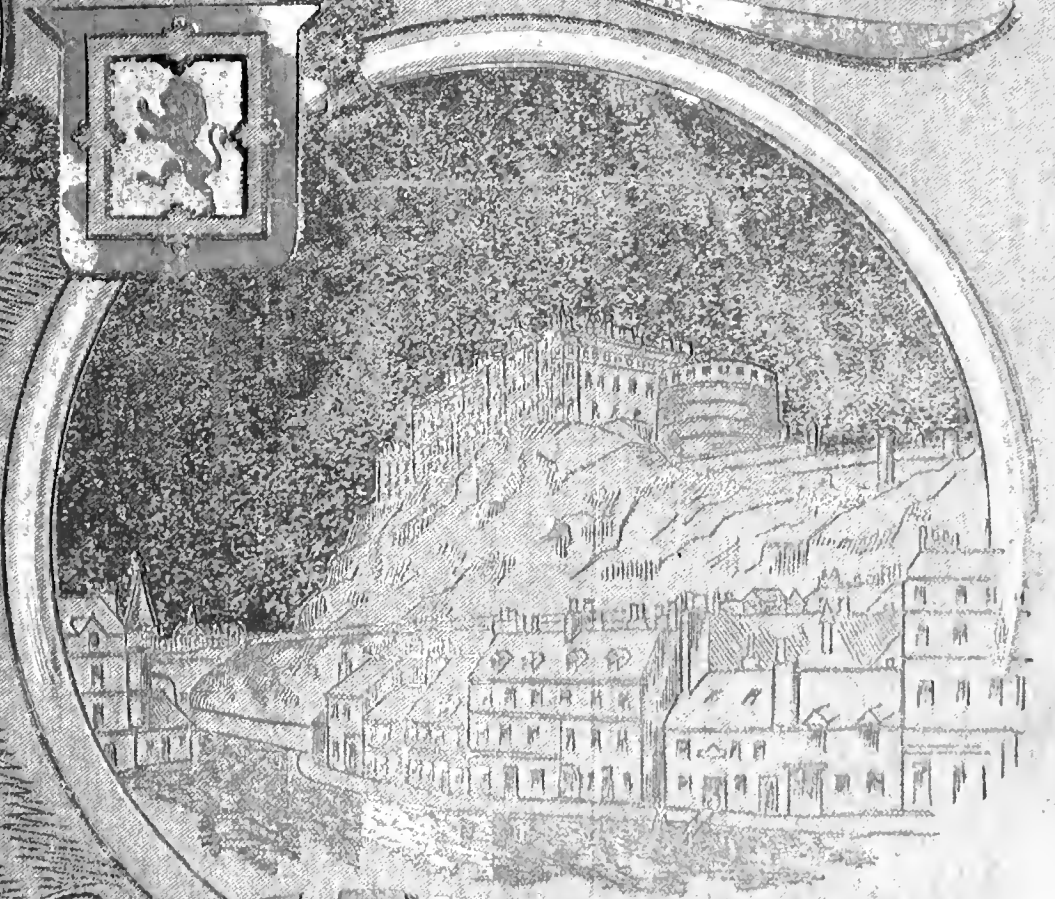


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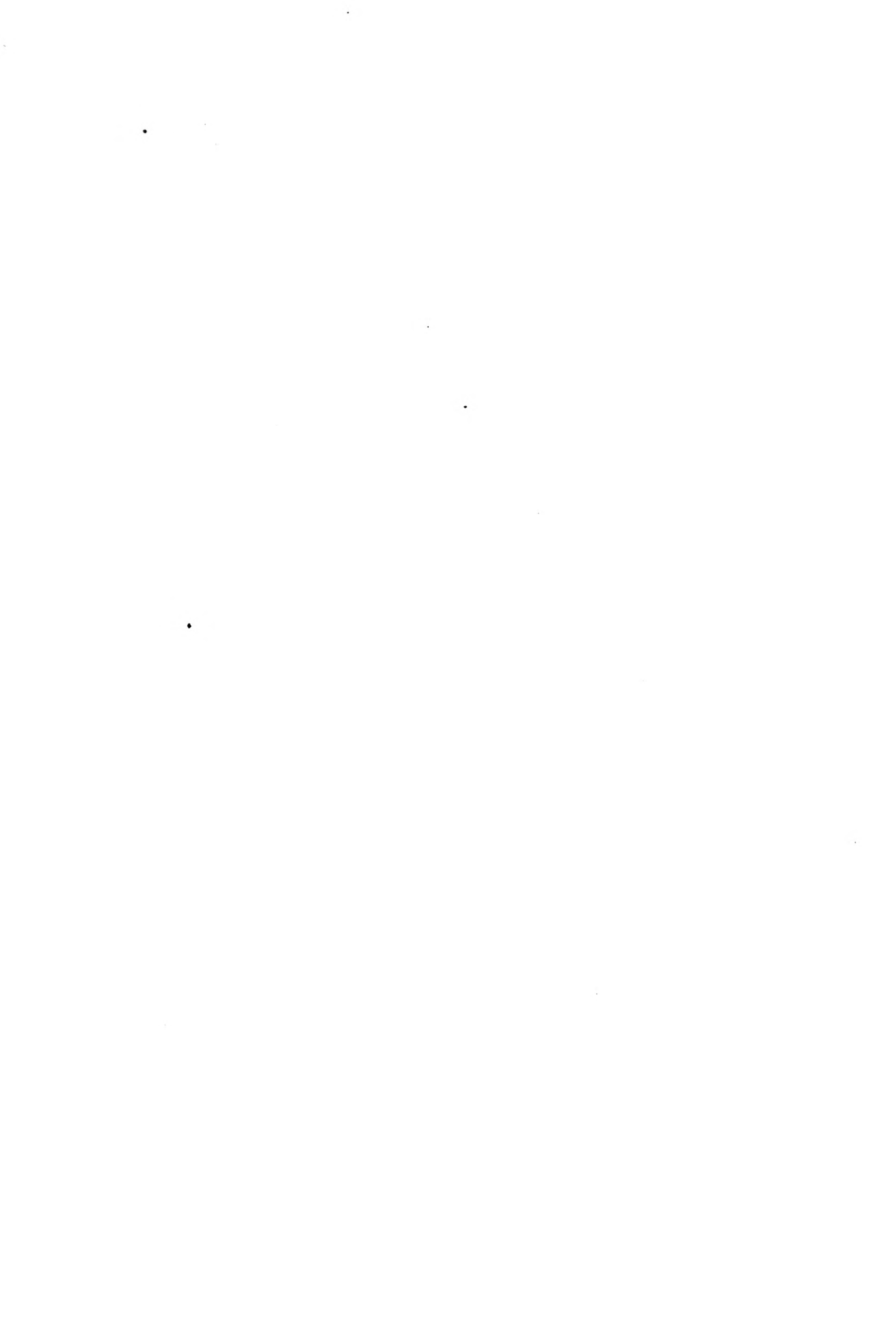
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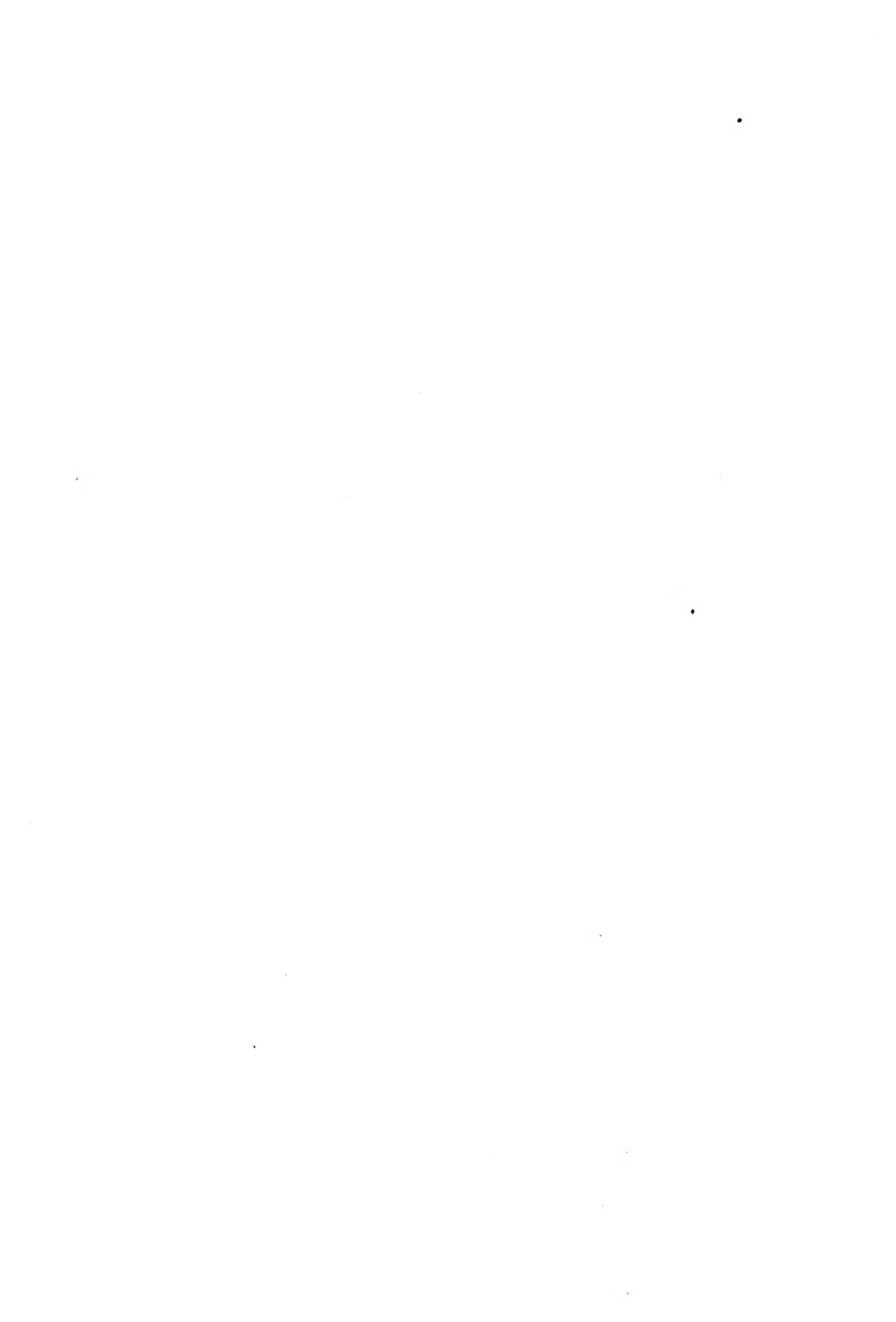
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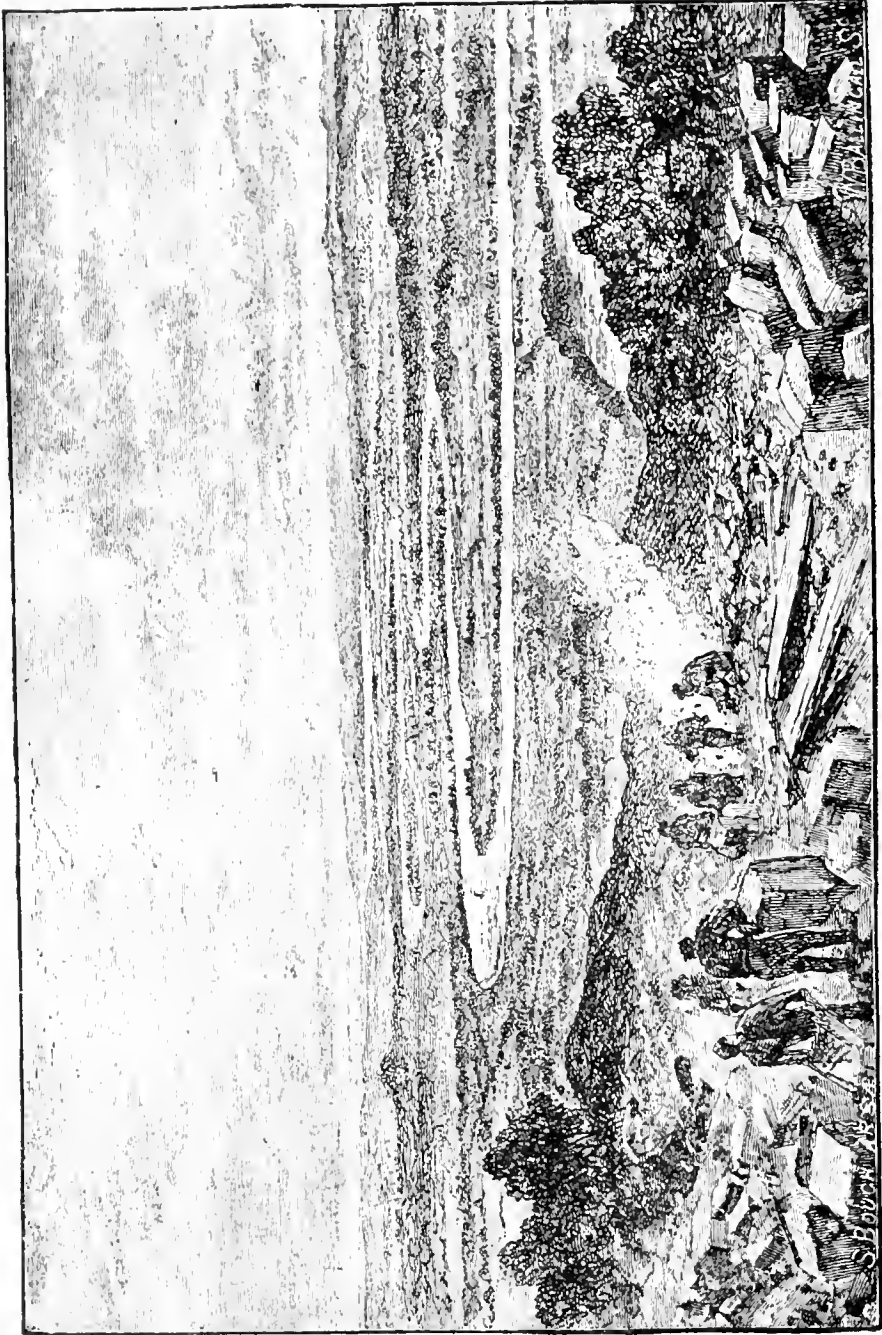
James J. McBride

PRESENTED BY

Margaret McBride







WINDINGS OF THE FORTH, FROM THE PICTURE BY S. BOUGH, A.R.S.A.

SCOTLAND

ILLUSTRATED

WITH PEN AND PENCIL

BY

SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D. AND THOMAS FAULKNER.



AFTON WATER.

NEW YORK:
HURST AND COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS.



CARRON SIDE.

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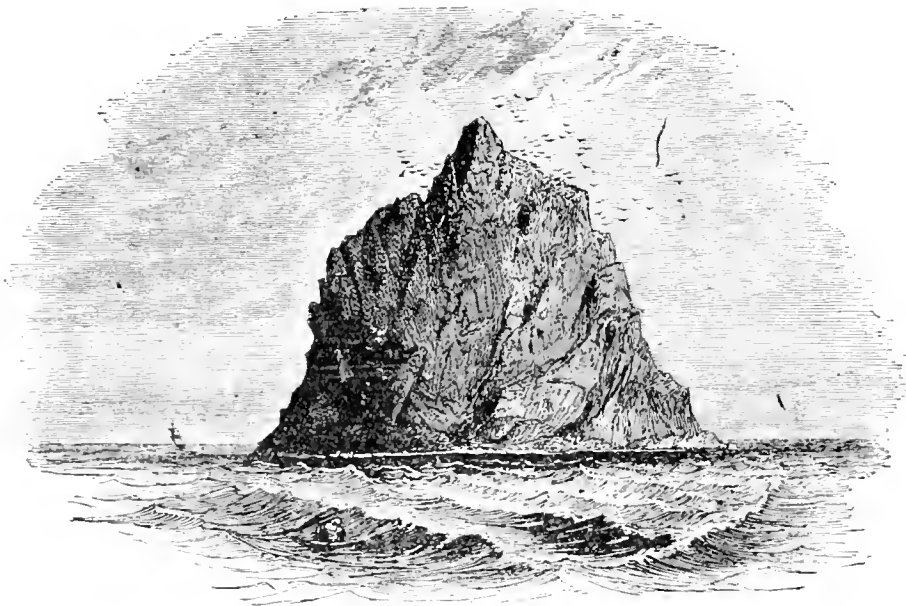
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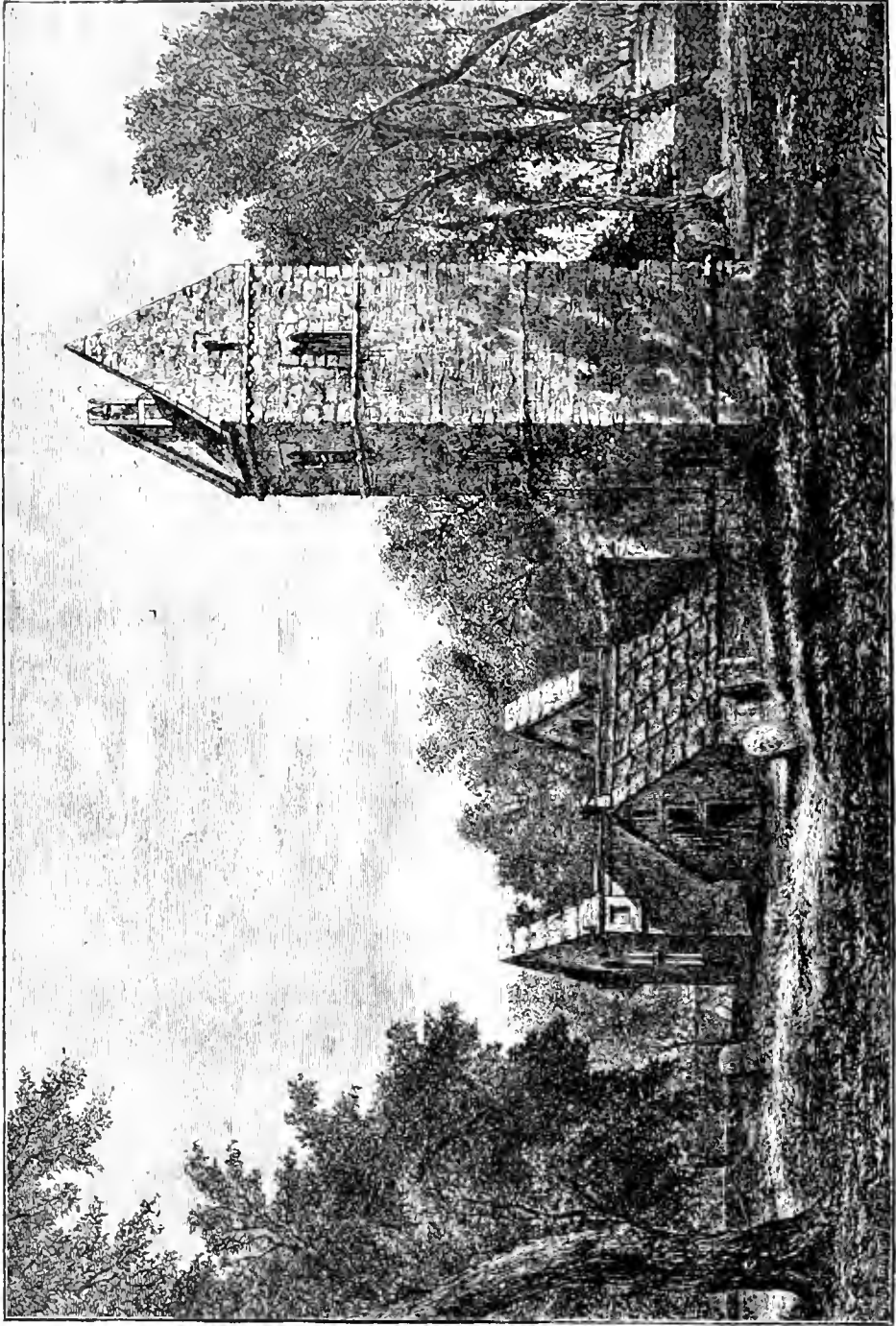
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AILSA CRAIG.



LASSWADE CHURCH,



THE BRAES OF YARROW.

ACROSS THE BORDER: TO EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.

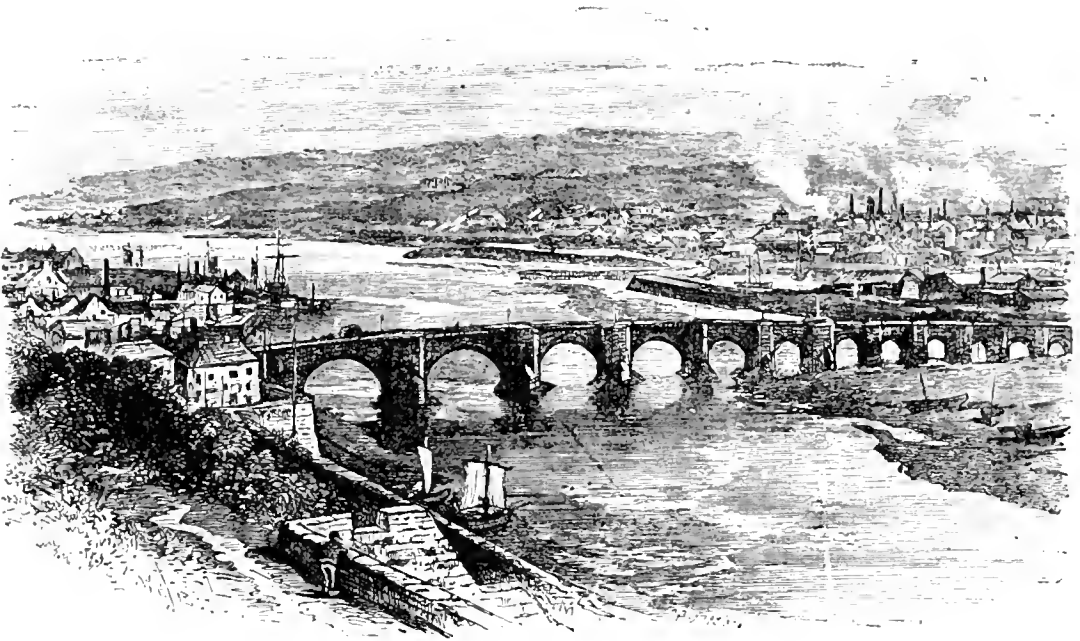


FOR practical purposes, a pleasure tour in Scotland generally begins with Edinburgh or Glasgow. Travelers are too much in haste to reach the Highlands to spare time for the Border, renowned though it be in song and story; or to take any leisurely survey of the country that lies between the last towns left on the English side and the two great Scottish cities. Yet this country is worth visiting in every part of it, for its own sake, and for that of its memories. Draw a straight line across from Greenock to Leith, and south of it, from east to west, will be found much, if not most, that is associated with the chief historic glories of Scotland. The tourist may well then linger; and it is hard to say which particular route will prove of the highest interest. There is the Eastern line, by Berwick-on-Tweed and the coast of the Firth of Forth; or the Western, which crosses the Solway Firth near Carlisle. Travelers, again, by the latter may strike

across to Edinburgh by the "Waverley Route," or may follow the course of the infant Clyde by way of Carstairs Junction, or may take the South-western line to

Glasgow by the dales of the Annan and the Nith. We have traveled by all these lines in turn, and have found in every one a special charm. In picturesqueness perhaps the palm must be conceded to the route by the East coast, on which, from the first glimpse of Berwick with its encircling wall, its high red roofs, and its houses, seeming from the railway above to be crowded together on the steep river's bank, every mile is full of charm; especially where the line reaches the verge of the cliff, with the noble expanse of the German Ocean full in view, or where, diverging inland, it passes through the rich pastures and great cornfields of Haddingtonshire, throughout which, down to the close-cropped hedges, economizing arable space, everything speaks of high farming on a kindly soil.

The traveler may do worse than stay for a night, or, still better, pass a quiet Sabbath, at DUNBAR, with its old shattered castle on a rocky brow, in which time and

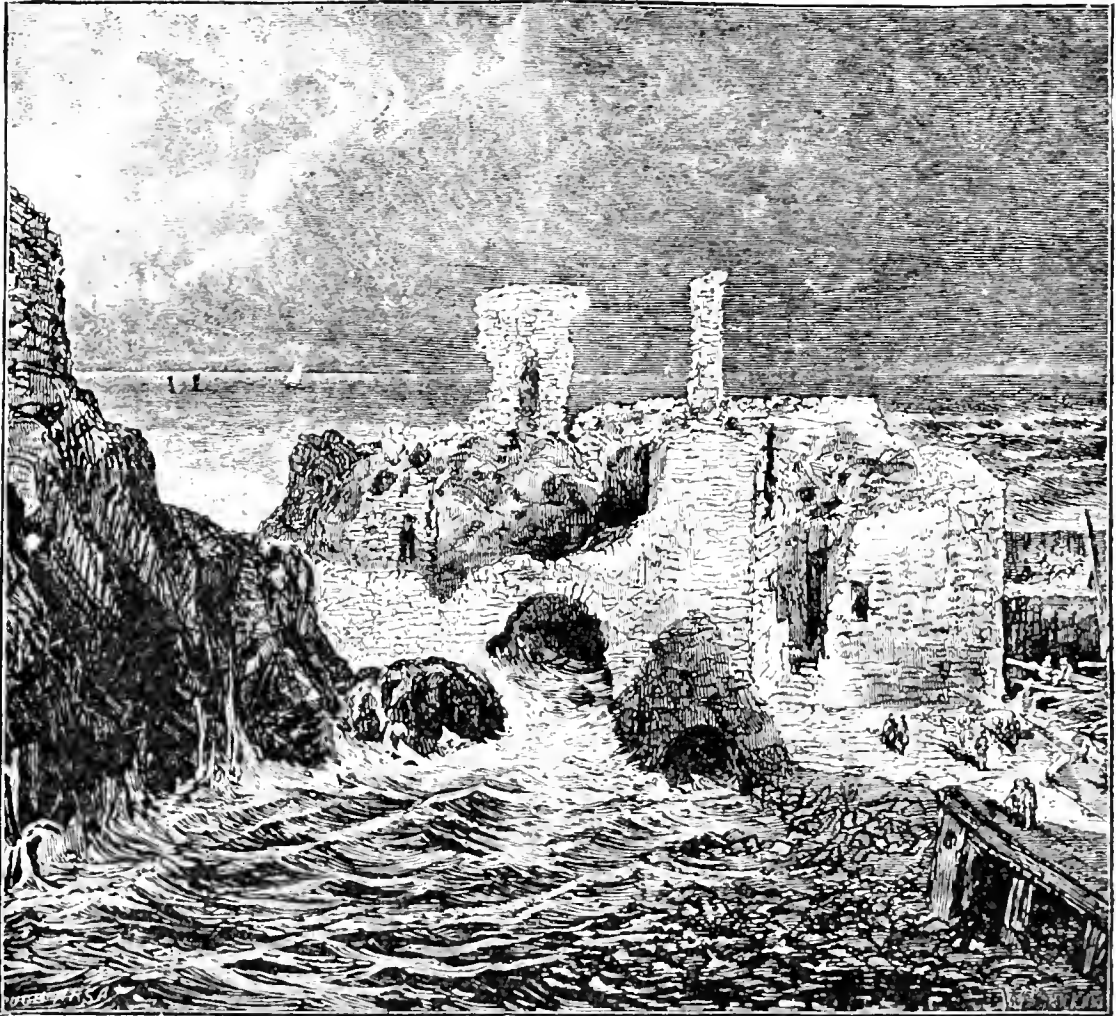


BERWICK-ON-TWEED.

weather and the hand of man have wrought such havoc that it is hard to distinguish the foundations of the fabric from the rugged cliff, or to decide which of the underground recesses are ocean-hollowed caves, and which are ancient castle crypts. Here was spent the strange sad honeymoon of Bothwell and Mary; and with this the history of the fortress really ends, as the pile was soon afterward reduced to a ruin by the Queen's half-brother, the Regent Murray. The precincts of the castle now form a fine recreation-ground for the week-day use of the people: on the Sabbath, it was observable that chains were drawn across the swing-gates at the entrances—showing that we were in Scotland. The chains, however, it may be remarked, were there rather by way of testimony than as a material hindrance; not a few graceless urchins having climbed over them, without let or hindrance, into the enclosure. But upon the whole, the stillness and peacefulness of the day were very refreshing. We remarked here, what afterwards became so noticeable in many a Scottish town, the peculiar resonant tramp of feet

on the pavement at the time of the services. There was little or no sound of wheels to break the effect, rendered more impressive by contrast with the previous silence.

