery were transformed into seven rocky pinnacles not far from the Lorelei—and so on ad infinitum.

A volume would not catalog the legends and superstitions of the Rhine Gorge. At least the Captain so declares and adds that he knows a strange story of the Rhine that an old German once told him in Bingen. At our solicitation he repeats it as we glide slowly along the river road and I have thought it worth recasting for my book. There will be no harm done if it is skipped by the reader who has no taste for such things. It is a little after the style of several German legends of ancient gentry, who sold themselves to the Evil One to gain some greatly desired point—though I always thought these stories reflected on the business sagacity of the Devil in making him pay for something he was bound to get in the end without cost. The story, I find, is long enough to require a chapter of itself and it may appropriately follow this.

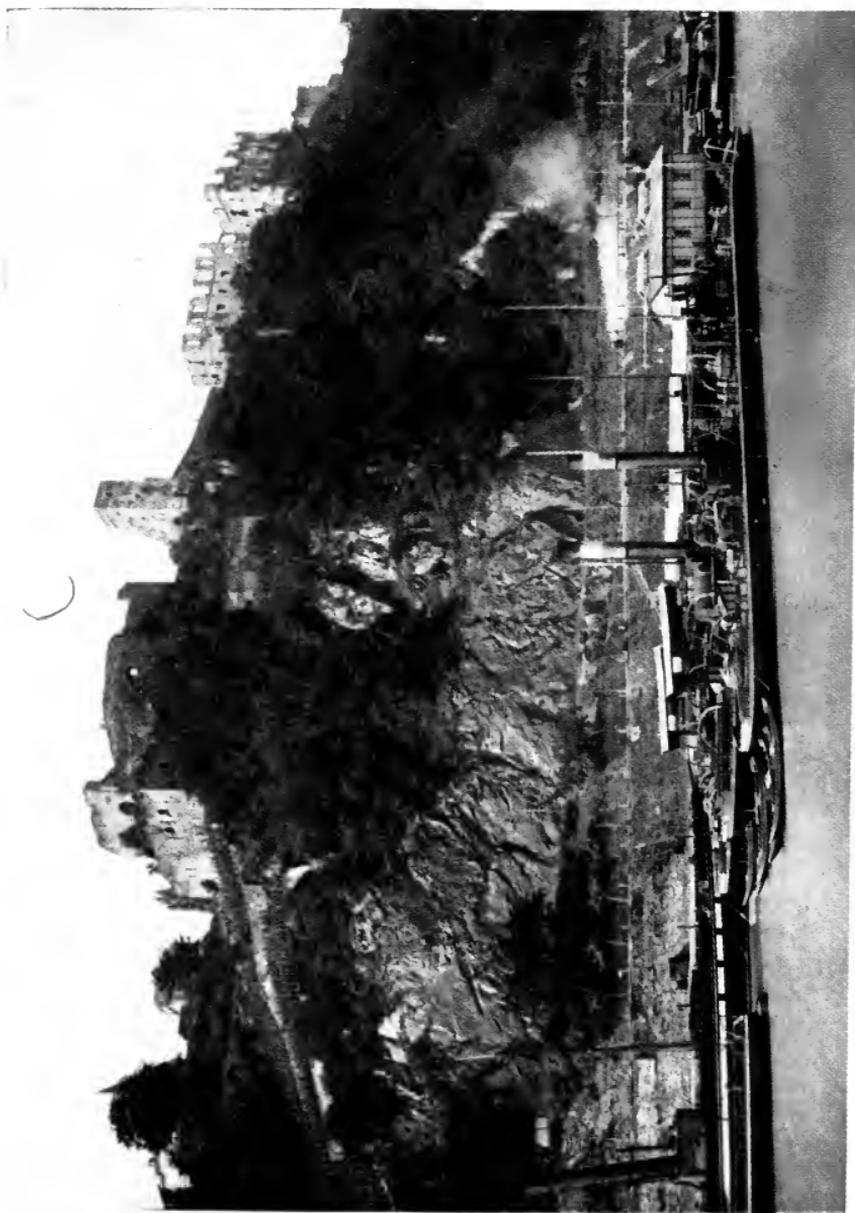
There are endless small towns along the road, but they are quite free from the untoward conditions I have described in the more retired villages off the track of tourist travel. Boppard, St. Goar, Oberwesel and Bornhofen are among the number and each has its storied ruin. Near the last-named

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are the twin castles of The Brothers, with their legend of love and war which the painstaking Baedeker duly chronicles. Above St. Goar towers the vast straggling ruin of Rheinfels, said to be the most extensive in Germany, which has stood in decay since its capture by the French in 1797. It crowns a barren and almost inaccessible rock which rises nearly four hundred feet above the river. Near Boppard is Marxburg, the only old-time castle which has never been in ruin. It has passed through many vicissitudes and at present serves as a museum of ancient weapons and warlike costumes.

As we approach Coblenz we come in sight of the battlemented towers of Stolzenfels rising above the dense forests that cover the great hill on which it stands. The castle is three hundred and ten feet above the river, but the plain square tower rises one hundred and ten feet higher, affording a magnificent outlook. The present structure is modern, having been built in 1842 by the crown prince on the site of an old castle destroyed by the French. It now belongs to the emperor, who opens it to visitors when he is not in residence. It is a splendid edifice and gives some idea of the former magnificence of the ruins we have seen to-day.

Coblenz, at the junction of the Moselle and Rhine, appeals to us as a stopping-place and we



RUINS OF CASTLE RHEINFELS

BAVARIA AND THE RHINE

turn in at the Monopol—just why I do not know. There are certainly much better hotels in Coblenz than this old-fashioned and rather slack place, though it has the redeeming feature of very moderate charges. The Captain is in very ill humor; he has quarreled with an employe at the garage and as nearly as I can learn, tried to drive the car over him. I feared the outraged Teuton might drop a wrench in our gear-box as a revenge for the rating the Captain gave him—though, fortunately, we experience no such misfortune.

Coblenz has about fifty thousand people and while it is a very old city—its name indicating Roman origin—it has little to detain the tourist. An hour's drive about the place will suffice and we especially remember the colossal bronze statue of Emperor William I., which stands on the point of land where the two rivers join—a memorial which Baedeker declares "one of the most impressive personal monuments in the world." The equestrian figure is forty-six feet high and dominates the landscape in all directions, being especially imposing when seen from the river. Just opposite Coblenz is the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, about four hundred feet above the river. A finely engineered road leads to the fort, where a large garrison of soldiers is stationed. Visitors are admitted provided they

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can satisfy the officials that they are not foreign military men who might spy out the defenses.

Our route as planned by the Royal Automobile Club was to take us from Coblenz to Treves by way of the Moselle Valley, but our desire to see the cathedral leads us to follow the Rhine road to Cologne. Mr. Maroney of the Club afterwards told me that we made a mistake, since the scenery and storied ruins of Moselle Valley are quite equal to the Rhine Gorge itself. Cologne one can see any time, but the chance to follow the Moselle by motor does not come every day. We are disappointed in the trip to Cologne, since there is little of the picturesqueness and romantic charm that delighted us on the previous day. The castle of Drachenfels, on a mighty hill rising a thousand feet above the river, is the most famous ruin, but we do not undertake the rather difficult ascent. The far-reaching view from the summit was celebrated by Byron in "Childe Harold."

Just opposite is the ruin of Rolandseck, with its pathetic legend of unrequited love and constancy. This castle, tradition says, was built by Roland, a crusader, who returned to find that his affianced bride had given him up as dead and entered a convent. He thereupon built this retreat whence he could look down upon the convent that impris-

oned the fair Hildegund. When after some years he heard of her death he never spoke again, but pined away until death overtook him also a short time afterwards.

Midway we pass through Bonn, the university town, a clean, modern city of sixty thousand people. The university was founded a century ago and has some three thousand students. Beethoven was born in Bonn in 1770, in a house which now contains a museum relating to the great composer.

Our road keeps to the right of the river, which is swollen and dirty yellow from recent rains. We pass many villages with miserable streets—the road in no wise compares with the one we followed yesterday through the Gorge. Altogether, the fifty miles between Coblenz and Cologne has little to make the run worth while.

We find ourselves in the narrow, crooked streets of Cologne well before noon and are stopped by—it seems to us—a very officious policeman who tells us we may proceed if we will be careful. This seems ridiculous and the Captain cites it as an example of the itching of every German functionary to show his authority, but later we learn that motors are not allowed on certain streets of Cologne between eleven and two o'clock. Our friend the officer was really showing us a favor on account of

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our ignorance in permitting us to proceed. We direct our course towards the cathedral, which overshadows everything else in Cologne, and the Savoy Hotel, just opposite, seems the logical place to stop. It proves very satisfactory, though it ranks well down in Baedeker's list.

Cologne Cathedral is conceded to be the most magnificent church in the world and a lengthy description would be little but useless repetition of well-known data. We find, however, that to really appreciate the vastness and grandeur of the great edifice one must ascend the towers and view the various details at close range. It is not easy to climb five hundred feet of winding stairs, especially if one is inclined to be a little short-winded, but the effort will be rewarded by a better conception of the building and a magnificent view covering a wide scope of country. We are unfortunate today since a gray mist obscures much of the city beneath us and quite shuts out the more distant landscape. The great twin towers, which rise more than five hundred feet into the sky, were completed only a few years ago. In the period between 1842 and 1880 about five million dollars was expended in carrying out the original plans—almost precisely as they were drawn by the architects nearly seven hundred years ago. The corner-stone was laid in 1248

and construction was carried forward at intervals during the period of seven centuries.

Inside, the cathedral is no less impressive than from the exterior. The vaulting, which rises over two hundred feet from the floor, is carried by fifty-six great pillars and the plan is such that one's vision may cover almost the whole interior from a single viewpoint. It is lighted by softly toned windows—mostly modern, though a few date from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries and, altogether, the effect is hardly matched by any other church in Christendom.

We make no attempt to see the show-places of Cologne during our stay—it would require a week to do this and we shall have to come again. An afternoon about the city gives us some idea of its monuments and notable buildings as well as glimpses of the narrow and often quaint streets of the old town. The next day we are away for Treves and Luxemburg before the “verboten” hour for motor cars.

If we missed much fine scenery in the Moselle Valley by coming to Cologne, the loss is partly atoned for by the country we see to-day and the unusually excellent roads. Our route as far as Treves runs a little west of south and diverges some seventy-five miles from the Rhine. It is through a

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high, rolling country, often somewhat sterile, but we have many glorious views from the upland roads. There are long stretches of hills interspersed with wooded valleys and fields bright with yellow gorse or crimson poppies. There are many grain-fields, though not so opulent-looking as those we saw in the Rhine Valley, and we pass through tracts of fragrant pine forest, which often crowd up to the very roadside. There are many long though usually easy climbs, and again we may glide downward a mile or more with closed throttle and disengaged gears. Much of the way the roadside is bordered with trees and the landscapes remind us more of France than any we have so far seen in Germany. We pass but two or three villages in the one hundred and ten miles between Cologne and Treves; there are numerous isolated farmhouses, rather cleaner and better than we have seen previously. We stop at a country inn in the village of Prun for luncheon, which proves excellent—a pleasant surprise, for the inn is anything but prepossessing in appearance. The guests sit at one long table with the host at the head and evidently the majority are people of the village. Beer and wine are served free with the meal and some of the patrons imbibe an astonishing quantity. This seems to be the universal custom in the smaller inns; in the city hotels

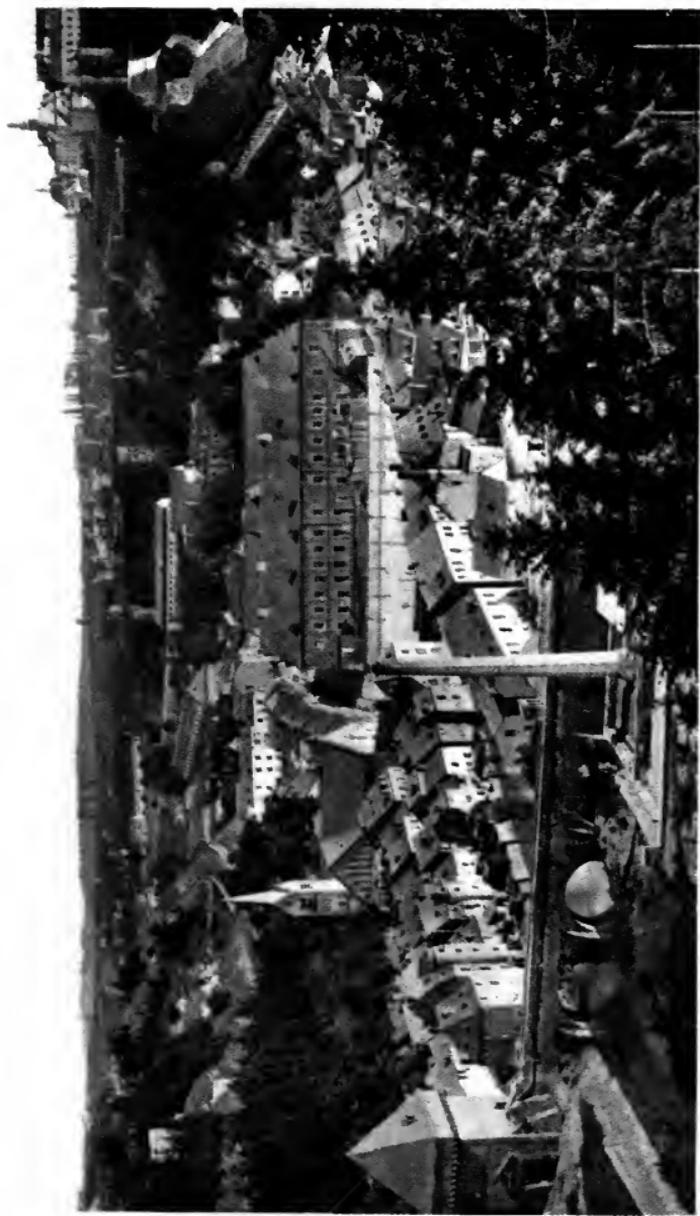
wine comes as an extra—no doubt somewhat of a deterrent on its free use.

Treves—German Trier—is said to be the oldest town in Germany. The records show that Christianity was introduced here as early as 314 and the place was important in ecclesiastical circles throughout the middle ages. We have a splendid view of the town from the hills as we approach; it lies in the wide plain of the Moselle and its red sandstone walls and numerous towers present a very striking appearance. The cathedral, though not especially imposing, is one of the oldest of German churches—portions of it dating from 528 and the basilica now used as a Protestant church is a restored Roman structure dating from 306. But for all its antiquity Treves seems a pleasant, up-to-date town with well-paved streets—a point which never escapes the notice of the motorist. The surrounding hills are covered with vineyards and the wine trade forms one of the principal enterprises of the place.

A few miles from Treves we enter the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, an independent country, though part of the German Zollverein, which no doubt makes our touring license and number-plates pass current here. It is a tiny state of no more than a thousand square miles, though it has a quar-

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ter million people. Luxemburg, where we decide to stop for the night, is the capital. The Grand Hotel Brasseur looks good, though the service proves rather slack and the "cuisine" anything but first-class. Luxemburg is a delight—partly due to its peculiar and picturesque situation, but still more to the quaint buildings and crooked, narrow streets of the older parts and the shattered walls and watch-towers that still encircle it. The more modern portion of the town—which has but twenty thousand inhabitants—is perched on a rocky tableland, three sides of which drop almost precipitously for about two hundred feet to small rivers beneath. The hotels and principal business houses are on the plateau, but the older parts of the town are wedged in the narrow valleys. These are spanned by several high bridges, from one of which we have a delightful viewpoint. It is twilight and the gray houses are merging into the shadows, but the stern towers and broken walls on the heights fling their rugged forms more clearly than ever against the wide band of the sunset horizon. These are the remnants of the fortifications which were condemned to destruction by the Treaty of London in 1876, which guaranteed the neutrality of the Grand Duchy. Only the obsolete portions of the defenses were permitted to stand and these add wonderfully



LUXEMBURG—GENERAL VIEW

BAVARIA AND THE RHINE

to the romantic beauty of the town. Indeed, the wide panoramas of valley and mountain, of bare, beetling rock and trim park and garden, groups of old trees, huge arched viaducts and the ancient fortifications, form one of the most striking scenes we have witnessed on the Continent. It evidently so impressed the poet Goethe, about one hundred years ago, for a graphic description of Luxemburg may be found in his writings. So charming is the scene that we linger until darkness quite obliterates it and return to our inn feeling that Luxemburg has more of real attractiveness than many of the tourist-thronged cities.

VI

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY

Friedrich Reinmuth had always been an unsettled and discontented youth; if his days were sad he complained because they were so and if they were prosperous he still found fault. It was not strange that, being of such a nature, he should already have tried many vocations, although yet a young man. At the time of my story he had become a soldier, and while he often fretted and chafed under the rigor of military discipline, he did not find it easy to shift from its shackles as had been his wont in other occupations.

By chance he formed a friendship with an old and grizzled comrade, who, although he had served almost two score years in the army, was still hale and strong. The old man had been in the midst of numberless desperate engagements but had always come out of the fray unscathed. Queer stories were whispered about him among his soldier companions, but only whispered, for it was believed, and with reason, that he would take summary vengeance on anyone who crossed his path.

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He had murdered his own brother in a fit of fury, and to him was also imputed the assassination of the Baron of Reynold, who rebuked the fiery-tempered man on some trifling point; but he had never been brought to justice for any of his crimes. There was a vague rumor that Gottfried Winstedt had sold himself to the devil in return for the power to resist all mortal weapons and to escape all human justice—this it was that made him invulnerable in battle and shielded him from the wrath of the law.

But Friedrich in his association with this man for the space of two months had noted little extraordinary about him. He never guessed why the veteran broke an habitual reserve to become his companion until one night when they were conversing on the eve of battle. As they sat moodily together by a waning camp-fire the older man, who had been even more morose than usual during the day, broke the silence. In a melancholy voice he said:

“I have somewhat to tell you now, for before the set of tomorrow’s sun I will be—God in Heaven, where will I be?—but let it pass; I dare not think of it. My life has been one of unparalleled wickedness; I have committed crimes the very recital of which would appall the most hardened criminal in the Kingdom, but I would not

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recite them to you if I could, for what would avail the monotonous story of vice and bloodshed for which there is no repentance? You have heard the rumors that these accursed fools have whispered of me—I will not say whether they be true or no. But long foreseeing—yes, foreknowing my fate—I have sought for someone in whom I might confide. I was drawn toward you—I hardly know why—yet I dare not wholly trust in you. Upon one condition, nevertheless, I will commit to you something of vast and curious importance.”

Friedrich in his amazement was silent and the veteran brought forth from the folds of his faded cloak a small sandalwood box, which he held toward the young man.

“I would have you swear,” he said, “by all you hold sacred that you will never open this casket except on one condition; it is that you should so desire some earthly thing—wealth, fame, love—that you are willing to barter your eternal welfare to secure it.”

Something in the old man’s manner as well as his words aroused in Friedrich a feeling akin to fear. He took the required oath, mentally resolving that he would throw the mysterious casket in the river on the first opportunity.

“Now leave me instantly; I shall never see you

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again in this world and even I am not so fiendish as to wish to see you in my next—but hark ye, if you ever break the seal out of idle curiosity I will return from the grave to avenge myself on you.”

Startled by the old man's vehemence, Friedrich hastened to his quarters and strove to sleep. But the strange event of the evening and thoughts of the morrow's conflict, with its danger and perhaps death, drove slumber from his eyes. He tossed about his barrack until the long roll summoned his regiment to the field of battle. The fight raged fiercely and long, and toward evening Friedrich fell, seriously wounded.

It was many weeks before he was able to be on his feet again and finding himself totally unfitted by his wound for the profession of arms—and, in fact, for any active occupation—he sadly returned to his native town on the Rhine. Here it chanced there was an old portrait painter of some little renown who took a liking to the unfortunate young soldier and proposed that he study the art; and Friedrich applied himself with such diligence in his new vocation that before long he far excelled his master. Things went prosperously with him. His fame spread beyond the borders of his native town and came to the ears of many of the noble families of the vicinity. He had the good fortune to be pat-

ronized by some of these and he transferred the beauty of many a haughty dame and fair damsel to his canvas with unvarying success. Indeed, it is said that more than one of his fair clients looked languishingly at the young artist, whose skill and fame made much amends for humble birth.

But Friedrich boasted that he gazed upon the fairest of them unmoved. Ambitious and free-hearted, he thought himself impervious to the wiles of love—a frame of mind he declared indispensable to his art. His success brought him gold as well as fame and but one achievement was needed to complete his triumphs—the patronage of the Herwehes, the noblest and wealthiest of all the great families within leagues of the town. True, the baron and his son were away at present, engaged in the war that still distracted the land, but the lady and her daughter were at home in the magnificent castle which surmounted an eminence far above the Rhine, in full view against the sky from the window of the artist's studio. The fact that the Herwehes withheld their countenance from him was a sore obstacle in the way of Friedrich's ambitions; their influence extended to every class, and many lesser lights, professedly imitators of the noble family, followed their example even in trivial matters.

Great was the young artist's satisfaction when

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one afternoon two ladies descended from a coach (bearing the Herwehe coat-of-arms) which paused in the street before his studio. Both were veiled, but Friedrich had no doubt that his visitors were the baroness and her daughter, whose patronage he so earnestly desired. When both were seated the elder woman, throwing aside her veil, revealed a face that had lost little of its youthful charm, and with a tone of haughty condescension said:

“I have seen some of your portraits, Master Reinmuth, and was pleased with them. I wish you, regardless of time and cost, to paint my daughter.”

By this time Friedrich had to some extent overcome his trepidation and with a profound courtesy replied,

“I shall be happy to serve you, My Lady, if you will be good enough to indicate the time and place for the sittings.”

“Elsa, dearest, what are your wishes?” asked the mother, and in a voice whose tremulous sweetness thrilled the painter, the young woman replied:

“Let it be at the castle, my dear mother, tomorrow at this time. I would rather not come to the studio, for I dread the ride over the rough mountain road.”

"I will be at your service, My Lady," answered Friedrich, and his visitors departed without delay.

Friedrich marveled that his thoughts for the remainder of the day—and much of the night—should revert to the demure little figure whose voice had so moved him. Fame bespoke her the fairest of the fair, but it never entered his imaginings that he, a humble portrait painter, could think of the daughter of such an illustrious line but as one of a different order of beings from himself. He had never thought seriously of love; his mistress, he averred, had been fame. True, he had in idle moments dreamed of a being that he might madly adore—and, alas for him, his fancy had become embodied in human form. But why had this maiden so affected him? She had not lifted her veil and had spoken but once, and if her bearing were dignified and her form graceful, he had seen many others no less charming in these respects nor thought of them a second time. If he had analyzed his feelings he would probably have said that the unusual impression was due to the recognition of his talent by the Herwehes.

The appointed hour on the morrow found him following the footpath which led to the castle gate—a much shorter though steeper way than the coach road. Intent as he was on his mission, he

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could not but pause occasionally to view the wonderful scene that spread out beneath him. The cliff on which the many-towered old castle stood almost overhung the blue waters of the Rhine, which here run between rocks of stupendous height. A little farther down the valley, but in full view from his splendid vantage-point, were vineyard-terraced hills interspersed with wooded ravines and luxuriant meadows. The magic touch of early autumn was over it all—a scene of enchanting beauty. On the opposite cliff was an ancient ruin (now entirely vanished) and Friedrich recalled more than one horrible tale about this abandoned place that had blanched his youthful cheeks. At his feet lay the gray roofs and church spires of his native town and perhaps a shadow of a thought of the renown he would one day bring to it flitted through his mind—for on such an errand and such a day what could limit his ambitious musings?

He soon found himself at the castle gate and was admitted by the keeper, who knew of his coming. He was ushered into a magnificent apartment and told to await the Lady Elsa's arrival—and the servant added that the baroness was absent, having gone that morning to Coblenz to join her husband.

Friedrich, in the few moments he waited, en-

deavored to compose himself, though feelings of anxiety and curiosity strove with his efforts at indifference; but when the oaken door swung softly open and his fair client stood before him, he started as though he had seen an apparition. Indeed, it flashed on him at once that all the perfection he had imagined, all the beauty of which he had dreamed, stood before him in the warm tints of life, though to his heated fancy she seemed more than a being of flesh and blood. In truth, the kindly eyes, the expressive and delicately moulded face, the flood of dark hair that fell over shapely shoulders, the slender yet gracefully rounded form, and, more than all, that certain nameless and indescribable something that makes a woman beautiful—did not all these proclaim her almost more than mortal to the over-wrought imagination of the young visionary?

“Are you ill?” were her first words when her quick eye caught the ghastly pallor of the artist’s face and the bewildered look that possessed it.

At the sound of her voice he strove desperately to regain his composure. “No, not ill,” he said. “I still suffer from a wound I received in the army and the climb up the mountainside somewhat overtaxed my strength.”

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"I am sorry," she replied. "Had I known, I would gladly have come to the studio."

The look of sympathetic interest with which she accompanied her words was a poor sedative to the already overmastering passions of the artist, but by a supreme effort he recovered himself to say:

"No, no; it is better that I do not pass so much of my time there. I have applied myself too closely of late. Are you ready, lady, for the sitting?"

"Yes," said she. "I have been preparing for you. Follow me." She led the way through several magnificent apartments to one even more splendid than the rest. "In this room," she continued, "I would have the portrait painted, and as a setting can you not paint a portion of the room itself?"

Friedrich assented in an absent manner and taking up his palette was about to give his fair subject directions to seat herself to the best advantage when he saw she had already done so, with a pose and expression that might have delighted even a dispassionate artist's eye—if, indeed, any eye could gaze dispassionately on the Lady Elsa Herwehe. She had arranged the drapery of her dull-red silken robe so as to display to the best advantage—and yet not ostentatiously—the outlines of her graceful figure, and her dark hair fell in a shadowy mass over her shoulders. Her face bore a listless and

far-away expression—was it natural, or only assumed for artistic effect? Friedrich knew not, but it made her seem superhuman. The artist took up his brush but his brain reeled and his hand trembled.

“You are surely ill,” exclaimed Lady Elsa and would have called a servant, but a gesture from Friedrich detained her.

“No, lady, I am not ill”—and losing all control of himself he went madly on—“but I cannot paint the features of an angel. O, Lady Elsa, if it were the last words I should utter I must declare that I love you. The moment I saw you a tenfold fury seized my soul. I never loved before and I cannot stem the torrent now. O, lady, the difference between our stations in life is wide—but, after all, it may soon be otherwise; I have talent and the world will give me fame. This love in a day has become my life and what is mere breath without life? If you scorn me my life is gone”—

The Lady Elsa, who was at first overcome by astonishment, recovered herself to interrupt him. “Peace, you foolish babblers,” cried she. “You came to paint my likeness, not to make love to me. If you cannot do your task, cease your useless vaporings and depart. Think you the daughter of an historic line that stretches back to Hengist could throw herself away on a poor portrait painter, the

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son of an ignorant peasant? Take you to your business or leave me."

To Friedrich every word was a dagger-thrust. He seemed about to reply when—as awakening from a dreadful dream—he rushed from the apartment and fled in wild haste down the stony path to the town. Locking himself in his studio he threw himself on the couch in an ecstasy of despair and passed the greater part of the night in sleepless agony. From sheer exhaustion he fell into a troubled slumber towards morning—if such a hideous semi-conscious state may be called slumber. In his dream he saw a host of demons and in their midst a veiled figure at the sight of which his heart leaped, for it seemed the Lady Elsa. She approached and offered him her hand, veiled beneath the folds of her robe; when he had clasped it he stood face to face, not with the lady of his love, but with the sin-hardened and sardonic features of Gottfried Winstedt, the old soldier-comrade whose dreadful fate he had forgotten! With a wild start he awoke and his thoughts immediately flashed to the strange casket the old man had given him. The words of that anomaly of a man came to him with an awful significance: "When thou shalt so desire some earthly thing that thou wouldst barter thine

eternal welfare to secure it, thou mayest open this casket."

Fearing that his curiosity might some time overcome him and dreading the threat of old Gottfried, he had buried the casket in a lonely spot and quite forgotten it. His dream recalled it to his memory at a time when no price would be too great to pay for the love of Elsa Herwehe. He sprang from his couch and hastened to the secluded corner of his father's garden, where he had buried the mysterious casket in a wrapping of coarse sack-cloth. Returning to his room and carefully barring the doors he opened the box with little difficulty. It contained a roll of manuscript and a single sheet of yellow parchment. Friedrich unrolled this and a small scrap of paper fell at his feet. It bore these words in faded red letters:

"Thou who art willing to bear the consequence, read; the incantation on the parchment, if repeated in a solitary spot at midnight, will bring the presence of the Prince of Evil, though thou canst not know the meaning of the words. He will give thee thy desire at the price of thy soul. But beware—thou hast yet the power to recede."

Friedrich read these words with a strange fascination, nor did the solemn warning in the slightest degree alter his purpose to seek a conference with

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the enemy. The parchment bore but a single verse in a strange language, and the artist thrust it in his bosom with a feeling of triumph. A glance at the manuscript showed it the story of Gottfried Winstedt's life, which he contemptuously flung into the grate, saying:

“What care I for the doings of the brutal old fool? To-night I will seek the old ruin across the Rhine which stands opposite the Herwehe estate—my future estate, perchance; no one will interrupt my business there!” And he laughed a mirthless laugh that startled even himself, for a hoarse echo seemed to follow it; was it the Fiend or the ghost of Gottfried Winstedt who mocked him?

Meanwhile, the Lady Elsa sat in her chamber overcome with surprise at the actions of the artist; annoyed and angry, yet half pitying him, for he was a gallant young fellow, sure to gain the world's applause—and what woman ever found it in her heart to wholly condemn the man who truly loves her? She ordered a servant to restore to Friedrich his painting utensils which he had left in his precipitate flight, but the man returned saying he could not gain admittance to the studio and had left his charge at the door.

The following day—the same on which Friedrich had recovered the fatal casket—the baroness

returned from Coblenz, accompanied by her eldest son. She inquired as to the progress of the portrait and Elsa in a half careless, yet melancholy tone told her all and even expressed pity for the poor artist. But the haughty noblewoman was highly incensed at the presumption of the young painter and Heinrich, the son, who was present, flew into an uncontrollable fury and swore by all he considered holy that the knave's impudence should be punished. Snatching his sword he left the castle in a great rage. Elsa called to him to desist, but her words were unheeded. She then appealed to her mother: "Will you permit the rash boy to leave in such a passion? You know his fiery temper and he may do that which will cause him grave trouble."

"I will not hinder him," replied the baroness. "Let him chastise the churl for his presumption; if we do not make an example of someone, the village tanner will next seek your hand."

"And if he did, would I need hear his suit? Why give farther pain to the poor artist, who is already in deepest distress?"

"I shall half believe you heard his suit with favor if you urge more in his defense," said the mother petulantly, and Elsa, who knew her moods, sighed and was silent.

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Meanwhile the wrathful young nobleman pressed on towards the town. The sun had already far declined and flung his low rays on the broad river till it seemed a stream of molten gold. The red and yellow hues of early autumn took on a brighter glow and the town, the distant vineyards and the wooded vales lay in hazy quietude. But little of this beauty engaged the mind of Heinrich Herwehe as he bounded down the mountain path. As he brooded over the insult to his sister his anger, instead of cooling, increased until the fury of his passion was beyond his control. In this mood he came to the outskirts of the town where, to his intense satisfaction, he saw the artist approaching. Friedrich was hastening toward the river and would have taken no notice of the young baron, whom he quite failed to recognize. But he was startled by a fierce oath from Heinrich, who exclaimed:

“Ha, you paltry paint-dauber, draw and defend yourself or I will stab you where you stand.”

“Fool,” replied the astonished artist, “who are you that thus accosts me on the highroad?”

“That matters not; defend yourself or die.” And with these words the impetuous young nobleman rushed upon the object of his wrath. But Friedrich was no insignificant antagonist; he had served in the army and had acquired the tricks of sword-

play, and for a contest that required a cool indifference to life or death, his mood was far the better of the two. Little caring what his fate might be and without further words he coolly met the onslaught of his unknown enemy. Such was Heinrich's fury that he quite disregarded caution in his desire to overcome an opponent whom he despised. Such a contest could not be of long duration. In a violent lunge which the artist avoided, the nobleman's foot slipped on the sward and he was transfixed by his adversary's rapier. With scarce a groan he expired and Friedrich, hardly looking at his prostrate foe, exclaimed:

"You fool, you have brought your fate upon yourself!" and, as he sheathed his sword, added, "Who you were and why you did so set upon me I cannot conceive, but it matters not; I doubt not that the confessor to whom I go will readily absolve me from this deed."

He pursued his lonely way to the river's edge, where he stepped into a small boat and as he moved from the shore he muttered, "O, Elsa, Elsa, he who would give an earthly life for love might be counted a madman; what then of one who seeks to barter eternity for thee?" He soon reached the opposite bank of the river and began the steep ascent to the ruined castle. He beheld,

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in the gathering twilight, the same romantic scenes that had so thrilled him but two days ago and could scarce believe himself the same man. Darkness was rapidly gathering and by the time he reached the ruin the last glow of sunset had faded from the sky. He crossed the tottering bridge over the empty moat and entered the desolate courtyard. Here, in the uncertain gloom of the lonely ruin, he must wait the coming of midnight and wear away as best he could the ghostly monotony of the passing hours. But his purpose was fixed; his desperation had been only increased by the events of the day, and seating himself on a fragment of the wall he determined to endure whatever came. He heard the great cathedral bell of the distant town toll hour after hour and when midnight drew near he unfalteringly entered the vast deserted hall of state. Here he lighted his small lamp, whose feeble beams struggled fitfully with the shadows of the huge apartment. He drew forth the parchment—he had not mustered courage to look at it since morning—and as the last stroke of the great bell died in the gloom, he muttered the strange language of the incantation. Suddenly there came a rushing sound as of a gust of wind, which extinguished his lamp, and, forgetting that he must repeat the fatal words, he let the parchment fall. The wind whiffed it

he knew not whither. No visible shape came before him, but in a moment he felt the awful presence and a voice sepulchral and stony came out of the darkness:

“Mortal, who art thou that dost thus summon me? What wilt thou?”

Sick with terror and yet determined even to death, Friedrich answered: “And knowest thou not? Men speak thee omniscient. But I can tell thee of my hopeless love—”

“Nay, I know all,” continued the voice. “Relight thy lamp and I will tell thee how thou mayst gain thy desire.”

Trembling, Friedrich obeyed and looked wildly about, expecting the visible form of the Fiend, but he saw nothing. Yet he felt the horrid presence and knew that his awful visitant was near at hand.

From out of the darkness a heavy iron-clasped book fell at his feet and the voice continued: “Open a vein and sign thy name in the book with blood.”

Friedrich with changeless determination obeyed and the book disappeared.

“Take this gold,” said his dreadful monitor, and a heavy bag fell at the artist’s feet with a crash, “and I will give thee graces to win the fair one’s heart. Repeat the incantation that I may depart.”

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For the first time since it had disappeared Friedrich thought of the fatal parchment and in an agony of horror remembered that it was gone. He would have rushed from the castle but the power of the presence held him immovable.

"Fiend," he shrieked, "where is the parchment? Thou knowest; tell me, in God's name!"

"Fool, tenfold fool, dost thou call on my arch-enemy to adjure me? The parchment is naught to me; it was thy business to guard it. I can wait till day-break when I must depart, and with me thou must go."

"Fiend," he shrieked, "where is the parchment? I adjure thee"—but the voice was silent and the mighty power still chained its victim to the spot. It were useless to follow the blasphemous ravings of the unfortunate youth, who cursed God and human-kind as well as the enemy until the first ray of the rising sun darted through the crumbling arches, when the inexorable power smote him dead and doubtless carried his spirit to the region of the damned.

Herwehe Castle—and, indeed, the whole town and countryside—was in a wild uproar on the following morning. The young nobleman had been found murdered, sword in hand, and all knew from the wailing mother the mission on which he

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had set out the evening before. Friedrich was missing and was instantly accused as the murderer. Companies of furious retainers and villagers scoured the countryside until at last a party searching the old ruin found the object of their wrath. He lay dead upon the floor of the ancient hall of state with only an extinguished lamp near him and, to their amazement, a bag of gold.

Various theories were advanced concerning him and his death. The commonly accepted one was that he had stolen the gold and murdered the young nobleman and, being struck with remorse, had ended his life with some subtle poison. But none ever knew the real fate of the poor artist save his old father, who guessed it from reading the manuscript of Gottfried Winstedt, which he found unconsumed in the grate of his son's studio.

VII

A FLIGHT THROUGH THE NORTH

Twenty miles from Luxemburg we come to the French border, where we must pay another fee to the German official who occupies a little house by the roadside and who takes over the number-plates which we received on entering Germany. The French officer, a little farther on, questions us perfunctorily as to whether we have anything dutiable; we have purchased only a few souvenirs and trinkets in Germany and feel free to declare that we have nothing. We suppose our troubles with the customs ended and the Captain, who purchased several bottles of perfume in Cologne—the French are strongly prejudiced against German perfumes—rests easier. But in Longwy, a small town four or five miles from the border, another official professing to represent the customs stops us and is much more insistent than the former, though after opening a hand-bag or two and prying about the car awhile, he reluctantly permits us to proceed. And this is not all, for at the next town a blue-uniformed dignitary holds us up and declares he must go

through our baggage in search of contraband articles. A lengthy war of words ensues between this new interloper and the Captain, who finally turns to us and says:

“This fellow insists that if we do not give him a list of our purchases in Germany and pay duty, our baggage will be examined in the next town and if we are smuggling anything we’ll have to go to jail.”

This is cheerful news, but our temper is roused by this time and we flatly refuse to give any information to our questioner or to permit him to examine our baggage. He leaves us—with no very complimentary remarks, the Captain says—and we make as quick a “get-away” as possible. We keep a sharp look-out in the next two or three villages, but are not again troubled by the minions of the law. We begin to suspect that the officers were simply local policemen who were trying to frighten us into paying a fee, and we are still of this opinion.

After crossing the border we follow a splendid road leading through a rather uninteresting country and a succession of miserable villages, a description of which would be no very pleasant reading. Suffice it to say that their characteristics are the same as those of similar villages we have already written

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about—if anything, they are dirtier and uglier. They are all small and unimportant, Montmedy, the largest, having only two thousand inhabitants and a considerable garrison. This section was the scene of some of the great events of the war of 1870-71. About noon we come to Sedan, which gave its name to the memorable battle if, indeed, such a one-sided conflict can be called a battle. The Germans simply corralled the French army here with about as much ease as if it were a flock of sheep—but the Captain insists they would have no such “walk-away” to-day. The ancient inn—bearing the pretentious name of Hotel de la Croix d’Or—where we have lunch, endeavors to charge one franc “exchange” on an English sovereign, thereby arousing the Captain’s ire, not so much on account of the extortion as for the presumption in questioning an English gold-piece, which ought to pass current wherever the sun shines. He indignantly seeks a bank and tells down French coin to the landlord, along with his compliments delivered in no very conciliatory tone. Sedan is an old and untidy town of about twenty thousand people and aside from its connection with the famous battle has little to interest the tourist.

Our route along the river Meuse between Sedan and Mezieres takes us over much of the battlefield,

but there is little to-day to remind one of the struggle. Out of Sedan the road is better—a wide, straight, level highway which enables us to make the longest day's run of our entire tour. The country improves in appearance and becomes more like the France of Orleans and Touraine. The day, which began dull and hazy, has cleared away beautifully and the flood of June sunshine shows Summer France at its best. From the upland roads there are far-reaching views, through ranks of stately trees, of green landscapes, flaming here and there with poppy-fields or glowing with patches of yellow gorse. The country is trim and apparently well-tilled; the villages are better and cleaner and the road a very dream for the motorist. At Guise there is a ruined castle of vast extent, its ancient walls still encircling much of the town. Guise was burned by the English under John of Hanehault in 1339, but the redoubtable John could not force the surrender of the castle, which was defended by his own daughter, the wife of a French nobleman then absent.

So swift is our progress over the fine straight road that we find ourselves in the streets of St. Quentin while the sun is yet high, but a glance at our odometer tells us we have gone far enough and we turn in at the Hotel de France et d'Angleterre. It is

evidently an old house and every nook and corner is cumbered with tawdry bric-a-brac—china, statuettes, candlesticks and a thousand and one articles of the sort. Our apartments are spacious, with much antique furniture, and the high-posted beds prove more comfortable than they look. Mirrors with massive gilt frames stare at us from the walls and heavy chandeliers hang from the ceilings. The price for all this magnificence is quite low, for St. Quentin is in no sense a tourist town and hotel rates have not yet been adjusted for the infrequent motorist. The hotel is well-patronized, apparently by commercial men, who make it a rather lively place. The meals are good and the servants prompt and attentive—superior in this respect to many of the pretentious tourist-thronged hotels.

There is nothing to keep us in St. Quentin; in the morning we start out to drive about the town, but the narrow, crooked streets and miserable cobble pavements soon change our determination and we inquire the route to Amiens. It chances that the direct road, running straight as an arrow between the towns, is undergoing repairs and we are advised to take another route. I cannot now trace it on the map, but I am sure the Captain for once became badly mixed and we have a good many miles of the roughest going we found in Europe.

We strike a stretch of the cobblestone "pave" which is still encountered in France and ten miles per hour is about the limit. These roads are probably more than a hundred years old. They are practically abandoned except by occasional peasants' carts and their roughness is simply indescribable. As it chances, we have a dozen miles of this "pave" before we reach the main road and we are too occupied with our troubles to look at the country or note the name of the one wretched village we pass.

Once in the broad main highway, however, we are delighted with the beauty and color of the country. We pass through wide, unfenced fields of grain, interspersed with the ever-present poppies and blue cornflowers and from the hills we catch glimpses of the distant river. Long before we come to Amiens—shall I say before we come in sight of the city?—we descry the vast bulk of the cathedral rising from the plain below. The surrounding city seems but a soft gray blur, but the noble structure towers above and dominates everything else until we quite forget that there is anything in Amiens but the cathedral. We soon enter an ancient-looking city of some ninety thousand people and make the mistake of choosing the Great Hotel d'la Uni-

vers, for, despite its pretentious name, it is dingy and ill-arranged and the service is decidedly slack.