Much in the neighborhood of Dunbar invited a longer stay, had it been possible. To the south-east there is the undulating pastoral district of Lammermoor—scene of Sir Walter Scott's most tragic story, the localities of which are duly pointed out to the visitor. Wolf's Crag, the home of the Master of Ravenswood, famous for the humors and the devices of Caleb Balderstone, is unquestionably recognizable in Fast Castle, on



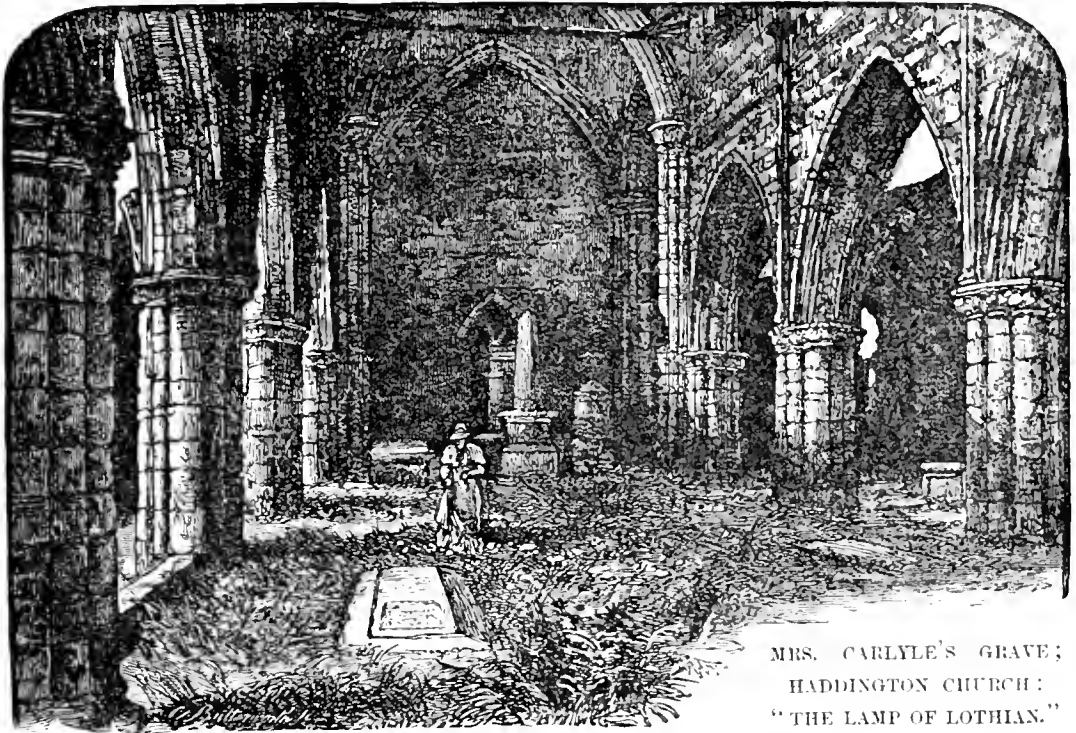
DUNBAR CASTLE.

a wild promontory to the east. Not far from the town, again, is the battle-field where, in 1650, Cromwell defeated the Scottish army under General Leslie. Readers of Carlyle's *Cromwell* will recollect the careful accuracy with which the locality is sketched:

"The small town of Dunbar stands high and windy, looking down over its herring-boats, over its grim old castle, now much honey-combed, on one of those projecting rock-promontories with which that shore of the Firth of Forth is niched and vandyked, as far as the eye can reach. A beautiful sea; good land, too, now that the plougher understands his trade; a grim niched barrier of whinstone sheltering it from the chafings

and tumblings of the big blue German Ocean. Seaward, St. Abb's Head, of whinstone, bounds your horizon to the east, not very far off; west, close by, is the deep bay and fishy little village of Belhaven, the gloomy Bass and other rock islets, and farther the hills of Fife and foreshadows of the Highlands are visible as you look seaward. From the bottom of Belhaven Bay to that of the next sea-bight St. Abb's-ward, the town and its environs form a peninsula. Along the base of which peninsula, 'not much above a mile and a half from sea to sea,' Oliver Cromwell's army, on Monday, the 2d of September, 1650, stands ranked, with its tents and town behind it—in very forlorn circumstances."

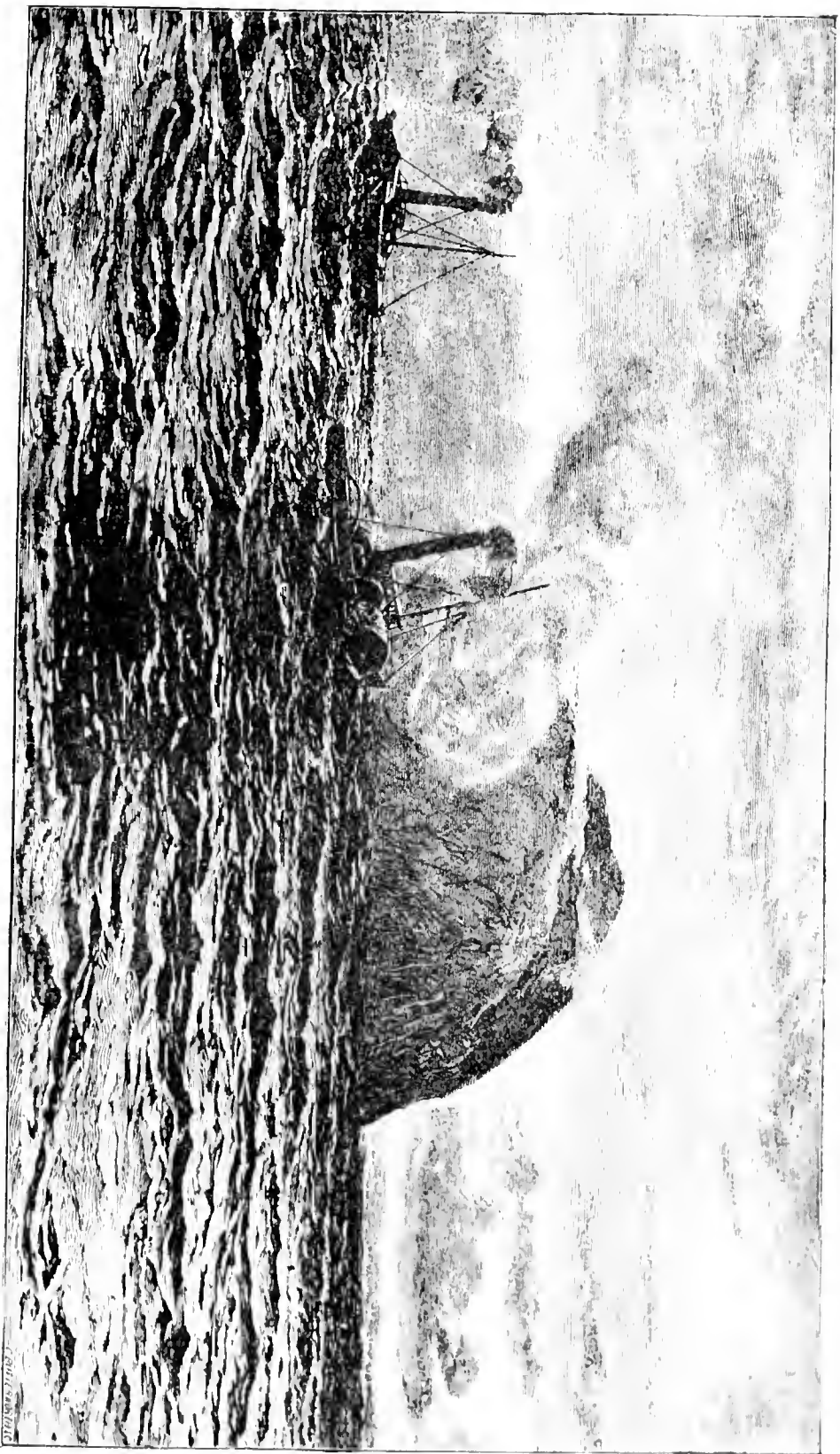
The description, as we know from Carlyle's biography, was the result of careful personal examination; and in the *Letters of Mrs. Carlyle* we read of the author's visit,



and his windy walk over the high plain. Equally striking is the battle picture. "'I never saw such a charge of foot and horse,' says one; nor did I. Oliver was still near to Yorkshire Hodgson, when the shock succeeded. Hodgson heard them say: 'They run! I profess they run.' And over St. Abb's Head, and the German Ocean, just then, bursts the first gleam of the level sun upon us; and I heard Nol say, in the words of the Psalmist, 'Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered,' or in Rous's metre:

" 'Let God arise, and scatterèd
Let all his enemies be;
And let all those that do Him hate
Before His presence flee!'

" Even so, the Scotch army is shivered to utter ruin; rushes in tumultuous wreck, hither, thither, to Belhaven, or, in their distraction, even to Dunbar; the chase goes



From the paintings]

THE BASS ROCK : WAITING FOR THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

By Colin Hunter.

as far as Haddington, led by Hacker. 'The Lord General made a halt,' says Hodgson, 'and sang the hundred and seventeenth psalm,' till our horse could gather for the chase. Hundred and seventeenth psalm, at the foot of the Doon hill. Then we uplift it, to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky :



TANTALLON CASTLE.

“O give ye praise unto the Lord
All nati-ons that be ;
Likewise ye people all, accord
His name to magnify !

For great to us-ward ever are
His loving-kindnesses ;
His truth endures for evermore ;
The Lord O do ye bless.’

"And now, to the chase again!"

The remembrance of it survives in the local popular name of the battle, *Tuesday's Race*, from the day of the week on which it was fought, and from the hurry of the flight and pursuit which followed.

Out at sea the Bass Rock is grandly in sight, and those who have visited it describe the excursion as very pleasant. The enormous flight of sea-birds when disturbed by visitors or by the firing of a gun, is truly wonderful. The ruins of Tantallon Castle occupy a rocky promontory nearly opposite, at a short distance from the pretty sea-bathing resort of North Berwick. Apparently corresponding to the Bass Rock are the



COLONEL GARDINER'S MONUMENT.

inland craggy hills peculiar to this district, and termed *Laws*. North Berwick Law is one of the most commanding of these heights. Traprain Law is another, near Linton Station, inland, and not far from Hailes Castle, where Mary and Bothwell lived for a time before the surrender of the former at Carberry Hill. The country people say that the name "Traprain Law" was derived from this capture, as it was thereabouts that *la reine* was *trapped*. Not a bad illustration of the way in which etymologies are made!

On the way to Edinburgh the leisurely traveler may turn aside to Haddington with its fine Gothic remains. The town is famous as John Knox's birthplace; and the

grave of Mrs. Carlyle will, to many visitors, invest the ruined abbey with a new and pathetic interest.

Nearer Edinburgh is Preston Pans (the *pans* are for getting salt by evaporation), where Prince Charles Stuart defeated the King's troops under Sir John Cope, on the 21st of September, 1745. It was chiefly this delusive gleam of success which encouraged the Young Pretender to march southward, to his ruin; but the chief interest of the scene to ourselves is that Colonel James Gardiner fell in the skirmish, for it was little more. We give, on the preceding page, a sketch of his monument, as it stands on the field. To this day the *Life of Gardiner* by Dr. Doddridge remains one of the



MELROSE ABBEY, FROM THE RIVER.

finest portraitures we possess of a type of character very real, and happily not infrequent in our day—the brave and humble-minded Christian soldier. And Sir Walter Scott, in *Waverley*, has done more justice to this brave God-fearing man than to some other of his Puritan heroes.

Soon after leaving Preston Pans the train plunges into a tunnel, from which it emerges in the ravine over which seem to tower, height beyond height, the massive buildings of Edinburgh. The approach is curiously unlike that to any other city; but we must not linger in the metropolis at present, for we have yet to glance at the other routes enumerated above, at least as rich in their personal and historical associations.

Instead, then, of Berwick, we will suppose the traveler to have chosen Carlisle as his starting-point, and to have fixed upon the Waverley Route, as the railway company has named it in memory of Scott. After crossing and recrossing the Esk, a little above the Solway Firth, the line runs up Liddisdale, undulating and beautifully wooded, with glimpses of distant hills: then for mile after mile, after crossing the Border at Kershopefoot, in long sweeps and curves, traverses the bare pastoral Cheviots, whose vast rounded summits and grassy slopes fill up the whole field of view; only a few clumps of fir-trees appearing here and there at the bottom of the dells, where scanty streams pursue their way. Just before reaching Hawick, where we



DRYBURGH ABBEY.

cross the Teviot, Branksome Tower is passed on the left; still beyond is the Vale of Ettrick, famous for "the Shepherd," James Hogg, who was a very real personage in his day, though Professor Wilson in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* did his best to render his honest friend a mythical being. Still farther again is the Yarrow, with its "dowie dens," famous in Scottish pastoral poetry, but better known to us in three lovely poems of Wordsworth.

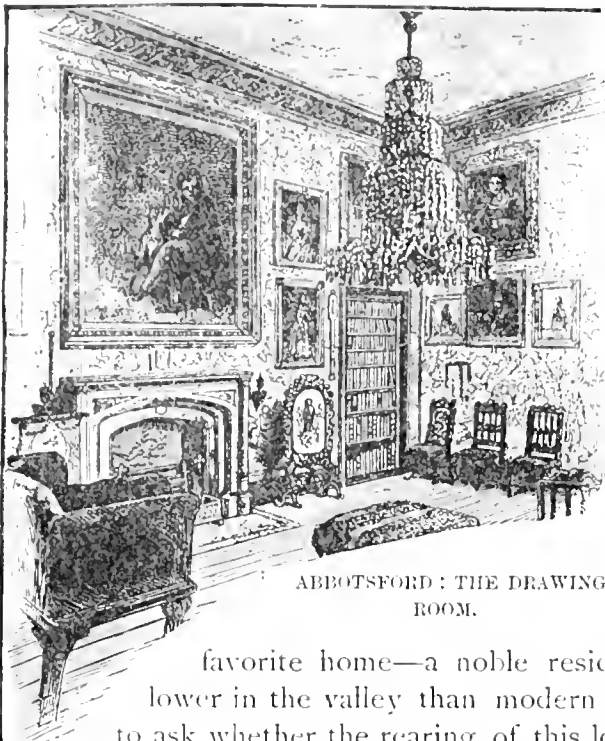
At Ettrick, too, lie the remains of an author whose work, now perhaps little read, used to be the great "Sunday book" in grave Scottish households during several generations—Thomas Boston, the writer of the *Fourfold State*. But Ettrick and Yarrow must both remain "unvisited" by us now, as they may be better approached another time from Moffat on the west, or from Selkirk on the north, and we are nearing MELROSE, having crossed from the valley of the Teviot to that of the Tweed; and we shall need all the time at disposal for the Abbey, for Abbotsford, and for Dryburgh.

To describe "fair Melrose" would be superfluous. The impression even of a first visit is that we have seen it before, so vividly has it been brought before us both by poet and artist. Its position, close upon the outskirts of the little town, does not destroy, but rather enhances its charm. Instead of finding it, like Tintern or Furness, in the heart of a romantic valley, we enter it direct from a modern street, to be plunged at once into its solemn stillness, and awed by the glimpses of its old-world beauty, still most apparent amid the restorations, in which different ages have by turns displayed their sense of the fitness of things. To see it by moonlight is of course the ambition of every tourist, the achievement of but few; and it has been said that Scott himself never visited it at this witching time, having evolved from his own imagination the description which has enraptured so many by its accuracy as well as by its loveliness.



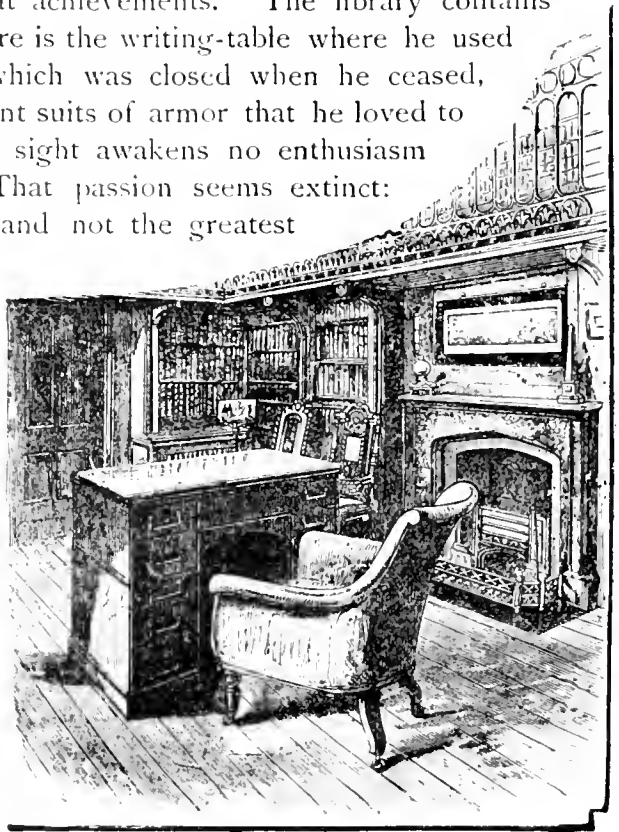
ABBOTSFORD.

Two roads from Melrose attract the traveler almost equally; the one, westward, to Abbotsford, the other in the opposite direction, to Dryburgh Abbey. Happily, on the occasion of our visit, there was time for both, in a long summer-day's leisurely survey. The walk to Dryburgh was somewhat long, and might have been saved in great part by taking the train back to St. Boswell's, the station passed before reaching Melrose. But the way was very beautiful, including one magnificent view of the Tweed, with its wooded banks. The ruin itself is not extensive, but the aisle in which Scott lies buried is surely the ideal of a poet's resting-place. His beloved Tweed half-encircles the spot, the ruin is embosomed in fair trees, while the broken walls, still noble in their decay, are more appropriately and solemnly suggestive than the stateliest mausoleum could have been. The remains of Sir Walter Scott are there among those of his kindred—his wife, his eldest son, and his son-in-law and biographer, Mr. Lockhart. The guardian of the ruins also will not fail to point out the tombstone of Henry Erskine, whose sons,

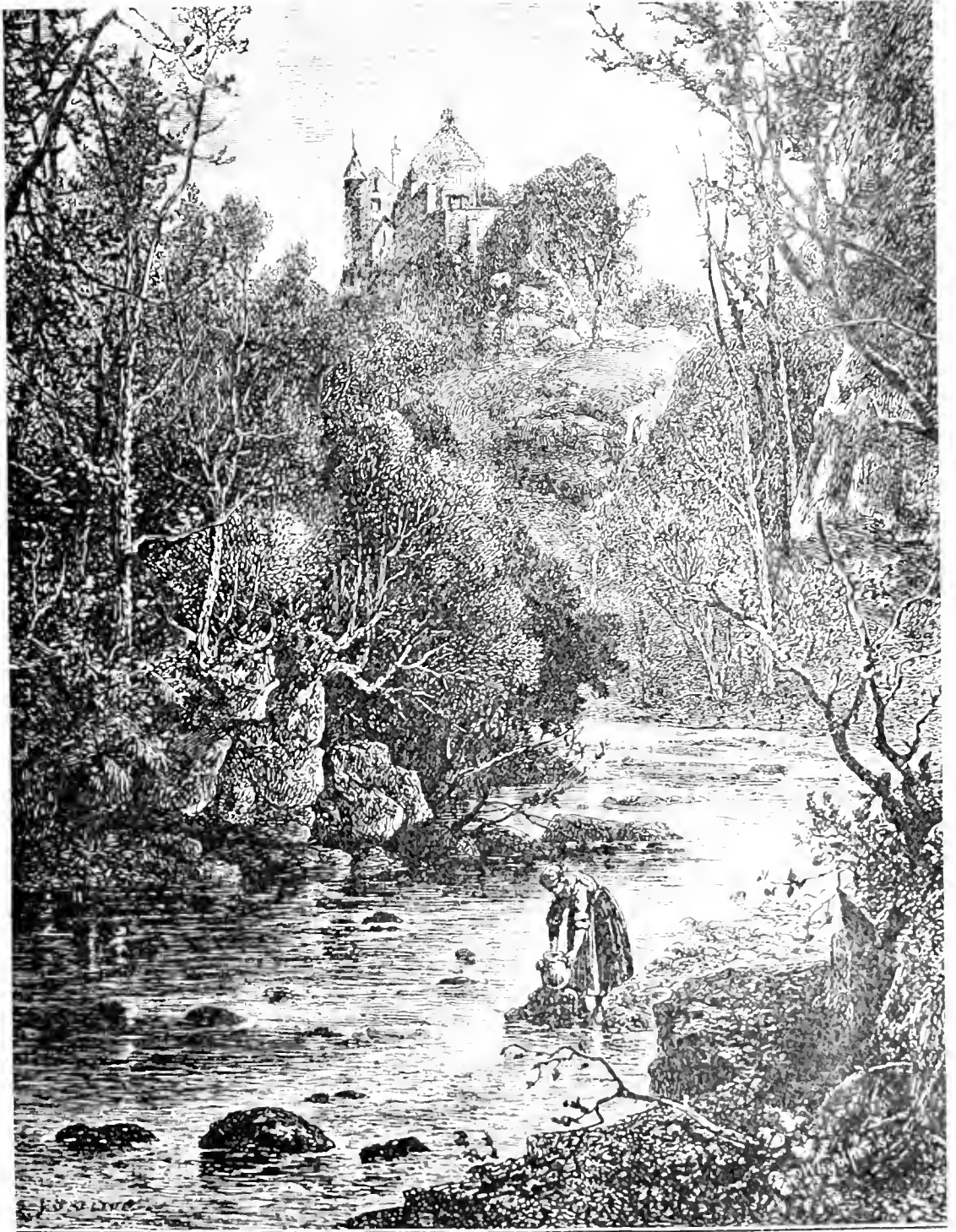


ABBOTSFORD : THE DRAWING-ROOM.

favorite home—a noble residence and beautiful for situation, although lower in the valley than modern taste approves. It might be ungenerous to ask whether the rearing of this lordly abode was worth the toil and struggle that it entailed; the world at least is the richer for those stupendous intellectual labors which at length, though slowly, exhausted the poet's life. There still we find ourselves in the very scene of these great achievements. The library contains his books as he left them: in the study there is the writing-table where he used to sit, the desk at which he wrote, and which was closed when he ceased, more than half a century ago. The quaint suits of armor that he loved to collect are where he left them; but their sight awakens no enthusiasm now for the days of ancient chivalry. That passion seems extinct: new habits of thought have succeeded, and not the greatest of novelists would venture, if he could, to give to the reader of this generation another *Ivanhoe*. From casque and mail the visitor turns to the homely memorial of the man himself; his coat and hat and stick, preserved with reverent affection. Yet these vestiges of life seemed only to make the fact of death more near: and there was a deeper interest in yonder quiet Abbey, and in the words of Christian faith and hope upon the poet's tomb. Still it was something to have seen even the books and the writing-desk; for everything connected with the daily habits of a great man tends to illuminate his biography, and in some measure to increase our interest in the works



ABBOTSFORD : THE STUDY.



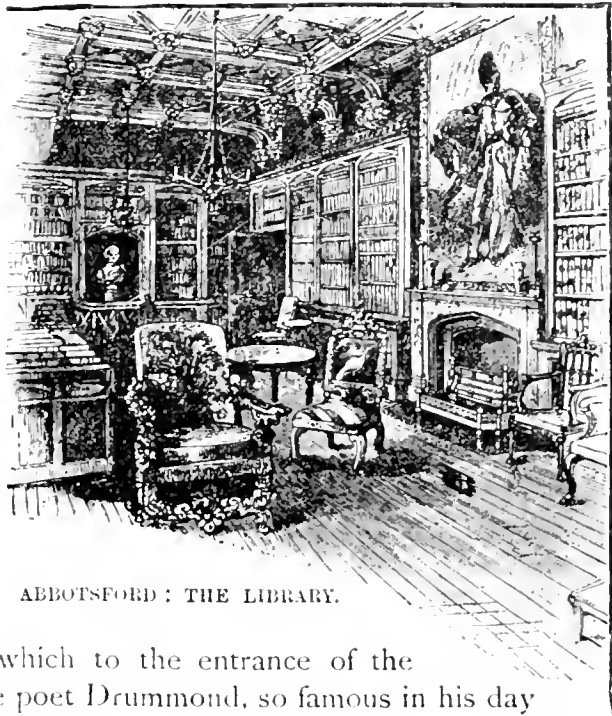
HAWTHORNDEN.

in which his spirit most truly lives among men.

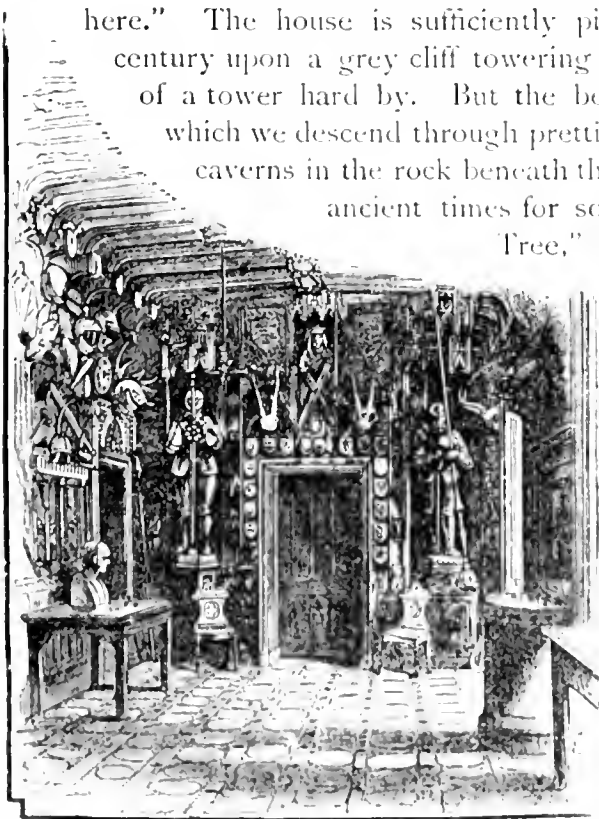
After Melrose there is little of interest immediately bordering the Waverley Route, unless indeed the traveler can spare time to change at Galashiels into a line which will take him to Edinburgh by a more circuitous course, passing from the valley of the Tweed (which it follows upward as far as Peebles) to the dale of the North Esk, with the wonderfully beautiful ravine of Hawthornden and the famous Roslin Chapel.

The visit will in most cases be made from Edinburgh; but the traveler who is not incommoded by luggage may save time on his northward journey by stopping at Hawthornden station, from which to the entrance of the grounds is an easy walk. Here lived the poet Drummond, so famous in his day that Ben Jonson traveled on foot from London to Scotland, chiefly, it is said, to converse with him. But his melancholy strains are now little read; and to most visitors the beauty of the place is more than the fame of the former inhabitant. We do not say, "It was here that Drummond lived," but "It was Drummond who lived

here." The house is sufficiently picturesque—a mansion of the seventeenth century upon a grey cliff towering above the glen, with the ruined fragment of a tower hard by. But the beauty of the scene is in the glen itself, to which we descend through prettily laid-out grounds, noting, as we pass, the caverns in the rock beneath the house, constructed with evident care in ancient times for some unknown purpose; also, "Ben Jonson's Tree," the "Poet Drummond's Seat," and "John Knox's Pulpit." These may be more or less apocryphal; but there is no doubt about the charm of the deep glen where the stream, albeit defiled by the works of man, pursues its way between broken cliffs and overhanging woods. It is the sense of nearness to busy manufactures and great cities in this romantic and apparently sequestered spot, that either heightens or destroys the charm, according to the spectator's mood. He will have abundant time to decide whether the sense of beauty or of incongruity is the stronger; as, after crossing the little bridge from Hawthornden grounds, it is a long walk up the valley to Roslin,

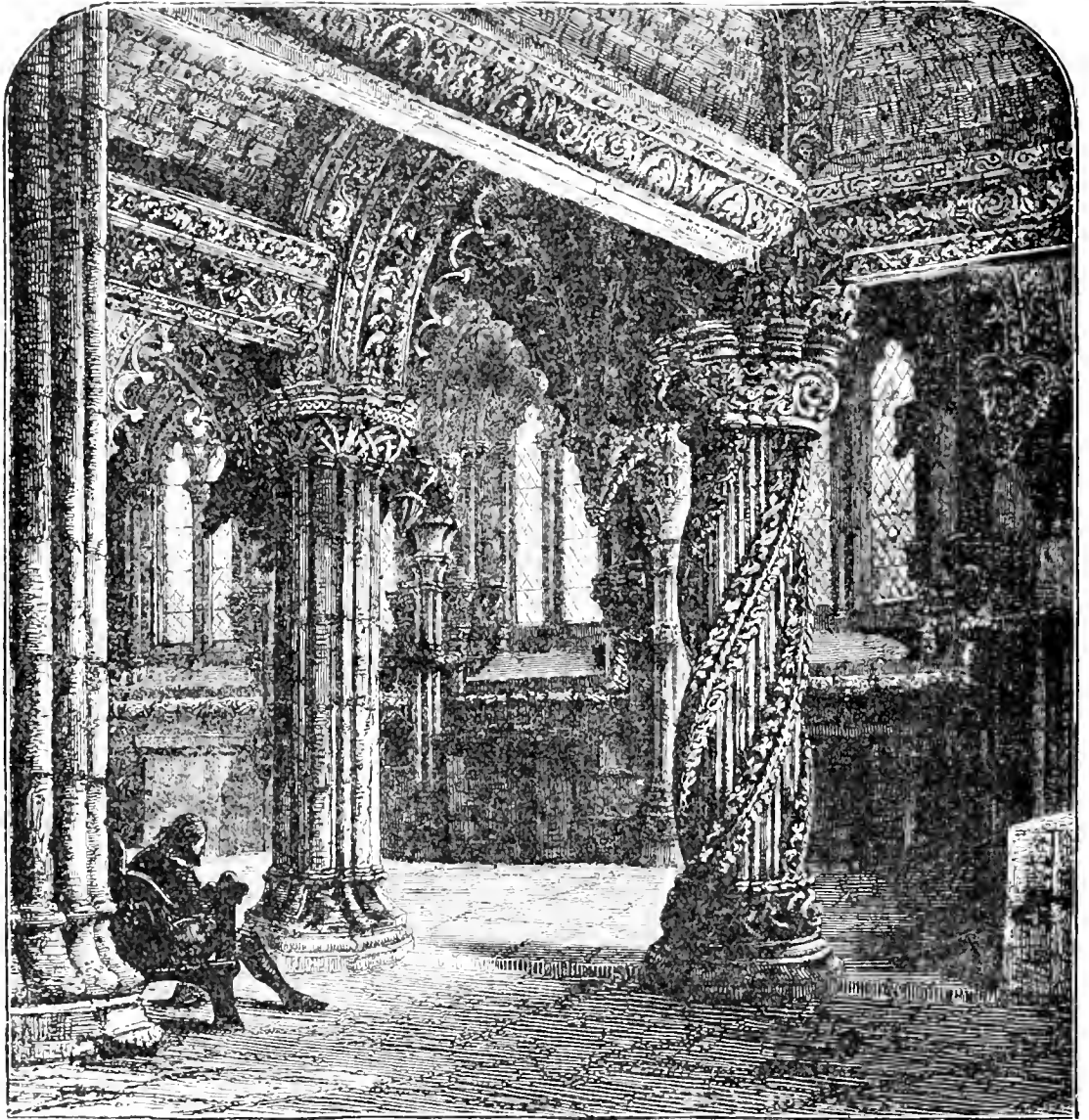


ABBOTSFORD: THE LIBRARY.



ABBOTSFORD: THE ARMORY.

which he must also see. The regular plan is to climb from the glen to the castle, approached by a lofty bridge, and to recross to the chapel. We venture to suggest that the castle may be omitted, as, apart from the view of the glen from the rocky platform on which the ruin stands, there is neither picturesqueness nor real historic interest to repay the visitor. The chapel, situated on the high ground beyond, overlooking the castle, must by all means be examined, as an almost unique speci-



ROSLIN CHAPEL, WITH THE 'PRENTICE PILLAR.

men of decorative art applied to somewhat heavy architecture. It is a small building, massive in its details, with a general impression of heaviness that the splendid and even excessive ornamentation but serves to relieve. Had the structure been completed according to the original design, in which this chapel was but the choir of a great collegiate church, the magnificence would have seemed more in place. The chapel is now fitted up with seats, has an organ gallery at the western end, and

is used for the worship of the Scottish Episcopal Church. The 'Prentice Pillar, with its wreathed-work of foliage, will of course be noted by the visitor; and the custodian of the place tells the story effectively, as he has rehearsed it a thousand



HABIE'S HOWE.

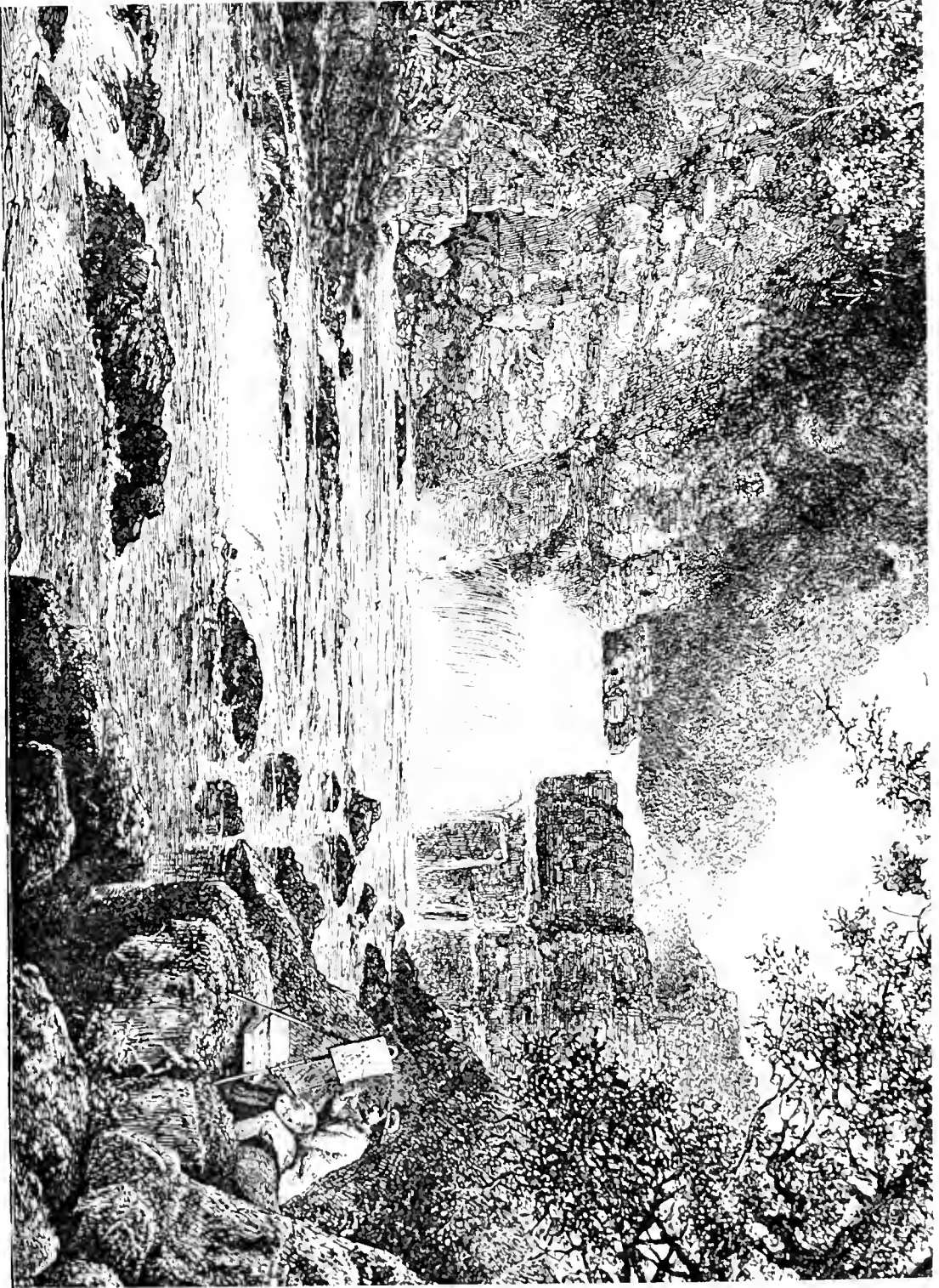
times. Is there any one of our readers who has not heard it? In the temporary absence of the master-builder, an apprentice, essaying his hand upon a portion of the fabric, so far surpassed him in skill that the jealous and exasperated master struck the youth dead upon the spot. The story is found in various forms, but with the same main incident, in many ages, and in relation to different walks of art. It is probably but a

legend, so true to human nature that it has been accepted as an "owre true tale," and shows to us how myths are made.

Leaving the chapel, we find ourselves in the little village of Roslin, or Rosslyn, as it seems now generally to be written, and about seven minutes' distance from the railway station for Edinburgh. There are, however, very few trains in the day, and careful arrangement is necessary that time may not be vexatiously thrown away in a place where, after the glen and the chapel, there is literally nothing to see. Part of the interest of this excursion, no doubt, as Sir Walter Scott long ago remarked, is that its picturesque features form so sudden and unexpected a contrast to the surrounding country. In the highlands few persons would take the trouble to walk up Hawthornden glen, but its nearness to Edinburgh, and the neighborhood of Roslin, attract crowds of visitors every summer. Still farther south, below the south-eastern slopes of the Pentland Hills, is the yet more romantic glen of Habbie's Howe, with its waterfall, supposed to have suggested the description in Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*; and the whole surrounding region is full of pastoral and sylvan beauty.

Returning, however, to Carlisle: there are two other railway routes of great interest, and more direct, at least in their access to Glasgow. They unitedly traverse the old Solway Moss, once the notorious haunt of freebooters, and pass through the flat "debateable ground" where, until the union of the two kingdoms, bold marauders bade defiance to the laws of both, until the little river Sark is crossed, and the train reaches Gretna Green, once famous for runaway weddings. The idea of making the Scottish marriage law available to fugitives from England, seems to have first occurred to a man named Paisley, residing here about 1760; Gretna being fixed upon as near the Border, although, of course, any other part of Scotland would have answered the purpose; and it was not until 1856 that the usage was stopped by Act of Parliament, requiring previous residence as a condition of marriage. The country now has but little attraction; once it was a vast forest, but in the days of Border rapine the wood was cleared away to destroy the haunts of the moss-troopers, and it is now for the most part a bare open plain. On the left is Annandale, where Edward Irving spent his youthful days; and some twelve miles from the Border the traveler reaches Ecclefechan, an uninteresting-looking village, but famous as the native place of Thomas Carlyle. Visitors are shown the "work" of Carlyle's father, the sturdy God-fearing Scottish mason. And truly, whatever else may be thought of Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, the pictures of his father and mother as there delineated, will live as long as the fame of their illustrious son shall last. The type of man is familiar to all who have watched the stalwart shepherd tramping over the hills with his colley by his side, or who have stopped for a little talk with a fisherman on the shore, or who have joined the group of country folk on the mountain side as they wended their way on the Sabbath morning to the humble house of prayer; but Carlyle has disclosed the secret of its inner nobleness, and has shown to us how a living faith, with that true humility that does not shrink from self-assertion where it knows itself in the right, creates the true heroic character. Carlyle could hardly have written his *Cromwell* so sympathetically, had he not known his father so well. And who is not touched by the picture of that peasant mother, with her anxious cares for her son, denying herself and caring for all his little material comforts, that he might be able to climb to a level whither her earnest spirit could not follow him, save with anxious longings for his spiritual welfare! To read those simple-hearted letters of

STONEHENNES FALLS.



hers is infinitely touching, and we do not wonder that the son who cherished them and gave them to the world after more than half a century, notwithstanding the scorn and bitterness with which he looked upon men in general, and especially on those who had found a deeper secret in life than his own, could not but believe in the truth and goodness embodied in the belief, the work and the worship of that lowly home.

But we must pass from Ecclefechan, over the district where the line climbs upward along the banks of the Annan, to Beattock, from which station a line is now opened to Moffat, a charming little town among the hills of Upper Annandale, overtopped by the Hartfell range, the highest in Southern Scotland. There is a pleasant walk to the Spa, with its mildly sulphureous water, in great request; or a longer excursion between the bare hill-ranges to the waterfall called the Grey Mare's Tail, and over the



THE AULD BRIG O' DOON, ALLOWAY, AYRSHIRE.

summit of the pass to St. Mary's Loch, where, near the famous little hostelry of Tibbie Shiel, a statue of the Etrick Shepherd stands by the roadside. From the Loch, at the other extremity, springs the Yarrow; but, for the present, we return to spend pleasant restful days at Moffat. The air is most pure and exhilarating, and, in addition to the ordinary watering-place accommodations, there is, in the immediate neighborhood, a noble Hydropathic Establishment, as at Melrose, Peebles, Crieff, Dumblane, Pitlochrie, Callander, Rothesay, Forres, and many other places of popular resort in Scotland.

We resume our journey at the Beattock junction, and having crossed the watershed at the height of about a thousand feet above the sea, soon discern a narrow stream making its way with many a winding over the green moor. This is the CLYDE, which we cross and recross before reaching the junction at Carstairs, whence radiate lines to Edinburgh, to Glasgow, to Stirling, and the North. It will be a pity, however, not to stay at least for two or three hours to see FAXARK and the Falls of the

Clyde. The town itself has little that is interesting, unless we are moved by curiosity or by old association to visit the settlement in which Robert Owen, about seventy years ago, strove to organize industry, and to inaugurate a new moral world. The parallelograms and manufactories of the Socialist schemes failed, as might have been expected; but there was some practical wisdom in his choice of a locality, since the mills of New Lanark, now the property of Manchester manufacturers, are thriving and successful, while the aspect of regularity and good order which they present may be in some measure due to the projector's plans. But we must hurry on to the waterfalls, which may perhaps impress us all the more because the glen in which they make their grand successive descents is surrounded by few accessories of beauty of any kind. The country, to say the truth, is uninteresting until the river is reached; but the three falls are magnificent. Cora Linn, the central one, nearest to New Lanark, is the finest; but Bonnington Linn, the highest, divided into two parts, with a rocky island between—a miniature Schaffhausen—is also imposing, and Stonebyres, three miles from Lanark, by the roadside, with its surroundings of cliff and foliage, is also well worth visiting. The tourist will see no finer waterfalls than these three until he reaches Foyers on Loch Ness.

The railway journey from Carstairs to Edinburgh has no points of special interest; that to Glasgow gives the opportunity, by a very slight *détour*, of visiting Hamilton Palace, once famous for its art-treasures, and still sumptuous, although despoiled. More attractive, however, will be the remains of the old Caledonian Forest, where the celebrated herd of Scotch wild cattle still roam at large, with the ruins of Cadzow Castle, the ancient Hamilton Palace, commemorated by Sir Walter Scott. Very near also is "Bothwell Brig," where the Covenanters were defeated by the Duke of Monmouth and Claverhouse, on the 22nd of June, 1679, as described in *Old Mortality*. But these scenes of historic interest will, perhaps, be better visited from Glasgow, than taken on the way to the city. A day could scarcely be better spent than in traversing them.

The last of the alternative routes to Glasgow, as mentioned above, denominated the "South-western," is more circuitous than that just described, but derives a special interest from its giving the tourist an opportunity of visiting, at small expenditure of time, the land of Burns. Turning aside at Gretna, the line passes through Annan, where it crosses the river, and at Dumfries reaches the Nith, up which it pursues its way. For lovely glimpses of hill and woodland, with fertile cornfields and pastures between, and the gleaming river amidst them all, there can hardly be a pleasanter summer evening's journey than this. At least, so we found it, after a long morning of wonderful interest spent at DUMFRIES, beginning, of course, with a visit to the old churchyard of St. Michael's Church, where the Mausoleum is erected over the grave of Robert Burns, after a design of Thomas F. Hunt, architect, below the dome of which is a marble group, by Turnerelli, of a plough of two figures, representing the genius of Coila finding her favorite son at the plough and casting her inspiring mantle over him. The vault contains the remains of the poet, and of his wife Jean Armour, and the rest of the family, the last buried being the poet's second and last surviving son (Colonel William Nicol Burns), who was interred here in February, 1872. The modest house in which the poet died, and in which his widow continued to live for more than thirty years, may be seen a short distance from the church. A marble statue of Burns, by Mrs. D. O. Hill, is erected in front of the Greyfriars Church.

Dumfries is famous in the annals of martyrdom. In the cemetery itself, a plain obelisk marks the grave of some who suffered in 1667. A lovely drive by the Water of Cairn brought us to Irongray Church, near which, among overshadowing trees, is the grave of two others, with the quaint inscription:

“By Legg and Bloodie Bruce’ commands
We were hung up by hellish hands ;
And so, their furious wrath to stay,
We died near Kirk of Irongray ;
And boundless peace we now partake
For freedom’s and religion’s sake.”



THE MARTYRS' GRAVE, IRONGRAY.

In the churchyard, at close distance, is the tomb of Helen Walker, the original of Jeanie Deans, with an inscription written by Sir Walter Scott.

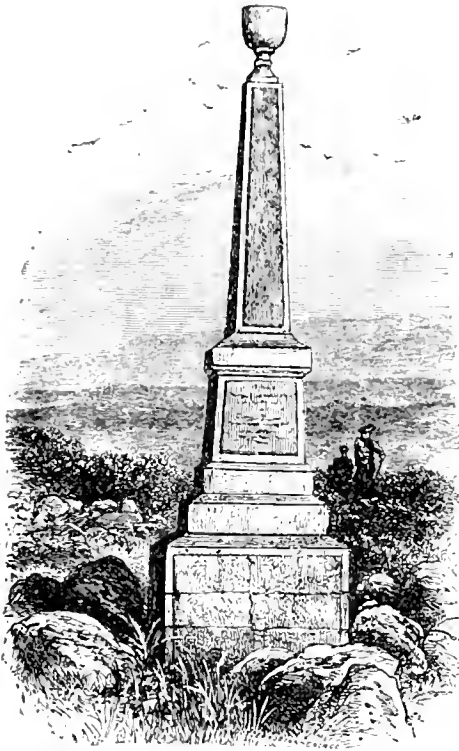
But we had not yet finished with the Covenanters' memorials ; as perhaps the most interesting of all was one among the hills, not to be discovered without difficulty—a long drive, then an ascent through a rugged lane, and a walk over a piece of barren

undulating moorland, with much climbing over stone fences. The place was well adapted in its seclusion for a solemn service held there in the summer of 1678, when for the last time a band of Covenanting brethren met together to celebrate the Lord's Supper. Then they parted, some to fall in battle, others to suffer on the gibbet, few to survive the conflict of that terrible time, but all to hold fast by the faith to which they then renewed their solemn pledge. It is no wonder that this bleak spot is regarded with affectionate veneration, the very stones which served for the table and for seats in the service being marked as the Communion Stones of Irongray. But, lest the outward features of the scene should become obliterated or unrecognizable, a simple monument, surmounted by the representation of the Cup, has been raised in recent years; and in

all Scotland there is scarcely a memorial so deeply impressive as this emblem of our faith and hope, with all its sacred and stern associations, on those lonely moorland hills!

Near the head of Nithsdale may be visited another "Martyrs' Grave," not far from Cumnock; but that we did not stay to see. The country has many such memorials; and not far off is the battle-field of Drumclog, where the Covenanters gained a temporary success, June 1, 1679, three weeks before the rout of Bothwell Bridge. But the neighborhood of Ayr attracted us again a little from the direct line, to visit Alloway Kirk, the "Twa Brigs," the birthplace and the monument of Burns.

The town of Ayr is situated on the sea-coast, at the mouth of the river of the same name, is well laid out, and contains a number of handsome public and private buildings. Of the former the principal are the county and town buildings, numerous churches and banks, barracks, and an academy. The "Wallace Tower," in which Wallace is said to have been confined, was a rude old building, which stood in the eastern part of



COVENANTERS' MONUMENT.

the High Street, at the head of a lane named the Mill Vennel. Having become ruinous, it was replaced in 1835 by a Gothic tower, containing the "Drowsy Dungeon Clock" and the bells of the Dungeon steeple, and a statue of Wallace executed by Mr. Thom, a self-taught sculptor. Another statue of Wallace was placed by a citizen of Ayr on the front of a dwelling-house at the corner of Newmarket Street, which occupies the site of the ancient court-house. A very handsome statue to the Poet Burns has recently been erected near the railway station.

A few fragments of the Fort of Ayr (the ramparts), which was built by Oliver Cromwell in 1652, upon a level piece of ground between the town and the sea, still remain, together with an old tower (recently modernized and fitted up as a private residence), which formed part of St. John's Church, founded in the twelfth century. Cromwell enclosed this church within the walls of his citadel, and converted it into an armory,

giving a compensation to the inhabitants of £750 toward the erection of the present old church. This old church is built upon the site of the Dominican monastery, where Robert Bruce held the parliament which settled his succession. The ancient Castle of Ayr, built by William the Lion, who constituted Ayr a royal burgh, is supposed to have stood at the north-eastern angle of the fort, close upon the harbor. In Fort Greene are the barracks. The harbor occupies both sides of the river from the New Bridge to the sea. The south pier projects some distance into the sea, and at the north side there is a large breakwater, with spacious new dry dock. On the south of the harbor a fine esplanade has been constructed, which forms an agreeable promenade. The views from the bay of Ayr are very fine, and comprise the hills of Bute and Arran, Ailsa Craig, and the coast of Ireland. Shipbuilding is carried on to a considerable extent, and there is a large manufacture of carpets and other woolen fabrics.

The Ayr is crossed by two bridges, termed respectively the Auld and New—"The Twa Brigs" of Burns's poem. The Auld Bridge is said to have been built in the reign of Alexander III. (1249-1285) by two maiden sisters of the name of Low, whose effigies were carved on the eastern parapet, near the south end of the fabric. The new bridge was erected in 1878, chiefly through the exertions of Provost Ballantyne, to whom Burns dedicated his poem; but it gave way in 1877, and another had to be built in its place. Even that proved insecure shortly afterwards, so that the prophecy which Burns put in the mouth of the "Auld Brig" came literally true:

"Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This monie a year I've stood the flood an' tide,
And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
I'll be a Brig when ye're a shapeless cairn!"

The sea-coast, which, near the town of Ayr, is comparatively flat and sandy, rises on the south into bold rocky headlands, among which are the "Heads of Ayr," well-known landmarks to mariners. Two miles in this direction are the ruins of Greenan Castle, overhanging the sea, and commanding an extensive seaward view; and Dunure Castle, a tall empty tower, the remains of an old stronghold of the Kennedys. Here Allan Stewart, Commendator of the Abbey of Crossraguel, was roasted before a slow fire by Gilbert, fourth Earl of Cassilis, to extort his surrender of certain lands. The castle, which has been in the ruins since the 17th century, now gives a territorial designation to a branch of the Kennedy family. By a short excursion from Ayr, principally up the banks of the river Doon, the tourist may visit some of the more interesting scenes connected with the poet Burns. The town is no sooner left than various localities are reached mentioned in "Tam o' Shanter." At the distance of about 150 yards from Slaphouse Bridge is

"The ford,
Whare in the snaw chapman smoor'd."

About 100 yards from the "ford," and about twenty from the road, is the plot of ground behind the house occupied by the Rozelle gamekeeper, is the

"Meikle stane,
Whare drucken *Charlie* brak's neckbane."

Passing on the left, the mansion of Rozelle, at the distance of about two miles from

Ayr, we reach the cottage where Burns was born, 25th January, 1759. The original erection was a *clay biggin*, consisting of two apartments, the kitchen and the *spence*, or sitting-room. The cottage was built on part of seven acres of ground, of which Burns's father took a perpetual lease from Dr. Campbell, physician in Ayr, with the view of commencing business as nurseryman and gardener. Having built this house with his own hands, he married, in December, 1757, Agnes Brown, the mother of the poet;

and though becoming gardener and overseer to Mr. Ferguson, of Doonholm (now the seat of Lord Blackburn), he abandoned his design of forming a nursery. He continued to reside in the cottage until Whitsunday, 1766. On removing to Lochlee he sold his leasehold to the corporation of shoemakers in Ayr. The cottage is now the property of the Ayr Burns Monument Trustees, by whom it is set apart as a museum, in which relics of the poet are gathered together. The cottage is shown to visitors for a small fee. In the interior of the kitchen is shown a recess, where the poet was born. On an eminence about a mile and a half to the south-east of the cottage stands the farm of Mount Oliphant, to which Burns's father removed on leaving the cottage, and where the family lived for twelve years.



ON THE UPPER DOON.

Proceeding toward Burns's monument, we perceive in a field a single tree, enclosed with a paling, the last remnant of a group which covered

“The cairn
Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn.”