Amiens Cathedral is one of the greatest churches of Europe, though the low and inharmonious towers of the facade detract much from the dignity of the exterior. Nor does the high and extremely slender central spire accord well with the general style of the building. The body of the cathedral, divested of spire and towers, would make a fit match for Cologne, which it resembles in plan and dimensions, but it has a more ancient appearance, having undergone little change in six centuries. The delicate sculptures and carvings are stained and weather-worn, but they present that delightful color toning that age alone can give. Inside, a recent writer declares, it is "one vast blaze of light and color coming not only from the clerestory but from the glazed triforium also, the magnificent blue glass typifying the splendor of the heavens"—a pleasing effect, on the whole, though the flood of softly toned light brings out to disadvantage the gaudy ornaments and trinkets of the private chapels so common in French cathedrals. Ruskin advises the visitor, no matter how short his time may be, to devote it, not to the contemplation of arches and piers and colored glass, but to the woodwork of the chancel, which he considers the most beautiful carpenter work of the so-

called Flamboyant period. There is also a multitude of sculptured images, some meritorious wall frescoes, and several stained-glass windows dating from the thirteenth century. At the rear is a statue of Peter the Hermit, for the monk who started the great crusading movement of the middle ages was a native of Amiens.

All of these things we note in a cursory manner; we recognize that the student might spend hours, if not days, in studying the details of such a mighty structure. But such is not our mood; the truth is, we are a little tired of cathedrals and are not sorry that Amiens is the last for the present. What an array we have seen in our month's tour: Rouen, Orleans, Tours, Dijon, Nevers, Ulm, Mayence, Cologne, Amiens—not to mention a host of lesser lights. We have had a surfeit and we shall doubtless be able to better appreciate what we have seen after a period of reflection, which will also bring a better understanding to our aid should we resume our pilgrimage to these ecclesiastical monuments.

There is little besides the cathedral to detain the tourist in Amiens, unless, indeed, he should be fortunate enough to be able to go as leisurely as he likes. Then he would see the Musee, which has a really good collection of pictures and relics, or the library, which is one of the best in French pro-

vincial towns. There are some quaint old houses along the river and many odd corners to delight the artistic eye. John Ruskin found enough to keep him in Amiens many days and to fill several pages in his writings. But it would take more than all this to delay us now when we are so near the English shores. If we leave Amiens early enough we may catch the noon Channel boat—we ought to cover the ninety miles to Boulogne in three or four hours. But we find the main road to Abbeville closed and lose our way twice, which, with two deflated tires, puts our plan out of question. Much of the road is distressingly rough and there are many “canivaux” to slacken our speed. We soon decide to take matters easily and cross the Channel on the late afternoon boat.

The picturesque old town of Abbeville was one of John Ruskin’s favorite sketching grounds. We pass the market-place, which is surrounded by ancient houses with high-pitched gables colored in varied tints of gray, dull-blue and pale-green. The church is cited by Ruskin as one of the best examples of Flamboyant style in France, though the different parts are rather inharmonious and of unequal merit. Abbeville was held by the English for two hundred years and the last possession, except Calais, to be surrendered to France. Here

in 1514 Louis of Brittany married Mary Tudor—the beautiful sister of Henry VIII.—only to leave her a widow a few months later. She returned to England and afterwards became the wife of the Duke of Suffolk.

It is market-day in Montreuil and the streets are crowded with country people. We stop in the thronged market-place, where a lively scene is being enacted. All kinds of garden produce and fruits are offered for sale and we are importuned to purchase by the enterprising market-women. We find the fruit excellent and inexpensive, and this, with a number of other object lessons in the course of our travels, impressed us with the advantages of the European market plan, which brings fresh produce direct to the consumer at a moderate price.

We have most of the afternoon about Boulogne. In starting on our tour a month before we hardly glanced at our landing port, so anxious were we for the country roads; but as we drive about the city now, we are delighted with its antiquity and quaintness. It is still enclosed by walls—much restored, it is true, and so, perhaps, are the unique gateways. The streets are mostly paved with cobbles, which make unpleasant driving and after a short round we deliver the car at the quay. At the Hotel Angleterre we order some strawberries

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as an "extra" with our luncheon—these being just in season—and we are cheerfully presented with a bill for six francs for a quantity that can be bought in the market-place for ten cents—this in addition to an unusually high charge for the meal. Evidently Boulogne Bonifaces are not in business solely for their health. The town is a frequented summer resort, with a good beach and numerous hotels and lodging-places. It is said to be the most Anglicized town in France—almost everyone we meet seems familiar with English. The Captain suggests that we may be interested in seeing the Casino, one of the licensed gambling-houses allowed in a few French towns. The government gets a good share of the profits, which are very large. We do not care to try our luck on the big wheel, but the Captain has no scruples—winning freely at first, but quitting the loser by a goodly number of francs—a common experience, I suppose. The small boy is not allowed to enter the gambling room, from which minors are rigidly excluded.

We have a glorious evening for crossing to Folkestone—the dreaded Channel is on its best behavior. A magnificent sunset gilds the vast expanse of rippling water to the westward and flashes on the white chalk cliffs of the English shore. As we come nearer and nearer we have an increasing sense of

getting back home—and England has for us an attractiveness that we did not find in France and Germany.

And yet our impressions of these countries were, on the whole, very favorable. France, so far as we saw it, was a beautiful, prosperous country, though there was not for us the romance that so delighted us in England. We missed the ivied ruins and graceful church-towers that lend such a charm to the British landscapes. The highways generally were magnificent, though already showing deterioration in many places. The roads of France require dustless surfacing—oil or asphaltum, similar to the methods extensively used in England. Since the time of our tour steps have been taken in this direction and in time France will have by far the best road-system in the world. Her highways are already broad and perfectly engineered and need only surfacing. About Paris much of the wretched old pave is still in existence, but this will surely be replaced before long. The roads are remarkably direct, radiating from the main towns like the spokes of a wheel, usually taking the shortest cut between two important points.

The squalor and filth of the country villages in many sections is an unpleasant revelation to the tourist who has seen only the cities, which are clean

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and well-improved. But for all this thrift is evident everywhere; nothing is allowed to go to waste; there are no ragged, untilled corners in the fields. Every possible force is utilized. Horses, dogs, oxen, cows, goats and donkeys are all harnessed to loads; indeed, the Captain says there is a proverb in France to the effect that "the pig is the only gentleman," for he alone does not work. The women seem to have more than their share of heavy disagreeable tasks, and this is no doubt another factor in French prosperity.

Despite the notion to the contrary, France is evidently a very religious country—in her way. Crucifixes, crosses, shrines, etc. are common along the country roadsides, and churches are the best and most important buildings in the towns and cities. Priests are seen everywhere and apparently have a strong hold on their parishioners. In view of such strong entrenchment, it seems a wonder that the government was able to completely disestablish the church and to require taxation of much of its property.

The country policeman, so omnipresent in England, is rarely seen in France, and police traps in rural districts are unknown. Even in towns arrests are seldom made—the rule being to interfere only with motorists who drive "to the danger of the

public." One misses the handy fund of information which an English policeman can so readily supply; the few French officials we questioned were apparently neither so intelligent nor accommodating.

We were astonished to see so few motor cars in France, and many which we did see were those of touring foreigners. France, for all her lead in the automobile industry, does not have many cars herself. She prefers to sell them to the other fellow and keep the money. The number of cars in France is below the average for each of the states of the Union, and the majority are in Paris and vicinity. French cars almost dominate the English market and many of the taxicabs in London are of French make. We saw a large shipment of these on the wharves at Boulogne. If it were not for our tariff, we may be sure that France would be a serious competitor in the motor-car trade of the United States. There is absolutely no prejudice against the motorist in France and foreigners are warmly welcomed to spend their money. The Frenchman does not travel much—France is good enough for him and he looks on the Americans and Englishmen who throng his country as a financial asset and makes it as easy for them to come as he possibly can. In fact, under present conditions it is easier to tour from one European country to another than it is among

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our own states—one can arrange with the Royal Automobile Club for all customs formalities and nothing is required except signing a few papers at each frontier.

In some respects we noted a strong similarity between France and Germany. The cities of both countries are clean and up-to-date, with museums, galleries, splendid churches and fine public buildings. In both—so far as we saw—the small villages are primitive and filthy in the extreme and in rural districts the heaviest burdens appear to fall on the women. In both countries farming is thoroughly done and every available bit of land is utilized. Each gives intelligent attention to forestry—there are many forests now in their prime, young trees are being grown, and the roadsides are planted with trees.

The roads of Germany are far behind those of France; nor does any great interest seem to be taken in highway improvement. Of course the roads are fairly well maintained, but there is apparently no effort to create a system of boulevards such as France possesses. Germany has even fewer motor cars than her neighbor, a much smaller number of automobile tourists enter her borders, and there is more hostility towards them on part of the country people. There are no speed traps, but one is liable

to be arrested for fast driving in many towns and cities.

The German business-man strikes one more favorably than the Frenchman; he is sturdy, good-looking and alert, and even in a small establishment shows the characteristics that are so rapidly pushing his country to the front in a commercial way.

But the greatest difference in favor of Germany—at least so far as outward appearance goes—is to be seen in her soldiery. Soldiers are everywhere—always neat and clean, with faultless uniform and shining accoutrements, marching with a firm, steady, irresistible swing. To the casual observer it would seem that if an army of these soldiers should enter France they could march directly on Paris without serious resistance. But some authorities say that German militarism is a hollow show and that there is more real manhood in the Frenchman. Let us hope the question will not have to be settled again on the field of battle.

Perhaps these random impressions which I have been recording are somewhat superficial, but I shall let them stand for what they are worth. On our long summer jaunt through these two great countries we have had many experiences—not all of them pleasant. But we have seen many things and learned much that would have been quite inacces-

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sible to us in the old grooves of travel—thanks to our trusty companion of the wind-shod wheels. And perhaps the best possible proof that we really enjoyed our pilgrimage is a constantly increasing desire to repeat it—with variations—should our circumstances again permit.

Odd Corners of Britain

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Odd Corners of Britain

VIII

THE MOTHERLAND ONCE MORE

Back to England—back to England! Next to setting foot in the homeland itself, nothing could have been more welcome to us after our month's exile on the Continent. And I am not saying that we did not enjoy our Continental rambles; that we did the pages of this book amply testify. It seemed to us, however, that for motor touring, England surpasses any other country in many respects. First of all, the roads average vastly better—we remembered with surprise the stories we had heard of the greatly superior roads of France—a delusion entertained by many Englishmen, for that matter. We had also found by personal experience that the better English inns outclass those on the Continent in service and cleanliness and never attempt the overcharges and exactions not uncommon in France and Germany. The second-rate French inn, we are informed on good authority, is more tolerable than the second-rate inn of England. An exper-

ienced English motorist told us that since expense was a consideration to him, he generally spent his vacations in France. He declared that there he could put up comfortably and cheaply at the less pretentious inns while he would never think of stopping at English hotels of the same class. I fancy, however, that if one follows Baedeker—our usual guide in such matters—and selects number one among the list, he will find every advantage with the English hotels.

And we are sure that the English landscapes are the most beautiful in the world. Everywhere one sees trim, parklike neatness—vistas of well-tilled fields interspersed with great country seats, storied ruins and the ubiquitous church-tower so characteristic of Britain. It is a distinctive church-tower, rising from green masses of foliage such as one seldom sees elsewhere. And where else in a civilized country will one find such trees—splendid, beautifully proportioned trees, standing in solitary majesty in the fields, stretching in impressive ranks along the roadside or clustering in towering groups about some country mansion or village church?

And who could be impervious to the charm of the English village? Cleanly, pleasantly situated and often embowered in flowers, it appeals to the artistic sense and affords the sharpest possible con-

trast to the filthy and malodorous little hamlets of France and Germany. The cities and larger towns of these countries do not suffer any such disadvantage in comparison with places of the same size in England—but we care less for the cities, often avoiding them. In England, we found ourselves among people speaking a common language and far more kindly and considerate towards the stranger within their gates than is common on the Continent. We can dispense with our courier, too, for though he was an agreeable fellow, we enjoy it best alone. So, then, we are glad to be back in Britain and are eager to explore her highways and byways once more.

We plan a pilgrimage to John O'Groat's house and of course the Royal Automobile Club is consulted.

“We have just worked out a new route to Edinburgh,” said Mr. Maroney, “which avoids the cities and a large proportion of police traps as well. You leave the Great North Road at Doncaster and proceed northward by Boroughbridge, Wilton-le-Wear, Corbridge, Jedburgh and Melrose. You will also see some new country, as you are already familiar with the York-Newcastle route.”

And so we find ourselves at the Red Lion at Hatfield, about twenty miles out of London on the

beginning of our northern journey. It is a cleanly, comfortable-looking old house, and though it is well after noon, an excellent luncheon is promptly served—the roadside inns are adapting themselves to the irregular hours of the motorist.

Hatfield House—the Salisbury estate—is near the inn, but though we have passed it several times, we have never hit on one of the “open” days, and besides, we have lost a good deal of our ambition for doing palaces; half-forgotten and out-of-the-way places appeal more strongly now. We are soon away on the splendid highway which glistens from a heavy summer shower that fell while we were at luncheon. We proceed soberly, for we have had repeated warnings of police traps along the road. The country is glorious after the dashing rainfall; fields of German clover are in bloom, dashes of dark red amidst the prevailing green; long rows of sweet-scented carmine-flowered beans load the air with a heavy perfume. A little later, when we pass out of the zone of the shower we find hay-making in progress and everything is redolent of the new-mown grasses. Every little while we pass a village and at Stilton—I have written elsewhere of its famous old inn—a dirty urchin runs alongside the car howling, “Police traps!

Look out for police traps!" until he receives a copper to reward his solicitude for our welfare.

Toward evening we come in sight of Grantham's magnificent spire and we have the pleasantest recollections of the Angel Inn, where we stopped some years previously—we will close the day's journey here. One would never get from the Angel's modest, ivy-clad front any idea of the rambling structure behind it; indeed, I have often wondered how all the labyrinth of floors, apartments and hallways could be crowded behind such a modest facade as that of the Red Lion of Banbury, the Swan of Mansfield or the Angel of Grantham, for example. Such inns are no doubt a heritage of the days when it was necessary to utilize every available inch of space within the city walls. In most cases they are conducted with characteristic English thoroughness and are cleanly and restful, despite their antiquity and the fact that they are closely hedged in by other buildings. As a rule part or all of the old inner court which formerly served as a stable-yard has been adapted as a motor garage.

The Angel is said to have been in existence as a hostelry as early as 1208, but the arched gateway opening on the street may be of still earlier date, having probably formed a part of some monastic building. Tradition connects Charles I. with

the inn—an English inn of such antiquity would be poor indeed without a legend of the Wanderer—but the claims of the Angel to royal associations go back much farther, for King John is declared to have held his court here in 1213. Richard III. is also alleged to have stopped here and to have signed the death warrant of the Duke of Buckingham at the time. There is record of princely visitors of later dates and it is easy to see that the Angel has had rare distinction—from the English point of view. We remember it, however, not so much for its traditions as for the fact that we are given a private sitting-room in connection with our bed-rooms with no apparent increase in the bill. Our good luck in this particular may have been due to the slack business at the time of our arrival and we could hardly expect to have our accommodations duplicated should we visit the Angel and Royal again.

Grantham is a town of nearly twenty thousand people, though it does not so impress the stranger who rambles about its streets. Two or three large factories are responsible for its size, but these have little altered its old-time heart. The center of this is marked by St. Wulfram's Church, one of the noblest parish churches in the Kingdom. Its spire, a shapely Gothic needle of solid stone, rises nearly



ST. WULFRAM'S CHURCH—GRANTHAM

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three hundred feet into the heavens, springing from a massive square tower perhaps half the total height. The building shows nearly all Gothic styles, though the Decorated and Early English predominate. It dates from the thirteenth century and has many interesting monuments and tombstones. Its gargoyles, we agreed, were as curious as any we saw in England; uncanny monsters and queer demons leer upon one from almost any viewpoint. Inside there is a marvelously carved baptismal font and a chained library of the sixteenth century similar to the one in Wimborne Minster. Altogether, St. Wulfram's is one of the notable English country churches, though perhaps among the lesser known. Grantham also possesses an ancient almshouse of striking architecture and a grammar school which once included among its pupils Sir Isaac Newton, who was born at Woolsthorpe Manor, near the town.

Old Whitby appeals to our recollection as worth a second visit and we depart from our prearranged route at Doncaster, reaching York in the late afternoon. It has been a cold, rainy day and we cannot bring ourselves to pass the Station Hotel, though Whitby is but fifty miles farther and might be reached before nightfall.

We have previously visited York many times,

but have given our time mainly to the show-places and we devote the following forenoon to the shops. There are many interesting book-stalls and no end of antique-stores with many costly curios, such as a Scotch claymore, accompanied by documents to prove that it once belonged to Prince Charlie. The shops, it seemed to us, were hardly up to standard for a city of nearly one hundred thousand. But York, while of first rank as an ecclesiastical seat and famous for its quaint corners and antiquity, is not of great commercial or manufacturing importance. It is a busy railroad center, with hundreds of trains daily, and next to Chester probably attracts a greater number of tourists than any other English provincial town. Leeds, Bradford, Sheffield, Hull, Middlesbrough, Halifax and Huddersfield are all Yorkshire cities with larger population and greater commercial activities. Of English churches we should be inclined to give York Cathedral first place, though viewpoints on such matters are so widely different that this may be disputed by good authorities. In size, striking architecture and beautiful windows, it is certainly not surpassed, though it has not the historical associations of many of its rivals.

Whitby is but fifty miles from York. An excellent road runs through a green, prosperous coun-

try as far as Pickering—about a score of miles—but beyond this we plunge into the forbidding hills of the bleakest, blackest of English moors. It is too early for the heather-bloom, which will brighten the dreary landscape a few weeks later, and a drizzling rain is falling from lowering clouds. The stony road, with steep grades and sharp turns, requires closest attention and, altogether, it is a run that is pleasant only in retrospect when reviewed from a cozy arm-chair by the evening fire.

I am going to write a chapter giving our impressions of Old Whitby which, I hope, will reflect a little of its charm and romance, so we may pass it here. We resume our journey after a pleasant pause in the old town and proceed by Guisborough, Stockton and Darlington to Bishop Auckland, where we again take up our northern route.

Bishop Auckland gets its ecclesiastical prefix from the fact that since the time of Edward I. it has been the site of one the palaces of the Bishops of Durham. The present building covers a space of no less than five acres and is surrounded by a park more than a square mile in extent. The palace is splendid and spacious, though very irregular, the result of additions made from time to time in varying architectural styles. It is easy to see how the maintenance of such an establishment—and

others besides—keeps the good bishop poor, though his salary is about the same as that of the President of the United States. The town is pleasantly situated on an eminence near the confluence of the river Wear and a smaller stream. About a mile distant, at Escomb, is a church believed to date from the seventh century. It is quite small but very solidly built, the walls tapering upward from the ground, and some of the bricks incorporated in it are clearly of Roman origin, one of them bearing an old Latin inscription.

Bishop Auckland marks the western termination of Durham's green fields and fine parks; we descend a steep, rough hill and soon find ourselves on a very bad road leading through a bleak mining country. Tow-Law is the first of several bald, angular villages with scarce a tree or shrub to relieve their nakedness; the streets are thronged with dirty, ragged urchins and slatternly women sit on the doorsteps along the road. The country is disfigured with unsightly buildings and piles of waste from the coal-mines; and the air is loaded with sooty vapors. It is a relief to pass into the picturesque hills of Northumberland, where, even though the road does not improve, there are many charming panoramas of wooded vales with here and there a church-tower, a ruin or a village. Towns

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on the road are few; we cross the Tyne at Corbridge, where a fine old bridge flings its high stone arches across the wide river. It is the oldest on the Tyne, having braved the floods for nearly two centuries and a half. In 1771 a great flood swept away every other bridge on the river, but this sturdy structure survived to see the era of the motor car. A bridge has existed at this point almost continuously since Roman times, and the Roman piers might have been seen until very recently. The vicinity is noted for Roman remains—sections of the Great Wall and the site of a fortified camp being near at hand. Many relics have been discovered near by and researches are still going on. The village by the bridge is small and unimportant, though it has an ancient church which shows traces of Roman building materials. Most remarkable is the Peel tower in the churchyard, where the parson is supposed to have taken refuge during the frequent Scotch incursions of the border wars.

Leaving the bridge we follow the Roman Watling Street, which proceeds in almost a straight line through the hills. It leads through a country famous in song and story; every hill and valley is reminiscent of traditions of the endless border wars in which Northumberland figured so largely and for so many years. Its people, too, were generally

adherents of the Stuarts and it was near the village of Woodburn, through which we pass, that the Jacobites attacked the forces of George I., only to meet with crushing defeat, resulting in the ruin of many of the noblest families of the county. A little farther, in the vale of Otterburn, was the scene of the encounter of the retainers of Douglas and Percy, celebrated in many a quaint ballad. In the next few miles are Byrness and Catcleugh, two fine country-seats quite near the roadside, and there is a diminutive but very old church close to the former house. Byrness is the seat of a famous fox-hunting squire who keeps a large pack of hounds and pursues the sport with great zeal. The wild, broken country and sparse population are especially favorable to hunting in the saddle. There is no lack of genuine sport, since the wild fox is a menace to lambs and must be relentlessly pursued to the death. Just opposite Catcleugh House a fine lake winds up the valley for nearly two miles. It seems prosaic when we learn that it is an artificial reservoir, affording a water supply for Newcastle-on-Tyne, but it is none the less a charming accessory to the scenery. Beyond this the road runs through almost unbroken solitude until it crosses the crest of the Cheviots and enters the hills of Scotland.

IX

OLD WHITBY

It is a gray, lowering evening when we climb the sharply rising slope to the Royal Hotel to take up our domicile for a short sojourn in Old Whitby. The aspect of the town on a dull wet evening when viewed from behind a broad window-pane is not without its charm, though I may not be competent to reflect that charm in my printed page. It is a study in somber hues, relieved only by the mass of glistening red tiles clustered on the opposite hillside and by an occasional lighted window. The skeleton of the abbey and dark solid bulk of St. Mary's Church are outlined against the light gray of the skies, which, on the ocean side, bend down to a restless sea, itself so gray that you could scarce mark the dividing line were it not for the leaden-colored waves breaking into tumbling masses of white foam. Looking up the narrow estuary into which the Esk discharges its waters, one gets a dim view of the mist-shrouded hills on either side and of numerous small boats and sailing vessels riding at anchor on the choppy waves.

It is a wild evening, but we are tempted to undertake a ramble about the town, braving the gusty blasts that sweep through the narrow lanes and the showers of spray that envelop the bridge by which one crosses to the opposite side of the inlet. There is little stirring on the streets and the alleylike lanes are quite deserted. Most of the shops are closed and only the lights streaming from windows of the houses on the hillside give relief to the deepening shadows. The gathering darkness and the increasing violence of the wind deter us from our purpose of climbing the long flight of steps to the summit of the cliff on which the abbey stands and we slowly wend our way back to the hotel.

The following morning a marked change has taken place. The mists of the previous evening have been swept away and the intensely blue sky is mottled with white vapory clouds which scurry along before a stiff sea-breeze. The deep indigo blue of the ocean is flecked with masses of white foam rolling landward on the crests of the waves, which break into spray on the rocks and piers. The sea-swell enters the estuary, tossing the numerous fishing smacks which ride at anchor and lending a touch of animation to the scene. The abbey ruin and church, always the dominating feature of East Cliff, stand out clearly against the silvery horizon

OLD WHITBY

and present a totally different aspect from that which impressed us last evening. In the searching light of day, the broken arches and tottering walls tell plainly the story of the ages of neglect and plunder that they have undergone and speak unmistakably of a vanished order of things. Last night, shrouded as they were in mysterious shadows, the traces of wreck and ruin were half concealed and it did not require an extraordinarily vivid imagination to picture the great structures as they were in their prime and to re-people them with their ancient habitants, the gray monks and nuns. To-day the red and white flag of St. George is flying from the low square tower of St. Mary's and crowds of Sunday worshipers are ascending the broad flight of stairs. Services have been held continuously in the plain old edifice for seven centuries—its remote situation and lack of anything to attract the looter or enrage the iconoclast kept it safe during the period which desecrated or destroyed so many churches.

The history of a town like Whitby is not of much moment to the casual sojourner, who is apt to find himself more attracted by its romance than by sober facts. Still, we are glad to know that the place is very ancient, dating back to Saxon times. It figured in the wars with the Danes and in the ninth century was so devastated as to be

almost obliterated for two hundred years. It was not until the reign of Elizabeth that it took rank as a seaport. The chief industry up to the last century was whale-fishing, and a hardy race of sea-faring men was bred in the town, among them Captain Cook, the famous explorer. While fishing was ostensibly the chief means of livelihood of the inhabitants of Whitby, it could hardly have been wholly responsible for the wealth that was enough to attract Robin Hood and his retainers to the town and they did not go away empty-handed by any means. The Abbot of Whitby protected his own coffers by showing the outlaw every courtesy, but Robin was not so considerate of the purses of the townspeople. Probably he felt little compunction at easing the reputed fishermen of their wealth, for he doubtless knew that it was gained by smuggling and it was, after all, only a case of one outlaw fleecing another. The position of the town behind some leagues of sterile moor, traversed by indifferent and even dangerous roads, was especially favorable for such an irregular occupation; and it moreover precluded Whitby from figuring in the great events of the Kingdom, being so far removed from the theatre of action. With the decline of the whale-fisheries, the mining and manufacture of jet began to assume considerable proportion and is

to-day one of the industries of the place. This is a bituminous substance—in the finished product, smooth, lustrous and intensely black. It is fashioned into personal ornaments of many kinds and was given a great vogue by Queen Victoria. It is found only in the vicinity of Whitby and is sold the world over, though it has to compete with cheap imitations, usually made of glass.

St. Hilda's Abbey is the chief monument of antiquity in Whitby and aside from actual history it has the added interest of being interwoven with the romantic lines of Scott's "Marmion." Situated on the summit of East Cliff, it has been for several centuries the last object to bid farewell to the departing mariner and the first to gladden his eyes on his return. Seldom indeed did the old monks select such a site; they were wont to seek some more sheltered spot on the shore of lake or river—as at Rievaulx, Fountains or Easby. But this abbey was founded under peculiar conditions, for the original was built as far back as 658 in fulfillment of a vow made by King Oswy of Northumbria. In accordance with the spirit of his time, the king made an oath on the verge of a battle with one of his petty neighbors that if God granted him the victory he would found an abbey and that his own daughter, the Lady Hilda, should be first

abbess. All traces of this early structure have disappeared, but it was doubtless quite insignificant compared with its successor, for the Saxons never progressed very far in the art of architecture. The fame of Hilda's piety and intelligence attracted many scholars to the abbey, among them Caedmon, "the father of English poetry," who, as the inscription on the stately memorial in St. Mary's churchyard reads, "fell asleep hard by A. D. 680." The death of the good abbess also occurred in the same year. Her successor, Elflæda, governed for a third of a century, after which little record remains. The original abbey was probably destroyed in the Danish wars. It was revived after the Conquest in 1078 by monks of the Benedictine order and gradually a vast pile of buildings was erected on the headland, but of these only the ruined church remains. The great size and splendid design of the church would seem to indicate that in its zenith of power and prosperity Whitby Abbey must have been of first rank. Its active history ended with its dissolution by Henry VIII. Scott in "Marmion" represents the abbey as being under the sway of an abbess in 1513, the date of Flodden, but this is an anachronism, since an abbot ruled it in its last days and the nuns had long before vanished from its cloisters.

OLD WHITBY

He was a pretty poor saint in the "days of faith" who did not have several miracles or marvels to his credit and St. Hilda was no exception to the rule. One legend runs that the early inhabitants were pestered by snakes and that the saint prayed that the reptiles be transmuted into stone; and for ages the ammonite shells which abound on the coast and faintly resemble a coiled snake were pointed out as evidence of the efficacy of Hilda's petition. It was also said of the sea-birds that flew over Whitby's towers that

"Sinking down on pinions faint,
They do their homage to the saint."

And an English writer humorously suggests that perhaps "the birds had a certain curiosity to see what was going on in this mixed brotherhood of monks and nuns." The most persistent marvel, however, which was credited by the more superstitious less than a century ago, was that from West Cliff under certain conditions the saint herself, shrouded in white, might be seen standing in one of the windows of the ruin; though it is now clear that the apparition was the result of a peculiar reflection of the sun's rays.

The salt sea winds, the driving rain of summer and the wild winter storms have wrought much havoc in the eight hundred years that "High Whit-

by's cloistered pile" has braved the elements. A little more than fifty years ago the central tower crashed to earth, carrying many of the surrounding arches with it, and the mighty fragments still lie as they fell. The remaining walls and arches are now guarded with the loving care which is being lavished to-day upon the historic ruins of England and one can only regret that the spirit which inspires it was not aroused at least a hundred years ago.

St. Mary's, a stone's throw from the abbey, is one of the crudest and least ornate of any of the larger churches which we saw in England. Its lack of architectural graces may be due to the fact that it was originally built—about 1110, by de Percy, Abbot of Whitby—for "the use of the common people of the town," the elaborate abbey church being reserved for the monks. Perhaps the worthy abbot little dreamed that the plain, massive structure which he thought good enough for the laity would be standing, sturdy and strong and still in daily use centuries after his beautiful abbey fane, with its graceful arches, its gorgeous windows and splendid towers had fallen into hopeless ruin. All around the church are blackened old gravestones in the midst of which rises the tall Caedmon Cross, erected but a few years ago. To reach St. Mary's



PIER LANE, WHITBY

From original painting by J. V. Jelley, exhibited in
1910 Royal Academy



OLD WHITBY

one must ascend the hundred and ninety-nine broad stone steps that lead up the cliff—a task which would test the zeal of many church-goers in these degenerate days.

We enjoyed our excursions about the town, for among the network of narrow lanes we came upon many odd nooks and corners and delightful old shops. The fish-market, where the modest catch of local fishermen is sold each day, is on the west side. The scene here is liveliest during the months of August and September, when the great harvest of the sea is brought in at Whitby. It was on the west side, too, that we found Pier Lane after a dint of inquiry—for the little Royal Academy picture which graces these pages had made us anxious to see the original. Many of the natives shook their heads dubiously when we asked for directions, but a friendly policeman finally piloted us to the entrance of the lane. It proved a mere brick-paved passageway near the fish-market, about five or six feet in width, and from the top we caught the faint glimpse of the abbey which the artist has introduced into the picture. It is one of the many byways that intersect the main streets of the town—though these streets themselves are often so narrow and devious as to scarce deserve the adjective I have applied to them. Whitby has no

surprises in overhanging gables, carved oak beams, curiously paneled doorways or other bits of artistic architecture such as delight one in Ludlow, Canterbury or Shrewsbury. Everything savors of utility; the oldtime Yorkshire fisherman had no time and little inclination to carve oak and stone for his dwelling. I am speaking of the old Whitby, crowded along the waterside—the new town, with its ostentatious hotels and lodging-houses, extends along the summit of West Cliff and while very necessary, no doubt, it adds nothing to the charm of the place. As an English artist justly observes, “While Whitby is one of the most strikingly picturesque towns in England, it has scarcely any architectural attractions. Its charm does not lie so much in detail as in broad effects”—the effects of the ruin, the red roofs, the fisher-boats, the sea and the old houses, which vary widely under the moods of sun and shade that flit over the place. The words of a writer who notes this variation throughout a typical day are so true to life that I am going to repeat them here:

“In the early morning the East Cliff generally appears merely as a pale gray silhouette with a square projection representing the church, and a fretted one the abbey. But as the sun climbs upwards, colour and definition grow out of the haze

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of smoke and shadows, and the roofs assume their ruddy tones. At midday, when the sunlight pours down upon the medley of houses clustered along the face of the cliff, the scene is brilliantly colored. The predominant note is the red of the chimneys and roofs and stray patches of brickwork, but the walls that go down to the water's edge are green below and full of rich browns above, and in many places the sides of the cottages are coloured with an ochre wash, while above them all the top of the cliff appears covered with grass. On a clear day, when detached clouds are passing across the sun, the houses are sometimes lit up in the strangest fashion, their quaint outlines being suddenly thrown out from the cliff by a broad patch of shadow upon the grass and rocks behind. But there is scarcely a chimney in this old part of Whitby that does not contribute to the mist of blue-gray smoke that slowly drifts up the face of the cliff, and thus, when there is no bright sunshine, colour and detail are subdued in the haze."

In St. Mary's churchyard there is another cross besides the stately memorial dedicated to Caedmon that will be pointed out to you—a small, graceful Celtic cross with the inscription:

"Here lies the body of Mary Linskill.
Born December 13, 1840. Died April 9, 1891.
After life's fitful fever she sleeps well
Between the Heather and the Northern Sea."

If Caedmon was Whitby's first literary idol, Mary Linskill is the last and best loved, for hundreds of Whitby people living to-day knew the gentle authoress personally. She was a native of the town and being early dependent on her own resources, she served an apprenticeship in a milliner's shop and later acted as an amanuensis to a literary gentleman. It was in this position, probably, that she discovered her own capacity for writing and her ability to tell a homely story in a simple, pleasing way. Her first efforts in the way of short stories appeared in "Good Words." Her first novel, "Cleveden," was published in 1876 and many others followed at various intervals. Perhaps the best known are distinctly Whitby stories—"The Haven Under the Hill," and "Between the Heather and the Northern Sea." Her novels in simplicity of plot and quiet sentiment may be compared with those of Jane Austen, though her rank as a writer is far below that of the Hampshire authoress. Her stories show a wealth of imagination and a true artistic temperament, but they are often too greatly dominated by melancholy to be widely popular. Most of them dwell on the infinite capacity of women for self-sacrifice and sometimes the pathetic scenes may be rather overdrawn. There are many beautiful descriptive passages and

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I quote one from "The Haven Under the Hill," because it sets forth in such a delightful manner the charm of Old Whitby itself:

"Everywhere there was the presence of the sea. On the calmest day you heard the low, ceaseless roll of its music as it plashed and swept about the foot of the stern, darkly towering cliffs on either side of the harbour-bar. Everywhere the place was blown through and through with the salt breeze that was 'half an air and half a water,' scented with sea-wrack and laden not rarely with drifting flakes of heavy yeastlike foam.

"The rapid growth of the town had been owing entirely to its nearness to the sea. When the making of alum was begun at various points and bays along the coast, vessels were needed for carrying it to London, 'whither,' as an old chronicler tells us, 'nobody belonging to Hild's Haven had ever gone without making their wills.' This was the beginning of the shipbuilding trade, which grew and flourished so vigorously, lending such an interest to the sights and sounds of the place, and finally becoming its very life. What would the old haven have been without the clatter of its carpenters' hammers, the whir of its ropery wheels, the smell of its boiling tar-kettles, the busy stir and hum of its docks and wharves and mast-yards? And

where, in the midst of so much labour, could there have been found any time to laugh or to dance, but for the frequent day of pride and rejoicing when the finished ship with her flying flags came slipping slowly from the stocks to the waiting waters, bending and gliding with a grace that gave you as much emotion as if you had watched some conscious thing? . . . It is a little sad to know that one has watched the launching of the last wooden ship that shall go out with stately masts and rounding sails from the Haven Under the Hill.

“Those of the men of the place who were not actually sailors were yet, for the most part, in some way dependent upon the great, changeful, bounteous sea.

“It was a beautiful place to have been born in, beautiful with history and poetry and legend—with all manner of memorable and soul-stirring things.”

The house where Mary Linskill was born, a plain stone structure in the old town, still stands and is the goal of occasional pilgrims who delight in the humbler shrines of letters.

It seems indeed appropriate that the old sea town, famous two centuries ago for its shipbuilding trade and hardy mariners, should have given to the world one of its great sea-captains and ex-

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plorers. A mere lad, James Cook came to Whitby as the apprentice of a shipbuilder. His master's house, where he lived during his apprenticeship, still stands in Grape Lane and bears an antique tablet with the date 1688. Cook's career as an explorer began when he entered the Royal Navy in 1768. He was then forty years of age and had already established a reputation as a daring and efficient captain in the merchant service. He made three famous voyages to the south seas, and as a result of these, Australia and New Zealand are now a part of the British Empire, an achievement which will forever keep his name foremost among the world's great explorers. He lost his life in a fight with the natives of the Sandwich Islands in 1777, a year after the American Declaration of Independence. His mangled remains were buried in the sea whose mysteries he had done so much to subdue.

I am sensible that in these random notes I have signally failed to set forth the varied charms of the ancient fisher-town on the Northern Sea, but I have the consolation that all the descriptions and encomiums I have read have the same failing to a greater or less degree. I know that we feel, as we speed across the moorland on the wild windy morning of our departure, that two sojourns in

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Whitby are not enough; and are already solacing ourselves with the hope that we shall some time make a third visit to the "Haven Under the Hill."

X

SCOTT COUNTRY AND HEART OF HIGHLANDS

So rough and broken is the Northumberland country that we are scarcely aware when we enter the Cheviot Hills, which mark the dividing line between England and Scotland. The road is now much improved; having been recently resurfaced with reddish stone, it presents a peculiar aspect as it winds through the green hills ahead of us, often visible for a considerable distance. It is comparatively unfrequented; there are no villages for many miles and even solitary cottages are rare; one need not worry about speed limits here. Jedburgh is the first town after crossing the border and there are few more majestic ruins in all Scotland than the ancient abbey which looms high over the town. It recalls the pleasantest recollections of our former visit and the wonder is that it does not attract a greater number of pilgrims.

We are again in an enchanted land, where every name reminds us of the domain of the Wizard of the North! Here all roads lead to Melrose and Abbotsford, and we remember the George as a

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comfortable, well-ordered inn, a fit haven for the end of a strenuous day. There are several good hotels in Melrose, made possible by the ceaseless stream of tourists bound to Abbotsford in summertime. We reach the George after the dinner hour, but an excellent supper is prepared for us, served by a canny Scotch waiter clad in a cleaner dress-suit than many of his brethren in British country inns are wont to wear. We have no fault to find with the George except that its beds were not so restful as one might wish after a day on rough roads and its stable-yard garage lacked conveniences. These shortcomings may now be remedied, for the spirit of improvement is strong among the inns of tourist centers in Scotland.

The abbey is but a stone's throw from the hotel and one will never weary of it though he come to Melrose for the hundredth time. In delicate artistic touches, in beauty of design and state of preservation as a whole, it is quite unrivalled in Scotland. But for all that Melrose would be as unfrequented as Dundrennan or Arbroath were it not for the mystic spell which the Wizard cast over it in his immortal "Lay," and were it not under the shadow of Abbotsford.

Abbotsford! What a lure there is in the very name! In the early morning we are coursing down

the shady lane that leads to the stately mansion and reach it just after the opening hour. We are indeed fortunate in avoiding a crowd like that which thronged it on our former visit; we are quite alone and the purchase of a few souvenirs puts us on a friendly footing with the gray-haired custodian. His daily task has become to him a labor of love and he speaks the words, "Sir Walter," with a fervor and reverence such as a religious devotee might utter the name of his patron saint. He shows us many odd corners and relics which we missed before and tells us the story of the house, with every detail of which he is familiar. And, indeed, it is interesting to learn how Scott as a youth admired the situation and as he gained wealth bought the land and began the house. Its construction extended over several years and he had scarcely pronounced it complete and prepared to spend his old age in the home which he almost adored, when the blow fell. Everything was swept away and Scott, the well-to-do country laird, was a pauper. He did not see much of Abbotsford in the few years he had yet to live, though through the consideration of his creditors he remained nominally in possession. His days were devoted to the task of paying a gigantic debt which he conceived himself honor-bound to assume, though he might easily

have evaded it by taking advantage of the law. Reflecting—after the lapse of nearly a century—who shall say that the world is not vastly the richer for its heritage of the sublime self-sacrifice, the heroism and flawless integrity of Walter Scott?

The Abbotsford we see to-day has been considerably altered and added to since Scott's time, though the rooms shown to visitors remain precisely as he left them. The estate, considerably diminished, is still in possession of the family, the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, the great-granddaughter of the author, being the present owner. She is herself of a literary turn and has written "The Making of Abbotsford," an interesting history of the place. The family is not wealthy and it was announced a few years ago that the sale of the estate had become necessary, though, happily, this was avoided.

Our guide tells us that the home is usually leased during the "season" each year for three hundred pounds and Americans are oftenest the takers. Both the house and grounds are well-cared-for and we have many glimpses of smooth green lawns and flower gardens from the windows and open doors. The river, too, is near at hand and lends much to the air of enchantment that envelops Abbotsford, for we know how Scott himself loved the "silver stream" so often referred to in his

writings. Indeed, as we leave we cannot but feel that our second visit has been even more delightful than our first—despite the novelty of first impressions.

On our return, the picturesque old Peel tower at Darnick village catches our eye. It stands in well-kept grounds, the smooth lawn studded with trees and shrubs, and the gray stone walls and towers are shrouded by masses of ivy. It is the most perfect of the few remaining Peel towers in Scotland—little fortress-homes of the less important gentry four or five hundred years ago. These towers were usually built in groups of three, arranged in triangular form, to afford better opportunity for mutual defense against an enemy. Scott in his "Border Antiquities" tells something of these miniature castles:

"The smaller gentlemen, whether heads of branches or clans, or of distinct families, inhabited dwellings upon a smaller scale, called Peels or Bastile-houses. They were surrounded by an enclosure, or barmkin, the walls whereof, according to statute, were a yard thick, surrounding a space of at least sixty feet square. Within this outer work the laird built his tower, with its projecting battlements, and usually secured the entrance by two doors, the outer of grated iron, the innermost

of oak clenched with nails. The apartments were placed directly over each other, accessible only by a narrow turn-pike stair, easily blocked up or defended."

Darnick, as I have intimated, is the best preserved of the towers now in existence, being almost in its original state, and it has very appropriately been adapted as a museum of relics, chiefly of Scottish history, though there is some antique furniture and many curious weapons from abroad.