The position of the “cairn,” and also of the “ford,” at a distance from the highway, is accounted for by the old road from Ayr, by which the poet supposed his hero

to have approached Alloway Kirk, having been to the west of the present line. Beyond this stands

“Alloway’s auld haunted Kirk,”

roofless, but with walls pretty well preserved, and still retaining its bell at the east end. The woodwork has all been taken away to form snuff-boxes and other memorials. In the area of the Kirk the late Lord Alloway, one of the Judges of the Court of Session, was interred; and near the gate of the churchyard is the grave of Burns’s father, marked by a plain tombstone, a renewal of the original, which was carried away in fragments. Near the ruined Kirk, between 200 and 300 yards off the public road, is Mungo’s Well,

“Whare Mungo’s mither hang’d hersel’.”

It is reached by a footpath, and the spot, beyond its interest, is to the spectator one of the loveliest on the banks of Doon.

“Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro’ the woods.”

The Doon, to which the writings of Burns have given such celebrity, is seen to great advantage from the New Bridge, which has been built since the time of Burns. Looking up the river from this we see the “Auld Brig” of Doon, which figures so conspicuously in the tale of “Tam o’ Shanter,” a structure evidently of great antiquity. The river rises in a lake of the same name, about eight miles in length, situated in the great mineral district of Dalmellington. It has a course of eighteen miles, throughout which it amply sustains its right to the title of “Bonny Doon”; its banks are indeed “fresh and fair”; and in the summer time, especially, are absolutely laden with floral richness and beauty. The scenery of the Ness Glen, which is about two miles from Dalmellington, and through which the river runs immediately after issuing from the lake, is woody and picturesque, and the glen is a favorite resort of picnic parties. On a small island, near the upper extremity of the loch, are the ruins of an ancient castle of considerable strength, which figured in the wars between England and Scotland during the time of Robert Bruce. Farther down the stream, near the village of Dalrymple, we come upon some romantic green hills in the neighborhood of Cassilis House, the ancient seat of the Earl of Cassilis, which forms the opening scene of Burns’s “Halloween.” Lower down, on a beautiful bend of the river, is Auchendrane, built on the site of the castle—the scene of Scott’s “Ayrshire Tragedy.” In succession follow Old Auchendrane, Doonholm, and Cambusdoon.

The new parish church at Alloway stands on the opposite side of the road; and in the immediate vicinity is the modern mansion of Cambusdoon, formerly Craigwell.

BURNS’S MONUMENT, which stands close by on a conspicuous position, is a chaste building designed by the late Thomas Hamilton, architect, Edinburgh, and founded on the 25th of January, 1820. The project originated with the late Sir Alexander Boswell, of Auchinleck. The surrounding grounds measure about an acre, and are tastefully laid out. In a circular apartment on the ground-floor there are exhibited several appropriate articles—various editions of the poet’s works, a snuff-box made from the woodwork of Alloway Kirk, a copy of the original portrait of Burns by Nasmyth, and the Bible given by Burns to his Highland Mary. A staircase conducts to the upper part of

the monument, from which a view is obtained of the surrounding scenery. In a small grotto at the south side of the enclosed ground are two statues of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie, by Mr. Thom, of Ayr.

Burns's subsequent career takes us to a more distant part of the county, and to the north-east of the town of Ayr. Burns's father, on the death of his landlord, Provost Ferguson, removed from Mount Oliphant, in 1777, to Lochlee, in the parish of Tarbolton, and about three miles from the village, that can be reached by rail from Ayr. While residing on this farm the poet established a Bachelor's Club in Tarbolton, in the latter part of the year 1780; and here, in 1783, he was initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry. About 200 yards north of the village, on the road leading to Galston, lies the scene of "Death and Dr. Hornbook." "Willie's Mill," alluded to in the poem, was the mill of Tarbolton, situated on the Faile, about 200 yards east of the village, and was called by the name used in the poem in consequence of its then being occupied by William Muir, a friend of the Burns family. About half a mile from Tarbolton stands the mansion-house of Coilsfield, designated by Burns "The Castle o' Montgomery," from its being in his time the residence of Colonel Hugh Montgomery, afterward Earl of Eglington. Here Mary Campbell, Burns's "Highland Mary," lived in the capacity of dairymaid. And in this neighborhood, near the junction of the river Faile with the Ayr, lies the scene of the parting which the poet has described in such exquisite terms.

According to unvarying tradition, Coilsfield derived its designation from "Auld King Coil," who is said to have been overthrown and slain in this neighborhood in a battle with Fergus, King of Scots. Burns alluded to this tradition in his poem of "The Vision":

"There were a spectred Pictish shade,
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial race portray'd
 In colors strong;
Bold, soldier-featured, undismay'd
 They strode along."

The "martial race" here referred to are the Montgomeries. Coilsfield has now the more poetical name of "Montgomerie."

On the death of Burns's father, his widow and family removed to Mossgiel, a farm about a mile north of Mauchline, which the poet and his brother Gilbert had taken some months before. Here Burns lived from his 25th to his 28th year, the period during which he wrote his principal poems. The *spence* of this farm-house is the scene described in the opening of "The Vision," and in the "stable-loft," where he slept, many of his most admired poems were written. Mauchline, which appropriated a large share of the notice of the poet during his residence at Mossgiel, lies about nine miles from Kilmarnock and eleven from Ayr. It is situated on the face of a slope, about a mile from the river Ayr, and contains upward of 1300 inhabitants. It was the scene of the "Holy Fair," and of the "Jolly Beggars," and here dwelt John Dove, Nanse Tinnock, "Daddy Auld," and other characters who figure conspicuously in the poet's writings. The churchyard was the scene of "The Holy Fair," but the present church is a recent substitute for the old barn-like edifice which existed in Burns's time. Near the church is the "Whitefoord Arms Inn," where Burns wrote on a pane of glass the amusing epitaph on the Landlord, John Dove. Nearly opposite the churchyard

gate is the house of "Auld Nanse Tinnock," bearing over the door the date 1744. The cottage of Poesie Nansie, the scene of "The Jolly Beggars," is also pointed out. Close behind the churchyard is the house in which Mr. Gavin Hamilton, the early friend of Burns, lived, and here is shown the room in which Burns composed the satirical poem entitled "The Calf." This room is further remarkable as the one in which the poet was married.

The scenes of some of Burns's most admired lyrics are to be found on the banks of the river Ayr, at a short distance from Mauchline. "The Braes of Ballochmyle," the scene of his exquisite song, "The Lass o' Ballochmyle," are situated a mile from the village, extending along the north bank of the Ayr, between Catrine and Howford Bridge. They form part of the pleasure-grounds connected with Ballochmyle House, which was at one time the property of the Whitefoords, an old and once powerful Ayrshire family. Colonel Allan Whitefoord, one of the members of this family, was the original of the character of Colonel Talbot, described in Scott's *Haverley*. Another of them, Caleb Whitefoord, "the best-natured man with the worst-natured muse," has been immortalized by Goldsmith in a postscript to his witty poem entitled "Retaliation." Sir John Whitefoord, the representative of the family in the time of Burns, having been forced to part with his estate in consequence of reduced circumstances, Burns wrote some plaintive verses on the occasion, referring to the grief of Maria Whitefoord, afterward Mrs. Cranstoun, on leaving the family inheritance:

"Through faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
And aye the wildwood echoes rang,
Farewell the braes of Ballochmyle."

Ballochmyle was purchased by Claud Alexander, Esq., and shortly after that gentleman had taken possession of the mansion, his sister, Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, a famed beauty, walking out along the braes one evening in July, 1786, encountered Burns, with his shoulder placed against one of the trees. The result was that the poet, during his homeward walk, composed the well-known song above alluded to. The spot where the meeting took place is now distinguished by a rustic grotto or moss-house, ornamented with appropriate devices, in the back of which there is inscribed on a tablet a facsimile of two of the verses of the poem, as it appeared in the holograph of the author. Near Ballochmyle is the manufacturing village of Catrine, adjoining which lay at one time the seat of Dr. Stewart, father of the celebrated Professor Dugald Stewart. To them Burns alluded in the following stanza in "The Virgin":

"With deep-struck reverential awe
The learned sire and son I saw;
To nature's God and nature's law
They gave their lore;
This all its source and end to draw,
That to adore."

Barskimming House is about two miles distant from Mauchline, and occupies a romantic situation on the banks of the Ayr. The scenery of the river at this spot is remarkably beautiful. Barskimming and its then proprietor, Lord President Miller, are thus alluded to in the above-mentioned poem:

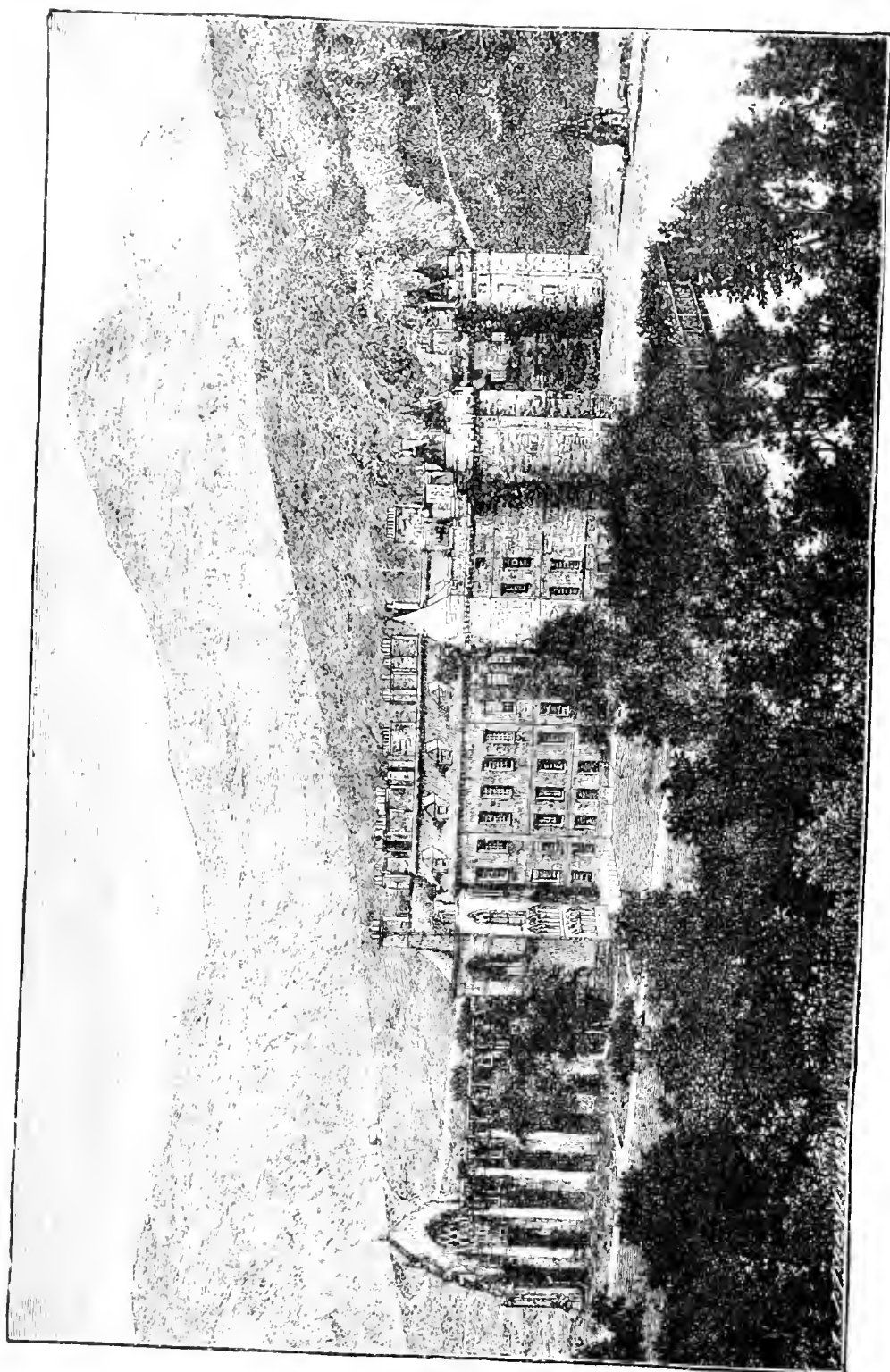
“ Through many a wild romantic grove,
Near many a hermit-fancied cove,
Fit haunts for friendship or for love,
 In musing mood,
An aged judge, I saw him rove,
 Dispensing good.”

A short distance farther up the river, near the point where the Lugar joins, is the spot where Burns composed the poem entitled:

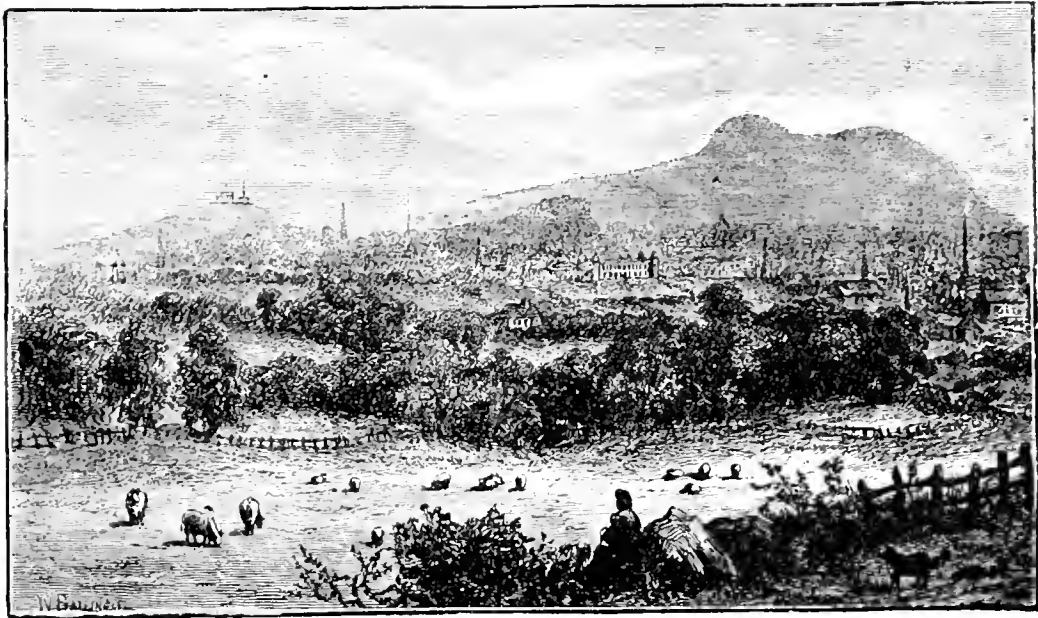
“ Man was made to mourn.”

In returning to Glasgow we stop at Kilmarnock for a few hours to view the Burns Memorial in Kay Park. The site of the monument is very appropriate, as it overlooks what was once the little printing-office of “Wee Johnny,” the printer of the first Kilmarnock edition (1786) of the poems. To the east is seen the mole-shaped hill of Loudon, and beyond the Galston Moors, and the scene of “Mauchline Holy Fair.” To the west a magnificent view of the hills of Arran is obtained, the rising ground hiding all but a narrow strip of the estuary which separates the island from the mainland. To the south may be observed the monument of Wallace, erected, so tradition says, on the spot where the hero stood and watched the burning of the barns of Ayr. Not many miles distant are “The Banks and Braes o’ Bonnie Doon,” “Lugar’s Winding Stream,” “Auld Hermit Ayr,” and other localities rendered famous by the muse of the Ayrshire ploughman.

The monument is of Scottish baronial design, the ornamental building in which the statue is enshrined, consisting of two storeys, and a tower rising to the height of eighty feet. Two flights of stairs lead to a terrace where, in an alcove fifteen feet high, facing the south, the statue is placed, ample space being left to enable visitors to walk round the figure. On the level with the alcove is a museum for relics of Burns, already containing the M’Kie Burnsiana Library of about 300 volumes, besides a large number of manuscripts, including “Epistle to a Young Friend,” “Holy Willie’s Prayer,” “Last May a Braw Wooer,” “Lassie wi’ the Lintwhite Locks,” etc. There are in the monument several portraits of Burns, one believed to be by Nasmyth; besides portraits of Mr. Kay, the donor of the Park, and Mr. M’Kie, the Kilmarnock historian. A third flight of steps leads from the museum to a balcony, which forms an agreeable promenade, and from which a stair is carried to the top. The building is constructed of red sandstone peculiar to the country. The statue, which is of marble, represents the poet as in the act of composing.



HOLYROOD PALACE AND CHAPEL, WITH ARTHUR'S SEAT.



EDINBURGH, FROM "REST AND BE THANKFUL."

GLIMPSES OF EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.

THE first sight of EDINBURGH is something never to be forgotten. Many strangers have their earliest view of the city from the high bridge that crosses from the Old Town to the New, as they emerge from the railway station below; others more fortunate, who have arrived after dark, or in the twilight of a summer's evening, see it for the first time in the morning light from some hotel window in Princes Street, commanding the long sweep of Old Edinburgh downward from the Castle Rock, fronted by tall buildings and towers that overhang the ravine; while the slopes below are gay with shrubs and flowers, and Arthur's Seat beyond rears its massive head. The graceful spire of the Scott Monument forms an appropriate foreground; to the right the low colonnades of the Art Galleries close in the garden view, while to the left the eye ranges from the monuments of the Calton Hill and the stately buildings at its foot, almost down to the level on which stand Holyrood Palace and Chapel; although indeed these are quite shut out of sight by intervening buildings and the lofty North Bridge. One excellence of Edinburgh is that its plan is so simple. There is first the Old Town, Edinburgh proper—the Edinburgh of eighteenth-century writers—an immense sweep of tall houses with spires and towers interspersed, "from a palace in the plain to a castle in the air"; behind these narrow streets, with some more modern, as "Chambers Street" and "Jeffrey Street," worthily preserving the names of men of whom Scotland is proud; at the back of all these one of the noblest of infirmaries, built on the "pavilion system," with its spacious grounds, and a fair walk close by; the far-famed Heriot's Hospital, and



BIRTHPLACE OF LORD BROUGHAM,
COWGATE, EDINBURGH.

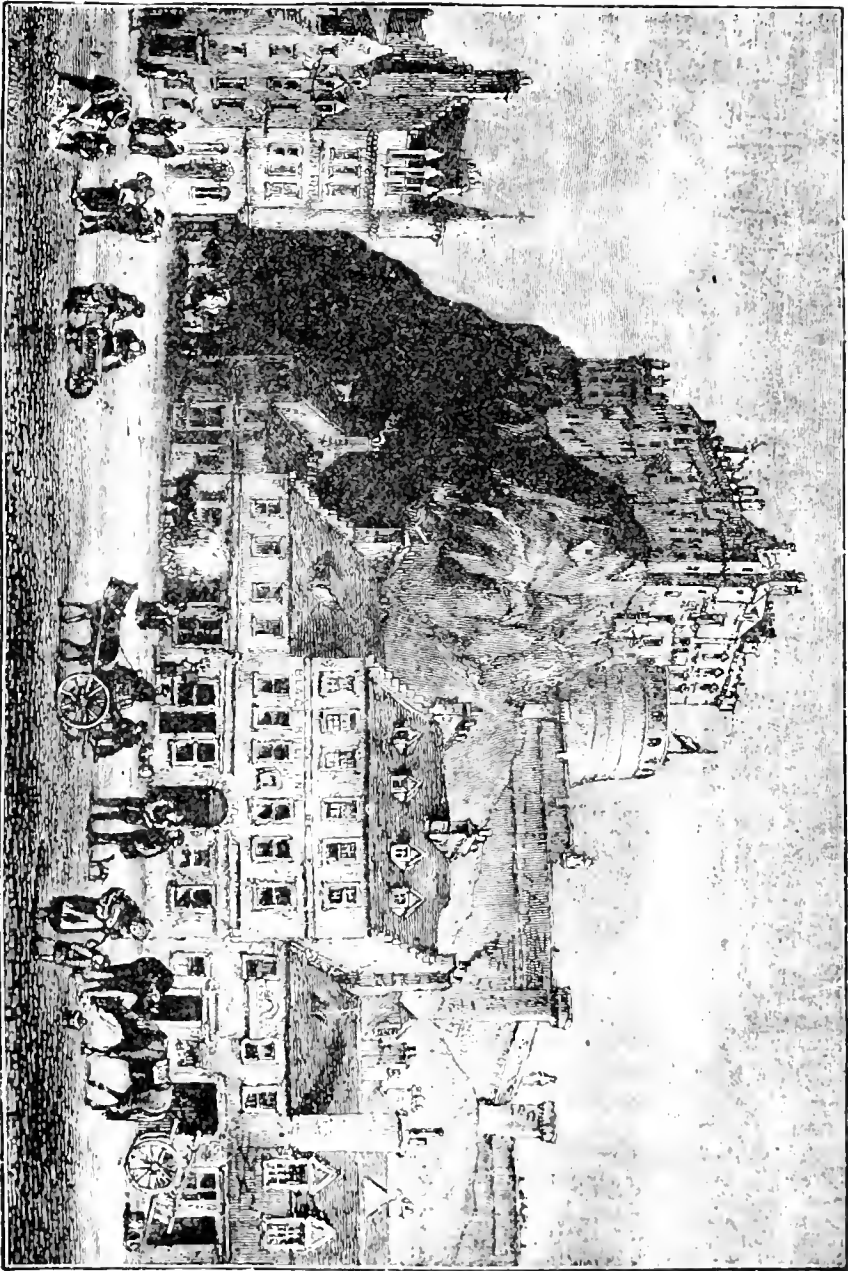
the yet more famous Greyfriars' Churchyard, beside which we may descend by several different ways to the broad level Grassmarket at the foot of the precipitous Castle Rock, and return to the higher parts of the city by the Cowgate, stopping, if we please, to look at the house in which Lord Brougham was born.

It is no part of our purpose to describe the city in detail. Excellent guide-books are to be had, and intelligent canny guides also, by those who care to be "personally conducted" from spot to spot in regulated order, and to be duly reminded of the history or the legend attached to each. But most visitors, we suspect, prefer to wander at their own will, and to select the special localities or objects to which their taste or their knowledge may attract them. The Castle is visited, of course, as much for its superb view of the city, as for anything that it contains, the Mons Meg, or even the Scottish Regalia. At the other extremity, Holyrood must also be seen, with its apartments, strangely small for royalty, its pathetic associations, and that dim stain of Rizzio's blood! The chapel behind is lovely in its ruins, though tourists often neglect it for the more easily comprehended wonders of the palace. Then, from Holyrood, few who are good walkers, or who enjoy a fine drive, will fail to ascend Arthur's Seat, where on one side they will come upon a lonely loch, to all appearance as far from the haunts of men as though it were in some Highland mountain recess; and on the other will skirt or traverse Salisbury Crags, and think of the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*. From the summit the view is fine, embracing the city outspread as a map at the beholder's feet, though too often veiled in smoke, with the Firth of Forth extending to the north and east, and in an opposite direction a fair reach of country terminated by the graceful outlines of the Pentland Hills. But the city view here is less interesting on the whole than that from the Castle Rock; while the Firth of Forth, with the hills of Fife behind, is seen better from the Calton Hill.

In returning to the city, the tourist may pass through Newington, and by the aid of a horse-car may proceed along Nicolson Street for the sake of looking at least at the outside of the University Buildings and at the College of Surgeons opposite, reaching the head of Princes Street, near the Post Office, over the North Bridge. Should a keen north-east wind be blowing as he crosses this bridge, he will understand why many people inveigh against the spring climate of Edinburgh. The wind whose praises Kingsley has sung nowhere gives a better taste of its quality than in Edinburgh; and this lofty crossing from the Old Town to the New

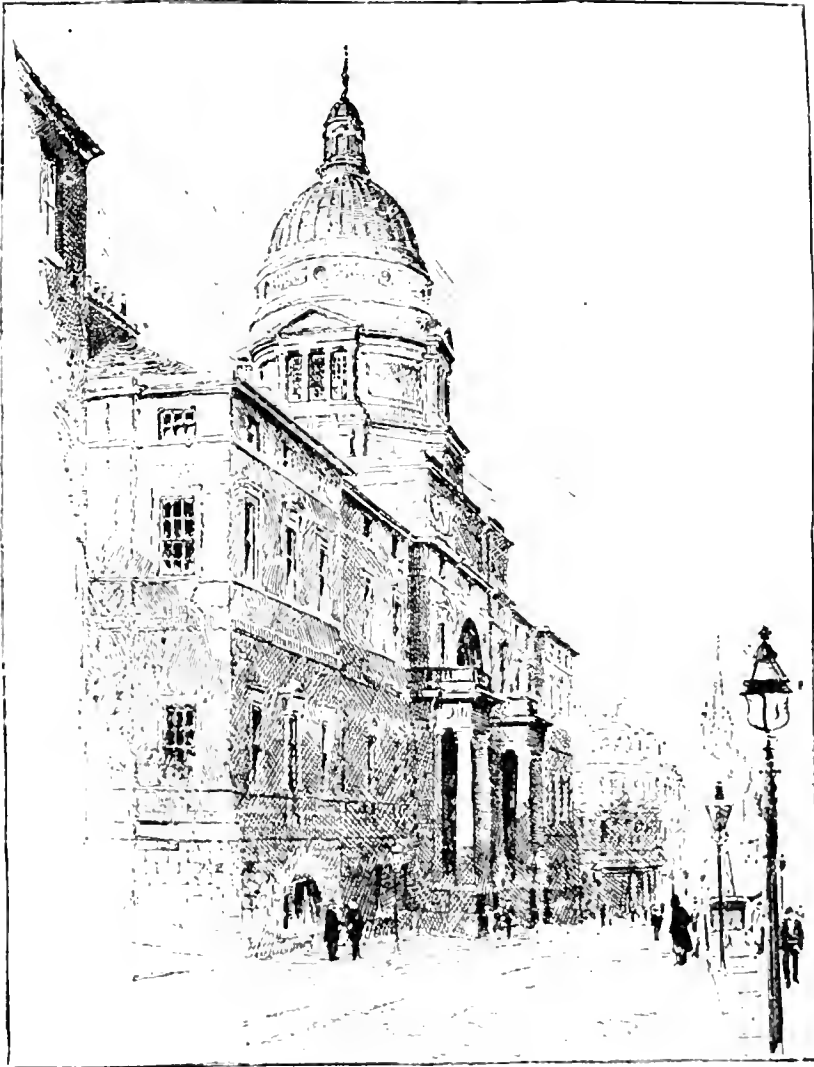


STAIRCASE, HOLYROOD.



CASTLE AND GRASSMARKET, EDINBURGH.

is the very place to test it to the uttermost. Shall we look down from the North Bridge for a moment, into what we have called a ravine, where once spread the unfragrant waters of a shallow loch, but where dingy roofs of iron and glass, and long station platforms, and high flights of steps, and multitudinous branching lines of rail occupy the whole space, from tunnel to tunnel? Is it a blemish upon this noble city that the railway is thus in the very heart of it? At the first view it would appear so; and yet there are two sides to this question. Think of the Charing Cross Terminus and



EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.