As we follow our guide about the cramped little rooms and up the narrow, twisting stairways, we cannot but think that the place is much more like a jail or prison than a gentleman's home—showing how the disturbed conditions of the country affected domestic life. The caretaker is an unusually communicative Scotchman, well-posted on everything connected with Darnick Tower and its contents, and proves to be not without a touch of sentiment. Taking from the glass case a rare old silver-mounted pistol, he places it in the hands of the small boy of our party. "Now, my lad, ye can always say that ye have held in your ain hands a pistol that was ance carried by bonnie Prince Charlie himsel'." And we all agree that it is no small thing for a boy to be able to say that; it will furnish him with material for many flights of fancy



OLD PEEL TOWER AT DARNICK, NEAR ABBOTSFORD

—even if Prince Charlie never saw the pistol. There are also some of Mary Stuart's endless embroideries—we have seen enough of them to stock a good-sized shop, but they may have all been genuine, since the poor queen had nothing else to do for years and years. These are typical of Darnick's treasures, which, with the rare old tower itself, may well claim an hour of the Abbotsford tourist's time. And he may recall that Sir Walter himself was greatly enamored of the old Peel and sought many times to annex it to his estate, but the owner would never sell.

“Auld Reekie” has seldom been hospitable to us in the way of weather. Of our many visits—I forget how many—only one or two were favored with sunny skies. The first I well recall, since we came to the old city on our national holiday, only to find the temperature a little above freezing and to encounter a bitter wind that seemed to pierce to the very bone. And again we are watching the rain-drenched city from our hotel window and wondering how we shall best pass such a dull day. We are familiar with the show-places of the town—we have seen the castle, Holyrood, John Knox's house, St. Giles, the galleries, the University, Scott's monument and his town house on Castle Street where “Waverley” was written—all these and

many other places of renown have no longer the charm of novelty. We don our rain-proofs and call at the studio of an artist friend, who conducts us to the Academy exhibit, where we discover the beautiful "Harvest Time, Strathtay," which adorns this book. We confess a weakness for antique-shops, especially those where a slender purse stands some show, and our friend leads us to the oddest curio-shop we have seen in our wanderings. It is entered from an out-of-the-way inner court by a dark, narrow flight of stairs and once inside you must pause a moment to get your bearings. For piled everywhere in promiscuous heaps, some of them reaching to the ceiling, is every conceivable article that one might expect to find in such a place, as well as a thousand and one that he would never expect to see. From a dark corner issues the proprietor, an alert, gray-bearded old gentleman who we soon find is an authority in his line and, strange to say, all this endless confusion is order to him, for he has no difficulty in laying his hands on anything he seeks. He shows us about the dimly lighted place, descanting upon his wares, but making little effort to sell them. We are free to select the few articles that strike our fancy—there is no urging and few suggestions on his part; he names the modest price and the deal is completed. When



HARVEST TIME, STRATHTAY
From original painting by Henderson Tarbet. R. S. A. Exhibit, Edinburgh, 1910.

SCOTT COUNTRY AND HEART OF HIGHLANDS

we come to leave we are surprised to find that we have lingered in the queer old shop a couple of hours.

Edinburgh shops, especially on Princes Street, are handsome, large and well-stocked and are only second to the historic shrines with the average tourist. The town is a great publishing center and there are bookstores where the bibliophile might wish to linger indefinitely. Scotch plaids and tartans are much in evidence wherever textiles are sold and jewelers will show you the cairngorm first of all—a yellow quartz-crystal found in the Highland hills. Such things are peculiarly Scotch and of course are in great favor with the souvenir-seeking tourist.

The rain ceases towards evening and from our hotel window we have a fine prospect of the city. It is clean and fresh after the heavy drenching and glistens in the declining sun, which shines fitfully through the breaking clouds. There have been many poetical eulogies and descriptions since Burns addressed his lines to "Edina, Scotia's Darling Seat," but W. E. Henley's "From a Window in Princes Street" seems to us most faithfully to give the impression of the city as we see it now:

"Above the crags that fade and gloom
Starts the bare knee of Arthur's seat:

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Ridged high against the evening bloom,
The Old Town rises, street on street;
With lamps bejewelled; straight ahead
Like rampired walls the houses lean,
All spired and domed and turreted,
Sheer to the valley's darkling green;
While heaped against the western grey,
The Castle, menacing and severe,
Juts gaunt into the dying day;
And in the silver dusk you hear,
Reverberated from crag and scar,
Bold bugles blowing points of war."

We watch the changing view until the twilight gathers and the lamps begin to appear here and there.

We are bound for the heart of the Highlands. Our route is to lead through the "Kingdom of Fife" to Perth and from thence to Braemar, the most famous Scotch inland resort. Having already crossed the Forth at Queensferry, we decide to take the Granton-Burntisland boat, which crosses the estuary some six miles farther east. We find excellent provision for the transport of motor cars and our boat carries three besides our own. Landing at Burntisland, we follow the coast through Kirkcaldy to Largo.

The attraction at the latter place is a little

antique-shop close by the roadside in the village where two years before we found what we thought astonishing bargains in old silver, and our judgment was confirmed by an Edinburgh silversmith to whom we afterwards showed our purchases. The shopman had little of his wares in sight when we entered, but he kept bringing out article after article from some hidden recess until he had an amazing array before us. There was old silver galore, much of it engraved with armorial devices which the dealer said he had purchased at public auctions where the effects of old families were being turned into cash—not an uncommon occurrence in Britain these days. His prices were much less than those of city shops, and we were so well pleased with our few selections on our first visit that we think it worth while to visit Largo again. The shopman has not forgotten us and our finds are quite as satisfactory as before. And I must say that of all the odds and ends which we have acquired in our twenty-thousand miles of motoring in Europe, our old silver gives us the greatest satisfaction. It is about the safest purchase one can make, since the hall-mark guarantees its genuineness and it has a standard value anywhere. It cannot be bought to advantage in cities or tourist centers, where high prices are always demanded.

The same conditions will doubtless prevail in the more remote country villages as the motor car brings an increased number of buyers.

From Largo we traverse narrow byroads to Cupar, the county town of Fife. It is substantially built of gray stone and slate, but is not of much historic importance. The surrounding country is well-tilled and prosperous and there are many fine country houses which may occasionally be seen from the highroad. We hasten on to Newburgh and from thence to Perth, where we stop for luncheon at the splendid Station Hotel. The day has so far been clear and cool, but during our stop there comes a sudden dash of summer rain and a sharp drop in temperature—not a very favorable augury of fine weather in the Highlands, whither we are bound. Perth does not detain us, for despite its old-time importance and antiquity, scarce a vestige remains of its once numerous monastery chapels, castles and noblemen's houses. Perhaps the iconoclastic spirit inspired by old John Knox, who preached in Perth, may be partly responsible for this, or it may be as a Scotch writer puts it: "The theory which seems to prevail in the Fair City is that the Acropolis of Athens would be better out of the way if grazing for a few goats could be got on the spot; and the room of the historic

buildings was always preferred to their company when any pretext could be found for demolishing them." The home ascribed to Scott's "Fair Maid," restored out of all knowledge, serves the plebian purpose of a bric-a-brac shop and there is nothing but common consent to connect it with the heroine of the novel. The fair maid indeed may have been but a figment of the great writer's imagination, but the sturdy armorer certainly lived in Perth and became famous for the marvelous shirts of mail which he wrought.

Our route lies due north from Perth, a broad and smooth highway as far as Blairgowrie, near which is another original of the "Tullyveolan" of "Waverley"—the second or third we have seen. Here we plunge into the Highland hills, following a narrow stone-strewn road which takes us through barren moors and over steep rough hills, on many of which patches of snow still linger, seemingly not very far away. Its presence is felt, too, for the air is uncomfortably chilly. The low-hung clouds seem to threaten more snow and we learn later that snow actually fell during the previous week. For thirty miles there is scarcely a human habitation save one or two little inns which have rather a forlorn look. The road grows steadily worse and the long "hairpin curves" of the road on the famous "Devil's

Elbow" will test the climbing abilities of any motor.

While we are struggling with the steep, stony slopes and sharp turns of the Devil's Elbow, a driving rain begins and pursues us relentlessly for the rest of the day. The country would be dreary enough in the broad sunshine, but under present conditions it is positively depressing. The huge Invercauld Arms at Braemar is a welcome sight, though it proves none too comfortable; so cold and cheerless is the evening that every part of the hotel except the big assembly room, where a cheerful fire blazes in the ample grate, seems like a refrigerator. The guests complain bitterly of the unseasonable weather and one lady inquires of another, evidently a native:

"What in the world do you do here in winter if it is like this in July?"

"Do in winter? We sit and hug the fireplace and by springtime we are all just like kippered herring!"

Braemar has lost much of the popularity it enjoyed in Victoria's day, when as many as ten thousand people came to the town and vicinity during the Queen's residence at Balmoral, some ten miles away. She was fond of the Highlands and remained several weeks, but King Edward did not

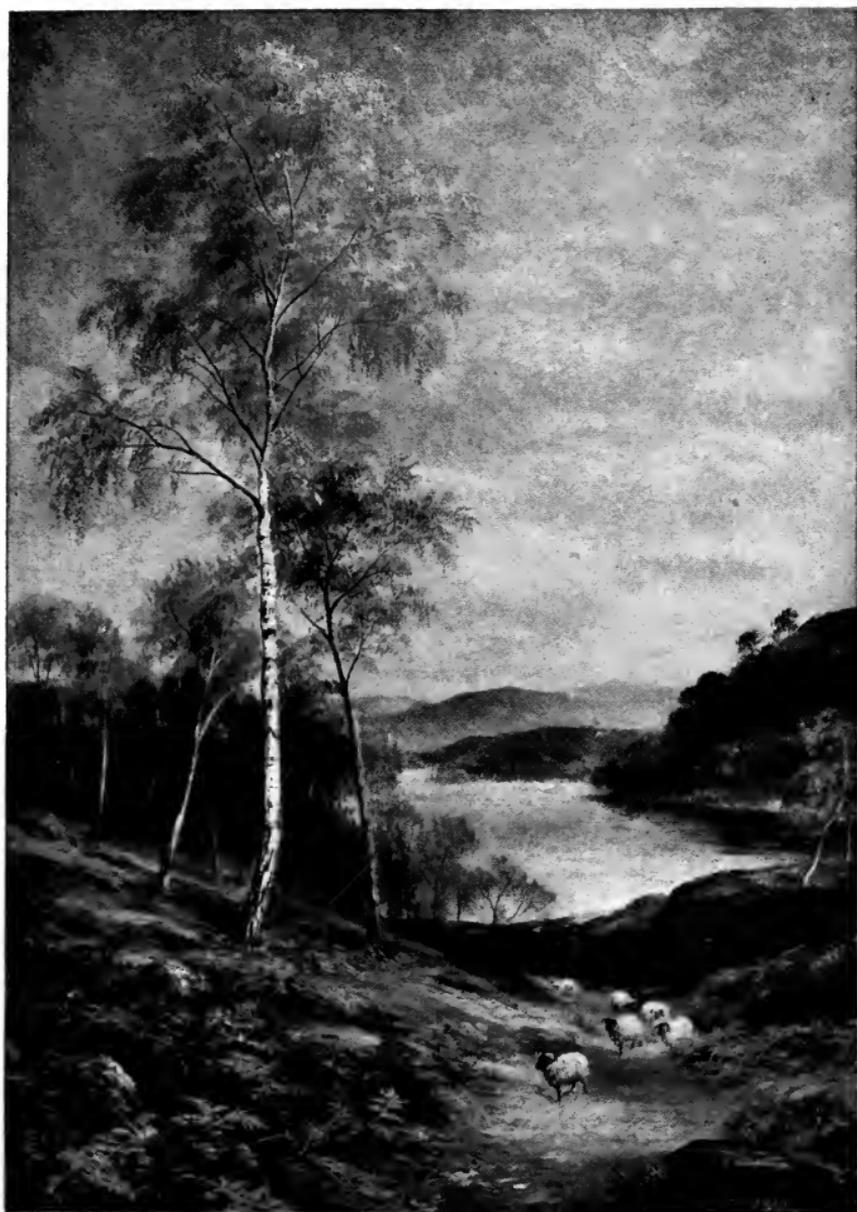
share her liking for Balmoral and was an infrequent visitor. The British have the summer-resort habit to a greater extent than any other people and Braemar still has considerable patronage during the season—from June to September. The surroundings are quite picturesque; wooded hills, towering cliffs and dashing streams abound, but one who has seen America would hardly count the scenery remarkable. There is nothing to detain us in Braemar and the next morning finds us early on the road. The day promises fine, though of almost frosty coolness, and the roads in places are muddy enough to remind us of home.

Braemar Castle, a quaint, towerlike structure near the town, attracts our attention and we find no difficulty in gaining entrance, for the family is away and the housekeeper is only too anxious to show visitors around in hopes of adding to her income. It proves of little interest, having recently been rebuilt into a summer lodge, the interior being that of an ordinary modern residence. The exterior, however, is very striking and the castle was of some consequence in the endless wars of the Highland clans.

A few miles over a road overhung by trees and closely following the brawling Dee brings us in sight of Balmoral. Our first impression is of disap-

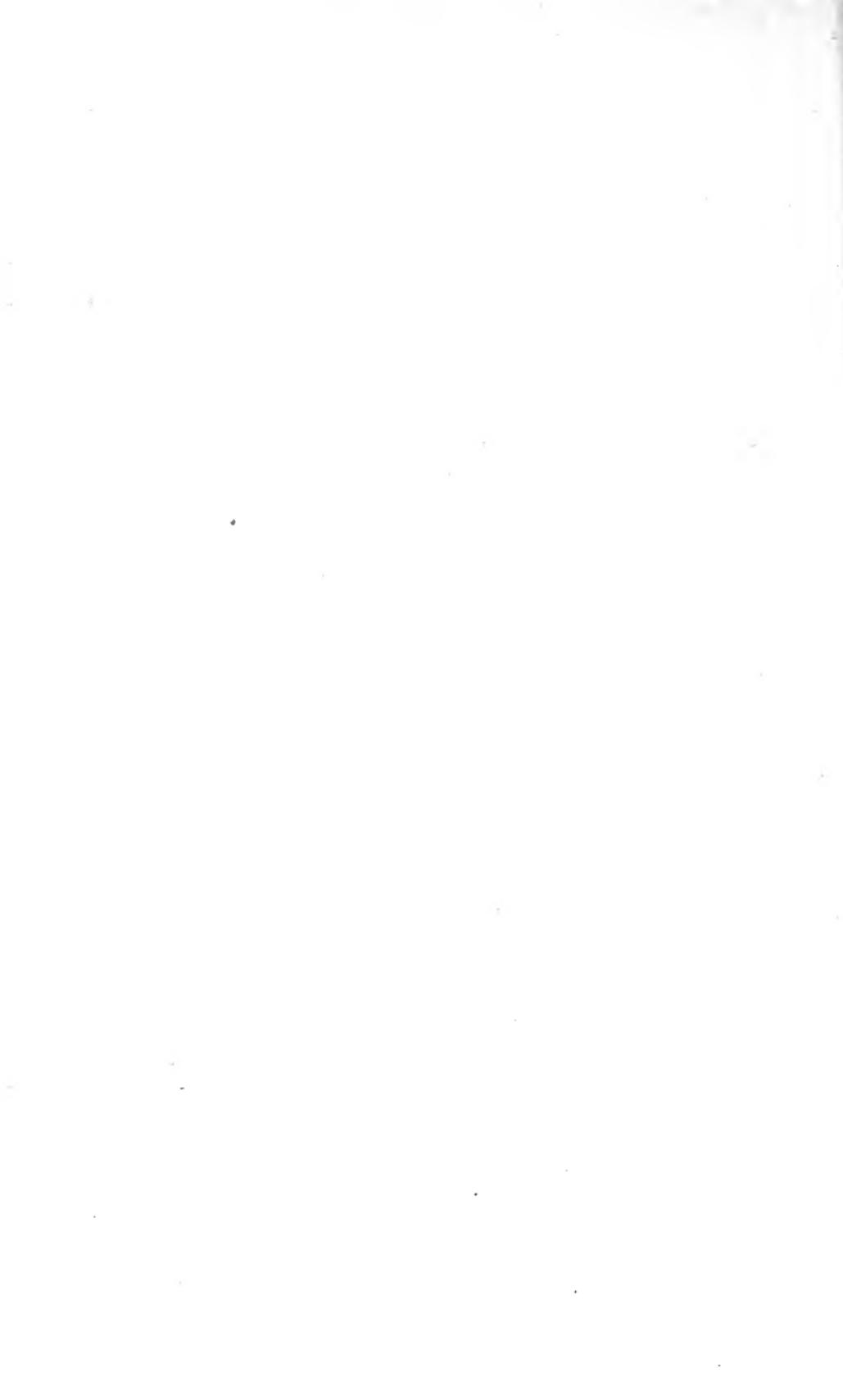
pointment, since the castle seems but small compared with our preconceived ideas, formed, of course, from the many pictures we have seen. It has no traditions to attract us and as considerable formality is necessary to gain admission on stated days only, we do not make the attempt. The situation, directly on the river bank, is charming, and the park surrounding the castle is well-groomed. We hie us on to Ballater, a pretty, well-built village occupying a small plateau surrounded by towering hills. But a mile or two from the town is the house where Byron as a boy spent his vacations with his mother, and there are many references in his poems to the mountains and lakes of the vicinity. Lochnagar, which inspired his well-known verses, is said to be the wildest and most imposing, though not the loftiest, of Scotch mountains. It is the predominating peak between Braemar and Ballater. For some miles on each side of Ballater the road runs through pine forests, which evidently yield much of the lumber supply in Britain, for sawmills are quite frequent. The trees are not large and they are not slaughtered after the wholesale manner of American lumbering.

The Palace Hotel in Aberdeen is well-vouched-for officially—by the Royal Automobile Club, the Automobile Association and an "American Touring



A HIGHLAND LOCH

From original painting by the late John MacWhirter, R. A.



Club" which is new to us—and we reckon, from the first mention in Baedeker, that it takes precedence of all others. It is conducted by the Great North of Scotland Railway and is quite excellent in its way, though not cheap or even moderate in rates. At dinner our inquisitive waiter soon learns that we are not new to Aberdeen; we have seen most of the sights, but we have to admit that we have missed the fish-market.

"Then ye haven't seen the biggest sight in the old town," said he. "Seven hunder tons of fish are landed every day at the wharves and sold at auction. Get down early in the morning and ye'll aye have a fish story to tell, I'll warrant."

And it proves an astonishing sight, to be sure. A great cement wharf a mile or more in length is rapidly being covered with finny tribes of all degrees, sorted and laid in rows according to size. They range from small fish such as sole and bloater to huge monsters such as cod, haddock and turbot, some of which might weigh two or three hundred pounds. It would take a naturalist, or an experienced deep-sea fisherman, to name the endless varieties; it is a hopeless task for us to try to remember the names of even a few of them. The harbor is filled with fishing craft waiting to unload their catch, and when one boat leaves the wharf its place

is quickly occupied by another. And this is not all the fish-show of Aberdeen, for herring and mackerel are brought in at another dock. We return to our hotel quite willing to concede our waiter-friend's claim that the tourist who does not see the fish-market misses, if not the "biggest," as he styled it, certainly the most interesting sight in Aberdeen.

We linger a few hours about the town, which is one of the cleanest and most substantially built it has been our good fortune to see. It shows to best advantage on a sunny day after a rain, when its mica-sprinkled granite walls glitter in the sun, and its clean, granite-paved streets have an unequalled attractiveness about them. Granite has much to do with Aberdeen's wealth and stateliness, for it is found in unlimited quantities near at hand and quarrying, cutting and polishing forms one of the greatest industries of the place. Civic pride is strong in Aberdeen and there are few cities that have greater justification for such a sentiment, either on account of material improvement or thrifty and intelligent citizens.

XI

IN SUTHERLAND AND CAITHNESS

It is a wild, thinly inhabited section—this strangely named Sutherland—lying a thousand miles nearer the midnight sun than does New York City; but its silver lochs, its clear, dashing streams and its unrivalled vistas of blue ocean and bold, rugged islands and highlands will reward the motorist who elects to brave its stony trails and forbiddingly steep hills. Despite its loneliness and remoteness, it is not without historic and romantic attractions and its sternly simple people widely scattered throughout its dreary wastes in bleak little villages or solitary shepherd cottages, are none the less interesting and pleasant to meet and know.

The transient wayfarer can hardly conceive how it is possible for the natives to wrest a living from the barren hills and perhaps it does not come so much from the land as from the cold gray ocean that is everywhere only a little distance away. Fishing is the chief industry of the coast villages, while the isolated huts in the hills are usually the homes of shepherds. The population of Suther-

land proper is sparse indeed and one will run miles and miles over the rough trails which serve as roads with rarely a glimpse of human habitation. No railway reaches the interior or the western coast and the venturesome motorist will often find himself amid surroundings where a break-down would surely mean disaster—a hundred miles or more from effective assistance. The precipitous hills and stony roads afford conditions quite favorable to mishap, and for this reason the highways of Sutherland are not frequented by motor cars and probably never will be until a different state of affairs prevails. The Royal Automobile Club, however, has mapped a fairly practicable route, following roughly the coast line of the shire, and with this valuable assistance, we are told, a considerable number of motorists undertake the trip during the course of the summer.

The name Sutherland—for the most northerly shire of a country which approaches the midnight sun—strikes one queerly; a Teutonic name for the most distinctly Celtic county in Scotland—both anomalies to puzzle the uninformed. But it was indeed the “land of the south” to the Norsemen who approached Scotland from the north, and landing on the shores of Caithness, they styled the bleak hills to the south as “Sudrland.” There was

not much to tempt them to the interior, the good harbors of Caithness and the produce of its fertile plains being the objective of these hardy "despots of the sea." The county of Caithness contains the greater part of the tillable land north of Inverness and this, with the extensive fisheries, supports a considerable population. The traveler coming from the south finds a pleasant relief in this wide fertile plain with its farmhouses and villages and its green fields dotted with sleek domestic animals. It was this prosperity that attracted the Norseman in olden days and he it was who gave the name to this county as well as to Sutherland—Caithness, from the "Kati," as the inhabitants styled themselves.

We leave the pleasant city of Inverness on a gray misty morning upon—I was going to say—our "Highland tour." But Inverness itself is well beyond the northern limit of the Highland region of Scott and the wayfaring stranger in Scotland to-day can hardly realize that the activities of Rob Roy were mostly within fifty miles of Glasgow. A hundred years ago the country north of the Great Glen was as remote from the center of life in Scotland as though a sea swept between. To-day we think of everything beyond Stirling or Dundee as the "Wild Scottish Highlands," and I may as well

adopt this prevailing notion in the tale I have to tell.

For the first half hour the splendid road is obscured by a lowering fog which, to our delight, begins to break away just as we come to Cromarty Firth, which we follow for some dozen miles. The victorious sunlight reveals an entrancing scene; on the one hand the opalescent waters of the firth, with the low green hills beyond, and on the other the countryside is ablaze with the yellow broom. Dingwall, at the head of the firth, is a clean, thriving town, quite at variance with our preconceived ideas of the wild Highlands; and a like revelation awaits us at Tain, with its splendid inn where we pause for luncheon on our return a few days later. It is built of rough gray stone and its internal appointments as well as its service are well in keeping with its imposing exterior. But an excellent inn, seemingly out of all proportion to the needs of a town or the surrounding country, need surprise no one in Scotland—such, indeed, is the rule rather than the exception.

At Bonar Bridge—the little town no doubt takes its name from the sturdy structure spanning Dornoch Firth—we cross into Sutherland and for the next hundred miles we are seldom out of sight of the sea. An ideal day we have for such a journey;

the air is crystal clear, cool and bracing. The unsullied skies meet a still, shimmering sea on one hand and bend in a wide arch over gray-green hills on the other. Before our journey ends cloud effects add to the weird beauty of the scenes that greet our eyes—a play of light and color sweeping across the mottled sky and the quiet ocean. We are enchanted by one particularly glorious view as we speed along the edge of a cliff far above the ocean that frets and chafes beneath; a bank of heavy white clouds is shot through by the crimson rays of the declining sun; it seemingly rests on the surface of the still water and is reflected with startling brilliance in the lucent depths. Every mood of the skies finds a response in the ocean—gray, steely-blue, silver-white, crimson and gold, all prevail in turn—until, as we near our destination, the sky again is clear and the sea glows beneath a cloudless sunset.

In a sheltered nook by the ocean, which here ripples at the foot of a bleak hill, sits Golspie, the first village of any note after crossing Dornoch Firth. It has little to entitle it to distinction besides its connection with Dunrobin Castle—the great Gothic pile that looms above it. Dunrobin is the seat of the Duke of Sutherland and Golspie is only the hamlet of retainers and tradesmen that usually at-

taches itself to a great country seat. It is clean and attractive and its pleasant inn by the roadside at once catches our eye—for our luncheon time is already well past. And there are few country inns that can vie with the Sutherland Arms of Golspie, even in a land famous for excellent country inns. A low, rambling stone building mantled with ivy and climbing roses and surrounded by flowers and green sward, with an air of comfort and coziness all about it, mutely invites the wayfarer to enjoy its hospitality. The interior is equally attractive and there are evidences that the inn is a resort for the fisherman and hunter as well as for the tourist.

It is of little consequence that luncheon time is two hours past; the Scottish inn keeps open house all day and the well-stocked kitchen and sideboard stand ready to serve the wayfarer whenever he arrives. The sideboard, with its roast beef, mutton and fowls, would of itself furnish a substantial repast; and when this is supplemented by a salad, two or three vegetables, including the inevitable boiled potatoes, with a tart or pudding for dessert, one would have to be more particular than a hungry motorist to find fault. The landlady personally looks after our needs—which adds still more to the homelikeness of the inn—and as we take our leave we express our appreciation of the entertain-

ment she has afforded us. She plucks a full-blown rose from the vine which clings to the gray walls and gives it to the lady member of our party, saying:

“Would you believe that the roses bloom on this wall in December? Indeed, they do, for Golspie is so sheltered by the hills and the climate is so tempered by the ocean currents that we never have really severe weather.”

And this is nearly a thousand miles north of the latitude of New York City!

The day is too far advanced to admit of a visit to Dunrobin Castle, despite the lure of its thousand years of eventful history. It stands on a commanding eminence overlooking the sea, its pinnacled turrets and battlements sharply fretted against the sky. Its style savors of the French chateau, though there are enough old Scottish details to redeem it from the domination of the foreign type, and, altogether, it is one of the statelyst of the homes of the Highland nobility. It has been in the unbroken possession of the present family for nearly a thousand years, having been originally built by Robert, Thane of Sutherland, in 1098. Its isolation no doubt saved it from the endless sieges and consequent ruin that so many ancient strongholds underwent.

From Golspie to Wick we are seldom out of sight of the ocean and there are many pleasing vistas from the clifflike hills which the finely engineered road ascends in long sweeping curves. The entire road from Inverness to Wick ranks with the best in Scotland, but beyond—that is another story. The villages along the way are inhabited by fishermen, many of whom speak only Gaelic, and they are always civil towards the stranger. Especially do we notice this when we pass groups of children; they are always smiling and waving welcome in a manner that recalls in sharp contrast the sullen little hoodlums in the French and German towns. The country houses, though small and plain, are clean and solidly built of stone. Many well-bred domestic animals are to be seen, especially sheep. In this connection I recall a conversation I had with a young Montana ranchman whom I met on a train near Chicago. He had just sold his season's wool clip in that city and realized the highest price of the year—and he had imported his stock from Caithness, where he formerly lived.

Wick is celebrated for its herring fisheries, upon which nearly the whole population of about twelve thousand is directly or indirectly dependent. It is the largest town north of Inverness and of some commercial importance. The artificial harbor was

built at an immense cost and when the fisher fleet is in presents a forest of masts. On Mondays the boats depart for the fishing grounds, most of them remaining out for the week. Some of the boats are of considerable size and a single catch may comprise many tons of herrings. The unsavory work of cleaning and curing is done by women, who come from all parts of the country during the fishing season.

Logically, Wick should mark the conclusion of our day's journey, which is of unusual length, and the huge Station Hotel is not uninviting, but we hasten farther, to fare—so far as accommodations are concerned—very considerably worse. John O'Groats is our destination. We have long been fascinated by the odd name at the far northern extremity of the map of Scotland—a fascination increased by the recurrence of the name in Scotch song and story—and it pleases our fancy to pass the night at John O'Groats. A friendly officer assures us that we will find an excellent hotel at our goal and with visions of a well-ordered resort awaiting our arrival we soon cover the dozen or more miles of level though bumpy road between Wick and the Scotch Ultima Thule. The country is green and prosperous—no hint of the rocky hills

and barren moors that have greeted us most of the day.

A half mile from the tiny village of John O'Groats—a dozen or more low stone huts—we come to the hotel and our spirits sink as we look about us. A small two-story building with an octagonal tower faces the lonely sea and it is soon evident that we are the sole guests for the night. Two unattractive young women apparently constitute the entire force of the inn; they are manageresses, cooks, waitresses, chambermaids and even "porteresses," if I may use such a word, for they proceed to remove our baggage and to carry it to our room. This is in the octagonal tower, fronting on the ocean, and is clean and orderly; but the dinner which our fair hostesses set forth precludes any danger of gormandizing, ravenously hungry though we happen to be. The dining-room occupies the first floor of the octagonal tower, which stands on the supposed site of the original house of John O'Groat, or John de Groote, the Dutchman whose fame is commemorated by a tradition which one must hear as a matter of course if he visits the spot.

John de Groote, a wealthy Hollander, is supposed to have established himself in Caithness in the time of James IV. to engage in commerce with



HOTEL, JOHN O'GROATS

the natives. As he was a person of importance, he brought with him a number of retainers, who held an annual feast in celebration of their arrival in Scotland. At this there were bickerings and heart-burnings as to who should occupy "the head of the table"—an honor that was made much of in those days. Wise old John de Groote pacified his jealous guests as best he could, assuring them that at their next gathering all should be equally honored and satisfied. He must have been a man of influence, for his enigmatical assurance seems to have been accepted by all. When the eight petty chieftains assembled again they beheld an octagonal house with eight doors and in it was a huge octagonal table with seats at each side for the jealous clansmen and their retainers. As they must enter simultaneously and as no one could possibly be exalted above his fellows, the question of precedence could not arise. And so John O'Groat gave his name to eternal fame—but if this strange domicile ever existed, all trace of it has disappeared, and the question of precedence does not trouble our little party nearly so much as the indifferent dinner, which we make but a poor pretense at eating.

One will hardly find a lonelier or more melancholy scene—at least so it seems to us this evening—than the wide sweep of water confronting us

when we look seaward from the sandy beach that slopes downward from the inn. Near at hand is a bold headland—the small rocky island of Stroma—while the dim outlines of the southernmost Orkneys rise a few miles away. No ship or sign of life is to be seen except two crab-fishers, who are rowing to the little landing-place. The beach is littered with thousands of dead crabs and masses of seaweed cling to the wreckage scattered along the water line. All is quiet and serene as the night-long twilight settles down, save for the occasional weird scream of some belated sea-bird. The sun does not set until after nine o'clock and on clear nights one may read print at midnight under the open skies. And it is with an odd feeling, when awakened by the rising sun streaming into our windows, that I find on looking at my watch that the hour of three is just past.

At the risk of being set down as heathen by the natives, who observe Sunday even more strictly than their southern brethren, we are early on the road. Our breakfast, hastily prepared by our hostesses, gives us added incentive for severing relations with John O'Groats. We settle our modest score—our inn has the merit of cheapness, at least—act as our own porter—saving a shilling thereby—and soon sally forth on the fine road to Thurso.

IN SUTHERLAND AND CAITHNESS

The glorious morning soon effaces all unpleasant recollections. The road runs for miles in sight of the sea, which shows a gorgeous color effect in the changing light—deep indigo-blue, violet, amethyst, sapphire, all seem to predominate in turn, and the crisp breeze shakes the shimmering surface into millions of jewellike ripples. In sheltered nooks under the beetling crags of the shore the water lies a sheet of dense lapis-lazuli blue such as one sees in pictures but seldom in nature. On the other hand are the green fields, which evidence an unexpected fertility in this far northern land.

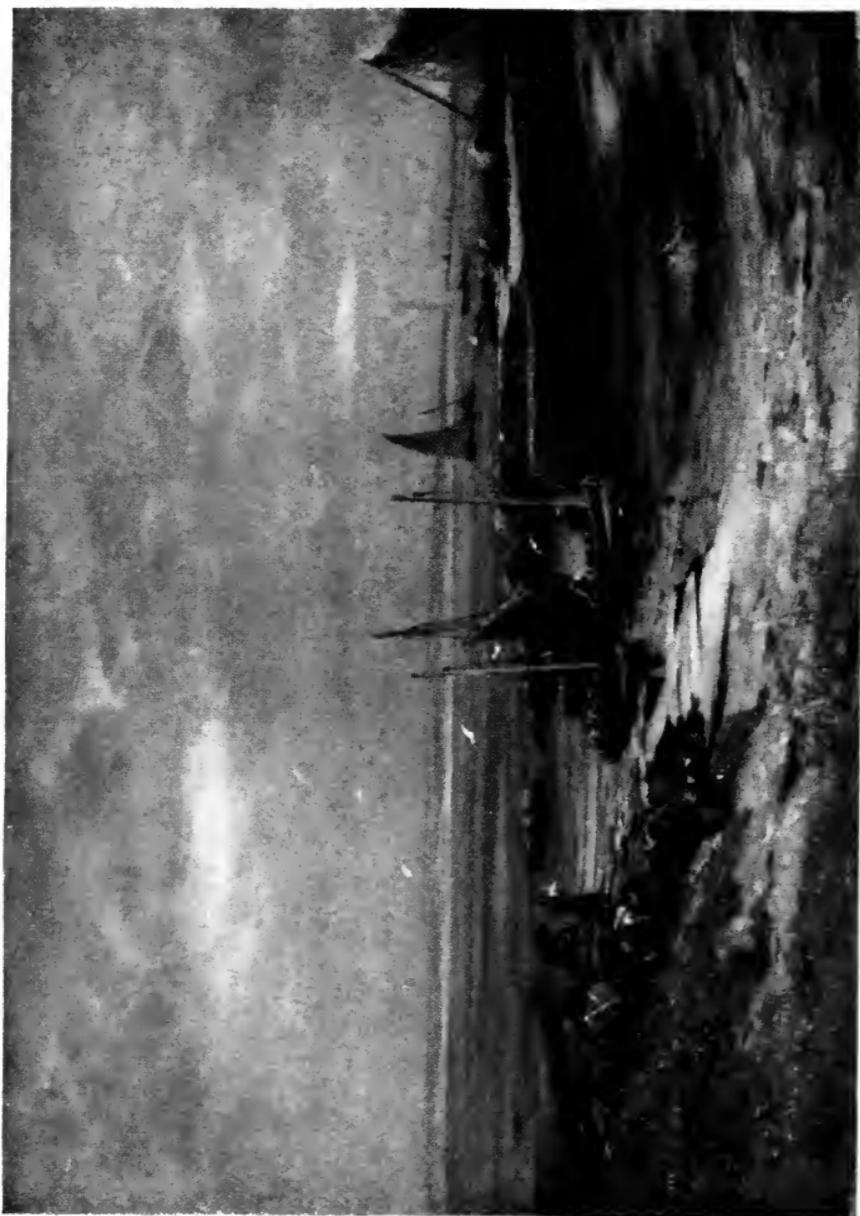
But the scene changes—almost suddenly. Leaving the low, green meadows of western Caithness, we plunge into the dark, barren hills of Sutherland—a country as lonely and forbidding as any to be found within the four seas that encircle Britain. The road—splendid for a dozen miles out of Thurso—degenerates into a rough, rock-strewn trail that winds among the hills, often with steep grades and sharp turns. At some points where the road branches a weather-worn stone gives an almost illegible direction and at others there is nothing to assist the puzzled traveler. At one of these it seems clear to us that the right-hand road must lead to Tongue, and with some misgiving we take it. There is absolutely no human being in sight—

an inquiry is impossible. The road grows so bad that we can scarce distinguish it and at last we catch sight of a shepherd-cottage over the hill. Two elfish children on the hilltop view us with open-mouthed wonder, but in response to our inquiries flee away to the house. The shepherd comes out, Bible in hand; he has no doubt been passing the morning in devotion at his home, since the kirk is too far away for him to attend.

“The road to Tongue? Ah, an’ it’s a peety. Ye have ta’en the wrang turn and the road ye are on leads to—just nowhere.”

We thank him and carefully pilot our car backward for half a mile to find a practicable place to turn about.

We have passed a few little hamlets since we left Thurso—Melvich, Strathy and Bettyhill—each made up of a few stone huts thatched with boughs or underbrush of some kind and though cleanly and decent, their appearance is poverty-stricken in the extreme. At Bettyhill we pass many people laboriously climbing the long hill to the kirk which stands bleakly on the summit—the entire population, old and young, appears to be going to the service. They are a civil, kindly folk, always courteous and obliging in their response to our inquiries, though we think we can detect a latent



ACKERGILL HARBOUR, CAITHNESS
From original painting by Henderson Tarbet

disapproval of Sunday motoring—only our own guilty consciences, perhaps. They seem sober and staid, even the youngsters—no doubt only the Scotchman's traditional reverence for the Sabbath; though one of the best informed Scotch writers thinks this mood is often temperamental—a logical result of the stern surroundings that these people see every day of their lives. For Mr. T. F. Henderson in his "Scotland of Today" writes of the very country through which we are passing:

"With all their dreariness there is something impressive in these long stretches of lonely moorland, something of the same feeling that comes over one, you fancy, in the Sahara. As a stranger you will probably see them in the summertime. There is then the endless weird light of the northern sunrise and sunset, there is the charm of the sunlight; and nature using such magic effects is potent to infuse strange attractions into the wilderness itself. But the infinite gloom of the days of winter, the long periods of darkness, the rain-cloud and the storm-cloud sweeping at their will over the wild moorland without any mountain screen to break the storm! Can you wonder that men who spend their lives amid such scenes become gloomy and taciturn, and that sadness seems inseparable from such sur-

roundings, and poverty inevitably appears twice as cruel and harsh here as elsewhere?"

It is well past noon when the blue waters of the Kyle of Tongue flash through the rugged notches of the hills and a few furlongs along the shore bring us to the village of Tongue, with its hospitable inn. Though Tongue is fifty miles from the nearest railway station, enough lovers of the wild come here to make this pleasant, well-ordered inn a possibility. We find it very attractive inside; the July day is fresh and clear but chilly enough to make the fire burning in the diminutive grate in the drawing-room very acceptable to us who have never become really acclimated in Britain. But the same fire is evidently intended to be more ornamental than useful, for the supply of coals is exceedingly limited and they are fed into the grate in homeopathic doses. An Australian lady—who with her husband, we learn later, is on a honeymoon tour of Scotland—is even more sensitive to the chill than ourselves and ends the matter by dumping the contents of the scuttle on the fire and, like *Oliver Twist*, calling for more. Oliver's request possibly did not create greater consternation among his superiors than this demand dismayed our hostess, for coals might well be sold by troy instead of avoirdupois in Tongue. The supply must come

by coast steamer from the English mines and the frequent handling and limited demand send the price skyward. The Australian lady's energetic act insures that the room will be habitable for the rest of the day—though it is easy to see that some of the natives think it heated to suffocation.

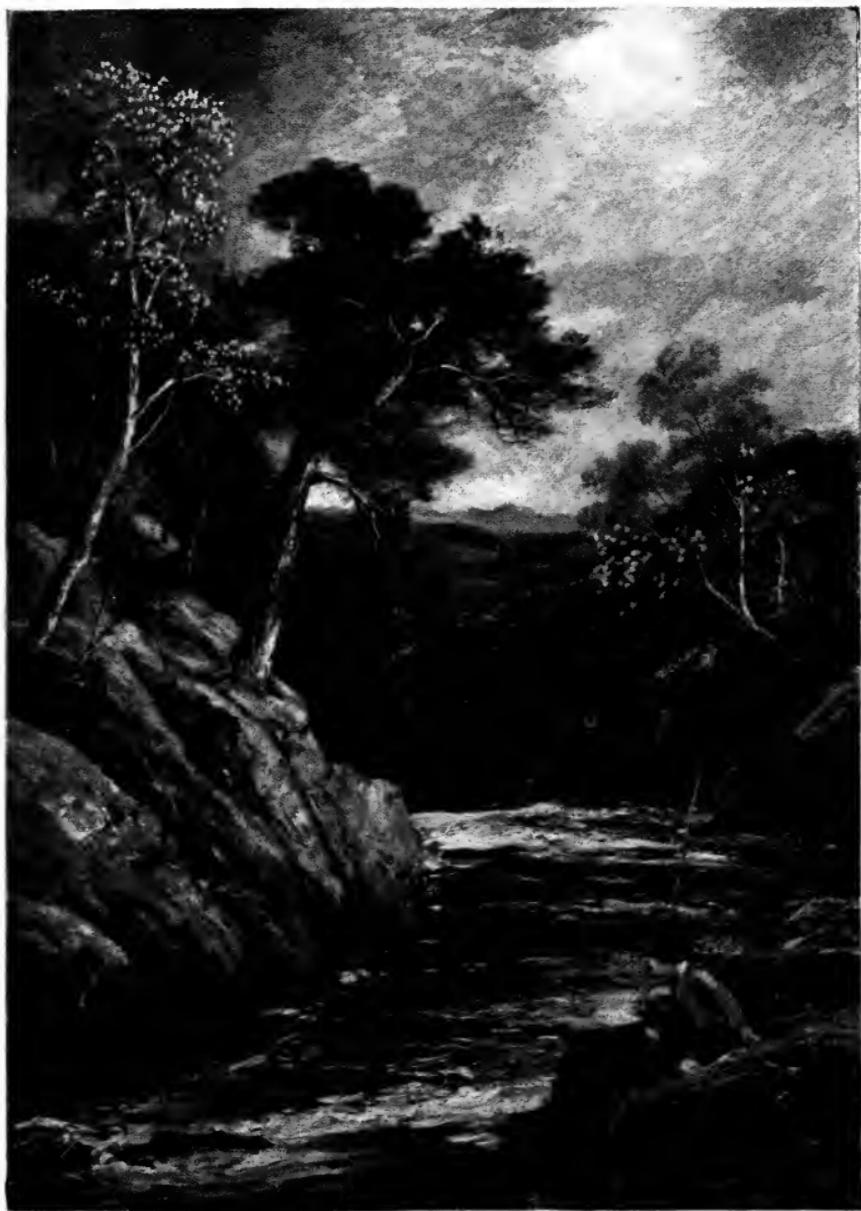
At dinner our host, a hale, full-bearded Scotchman, sits at the head of the table and carves for his guests in truly patriarchal style. The meal is a satisfying one, well-cooked and served; the linen is snowy white and the silver carefully polished. We find the hotel just as satisfactory throughout; the rooms are clean and well-ordered and the whole place has a homelike air. It is evidently a haven for fishermen during the summer season and these probably constitute the greater number of guests. The entrance hall is garnished with many trophies of rod and gun and, altogether, we may count Tongue Inn a unique and pleasant lodge in a lonely land.