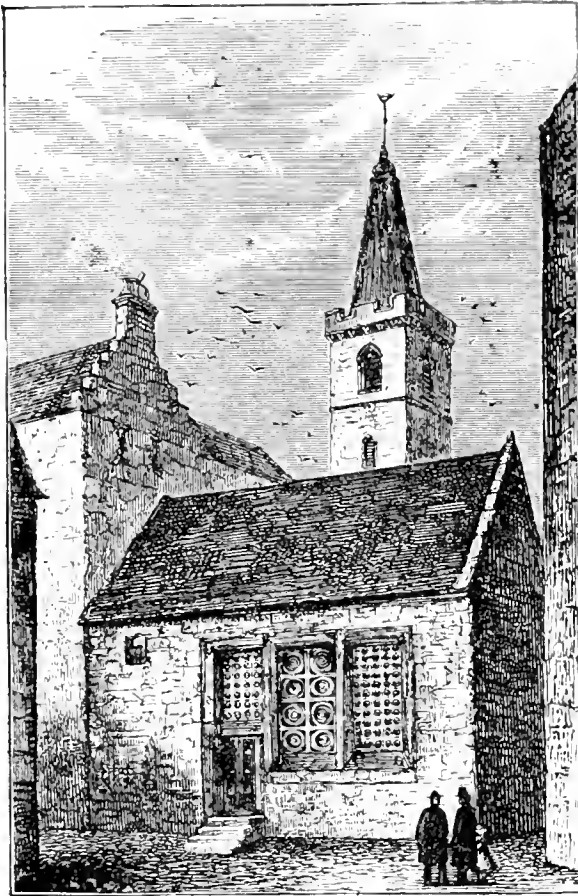
the Cannon Street Station in London, and it will appear a happy thing for the effect of Edinburgh architecture that its main railway offices are packed away, so to speak, below the general surface. Still, it is true, there is too much smoke and steam for the fair gardens that border on part of the line; but at any rate there is no obtrusive ugliness; even the spectator on the Waverley Bridge has so much to attract his upward looks in every direction that he forgets to look downward at all! Add to this, that the traveler entering Edinburgh from the south is not carried past the upper

stories of mean and squalid streets, as in so many towns and cities, but is afforded just one glimpse of Holyrood, a glance at Arthur's Seat, and is then plunged into a tunnel from which he emerges at the foot of all that is most characteristic in the architecture of the city. In this respect, therefore, the balance of advantage seems to be with the northern capital.

The Old Town, as might be expected, contains many memorials of the past, although more have disappeared. Ancient courts and wynds sufficiently illustrate the street architecture of bygone days. Common stairs still lead—and not in these parts of the city only—to tenement above tenement, the value and the respectability diminishing

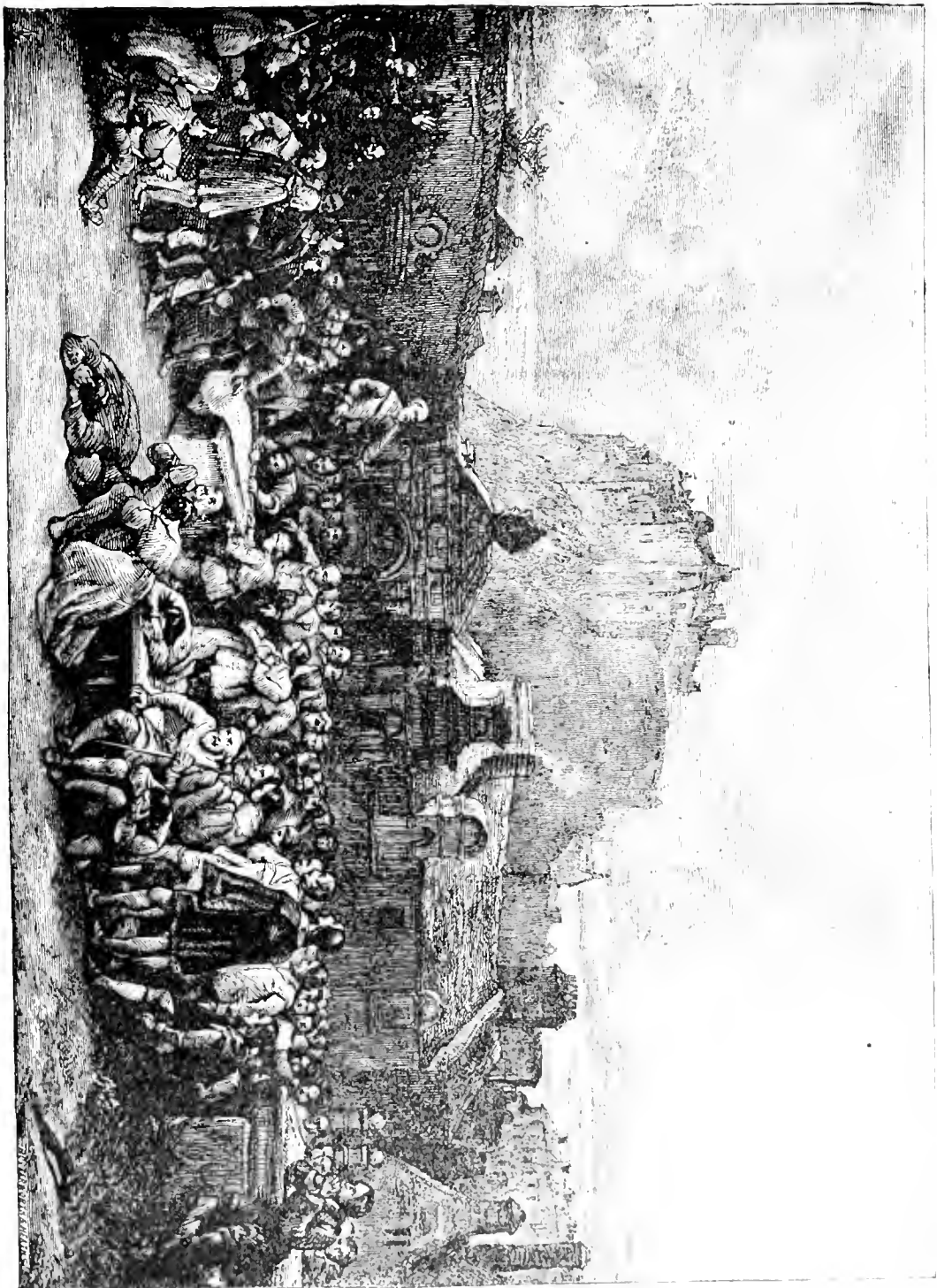
with the height. To all pastoral visitation and mission work in Edinburgh and most Scottish towns, this style of building adds a toilsomeness that doubles the fatigue. It is remarkable that, while the arrangement into flats seems coming into fashion in London for the middle classes, there seems a growing preference in Scotland for “self-contained houses.” Certainly the great height which the former method enables architects to give the tenements for all classes is a great element in picturesque-ness; and when several of these vast dwellings are lighted up at night the effect is singularly fine. There can hardly be a city in the world in which a general illumination is so imposing as it is in Edinburgh.

Of the old houses which the traveler may care to visit, none perhaps will attract him more than the manse of John Knox, dark and small, the rooms of which have been carefully preserved, though filled with modern “relics” and accessories. The quaint inscription over the lower story: “LIFE . GOD



MAGDALEN CHAPEL, COWGATE, EDINBURGH.

ABOVE . AL . AND . YOVR . NICHTOVR . AS . VI . SELF;” and the figure above the door pointing to the word GOD graven in three languages, date, it is said, from Knox’s own time. It is natural to ask for the grave of the great preacher, but the spot is uncertain. He would have no monument to commemorate his fame. No, he would be laid among his people in the old burying-place of St. Giles’s, and the rude inscription, “I. K. 1572,” on a stone in the pavement of what is now Parliament Square, close by the Cathedral and the interesting City Cross, restored at Mr. Gladstone’s expense, is the only indication of the place where Knox’s remains are supposed to rest. For the monuments of others, who after his time helped to make Scotland famous, we must go to the Greyfriars’ Churchyard, entered



From a painting]

SIGNING THE COVENANT, GREYFRIARS' CHURCHYARD.

By George Cattermole

through a gateway to the right, after crossing the high causeway leading to the Infirmary and Heriot's Hospital, called George the Fourth's Bridge. The large ugly building just inside the gateway is Greyfriars' Church, where the National Covenant was adopted in 1638. The document was brought out into the churchyard for signature, so as to make room for the anxious crowd who pressed forward to add their names or to witness the signature of others. The stone is still pointed out—an authentic and very characteristic Scottish relic! But more impressive still are the ranges of tombs, with the names they bear of the noble and the obscure. All ranks, all characters, all creeds, are here, with inscriptions, curt or elaborate, quaintly original or elegantly commonplace—material enough for a Biographical History of Scotland! The scene is one in which to spend musing hours, though destitute of the romantic accessories which tempt the sentimental traveler into many a "God's acre."

The situation indeed is magnificent beneath the Castle walls and with a grand view over the city; but nothing can be more formal than the arrangement, nor more tasteless than most of the tombs. The favorite mode of honoring the illustrious dead in this cemetery is by enclosing a flat grave by tall iron railings, which are sometimes carried over it as well as on its three sides, the wall with its monument forming the back of the enclosure. The effect is that of a great iron cage; and many of the plots, being uncared for even to the planting of a flower, have a singularly desolate appearance. But for all that there are few, if any, places in Edinburgh to compare in true interest with this Greyfriars' Churchyard. Here the persecutor and the persecuted rest together; one of the most elaborate of the monuments is that to "Bluidy Mackenzie," as he was long called by those of whom in his lifetime he had been the terror; while the memorial to the Covenanters who suffered for their faith, many of them in the Grassmarket below, is of a touching simplicity.

If we wish to pass from these extinct forms of strife to the discussions, and often the controversies of the present, we should take care to visit Edinburgh in May, and to secure tickets for the meetings of the three great Ecclesiastical Parliaments, the Established, the Free, and that which is universally called in Scotland the U. P., "United Presbyterian" being too large a phrase for every-day use. An American is above all things struck by the prominent place which the theological and ecclesiastical debates of the several Assemblies occupy in the newspapers. Discussions on difficult points of Biblical criticism, or on details of church polity and order, engross a space in the daily press which in New York would

rarely be accorded to anything but politics, art, or popular amusements. In the Assemblies themselves, the galleries are thronged by audiences content to listen for hours; dispersing late in the afternoon, only to resume their eager attendance in the evening.

Now and then the atmosphere of the Assemblies grows electric with the discus-

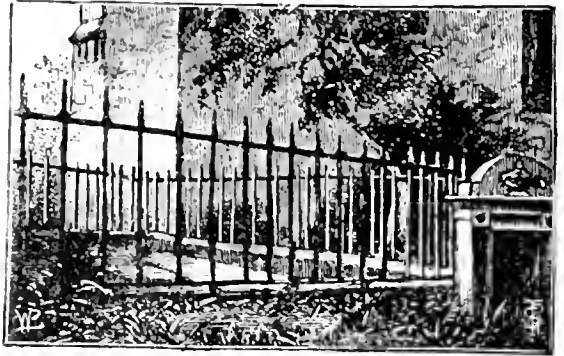


KNOX'S GRAVE.

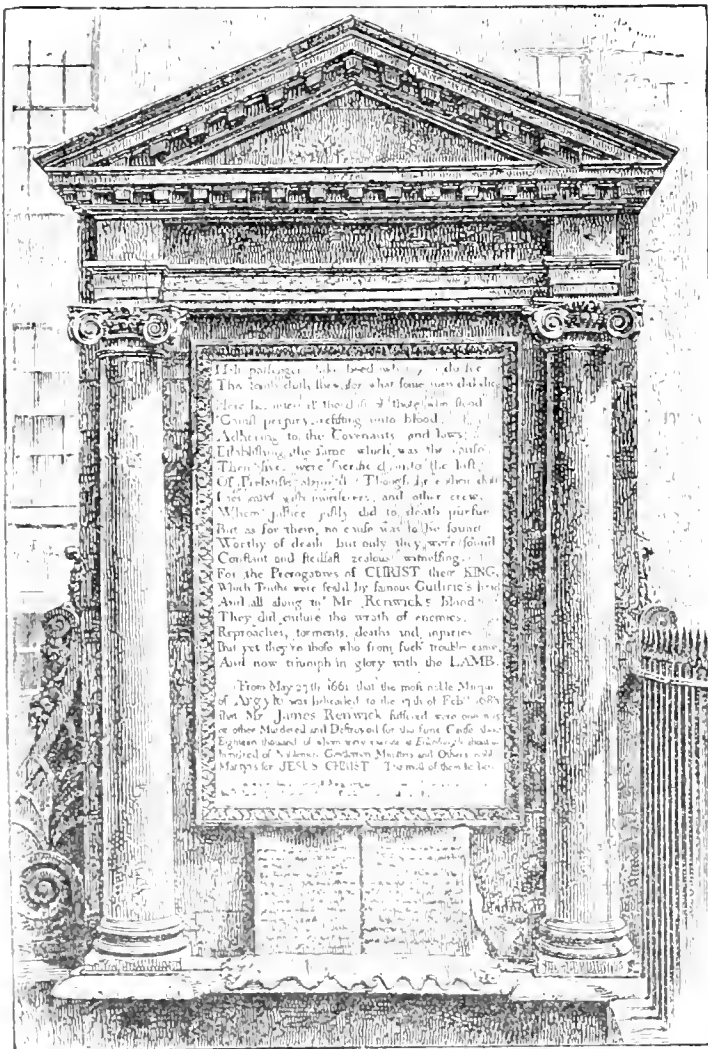


JOHN KNOX'S STUDY.

sion of great religious questions; and of late years, as every one knows, these have had to do with very vital matters of Biblical criticism and interpretation, as well as with the doctrine of inspiration itself. The intense seriousness, as well as the vigor and brilliancy with which the debates are conducted gives them a surpassing interest; the hearers in the galleries take sides, and are often loud in their expressions of approval or otherwise. The keenness with which all classes thus engage in religious discussion no doubt sometimes degenerates into acrimony; and the eagerness with which some minor points are debated appears to an American out of proportion to their real importance; and yet on the whole the enthusiasm is healthy. Almost anything is better than religious indifference.



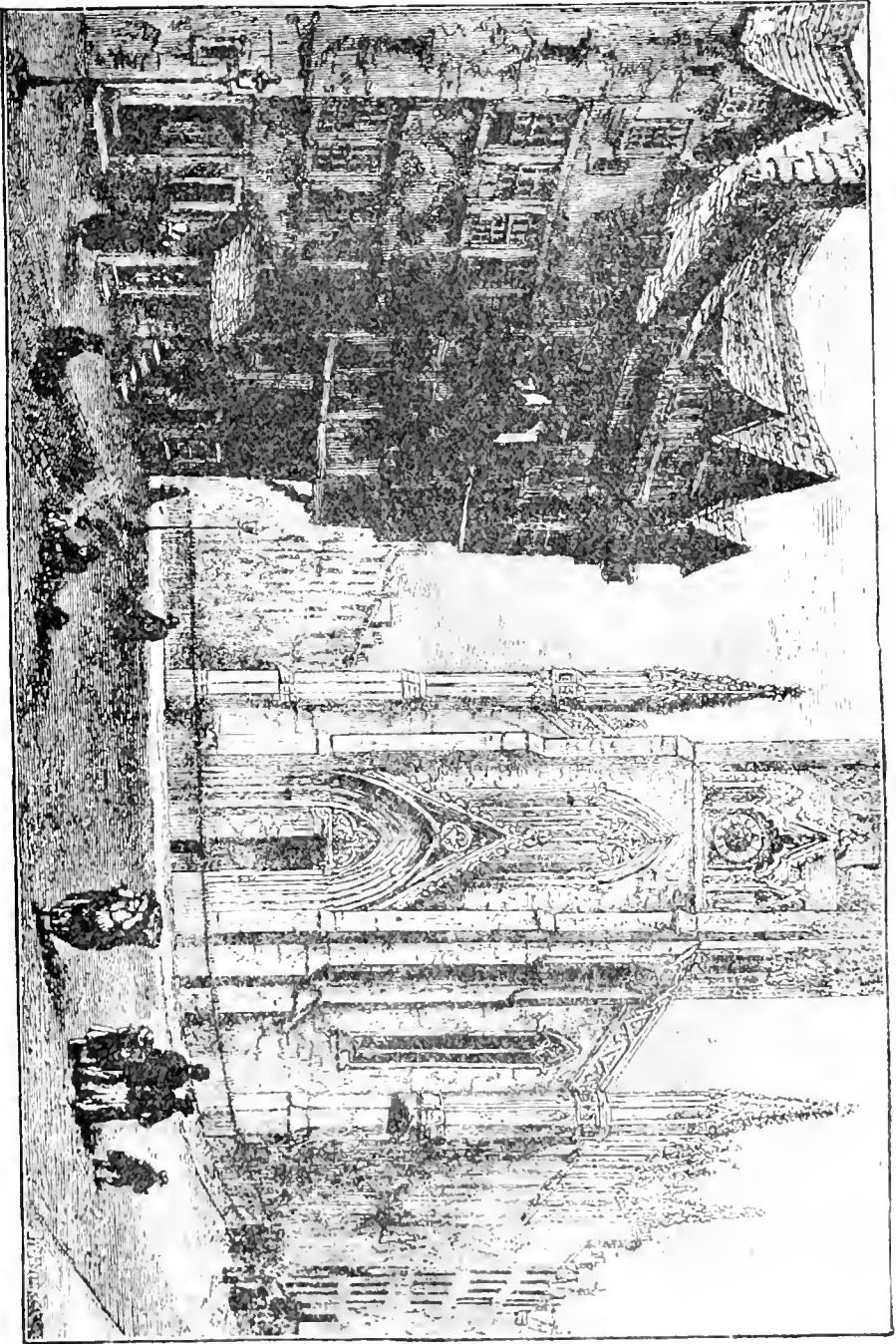
THE COVENANT STONE.



COVENANTERS' MONUMENT, GREYFRIARS' CHURCHYARD.

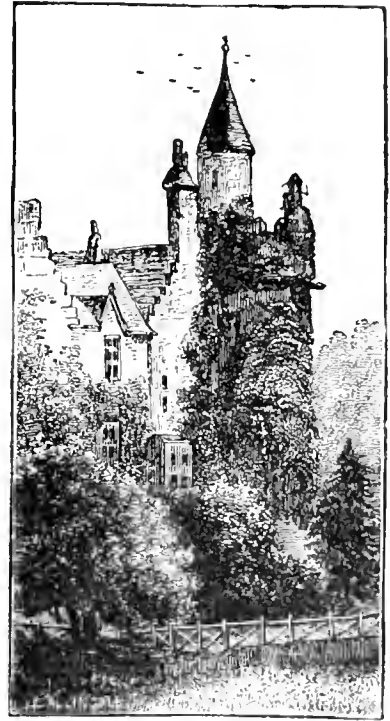
The associations of Edinburgh with literature, art, and science are in their way as signal and unique as its connection with matters theological and ecclesiastical. But this is a topic hardly within our present scope, or our description might well include a portrait-gallery of men who have done more to influence thought and action during the past century than any equal number of persons taken from any single locality. Whether the title of "The Modern Athens" was first conferred in banter, or whether the chief reference was originally to the outward semblance of the city, with the Castle Rock for the Acropolis, we need not inquire. In sober seriousness, the intellectual pre-eminence of Edinburgh justifies the name. The very atmosphere of society in this favored city seems charged with mental energy. For the scientific visitor there is the Museum of Science and

HEAD OF WEST LANE, EDINBURGH, WITH THE ASSEMBLY HALL; AND OLD HOUSES (NOW REMOVED.)



Art, adjoining the University buildings, and admirably arranged, especially in the departments of Natural History and of British manufactures. The National Gallery of Antiquities, upon the Mound, contains a splendidly-arranged series of objects illustrating the history of civilization in Scotland, from the flint axes and arrow-heads of a barbarous people, with relics from their caves and lake dwellings, down to the time when the ancient Celtic Church had attained to a high degree of artistic refinement, as shown in ecclesiastical relics and sculptures of much beauty, and onward to quite modern times. There are some grim memorials, too, recalling times of strife and persecution: the "thumbikins" used to extort the secrets of the Covenanting recusants, and the "Maiden," that primitive guillotine beneath whose cruel knife so many of the best and bravest in Scotland fell. John Knox's pulpit from St. Giles's Church is also preserved in this great collection: with originals of the Covenants in their successive forms; and—not the least noteworthy among the curiosities—the very "cutty stool" that Jenny Geddes hurled at the Dean's head in St. Giles's when he attempted to introduce the English Liturgy into the Scottish Church, on the 23rd of July, 1637. Autograph letters of David Hume, Robert Burns, James Hogg, and other Scottish worthies add to the interest of this superb collection. There is also a cheque written and signed by Sir Walter Scott, with deeds, charters, and royal signatures, not a few. Under the same roof is a gallery of sculpture, small and crowded, but with fine fac-similes of the most notable statues in the world. Close by, again, is the National Gallery of Art, a noble collection, which if it were only in a foreign city, every visitor would make a point of seeing. Here also in the early spring is held the annual Exhibition of the Scottish Academy, generally, as might be expected, peculiarly rich in pictures of Scottish scenery, though with a fair number of other paintings, and often including masterpieces from the London Academy Exhibition of the preceding year.

The visitor to Edinburgh who has time and inclination to inspect the interiors of great buildings must by all means visit two great churches, at least, in the city. The principal, St. Giles's, is often called the Cathedral; though rigid Presbyterians disclaim the appellation, there being no *cathedra* or bishop's chair in their ecclesiastical arrangements. A mournful interest attached to the sumptuous and tasteful restoration of this building, which for the first time brought out its full design, in stateliness of plan and richness of decoration. The work was carried on at the expense of William Chambers, the elder of the two brothers who more than any other men have set their mark on the popular literature of the age, and the simple and graceful record of whose lives will probably outlast all the works that bear their name. *Chambers's Journal*, be it remembered, was before the *Penny Magazine*, which it has long outlived, both having been started in 1832; and the two for many years remained the chief helps in periodi-



CRAIGCROOK CASTLE, RESIDENCE OF JEFFERY.

cal literature to youths and workingmen athirst for knowledge. Their one defect—and we must be honest enough to avow this—was that they were exclusively secular; giving hardly so much as a glance at the deeper problems of existence, or at the principles of life and conduct which only religion supplies. The great saying of Dr. Arnold, now a commonplace, about treating common subjects in a Christian tone, expresses an aim which sixty years ago hardly existed. Nor did writers of the Chambers and the old "Useful Knowledge" school ever recognize it. It was not that they were always insensible to the supreme claim of Christianity; but they had deliberately

chosen another line of popular instruction. And yet, that the last work of the veteran publisher and philanthropist should be given to a Christian church, which was solemnly re-dedicated to Divine service two days after his funeral, in 1883, is a fact significant and beautiful.

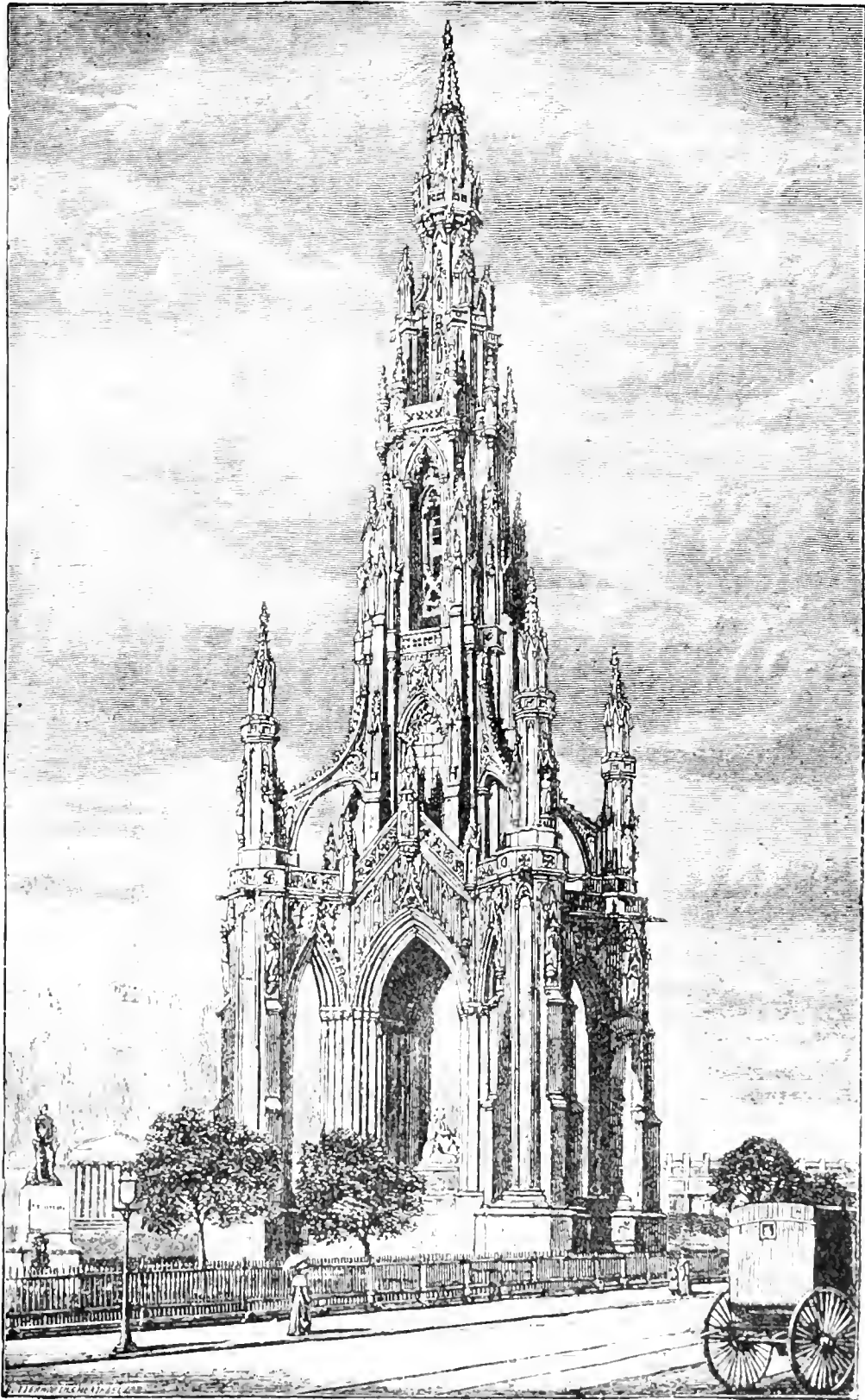
But we have been led too far from St. Giles's Church, especially as we have to refer to another and a very different ecclesiastical structure in Edinburgh as well worthy of a visit. This is St. Mary's Cathedral, erected for the worship of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and one of the most important works of the late Sir Gilbert Scott. It would be superfluous to attempt a description of this truly magnificent building; the first view of those who look for a masterpiece of architectural design may be a little disappointing, owing to the disproportionate heaviness of the spire, which, we may add, will not have its full effect until it is balanced by the two lofty towers with the spires at the western front, which as yet exist only in the architect's plan. On entering the interior, the beauty and harmony of every part is felt at once, the great simplicity of plan being well set



KNOX'S PULPIT.

off by the elaborate splendor of the details, especially in the choir. To pass in one morning from St. Giles's, the oldest of Edinburgh churches, to this of St. Mary's, the newest, is most interesting and impressive. More than six hundred years separate the two structures in point of date; and between the forms of faith which they severally represent, the difference has sometimes seemed correspondingly great.