The following day—it is our own national holiday—we strike southward through the Sutherland moors. The country is bleak and unattractive, though the road proves better than we expected. For several miles it closely follows the sedgy shores of Loch Loyal, a clear, shimmering sheet of water a mile in width, set in a depression of the moor-

land hills. The Sutherland lochs have little in their surroundings to please the eye; their greatest charm is in the relief their bright, pellucid waters afford from the monotony of the brown moors. There are many of these lakes, ranging in size from little tarns to Loch Shin—some seventy miles in length. We pass several in course of our morning's run, and cross many clear, dashing streams, but there is little else to attract attention in the forty miles to Bonar Bridge.

Lairg is the only village on the way, a group of cottages clustered about an immense hotel which is one of the noted Scotch resorts for fishermen. It is situated at the southern extremity of Loch Shin, where, strange to say, fishing is free—not a common state of affairs with the Scotch lochs. It is famous for its trout and salmon, though it is decidedly lacking in picturesqueness, one writer describing it as "little better than a huge ditch."

From Bonar Bridge southward we retrace the broad, level road that we followed out of Inverness, and from the opposite direction the green and thriving countryside presents quite a new aspect. We have often remarked that it is seldom a hardship to retrace our way over a road through an interesting country. The different viewpoint is sure to reveal beauties that we have missed before. One



GLEN AFFRICK, NEAR INVERNESS

From original painting by the late John MacWhirter, R. A.



IN SUTHERLAND AND CAITHNESS

cannot complain that the country here lacks attractions—there are many famous excursions to the lochs and glens and one of the most delightful is the ten-mile drive to Glen Affrick, which may be taken from Beaulieu. Mr. MacWhirter's picture shows a view of the dashing river—and I recall that the great artist, when showing me the original, remarked that if one were asked to guess, he would hardly locate Glen Affrick in the Scotch Highlands, so strongly suggestive of the Dark Continent is the name.

XII

DOWN THE GREAT GLEN

That we had once—under the guidance of that patron saint of tourists, Thos. Cook—made the regulation boat trip down the Caledonian Lakes and Canal, in no wise lessens our eagerness to explore the Great Glen by motor car. On a previous occasion we reluctantly gave up the run from Inverness to Oban because of stories of inconvenient and even dangerous ferries; but recent information from the Royal Automobile Club shows that while only a few attempt the journey, it is entirely practicable. The English motorist, accustomed to perfect roads and adequate ferry service, is likely to magnify deviations from the best conditions, which would be scarcely remarked upon by his American brother, to whom good highways are the exception rather than the rule. And so it chanced that the Great Glen acquired a rather unsavory reputation and only a few Americans or an occasional venturesome native undertook the journey. At the present time, I understand, the road and service have been so



THE GREAT GLEN, SUNSET
From original painting by Breanski

improved that no one need hesitate in essaying this delightful trip.

Mr. George Eyre-Todd, a Scottish author, in a recently published book gives some descriptive and historical information concerning the country we are about to explore:

“Glen More na h’ Albyn, the Great Glen of Scotland, stretching from the Moray Firth southward to the Sound of Mull, cuts the Scottish Highlands in two. For grandeur and variety of scenery—mountain and glen, torrent and waterfall, inland lake and arm of the sea—it far surpasses the Rhine; and though the German river, with its castled crags and clustering mountain-towns, has been enriched by the thronged story of many centuries, its interest even in that respect is fully matched by the legends, superstitions and wild clan memories of this great lake valley of the north. For him who has the key to the interests of the region the long day’s sail from Inverness to Oban unrolls a panorama of unbroken charm.

“The Caledonian Canal, which links the lakes of this great glen, was a mighty engineering feat in its day. First surveyed by James Watt in 1773, at the instance of the trustees of the forfeited estates, and finally planned by Telford in 1804, it was begun by Government for strategic purposes during

the Napoleonic wars, and when finally opened in 1847 had cost no more than a million and a quarter sterling. It has a uniform depth of eighteen feet, and ships of thirty-eight feet beam and a thousand tons burden can sail through it from one side of Scotland to the other. In these peaceful times, however, the canal is very little used. In autumn and spring the brown sails of fishing-boats pass through in flights, and twice a day in summer the palace-steamers of David Macbrayne sweep by between the hills. But for the rest of the time the waters lap the lonely shores, the grey heron feeds at the burn mouths, and sunshine and rain come and go along the great mountainsides, exactly as they did in the days of Culloden or Inverlochy.

“The canal at first has the country of Clan Mackintosh, of which Inverness may be considered the capital, on its left. At the same time, down to Fort Augustus, it has the Lovat country on the right. Glengarry, farther down, was the headquarters of the Macdonnells. South of that lies the Cameron country, Lochaber and Lochiel. And below Fort Williams stretches the Macdonald country. All these clans, in the '45, were disaffected to Government, and followed the rising of Prince Charles Edward.”

Inverness, with her bracing air and clear river,

DOWN THE GREAT GLEN

her beautiful island park, well-stocked shops and wealth of romantic associations, will always tempt one to linger, come as often as he may. It is our fourth stop in the pleasant northern capital; we have tried the principal hotels and we remember the Alexandra most favorably—though one traveler's experiences may not be of great value in such a matter. Individual tastes differ and a year or two may work a great change in an inn for better or worse.

Within a dozen miles of Inverness one may find many historic spots. Few will overlook Culloden Moor, with its melancholy cairn and its memories of the final extinguishment of the aspirations of the Stuart line. Not less interesting in a different way is Cawdor Castle, the grim thirteenth-century pile linked to deathless fame in Shakespeare's "Macbeth." There are drives galore to glens and resorts and you will not be permitted to forget the cemetery, in which every citizen of the town seems to take a lugubrious pride. Indeed, it is one of the most beautiful burial grounds in the Kingdom. Crowning a great hill which commands far-reaching views of valley and sea, it lacks nothing that art and loving care can lavish upon it.

But Inverness, with all her charm, must not detain us longer. Our journey, following the course

of the lakes to Oban, begins in the early morning; the distance is only one hundred and twenty miles, but they tell us we are sure to experience considerable delay at the ferries. It is a dull, misty morning and the drifting fog half hides the rippling river which we follow some miles out of Inverness. By the time we reach the shores of Loch Ness, the sunlight begins to struggle through the mist which has enveloped everything and, to our delight, there is every promise of a glorious day.

The lake averages a mile in width and for its entire length of nearly twenty-five miles is never more than a few score yards from the road. It is an undulating and sinuous road and one of the most dangerous in the Kingdom for reckless drivers. Here it turns a sharp, hidden corner; there it drops suddenly down a short, steep declivity into a dark little glade; at times it winds through trees that press too closely to allow vehicles to pass, and again it follows the edge of an abrupt cliff. Such a road cannot be traversed too carefully, but, fortunately, to anyone with an eye for the beauties of nature, there is no incentive to speed. Every mile of the lake presents new aspects—a dark, dull mirror or a glistening sheet of silver, and again a smiling expanse of blue, mottled with reflections of fleecy white clouds. In one place it shows a strange effect of alternating



URQUHART CASTLE, LOCH NESS



DOWN THE GREAT GLEN

bars of light and shade sweeping from shore to shore, a phenomenon which we are quite unable to understand. About midway an old castle rises above the dark waters which reflect it with all the fidelity of a mirror, for at this point the plummet shows a depth of seven hundred feet. For six hundred years Castle Urquhart has frowned above the lake and about it has gathered a long history of romantic sieges and defenses, fading away into myth and legend. Its sullen picturesqueness furnished a theme for the brush of Sir John Millais, who was a frequent visitor to the Great Glen and an ardent admirer of its scenery.

As we pursue the lakeside road, we find ourselves contrasting our former trip by steamer, and we agree that the motor gives the best realization of the beauties of landscape and loch. There are points of vantage along the shore which afford views far surpassing any to be had from the dead level of the steamer deck; the endless variations of light and color playing over the still surface we did not see from the boat. There may be much of fancy in this; everything to the motor enthusiast seems finer and more enchanting when viewed from that queen of the road—the open car.

The old chroniclers have it that St. Columba traversed the Great Glen in 565 A. D. and they

declare that he beached his boat near Kilchimien on Loch Ness after having by his preaching and miracles converted the Pictish kings. This is the first record of the introduction of Christianity into the northern Highlands.

Fort Augustus marks the southern extremity of Loch Ness and here are the great buildings of St. Benedict's Abbey and School, a famous Catholic college patronized by the sons of the gentry and nobility of that faith. The fort was built by the English a couple of centuries ago as a base of offense against the adherents of the Stuarts in the vicinity, and we may be sure that the fierce Highlanders did not permit the garrison to suffer from inactivity.

At this point the road swings across the canal and follows the western shores of Loch Oich and Loch Lochy. We miss the trees which border Loch Ness; here we pass at the foot of high, barren hills over which, to the southward, rises Ben Nevis, the loftiest of Scotch mountains. There is not much of interest until we reach the vicinity of Fort William at the northern end of Loch Linnhe. As we approach the town we catch glimpses of the ivy-clad ruin of Inverlochy, one of the most ancient and romantic of northern Scottish castles. A portion of the structure is supposed to antedate

DOWN THE GREAT GLEN

the eighth century and it was long the residence of a line of Pictish kings—kings, indeed, even though their subjects were but a handful of ill-clad marauders. In any event, one of them, King Achaius, was of enough importance to negotiate a treaty with ambassadors sent by Charlemagne. It would be a long story to tell of the sieges and sallies, of the fierce combats and dark tragedies that took place within and about the walls of Inverlochy Castle; for in all its thousand years it saw little of peace or quiet until after the fight at Culloden; and such a story would accord well with the air of grim mystery that seems to hover over the sullen old ruin to-day. Standing on the verge of the still water, its massive round towers outlined against the rocky sides of Ben Nevis, whose snow-flecked summit looms high over it, it seems the very ideal of the home of chivalry, rude and barbarous though it may have been.

Fort William, with its enormous hotels, shows the usual characteristics of a Scottish resort town—but the attractions which bring guests to fill such hotels are not apparent to us. More likely these are in the neighborhood rather than in the town itself. We pause here in an endeavor to get some authentic information concerning the ferry at Ballachulish, for our doubts have been considerably

aroused about it. The office of the steamship company of David Macbrayne, who controls nearly all the coastwise shipping in North Scotland, seems a likely place and thither we hie ourselves. The canny Scot in charge assures us that the ferry is exceedingly dangerous—that motors are transferred on a row-boat and some day there will be a dreadful accident; he even darkly hints that something of the sort has already occurred. The safe and sane thing to do is to place our car aboard the next canal steamer, which will land us in Oban in the course of five or six hours—and it will cost us only three pounds plus transportation for ourselves. Shall he book us and our car for the boat?

His eagerness to close the deal arouses our suspicion—besides, we have done the Caledonian trip by boat before and are not at all partial to the proposed plan. It occurs to us that the proprietor of a nearby garage ought to be as well informed on this matter and more disinterested than Mr. Macbrayne's obsequious representative.

"Cars go that way every little while," he says. "Not especially dangerous—never had an accident that I know of."

Thus encouraged, we soon cover the dozen miles to the ferry. Our fine weather has vanished and a drizzling rain is falling at intervals. At the ferry

DOWN THE GREAT GLEN

we learn that the crossing can be made only at high tide, which means four hours' wait amidst anything but pleasant surroundings. There are two vehicles ahead of us—a motor and a small covered wagon about which two miserably dirty and ragged little youngsters play, regardless of the steady rain. A dejected man and a spiritless woman accompany the wagon and soon respond to our friendly advances. They are selling linoleum made in Aberfeldy—traveling about the country in the wagon, stopping at cottages wherever a bit of their commodity is likely to be in demand. It is a pitiful story of poverty and privation, of days without sales enough to provide food, and of cold, wet nights by the roadside. If the end of the trip finds them even they are well content, but more often they are in debt to the makers of the linoleum.

There are thousands of others, they tell us, gaining a precarious living, like themselves, though of course not all selling the same commodity. When they see our annoyance at the delay, they offer to yield us their turn in crossing, which we gladly accept, for it affords an excuse for a gratuity, which we feel our chance acquaintances sorely need.

In the meantime the tide is flowing swiftly through the narrow strait which connects Loch Leven with the wide estuary of Loch Linnhe and

our boat approaches from the opposite side. Four men are rowing vigorously and as the small craft grates alongside the slippery granite pier, one would never choose it as a fit transport for a heavy motor. It is about twenty feet in length by ten or a dozen wide; two stout planks are placed crosswise and two more form a runway from the sloping landing, and, altogether, the outlook is rather discouraging to anyone so prejudiced in favor of the terra firma as ourselves. We are half tempted to retrace our journey to Fort William, but fortunately, the two young men who have preceded us in a large run-about furnish an object lesson that proves the trick not nearly so difficult as it looks. We follow suit in our turn and our car, by a little careful jockeying, is soon nicely balanced on the planks in the center of the boat. We express surprise that the added weight seems scarcely to affect the displacement of the craft. "O, ay,—she'll carry twelve ton," says one of the men who overhears us. So the two tons of the car is far from the limit, after all. It is a strong pull, well out of the direct line in crossing, for the tide is running like a mill-race and would sweep us many furlongs down the shore were not due allowance made by the rowers. The landing is easier than the embarking, and we are soon away at something more than the lawful pace



THE MACDONALD MONUMENT, GLENCOE



DOWN THE GREAT GLEN

for Benderloch Station, where another crossing must be made.

We might have wished to take the right-hand road to Glencoe, only a few miles from Ballachulish—mournful Glencoe, with its memories of one of the darkest deeds that stain the none too spotless page of Scottish history. For here the bloody Cumberland, acting upon explicit orders from the English throne, sent a detachment of soldiers under the guise of friends seeking the hospitality of Clan Macdonald, which received them with open arms. The captain of the troop was an uncle of the young chieftain's wife, which served still farther to win the utmost confidence of the unsuspecting clansmen. For two weeks the guests awaited fit opportunity for their dastardly crime, when they murdered their host in the very act of providing for their entertainment and dealt death to all his clan and kin, regardless of age or sex. A few escaped to the hills, only to perish miserably from the rigors of the Scottish midwinter. Such is the sad tale of Glencoe, where to-day a tall granite shaft commemorates the victims of the treacherous deed.

A hundred tales might be told of the Great Glen—true tales—did our space permit. Here Bonnie Prince Charlie marshalled his forces and made his last stand in his struggle for the throne of his fathers.

In 1745, at Gairloch, near Fort William, the royal adventurer organized the nucleus of the army which was to capture Edinburgh and throw all the Kingdom into consternation by its incursion into England. Here he planned a battle with General Cope, who avoided the encounter, a move which gave great impetus to the insurrection. Charles was in high feather and passed a night in revelry at Invergarry Castle with the Highland chieftains, who already imagined their leader on the highway to the British throne. Less than a year later the prince again sought Invergarry in his flight from Culloden's fatal field, but he found the once hospitable home of the chief of Glengarry empty and dismantled and so surrounded by enemies that, weary and despairing as he was, he still must hasten on. Two weeks later, after a score of hair-breadth escapes, the royal fugitive left Scotland—as it proved, forever.

We did not at the time reflect very deeply on these bits of historic lore; the rain was falling and the winding, slippery road required close attention. Much of the scenery was lost to us, but the gloomy evening was not without its charm. The lake gleamed fitfully through the drifting mists and the brown hills were draped with wavering cloud curtains. Right behind us rose the mighty form of

DOWN THE GREAT GLEN

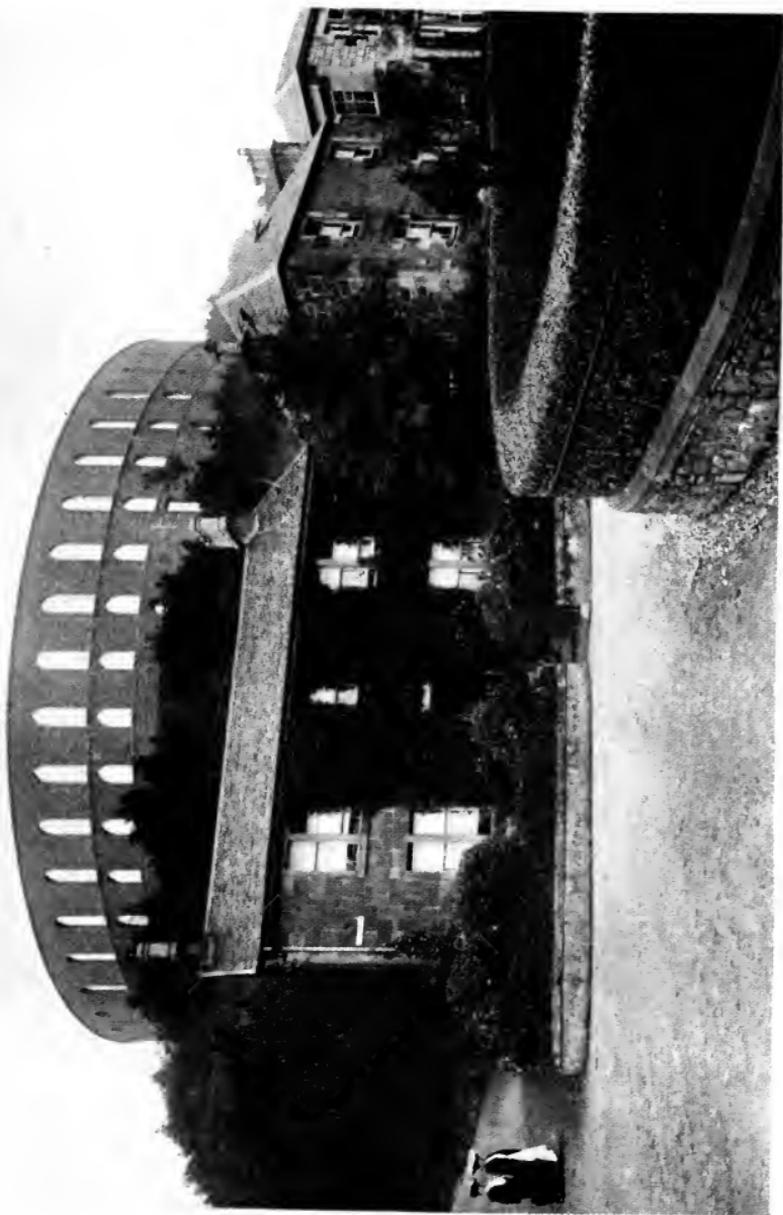
Ben Nevis, on whose summit flecks of snow still lingered. The wildness of the country was accentuated by the forbidding aspect of the weather, but we regretted it the less since our former trip had been under perfect conditions.

At Benderloch Station we found a railway motor van and flat car awaiting us, in response to our telephone message from Ballachulish. Our motor was speedily loaded on the car, while we occupied seats in the van, an arrangement provided for motorists by the obliging railway officials. All this special service costs only fifteen or twenty shillings; but no doubt the railroad people established the rate to compete with the ferry across Loch Creran Inlet. They set us down safe and sound on the other side of the estuary, and we soon covered the few remaining miles to Oban, where we needed no one to direct us to the Station Hotel, for we learned on a former visit that it is one of the best-ordered inns in the North Country.

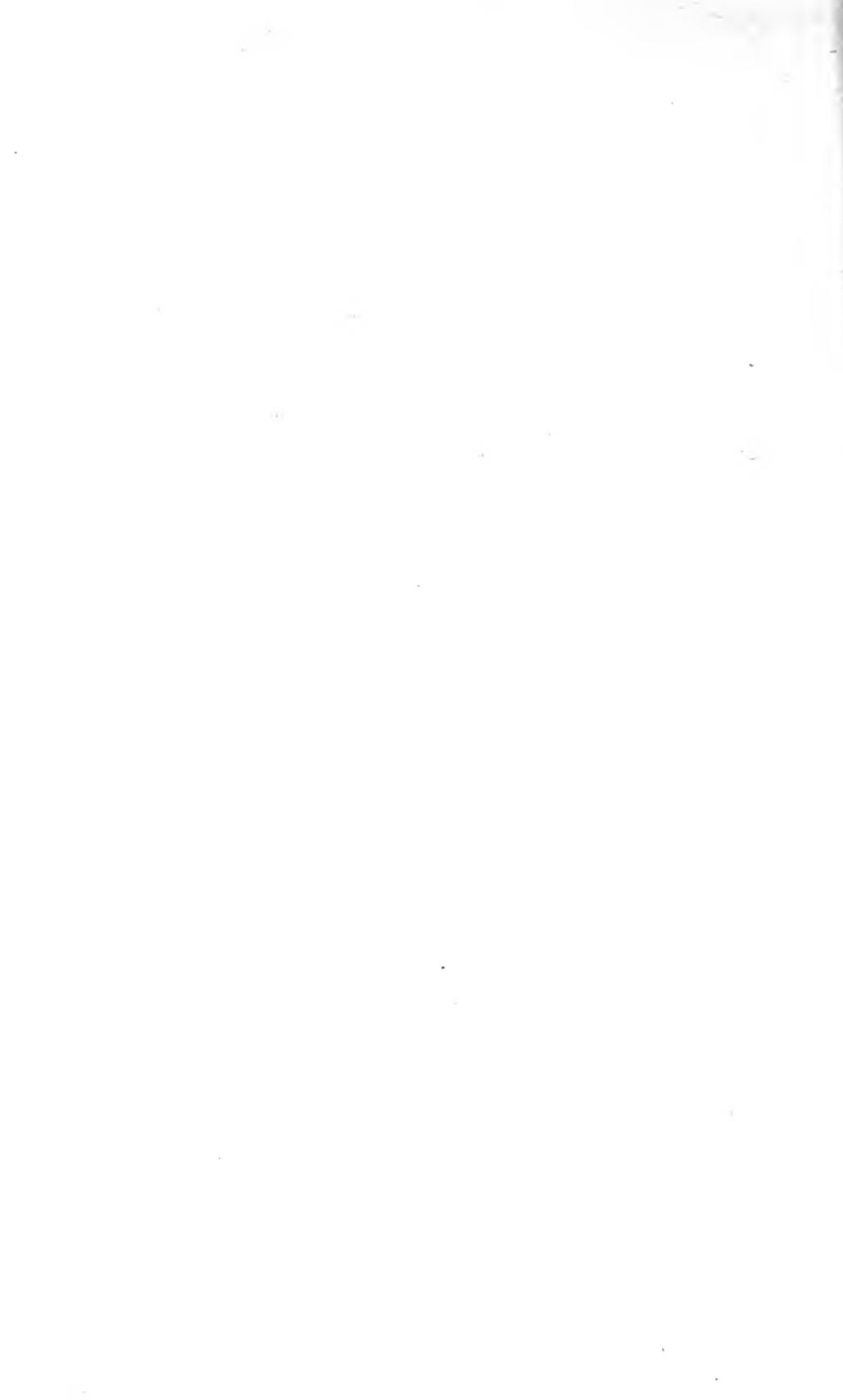
XIII

ALONG THE WEST COAST

The day following our arrival in Oban dawns clear and bright with that indescribable freshness that follows summer rain in the Highlands. We find ourselves loath to leave the pleasant little town, despite the fact that two former visits have somewhat detracted from the novelty of the surroundings. We could never weary of the quiet, landlocked harbor, with its shimmering white sails and ranges of green and purple hills beyond, or of the ivy-clad ruin of Dunolly that overhangs the waters when looking up the bay. The town ascends the steep hill in terraces and a climb to the summit is well rewarded by the splendid view. One also sees at close range the monstrous circular tower which dwarfs everything else in Oban and which one at first imagines must have some great historic significance. But the surmise that it was the work of ancient Romans in an effort to duplicate the Coliseum is dashed when we learn that Oban is scarcely a hundred years old and that "McCaig's Folly" was built after the foundation of the town.



"McCAIG'S FOLLY," OBAN



An eccentric native conceived the idea of erecting this strange structure "to give employment to his fellow-townsmen" and dissipated a good-sized fortune in the colossal gray-stone pile. Its enormous proportions can only be realized when one stands within the walls, which form an exact circle possibly two hundred feet in diameter and range from fifty to seventy-five feet in height.

While the town itself is modern, the immediate vicinity of Oban does not lack for ancient landmarks. Dunstaffnage, with its traditions of Pictish kings, is antedated by few Scottish castles and Dunolloy is one of the most picturesque. Kilchurn and Duarte, though farther away, are easily accessible, and the former, on the tiny islet in Loch Awe, is one of the most beautiful of Scottish ruins. There are few drives that afford greater scenic charm than the circular trip past Loch Feochan and Loch Melfort, returning by Loch Awe, and there is no steamer trip in the Kingdom that excels in glorious scenery and historic interest the eighty-mile excursion to Staffa and Iona. With such attractions it is not strange that Oban is thronged with tourists during the short summer season.

But we have "done" nearly everything in our two previous visits and have little excuse to linger. The only road out of the town, except the one by

which we came, drops southward through a country we have not yet explored. Brown and barren hills greet us at first, relieved here and there by the glitter of tiny lakes and by green dales with flocks of grazing sheep. A touch of brilliant color is given to the landscape by the great beds of blue and yellow flags, or fleur-de-lis, which cover the marshy spots along the road. For several miles we skirt the shores of Loch Feochan, a tidal lake whose blue-green waters are at their height, making a beautiful picture with the purple hills as a background.

The tiny village of Kilninver stands at the inlet of the loch and here the road re-enters the hills; there is a long steady climb up a steep grade ere the summit is reached and in places the narrow road skirts a sharp declivity, sloping away hundreds of feet to the valley beneath. We fortunately escape an unpleasant adventure here; just at the summit we find four men pushing an old-fashioned, high-wheeled car to the top of the grade. It lost its driving-chain, they tell us, and as the brake failed to work, narrowly missed dashing down the hill. Had it gone a rod farther such a catastrophe would surely have occurred; not very pleasant for us to contemplate, since at few places is there more

than enough room to pass a vehicle driven with care, let alone one running amuck!

The descent is not so abrupt and a long steady coast brings us to the Pass of Melfort, where a swift mountain stream dashes between towering cliffs. We run alongside until we again emerge on the sea-shore, following the rugged coast of Loch Melfort for some miles. The road is rough in places and passes a sparsely populated country with here and there an isolated village, usually harsh and treeless. Kilmartin is the exception—a rather cozy-looking hamlet with a huge old church surrounded by fine trees. In Kilmartin Glen, near by, are numerous prehistoric sculptured stones often visited by antiquarians. Thence to Loch Gilphead the road is first-class; it crosses over the Crinan Canal, through which steamers bound for Oban and Glasgow pass daily. Loch Gilphead is a straggling fishing-town, its docks littered with nets and the harbor crowded with small craft; its inn does not tempt us to pause, though luncheon hour is well past.

For twenty miles or more we course along the wooded shores of Loch Fyne, another of the long narrow inlets piercing the west Scottish coast. It is a beautiful run; trees overarch the road and partly conceal the gleaming lake, though at intervals we

come upon the shore with an unobstructed view of the rugged hills of the opposite side. Near the head of the lake is Inverary, the pleasant little capital of Argyleshire and as cleanly and well-ordered a village as one will find in Scotland. The Argyle Arms, seemingly much out of proportion to the village, proves a delightful place for our belated luncheon. No doubt the inn is necessary to accommodate the retinues of the distinguished visitors at Inverary Castle, which frequently include members of the royal family, with which the present duke is connected by marriage. The modern castle stands on an eminence overlooking town and loch and a smooth lawn studded with splendid trees slopes to the road. The design is Gothic in style, four-square, with pointed round towers at each corner, and the interior is well in keeping with the magnificence of the outside.

The road we follow in leaving Inverary closely hugs the shores of Loch Fyne for some miles and but a short way out of the town passes beneath the ruin of Dunderawe Castle. Rounding the head of the loch, always keeping near the shore, we strike eastward through the range of giant hills that lie between Loch Fyne and Loch Lomond. It is a barren stretch of country; the road is rough and stone-strewn, with many trying grades—dangerous

in places; long strenuous climbs heat the motor and interminable winding descents burn the brakes. There is little to relieve the monotony of the wild moorlands save a mountain stream dashing far below the road or a tiny lake set in a hollow of the hills, but never a village or seldom an isolated cottage for miles. Near the summit is a rude seat with the inscription, "Rest and be thankful," erected long ago for the benefit of travelers who crossed the hills on foot. The poet Wordsworth made this journey and described it in one of his sonnets as "Doubling and doubling with laborious walk," ending in a grateful allusion to the resting place.

We are glad to see the waters of Loch Lomond, glinting with the gold of the sunset, flash through the trees, for we know that the lake-shore road is good and one of the most beautiful in Scotland. Miles and miles it follows the edge of the island-dotted loch, which broadens rapidly as we course southward. The waters darken to a steel-blue mirror, but the hills beyond are still touched with the last rays of the sun—a glorious scene, not without the element of romance which adds to the pleasure one so often experiences when contemplating Old Scotia's landscapes. It is only by grace of the long twilight that we are able to reach Glasgow by lamp-lighting time. Measured in miles, the

day's run was not extraordinary, but much of the road was pretty strenuous and tire trouble has been above normal, so that the comfortable hotel of the metropolis does not come amiss.

After a perfunctory round in Glasgow, our thoughts turn toward Ayr; even though we have already made two pilgrimages to Burnsland, the spell is unbroken and still would be though our two visits were two score. We will not follow the Kilmarnock route again, but for the sake of variety will go by Barrhead and Irvine on the sea. It proves a singularly uninteresting road; Barrhead is mean and squalid, the small villages are unattractive, and Irvine is a bleak, coal-shipping town. Irvine would be wholly commonplace had not the poet James Montgomery honored it by making it his birthplace and had not Bobby Burns struggled nearly a year within its confines to earn a livelihood as a flax-dresser. The ill luck that befell nearly all the poet's business ventures pursued him here, for his shop burned to the ground and Irvine lost her now distinguished citizen—though she little knew it then, for Burns was only twenty-two. Perhaps it was a fortunate fire, after all, for had he prospered he might have become more of a business man than poet, and the world be infinitely poorer by the exchange. A colossal statue recently erected com-

memorates his connection with Irvine and again reminds one how Burns overshadows everything else in the Ayr country.

The Station Hotel affords such a convenient and satisfactory stopping-place that we cut short our day's run after completing the forty miles from Glasgow. There is really not much in the town itself to detain the tourist; we wander down the main street and cross the "Twa Brigs;" from the beach we admire the broad bay and the bold rocky "Heads of Ayr" to the south. In the distance are the dim outlines of the Emerald Isle, seen only on the clearest days, and nearer at hand the Isles of Bute and Arran. The town is quite modern; there is considerable manufacturing and ship-building and many of the landmarks of the time of Burns have been obliterated.

Fortunate indeed is it that the shrines at Alloway have not shared the same fate—a third visit to these simple memorials may seem superfluous, but we must confess to a longing to see them all again. The birthplace, Kirk Alloway, the monument, the Brig o' Doon and the museum, with its priceless relics of the poet—all have a perennial interest for the admirer of Burns and Scotland. The bare simple room where the poet was born has a wealth of sentiment that attaches to few such places, and

I cannot forbear quoting Mr. George Eyre-Todd's little flight of fancy inspired by this same primitive apartment:

“One can try,” he writes, “to imagine the scene here on the afternoon of that wild winter day when ‘a blast o’ Januar’ win’ ’ was to blow ‘Hansel in on Robin.’ There would be the goodwife’s spinning-wheel set back for the nonce in a dark corner; the leglins, or milking-stools—on which the bright-eyed boy was to sit a few years later—pushed under the deal table; the wooden platters and bowls from which the household ate, arranged in the wall rack, and the few delf dishes appearing in the half-open aumrie or cupboard; while from the rafters overhead hung hanks of yarn of the goodwife’s spinning, a braxie ham, perhaps, and the leathern parts of the horses’ harness. Then, for the actors in the humble scene, there was a shadowy figure and a faint voice in the deep-set corner bed; the inevitable ‘neighbour-woman’ setting matters to rights about the wide fireplace in the open chimney; and William Burness himself, whip in hand, hurriedly getting into his heavy riding-coat to face the blast outside.

“A glance at the face of the great eight-day clock, a whispered word and a moment’s pause as he bends within the shadow of the bed, while the

neighbour turns industriously to the fire, and then, with a pale face and some wildness in the eyes, the husband makes off, over the uneven floor of flags, and the door closes after him. In a minute or two the tramp of the hoofs of his galloping mare dies away in the distance, and the women are left, waiting.

“Behind him as he turned from his door on that wild day, the farmer would hear the Doon thundering down its glen, and the storm roaring through the woods about the ruin of Alloway Kirk, which his son’s wild fancy was afterwards to make the scene of such unearthly revels. The old road to Ayr was narrower and more irregular, between its high hedges, than the present one; and every step of the way had some countryside memory belonging to it. Behind, by its well, where the road rose from the steep river-bank among the trees, stood the thorn ‘where Mungo’s mither hanged hersel.’ In the park of Cambusdoon an ash tree still marks the cairn ‘where hunters fand the murdered bairn.’ Farther on, in a cottage garden close by the road, is still to be seen that ‘meikle stane, where drucken Chairlie brak’s neck bane.’ And on the far side of the Rozelle wood, a hundred yards to the left of the present road, was ‘the ford where in the snaw the chapman smoor’d.’

“As William Burness reached the stream here a singular incident befell him. On the farther side, when he had crossed, he found an old woman sitting. The crone asked him to turn back and carry her over the river, which was much swollen by the rains. This, though he was in anxious haste, he paused and did, and then, dashing a third time through the torrent, sped off on his errand to Ayr. An hour later, on returning to his cottage with the desired attendant, he found to his surprise the gipsy crone seated by his own fireside. She remained in the house till the child was born, and then, it is said, taking the infant in her arms, uttered the prophecy which Burns has turned in his well-known lines:

‘He’ll ha’e misfortunes great and sma,’
 But aye a heart abune them a’,
 He’ll be a credit till us a’;
 We’ll a’ be proud o’ Robin.’

“Shortly afterwards, as if to begin the fulfillment of the carline’s prophecy, the storm, rising higher and higher, at length blew down a gable of the dwelling. No one was hurt, however, and the broken gable of a clay ‘bigging’ was not a thing beyond repair.

“Such were the circumstances and such was the scene of the birth of the great peasant-poet. Much

change, no doubt, has taken place in the appearance both of the cottage and of the countryside since the twenty-fifth of January in the year 1759; but after all it is the same countryside, and the cottage is on the identical spot. Within these walls one pictures the poet in his childish years:

“There, lonely by the ingle-cheek
 He sat, and eyed the spueing reek
 That filled wi’ hoast-provoking smeeke
 The auld clay biggin’,
 And heard the restless rattons’ squeak
 About the riggin’.”

And in this rude apartment the immortal scene of “The Cotter’s Saturday Night” was enacted—and here it occurred to us to ask Mr. Dobson to give us his conception of the family group at worship—how well he has succeeded the accompanying picture shows. We will be pardoned, I am sure, the repetition of the oft-quoted lines in connection with the artist’s graphic representation of a scene already familiar the world over.

“The cheerfu’ supper done, wi’ serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o’er, with patriarchal grace,
 The big ha’ Bible, ance his father’s pride;
 His bonnet rev’rently is laid aside,

ODD CORNERS OF BRITAIN

His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion
glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care,
And, 'Let us worship God!' he says, with
solemn air."

In this same ingle nook it may be that Burns spent an occasional evening with Highland Mary—for Mary Campbell was for a short time employed as governess in the vicinity, and it is not unlikely that she was a frequent guest at the Burns cottage—a probability that has supplied Mr. Dobson with another of his happiest themes. Associations such as these are more than the scant array of facts given in the guide-books concerning the old cottage, and they give to the bare walls and rude furnishings an atmosphere of romance that that no familiarity can dispel.

From Alloway our road quickly takes us to the seashore, which we are to follow for many miles. It is a glorious day, fresh and invigorating, the sky tranquil and clear, and the sea mottled with dun and purple mists which are rapidly breaking away and revealing a wide expanse of gently undulating water, beyond which, in the far distance, the stern outlines of Arran and Kintyre gradually emerge.

It is a delightful run along the coast, which is



"THE COTTERS SATURDAY NIGHT"
From original painting by H. J. Dobson, R. S. W.



rich in associations and storied ruins. Athwart our first glimpse of the ocean stands the dilapidated bulk of Dunure Castle, an ancient stronghold of the Kennedys, who have stood at the head of the Ayrshire aristocracy since 1466. Indeed, an old-time rhymester declared:

“ ’Twixt Wigton and the town of Ayr,
 Port-Patrick and the Cruives of Cree,
 No man may think for to bide there,
 Unless he court Saint Kennedie.”

But to-day the traditions of the blue-blooded aristocrats of Ayrshire are superseded by the fame of the peasant-poet and the simple cottage at Alloway outranks all the castles of the Kennedys. We are again reminded of Burns at Kirkoswald, a tiny village a few miles farther on the road; here he spent his seventeenth summer and in the churchyard are the graves of the originals of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie. We pass in sight of Culzean Castle, a turreted and battlemented pile, standing on the verge of a mighty basaltic cliff beneath which the sea chafes incessantly. It is the seat of the Marquis of Ailsa—one of the Kennedys—built about a century ago, and the curious may visit it on Wednesdays.

What Culzean lacks in antiquity is fully supplied by ruinous Turnberry, a scant five miles southward,

associated as it is with the name of King Robert Bruce, who may possibly have been born within its walls. Here it was that Bruce, in response to what he thought a prearranged signal fire, made his crossing with a few followers from Arran to attempt the deliverance of his country. The tradition is that the fire was of supernatural origin and that it may still be seen from the shores of Arran on the anniversary of the eventful night. This incident is introduced by Scott into "The Lord of the Isles:"

"Now ask you whence that wondrous light,
Whose fairy glow beguiled their sight?—
It ne'er was known—yet gray-hair'd eld
A superstitious credence held,
That never did a mortal hand
Wake its broad glare on Carrick strand;
Nay, and that on the self-same night
When Bruce cross'd o'er, still gleamed the
light.

Yearly it gleams o'er mount and moor,
And glittering wave and crimson'd shore—
But whether beam celestial, lent
By Heaven to aid the King's descent,
Or fire hell-kindled from beneath,
To lure him to defeat and death,
Or were but some meteor strange,
Of such as oft through midnight range,

Startling the traveller late and lone,
I know not—and it ne'er was known."

Turnberry is very ruinous now and must have been rude and comfortless at its best—another reminder that the peasants of to-day are better housed and have more comforts and conveniences than kings and nobles enjoyed in the romantic times we are wont to dream about.

Girvan is the first town of any size which we encounter on leaving Ayr, a quiet trading-place close on the shore. Just opposite is Ailsa Craig, a peculiar rocky island twelve miles away, though it looks much nearer. It seems very like Bass Rock, near Tantallon Castle on the east coast, though really it is higher and vaster, for it rises more than a thousand feet above the sea. It is the home of innumerable sea-birds which wheel in whimpering, screaming myriads about it. A solitary ruin indicates that it was once a human abode, though no authentic record remains concerning it.

Southward from Girvan we traverse one of the most picturesque roads in all Scotland. It winds along the sea, which chafes upon huge boulders that at some remote period have tumbled from the stupendous overhanging cliffs. Among the scattered rocks are patches of shell-strewn sand on which the surf falls in silvery cascades as the tide

comes rolling landward. Even on this almost windless day the scene is an impressive one and we can only imagine the stern grandeur of a storm hurling the waves against the mighty rocks which dot the coast-line everywhere. Soon the road begins to ascend and rises in sweeping curves to Benane Head, a bold promontory commanding a wide prospect of the wild shore and sea, with the coast of Ireland some forty miles away—half hidden in the purple haze of distance. It is an inspiring view and one which we contemplate at our leisure—thanks to the motor car, which takes us to such points of vantage and patiently awaits our pleasure—different indeed from the transitory flash from the window of a railway car! A long downward glide takes us into the village of Ballantrae, whose rock-bound harbor is full of fishing-boats. Here the road turns inland some miles and passes through a rich agricultural section. In places apparently the whole population—men, women and children—are employed in digging potatoes, of which there is an enormous yield. Hay harvest is also in progress, often by primitive methods, though in the larger fields modern machinery is used.

The road brings us again to the coast and a half dozen miles along the shore of Loch Ryan lands us in the streets of Stranraer. It is a modern-look-



THE FALLEN GIANT—A HIGHLAND STUDY
From original painting by the late John MacWhirter, R. A.

ing town and we stop at the King's Arms for luncheon, which proves very satisfactory. There is a daily service of well-appointed steamers from Stranraer to Larne, a distance of some thirty miles, and much the shortest route to Ireland. The peninsula on which Stranraer and Port Patrick are situated is reputed to have the mildest and most salubrious climate in Scotland and the latter place is gaining fame as a resort. There are many great country estates in the vicinity, notably Lochinch, the estate of the Earl of Stair. Near this is Castle Kennedy, which was burned in 1715, but the ruin is still of vast extent, with famous pleasure grounds surrounding it. The motorist may well employ a day in this locality and will be comfortable enough at Stranraer.

There is no nobler highway in Scotland than the broad, level and finely engineered road from Stranraer through Castle Douglas to Dumfries. It passes through as beautiful and prosperous a country as we have seen anywhere—and we have seen much of Scotland, too. At Glenluce we make a short detour—though it proves hardly worth while—to see the mere fragment of the old abbey which the neighboring vicar is using as a chicken-roost. It is utterly neglected and we are free to climb over the mouldering walls, but there is no one to pilot us about and tell us the story of the abbey in its pros-

perous days. And it did have prosperous days, for it was once of great extent and its gardens and orchards were reputed one of the sights of Scotland. Here James IV. and his queen came on one of their journeys some four centuries ago and the record of his donation of four shillings to the gardener still stands—a pretty slim royal tip, it seems to us now.

Newton-Stewart is beautifully situated on the River Cree, whose banks we follow to Wigtown Bay, along which the broad white road sweeps in graceful curves. Many country houses crown the green, undulating hills and we catch occasional glimpses of them through the trees—for the parks are all well wooded. The excellent road through Gatehouse and Castle Douglas we cover so rapidly that the sun is still high when we reach Maxwellton. Dumfries, just across the River Nith, is our objective and it occurs to us that there is still time to correct a mistake we made on a previous tour—our failure to see Sweetheart Abbey. It is near the village of New Abbey some ten miles down the river, but on arriving we learn that the abbey is not shown after six o'clock. A visit to the custodian's home, however, secures the key and we have sole possession of the ruin during the quiet twilight hour.

There are many abbey ruins in Scotland—and we have seen the most famous—but it may be the



GLENLUCE ABBEY

hour of our visit, quite as much as the strange story of Sweetheart, that leaves it with the rosiest memory of them all. In its one-time importance as well as in the beauty of its scattered remnants, it is quite the peer of any of its rivals, but none of these have such an atmosphere of romantic history. For Sweetheart stands forever as a monument of love and constancy, as intimated in its very name. John Baliol of Barnard Castle, Yorkshire, died in 1269, leaving his widow, Countess Devorgilla, to mourn his loss. And truly she did mourn it. There are many monuments to her sorrow—Baliol College, Oxford, Dundrennan Abbey and New Abbey—or Sweetheart, as it is now known. Both of the latter are in Galloway, for Devorgilla was the daughter of the Lord of Galloway and a native of the province. Upon the death of her only sister she became sole heiress to the vast estates of her father and when she became Baliol's widow she was easily the richest subject in all Britain. She survived her husband for twenty-one years, during which time she was engaged principally in benevolent work, visiting many parts of the country. Her husband's heart, embalmed and encased in a silver casket, she constantly carried with her and at her death in 1289 it was entombed upon her breast. She was buried in New Abbey, which she built as a memorial to

Baliol and a resting place for her own body. When the abbey was dismantled her tomb was despoiled—but her epitaph still exists in one of the old chronicles:

“In Devorgil a sybil sage doth dye as
 Mary contemplative, as Martha pious.
 To her, O deign, high King, rest to impart
 Whom this stone covers, with her husband’s
 heart.”

Such is the story of the beautiful old abbey, whose roofless and windowless walls rise before us, the harsh outlines hidden by the drooping ivy and softened by the fading light. It is more ruinous and fragmentary than Melrose or Jedburgh, but enough remains to show its pristine artistic beauty and vast extent. The sculptures and other delicate architectural touches were doubtless due to workmen sent by the Vatican, since the Scotch had hardly attained such a degree of skill in 1270. It is wrought in red sandstone, which lent itself peculiarly well to the art of the carver and which, considering its fragile nature, has wonderfully withstood the ravages of time and weather. An extensive restoration is in progress which will arrest further decay and insure that the fine old ruin will continue to delight the visitor for years to come.

There is no one to point out refectory and chapel



SWEETHEART ABBEY

and other haunts of the ancient monks—but it is just as well. We know Sweetheart's story and that is enough, in the silence and solemnity of the gathering twilight, to make the hour we linger an enchanting one. And yet the feeling of sadness predominates, as we move softly about over the thick carpet of green sward—sadness that this splendid memorial to a life of sacrifice and good works should have fallen into such decay that the very grave of the benevolent foundress should be effaced! The spell is broken when one of our party reminds us that it is growing late; that we may miss the dinner hour at our hotel, and we regretfully bid farewell to Sweetheart Abbey. We are glad that the royal burgh of Dumfries is at the end of the day's journey—an unusually long one for us—for we know that its Station Inn is one of the most comfortable in Scotland.

XIV

ODD CORNERS OF LAKELAND

Who could ever weary of English Lakeland? Who, though he had made a score of pilgrimages thither, could not find new beauties in this enchanted region? And so in our southward run we make a detour from Carlisle to Keswick by the way of Wigton, a new road to us, through a green and pleasant country. We soon find ourselves among the hills and vales of the ill-defined region which common consent designates as the Lake District. Rounding the slopes of Skiddaw—for we have a rather indirect route—we come upon a vantage point which affords a glorious view of Bassenthwaite Water, glittering like a great gem in its setting of forest trees. We have seen the District many times, but never under better conditions than on this clear, shimmering July day. The green wooded vales lying between the bold, barren hills, with here a church-tower or country mansion and there a glint of tarn or river, all combine to make an entrancing scene which stretches clear and distinct to the silvery horizon. We pause a short space

to admire it, then glide gently down the slope and along the meandering Derwent into Keswick town.

It is the height of the summer season here and the place shows unmistakable marks of the tourist-thronged resort; the Hotel Keswick, where we stop for luncheon, is filled to overflowing. It is the most beautifully located of the many hotels in the town, standing in its own well-cared-for grounds, which are bedecked with flower-beds and shrubbery. The Keswick is evidently a favorite with motorists, for we found many cars besides our own drawn up in front. It is a pleasant, well-conducted inn—everything strictly first-class from the English point of view—with all of which the wayfarer is required to pay prices to correspond.

Keswick is anything but the retired village of the time of the poet Southey, whose home, Greta Hall, may be seen on an eminence overlooking the town. As the gateway by which a large proportion of tourists enter the Lake District, and as a resort where a considerable number of visitors—mostly English—come to spend their vacations, it is a lively place for some weeks in midsummer. There is not much of consequence in the town itself or in the immediate vicinity. It is the starting-point, however, for an endless number of excursions, mostly by coach, for the railroad does not enter many parts

of the District frequented by tourists. Even wagon-roads are not numerous and the enthusiast who wishes to thoroughly explore the nooks and corners must do much journeying on foot.

We have little reason for choosing the coast road in our southern journey through Cumberland, except the very good one that we have never traversed it, while we are familiar with the splendid highway which follows the lakes to Lakeside and over which runs the great course of tourist travel. The roads are not comparable in interest, so greatly does the lake route excel, both in scenic beauty and in literary and historic associations. Still, the dozen miles from Keswick to Cockermouth is a beautiful run, passing around the head of Derwentwater and following for its entire length—some four miles—the western shore of Bassenthwaite Water. The road winds through almost unbroken woodland and we catch only fugitive glimpses of the shimmering water between the thickly crowded trunks that flit between us and the lake. At intervals, however, we swing toward the shore and come into full view of the gleaming surface, beyond which stretches an array of wooded parks, surrounding an occasional country seat. Still beyond rise the stern outlines of Skiddaw, one of the ruggedest and loftiest of the lake country hills—though as a matter of fact, its

ODD CORNERS OF LAKELAND

crest is but three thousand feet above the sea. It is a delightfully quiet road; we meet no other wayfarers and aside from the subdued purr of the motor, there is no sound save the wash of the wavelets over the rocks or the rustle of the summer breeze through the trees. The north end of Bassenthwaite marks the limit of Lakeland for all except the casual tourist, and here a snug little wayside inn, the Pheasant, affords a retreat for solitude-loving disciples of Ike Walton.

Cockermouth has little claim to distinction other than the fact that the poet Wordsworth was born here a little more than a century and a half ago. A native of whom we inquire points out the large square gray-stone house, now the residence of a local physician. The swift Derwent flows a few rods to the rear and the flower-garden runs down to the river's edge. The house stands near the highway and is no exception to the harsh, angular lines that characterize the village. It is in no sense a public show-place and we have no intention of disturbing the Sunday-afternoon quiet of the present occupants in an endeavor to see the interior. Wordsworth's connection with the house ceased at the death of his father, when the poet was but a child of fourteen. His young mother—a victim of consumption—had laid down life's burdens some six years ear-

lier, and the orphan children were taken to the home of a relative at Kendal.

Perhaps we are the more satisfied to pass the old house with a cursory glance because, if I must confess it, I was never able to arouse in myself any great enthusiasm over the poet Wordsworth or to read his writings except in a desultory way. He never had for me the human interest of Byron, Burns, Tennyson or many other great lights of English literature I might name. We were quite willing to assume the role of intruder at Somersby; we made more than one unsuccessful effort before we saw Newstead, and three pilgrimages to Alloveray have not quenched our desire to see it again—but we are conscious of little anxiety to enter the doors of the big square house at Cockermouth. Perhaps we are not alone in such feeling, for pilgrims to the town are few and a well-known English author who has written a delightful volume on the Lake District admits that he paid his first visit to Cockermouth “without once remembering that it was Wordsworth’s birthplace!” His objective was the castle, a fine mediaeval pile which overlooks the vale of the Derwent. It is in fair preservation, having been inhabited until quite recently. Like so many Northland fortresses, it has its legend of Mary Stuart, who came here after landing at



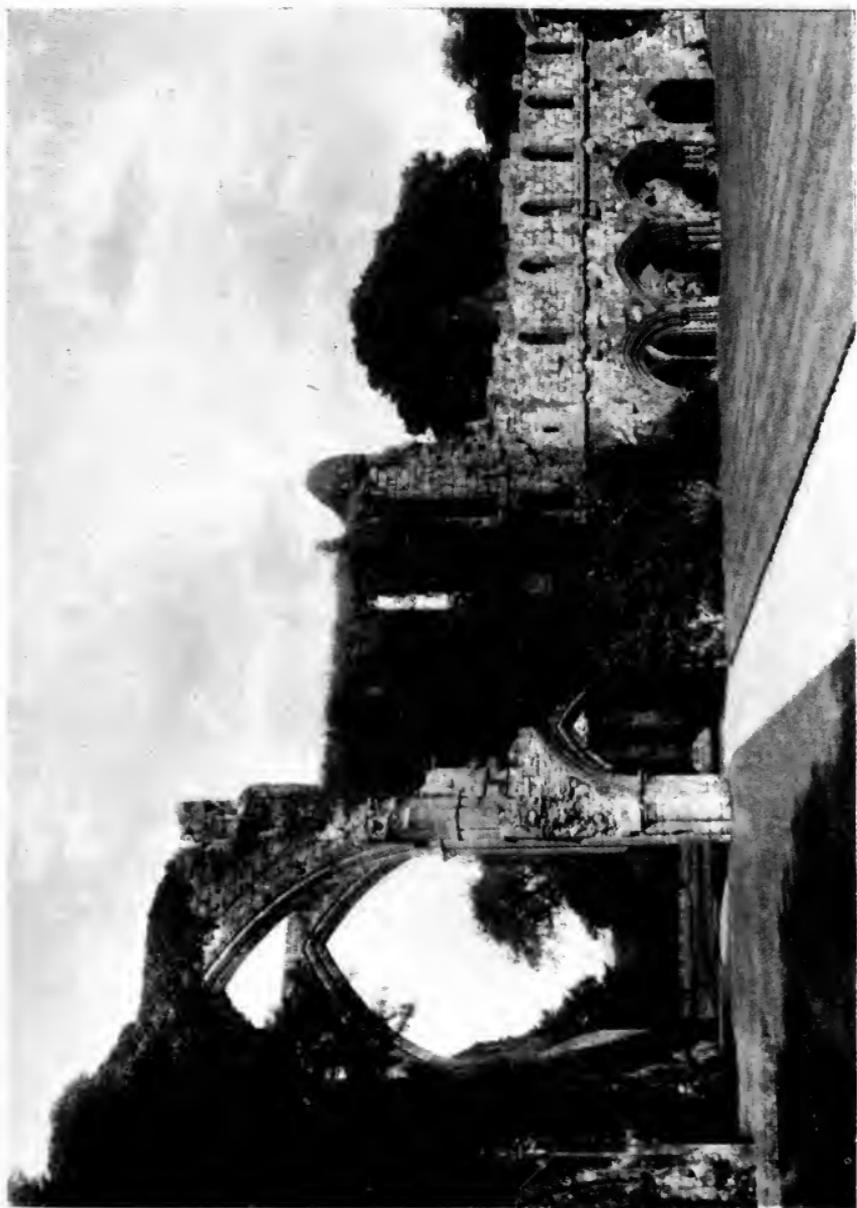
WORDSWORTH'S BIRTHPLACE—COCKERMOUTH, LAKE DISTRICT

Workington, a seaport a few miles distant. She had been led by the emissaries of Elizabeth to believe that an appeal to her "sister's" mercy would assure her a safe refuge in England, but she never drew a free breath in all the years she was to live after this act of sadly misplaced confidence.

"No one," says the writer just referred to, "would wish to go beyond Cockermouth," and though we prove one exception to this rule, it is a fairly safe one for the average tourist, since rougher, steeper and less interesting roads are scarce in England. A fairly good highway runs to Whitehaven, a manufacturing port on the Irish Sea where, according to an English historian, "John Paul Jones, the notorious buccaneer, served his apprenticeship, and he successfully raided the place in 1778, burning three vessels." Not many Americans have visited Whitehaven since, for it is in no sense a tourist town. We pursue its main street southward until it degenerates into a tortuous, hilly lane leading through the bleak Cumberland hills. It roughly follows the coast, though there are only occasional glimpses of the sea which to-day, half shrouded in a silvery haze, shimmers in the subdued sunlight. The road, with its sharp turns and steep grades, is as trying as any we have traversed in England; at times it runs between tall hedges on

earthen ridges—an almost tunnelloike effect, reminding us of Devon and Cornwall, to which the rough country is not dissimilar. Fortunately, we meet no vehicles—we see only one motor after leaving Whitehaven—but in the vicinity of the villages we keep a close look-out for the Sunday pedestrians who throng the road. Our siren keeps up a pretty steady scream and the natives stare in a manner indicating that a motor is an infrequent spectacle. We pass through several lone, cheerless-looking towns, devoid of any touch of color and wholly lacking the artistic coziness of the Midland villages. Egremont, Bootle, Ravenglass and Broughton are of this type and seemingly as ancient as the hills they nestle among.

The ruin of a Norman castle towers above Egremont; shattered, bare and grim, it stands boldly against the evening sky. Yet it is not without its romance, a theme which inspired Wordsworth's "Horn of Egremont Castle." For tradition has it that in days of old there hung above the gate a bugle which would respond to the lips of none but the rightful lord. While the owner and his younger brother were on a crusade in the Holy Land, the latter plotted the death of the Lord of the Castle, bribing a band of villains to drown him in the Jordan. The rascals claim to have done their work



CALDER ABBEY, CUMBERLAND

and Eustace, with some misgivings, hastens home and assumes the vacant title, though he discreetly avoids any attempt to wind the famous horn. Some time afterwards, while engaged in riotously celebrating his accession, a blast of the dreaded horn tells him that his brother Hubert is not dead, and has come to claim his own. The usurper flees by the "postern gate," but years afterward he returns to be forgiven by Sir Hubert and to expiate his crime by entering a monastery. Wordsworth tells the story in a halting, mediocre way that shows how little his genius was adapted to such a theme. What a pity that the story of Egremont was not told by the Wizard with the dash of "Lochinvar" or the "Wild Huntsman."

There is a fine abbey ruin in the vale of the Calder about a mile from the main road. Calder Abbey was founded in the twelfth century and was second only to Furness in importance in North-western England. The beautiful pointed arches supporting the central tower are almost intact and the cloisters and walls of the south transept still stand. Over them all the ivy runs riot, and above them sway the branches of the giant beeches that crowd about the ruin. It is a delightfully secluded nook and in the quiet of a summer evening one could hardly imagine a spot more in harmony with

the spirit of monastic peace and retirement. Such is the atmosphere of romance that one does not care to ask the cold facts of the career of Calder Abbey, and, indeed, there is none to answer even if we should ask its story.

You would never imagine that Ravenglass, with its single street bordered by unpretentious slate-roofed, whitewashed houses and its harbor, little more than a shifting sand-bar, has a history running back to the Roman occupation, and that it once ranked in importance with Chester and Carlisle. Archaeologists tell us that in Roman times acres of buildings clustered on the then ample harbor, where a good-sized fleet of galleys constantly rode at anchor. Here came the ships of the civilized world to the greatest port of the North Country, bringing olives, anchovies, wines and other luxuries that the Romans had introduced into Britain, and in returning they carried away numbers of the hapless natives to be sold as slaves or impressed into the armies. The harbor has evidently filled with silt to a great extent since that day, scarcely any spot being covered by water at low tide except the channel of the Esk. Many relics have been discovered at Ravenglass, and the older houses of the town are built largely from the ruins of the Roman city. Most remarkable of all are the

remains of a villa in an excellent state of preservation, which a good authority pronounces practically the only Roman building in the Kingdom standing above ground save the fragments that have been revealed by excavation.

Ravenglass has another unique distinction in the great breeding ground of gulls and terns which almost adjoins the place. Here in early summer myriads of these birds repair to hatch their young, and the spectacle is said to be well worth seeing—and, in fact, does attract many visitors. The breeding season, however, was past at the time of our visit. An English writer, Canon Rawnsley of Carlisle, gives a graphic account of a trip to the queer colony of sea-birds during their nesting time:

“Suddenly the silence of the waste was broken by a marvellous sound, and a huge cloud of palpitating wings, that changed from black to white and hovered and trembled against the gray sea or the blue inland hills, swept by overhead. The black-headed gulls had heard of our approach and mightily disapproved of our tresspass upon their sand-blown solitude.

“We sat down and the clamour died; the gulls had settled. Creeping warily to the crest of a great billow of sand, we peeped beyond. Below us lay a natural amphitheatre of grey-green grass that

looked as if it were starred with white flowers innumerable. We showed our heads and the flowers all took wing, and the air was filled again with sound and intricate maze of innumerable wings.

“We approached, and walking with care found the ground cup-marked with little baskets or basket-bottoms roughly woven of tussock grass or seabent. Each casket contained from two to three magnificent jewels. These were the eggs we had come so far to see. There they lay—deep brown blotched with purple, light bronze marked with brown, pale green dashed with umber, white shading into blue. All colours and all sizes; some as small as a pigeon’s, others as large as a bantam’s. Three seemed to be the general complement. In one nest I found four. The nests were so close to one another that I counted twenty-six within a radius of ten yards; and what struck one most was the way in which, instead of seeking shelter, the birds had evidently planned to nest on every bit of rising ground from which swift outlook over the gull-nursery could be obtained.

“Who shall describe the uproar and anger with which one was greeted as one stood in the midst of the nests? The black-headed gull swept at one with open beak, and one found oneself involuntarily shading one’s face and protecting one’s eyes as the

savage little sooty-brown heads swooped round one's head. But we were not the only foes they had had to battle with. The carrion crow had evidently been an intruder and a thief; and many an egg which was beginning to be hard set on, had been prey to the black robber's beak. One was being robbed as I stood there in the midst of the hubbub.

"Back to the boat we went with a feeling that we owed large apologies to the whole sea-gull race for giving this colony such alarm, and causing such apparent disquietude of heart, and large thanks to the Lord of Muncaster for his ceaseless care of the wild sea-people whom each year he entertains upon his golden dunes."

It is growing late as we leave Ravenglass and we wonder where we shall pass the night. There is no road across the rough country to our right and clearly we must follow the coast for many miles until we round the southern point of the hills. Then the wide sand marshes of the Duddon will force us to turn northward several miles until we come to a crossing which will enable us to continue our southward course. Here again a memory of Wordsworth is awakened, for did he not celebrate this valley in his series of "Sonnets to the Duddon?" There is no stopping-place at Bootle or Millom or Broughton, unless it be road-houses of doubtful

character and we hasten over the rough narrow roads as swiftly as steep grades and numerous pedestrians will permit. The road for some miles on either side of Broughton is little more than a stony lane which pitches up and down some frightful hills. It is truly strenuous motoring and our run has already been longer than is our wont. The thought of a comfortable inn appeals strongly indeed—we study the map a moment to find to our certain knowledge that nothing of such description is nearer than Furness Abbey, still a good many miles to the south. But the recollection of the splendid ruin is, for the time being, quite overshadowed by our memory of the excellent hotel, which I must confess exerts much the greater attraction. The country beyond Broughton has little of interest, but the road gradually improves until it becomes a broad, well-surfaced highway which enables us to make up for lost time. Shortly after sunset we enter the well-kept park surrounding the abbey and hotel. We have come many miles “out of our way,” to be sure, for we are already decided on a northward turn for a last glimpse of Lakeland tomorrow—but, after all, we are not seeking shortest routes. Indeed, from our point of view, we can scarcely go “out of the way” in rural Britain; some



KENDAL CASTLE, "A STERN CASTLE, MOULDERING ON THE BROW OF A
GREEN HILL"

ODD CORNERS OF LAKELAND

of our rarest discoveries have been made unexpectedly when deviating from main-traveled routes.

On the following day we pursue familiar roads. Passing through Dalton and Ulverston, we ascend the vale of the Leven to Newby Bridge at the southern extremity of Windermere. We cannot resist the temptation to take the Lakeside road to Windermere town, though it carries us several miles farther north. It is surely one of the loveliest of English roads, and we now traverse it the third time—once in the sunlight of a perfect afternoon, once it was gray and showery, and to-day the shadows of the great hills darken the mirrorlike surface, for it is yet early morning. The water is of almost inky blackness, but on the far side it sparkles in the sunlight and the snowy sails of several small craft lend a pleasing relief to its somber hues. The road winds among the trees that skirt the shore and in places we glide beneath the overarching boughs. At times the lake glimmers through the closely standing trunks, and again we come into the open where our vision has full sweep over the gleaming expanse of dark water. We follow the Lakeside road for six miles until we reach the outskirts of the village of Bowness; here a turn to the right leads up a sharp hill and we are soon on the moorland road to Kendal. It shows on our map as a

“second-class” road and, indeed, this description was deserved two years before. It is a pleasant surprise to find it smoothly re-surfaced—an excellent highway now, though in its windings across the fells it carries us over some steep grades. On either hand lies a barren and hilly country, which does not improve until we enter the green valley in which the town is situated. It is a charming place, depending now for its prosperity on the stretch of fertile country which surrounds it. Once it had numerous factories, but changing conditions have eradicated most of them excepting the woolen mills, which still operate on a considerable scale. The ancient castle—now a scanty ruin—looms high over the town: “a stern castle, mouldering on the brow of a green hill,” as Wordsworth, who lived many years in the vicinity, describes it. It might furnish material for many a romance; here was born Catherine Parr, the queen who was fortunate enough to survive that royal Bluebeard, Henry VIII. It escaped the usual epitaph, “Destroyed by Cromwell,” since it had long been in ruin at the time of the Commonwealth. But Cromwell, or his followers, must have been in evidence in Kendal, for in the church is the helmet of Major Robert Philipson—Robin the Devil—who gained fame by riding his horse into this selfsame church during services



KENDAL PARISH CHURCH

in search of a Cromwellian officer upon whom he sought to do summary vengeance. The exploits of this bellicose major furnish a groundwork for Scott's "Rokeby." The church is justly the pride of Kendal, being one of the largest in England and of quite unique architecture. It has no fewer than five aisles running parallel with each other and the great breadth of the building, together with its low square tower, gives it a squat appearance, though this is redeemed to some extent by its unique design. A good part of the building is more than seven hundred years old, though considerable additions were made in the fifteenth century. In the tower is a chime of bells celebrated throughout the North Country for their melody, which is greatly enhanced by the echoes from the surrounding hills.

Kendal serves as the southernmost gateway of the Lake District, the railway passing through the town to Windermere, and there is also a regular coaching service to the same place. When we resume our journey over the highway to the south we are well out of the confines of English Lakeland and I may as well close this chapter on the lesser known corners of this famous region.

XV

WE DISCOVER DENBIGH

Night finds us in Chester, now so familiar as to become almost commonplace, and we stop at the Grosvenor, for we know it too well to take chances elsewhere. There has been little of consequence on the highway we followed from Kendal, which we left in the early forenoon, if we except the fine old city of Lancaster, where we stopped for lunch. And even Lancaster is so dominated by modern manufactories that it is hard to realize that its history runs back to Roman times. It has but few landmarks left; the castle, with the exception of the keep tower, is modern and used as a county jail—or gaol, as the English have it. St. Mary's Church, a magnificent fifteenth-century structure, crowns the summit of the hill overlooking the city and from which a wide scope of country on one hand and the Irish Sea and Isle of Man on the other may be seen on clear days.

Preston, Wigan and Warrington are manufacturing towns stretching along the road at intervals of fifteen or twenty miles and ranging in population

WE DISCOVER DENBIGH

around one hundred thousand each. Their outskirts merge into villages and for many miles it was almost as if we traveled through a continuous city. The houses crowd closely on the street, which was often thronged with children, making slow and careful driving imperative. The pavements in the larger towns are excellent and the streets of the villages free from filth—a marked contrast to what we saw on the Continent. Shortly after leaving Warrington we crossed the Manchester Ship Canal, by which ocean-going vessels are able to reach that city. From thence to Chester our run was through a pretty rural section, over an excellent road.

Chester is crowded even more than usual. An historical pageant is to take place during the week and many sightseers are already on the ground. Only our previous acquaintance enables us to secure rooms at the Grosvenor, since would-be guests are hourly being turned away. Under such conditions we do not care to linger and after a saunter along the "rows" in the morning we are ready for the road. We have not decided on our route—perhaps we may as well return to London and prepare for the trip to Land's End which we have in mind. A glance at the map shows Conway within easy distance. Few places have exerted so great a fascination for us as the little Welsh town—yes,

we will sojourn a day or two in Conway and we may as well go by a route new to us. We will take the road through Mold and Denbigh, though it never occurs to us that either of them deserves more than a passing glance.

The first glimpse of Denbigh arouses our curiosity. A vast ivy-mantled ruin surmounts a steep hill rising abruptly from the vale of the Clwyd, while the gray monotone of the slate roofs and stone walls of the old town covers the slopes. The noble bulk and tall spire of the church occupies the foreground and, indeed, as Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote in 1774, "Denbigh is not a mean town," if one may judge by its aspect from a little distance. The first view awakens a lively desire for closer acquaintance and soon we are ascending the long steep street that leads to the castle—for the castle is naturally the first objective of the newcomer in Denbigh. The hill rises five hundred feet above the level of the plain and the ascent, despite its many windings, is steep enough to change the merry hum of our motor to a low determined growl ere we pause before the grim old gateway in the fragment of the keep tower.

We are fortunate in finding an intelligent custodian in charge, who hastens to inform us that he himself is an American citizen, having been natural-

ized during a sojourn in the States. We have reason to be proud of our fellow-countryman, for we have found few of his brethren who could rival him in thorough knowledge of their charges or who were able to tell their stories more entertainingly.

There is little left of Denbigh Castle save the remnant of the keep and the outlines of the foundation walls, but these are quite enough to indicate its old-time defensive strength. Of all the scores of British castles we have seen, scarcely another, it seems to us, could have equalled the grim strength of Denbigh in its palmy days. The keep consisted of seven great towers, six of them surrounding a central one, known as the Hall of Judgment. And, indeed, dreadful judgments must have emanated from this gloomy apartment—gloomy in its best days, being almost windowless—for beneath the keep the dungeon is still intact to tell plainer than words the fate of the captives of Denbigh Castle. "Man's inhumanity to man" was near its climax in the mind of the designer who planned this tomblike vault, hewn in the solid rock, shut in by a single iron-bound trap-door and without communication with the outer air save a small passageway some two inches square and several feet in length which opened in the outside wall. Only by standing closely at the tiny aperture was it possible for the

inmates to breathe freely, and when there were more than one in the dungeon the unfortunate prisoners took turns at the breathing-hole, as it was styled.

The castle was originally of vast extent, its outer wall, which once enclosed the village as well, exceeding one and one-half miles in length; and there was a network of underground passageways and apartments. The complete ruin of the structure is due to havoc wrought with gunpowder after the Restoration. Huge fragments of masonry still lie as they fell; others, crumbled to dust, afford footing for shrubs and even small trees, while yellow and purple wall-flowers and tangled masses of ivy run riot everywhere. The great entrance gateway is intact and, strange to say, a statue of Henry de Lacy, the founder, stands in a niche above the doors, having survived the vicissitudes which laid low the mighty walls and stately towers. This gate was flanked by two immense watchtowers, but only a small part of the western one remains. The remnants, as an English writer has said, "are vast and awful; seldom are such walls seen; the huge fragments that remain of the exterior shell impress the mind vividly with their stupendous strength." Several underground passages have been discovered and one of these led beneath the walls into the town, evidently intended as an avenue of escape



DENBIGH CASTLE—THE ENTRANCE AND KEEP

WE DISCOVER DENBIGH

for the garrison in last extremity. A number of human skeletons were also unearthed, but as the castle underwent many sieges, these were possibly the remains of defenders who died within the walls.

As we wander about the ruins, our guide has something to tell us of every nook. We hear the sad story of the deep well, now dry, beneath the Goblin Tower, into which the only son of the founder fell to his death, a tragedy that transferred the succession of the lordship to another line; and from the broken battlements there is much to be seen in the green valley below. Yonder was a British camp of prehistoric days, indicated by the earthen mounds still remaining; near by a Roman camp of more recent time, though it was little less than two thousand years ago that the legions of the seven-hilled city marched on yonder plain. Through the notch in the distant hills came the Cromwellians to lay siege to Denbigh Castle, the last fortress in the Kingdom to hold out for King Charles. There was no end of fierce fighting, sallies and assaults for several months in the summer of 1646—and a great exchange of courtesies between General Mytton of the Parliamentary Army and Sir William Salisbury, commanding the castle, who were oldtime friends. There were truces for burial of the dead of both armies, often with military honors on part of the op-

posing side, but all of this did not mitigate the bitterness with which the contest was waged. The straits of the garrison became terrible indeed, and at last the implacable old governor agreed to deliver the castle to his enemies provided he be given the honors of war and that the consent of the king be secured. His messenger was given safe conduct to visit Charles and the monarch readily absolved his faithful retainer from farther efforts in his behalf. Tradition has it that when the Parliamentary troops were drawn up within the castle to receive the surrender, the commander gently reminded Colonel Salisbury that the key had not yet been delivered. The bellicose old Cavalier, standing on the Goblin Tower, flung the key to his conqueror with the bitter remark, "The world is yours. Make it your dunghill."

But perhaps I have anticipated a little in relating the last great incident in the history of Denbigh Castle first of all, but its interest entitles it to precedence, though the earlier story of the castle is worth telling briefly.

There are indications that this commanding site was fortified long before the Normans reared the walls now standing, but if so, there are few authentic details now to be learned. The present castle was built by Henry de Lacy during the latter half

of the thirteenth century and was one of the many fortresses erected in Wales during the reign of Edward I. in his systematic attempt to subdue the native chieftains. Of its vicissitudes during the endless wars between the English and Welsh for nearly a century after its foundation, it would not be worth while to write, nor would a list of the various nobles who succeeded to its command be of consequence. Its most notable proprietor and the one who left the greatest impress of his ownership was the famous Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, whom we know best from his connection with Kenilworth. Dudley bought the castle from his patroness, Queen Elizabeth—it had long before her reign reverted to the crown—though there is no record that he ever paid even the first installment of purchase money, and after his death the Queen re-annexed the property on the ground that it had never been paid for. But even if he did not pay for his acquisition, Dudley found many ways to give evidence of his ownership to the people of Denbigh and the surrounding country. His lordship was one of oppression and rapine and he did not halt at any crime to advance his ends and to extort money for his projects. His influence was such that two of the young Salisburys, sons of one of the noblest families in the country, were hanged at Shrewsbury for pulling down one

of his lordship's illegal fences! This was only typical of his high-handed proceedings, which were cut short by his sudden death, said to have been caused by drinking poison which he had prepared for another! During his ownership he repaired and added to the castle and began a church on a vast scale—still standing incomplete in ruin. This he hoped would supersede the cathedral at St. Asaph and the only recourse of the good people of that town against Leicester's ambitious schemes was prayer, which doubtless from their point of view seemed wonderfully efficacious when death snatched their oppressor away.

There was little of importance in the castle's history during the half century between Leicester's death and the Civil War. Charles I. came here after Rowton Moor and then it was that the bold governor gave his oath not to surrender without the King's command. General Mytton, the victor of Rowton, closely pursued the defeated Royalists and followed Charles to Denbigh, but the monarch, on learning of his enemy's approach, escaped to Scotland, only to be captured a little later. Of the long siege we have already told.

The fate of Denbigh Castle was peculiar in that it was not "destroyed by Cromwell," as were most of the ruined fortresses which it was our fortune to

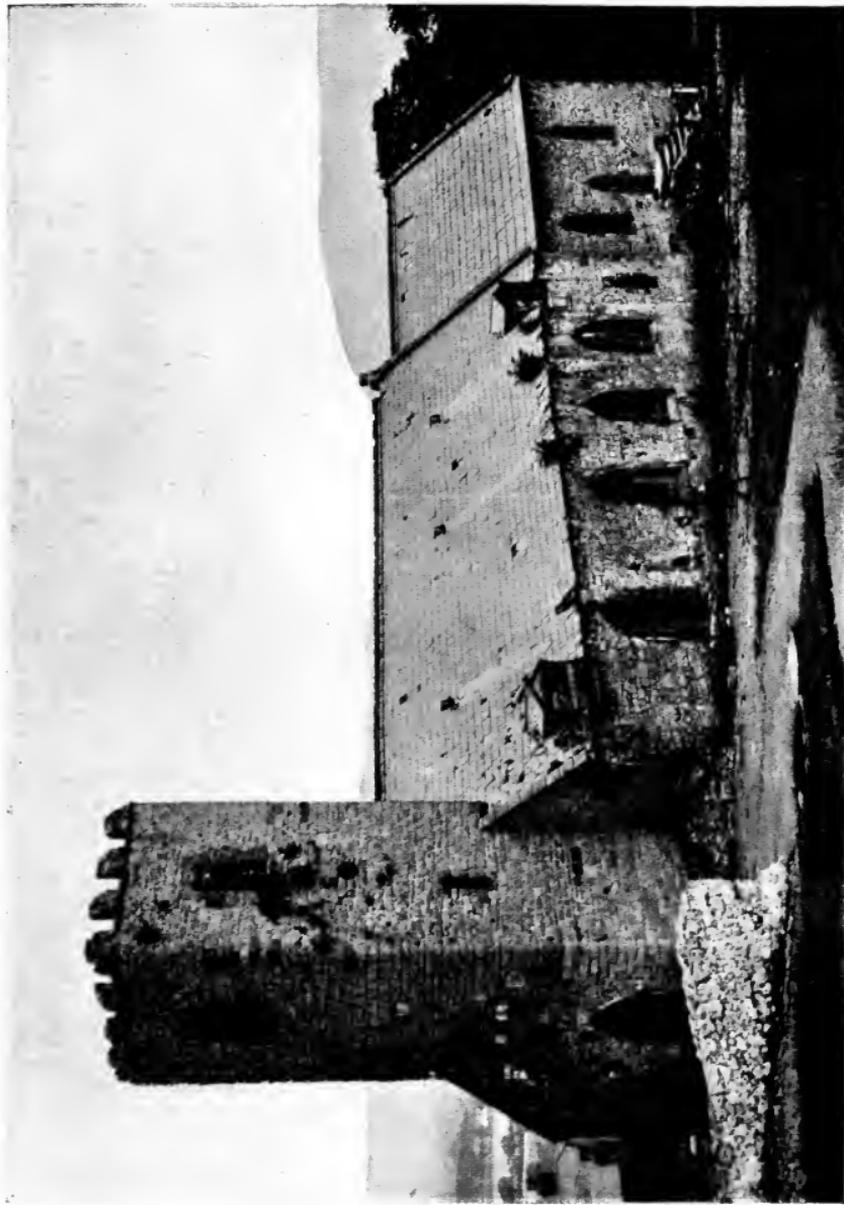
see in England. It was held by the Cromwellian army until the Restoration, when a special edict was framed by the Royal Parliament ordering that it be blown up with gunpowder. That the work was well done is mutely testified by the ruins that surround us to-day. For years the fallen walls served the natives as a stone quarry, but of late Denbigh has been seized with the zeal for preservation of things historic now so prevalent in Britain, and the castle is well looked after; decay has been arrested and the grounds are now a public park. A velvety lawn carpets the enclosure and a bowling green occupies the court which once echoed to the tread of armed men and war horses.

But we note little evidence of all the stirring scenes enacted on this historic spot. It is an ideal summer day; there is scarce a breath of air to rustle the masses of ivy that cling to the walls; save for the birds that sing in the trees and shrubs, quiet reigns; there are no sightseers but ourselves. From the old keep tower a glorious view greets our eyes. All around lies the green vale of the Clwyd stretching away to blue hills; it is dotted here and there with red-roofed cottages whose walls gleam white as alabaster in the noonday sun. The monotony is further relieved by groups of stately trees which mark the surrounding country seats and by an oc-

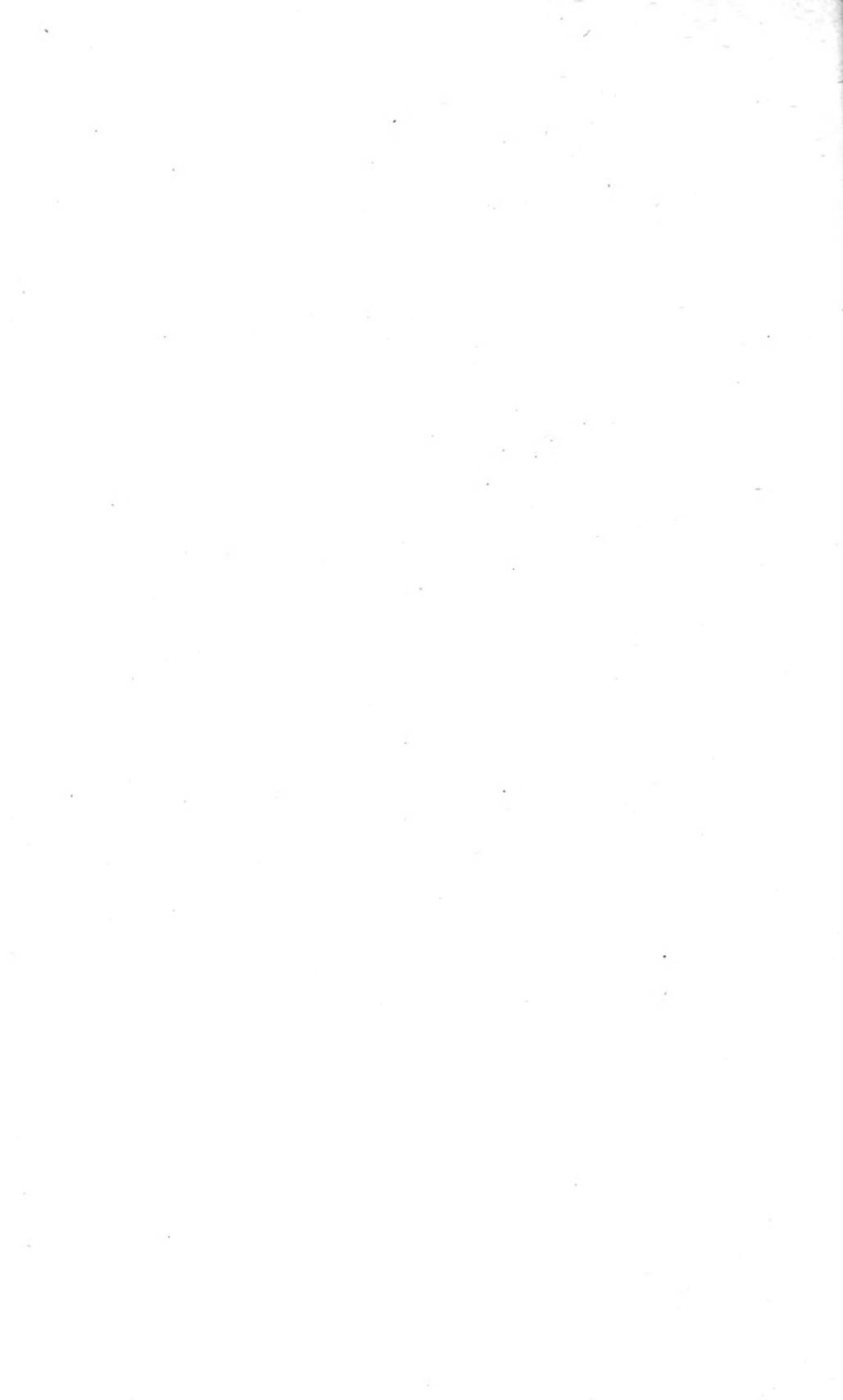
casional glint of the lazy river. Our guide points out the near-by village of Tremeirchion, whose name goes back to Roman times—signifying that there was a cavalry station near the spot. A gray house surrounded by trees is Brynbella, so named by Dr. Samuel Johnson, who frequently visited the owner, Mrs. Piozzi, during his residence near Denbigh. Felicia Hemans lived for some time in a cottage to be seen a little farther down the vale and there are traces of the beauties of the Clwyd in her poems. On the outskirts of the town are the ruins of an abbey founded in the reign of Henry III. and within a mile is Whitchurch, which has many curious features, among them a stained-glass window which was buried during the Civil War to save it from the image-smashers.

Nor should we forget the little white cottage where Dr. Samuel Johnson lived while compiling his famous dictionary. He was attracted here by the rural quiet of the spot and for several years pursued his colossal task. The house stands in the edge of a fine grove and is shut in by a thickly set hawthorn hedge. A monumental shaft in the neighborhood commemorates the association of the great lexicographer with the spot.