From these ecclesiastical reflections, into which we have been betrayed by our visits to these great churches, it is good to escape again into the open air, and, quitting St. Mary's Cathedral, by way of Melville Street, and passing by St. George's Church, and through Charlotte Square, to make our way, either by the stately houses and terraces which lie to the north of Princes Street, or by Princes Street itself, with its range

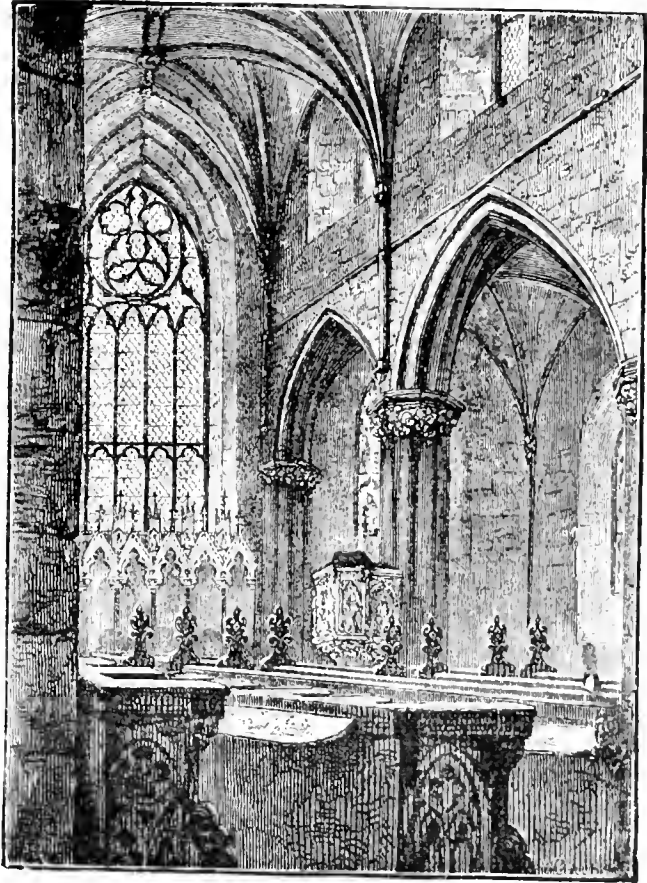


THE SCOTT MONUMENT.

of shops and hotels on one side, and its lovely gardens on the other, extending as far as the Scott Monument and the Waverley Bridge, and along Waterloo Place to the Calton Hill. Here the visitor, if he feels so inclined, may ascend the Nelson Monument, which towers above the city like a gigantic telescope, and commands a magnificent view over the Firth of Forth in one direction, and beyond the city southward to the Pentland Hills. We do not know, however, that the prospect from the summit is so much finer than that from the base, as to repay the labor of climbing. Certainly, on a clear summer's day in early morning, before the smoke of the city, with that of Leith and Portobello, has obscured the scene, there can hardly be a more enchanting view than this from the Calton Hill, rich as it is in the beauty of both land and sea, while the "romantic town" as a foreground serves to enhance the charm. To the other monuments on the hill no doubt a passing glance will be given. Much cannot be said in their favor individually, yet in their combination they certainly add to the attractiveness of the place. The National Monument has the effect of a classic ruin; although, as every one knows, the picturesque incompleteness is due only to want of funds. Why the Parthenon should have been adopted as the most appropriate type for the commemoration of the Waterloo heroes, it is hard to say; nor why the monument to Burns, a little lower down, should also be classical in form. It was the taste of the times: and, to say the truth, the adoption of another style in the Wallace Monument near Stirling has not been so conspicuously successful as to make us altogether discontented with the classic ideal.

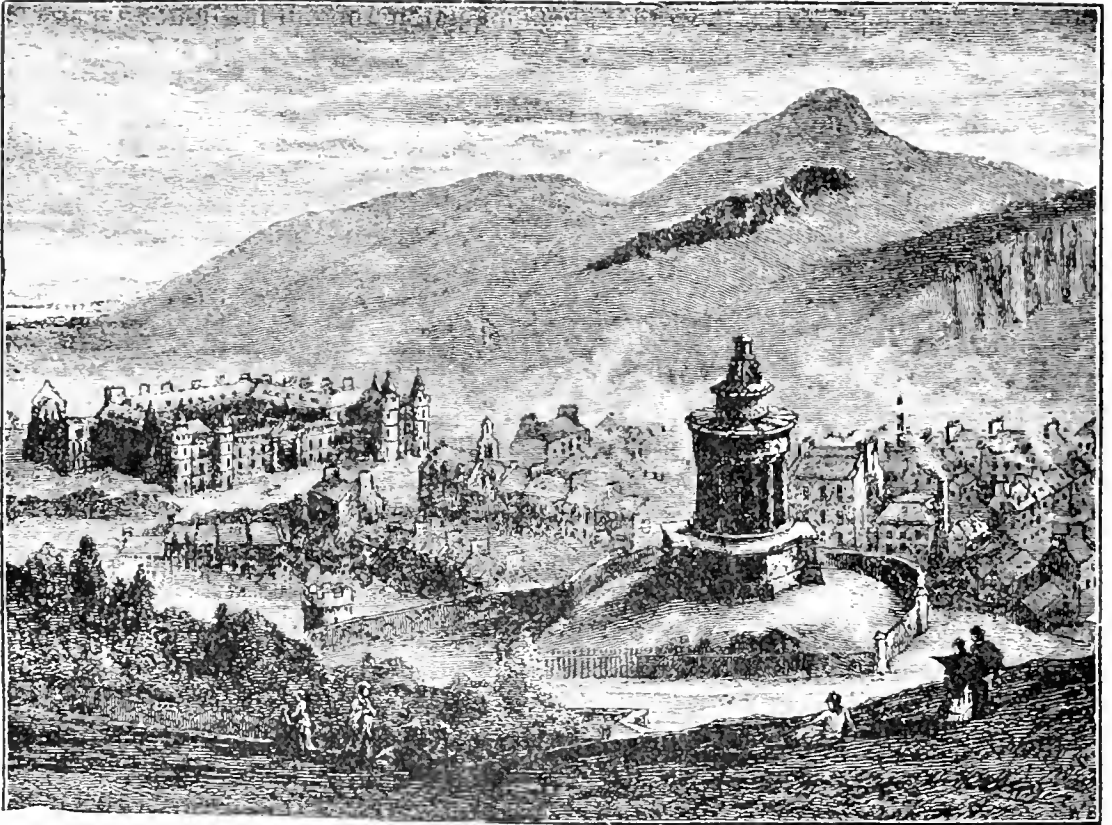
In satisfying beauty of form, the Scott Monument remains unapproached. Still, the grouping of the somewhat heterogeneous structures on the Calton Hill is without doubt effective: and the large buildings on its southern edge, the High School and the Prison, are even imposing.

The visitor to Edinburgh who is not intending to proceed northwards in the direction of Dundee and Aberdeen, ought, at any rate, to devote an afternoon to visiting the Forth Bridge on the line of the North British Railway. Even should he be taking the longer journey, he will find it worth while to make a special trip to Queensferry, to view the stupendous structure from the foot; as in crossing the bridge by train but little notion can be gained of its structure and proportions. The drive from the city, of



CHOIR OF ST. GILES'S CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

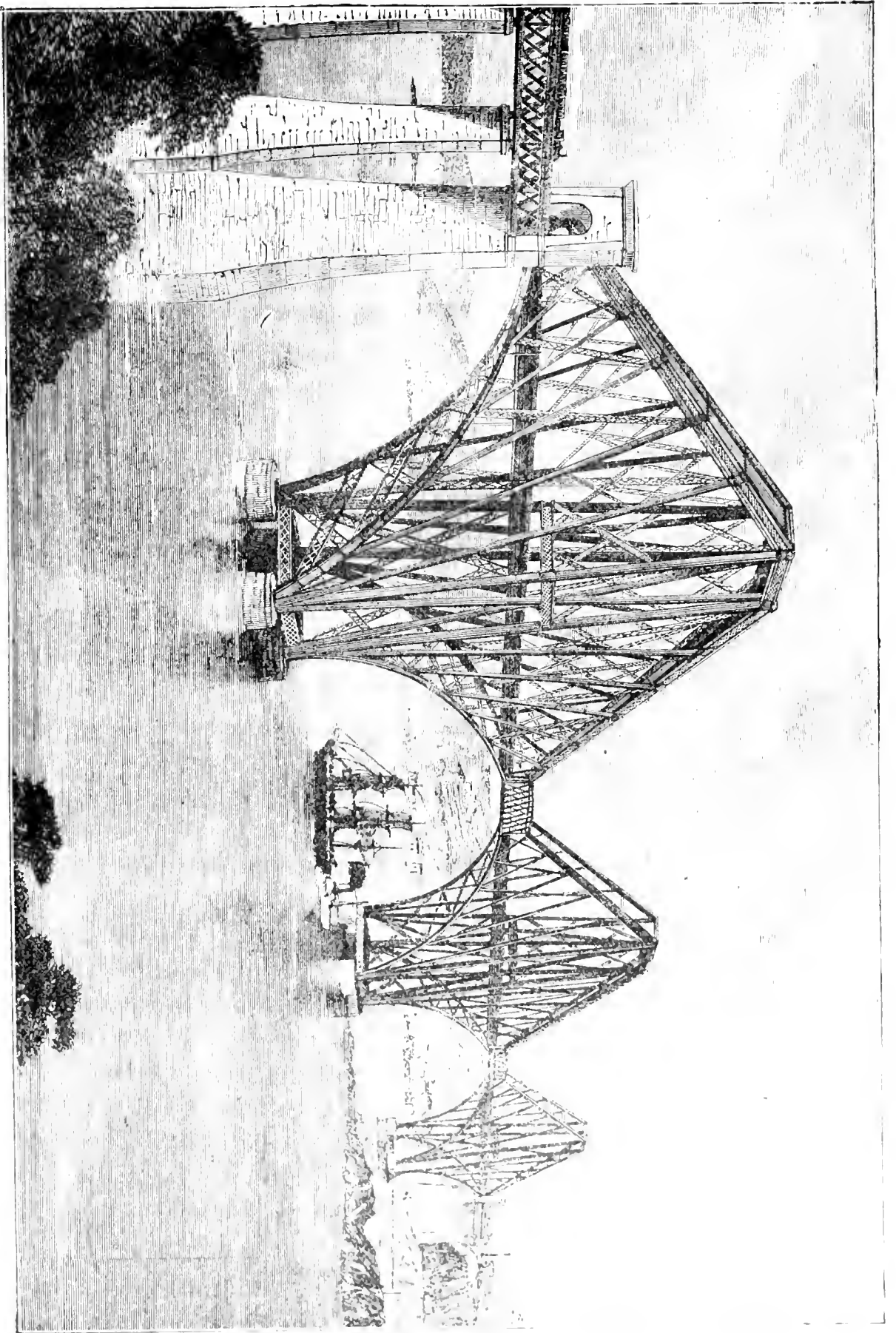
about seven miles along a wide well-kept road, will be found far pleasanter than the short railway ride. Large four-horse waggonettes are constantly plying on the route which passes beneath Corstorphine Hill, and Lord Jeffrey's Craigcrook Castle on the left; and soon afterward skirts on the right Lord Rosebery's beautiful estate of Dalmeny. Then the Forth is reached, a wide and beautiful estuary, although here contracted to a strait, with a small rocky island near the middle, as if to afford facilities for this wonderful structure. From the front of the little inn, or the stone pier used for the ferry-boats of a former time, the eye takes in the plan and outline of the bridge at once, as shown in our cut; but it is some time before its real vastness is apprehended. Trains and en-



VIEW FROM THE BURNS MONUMENT, CALTON HILL.

gines crossing it appear from below like mere toys, and one has to adjust one's sense of size and distance before fully apprehending the facts that each of the two great arches spans the distance of one-third of a mile. From the Queensferry pier small steamers, in fine weather, are continually passing to and fro, enabling passengers to have a good view of the structure, the immense elaboration and cost of which, and of the Tay Bridge, to be noticed further on, enable the traveler to save an hour or so in the journey between Edinburgh and Aberdeen. It is, however, for their own sake, and as triumphs of modern engineering, that they are noticeable here.

The railway journey from Edinburgh to Glasgow is not particularly interesting, save for the opportunity of visiting LIXLITHGOW by the way, if the longer route be taken. The walls of the old Palace in their square massiveness are a striking object



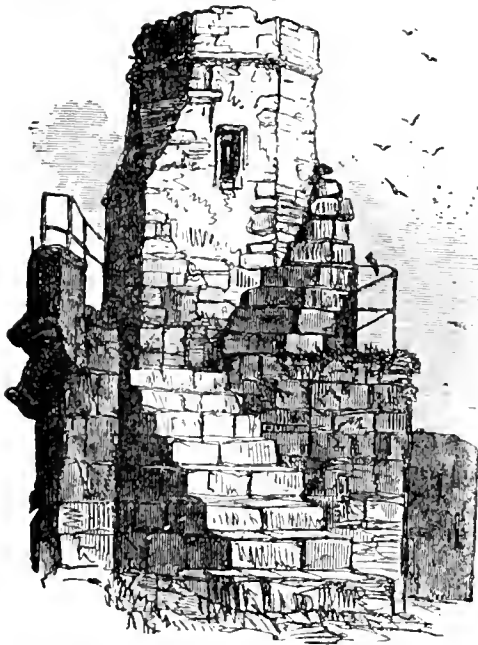
THE FORTI BRIDGE FROM THE SOUTH SIDE.

from the railway, and the traveler who has an hour or two to spare may well alight to explore the ruin, with the picturesque little lake on the border of which it stands.

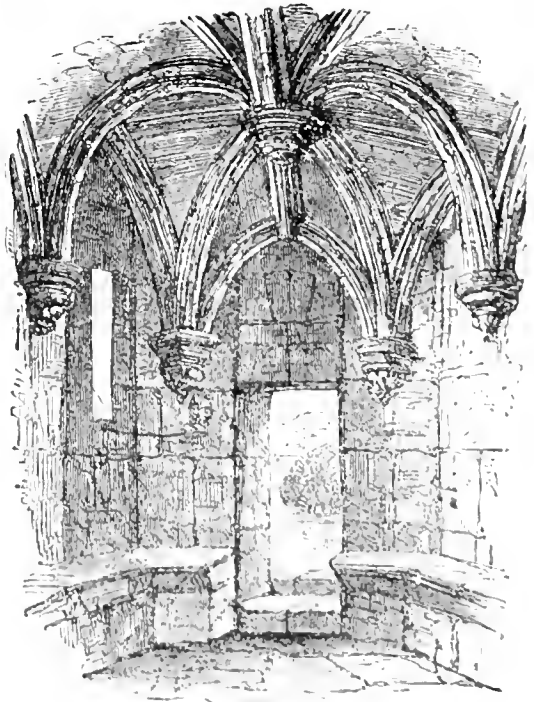
“Of all the palaces so fair,
 Built for the royal dwelling,
 In Scotland, far beyond compare
 Linlithgow is excelling;
 And in its park, in jovial June,
 How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
 How blithe the blackbird's lay!
 The wild buck bells from ferny brake,
 The coot dives merry on the lake,
 The saddest heart might pleasure take
 To see all Nature gay.”

So sings the Minstrel, in *Marmion*. The fern-brakes are still there, the linnet carols as in the olden days, and there is enough of state-
 liness remaining in the shattered pile to show what the place must have been when the Lady Margaret, Queen of James the Fourth, there had

her bower, in which, after the fatal day of Flodden, she mourned in widowed state. To Linlithgow James the Fifth conducted his bride Mary of Guise, who expressed her admiration of the place in words which are still remembered; and here their ill-fated daughter Mary Stuart was born, in a room which is pointed out to the visitor. The church, dedicated to St. Michael, also deserves a visit, as “one of the few specimens still left of the ancient Scottish parish church.” Part of it is still used for Divine worship. It was in this church that James the Fourth is said to have been warned by an apparition not to advance to Flodden: “Sir King, my mother hath sent me to desire thee not to pass at this time whither thou art purposed: for if thou dost, thou wilt not fare well on thy journey, nor any that passeth with thee.” It was in the street of Linlithgow, also, that the Regent Murray was shot by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, in revenge for a grievous wrong, for which, however, the Regent was not wholly responsible. Proceeding down this street, the visitor will notice one or two drinking fountains, one of which, dedicated to St. Michael, is surmounted by a rudely-carved representation of the



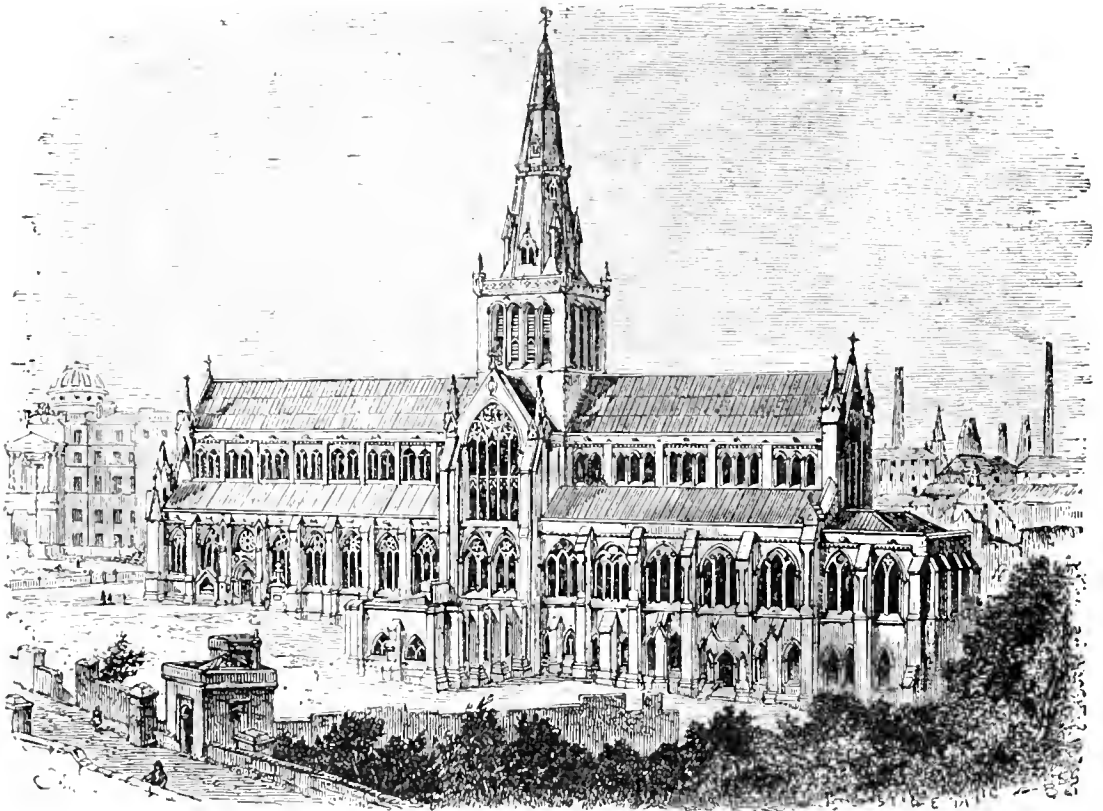
QUEEN MARGARET'S BOWER, LINLITHGOW.



QUEEN MARGARET'S BOWER, LINLITHGOW
 (INTERIOR).

archangel, with the inscription underneath, "1720. SAINT MICHAEL IS KINDE TO STRANGERS."

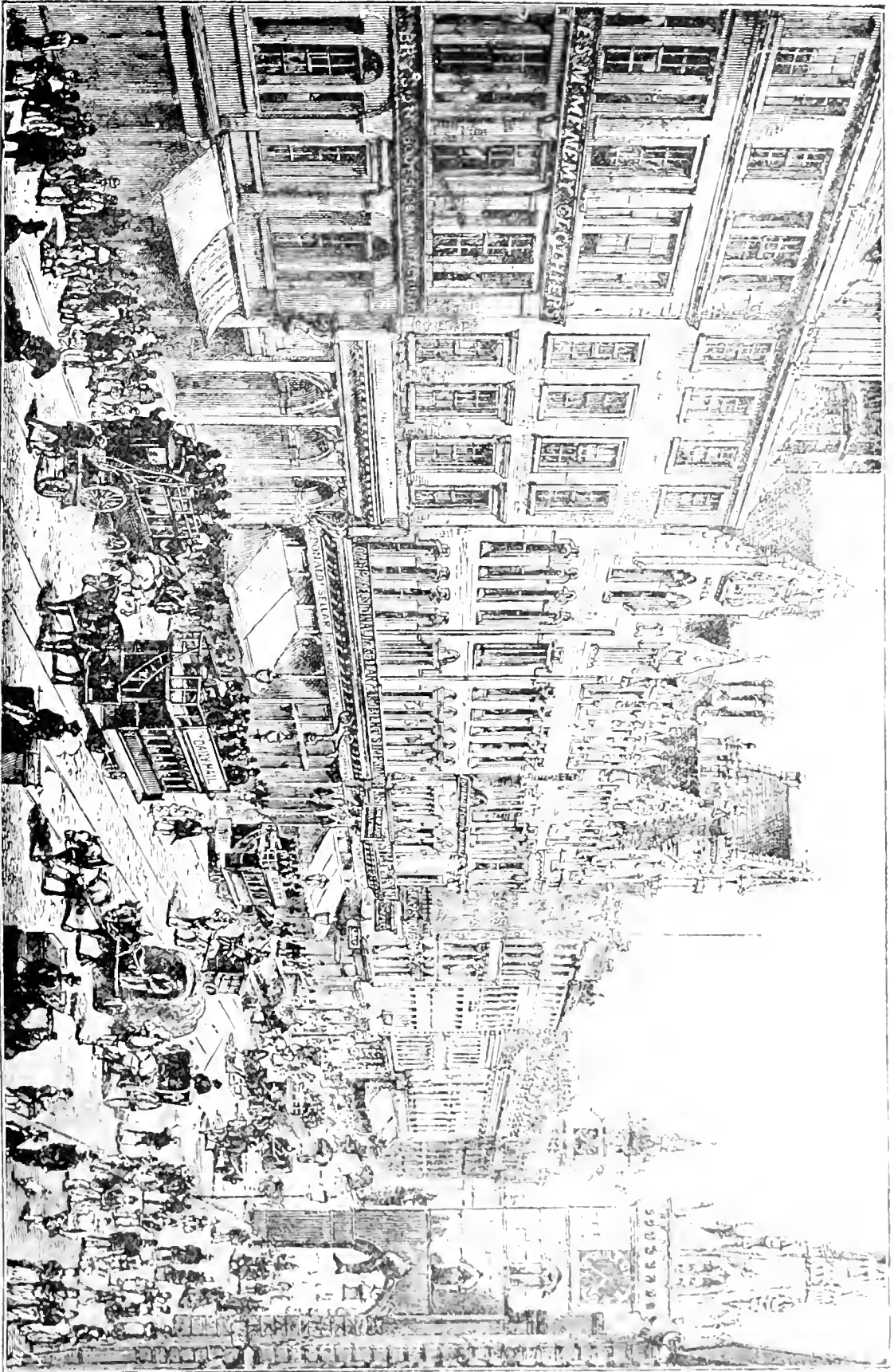
A speedy run by Polmont Junction, past the great Carron Ironworks, brings the traveler to GLASGOW. Here he enters an altogether new scene, in a great, energetic, progressive, hospitable city. It is a second London; our view of the Trongate, will be thought to bear more than a distant resemblance to Cheapside; and the Clyde will at least stand comparison with the Thames; while in the glories of the estuary into which it opens not very far from the city there is no comparison at all! We can linger in our capacity as tourists only for a little while in the city itself. The broad and noble streets, mostly intersecting one another at right angles, the most important of them



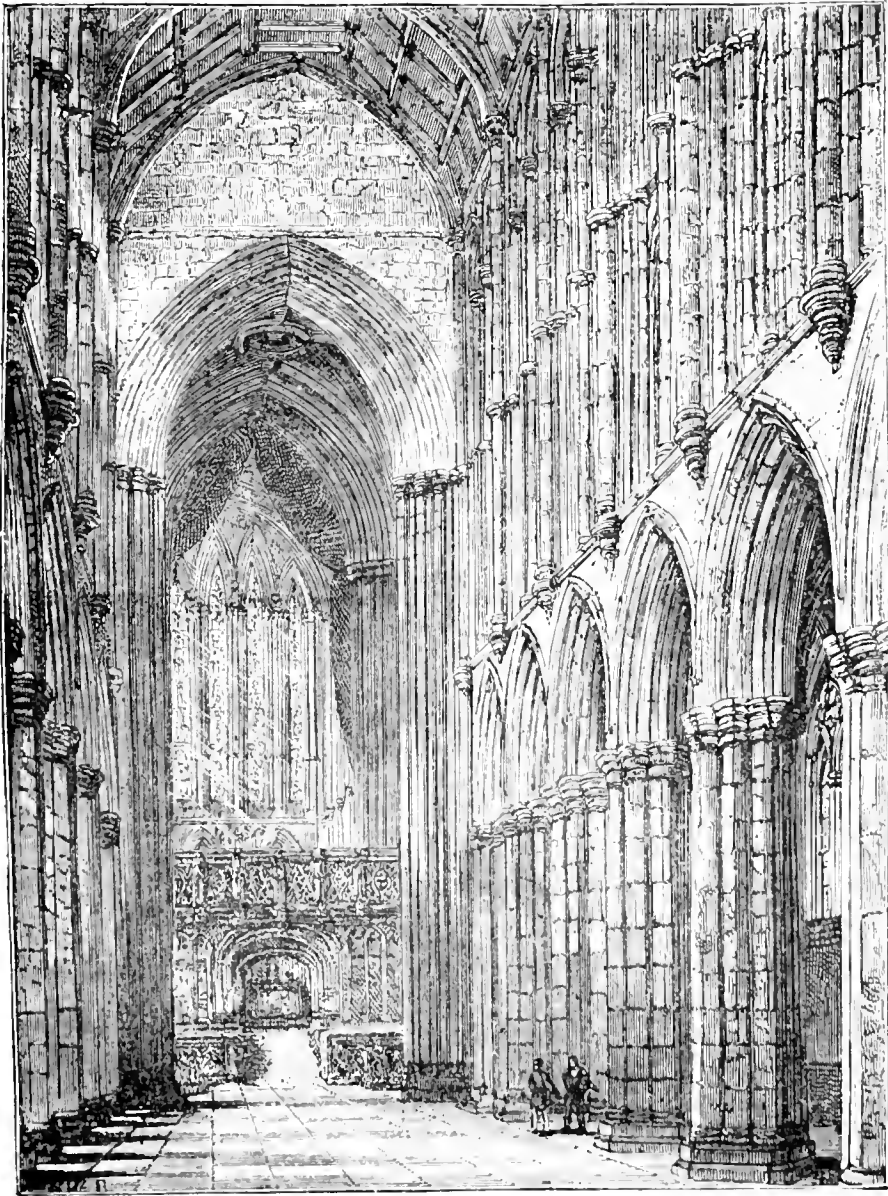
GLASGOW CATHEDRAL, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

being traversed ceaselessly by horse-cars,—among the best appointed in the kingdom,—occupy a slope upward from the north bank of the Clyde. The business streets are nearest the river; Argyle Street, continued by the Trongate, being the chief; farther upward the straight thoroughfares are lined with stately residences and offices, with many handsome churches, chiefly belonging to the three Presbyterian communities. To the north-east is the grand Cathedral, with its wonderful crypt, a magnificent though gloomy vaulted chamber, part of which was formerly used as a church; the "laigh (low) kirk," as Scott calls it in *Rob Roy*. In this crypt is the grave of Edward Irving, distinguished by a brass plate under a stained glass window representing John the Baptist. Next to the crypt, the most notable feature of the cathedral is the profusion of stained glass, which cost, it is said, a hundred thousand pounds. It is chiefly modern, the finest of

THE TRONGATE, GLASGOW.



the windows having been executed at Munich. An hour or two may well be spent in the study of these very splendid specimens of modern skill, reproducing the style and tone of ancient art. The subjects are arranged in Bible order, beginning with the Expulsion from Paradise, and continuing the Old Testament history along both sides of the nave; the choir and Lady chapel being devoted to the New. A catalogue, to be



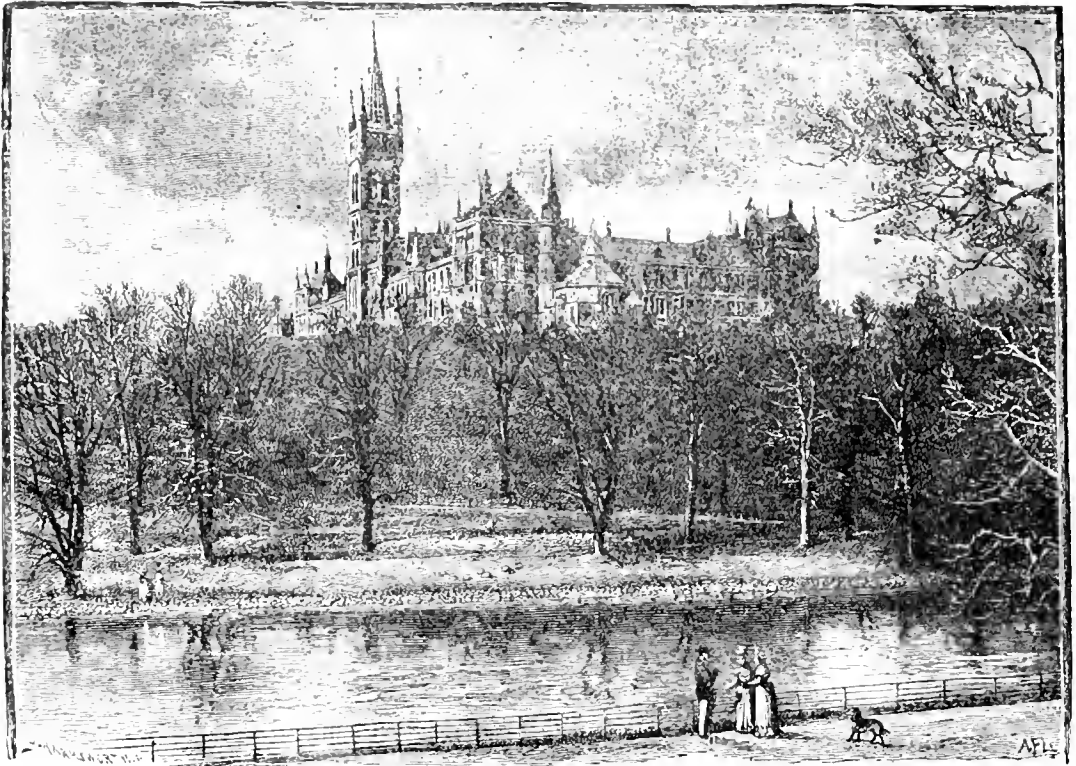
INTERIOR OF GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

had in the building, gives a description of the pictures, with the names of the donors, and of the persons to whose memory the windows are severally dedicated.