But Denbigh has a more recent distinction that will appeal to every schoolboy of the English-speak-



ST. HILARY'S CHURCH, DENBIGH. HENRY M. STANLEY WAS BAPTIZED IN THIS CHURCH



ing world, for here, within a stone's throw of the castle gate, was born Henry M. Stanley, the great explorer. It was not by this name, however, that he was known when as a boy of five he was placed in the workhouse at St. Asaph by his mother's brothers, for it was little John Henry Rowlands who was so cruelly treated by the master. Stanley himself tells in his autobiography the story of this Welsh Dotheboys Hall and also of his escape from the institution after having given a severe thrashing to his oppressor, who was no match for the sturdy youth of sixteen. After many vicissitudes he reached New Orleans as a cabin boy on a merchant ship and was employed by a Henry Morton Stanley, who later adopted him. Of Stanley's career, one of the most varied and remarkable of which there is authentic record, we will not write here; only twice in his life did he visit Denbigh and the last time his mother refused even to see him, alleging that he had been nothing but a roving ne'er-do-well. She had married again—Stanley was but three years old when his father died—and had apparently lost all maternal love for her son, destined to become so famous. It seems to have been the bitterest experience of the explorer's life and he never attempted to see his mother again. Denbigh now deeply regrets that his humble birthplace was pulled down

some years ago, but the little church where he was baptized—which ranks next in importance to the birthplace, according to accepted English ideas—still stands, though it is not now used and is very much dilapidated.

Our guide, when he has quite exhausted his historic lore and when the "objects of interest" have been pointed out and duly expatiated upon, tells us a story of a certain noble dame of ancient Denbigh which every newcomer needs must hear at least once. Lady Catherine of Beraine was of royal descent, her mother being a cousin of Queen Elizabeth; she was enormously rich and was reputed of great intellectual attainments and force of character. But her fame to-day in her native town rests on none of these things; she is remembered as having had four noble husbands, all local celebrities, two of whom she acquired under, to say the least, very unusual circumstances. The first, a Salisbury, died not long after their marriage and was gathered to his fathers after the most approved fashion of the times. This required that a friend of the deceased escort the widow at the funeral and this—shall I say pleasant?—task fell to Sir Richard Clough, a widower of wealth and renown. Sir Richard's consolation went to very extraordinary length, for before the body of his friend was interred, he had

proposed to the widow and been accepted! On the return journey from the tomb, Sir Maurice Wynne approached the lady with a similar proposal, only to find to his chagrin and consternation that he was too late. But he did the next best thing and before he was through had the widow's solemn promise that in case she should be called upon to mourn Sir Richard he should be his friend's successor! Sir Richard considerably died at forty and his gracious widow proved true to her promise. She wedded Maurice Wynne and went to preside over one of the fairest estates in Wales. But this did not end her matrimonial experiences, for Wynne ere long followed his two predecessors to the churchyard and the third-time widow made a fourth venture with Edward Thelwall, a wealthy gentleman of the town. Now while there may be some mythical details in this queer story, its main incidents were actually true, and so numerous are the descendants of the fair Catherine that she is sometimes given the sobriquet of Mam Cymru, the Mother of Wales. An English writer says of her, "Never, surely, was there such a record made by a woman of quality. Herself of royal descent and great possessions and by all accounts of singular mental attraction if not surpassing beauty, she mar-

ried successively into four of the most powerful houses of North Wales."

We thank the custodian for the pains he has taken to inform and entertain us and bid him farewell with the expected gratuity. We slip down the winding road to the market-place, where we pause for a short time to look about the town. We are told that it is one of the best in Northern Wales, both in a business and social way, and it is distinctly Welsh as contrasted with the English domination of Welshpool, Ludlow and Shrewsbury. We see a prosperous-looking class of country folk in the market-place and while English generally prevails, Welsh is spoken by some of the older people. They are well-clad and give evidence of the intelligence and sobriety for which the northern Welshman is noted. The excellent horses on the streets show that the Welsh are as particular about their nags as are their English brethren. We wish that our plans had not been already made—we should like to take up quarters at the Crown or Bull and remain a day or two in Denbigh. But the best we can do now is to pick up a few souvenirs at an old curiosity shop near the market and secretly resolve to come back again.

The road out of the town follows the green vale of the Clwyd to St. Asaph and Rhuddlan, both of



GATE TOWERS RHUDDLAN CASTLE, NORTH WALES

which have enough interest to warrant a few hours' pause. At St. Asaph we content ourselves with a drive around the cathedral—the smallest in the Kingdom—against which the haughty Leicester directed his designs three centuries ago. Its most conspicuous feature is its huge square tower one hundred feet in height. The St. Asaph who gave his name to the village and cathedral is supposed to have founded a church here as early as the middle of the sixth century, one of the earliest in the Kingdom.

Five miles farther down the valley over a fine level road is Rhuddlan Castle. There are few more picturesque ruins in Britain than this huge red-stone fortress with its massive round gate-towers, almost completely covered with ivy. Only the outer shell and towers remain; inside is a level plat of green sward that gives no hint of the martial activity within these walls six or seven centuries ago. Rhuddlan was one of the several castles built by Edward I. in his efforts to subdue the Welsh, and here he held his court for three years while engaged in his difficult task. The whole town was a military camp and numbers of the subdued Welsh chieftains and their retainers must have come hither to make the best terms they could with their conqueror. But the ruin is quiet enough under

the blue heavens that bend over it to-day—the daws flap lazily above its ancient towers and the smaller songsters chatter and quarrel in the thick ivy. The castle has stood thus ever since it was dismantled by the same General Mytton who forced the surrender of Denbigh.

There is much that might engage our time and attention along the twenty miles of roads that skirt the marshes and the sea between Rhuddlan and Conway, but we cannot linger to-day. An hour's run brings us into the little Welsh citadel shortly after noon and we forthwith repair to the Castle Hotel.

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Mr. Moran has given us in his striking picture a somewhat unusual view of the towers of Conway Castle. A better-known aspect of the fine old ruin is shown by the photograph which I have reproduced. Both, however, will serve to emphasize the point which I desire to make—that Conway, when seen from a proper distance, is one of the most picturesque of British castles. The first thing the wayfarer sees when he approaches is this splendid group of crenelated round towers and it is the last object to fade on his vision when he reluctantly turns his feet away from the pleasant old village. And I care not how matter-of-fact and prosaic may be his temperament, he cannot fail to bear away an ineffaceable recollection of the grim beauty of the stately pile.

The sea road takes us into the town by the way of the great suspension bridge, whose well-finished modern towers contrast rather unpleasantly with the rugged antiquity of the castle across the river; but the suspension bridge is none the less a work

of art and beauty compared with the angular ugliness of the tubular railway structure that parallels it. We pay our modest toll and crossing over the green tide that is now setting strongly up the river, we glide beneath the castle walls into the town.

The Castle Hotel we know by previous experience to be one of those most delightful of old-fashioned country inns where one may be comfortable and quite unhampered by excessive formality. Baedeker, it is true, gives the place of honor to the Oakwood Park, a pretentious resort hotel about a mile from the town, but this will hardly appeal to pilgrims like ourselves, who come to Conway to revel in its old-world atmosphere. The Castle, with its rambling corridors, its odd corners and plain though substantial furnishings, is far more to our liking. It stands on the site of Conway's Cistercian Abbey, built by Prince Llewellyn in 1185, all traces of which have now disappeared. As the principal inn of the North Wales art center, its walls are appropriately covered with pictures and sketches—many of them original—and numerous pieces of artistic bric-a-brac are scattered about its hallways and mantels. We notice among the pictures two or three characteristic sketches by Mr. Moran and learn that he was a guest of the inn for several weeks last summer, during which time



CONWAY CASTLE, NORTH WALES
From original painting by Thos. Moran, N. A.

he painted the picture of the castle which adorns the pages of this book. The impression which he left with the manageress was altogether favorable; she cannot say enough in praise of the courtesy and kindness of her distinguished guest who gave her the much-prized sketches with his compliments. And she is quite familiar with the names and knows something about the work of several well-known British artists—for have they not been guests at the castle from time to time during the summer exhibits? Conway, as we shall see, occupies no small niche in the art world, having an annual exhibition of considerable importance, besides affording endless themes to delight the artistic eye.

The immediate objective of the first-time visitor to Conway will be the castle, but this is our third sojourn in the ancient citadel and we shall give the afternoon to Plas Mawr. For, though we are quite as familiar with Plas Mawr as with the castle, the fine old mansion has a new attraction each year in the annual exhibit of the Royal Cambrian Academy and the walls are covered with several hundred pictures, many of them by distinguished British painters. The exhibit is generally acknowledged to be of first rank and usually includes canvases by Royal Academicians as well as the work of members of other distinguished British art societies. That it is

not better known and patronized is not due to any lack of genuine merit; rather to the fact that so many tourists are ignorant of its very existence as well as the attractions of the town itself. Such, indeed, was our own case; on our first visit to Conway we contented ourselves with a glimpse of the castle and hastened on our way quite unaware of Plas Mawr and its exhibit. Stupid, of course; we might have learned better from Baedeker; but we thought there was nothing but the castle in Conway and did not trouble to read the fine print of our "vade mecum." A second visit taught us better; the castle one should certainly see—but Plas Mawr and its pictures are worth a journey from the remotest corner of the Kingdom. Indeed, it was in this exhibit that I first became acquainted with the work of Mr. H. J. Dobson of Edinburgh, whose pictures I have had the pleasure of introducing in America. His famous "New Arrival" was perhaps the most-talked-of picture the year of our visit and is surely worth showing herewith as typical of the high quality of the Royal Cambrian exhibit. And, indeed, this severely plain, almost pathetic, little home scene of the olden time might just as appropriately have been located in the environs of Conway.

I have rambled on about Plas Mawr and its pictures to a considerable extent, but I have so far



"THE NEW ARRIVAL"

From original painting by H. J. Dobson, R. S. W., exhibited in the Royal Cambrian Academy, Plas Mawr, Conway

failed to give much idea as to Plas Mawr itself aside from its exhibit. Its name, signifying "the great house," is appropriate indeed, for in the whole Kingdom there are few better examples—at least such as are accessible to the ordinary tourist—of the spacious home of a wealthy country gentleman in the romantic days of Queen Bess. It was planned for the rather ostentatious hospitality of the times and must have enjoyed such a reputation, for it is pretty well established that Queen Elizabeth herself was a guest in the stately house. The Earl of Leicester, as we have seen, had large holdings in North Wales, and was wont to come to Snowdonia on hunting expeditions; Elizabeth and her court accompanied him on one occasion and were quartered in Plas Mawr. Tradition, which has forgotten the exact date of the royal visit, has carefully recorded the rooms occupied by the queen—two of the noblest apartments in the house. The sitting-room has a huge fireplace with the royal arms of England in plaster above the mantel. Adjoining this apartment is the bedroom, beautifully decorated with heraldic devices and lighted with windows of ancient stained glass.

But I must hasten to declare that I have no intention of describing in detail the various apartments of the great house. Each one has its own story

and nearly all are decorated with richly bossed plaster friezes and ceilings. The circular stairways, the corridors, the narrow passageways and the courtyard are all unique and bring to the mind a host of romantic musings. You are not at all surprised to learn of Plas Mawr's ghostly habitant—it is, on the contrary, just what you expected. I shall not repeat this authentic ghost story; you may find it in the little guide-book of the house if such things appeal to you; and, besides, it is hardly suitable for my pages. It is enough to record that Plas Mawr has its ghost and heavy footfalls may be heard in its vacant rooms by those hardy enough to remain on nights when storms howl about the old gables. And it is these same old "stepped" gables with the queer little towers and tall chimneys that lend such a distinguished air to the exterior of the old house. It would be a dull observer whose eye would not be caught by it, even in passing casually along the street on which it stands. Above the door the date 1576 proves beyond question the year of its completion and shows that it has stood, little changed, for more than three centuries. It was built by one of the Wynne family, which was so distinguished and powerful in North Wales during the reign of Elizabeth. At present it is the private property of Lord Mostyn, but one



PLAS MAWR, CONWAY, HOME OF ROYAL CAMBRIAN ACADEMY

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cannot help feeling that by rights it should belong to the tight little town of Conway, which forms such a perfect setting for this gem of ancient architecture.

But enough of Plas Mawr—though I confess as I write to an intense longing to see it again. We must hie us back to our inn, for the dinner hour is not far off and we are quite ready for the Castle's substantial fare. There is still plenty of time after dinner to saunter about the town and the twilight hours are the best for such a ramble. When the subdued light begins to envelop castle and ancient walls, one may best realize the unique distinction of Conway as a bit of twelfth-century medievalism set bodily down in our workaday modern world. The telegraph poles and wires, the railways and great bridges fade from the scene and we see the ancient town, compassed with its mighty betowered walls and guarded by the frowning majesty of the castle. It is peculiarly the time to ascend the wall and to leisurely walk its entire length. We find it wonderfully solid and well-preserved, though ragged and hung with ivy; grasses carpet its crest in places, yellow and purple wall-flowers cling to its rugged sides, and in one place a sapling has found footing, apparently thriving in its airy habitat. Yet the wall is quite in its original state; the hand of the re-

storer has hardly touched it, nor does it apparently require anything in the way of repair. How very different is it from the walls of York and Chester, which show clearly enough the recent origin of at least large portions throughout their entire courses. It reaches in places a height of perhaps twenty feet and I should think its thickness at the base nearly as great. In old days it was surmounted by twenty-one watchtowers, all of which still remain in a state of greater or less perfection. Its ancient Moorish-looking gateways still survive, though the massive doors and drawbridges that once shut out the hostile world disappeared long since. We saunter leisurely down the wall toward the river and find much of interest whichever way we turn. The town spreads out beneath us like a map and we can detect, after some effort, its fanciful likeness to the shape of a harp—so dutifully mentioned by the guide-books. Just beneath this we gaze into the back yards of the poorer quarter and see a bevy of dirty little urchins going through endless antics in hope of extracting a copper or two from us—they know us well for tourists at once—who else, indeed, would be on the wall at such a time? A little farther are the rambling gables of Plas Mawr and on the extreme opposite side of the town, the stern yet beautiful towers of the castle are sharply



INNER COURT, PLAS MAWR, CONWAY

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silhouetted against the evening sky. How it all savors of the days of chivalrous eld; the flash of armor from yonder watchtowers, the deep voice of the sentry calling the hour, the gleam of rushlight from the silent windows or the reveille of a Norman bugle, would seem to be all that is required to transport us back to the days of the royal builder of the castle. Or if we choose to turn our gaze outside the walls, we may enjoy one of the finest vistas to be found in the British Isles. Looking down the broad estuary, through which the emerald-green tide is now pouring in full flow toward the sea, one has a panorama of wooded hills on the one hand and the village of Deganwy with the huge bulk of Great Orme's Head as a background on the other; while between these a vast stretch of sunset water loses itself in the distance.

But we are at the north limit of the old wall—for it ends abruptly as it approaches the beach—and we descend to the promenade along the river. There is a boathouse here and a fairly good beach. If it had not so many rivals near at hand, Conway might boast itself as a resort town, but the average summer vacationist cares less for medieval walls and historic castles than for sunny beaches and all the diversions that the seaside resort town usually offers.

He limits his stay in Conway to an hour or two and spends his weeks at Llandudno or Colwyn Bay.

There are many odd corners that are worth the visitor's attention and one is sure to have them brought to his notice as he rambles about the town. "The smallest house in the Island" is one of them and the little old woman who occupies this curiosity will not let you pass without an opportunity to look in and leave a copper or two in recognition of her trouble. It is a boxlike structure of two floors about four by six feet each, comfortably furnished—to an extent one would hardly think possible in such very contracted quarters. There are many very ancient homes in the town dating from the sixteenth century and perhaps the best known of them—aside from Plas Mawr—is the little "Black Lion" in Castle Street. It is now fitted up as a museum, though its exhibit, I fear, is more an excuse to exact a shilling from the pocket of the tourist than to serve any great archeological end. The interior, however, is worth seeing, as it affords some idea of the domestic life of a well-to-do middle-class merchant of three or four hundred years ago. Another building in the same street is of even earlier date, for the legend, "A. D. 1400," appears in quaint characters above its door. Still another fine Elizabethan home shows

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the Stanley arms in stained glass—an eagle with outstretched wings swooping down upon a child—but this building, as well as many others in Conway, has been “restored” pretty much out of its original self. I name these particular things merely to show what a wealth of interest the town possesses for the observer who has learned that there is something else besides the castle and who is willing to make a sojourn of two or three days within the hoary walls.

The church of St. Mary's has little claim to architectural distinction, but like nearly all the ancient churches of Britain, it has many odd bits of tradition and incident quite peculiar to itself. There is an elaborate baptismal font and a beautiful rood screen dating from the thirteenth century. John Gibson, R. A., the distinguished sculptor, who was born near Conway, is buried in the church and a marble bust has been erected to his memory. Another native buried within the sacred walls is entitled to distinction in quite a different direction, for a tablet over his grave declares:

“Here lyeth the body of Nich's Hookes of Conway, Gent. who was ye 41 child of his father William Hookes Esq. and the father of 27 children, who died on the 20 day of Mch. 1637.”

Surely, if these ancient Welshmen were alive

to-day they would be lionized by our anti-race-sui-cide propagandists! In the chancel there are several elaborate monuments of the Wynne family which exhibit the usual characteristics of old-time British mortuary sculpture. One of these tombs is of circular shape, and interesting from its peculiarity, though none of them shows a high degree of the sculptor's art.

Outside, near the south porch, is a curious sun dial erected in 1761, which is carefully graduated to single minutes. Near this is a grave made famous by Wordsworth in his well-known poem, "We are Seven,"—for the poet, as we have learned in our wanderings, was himself something of a traveler and these simple verses remind us of his sojourn in Conway. Their peculiar appeal to almost every tourist is not strange when we recall that scarcely a school-reader of half a century ago omitted them.

Conway, as might be expected, has many quaint customs and traditions. One of these, as described by a pleasing writer, may be worth retelling:

"At Conway an old ceremony called the 'Stocsio' obtained till the present reign, being observed at Eastertide, when on the Sunday crowds carrying wands of gorse were accustomed to proceed to a small hill outside the town known as Pen twt. There the most recently married man was

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deputed to read out to a bare-headed audience the singular and immemorial rules that were to prevail in the town on the following day: All men under sixty were to be in the street by six o'clock in the morning; those under forty by four, while youths of twenty or less were forbidden to go to bed at all. Houses were searched, and much rough horse-play was going about. Defaulters were carried to the stocks, and there subjected to a time-honoured and grotesque catechism, calculated to promote much ridicule. Ball-play in the castle, too, was a distinguishing feature of all these ancient fete days."

Another carefully preserved tradition relates to the tenure of the castle by the town corporation, which must pay annually a fee of eight shillings sixpence to the crown, and the presentation by way of tribute of a "dish of fish" to the Marquis of Hertford—the titular Earl of Conway—whenever he visits the town. This gave rise to a ludicrous misunderstanding not very long ago. An old guide-book substituted "Mayor of Hereford" for Marquis of Hertford," and a perusal of this led the former dignitary to formally claim the honor when he was in Conway. The mayor of the ancient burg explained the error to his guest, but went on to say that had sparlings, the peculiar fish for which the Conway River is noted, been in season and obtain-

able, he would have had great pleasure in presenting a dish of them to the Mayor of Hereford; as it was, it was understood that in default of the sparlings the worthy civic clerk of Conway would treat his illustrious visitor to a bottle of champagne of an especially old and choice vintage. There is no record that the dignitary from Hereford made any objection to the substitution of something "just as good."

In leaving the castle until the last, I am conscious that I am violating the precedent set by nearly all who have written of Conway and its attractions, but I have striven—I hope successfully—to show that there is enough in the old town to make a pilgrimage worth while, even if it did not have what is perhaps the most picturesque ruin in the Island. For the superior claims of Conway Castle are best described by the much-abused word, "picturesque." While it has seen stirring times, it did not cut the figure of Denbigh, Harlech or Carnarvon in Welsh history, nor did it equal many others in size and impregnability. But to my mind it is doubtful if any other so completely fulfills the ideal of the towered and battlemented castle of the middle ages. From almost any viewpoint this is apparent, though the view from across the river is well-nigh spoiled by the obtrusively ugly tubular



CONWAY CASTLE—THE OUTER WALL.



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railroad bridge; nor does the more graceful suspension bridge add to it, for that matter. In earlier times the only approach from this direction was by ferry—an “awkward kind of a boat called yr ysgraff,” says a local guide-book. The boat seems to have been quite as unmanageable as its name, for on Christmas day, 1806, it capsized, drowning twelve persons. Twenty years later the suspension bridge was ready for use and the tubular bridge followed in 1848.

Conway Castle was one of the several fortresses built by the first Edward to complete the conquest of Wales. It was designed by Henry de Elreton, a builder of great repute in his time and also the architect of Carnarvon and Beumaris. The work was conducted under personal command of the king and its completion in 1291 was celebrated by a great fete at Christmastime. As one wanders through the roofless, ivy-clad ruin, carpeted with the green sward that has crept over the debris-covered floors, and contemplates the empty windows open to all the winds of heaven, the fallen walls and crumbling towers, the broken arches—only one of the eight which spanned the great hall remaining—amid all the pathetic evidence of dissolution and decay, it is hard indeed to reconstruct the scene of gay life that must have filled the noble pile in that

far-off day. Here the high-spirited and often tyrannical king, accompanied by the queen, almost as ambitious and domineering as himself, had gathered the flower of English knighthood and nobility with their proud dames and brightly liveried retainers to make merry while the monarch was forging the chains to bind the prostrate principality. Here, we may imagine, the revelry of an almost barbarous time and people must have reached its height; and we may thank heaven that the old order of things is as shattered and obsolete as the ruined walls that surround us.

As previously intimated, the history of Conway Castle is hardly in accord with its grandeur and importance. Its royal founder soon after its completion found himself closely besieged within its walls by the Welsh and was nearly reduced to an unconditional surrender, when the subsidence of the river made it possible for reinforcements to relieve the situation. A century later Richard II. commanded the troops raised to war in his behalf on the haughty Bolingbroke to assemble at Conway, but the monarch's feebleness and vacillation brought all plans of aggressive action to naught; for he basely abandoned his followers and rushed blindly into his enemy's power. And thus what might have been a historic milestone in the career of the

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castle degenerated into an unimportant incident. Conway escaped easily during the civil war which sounded the knell of so many feudal castles. The militant Archbishop Williams, whose memorial we may see in the parish church, espoused the side of the king and after his efforts had put everything in shape for defence, he was ordered to turn over the command to Prince Rupert. This procedure on the part of Charles led the warlike churchman to suddenly change his opinion of the justice of the royal cause and he at once joined forces with the Cromwellians. He carried with him a considerable following and personally assisted General Mytton in his operations against both Denbigh and Conway Castles. The latter was first to fall and the good bishop received the thanks of Parliament for his services and also a full pardon for the part he had taken in support of King Charles. He was also able to restore to his followers the valuables which had been hidden in the castle for safe keeping. Conway was another exception to Cromwell's rule of destruction of such feudal fortresses. Perhaps the fact that at the time of its surrender the Royalists were almost everywhere subdued and not likely to be able to reoccupy it, had something to do with this unusual leniency. In any event, the discredit for the destruction of the splendid structure rests

with King Charles, who permitted one of his retainers to plunder it of its leaden roof and timbers. These materials were to be sent to Ireland—just for what purpose is not clear—but it does not matter, for the ships carrying the wreckage were all lost in a violent storm.

Since that memorable period the old ruin has witnessed two and a half centuries of unbroken peace. Its enemies were no longer battering ram and hostile cannon. The wild storms of winter, the summer rains and the sea winds have expended their forces upon it, only to give it a weird, indescribable beauty such as it never could have possessed in its proudest days. Careful restoration has arrested further decay and insures its preservation indefinitely. It has never figured in song or story to the extent its beauty and romance would lead us to expect, though Owen Rhoscomyl, a native Welshman, has written a stirring novel, "Battlements and Towers," which deals with the castle in civil war days. The story has a historic basis and the graves of the lovers, Dafyd and Morfa, may still be seen in Conway Church.

But no Welshman has yet arisen to do for his native land what Scott did for Scotland. The field is fully as rich—surely the struggles of this brave little people were as heroic and full of splendid in-

CONWAY

cident as anything that transpired in Scotch history. But as a venture for letters the field still lies fallow and perhaps the unromantic atmosphere of our present-day progress will always keep it so. In leaving Conway for our fifth sojourn at Ludlow we find ourselves wondering which of these may out-rank the other as the gem of all the smaller medieval towns we have visited in Britain. Indeed, we have not answered the query yet, but we are sure the distinction belongs to one or the other.

XVII

THE HARDY COUNTRY AND BERRY POMEROY

It has been said that the traveler who has visited either John O'Groats or Land's End never feels at ease until he has both of these places to his "credit." I should be loath to confess that such a feeling had anything to do with our setting out from London with Land's End as an ill-defined objective, though appearances may indeed favor such an inference. Once before we were within ten miles of the spot and did not feel interested enough to take the few hours for the trip. But now we have spent a night at John O'Groats—and have no very pleasant recollection of it, either—and should we ever tell of our exploit the first question would be, "And did you go to Land's End?" Be that as it may, we find ourselves carefully picking our way through the crowded Oxford street which changes its name a half dozen times before we come out into the Staines Road. We are not in the best of humor, for it was two o'clock when we left our hotel—we had planned to start at nine in the morning! But a refractory magneto in the hands

of an English repair man—who had promised it on the day before—was an article we could not very well leave behind.

Our itinerary—we never really made one, except in imagination—called for the night at Dorchester. We had previously passed through the pleasant old capital of the "Hardy Country" and felt a longing for a closer acquaintance. But Dorchester is one hundred and thirty miles from London and our usual leisurely jog will never get us there before nightfall—a fact still more apparent when we find nearly an hour has been consumed in covering the dozen miles to Staines. We shall have to open up a little—a resolution that receives a decided chill when a gentlemanly Automobile Association scout, seeing the emblem on our engine hood, salutes us with, "Caution, Sir! Police traps all the way to Basingstoke." We take some chances nevertheless, but slow down when we come to a hedgerow or other suspicious object which we fancy may afford concealment for the despised motor "cop." At Basingstoke a second scout pronounces the way clear to Andover and Salisbury and the fine undulating road offers every opportunity to make up for lost time—and police traps. If the speed limit had been twice twenty miles per hour, I fear we

might—but we are not bound to incriminate ourselves!

Salisbury's splendid spire—the loftiest and most graceful in all Britain—soon arises athwart the sunset sky and we glide through the tortuous streets of the town as swiftly as seems prudent. The road to Blandford is equally good and just at dusk we enter the village of Puddletown, stretching for half a mile along the roadside. Its name is not prepossessing, but Puddletown has a church that stands to-day as it stood nearly three hundred years ago, for it has not as yet fallen into the hands of the restorer. Its paneled and beamed ceiling of Spanish chestnut, innocent of paint or varnish, its oaken pews which seated the Roundheads and Royalists of Cromwell's day, its old-fashioned pulpit and its queer baptismal font, are those of the country church of nearly three centuries ago. The village is a cozy, beflowered place on a clear little river, whose name, the Puddle, is the only thing to prejudice one against it. Just adjoining Puddletown is Aethelhampton Court, the finest country house in Dorset, which has been inhabited by one family, the Martins, for four hundred years.

Darkness is setting in when we drive into the courtyard of the King's Arms in Dorchester. It is a wild, windy evening; rain is threatening and under

such conditions the comfortable old house seems an opportune haven indeed. It is a characteristic English inn such as Dickens eulogizes in "Pickwick Papers"—one where "everything looks—as everything always does in all decent English inns—as if the travelers had been expected and their comforts prepared for days beforehand." There is a large, well-furnished sitting-room awaiting us, with bedrooms to match, and the evening meal is ready on a table resplendent with fresh linen and glittering silver. In a cabinet in the corner of the dining-room is an elaborate silver tea-service with the legend, "Used by His August Majesty King Edward VII. when as Prince of Wales he was a guest of the King's Arms, Dorchester, on —" but we have quite forgotten the date. A rather recent and innocent tradition, but perhaps the traveler of two centuries hence may be duly impressed, for the silver service will be there if the King's Arms is still standing. It is an irregular old house, built nobody knows just when, and added to from time to time as occasion required. The lack of design is delightfully apparent; it is a medley of scattered apartments and winding hallways. It would fit perfectly into a Dickens novel—indeed, with the wind howling furiously outside and the rain fitfully lashing the panes we think of the stormy night at the

Maypole in "Barnaby Rudge." But it has been a rather trying day and our musings soon fade into pleasant dreams when we are once ensconced in the capacious beds of the King's Arms.

One can spend a profitable half day in Dorchester and a much longer time might be consumed in exploring the immediate vicinity. There are two fine churches, All Saints', with a tall slender spire, and St. Peter's, with a square, battlemented tower from which peal the chimes of the town clock. In the latter church is a tomb which may interest the few Americans who come to Dorchester, since beneath it is buried Rev. John White, who took an active part in founding Massachusetts Colony. In 1624 he despatched a company of Dorset men to the new colony, raising money for them, procuring their charter and later sending out as the first governor, John Endicott of Dorchester, who sailed for New England in 1629 in the "George Bona Ventura." In both churches there is an unusual number of effigies and monuments which probably escaped because of Dorchester's friendliness for the Parliamentary cause—but none of them commemorates famous people. Outside St. Peter's there is a statue to William Barnes, the Dorset poet, with an inscription from one of his own poems which illustrates the quaint dialect he employed:

“Zoo now I hope his kindly feace
 Is gone to find a better pleace:
 But still wi’ vo’k a-left behind
 He’ll always be a-kept in mind.”

The county museum, adjoining the church, contains one of the best provincial collections in England. The vicinity is noted for Roman remains and a number of the most remarkable have found a resting-place here. There are curiosities galore in the shape of medieval implements of torture, among them a pair of heavy leaden weights labeled “Mercy,” which a tender-hearted jailer ordered tied to the feet of a man hanged for arson as late as 1836, so he would strangle more quickly. There are relics of Jeffreys’ dread court, the chair he used when sentencing the Dorset peasants to transportation and death and the iron spikes on which the heads of the rebels were exposed to blacken in the sun. There is much besides horrors in Dorchester Museum, though I suppose the gruesome and horrible will always get the greater share of attention. And such things are not without their educational and moral value, for they speak eloquently of the progress the human race has made to render such implements of torture only objects of shuddering curiosity.

To the admirer of Thomas Hardy, the novelist,

Dorchester will always have a peculiar interest, for here the master still lives, much alone, in a little house near the town, his simple life and habits scarcely differentiating him from the humblest Wessex peasant. I say "the novelist," for another Thomas Hardy was also a Dorchester man—the admiral who supported the dying Nelson at Trafalgar. The great writer, however, is known to all the townsmen and is universally admired and revered. Shortly after our visit the people of the town essayed a fete in his honor, the chief feature being two plays adapted from Wessex tales. Mr. Hardy, though in his seventy-second year, followed the rehearsals closely, sitting night after night in a dark corner of the auditorium. A correspondent described him as "a grave, gray little figure with waxed moustache ends and bright vigilant eyes, who rose occasionally to make a suggestion, speaking almost apologetically as if asking a favor." His suggestions usually had to do with the character and effect of word cadences. Nothing could exceed his sensitiveness to the harmonies of speech. "Will you let me see the book, please?" he would say. "I think that sentence does not sound right; I will alter it a little."

He also personally arranged the hornpipe dance by shepherds in the cottage where three wayfarers

take shelter from a storm. The music was played by a fiddler nearly eighty years old who used to make a living by such rustic merrymakings and who is perhaps the last survivor of the race of fiddlers in Dorset. All the actors belonged to the town. One is a cooper, another a saddler, and there were clerks and solicitors and auctioneers. The producer who designed all the scenery is a monument mason and ex-mayor of Dorchester.

It is perhaps too early to predict the place of Thomas Hardy in literature, though there be those who rank him with George Eliot. His home town, which he has given to fame as the Casterbridge of his tales, has no misgivings about the matter and freely ranks him with the immortals. The chilling philosophy of many of his books has not hidden his warm heart from his townsmen, who resent the word "stony" applied to him by an American writer. They say that his unpretentious life, his affability, his consideration for others and his modesty, all teach the lessons of love and hope, and that nothing is farther from his personal character than misanthropy or coldness.

The history of Dorchester differs not greatly from that of many other English towns of its class. A Roman station undoubtedly existed here. The town was mentioned in the Domesday Book and

was a village of good size in the reign of Henry VIII. In 1613 it was totally destroyed by fire—a calamity which the citizens declared a “visitation of God’s wrath,” to appease which they founded an almshouse and hospital. With business foresight they also established a brewery, the profits from which were expected to maintain the hospital, and the grave records show no intimation of any question whether such a plan might be acceptable to the Deity they sought to placate.

Dorchester was strongly for the Parliament in the unpleasantness between Oliver and the king, but its loyalty was not very aggressive, for it surrendered to the royal army with scarcely a show of resistance—the more to its discredit, since it had been elaborately fortified and was well supplied with munitions of war. It suffered severely for its cowardice, for it was taken and retaken many times during the war and its citizens subjected to numberless exactions and indignities. The ascendancy of the commonwealth brought Dorchester comparative peace for three or four decades. The next notable event in its career was the coming of Jeffreys the infamous to judge the unfortunate Dorset men who inclined, or were alleged to have inclined, towards the Duke of Monmouth in his ill-starred attempt on the throne

of England. To expedite matters, Jeffreys let it be understood that a plea of guilty would predispose him to mercy, but the poor wretches who fell into this trap were sentenced to death or transportation on their own confessions. The charge lodged against most of the unfortunates was that they were "away from their habitacions att the tyme of the rebellion."

For more than two centuries after this carnival of death, sanctioned by a corrupt and vengeful government, Dorchester has pursued the paths of unbroken peace and has grown and prospered in a quiet way. The fame of Thomas Hardy attracts many and the roving motor car also brings an increasing number of pilgrims, none of whom go away disappointed. It is a trim old town, still picturesque, though modern improvements are making inroads on its antique quaintness. Its environs are singularly beautiful; the country roads enter the town between ranks of splendid trees and the avenues around the town are bordered with giant limes, sycamores and chestnuts. The River Frome glides quietly past the place through reedy meadows and the smooth green sward covers the ancient Roman amphitheatre which adjoins the town on the south. This is by far the most perfect work of its kind in Britain; it is about two hundred feet in diameter and must

have accommodated some twelve thousand spectators. It lies just along the road by which we leave the town and which runs almost due west to Bridport, Lyme Regis and Exeter. For some miles we pursue a sinuous course across the barren country and occasionally encounter forbiddingly steep grades. At Bridport we catch our first glimpse of a placidly blue sea, which frequently flashes through gaps in the hills for the next twenty miles.

At Lyme Regis the road pitches down a sharp hill into the town, which covers the slopes of a ravelike valley. It is a retired little seaside resort, though red roofs of modern villas now contrast somewhat with its rural appearance. No railroad comes within several miles of the place, which has a permanent population of only two thousand. It is not without historic tradition, for here the Duke of Monmouth landed on his ill-fated invasion to which we have already referred. The town was a favorite haunt of Jane Austen and here she located one of the memorable scenes in "Persuasion." It is still a very quiet place—a retreat for those seeking real seclusion and freedom from the formality and turmoil of the larger and more fashionable resorts. Its tiny harbor, encircled by a crescent-shape sweep of cliffs, is almost innocent of craft to-day, though there was a time when it ranked high among the

western ports. It is one of those delightful old villages one occasionally finds in England, standing now nearly as they did three centuries ago, while the great world has swept away from them.

We wish we might tarry a day in Lyme Regis, but our plans will not permit it now. We climb the precipitously steep, irregular road that takes us out of the place, though we cast many backward glances at the little town and quiet blue-green harbor edged by a scimiterlike strip of silver sand. The Exeter road is much the same as that between Lyme Regis and Dorchester—winding, steep, narrow and rough in places—and the deadly Devonshire hedge-row on a high earthen ridge now shuts out our view of the landscape much of the time. Devon and Cornwall, with the most charming scenery in England, would easily become a great motoring ground if the people would mend the roads and eradicate the hedgerows.

At Exeter we stop at the Rougemont for lunch, despite the recollection of pretty high charges on a former occasion. It is one of the best provincial hotels, if it is far from the cheapest. A drizzling rain is falling when we leave the cathedral city for Newton Abbot and Totnes, directly to the south; in the market-place of the first-named town is the

stone upon which William III. was proclaimed king after his landing at Brixham.

Totnes, seven miles farther, has many quaint old houses with odd piazzas and projecting timbered gables, which give the streets a decidedly antique appearance. Here, too, is another famous stone, the identical one upon which Brutus of Troy first set foot when landing in Britain at a date so remote that it can only be guessed at. Indeed, there be wiseacres who freely declare that the Roman prince never set foot on it at all; but we are in no mood for such scepticism to-day, when cruising about in a steady rain seeking "objects of interest," as the road-book styles them. Of Totnes Castle only the foundations remain, though it must have been a concentric, circular structure like that of Launceston. From its walls on fair days there is a lovely, far-reaching view quite shut out from us by the gray mist that hovers over the valley—a scene described by a writer more fortunate than we as "a rich soft country which stretches far and wide, a land of swelling hills and richly wooded valleys and green corn springing over the red earth. Northwards on the skyline, the Dartmoor hills lie blue and seeming infinitely distant in the light morning haze; while in the opposite direction, one sees a long straight reach of river, set most sweetly among the hills, up

THE HARDY COUNTRY AND BERRY POMEROY

which the salt tide is pouring from Dartmouth so rapidly that it grows wider every moment, and the bitter sea air which travels with it from the Channel reaches as far as the battlements on which we stand. Up that reach the Totnes merchants, standing on these old walls, used to watch their argosies sailing with the tide, homeward bound from Italy or Spain, laden with precious wines and spices."

But no one who visits Totnes—even though the day be rainy and disagreeable—should fail to see Berry Pomeroy Castle, which common consent declares the noblest ruin in all Devon and Cornwall. We miss the main road to the village of Berry and approach the ruin from the rear by a narrow, muddy lane winding over steep grades through a dense forest. We are not sure whether we are fortunate or otherwise in coming to the shattered haunt of the fierce old de Pomeroy on such a day. Perhaps its grim traditions and its legends of ghostly inhabitants seem the more realistic under such a lowering sky—and it may be that the gloomy day comports best with the scene of desolation and ruined grandeur which breaks on our vision.

The castle was an unusual combination of medieval fortress and palatial dwelling house, the great towers still flanking the entrance suggesting immense defensive strength, as does the situation on the edge

of a rocky precipice. The walls are pierced by multitudes of mullioned windows—so many, indeed, an old chronicle records, that it was “a day’s work for a servant to open and close the casements.” In some details the more modern remnants of the structure remind one of Cowdray Palace—especially the great window groups. Verily, “ruin greenly dwells” at Berry Pomeroy Castle. Ivy mantles every inch of the walls and some fragments, rising tall and slender like chimneys, are green to the very tops. The green sward runs riot over the inner courts and covers fallen masses of debris; great trees, some of them doubtless as old as the castle itself, sway their branches above it; our pictures tell the story, perhaps better than any words, of the rank greenness that seems even more intense in the falling rain.

One quite forgets the stirring history of the castle—and it is stirring, for does not tradition record that its one-time owners urged their maddened steeds to spring to death with their riders from the beetling precipice on which the castle stands, rather than to surrender to victorious besiegers?—I say one forgets even this in the rather creepy sensations that come over him when he recalls the ghostly legends of the place. For Berry Pomeroy Castle has one of the most blood-curdling and best authenticated ghost stories that it has been my lot to read. It



BERRY POMEROY CASTLE, ENTRANCE TOWERS

has a weird interest that warrants retelling here and the reader who has no liking for such things may skip it if he chooses.

“Somewhat more than a century ago, Dr. Walter Farquhar, who was created a baronet in 1796, made a temporary sojourn in Torquay. This physician was quite a young man at that time and had not acquired the reputation which, after his settlement in London, procured him the confidence and even friendship of royalty. One day, during his stay in Devon, he was summoned professionally to Berry Pomeroy Castle, a portion of which building was still occupied by a steward and his wife. The latter was seriously ill, and it was to see her that the physician had been called in. Previous to seeing his patient Dr. Farquhar was shown an outer apartment and requested to remain there until she was prepared to see him. This apartment was large and ill-proportioned; around it ran richly carved panels of oak that age had changed to the hue of ebony. The only light in the room was admitted through the chequered panes of a gorgeously stained window, in which were emblazoned the arms of the former lords of Berry Pomeroy. In one corner, to the right of the wide fireplace, was a flight of dark oaken steps, forming part of a staircase leading apparently to some chamber above;

and on these stairs the fading gleams of summer's twilight shone through.

“While Dr. Farquhar wondered, and, if the truth be told, chafed at the delay which had been interposed between him and his patient, the door opened, and a richly dressed female entered the apartment. He, supposing her to be one of the family, advanced to meet her. Unheeding him, she crossed the room with a hurried step, wringing her hands and exhibiting by her motions the deepest distress. When she reached the foot of the stairs, she paused for an instant and then began to ascend them with the same hasty step and agitated demeanour. As she reached the highest stair the light fell strongly on her features and displayed a countenance youthful, indeed, and beautiful, but in which vice and despair strove for mastery. ‘If ever human face,’ to use the doctor’s own words, ‘exhibited agony and remorse; if ever eye, that index of the soul, portrayed anguish uncheered by hope and suffering without interval; if ever features betrayed that within the wearer’s bosom there dwelt a hell, those features and that being were then present to me.’

“Before he could make up his mind on the nature of this strange occurrence, he was summoned to the bedside of his patient. He found the lady

so ill as to require his undivided attention, and had no opportunity, and in fact no wish, to ask any questions which bore on a different subject to her illness.

“But on the following morning, when he repeated his visit and found the sufferer materially better, he communicated what he had witnessed to the husband and expressed a wish for some explanation. The steward’s countenance fell during the physician’s narrative and at its close he mournfully ejaculated:

“‘My poor wife! my poor wife!’

“‘Why, how does this relation affect her?’

“‘Much, much!’ replied the steward, vehemently. ‘That it should have come to this! I cannot—cannot lose her! You know not,’ he continued in a milder tone, ‘the strange, sad history; and—and his lordship is extremely averse to any allusion being ever made to the circumstance or any importance attached to it; but I must and will out with it! The figure which you saw is supposed to represent the daughter of a former baron of Berry Pomeroy, who was guilty of an unspeakable crime in that chamber above us; and whenever death is about to visit the inmates of the castle she is seen wending her way to the scene of her crimes with the frenzied gestures you describe. The day my

son was drowned she was observed; and now my wife!

“‘I assure you she is better. The most alarming symptoms have given way and all immediate danger is at an end.’

“‘I have lived in and near the castle thirty years,’ was the steward’s desponding reply, ‘and never knew the omen fail.’