That this cathedral remains in so good a state of preservation, when most of the ecclesiastical buildings of Scotland are in ruins, furnishes a fine illustration of the national forethought. The Glasgow people in the year 1570 were bent upon its demolition, and had already destroyed many of the images in its niches, when the chief magistrate of

the city shrewdly proposed that a new church should be built before the old one was pulled down. A counsel, this, of wide application! The citizens acknowledged the good sense of the advice, and so the cathedral continues to this day: "A brave kirk," says Andrew Fairservice: "None of your whigmaleeries and curliewurlies and open-steek hems about it—a solid, weel-jointed mason-wark, that will stand as lang as the world keeps hands and gunpowther aff it." The choir of the cathedral is used, under the name of the High Church, for the simple Presbyterian worship.

Nearly opposite the cathedral, on the side of the old Archbishops' Palace, is the Glasgow Royal Infirmary; and a little farther on, crossing a bridge, aptly named the Bridge of Sighs, we reach the Necropolis, a burial-ground notable, perhaps, beyond all



GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

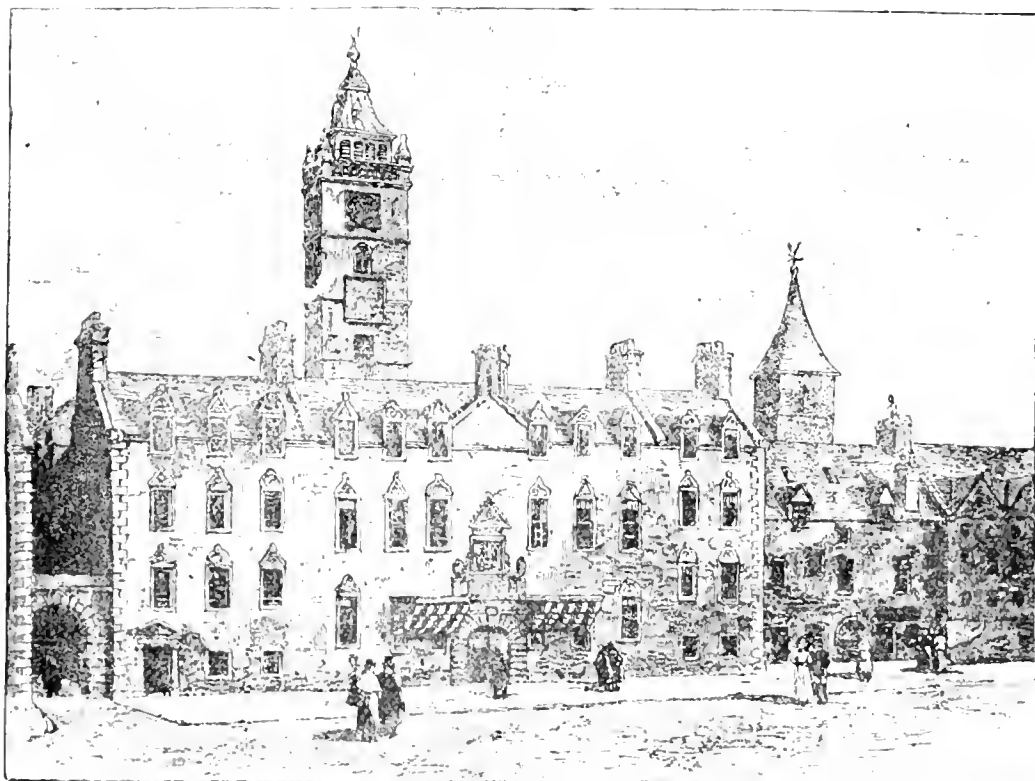
other British cemeteries, for the number and variety of its monuments. The hillside on which they stand contributes greatly to their effect, when viewed from a little distance, and the column erected to the memory of Knox, towering in the midst of them, seems to give a fine completeness to the whole.

From the east to the west of the city, we may pass by the unpronounceable Sauchiehall Street, leading to Kelvin Grove Park, which rises steeply to the new University buildings. Few of our cities can boast a place of public resort at once so accessible, so beautifully laid out, and with so superb a prospect, reaching from the smoky city away to the verge of the Highlands. The University is a noble pile, worthy of a great nation, and it is characteristic of Scotland that the finest site in its greatest commercial city should be crowned by a building devoted to liberal education.

Pursuing our way westward across the Kelvin, by the Botanic Gardens, the wealth

GLIMPSES OF EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.

and tastefulness of the merchant princes of Glasgow show themselves in the long lines of sumptuous buildings with many a charming pleasance. The distant hills now rise to view. Few suburban drives are in their way more beautiful than that by the Great Western Road, through a pleasantly-undulating wooded country, to the verge of the Kilpatrick Hills, where the Clyde is reached; and the way back is through the ancient village of Partick, older, it is said, than Glasgow itself. At some points along the route the river may be crossed by well-appointed ferries, giving access to what is really another city.—Glasgow south of the Clyde, extending from Govan and Pollokshields in the west to the crowded districts of Tradeston, Lauriestown, Hutchesontown, and the Gorbals, with a nobly-situated park, the "Queen's," on a height to the south. From



GLASGOW UNIVERSITY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

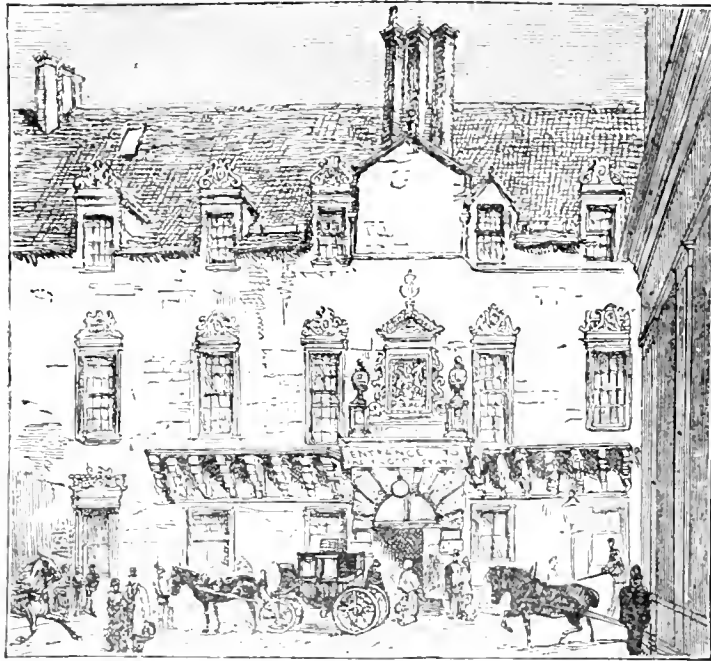
this district, several handsome bridges lead back to the northern side, where to the east of the city the great open Glasgow Green will well repay a visit

It was in the University of Glasgow, our readers will remember, that Archibald Campbell Tait, the great Archbishop of Canterbury, received (1827-1830) part of his collegiate training; and from this University also he received the Exhibition which enabled him to proceed to Balliol College, Oxford. A record of great names, indeed, might easily be compiled from the lists of students, generally at an age much younger than that of English collegians, and who have attended the classes within the ancient walls which now in their massiveness enclose a railway station. Nor need we sentimentally regret the change. Rather let us regard it as characteristic of a practical and ingenious people, who, however, before devoting their academic halls to baser purposes, took care to provide for learning so appropriate and magnificent a home.

The visit to this College Station has taken us again into the neighborhood of the Cathedral.

Few who have bent their steps hitherward will fail to notice the statue of Dr. Norman Macleod, the genial minister of the Barony Church, whose multifarious labors, pastoral and literary, were the admiration of his contemporaries, and exhausted at length the energies of his superb constitution. The church in which he ministered, a plain unlovely building, has now given place to a noble structure, and his work is worthily carried on, as he himself could have wished.

If there is time for yet another walk, it must be to the Broomielaw, as the great quay is called from which the Clyde steamers depart to the fascinating seaside resorts, the access to which is one of the attractions of this busy city. In our next chapter we



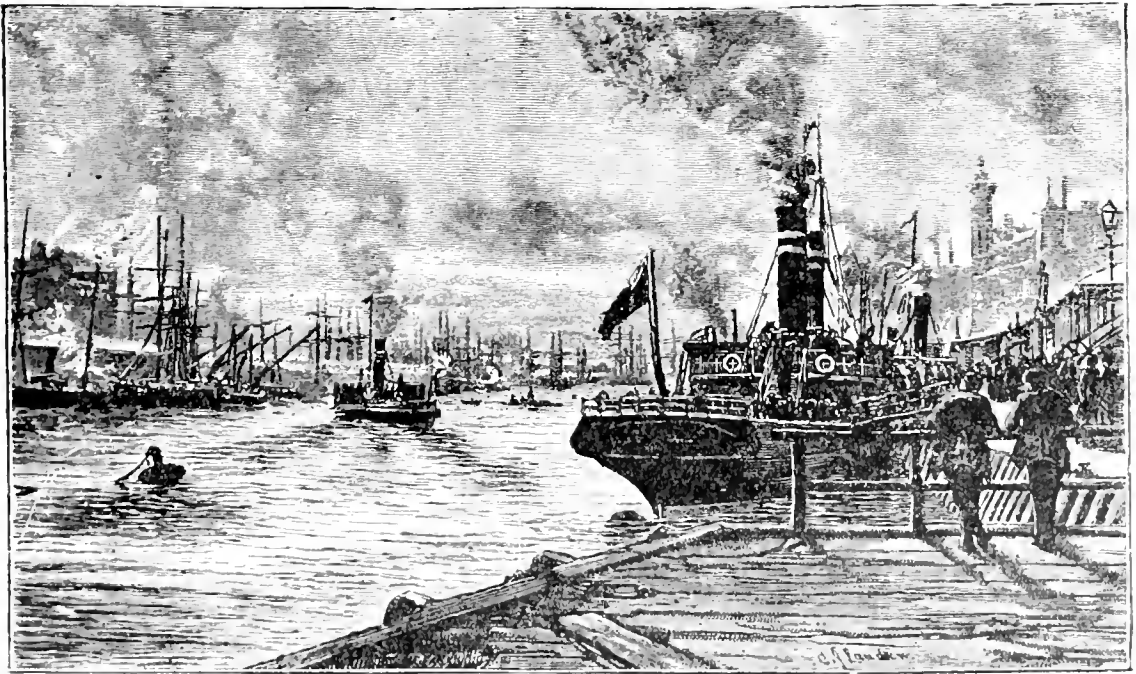
THE "COLLEGE" RAILWAY STATION, GLASGOW.

shall give some glimpses of the various destinations of these vessels, some of which are among the finest that float upon the waters of any nation, and which in the season are always crowded. As several of them start betimes in the morning, we recommend an early visit; and if the atmosphere of the quay is dark with smoke, it may only quicken the sense of contrast with the clear sky and blue waters which are so near to the fortunate denizens of Glasgow.

Inland, there are not many excursions to take. Bothwell Castle and Hamilton Palace have been already noticed; with the pleasant drive to the Kilpatrick Hills and Partick. For the rest, the highways leading from the great city bear too many traces of manufacturing industry to be picturesque; and the Clyde itself, though in places imposing from its breadth is but sluggish—not to say turbid—above Dumbarton. A

GLIMPSES OF EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.

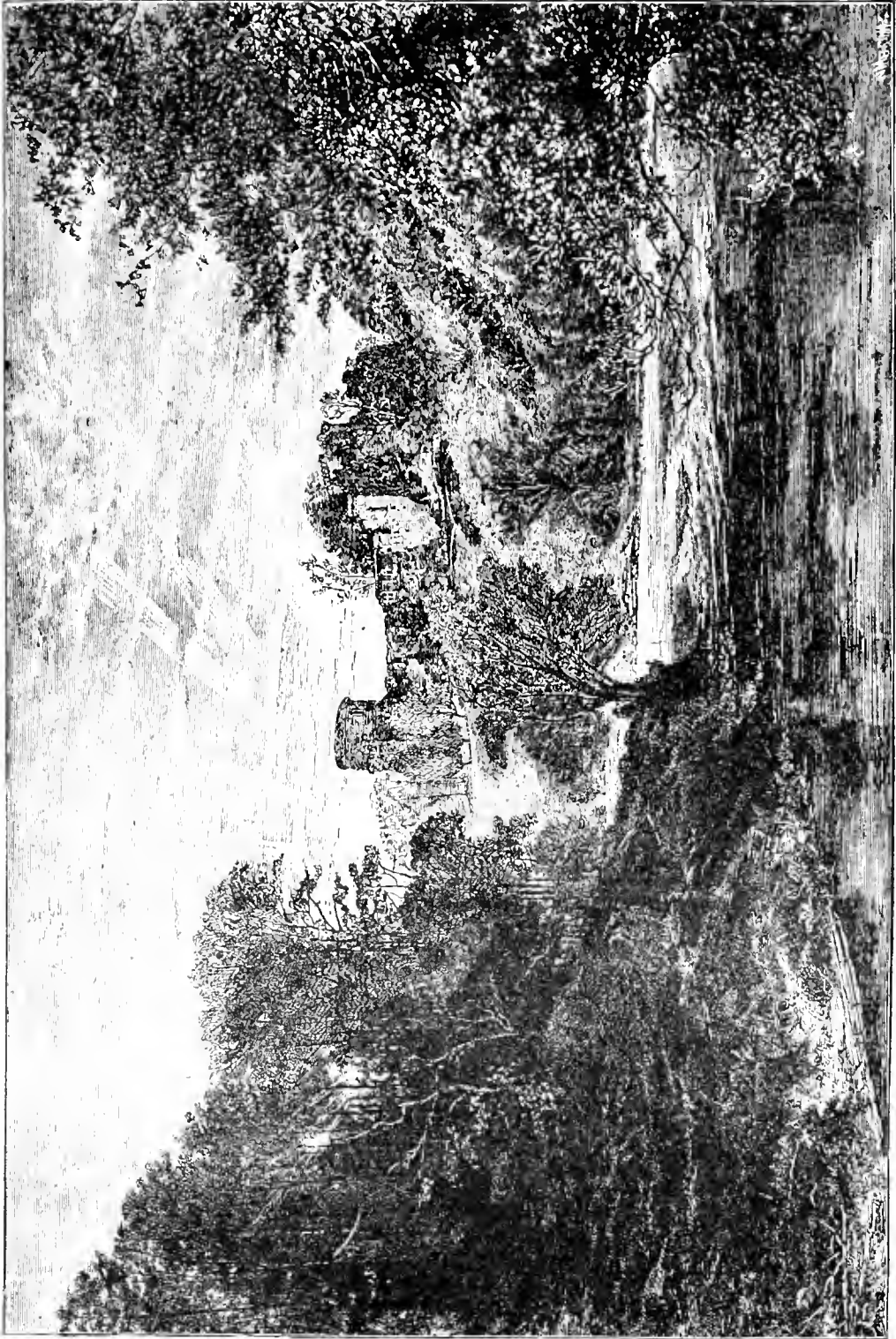
visit to one or another of the great shipbuilding yards which line the river will be full of interest to all who can discern in such forms of busy activity much, at least, of the secret of our national greatness. On the whole, these yards are, and must remain, the greatest sight of prosperous, ambitious, energetic GLASGOW.



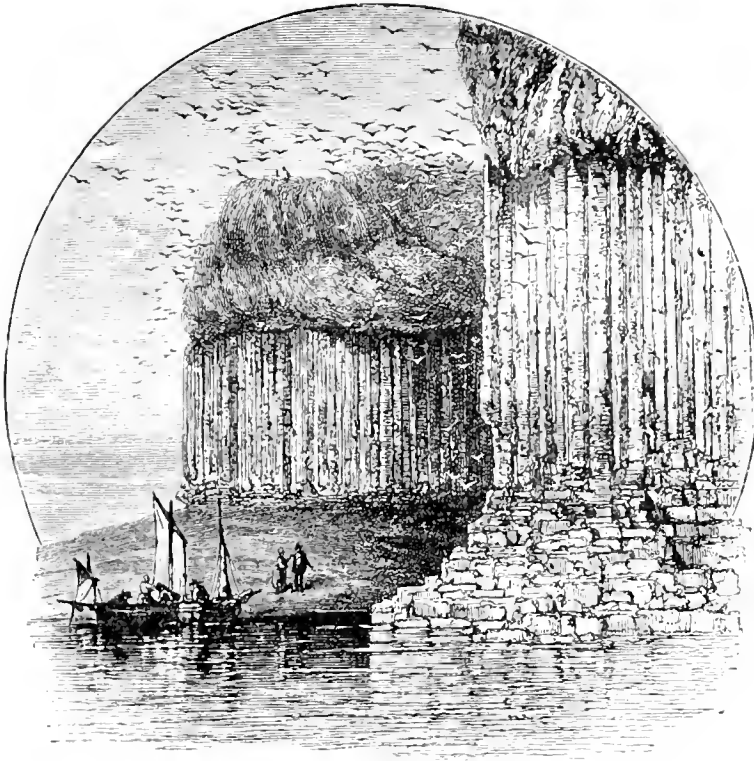
THE BROOMIELAW, GLASGOW.

ARRAN.





BOTWELL CASTLE, ON THE CLYDE.



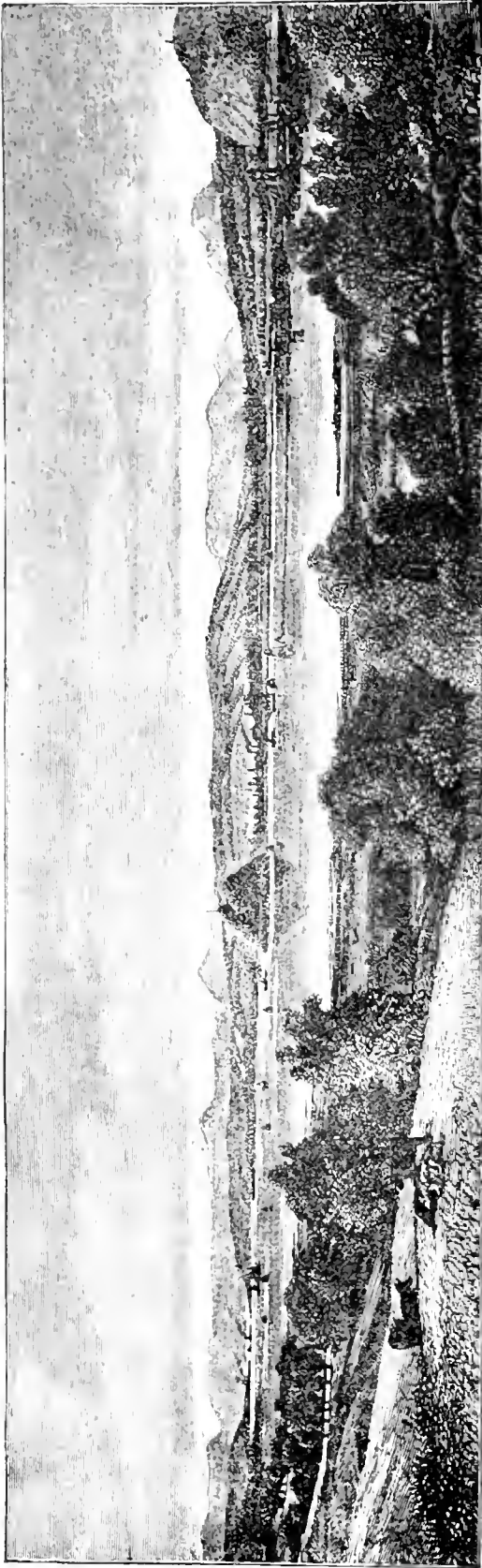
ENTRANCE TO FINGAL'S CAVE.

BY THE CLYDE, TO THE WESTERN COAST.

FOR all Glasgow people, as was intimated at the close of the preceding chapter, the great holiday is down the Clyde. No city in Great Britain, perhaps none in Europe, has such immediate access to scenes where the highest beauty of land and sea combines with every bracing and exhilarating quality of the atmosphere to minister health and delight. Accordingly, "the coast," as it is familiarly called, is annually thronged by visitors, and the broad waters of the estuary are crowded by one of the finest fleets of river steamers in the world.