“‘Arguments on omens are absurd,’ said the doctor, rising to take his leave. ‘A few days, however, will, I trust, verify my prognostics and see Mrs. S—— recovered.’

“‘They parted, mutually dissatisfied. The lady died at noon.

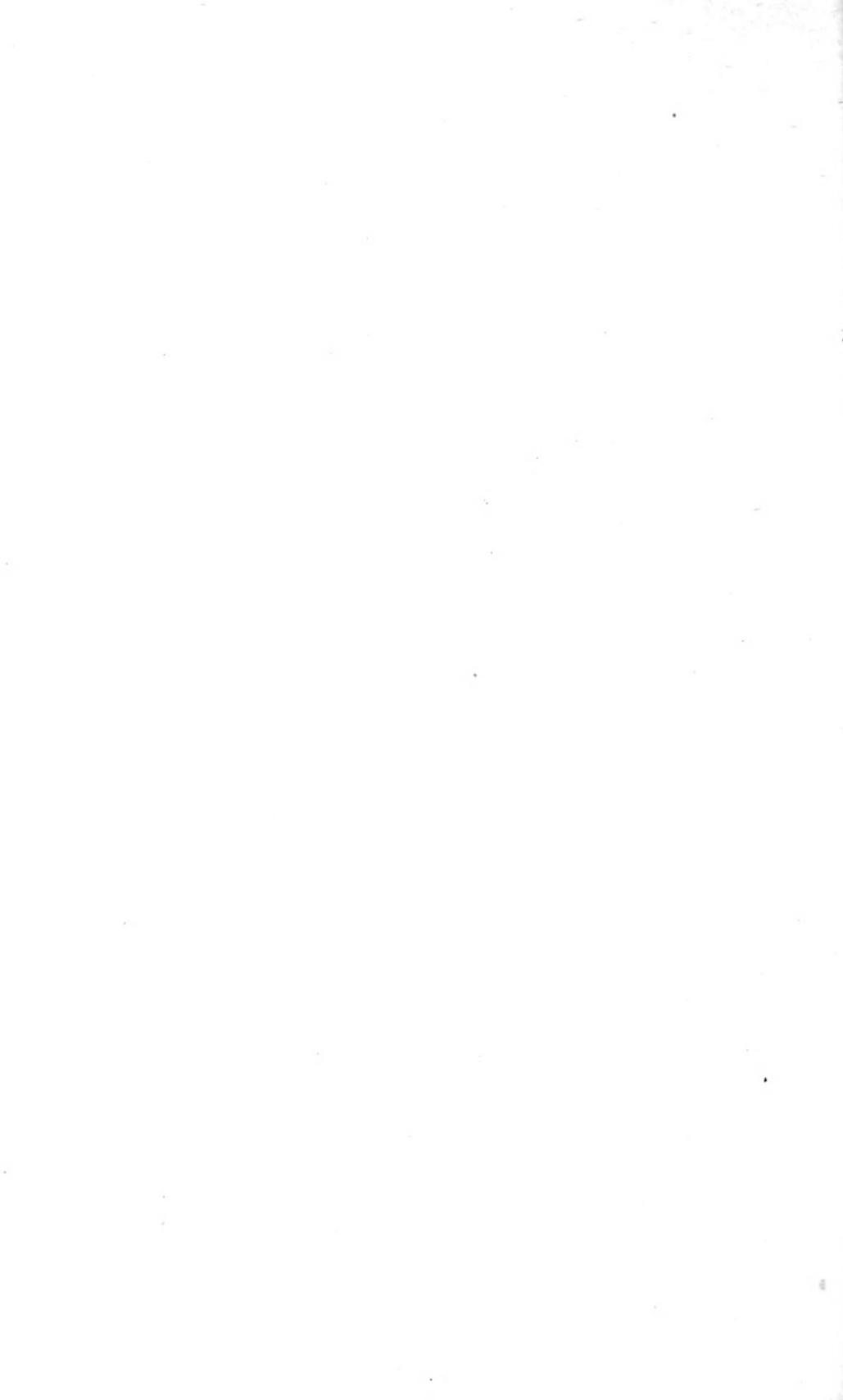
“‘Years intervened and brought with them many changes. The doctor rose rapidly and deservedly into repute; became the favourite physician and even personal friend of the Prince Regent, was created a baronet, and ranked among the highest authorities in the medical world.

“‘When he was at the zenith of his professional career, a lady called on him to consult him about her sister, whom she described as sinking, overcome and heartbroken by a supernatural appearance.

“‘I am aware of the apparent absurdity of the details which I am about to give,’ she began, ‘but the case will be unintelligible to you, Sir Walter,



BERRY POMEROY CASTLE—WALL OF INNER COURT



without them. While residing at Torquay last summer, we drove over one morning to visit the splendid remains of Berry Pomeroy Castle. The steward was very ill at the time (he died, in fact, while we were going over the ruins,) and there was some difficulty in getting the keys. While my brother and I went in search of them, my sister was left alone for a few moments in a large room on the ground-floor; and while there—most absurd fancy!—she has persuaded herself she saw a female enter and pass her in a state of indescribable distress. This spectre, I suppose I must call her, horribly alarmed her. Its features and gestures have made an impression, she says, which no time can efface. I am well aware of what you will say, that nothing can possibly be more preposterous. We have tried to rally her out of it, but the more heartily we laugh at her folly, the more agitated and excited does she become. In fact, I fear we have aggravated her disorder by the scorn with which we have treated it. For my own part, I am satisfied her impressions are erroneous, and rise entirely from a depraved state of the bodily organs. We wish for your opinion and are most anxious you should visit her without delay.'

“ ‘Madam, I will make a point of seeing your sister immediately; but it is no delusion. This I

think it proper to state most positively, and previous to any interview. I, myself, saw the same figure, under somewhat similar circumstances and about the same hour of the day; and I should decidedly oppose any raillery or incredulity being expressed on the subject in your sister's presence.'

"Sir Walter saw the young lady next day and after being for a short time under his care she recovered.

"Our authority for the above account of how Berry Pomeroy Castle is haunted derived it from Sir Walter Farquhar, who was a man even more noted for his probity and veracity than for his professional attainments, high as they were rated. The story has been told as nearly as possible in Sir Walter's own words."

Yonder is the "ghost's walk," along that tottering wall; yonder is the door the apparition is said to enter. If you can stand amidst these deserted ruins on a dark, lowering evening and feel no qualms of nervousness after reading the tale, I think you are quite able to laugh all ghosts to scorn.

We have lingered long enough at Berry Pomeroy—we can scarce cover the twenty miles to Plymouth ere darkness sets in. But fortune favors us; at Totnes the rain ceases and a red tinge breaks through the clouds which obscure the western sky.

THE HARDY COUNTRY AND BERRY POMEROY

We have a glorious dash over the wet road which winds through some of the loveliest of Devonshire landscapes. Midway, from the hilltop that dominates the vale of the Erme, we get a view of Ivy Bridge, a pleasant village lying along the clear river, half hidden in the purple haze of evening; and just at dusk we glide into the city of the Pilgrim Fathers.

XVIII

POLPERRO AND THE SOUTH CORNISH COAST

We did not search our road-maps for Polperro because of anything the guide-books say about it, for these dismiss it as a "picturesque fishing village on the South Devonshire coast." There are dozens of such villages in Devon and Cornwall, and only those travelers whose feet are directed by some happy chance to Polperro will know how much it outshines all its rivals, if, indeed, there are any worthy to be styled as such. Our interest in the quaint little hamlet was aroused at a London art exhibit, where a well-known English artist showed some three score clever sketches which arrested our attention at once.

"I made them last summer during a stay at Polperro," he said in answer to our inquiry.

"And where is Polperro, pray?" we asked with visions of Italy or Spain and were taken aback not a little to learn that a Devonshire village afforded subject matter for the sketches. And forthwith Polperro was added to the list of places we must see on our projected Land's End tour. A diligent

search of our maps finally revealed the name and showed the distance about twenty miles from Plymouth. The road is steep and winding and there is only a network of narrow lanes for some miles out of the village.

We leave Plymouth after a night's sojourn at the Grand Hotel and cross the estuary at the Tor Point ferry, which makes trips at frequent intervals. A flat-bottomed ferry boat, held in place against the strong tides by heavy chains anchored at either end, takes us across for a moderate fare and we set out beneath a lowering sky to explore the rough and difficult but beautiful bit of country stretching along the coast from Plymouth to Fowey Harbor. Indeed, we had in mind to cross the estuary by ferry at the latter place and asked a garage employee about the facilities for so doing.

"Hi wouldn't recommend it, sir. Last week a gent with a motor tried it and the boat tipped and let the car into the water. Hi went down to 'elp them get it out and you could just see the top sticking out at low tide."

And so we altered our route to go around the estuary—some fifteen miles—rather than chance repeating the exciting experience of our fellow-motorist of the week before. But this is a digression—I had meant to say that there is little to engage

our attention for several miles after crossing at Tor Point. The country is studded with rough hills and our route cuts across some of these, a wide outlook often rewarding the steep climb to the summits. We cautiously follow the sinuous road until it pitches sharply down into the ravelike coomb occupied by the Looes, East and West, according to their position on the river. These villages cling to the steep hills, rising from either side of the river, which we cross by a lichen-covered bridge hung with a multitude of fishing nets. We see a confused medley of houses elbowing one another out into the roadway until their sagging gables nearly meet in places, built apparently with sublime disregard of the points of the compass and without any preconceived plan. Once it was a famous fishing port, but now the industry is conducted on a small scale only and the Looes have to depend largely on vacationists from Plymouth in summertime. We do not linger here, but after crossing the bridge we enter the narrow road that cuts straight across the hills to Polperro. It is a rough, hilly road and the heavy grades shift the gears more than once; but it carries us to splendid vantage-points where we pause to glance at the landscape. There are wide expanses of wooded hills with lovely intersecting valleys, the predominating green dashed with broad



A STREET IN EAST LOOE—CORNWALL

plotches of purple heather—the rankest and most brilliant of any we saw in a land famous for its heather! Over all stretches the mottled sky, reflecting its moods on the varied scenes beneath—here a broad belt of sunlight, yonder a drifting shower, for it is one of those fitful days that alternately smiles and weeps. We descend another long hill and enter the lane which runs down the ravine into the main street of Polperro.

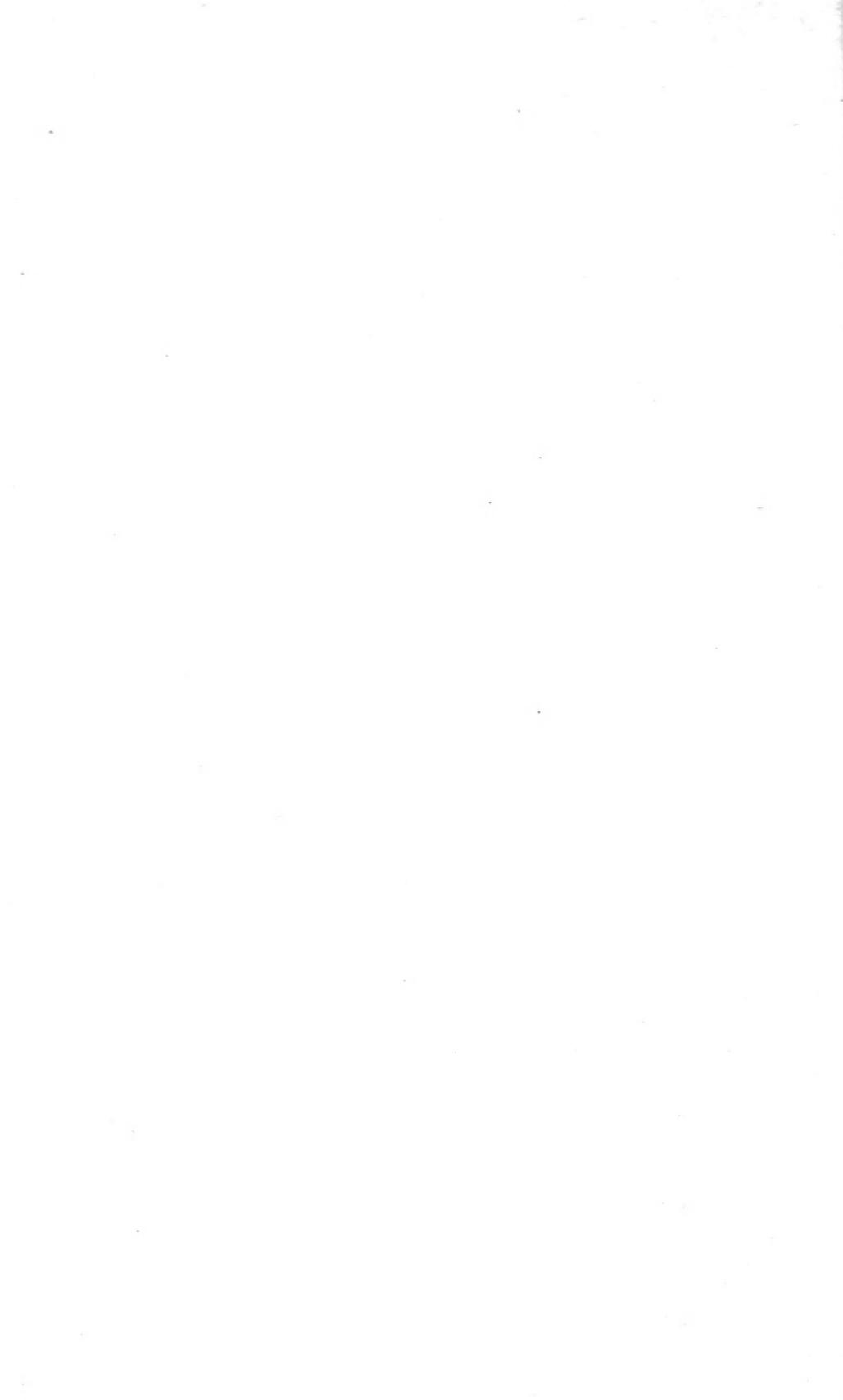
The main street of Polperro! Was there ever another avenue like it?—a cobble-paved, crooked alley scarce a half dozen feet from curb to curb, too narrow for vehicles of any kind to pass. The natives come out and stare in wonderment at our presumption in driving a motor into Polperro—and we become a little doubtful ourselves when a sharp turn bars our progress near the post office. A man, seeing us hesitate, tells us we cannot very well go farther—a suggestion with which we quite agree—and leaving the car surrounded by a group of wondering children we set out on foot to explore the mysteries of Polperro.

I think we can truthfully declare that of all the queer villages we saw in Britain—and it would be a long story to tell of them—no other matched the simple, unpretentious fisher-town of Polperro. No huge hotel with glaring paint, no amusement pier

or promenade, none of the earmarks of the conventional resort into which so many fine old towns have—shall I say degenerated?—are to be seen; nothing but the strangest jumble of old stone houses, wedged in the narrow ravinelike valley. So irregularly are they placed, with such a total disregard of straight lines and directions, that it seems, as one writer has remarked, that they might originally have been built on the hillsides at decent distances from each other and by some cataclysm slid down in a solid mass along the river. The streets are little more than footpaths and wind among a hundred odd corners, of which the one shown in our sketch is only typical. We cross the river—at low tide only a shallow stream—by the narrow high-arched bridge, whose odd design and lichen-covered stones are in perfect keeping with the surroundings, and come out on the sea wall that overlooks the tiny harbor. A dozen old salts—dreaming, no doubt, of their active younger days on the blue sea stretching out before them—are roused from their reveries and regard us curiously. Evidently tourists are not an everyday incident in Polperro, and they treat us with the utmost civility, answering our queries in broad Cornish accent that we have to follow closely to understand. A few fishing boats still go out of the town, but its brave old days are past; modern



POLPERRO, CORNWALL. LOOKING TOWARD THE SEA



POLPERRO AND THE SOUTH CORNISH COAST

progress, while it has left Polperro quite untouched, has swept away its ancient source of prosperity. Once its harbor was a famous retreat for smugglers, who did a thriving business along the Cornish coast, and it is possible some of these old fellows may have heard their fathers tell thrilling tales of the little craft which slipped into the narrow inlet with contraband cargoes; of wrecks and prizes, with spoils of merchandise and gold, so welcome to the needy fisherfolk, and of fierce and often deadly conflicts with the king's officers.

The tide is out and a few boats lie helplessly on their sides in the harbor; no doubt the scene is more animated and pleasing when the green water comes swelling up the inlet and fills the river channel, now strewn with considerable unsightly debris. A violent storm driving the ocean into the narrow cleft where the town lies must be a fearsome spectacle to the inhabitants, and fortunately it has been well described by Polperro's historian, who has told a delightful story of the town.

"In the time of storm," he writes, "Polperro is a striking scene of bustle and excitement. The noise of the wind as it roars up the coomb, the hoarse rumbling of the angry sea, the shouts of the fishermen engaged in securing their boats, and the screams of the women and children carrying the

tidings of the latest disaster, are a peculiarly melancholy assemblage of sounds, especially when heard at midnight. All who can render assistance are out of their beds, helping the sailors and fishermen; lifting the boats out of reach of the sea, or taking the furniture of the ground floors to a place of safety. When the first streak of morning light comes, bringing no cessation of the storm, but only serving to show the devastation it has made, the effect is still more dismal. The wild fury of the waves is a sight of no mean grandeur as it dashes over the peak and falls on its jagged summit, from whence it streams down the sides in a thousand waterfalls and foams at its base. The infuriated sea sweeps over the piers and striking against the rocks and houses on the warren side rebounds towards the strand, and washes fragments of houses and boats into the streets, where the receding tide leaves them strewn in sad confusion."

A brisk rain begins as we saunter along the river, and we recall that the car has been left with top down and contents exposed to the weather. We hasten back only to find that some of the fisher-folk have anticipated us—they have drawn the top forward and covered everything from the rain as carefully as we could have done—a thoughtfulness for the stranger in the village that we appreciate



LANSALLOS CHURCH, POLPERRO

all the more for its rarity. And though we left the car surrounded by a group of merry, curious children, not a thing is disturbed.

The postmaster is principal shopkeeper and from him we learn something of the town and secure a number of pictures which we prize, though pictures are hopelessly inadequate to give any real idea of Polperro. As yet tourist visitors to the village are not numerous, though artists frequently come and are no longer a source of wonderment to the natives. Two plain but comfortable old inns afford fair accommodations for those who wish to prolong their stay. With the increasing vogue of the motor car, Polperro's guests are bound to be on the increase, though few of them will remain longer than an hour or two, since there is little to detain one save the village itself.

Lansallos Church is a splendid edifice surrounded by tall trees beneath which are mouldering grave-stones upon which one may read queer inscriptions and epitaphs. There is also an ancient water-mill just where the road enters the village, which still does daily duty, its huge overshot wheel turning slowly and clumsily as the clear little moorland stream dashes upon it. No famous man has come forth from the village, but it produced a host of hardy seamen, who, under such leaders as Drake and

Nelson, did their full share in maintaining the unbroken naval supremacy of England. And not a few of those who fought so valiantly for their country gained their sea training and developed their hardihood and resourcefulness in the ancient and—in Devon and Cornwall—honorable occupation of smuggling.

We follow narrow, hedge-bordered lanes northward for several miles to regain the main road from Liskeard to Lostwithiel; for while we should have preferred the coast route, we have no desire to try conclusions with the ferry at Fowey. The fitful weather has taken another tack and for half an hour we are deluged, the driving rain turning the narrow roads into rivers and making progress exceedingly slow. When we reach the main highway the rain abruptly ceases and the sky again breaks into mottled patches of blue and white, which scatter sunshine and shadow over the fields. The country is intensely green and we are now in a spot which a good authority declares the loveliest inland scenery in Cornwall. It is the pleasant vale of the River Fowey, in the center of which stands the charming old town of Lostwithiel, surrounded by luxuriant pastures which stretch away to the green encircling hills. There is a fourteenth-century bridge in the town which seems sturdy for all its six

hundred years of flood and storm; and the church spire, with its richly carved open-work lantern, has been styled "the glory of Cornwall," and we will agree that it is one of the glories of Cornwall, in any event. It shows marks of cannon shot, for considerable fighting raged round the town during the civil war.

So narrow and steep is the street that pitches down the hill into Fowey that we leave the car at the top and make the descent on foot. Indeed, the majority of the streets of the town are so narrow and crooked that it is difficult for a vehicle of any size to get about easily. From the hill we have a fine view of the little land-locked harbor, dotted with fishing vessels. It shows to-day a peculiar color effect—dark blue, almost violet, out seaward, while it fades through many variations of greens and blues into pale emerald near the shore. The town is clean and substantial-looking and it must have presented much the same appearance two hundred years ago—no doubt most of the buildings we now see were standing then. It is now a mere fisher village, somewhat larger and not quite so primitive as Polperro, though in the day of smaller ships it contended with Plymouth and Dartmouth for distinction as chief port of Cornwall. It was during its period of prosperity and maritime importance

that the two towers, yet standing, were erected to guard the entrance of the harbor. A chain stretched between these made the town almost impregnable from attack by sea. Here the old-time seamen dwelt in security and plotted smuggling expeditions and raids upon the French—gentle occupations which greatly contributed to the prosperity of the town. These profitable trades about the middle of the fifteenth century proved Fowey's undoing. Peace had been declared with France, but the bold sailors went on with their raids and captured French vessels quite regardless of the treaties with that nation. This so incensed King Edward IV. that he caused numerous "leading citizens" of Fowey to be summarily hanged, levied a heavy fine on the town, and handed its ships over to the port of Dartmouth. The last proceeding seems like a grim bit of humor, for Dartmouth sailors were no less offenders against France than their unfortunate neighbors. After this sad experience it was long ere Fowey again held up its head and in the meanwhile it was far distanced by its former rivals. Its sailors, who had wrought many valorous deeds in the English navy, were little heard of afterwards and the rash, foolish action of the king practically wiped out an important port that would still have



A STREET IN FOWEY—CORNWALL

ENGLISH "FISHERMEN'S WHARF"
Low tide leaves the boats high on the beach at Mevaorissv amant



bred thousands of bold seamen to serve their country.

At the harbor wall a grizzled old fisherman approaches us and politely touching his cap offers to row us to a number of places which he declares we should see. We demur, not being fond of row-boats; he persists in his broad South-Country speech—to give it is past my linguistic powers, though I wish I could—“Pardon me for pushing my trade; it’s the only way I have of earning a living now, since I gave up the sea.” We think it worth the modest sum he proposes to charge us for a trip to hear him talk and we ask him about himself.

“I was a sailor, sir, for more than fifty years and I saw a lot of hardship in my day with nothing to show for it now. It was all right when I was young and fond of roving, but as I grew old it began to pall and I wished I might have been able to lead a different life. But I had to stick to it until I was too old to stand the work, and I got the little boat here which makes me a poor living—there’s nothing doing except in summertime and I have to get along as best I can in winter.”

“Do you own a house?”

“Own a house?” he echoed in surprise at our ignorance. Nobody owns a house here; the squire who lives in the big place on the hill yonder owns

the town—and everybody in it. A common man hasn't any chance to own anything in England. It doesn't seem fair and I don't understand it—but we live by it in England—we live by it in England."

We divert his bitter reflections by asking him about the town.

"Don't forget the old Ship Inn," he said, "and the church—it has the tallest tower in Cornwall. You can see through the big castle on the hill if you get permission. Any famous people?—why, yes—Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch lives here. He's our only titled man and some of his books, they say, tell about Fowey."

We thank our sailor friend and repair to the Ship Inn, as he counseled us. They show us the "great Tudor room," the pride of the house—a large beamed and paneled apartment with many black-oak carvings. But the chief end of the Ship to-day appears to be liquor selling, and not being bibulously inclined, we depart for the church. It was built in the reign of Edward IV., just before that monarch dealt the town its death-blow as a port and marked the end of Fowey's prosperity. The timber roof, the carved-oak pulpit and stone baptismal font are all unusually fine and there are some elaborate monuments to old-time dignitaries of the town. Place House, the great castellated palace



PROBUS CHURCH TOWER, CORNWALL



POLPERRO AND THE SOUTH CORNISH COAST

on the hill, with immense, elaborately carved bow-windows, is the dominating feature of the town. Inside there is some remarkable open timberwork roofing the great hall and much antique paneling and carving. There is also a valuable collection of furniture and objects of art which has accumulated in the four hundred years that the place has belonged to the Treffry family. It is more of a palatial residence than a fortress and it appears never to have suffered seriously from siege or warfare.

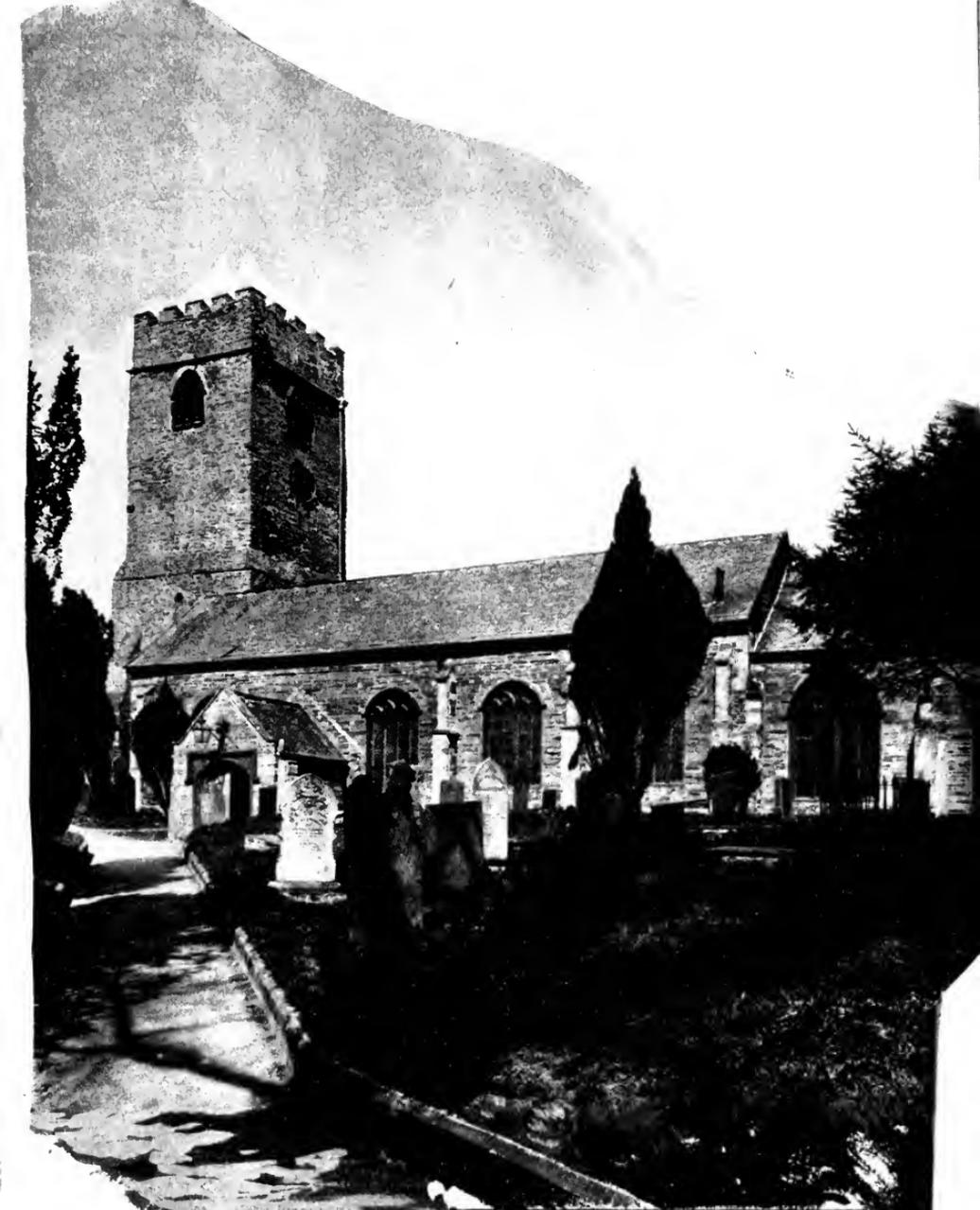
We are soon away on the highroad to Truro, which proves good though steep in places. There is a fine medieval church at St. Austell and another at Probus has one of the most striking towers we saw in England. It is of later origin than the main body of the church; some two hundred feet high, and is surmounted by Gothic pinnacles, with carved stone balustrades extending between them. Near the top it is pierced by eight large perpendicular windows, two to each side, and it is altogether a graceful and imposing edifice. Such churches in the poor little towns that cluster about them—no doubt poorer when the churches were built—go to show the store the Cornishmen of early days set by their religion, which led them out of their poverty to rear such stately structures; but it is quite likely that a goodly part of the profits of their old occu-

pations—wrecking, smuggling and piracy—went into these churches as a salve to conscience. Nor is the church-building spirit entirely extinct, as proven by the magnificent towers of Truro Cathedral, of which I shall have more to say anon and which soon breaks into our view.

As a matter of variation we take the southern route by the way of Helston from Truro to Penzance. This is rougher and has more steep hills than the direct road through Rudruth. Helston is some ten miles north of the Lizard Peninsula, where there is much beautiful coast scenery—especially Kynance Cove. Coming up the road along the coast toward Marazion, one gets a perfect view of the castle-crowned bulk of the Cornish St. Michael's Mount, the seat of the St. Aubyns. In the distance it stands like an immense pyramid against a wide reach of sunset sky, but as we come nearer the towers and battlements of the castle come out weird and strange; in the purple shadows the whole vast pile savors of enchantment. Beyond it shimmers the wide calm of Penzance Harbor—as it chances, dotted with the dark forms of some fifty leviathans of the British navy. For there is to be a great naval review in Penzance the coming week; the king and queen and a host of celebrities are expected. The town is gay with decorations and delirious with



KYNANCE COVE, CORNWALL.
From original painting by Warne-Browne



**BRINGER OF
LIGHT**

Church of St. Petrock
at Padstow, where the
saint is supposed to
have landed when he
introduced Christian-
ity into Cornwall in
the sixth century.

POLPERRO AND THE SOUTH CORNISH COAST

expectancy of the big events to come. Graham-White, the famous aviator, is to appear and there are to be many thrilling evolutions and much powder-burning by the royal fleet. Hotels and lodging-houses are crowded to the limit and if we have ever been somewhat dubious whether to try the hospitality of Land's End for the night, it is settled now—we could hardly stay in Penzance unless we camp on the street. It was indeed a bitter disappointment to Penzance that the capricious Cornish weather completely ruined the expected fete. Furious winds and continual rain drove the fleet to the more sheltered Tor Bay and the programme, on a greatly reduced scale, took place there. Aside from the disappointment, the people of the town suffered a heavy loss in the large sums they had spent in anticipation of the event. But Penzance is all unconscious of the fate in store for it; its streets are thronged and it is fairly ablaze with the national colors and elaborate electrical decorations. We thread our way slowly through its streets into the lonely indifferent lane that winds over steep and barren hills to Land's End.

XIX

LAND'S END TO LONDON

The first sight of Land's End Hotel, a low, drab-colored building standing on the bleak headland, is apt to beget in the wayfarer who approaches it at sunset a feeling of regret that he passed through Penzance without stopping for the night. Nor does his regret grow less when he is assigned to ill-furnished rooms with uncomfortable-looking beds—which, I may say, do not belie their looks—or when he sits down to a dinner that is only a slight improvement upon our memorable banquet at John O'Groats. But we did not come to Land's End to find London hotel comforts and conveniences, but for purely sentimental reasons, which should preclude any fault-finding if accommodations are not just to our liking. It was our fancy to spend a night at both Land's End and John O'Groats—and it must be largely imagination that attracts so many tourists to these widely separated localities, since there are surely hundreds of bits of English and Scottish coast more picturesque or imposing than either.



SUNSET NEAR LAND'S END, CORNWALL.
From original painting by Thos. Moran, N. A.

But here we are, in any event, and we go forth in the gray twilight to take note of our surroundings. An old fellow who has been watching us closely since our arrival follows us and in a language that puzzles us a little urges the necessity of his services as guide if we are to see the wonders of Land's End. We are glad enough to have his assistance and he leads us toward the broken cliffs, thrusting their rugged bulk far into the white-capped waves which come rolling landward. The sky and sea are still tinged with the hues of sunset and a faint glow touches the reddish rocks along the shores. It is too late for the inspiring effect shown in Mr. Moran's wonderful picture—had we been an hour earlier we might have beheld such a scene. Subdued purplish hues now prevail and a dark violet-colored sea thunders upon the coast. The wind is blowing—to our notion, a gale, though our old guide calls it a stiff breeze.

“A 'igh wind, sir? Wot would you call a wind that piles up the waves so you can't see yonder lighthouse, that's two hundred and fifty feet tall? That's wot I'd call a 'igh wind, sir. And you'd be drenched to the skin in a minute standing where you are.”

We revise our ideas of high winds accordingly, but a stiff breeze is quite enough for us, especially

when the old man urges us to come out upon what seems to us an exceedingly precarious perch—because it is the “last rock in England.” It stands almost sheer as a chimney with the sea foaming in indescribable fury some fifty or sixty feet below, and we have to decline, despite our guide’s insistence that we are missing the chief sensation of Land’s End. It was no doubt this identical spot which so impressed John Wesley, who visited Land’s End in 1743, when he made his famous preaching tour in Cornwall.

“It was an awful sight,” he wrote. “But how will this melt away when God ariseth in judgment. The sea beneath doth indeed boil like a pot. One would indeed think the sea to be hoary! But though they swell, they cannot prevail. He shall set the bounds which they cannot pass!” But the great preacher did not say whether he stood on the “last rock” or not.

We follow our guide in a strenuous scramble over the huge rocks to reach particular viewpoints, and, indeed, there are many awe-inspiring vistas of roaring ocean and rock-bound coast. Everywhere the sea attacks the shore in seeming fury, the great foam-crested waves sweeping against the jagged edges and breaking into a deluge of salt spray.

“I’ve seen more than one ship go to pieces on

these rocks in winter storms," says our guide. "At the last wreck twenty-seven lives were lost. I recovered one body myself—a fine Spanish-looking gentleman six feet three inches tall," he goes on, with an evident relish for gruesome details.

"The winter storms must be terrible, indeed," we venture.

"You can't imagine how dreadful," he answers. "I've seen the sea so rough that for three months no boat could reach yonder lighthouse a mile away; but the keeper was lucky to have food and he kept his light shining all the time. It's a dreary, lonely country in winter time, but more people would come if they only knew what an awful sight it is to see the sea washing over these headlands."

The same story is told—in more polished language—by a writer who spent the winter in Cornwall and often visited Land's End on stormy nights: "The raving of the wind among the rocks; the dark ocean—exceedingly dark except when the flying clouds were broken and the stars shining in the clear spaces touched the big black incoming waves with a steely gray light; the jagged isolated rocks, on which so many ships have been shattered, rising in awful blackness from the spectral foam that appeared and vanished and appeared again; the multitudinous hoarse sounds of the sea, with throbbing

and hollow booming noises in the caverns beneath—all together served to bring back something of the old vanished picture or vision of Bolerium as we first imagine it. The glare from the various lighthouses visible at this point only served to heighten the inexpressibly sombre effect, since shining from a distance they make the gloomy world appear vaster. Down in the south, twenty-five miles away, the low clouds were lit up at short intervals by wide white flashes, as of sheet lightning, from the Lizard light, the most powerful of all lights, the reflection of which may be seen at a distance of sixty or seventy miles at sea. In front of the Land's End promontory, within five miles of it, was the angry red glare from the Longships tower, and further away to the left the white revolving light of the Wolf lighthouse."

Darkness has fallen and almost blotted out the wild surroundings save for the gleams which flash from the lighthouses across the somber waters. We wend our way back to our inn to rest as best we may in anything but comfortable beds after an unusually strenuous day; we have traveled but one hundred and twenty miles since leaving Plymouth in the morning, but we have seen so much and had such varied experiences that we have a dim feeling of having come many times as far.

LAND'S END TO LONDON

A glorious morning gives us the opportunity of seeing the wild coast at its best. A dark blue sea is breaking on the reddish brown rocks and chafing into white foam at their feet. We wander out on the headland to get a farewell glimpse of the scene—for there is little to tempt one to linger at Land's End; you may see it all at a sunset and sunrise. There is no historic ruin on the spot, and surely any thought of the hotel will hasten your departure if you ever had any intention of lingering.

Sennan, a forlorn collection of stone huts about a mile from Land's End, is worth noting only as a type of the few tiny villages in the bit of barren country beyond Penzance and St. Ives. There is nothing to catch the artistic eye in these bleak little places; they lack the quaintness of Polperro or St. Ives and the coziness and color of the flower-embowered cottages of Somerset and Hampshire. The isolated farmhouses show the same characteristics and a description by a writer who lived in one of these during the winter months is full of interest:

“Life on these small farms is incredibly rough. One may guess what it is like from the outward aspect of such places. Each, it is true, has its own individual character, but they are all pretty much alike in their dreary, naked and almost squalid appearance. Each, too, has its own an-

cient Cornish name, some of these very fine or very pretty, but you are tempted to rename them in your own mind Desolation Farm, Dreary Farm, Stony Farm, Bleak Farm and Hungry Farm. The farmhouse is a small, low place and invariably built of granite, with no garden or bush or flower about it. The one I stayed at was a couple of centuries old, but no one had ever thought of growing anything, even a marigold, to soften its bare, harsh aspect. The house itself could hardly be distinguished from the outhouses clustered round it. Several times on coming back to the house in a hurry and not exercising proper care I found I had made for the wrong door and got into the cow-house, or pig-house, or a shed of some sort, instead of into the human habitation. The cows and other animals were all about and you came through deep mud into the living-room. The pigs and fowls did not come in but were otherwise free to go where they liked. The rooms were very low; my hair, when I stood erect, just brushed the beams; but the living-room or kitchen was spacious for so small a house, and had the wide old open fireplace still common in this part of the country. Any other form of fireplace would not be suitable when the fuel consists of furze and turf."

Such are the towns and farmhouses of this far-

thest Cornwall to-day—a country once prosperous on account of tin and copper mines which are all now abandoned. I doubt if there is a more poverty-stricken rural section in the Kingdom than Cornwall. I noted in a paper edited by a socialist candidate for the House of Commons a curious outburst over a donation made by the king to the poor of Cornwall, which was accompanied by a little homily from His Majesty on the necessity of the beneficiaries helping themselves. The article is so significant in the light it throws on certain social conditions and as illustrating a greater degree of freedom of speech than is generally supposed to exist in England that I feel it worth quoting:

“Although we do not doubt the King’s longing to help all his people, we must be forgiven if we refuse to be impressed by his apparent intensity of feeling. Not that we blame the King. In order to feel decently about the poor, one must have ‘had some,’ so to speak. And we can hardly imagine that King George knows much concerning the objects of his sympathy, when we consider the annual financial circumstances of his own compact little family. In the year that is ending they will have drawn between them the helpful pittance of six hundred thirty-four thousand pounds. This is exclusive of the income of the Prince of Wales,

derived from the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall. And even if this sum has been badly drained by Yuletide beneficence (as faintly threatened in the Church Army donation) the New Year will bring sure replenishment of the royal purse.

“We should not have felt called upon to mention these little details were it not for the offensive phrase—‘may they show their gratitude by industry and vigorous efforts to help themselves.’ How can the poor devils who live in the foetid hovels which dot the Duchy of Cornwall ‘help themselves?’ Out of their shameful earnings—when they have any earnings—they must first pay toll to the bloated rent-roll of the King’s infant son. Out of their constant penury they must help to provide an extravagant Civil List, to enable their Monarch to lecture on self-help at the end of a donation of twenty-five pounds. Help themselves? Show their gratitude? How can they help themselves when the earth was stolen from them before their birth, when their tools of production are owned and controlled by a group of moneyed parasites, when their laws are made and administered by the class which lives on their labours and fattens on their helplessness? Show their gratitude? Heaven have mercy upon us! What have they to be grateful for—these squalid,

dependent, but always necessary outcasts of our civilization?"

I fear this is pretty much of a digression, though I think an interesting one. Not all of Cornwall shows evidence of such poverty—the country steadily improves as we hasten to the fine old town of Truro and there is much good country beyond. Though we have come but thirty-six miles from Land's End, the indisposition of one of our party makes it advisable to pause in the old Cornish capital, where we may be sure of comfortable quarters at the Red Lion.

We find this a commodious, substantial structure, built about two and a half centuries ago, with a fine entrance hall from which a black-oak stairway leads to the upper floors. Its accommodations and service seem to average with the best provincial hotels in towns the size of Truro, and, altogether, the Red Lion is perhaps as good a place to spend a day of enforced idleness as one is likely to come across.

The town itself has little enough to interest the stranger, as I found in wandering about for some hours. Even the splendid cathedral lacks antiquity and historic association, for it still wants a few finishing touches. It has been about thirty years in building and more than a million dollars has been

expended in the work. The exterior conforms to the best early English traditions, the most striking feature being the three splendid towers—the central one rising to a height of two hundred and fifty feet. The interior is somewhat glaring and bare, owing largely to the absence of stained-glass windows, of which there are only a few. A portion of the old parish church is included in the building and contains a few ancient monuments of little importance. On the whole, Truro Cathedral is a fine example of modern church architecture and proves that the art is not a lost one by any means. I was fortunate in happening to be inside during an organ rehearsal and more majestic and inspiring music I never heard than the solemn melodies which filled the vast vacant building.

We are ready for the road after a day's sojourn in Truro, and depart in a steady rain which continues until nightfall. Our road—which we have traversed before—by way of St. Columb Major and Camelford to Launceston, is hilly and heavy and in the pouring rain we make only slow progress. The gray mist envelops the landscape; but it matters little, for the greater part of our road runs between the dirt fences I have described heretofore, which shut out much of the country, even on fine days. St. Columb and Camelford are dreary, angular little

LAND'S END TO LONDON

towns stretching closely along the highroad, quite unattractive in fine weather and under present conditions positively ugly. Camelford, some say, is the Camelot of the Arthurian romances, but surely no vestige of romance lingers about it to-day. From here we make a wild dash across the moor to Launceston—the rain is falling more heavily and the wind blowing a gale. Our meter seldom registers under forty miles, a pace that lands us quickly at the door of the White Hart; we are damp and cold and the old inn seems a timely haven, indeed. A change of raiment and warm luncheon makes us feel more at peace with the world, but we do not muster courage to venture out in the storm again. Perhaps if we could have foreseen that the following day would be no better, we should have resumed our journey. Indeed, the next morning the storm that drove the fleet away from Penzance was in full sway over Cornwall and a dreary, rain-swept country it was. The road northward to Holsworthy and Great Torrington is little else but a narrow and hilly lane, though as dreary a section as one will find in Cornwall or Devon, and here, also, the hedges intercept our view much of the way. The towns, too, are quite devoid of interest save the fine Perpendicular church which towers over Holsworthy. Bideford, famous in

Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" and Barnstaple, with its potteries which produce the cheap but not inartistic "Barum ware," we have visited before and both have much worth seeing. We are now out of the zone of the storm and the weather is more tolerable; we have really been suffering from the cold in mid-summer—not an uncommon thing in Britain.

There are two first-class old inns at Taunton—on different occasions people of the town had assured us that each was the best—and though Baedeker gives the London the preference and honors it with the much coveted star, we thought the Castle equally good. It is a gray-stone, ivy-covered building near the castle and if our luncheon may be taken as an index, its service is all that can be desired.

A little way out of Taunton we notice a monument a short distance from the roadside and easily identify it from pictures which we have seen as the memorial erected to commemorate the victory of King Alfred over the Danes at Sedgemoor. In olden times this whole section was a vast marsh in which was the Isle of Athelney, surrounded by an almost impenetrable morass. The king and a band of faithful followers built a causeway to the island, which served as a retreat while marshalling sufficient force to cope with the invaders. The rally of the

LAND'S END TO LONDON

Saxons around the intrepid king finally resulted in a signal victory, which broke the Danish power in England. Alfred built an abbey near the spot as a mark of pious gratitude for his success, but scarcely a trace remains of the structure to-day. In the same vicinity is supposed to have occurred the famous incident of King Alfred and the cakes, which he allowed to burn while watching them. Alfred was then in hiding, disguised as a farm laborer, and received a severe berating from the angry housewife for his carelessness.

But Sedgemoor is historic in a double sense, for here the conflict occurred between the forces of James II. and the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, to which we have previously referred. The rebels planned a night attack on the royal army, and, knowing that carelessness and debauchery would prevail in the king's camp on Sunday, they chose that day for the assault. The accidental discharge of a pistol gave warning of the approach of the assailants and they had the farther misfortune to be hopelessly entangled in the deep drainage ditches which then (as now) intersected the valley. The result was a disastrous defeat for the Duke's followers, of whom a thousand were slain. Monmouth himself was discovered by his enemies after two days' search, hiding in a ditch, and was duly exe-

cuted in London Tower. Some five hundred of his followers—mostly ignorant peasants—were hanged at Taunton and Dorchester by orders of the infamous Jeffreys. This battle, which took place on Sunday, July 5, 1585, was the last of any consequence to be fought on English soil. The historic field to-day is green and prosperous-looking and the only indication that it was once a marshy fen is the ditches which drain its surplus waters.

We pass Glastonbury and Wells, which might well detain us had we not visited them previously, for in all England there are few towns richer in tradition and history than the former; and the latter's cathedral no well-informed traveler would wish to miss. Bath, we know from several previous sojourns, affords an unequalled stopping-place for the night and we soon renew acquaintance at the Empire Hotel, where we are now fairly well known. Our odometer shows an unusually long day's run, much of which was under trying conditions of road and weather. This hotel belongs to a syndicate which owns several others, in London and at various resorts throughout the country. A guest who enters into a contract may stay the year round at these hotels for a surprisingly low figure, going from one to the other according to his pleasure—to Folkestone, for instance, if he wishes the seaside, or to

London if he inclines towards the metropolis. Many English people of leisure avail themselves of this plan, which, it would seem, has its advantages in somewhat relieving the monotony of life in a single hotel.

Though we have been in Bath several times, something has always interfered with our plan to visit the abbey church and we resolve to make amends before we set out Londonward. There are few statelier church edifices in the island—the “Lantern of England,” as the guide-books style it, on account of its magnificent windows. These are mainly modern and prove that the art of making stained glass is far from lost, as has sometimes been insisted. So predominating are the windows, in fact, that one writer declares, “It is the beauty of a flower a little overblown, though it has its charms just the same.” The most remarkable of all is the great western group of seven splendid windows illustrating biblical subjects in wonderfully harmonious colors. As may be imagined, the interior is unusually well lighted, though the soft color tones prevent any garish effect. The intricate tracery of the fine fan vaulted ceiling is clearly brought out and also the delicate carving on the screen—a modern restoration, by the way. The monuments are tasteless and, in the main, of little importance, though

our attention is naturally arrested by a memorial to "William Bingham, Senator of the United States of America," who died at Bath in 1804.

The exterior of the abbey—they tell us—has many architectural defects, though these are not apparent to the layman. The walls are supported by flying buttresses and the west front shows curious sculptures representing the angels upon Jacob's ladder. The tower, one hundred and sixty-five feet in height, is a pure example of English Perpendicular and is rather peculiar in that it is oblong rather than square.

As we leave the town we cannot but admire its cleanliness and beautiful location. It skirts both banks of the River Avon and is surrounded by an amphitheater of wooded hills. To our notion it is the finest of inland English resort towns and certainly none has a more varied past, nor has any other figured so extensively in literature. It is about one hundred miles from London by road, and is a favorite goal for the motorist from that city.

The road to London is a fine broad highway leading through Marlborough and Reading. It proves a splendid farewell run to our third long motor tour through Britain; we have covered in all nearly twenty thousand miles of highways and byways during varying weather. If there has been

much sunshine, there have also been weeks of rain and many lowering gloomy days. There is scarce an historic shrine of importance in the Kingdom that has escaped us and we have visited hundreds of odd corners not even mentioned in the guide-books. And, best of all, we have come to know the people and have gained considerable familiarity with their institutions, which has not lessened our respect and admiration for the Motherland. Indeed, I feel that our experience sufficiently warrants a chapter on the English at home—as we saw them—and I make no apology for concluding this book with such. It is not free from criticism, I know, but could an honest observer write more favorably of our own country—if conditions were such that he might tour our populous states as thoroughly as we have done Britain?

Our last day on the road fulfills the ideal of English midsummer; the storm has passed, leaving the country fresh and bright; green fields alternate with the waving gold of the ripening harvest, and here and there we pass an old village or a solitary cottage by the roadside—all typical of the rural England we have come to love so much. We drive leisurely over the fine road and linger an hour or two in Marlborough after luncheon at the Ailesbury Arms, whose excellence we have proven on

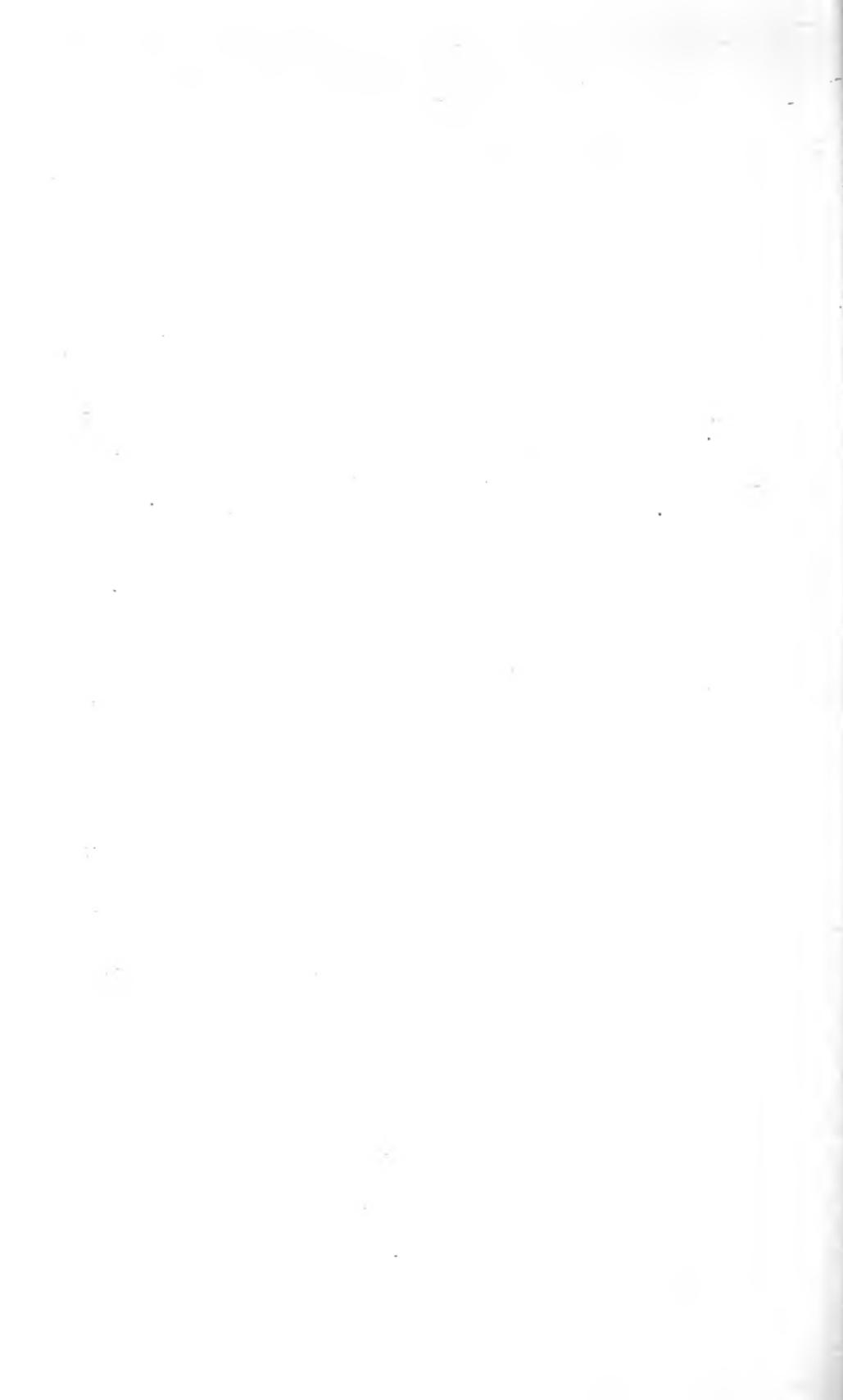
ODD CORNERS OF BRITAIN

previous occasions. We find an antique-shop here with a store of old silver that rivals our discovery in Largo, and the prices asked are no higher.

From Reading we follow the Thames River road, which for some miles skirts the very shore of the historic stream and passes within a distant view of the towers of Windsor, rising in all their romantic majesty against the sunset sky. From Windsor we follow the familiar road to the heart of the teeming metropolis and our third long motor pilgrimage in Summer Britain is at its close.



"A DISTANT VIEW OF THE TOWERS OF WINDSOR"
From original painting by the late Edward Moran



XX

THE ENGLISH AND THEIR INSTITUTIONS

One who has spent many months in the United Kingdom, traveling about twenty thousand miles by motor and considerably by train, and who has met and conversed with the common people of every section of the country in the most retired nooks and in metropolitan cities, may, I hope without undue assumption, venture a few remarks on the English people and their institutions. One would be a dull observer indeed if he did not, with the opportunities which we had, see and learn many things concerning present-day Britain.

It is the custom of some American writers, even of recent date, to allege that a general dislike of Americans exists in the Kingdom; and it would not be very strange if this should be true, considering the manner in which many Americans conduct themselves while abroad. Our own experience was that such an idea is not well founded. In all our wanderings we saw no evidence whatever of such dislike. In England everyone knows an American at sight and had there been the slightest unfriendli-

ness towards Americans as a class, it would certainly have been apparent to us during such a tour as our own. I think many incidents cited in this as well as in my former books go to prove that the reverse is true, but these incidents are only a fraction of what I might have given. That a certain uncongeniality, due to a difference in temperament and lack of mutual understanding, exists between the average American and the average Englishman, we may freely admit, but it would be wrong to view this as personal dislike of each other. I have no doubt that even this barrier will disappear in time, just as the dislike and jealousy which really did exist a quarter of a century ago have disappeared. Who could now conceive of the situation that moved Nathaniel Hawthorne to write in "Our Old Home" fifty years ago:

"An American is not apt to love the English people, on whatever length of acquaintance. I fancy they would value our regard and even reciprocate it in their ungracious way if we could give it to them, in spite of all rebuffs; but they are beset by a curious and inevitable infelicity which compels them, as it were, to keep up what they consider a wholesome feeling of bitterness between themselves and all other nations, especially Americans."

Of our own experience, at least, we may speak

with authority. As a result of our several sojourns in Britain and extensive journeyings in every part of the Kingdom, we came to have only the kindest regard for the people and greater appreciation of their apparent good will. As we became better informed we were only the more interested in the history and traditions of the Motherland, and we almost came to feel something of the pride and satisfaction that must fill the breast of the patriotic Englishman himself. Nothing will serve more to impress on one the close connection between the two countries than the common literature which one finds everywhere in both; and you will pass scarce a town or village on all the highways and byways of the Old Country that has not its namesake in America.

Our impressions as to the fairness and honesty of the English people generally were most favorable. First of all, our dealings with hotels were perhaps the most numerous of our business transactions. Never to my recollection did we inquire in advance the price of accommodations, and I recall scarcely a single instance where we had reason to believe this had been taken advantage of. This was indeed in striking contrast to our experience with innkeepers on the Continent. For an American in possession of a motor to take up quarters in the average French

or German hotel without close bargaining and an exact understanding as to charges would soon mean financial ruin to the tourist of moderate means. We could give almost as good report of the many English shopkeepers with whom we dealt—there was no evidence of any attempt to overcharge us on account of being tourists. Nor did I ever have a cab or carriage-driver try to exact more than was coming to him—though of course a small extra fee is always expected—certainly a contrast with New York City, for instance, where it is always hazardous to get into a cab without an iron-clad agreement with the driver. Perhaps the credit for this state of affairs may be due not so much to the honesty of the English Jehus as to a public sentiment which will not tolerate robbery. Nor should I fail to mention that in twenty thousand miles of touring our car was left unguarded hundreds of times with much movable property in it, and during our whole journey we never lost the value of a farthing from theft.

It is no new thing to say that the average Englishman is insular—but this became much more to us than mere hearsay before we left the country. The vision of few of the people extends beyond the Island, and we might almost say, beyond an immediate neighborhood. There is a great disinclina-

tion to get out of an established groove; outside of certain classes there appears to be little ambition to travel. I know of one intelligent young man of thirty who had never seen salt water—nowhere in England more than a hundred miles distant. I was told that a journey from a country town in Scotland or North England to London is an event in a lifetime with almost any one of the natives. The world beyond the confines of England is vague indeed; Germany, the universal bugbear, is best known and cordially hated, but of America only the haziest notions prevail. Not one in a thousand has any conception of our distances and, excepting possibly a dozen cities, one town in America is quite as unknown as another.

Akin to this insularity is the lack of enterprise and adaptability everywhere noticeable—a clinging to outworn customs and methods. Since the English vision does not extend to the outer world, but little seems to be expected or even desired of it. There is not the constant desire for improvement, and the eager seeking after some way to do things quicker and better—so characteristic of America—is usually wanting. An American manufacturer will discard even new machinery if something more efficient comes out, but an Englishman only thinks of making his present machine last to the very limit

of endurance. A friend told me of a relative of his who boasted that in his mill a steam engine had been running fifty years; it never occurred to the mill-owner that the old engine almost yearly ate up the cost of a new one on account of inefficiency and wasted fuel.

Often in garages where I took my car to have it cleaned and oiled, I could not help noting the inefficiency of the workmen. At times I had the engine crank case removed and cleaned and this one little thing gave a painful insight into the methods of the English workman. Nothing could be simpler than removing and replacing the dust shield under the engine—simply snapping six spring catches out of and into position. Yet I have seen one or even two men crawl around under the car for a half hour or more in performing this simple operation. In replacing the oil reservoir and pump I found that nothing would take the place of personal supervision—a cotter pin, gasket or what not would surely be left out to give further trouble. Repairing an American car in a provincial town would be a serious job unless the owner or his driver were able to oversee and direct the work.

As I have stated, we left England with decidedly favorable impressions of the country and people; so much so that I doubt not many of our fellow-coun-

trymen would think us unduly prejudiced. But all this did not blind us to the fact that England in many regards is in a distinctly bad way and that a thorough awakening must come if she is to avoid sure decadence. Indeed, there are many, chief among them distinguished Englishmen and colonials, who aver that such decadence has already begun, but there is much difference of opinion as to its cause and as to what may best check its progress.

If I were to give my own humble opinion as to the chief disadvantage from which the country suffers and the most depressing influence on national character, I should place feudalism first of all and by this I mean the system of inherited titles, offices and entailed estates. I know that the government of the Kingdom is regarded as one of great efficiency and stability, and I think justly so; and this is often urged by apologists for the feudal system. But the Englishman is slow to learn that just as stable and quite as efficient government may be had without the handicap of outworn medievalism. That the present system seems to work well in England is not due to any inherent merit it may possess, but to the homogeneity of the nation, and to a universal spirit of law-abiding that would insure success for almost any respectable type of government. It does not work well in Ireland and never has; and it has

substantially been abandoned in the self-governing colonies.

It seems to me, however, that the question as to how the feudal system works in government is of little consequence as compared with its ultimate effect on national character under modern conditions; for it is all out of accord with the spirit of modern progress, and if it ever served a useful purpose, it has well outlived it. One may justly claim that the king and the nobility have really little to do with governing, especially since the abolition of the veto of the House of Lords; that the will of the people finds expression in England quite as strongly as anywhere; but even if we admit this, I cannot see that it offers any argument in favor of feudalism. No one can make a tour of England such as ours and not observe the spirit of servility among the common people due to the inbred reverence for a title. Indeed, there is no feeling in England that all men are born free and equal, or that one man is quite as good as another so long as he behaves himself. A mere title, Sir, Duke, Earl, Lord or what-not, creates at once a different order of being and the toadyism to such titular distinctions is plainly noticeable everywhere. An earl or a duke is at our hotel; he may be a bankrupt, inconsequential fellow, it is true; he may not have a single

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personal trait to command respect and he may not be engaged in any useful industry. But there is much salaaming and everyone about the place assumes an awe-stricken, menial attitude, merely because the gentleman has the prefix Earl or Duke—there can be no other reason. Is it strange that such a spirit causes the common people to lose self-reliance and yield up their ambition to be anything more than their fathers before them? A proportion of the nobility may be composed of men of character and ability, fitted to occupy positions of authority and public responsibility and the present king may be all that a king should be; but the system is wrong and its effect on English character can hardly fail to have an untoward influence on the nation.

I find this view borne out in a guarded way in a book recently published by a prominent colonial official who spent some time in England. He insists that the lack of patriotism, which one can hardly fail to observe, is due to the present social system. He declares that the common people take little interest in national affairs and make no study of problems confronting the government. They expect the so-called "upper classes" to do the governing for them; there is no need to concern themselves over

matters that must be settled by a House of Lords in whose choosing they can have no voice.

The recruits to the nobility now come almost exclusively from the wealthy class; we often have flung in our faces in England the taunt that there is an aristocracy of wealth in America, and that the pursuit of the Almighty Dollar is the all-prevailing passion. It may be just, in the same general way that I intend these remarks to apply to England, but we can at least retort that our oil, beef, mining and railway magnates cannot purchase a title and found a "family," thus becoming in the public eye a superior class of beings and established as our hereditary rulers. A wealthy brewer may not become "my lord" for a consideration, in any event.

A recent American writer makes the curious apology for the House of Lords as a legislative body that it affords the English people the services of the most successful moneyed men in framing laws and that the sons of such men are pretty sure to be practical, well-trained fellows themselves. He also argues that the families usually die out in a few generations, thus introducing new blood continually and forming, in his estimation, a most capable legislative body. The preposterous nature of such statements can best be shown by trying to apply such a system to the United States Senate. If our

senators, for instance, were hereditary lords, recruited from the oil, beef, brewing, mining or railway magnates aforementioned, what might the American people expect from them? We complain vigorously if any senator is shown to be influenced by such interests and more than one legislator has found out to his grief that such a connection will not be tolerated. Suppose we had a system that put the principals themselves in a permanent legislative body and invested them with all the glamour of "his grace" or "my lord?" Quite unthinkable—and yet such is the system in Britain.

And these self-sacrificing hereditary legislators are no fonder of bearing the real burdens of the country than our own plutocrats are. There is much complaint in England that in the ranks of the nobility are to be found the most flagrant tax dodgers in the Kingdom. Nor does this complaint lack for vigorous utterance—a most hopeful sign of the times, to my notion. But recently a London paper exploited the case of the Marquis of Bute, owner of Cardiff Castle—and most of Cardiff, for that matter—who returned his personal tax at less than a thousand pounds, and that included Cardiff Castle and grounds, which represent literally millions! Yet no man in the Kingdom is better able to afford payment of his just tax than this nobleman. To show

the gross injustice of his tax, a comparison was made of the castle with a humble tailor shop in Cardiff, ninety by one hundred and twenty feet, which was taxed at a higher figure! The newspaper in question also declared that this case was typical of tax-dodging lords all over the country.

That there is a strong under-current against the feudal system cannot be doubted; we found it everywhere, though at times but half expressed and again only to be inferred, but it exists none the less. Indeed, more recent developments have shown the extent of such sentiment in the overthrow of the veto power of the Lords. This is a great step in advance, though England would be infinitely the gainer if the feudal system were abolished and not merely modified. This antagonism does not extend to royalty—that institution escapes through the popularity of the present king and queen. But the time may come when a weak and unpopular king will turn public sentiment against the very keystone of feudalism and the whole structure is likely to fall. When one recollects the furore that prevailed in England when the former king as Prince of Wales was mixed up with the Baccarat scandals, it is easy to see how much royalty owes its existence to good behavior. At that time doubt was freely expressed as to whether the prince would ever be king of Eng-

land, but he lived it all down by his subsequent good record. I had many intelligent men admit that "your system of government is right; we shall come to it some time," or words to that effect, and we heard many ill-concealed flings at the nobility. "We are all the property of the nobility," said one intelligent young shopman of whom in the course of conversation we inquired if he owned his home. "No one has any chance to own anything or be anything in England." And in a prayer-book at Stratford Church we found the petition "for the nobility" erased with heavy pencil lines.

I give these as typical of many similar instances, but I have no space in this book for discussion of the impressions I record. A volume would be required should I attempt this. I can only set down these random notes without elaborate argument. And yet, what could be more convincing that the social system of England is wrong than the hopelessness we found everywhere and the refrain that we heard oftener than any other, "A common man has no chance in England?" If he is not fortunate or a genius, there is nothing for him. He must either succumb to inevitable mediocrity and poverty or get away to some new country to gain the opportunity of competence and social promotion in any degree.

It is to the feudal system that can be charged the astonishing state of affairs in England that makes a gentleman of a person with no occupation—a loafer, we would style him in America—and socially degrades the useful citizen engaged in trade. On this particular phase I will not pass my own comment, but quote from a book, "Wake Up, England," by P. A. Vaile, Premier of New Zealand, lately issued by a London publisher:

"There is perhaps nothing in English life so disgusting to a man who has not the scales upon his eyes as the loathsome snobbery of those who profess to despise a man because his income is derived from a trade or business. It is wholly inexcusable and contemptible. Trade, instead of being considered honourable and dignified, is, in the eyes of every snob, a degradation. Unfortunately, snobs in England are not scarce.

"The tradesman is himself in a great measure to blame for this, for he accepts humbly as his due the contempt that is meted out to him. Most of those who so freely despise the poor necessary man of trade, have a portion of their savings, when they are lucky enough to have any, invested in some large millinery or pork-butcher's business that has been floated into a limited liability company—yet to them

the man who earns their dividends is absolutely outside the pale.

“If there is any nation that I know that is hopelessly bourgeois, it is England. Why can we not be manly enough to recognize the fact, to acknowledge and freely admit to ourselves that we are a nation of very commonplace individuals, mostly shopkeepers, that it is the shopkeepers who have made the nation what she is, and that commerce is an occupation worthy of any gentleman instead of being a calling which merits the contempt of the idle, the rich and the foolish?”

If such a condition prevails in England, it can surely be chargeable to nothing else than a system which places the stamp of superiority on the idler and puts him in a position where he can assume a patronizing air towards those who are the backbone and mainstay of the nation.

Hand in hand with outworn feudalism goes the established church, of which it is really a part and parcel. A state religion of which a none too religious king may be the head, and whose control may fall into the hands of politicians who are frequently without the first qualification of churchmen, is an incongruity at best. If America has proven anything, she has demonstrated that absolute separation is best for both church and state; that true

religious freedom and amity can best be conserved by it. But in England the established church is a constant bone of contention; its supercilious, holier-than-thou attitude toward the other churches is the cause of much heart-burning and friction. It has the sanction of the state, the social rank, the great church buildings and the traditions, and forces other Christian denominations into the attitude of the poor and rather shabby relation of a wealthy aristocrat—the wealth in this case not measured merely in money. Class distinction, the curse of England everywhere, is only fomented by the attitude of the established church. In religious matters it is not human nature to concede to anyone else superiority, and not until the Church of England places itself on common ground with its contemporaries, will true fraternity among the different denominations be possible in England as it is rapidly becoming in America. I remember a kindly old gentleman who showed us much courtesy in the English Boston in pointing out to us the places of interest, but who did not fall in with our enthusiasm over the great church.

“Ah, yes,” he said. “It once belonged to Rome, who grew arrogant and oppressive—and fell; it now belongs to a church that is just as arrogant and would be as much of an oppressor if she dared—

and her downfall is just as sure." And the enthusiasm with which he pointed out the plain Wesleyan chapel betrayed his own predilections.

That the educational system of England is faulty and inefficient we have the testimony of many leading English educators themselves. The constant interference of the Church of England and the Catholics with the public schools is greatly responsible for the chaos of the educational situation of the country. Conditions in England are such that a most excellent public school system might easily be maintained. The density of population and the perfect roads would make every rural school easily accessible, and there would be distinct advantages not enjoyed by many American communities which have far better schools. But church jealousy, hide-bound tradition, and the almost universal inefficiency of English school-teachers, are obstacles hard to overcome. I cannot discuss so great a question in the limits of a short chapter, but the testimony of the most representative English educators may be found in the report of the commission which visited American schools under the guidance of Mr. Alfred Mosely.

That England, generally speaking, is better and more efficiently governed than the United States is no proof that its system is as good as our own, or

that its possibilities equal ours. It is rather due to the homogeneity of the masses and to a more prevalent respect for law and authority among the people. Justice is surer and swifter when the criminal's offense is once proven in the courts; but the many technicalities and the positive nature of proof required enables a large number of swindlers and rascals to keep at large. Dead-beats will evade debts, irresponsible tenants refuse payment of rents for indefinite periods, and petty swindlers go quite free—all of whom would be given short shrift in America—simply because it is a dangerous matter to risk infringing the "rights of the subject" and thus lay oneself liable to heavy damages should charges fail of proof.

The excellence of the British police system is proverbial; in efficiency and honesty of administration it has no parallel in America. Bribery and corruption among policemen are unknown, as Americans sometimes learn to their grief—illustrated by the instance of a rich New Yorker who offered a gold coin to an officer who had held up his motor for speeding. The offender was fined, not only for speeding, but much more heavily for attempted bribery—as it was justly regarded by the court. From the hundreds of policemen of whom we made inquiries—often very stupid, no doubt, to the offi-

cer—we never had an answer with the slightest trace of ill nature or impatience. Frequently the officer gave us much assistance in a friendly way and information as to places of interest. The British policeman has no swagger or ostentation about him; he carries no weapon—not even the club so indispensable in the States—yet he will control the riotous crowds more effectively than his American brother; but we should remember that even a riotous English mob has more respect for law than one on our side. He appears to appreciate thoroughly the value of his position to him personally and his dignity as a conserver of law and order, which he represents rather than some ward politician or saloon-keeper.

And, speaking of saloons—public houses, they call them in Britain—the drink evil averages worse than in the United States. Three quarters of a billion dollars go directly every year for spirituous liquors and no statistics could show the indirect cost in pauperism, suffering and crime, to say nothing of the deleterious effect on the health of a large portion of the people. In America liquor in the country hotel is an exception, constantly becoming rarer; in England it is the universal rule. Every hotel is quite as much a saloon, in our vernacular, as a house of entertainment for travelers. Women with children

in their arms frequent the low-grade drink houses and women as bar-maids serve the liquors. More than once I had to exercise great caution on account of reeling drunken men on the streets of the smaller towns; but we had only hearsay for it that in the slums of Liverpool and London one may find hundreds of women dead drunk. There was much indignation over an insinuation made in parliament against the character of the bar-maids, but it is hard to see how many of these women, surrounded by the influences forced upon them by their vocation, can lead a decent life for any length of time.

Surely the drink evil in Great Britain and Ireland is a serious one and deserves far more active measures than are being taken against it. That sentiment is slowly awakening is shown by the fight made for the "licensing bill" which proposed a step, though a distant one, towards repression of the traffic. That the almost world-wide movement against the liquor business will make headway in England is reasonably certain and those who have her welfare at heart will earnestly hope that its progress may be rapid.

But in this connection I wish to emphasize that my observations on the liquor question in Britain are broadly general; there are millions of people in the Kingdom to whom they do not apply, and there are whole sections which should be excepted had I

space to particularize. North Wales, for instance, has a population that for sobriety and general freedom from the evils of drink will rival any section of similar population anywhere. The mining towns of Southern Wales, however, are quite the reverse in this particular.

While Wales is a loyal and patriotic part of the British Empire, there are many ways in which the people are quite distinct and peculiar as compared with native Englishmen. Perhaps the most notable point of difference is consistent opposition to the established church, which has little support in Wales and has been practically forced upon the Welsh people by the British government. Only recently a measure for disestablishment has been entertained in parliament and it is sure to come sooner or later.

For the people of Northern Wales we came to have the highest respect and even regard. They were universally kind and courteous and their solicitude for the stranger within their gates seemed to be more than a mere desire to get his money. There is no place in the Kingdom where one may find good accommodations cheaper, barring a half dozen notable resorts in the height of the season. Added to this, the beauty of the country and its romantic and historic interest make a combination of at-

tractions that would long detain one whose time permitted.

The foregoing observations about the Welsh are applicable in a greater or less degree to many sections of England and to most of rural Scotland, save that in the latter country hotel expenses will average higher.

A word on hotels generally may not come amiss from one whose experience has dealt with several hundreds of them of all classes and degrees, from the country inn to the pretentious resort hotel. It was our practice to seek out the best in every case, since we hardly enjoyed hotel life even under the most favorable conditions; but it was largely saved from monotony by the traditions which have gathered about almost every ancient inn in the Kingdom. One would miss much if he did not visit the old inns such as the Feathers in Ludlow, the Lygon Arms in Broadway, the Great White Horse in Ipswich, the King's Head in Coventry—but I could fill pages with names alone; I would as soon think of missing a historic castle or a cathedral as some of the inns. It is this sentiment that has led me to give the rather extended individual mention accorded in some cases.

As a whole, the British hotels are comfortable and well conducted. Outside of London one will

find the menus rather restricted and usually quite heavy and substantial from an American point of view. Special dishes are not easily obtained in the country inns and request for them is not at all enthusiastically received. Eggs and bacon—with the latter very nearly answering the specification of ham in America—with fish, usually sole or plaice, and tea or rather bad coffee, is the standard breakfast. Fruit cannot usually be had even in season without prearrangement the evening before, and then only at exorbitant prices. Strawberries, for instance—there are none finer than the English in season—may be selling for sixpence a quart, but you will pay half a crown extra for a lesser quantity served with your breakfast. An assortment of cold meats, usually displayed on the sideboard, forms the basis for luncheon and the very wise native will go to the sideboard and select his own portions. There will sometimes be a hot dish of meat; cabbage and potatoes are the standard vegetables, the latter cooked without seasoning and generally poor. A lettuce salad and cheese, with stewed fruit or a tart, as they style a pastry something similar to an American pie, will complete the meal—at least for one who does not care for liquid refreshments, which may be had in great variety. Dinner in the smaller inns is usually served on the table d'hôte plan. A

very poor soup, a bit of stale fish—inexcusable in a country surrounded by the sea; an entree, usually a highly seasoned hotch-potch, or chicken and bacon—often a vile combination—followed by some heavy, indigestible “sweet,” made the standard evening meal. We finally rebelled against this and had many a lively tilt with the manageress in our efforts to get a plain meal of eggs, tea, bread and butter and perhaps a chop. In some of the resort hotels our demands caused positive consternation and in more than one case had to be taken up with the proprietor himself. The difficulty was chiefly due to the disarrangement of the regime; the table d’hote meal was ready, though often stale and cold, and one waiter by following the fixed routine could serve a dozen people, while our simple wants usually disarranged the whole program, both in kitchen and dining room. It was rare indeed that a mutton chop could be had in the hotel; some one must be sent to the meat shop for it, and any such departure from the fixed order of things jarred the nerves of the whole establishment. It is only fair to state, however, that at some of the fine inns I have especially mentioned there were notable exceptions to these generalizations.

The rooms in the country hotel do not average very comfortable; the furniture is scant; they are

poorly lighted—if not with candles, a single dim electric bulb or gas light serves the purpose; feather beds, with the odors that these give out in a damp climate, were not uncommon, though flat rebellion against them would often bring out the fact that there were others in the house. Bathing facilities were usually poor, a dirty bathroom or two serving the entire house. Not in a single case did we find running water in the rooms. But with all its drawbacks, the British provincial hotel will probably average as good as may be found in any country, and in motoring one has the option of going on to the next town if conditions seem too bad to be endured. Rates—to tourists—in the better class hotels are not low; yet I would not call them exorbitant as a rule. Two shillings for breakfast, three for luncheon and four to six for dinner may be given as the average, while the charge for rooms can hardly be generalized. Five or six dollars per day per person should cover the hotel expense, including tips.

And, speaking of tips, these aggregate no inconsiderable item; a smaller individual amount will give satisfaction than in America, but the number of beneficiaries is so much greater that the total cost is more. Every servant who does anything for you or who ought to do anything, must have a fee—

ODD CORNERS OF BRITAIN

porter, boots, chambermaid, waiter, head waiter, stable man, garage attendant, the man who cleans your car or brings you oil or petrol; in fact, everyone in the hotel except the proprietor or manageress expects from sixpence to half a crown for the day, as the case may be, and it does not pay to withhold it. One subjected to such exactions cannot but view with great concern the increase of the practice of tipping in America; should it ever become so prevalent here at the much higher rate that the American servant requires, traveling would be prohibitive except for millionaires.





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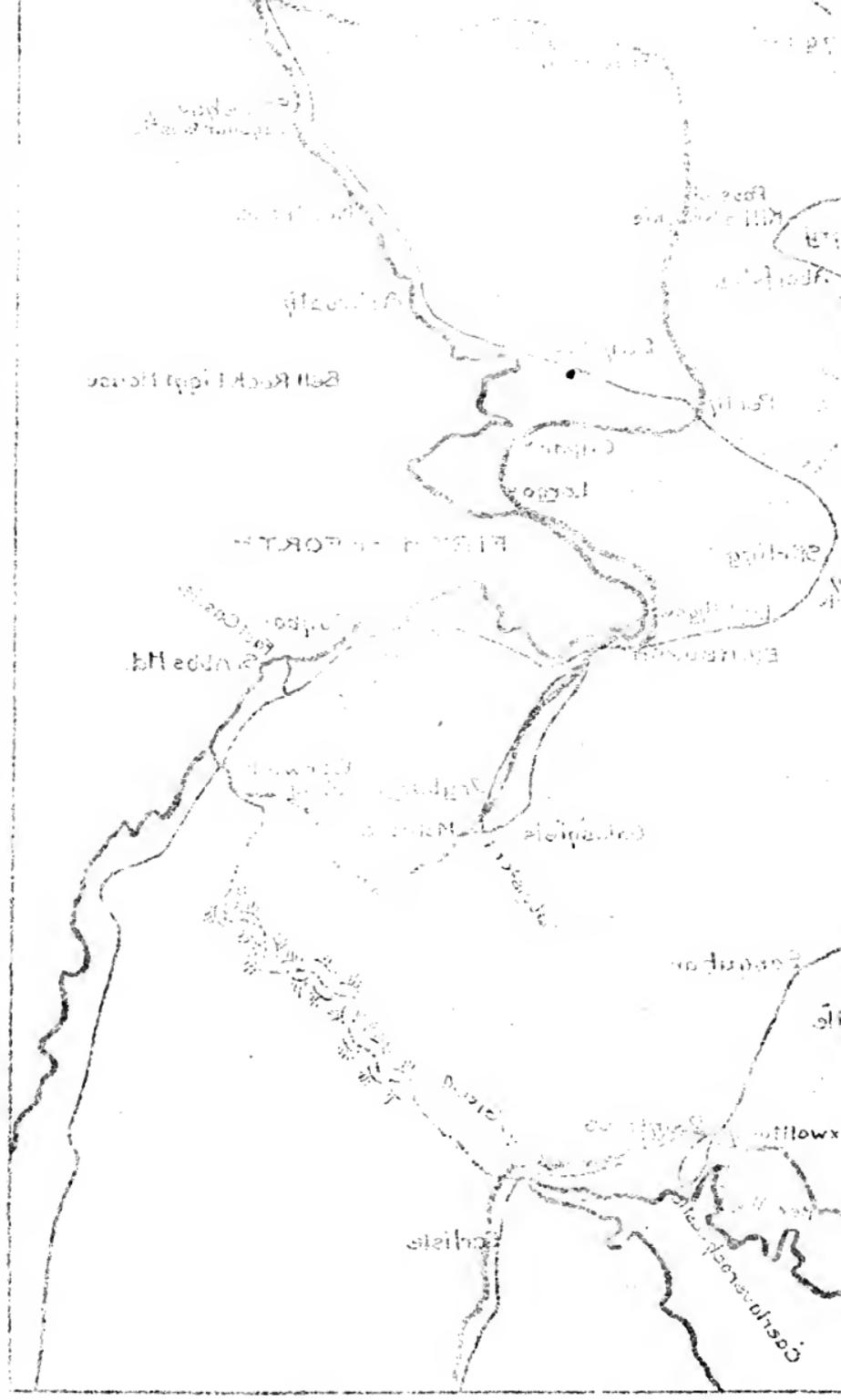
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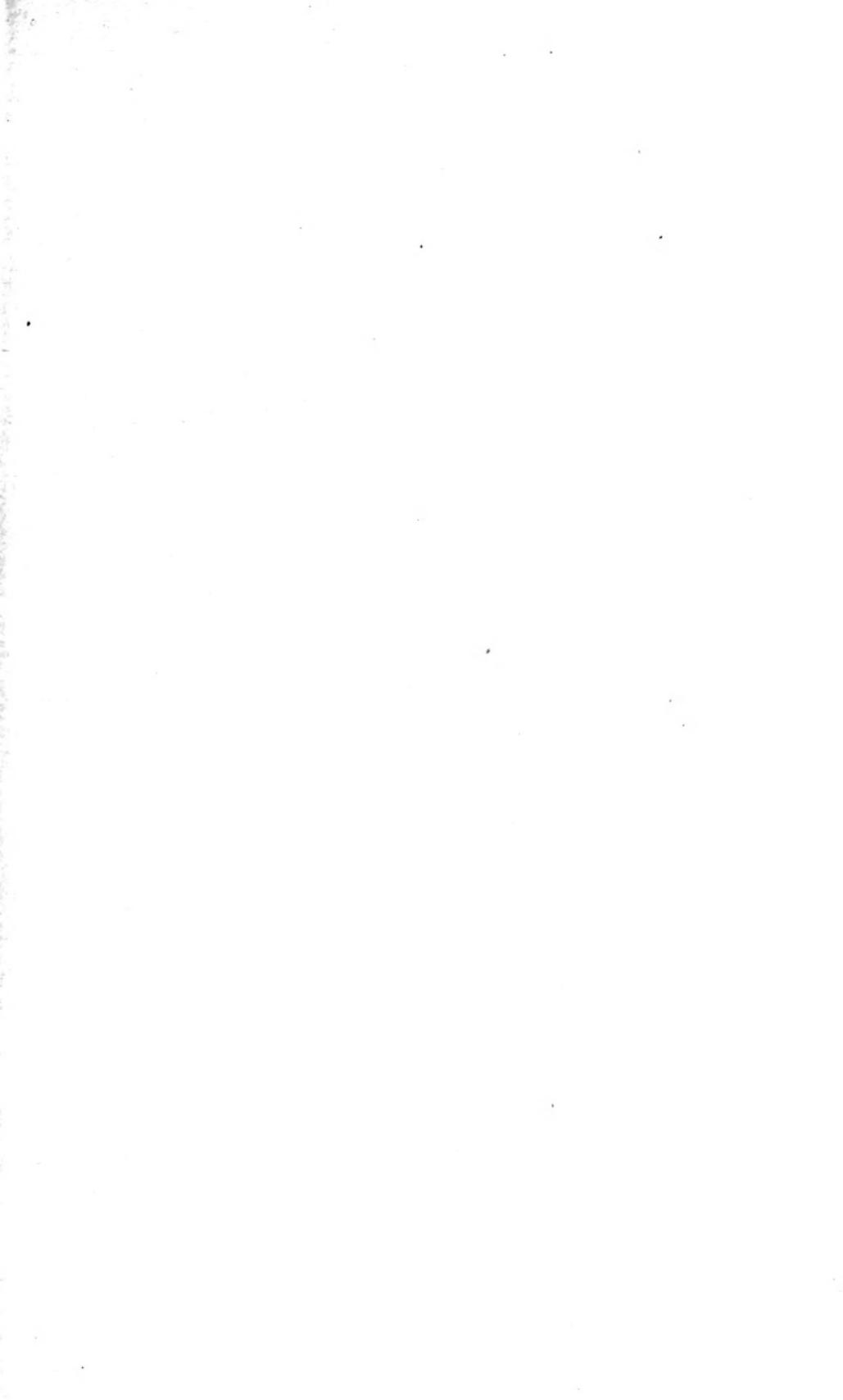
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