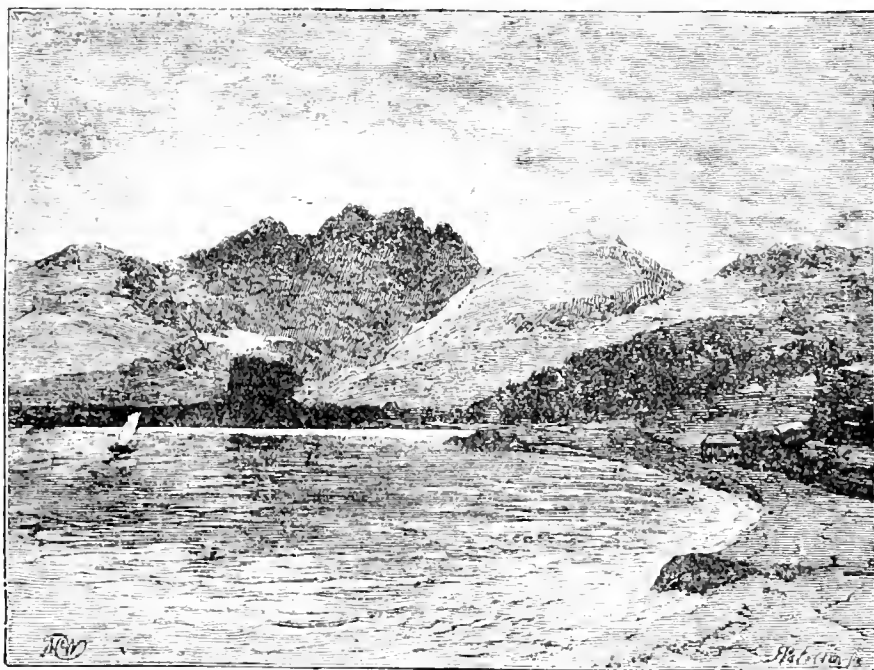
For several miles below Glasgow the river pursues a somewhat monotonous course between low banks, vast ranges of shipbuilding yards extending far beyond the city. The waters are muddy, and, it must be said, odoriferous, especially when churned by the paddles or the screw of some mighty steamer. Let no squeamish traveler arrange to leave Glasgow by a boat where breakfast is served between the city and Greenock. In truth, the fare is so good that it is a pity to spoil its relish by any intrusive accessories from the river. Many tourists prefer to save time and avoid discomfort by taking the rail to Greenock, or to Helensburgh, nearly opposite; but once, at any rate, the visitor who desires to have a full impression of what the commerce of this great city

really is should embark at the Broomielaw, and note, as the steamer bears him swiftly down the river, the enormous vessels, countless in number, and, as it would seem, from every nation under heaven, busily loading or unloading, or anchored in the stream. We do not wish to trouble the reader with stating the tonnage that annually enters or leaves the port of Glasgow. These are found in all books of commercial statistics; and every one who has passed through those miles of shipping will easily understand that the amount is something enormous. But our errand to-day is one of recreation. After passing Dumbarton, with its singular two-peaked rock, the river widens out; we are in the blue water; and before Greenock or Helensburgh is reached the eye already revels in the splendid panorama of encircling hills, girdled by fair woods and studded with white villas, with misty mountain-tops here and there beyond. From Greenock for some distance the river seems at many points closed in by the hilly shores like a lake. Large creeks or sea lochs run inland upon the right, suggesting more exquisite beauties still of shore and mountain. Were there time, it would be pleasant to sail by Helensburgh up the Gareloch, or, better still, to ascend Loch Lawn to Arrochar; whence again a short walk over a hilly pass would conduct to Tarbet, where the glories of Loch Lomond are full in view. But this cannot be for us to-day: we pass the pretty watering-places of Kilmun, Dunoon, Inellan, and others, looking very lovely from the water, and all crowded with summer guests. We do not land at any of these places now; they are too hot and relaxing for us, although they have the glorious freshness of the sea, and their accessibility from Glasgow makes them favorite resorts of men of business with their families. On the left a more level shore faces the west, with the bracing seaside villages of Wemyss Bay, now accessible



THE CLYDE, DUMBARTON.

from Glasgow by railway, Skelmorlie, and Largs. The Great and Little Cumbraes seem, in the distance, to bar the entrance to the river, and complete its lake-like appearance. But the steamer now crosses to Rothesay, on its lovely little bay in the Isle of Bute. There a multitude generally disembark; and truly, for a day's or a week's holiday, they could find no fairer resting-place. The wooded hills beyond the town are picturesque and attractive, and suggest many a pleasant little excursion over the heights or through the valleys of the island. Leaving Rothesay, the steamer enters the narrow passage between Bute and the mainland in a channel between green hills, strikingly beautiful in one or two places, especially where, near the entrance to a small sea loch (Loch Ridden), lies the village of Tighnabruiaich, which has only recently been discovered, as it were, by summer holiday-makers, but is rapidly becoming a crowded

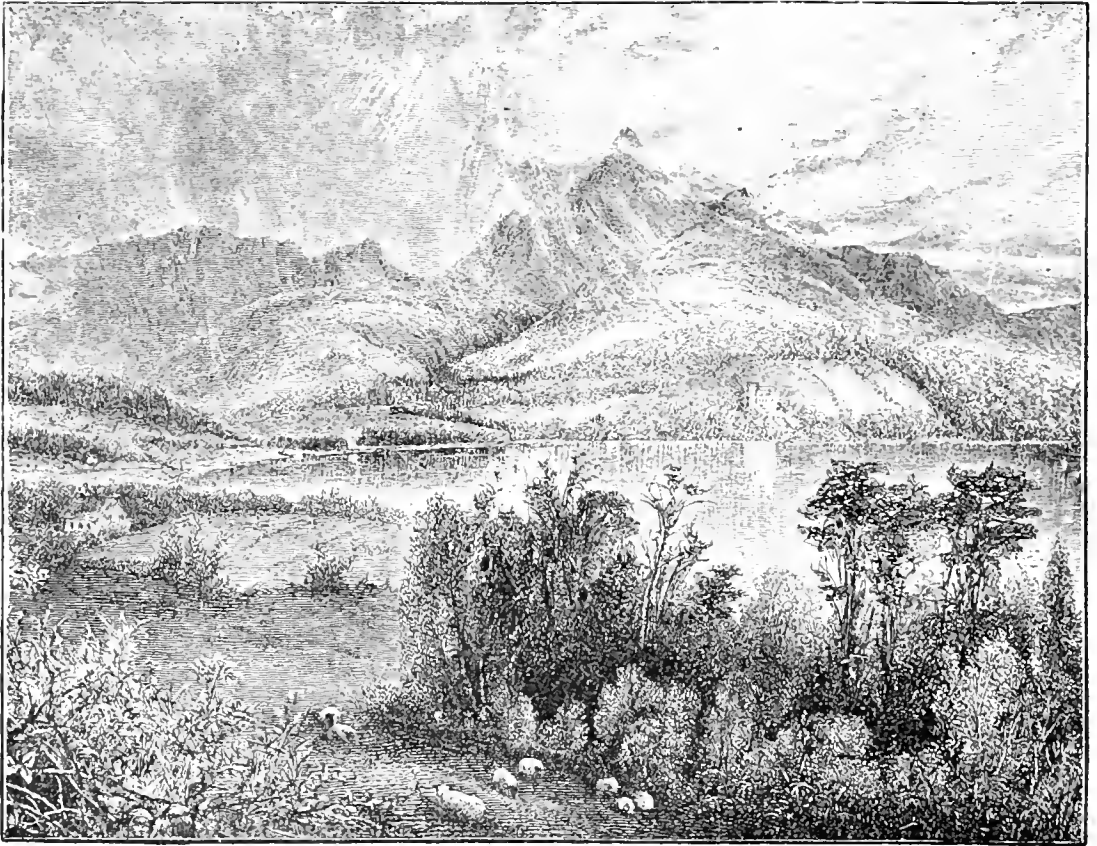


LOCH RANZA.

watering-place. We now turn sharply to the south, and soon emerge from the narrow Kyles into open water, with the peaks of Arran full in view. But our vessel to-day does not go near this island—which must be reached in other ways, but which should on no account be omitted by the lovers of bracing air and of noble scenery, especially if their pedestrian powers are good. Loch Ranza, Corrie, Brodick, Lamlash, Whiting Bay, have all their attractions; but Corrie or Brodick should be chosen by the stranger for his landing-place, as he *must* ascend Goat Fell. Every one will ask him if he did this: in fact, the question is so universal that, having failed in our first attempt, we found it advisable whenever we referred afterward to having visited Arran, to add, “but we did *not* ascend Goat Fell.” The ascent (2800 feet) is at once easy and most charming, in the two grand glens, up one or other of which the finest part of the route lies, Glen Sannox from Corrie, Glen Rosa from Brodick. We follow the burn nearly to its source, then turn off to a track amid vast rough boulders, very precipitous in parts, and dangerous, if the prescribed path be left. When the summit is gained, the view over sea

and land is on all sides magnificent: and we no longer wonder at the question with which we were plied by our friends. Not to have ascended Goat Fell is to have missed one of the noblest and most varied prospects which Great Britain affords.

But Arran has attractions for others than mountain-climbers. Its climate seems, if a flying visit gives sufficient warrant to speak of it, simply perfect—at least when it does not rain! The belt between the shore and the hills is so equable in temperature that the plants and shrubs of warm climates flourish there all the year round, while on every side breezy uplands are accessible. The glens, besides those just named, are rich in foliage as they approach the sea, stern and craggy in their upper reaches; the burns

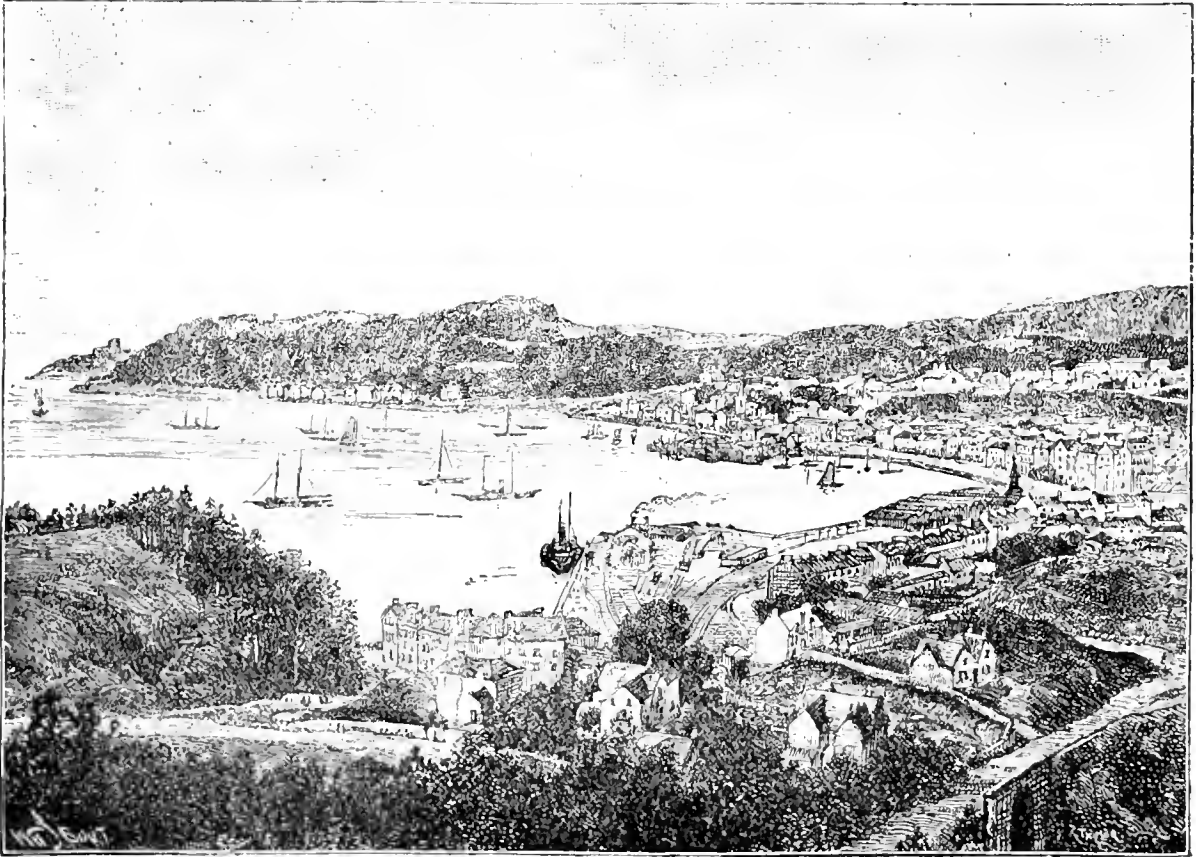


GOAT FELL, FROM BRODICK BAY.

that ripple over their rocky beds abound in trout and perch, generally small, but delicious. No doubt the accommodation and the fare are in general homely. At Brodick the traveler may live sumptuously in a fine hotel, with prices corresponding; but in general the lodgings are the farmhouses of the island, quitted for the summer visitors by their occupants, who themselves make shift in cottage outbuildings. The houses are in great request, and themselves form a refreshing contrast with the arrangements and supposed necessities of city life. If any one wishes to prove with how little luxury he and his family can be contented, blithe and strong, let him apply early in the year—for this is necessary—to secure a farm lodging for July or August in the interior of Arran.

But we must resume our sail, now rapidly drawing to a close, as rounding Ardlamont Point, we turn our back on Arran, and the breadth of Loch Fyne opens before

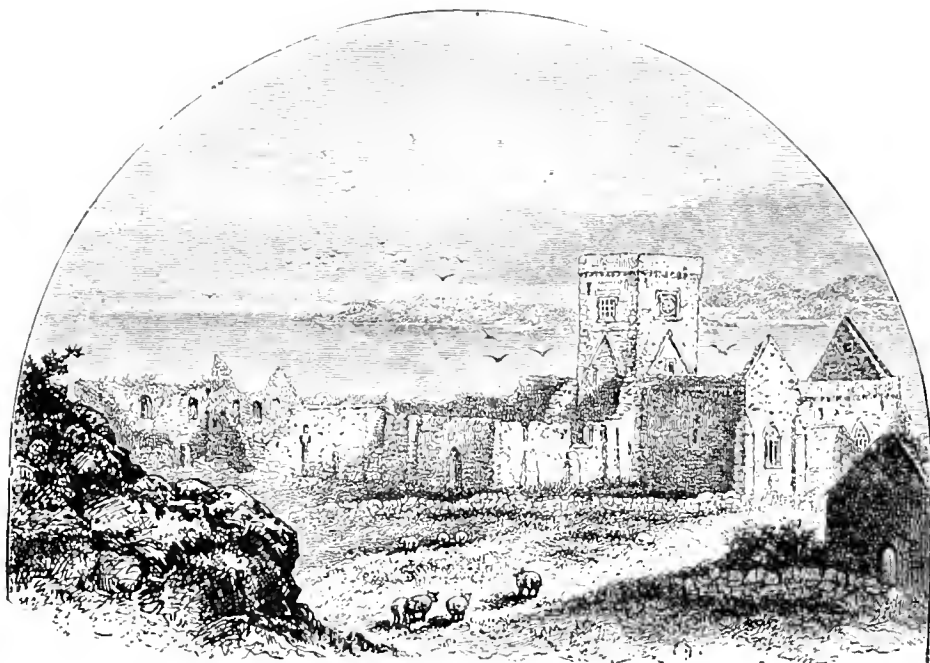
us. Calling at Tarbert, separated only by a narrow isthmus from the waters of the Atlantic, we sail rapidly past beautifully wooded shores into a little recess on the left, Loch Gilp, at the head of which the passengers stream forth upon the quay, many of them starting to walk across the neck of land that separates them from the Hebridean sea, others making their way over a dusty hillside to the canal steamer, and passing through some lochs, rather tediously, to Crinan on the other side. Women and children selling milk and flowers greet us in our progress pleasantly, but importunately. At last we reach the steamer for Oban, and perceive at once from the difference of its build that it is made for rougher seas than the one we have just left. The course now lies past



OBAN.

the once terrible whirlpool of Corryvreckan ("the cauldron of the haunted sea"), through a vast archipelago, the islands varying almost infinitely in form and extent. Sometimes they almost close around the ship, then again they open out grandly, disclosing the basaltic precipices of Mull to the north west. The rocks on both sides now become grander, and give to the voyager who purposes to follow the coast-line to the extreme north of Scotland a foretaste of what he may expect. For soon the steamer enters a narrow sound between the green island of Kerrera and the mainland; a little bay opens to the right, and he is at OBAN, where the long range of stores and hotels fronting the shore, and the villas on the heights, with an immense unfinished building intended for a Hydropathic Establishment, not to mention the sound of the railway whistle, tell him

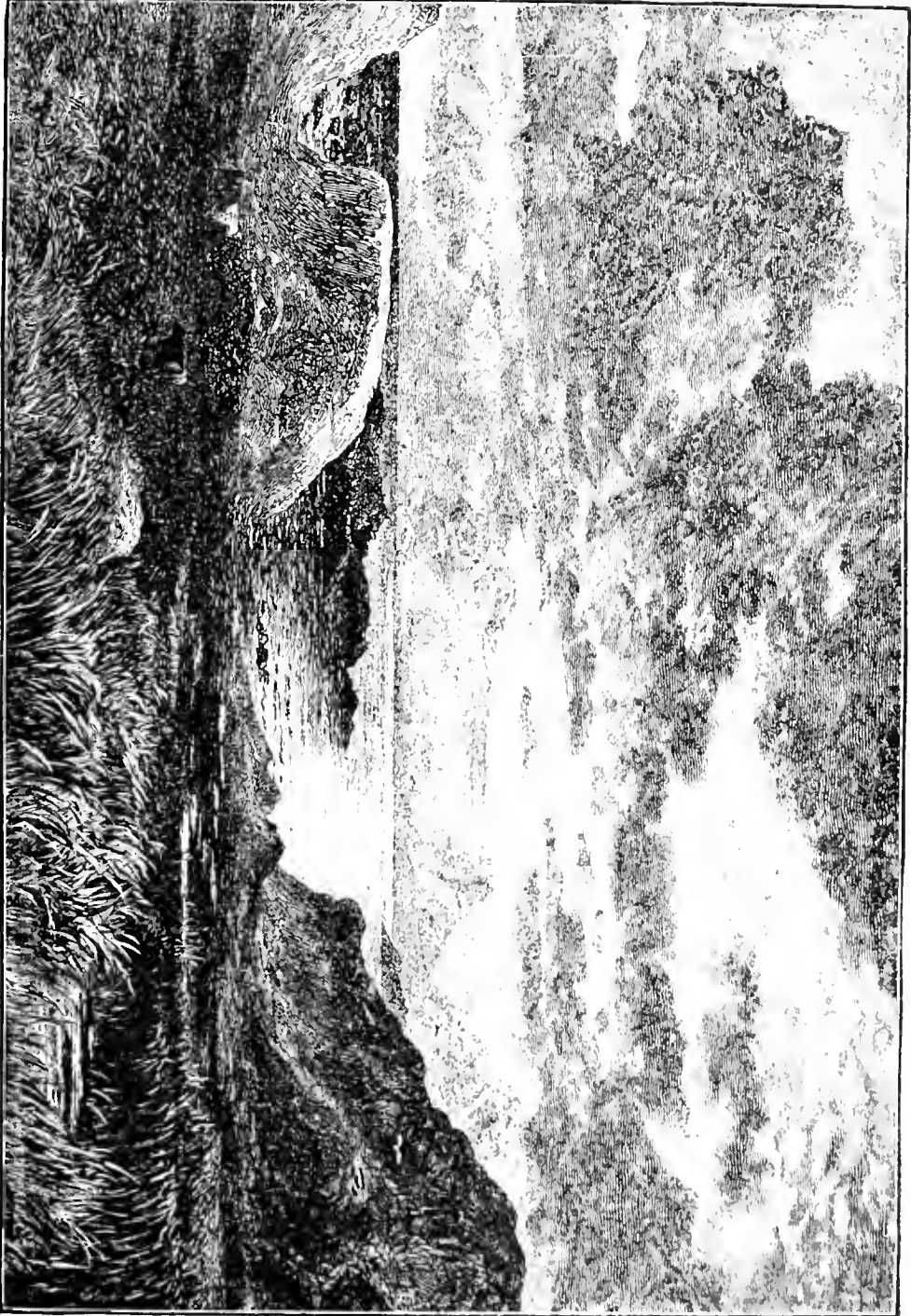
that he has reached the great tourist centre, the "Charing Cross of Western Scotland." The charm of Oban to the stranger is that it affords so ready a way of access to all that is most beautiful in Scotland. Yet a Sunday spent in the little town several years ago is not to be forgotten. It was a sacramental occasion. From an early hour boats were seen coming in from the surrounding islands, and at the time of service the little church on the hill was crowded to its utmost capacity, while a larger congregation still had assembled on the green sward without for a Gaelic service. The Highland folk had evidently come for a feast, and hour after hour they remained there beneath the blue sky, as one minister after another ascended the "pulpit of wood" which had been placed there for the purpose, and by turns expounded or prayed, or called the congregation to sing, all seated, according to their wont; the Psalms being given out line by line. One of the tunes was the "plaintive *Martyrs*," and never did those touching strains so much affect



IONA.

us as when the melody floated upward in the still summer air from that congregation of hardy men and women. The sermon appeared amazingly to interest the audience, though no sign of emotion of any kind escaped them. Then came the "fencing of the tables," and the solemn administration, with further exhortation and appeal; at the close of which the benediction was uttered, and the congregation—suddenly, as it seemed—exchanged their quiet, reverent attitude, for a scamper down the hills to their boats, while the delight of the dogs was unrestrained!

We could not, of course, leave Oban without a visit to Staffa and Iona. Happily the day for the excursion was bright, the sea was calm, and we could enjoy to the full the little voyage that to some is a drawback to a visit which, under any circumstances, must be one of rare interest. As we approached Iona, the first object visible was the ruined cathedral tower, surmounting the low dark line of coast. The sight brought to mind at once the ancient name and story of Icolmkill, the "Island of Columba's Church," with

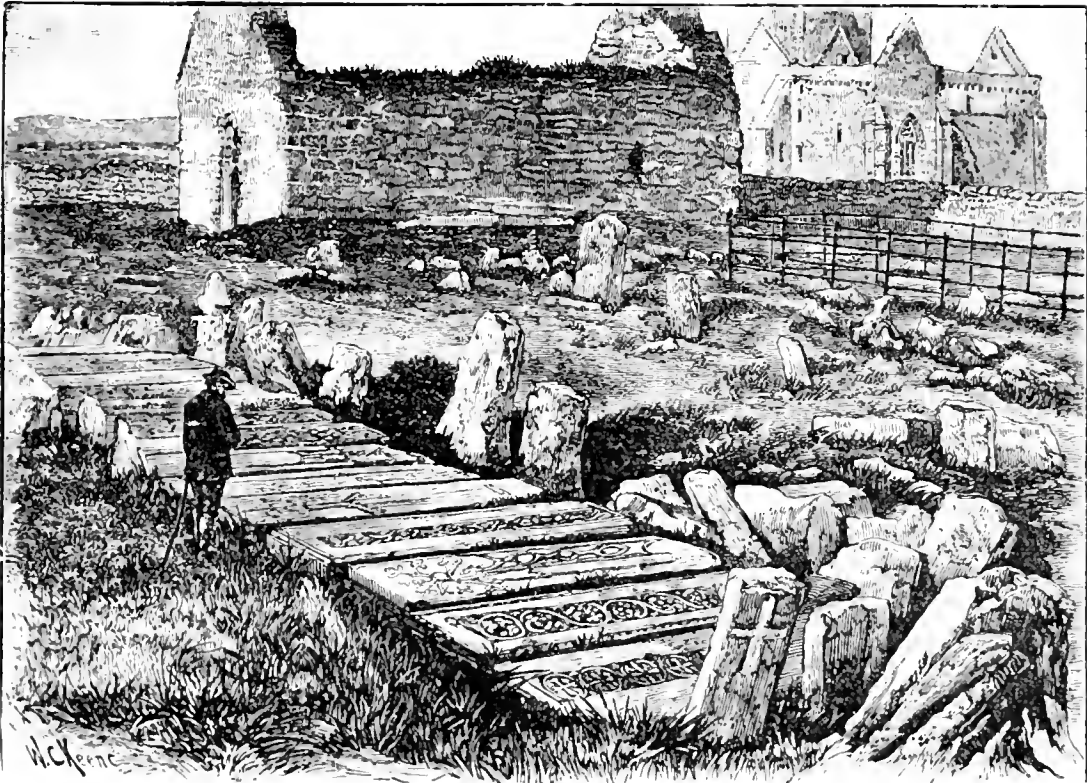


THE SHORE OF IONIA.

the Culdee traditions, from the dimness of which this fact at least emerges, that out of the churches in Ireland formed by Saint Patrick's preaching there arose, a century and a half afterward, an evangelist of princely blood, who dedicated himself to the work of Christ in Scotland. As the old Latin rhyming verse has it :

“Sancte Columba pater! quem fudit Hibernia mater,
Quem Christi numen dedit Ecclesie fore lumen.”

That the brave missionary and his companions chose this Hebridean island for their resting-place, was due to the opposition of the savage Picts : but they seem to have assiduously visited the mainland and to have been successful in the highest sense. We



TOMBS OF THE KINGS, IONA.

can fully adopt the conclusion of Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, that though Columba might not have had the faith of a Paul or a John, he lived as in the sight of God. “He prayed and read, he wrote and taught, he preached and redeemed the time. With indefatigable activity he went from house to house, and from kingdom to kingdom. The king of the Picts was converted, as were also many of his people : precious manuscripts were conveyed to Iona, a school of theology was founded there, in which the Word was studied: and many received through faith the salvation which is in Christ Jesus. Ere long a missionary spirit breathed over this ocean rock, so justly named “the light of the western world.”

Many a wild and foolish legend no doubt became attached to the later records of a life which we thus see dimly through the mist of centuries and the imagination of the great evangelist's biographers. We reject the Saint Columba of the hagiologies,

but we are able to believe in Columba, the great simple-hearted missionary to the Highlands of Scotland; and if the form of truth that he introduced was defaced by some errors, there was at any rate the vitality in it which proved it to contain the essentials of the faith.

The occasion of our visit proved of especial interest to the islanders, as it was the first excursion of the season. A large number came to the shore to greet our landing, and the conductor of our trip, whose name is now famous among travelers throughout

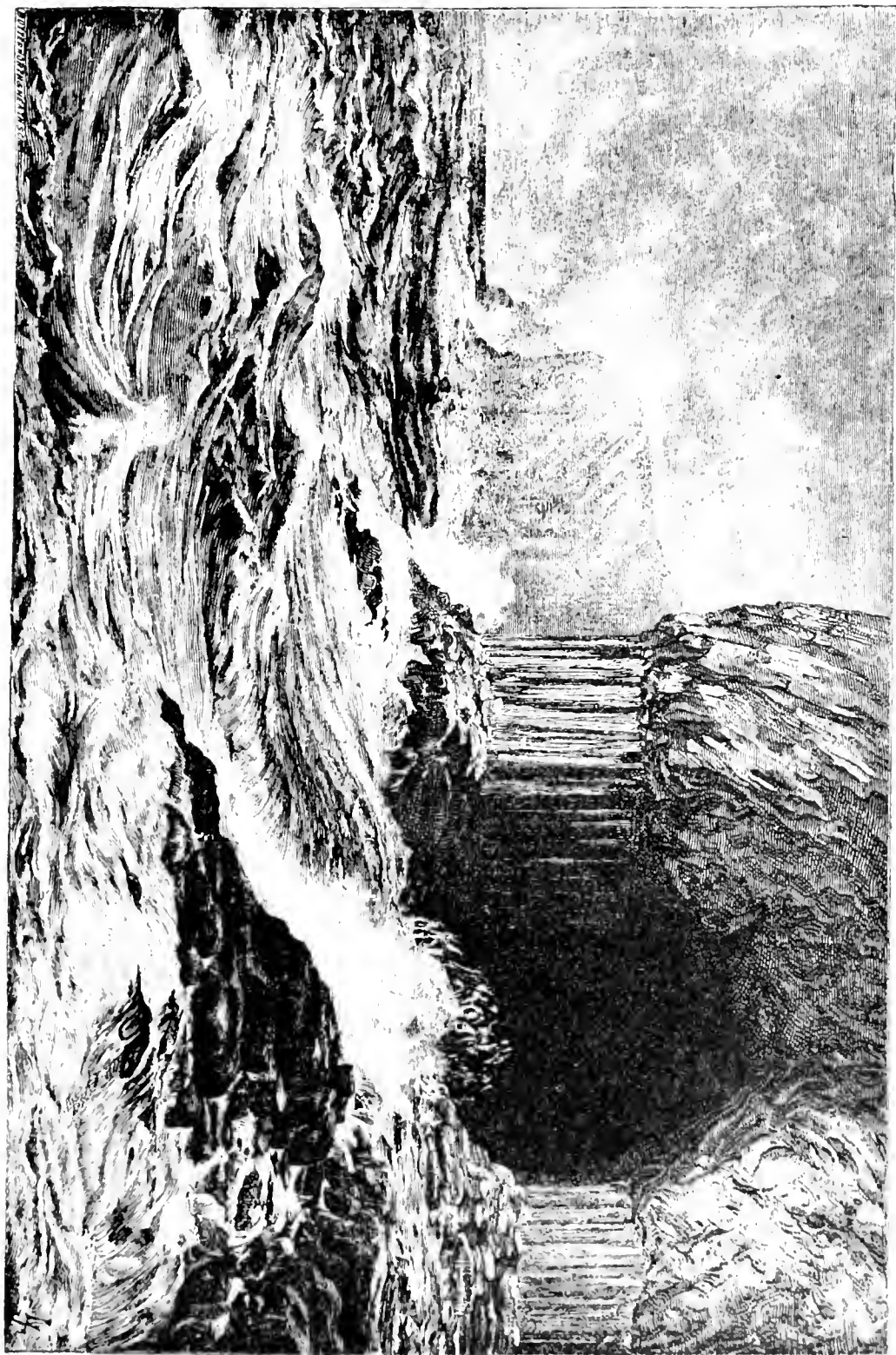


FINGAL'S CAVE, FROM THE INTERIOR.

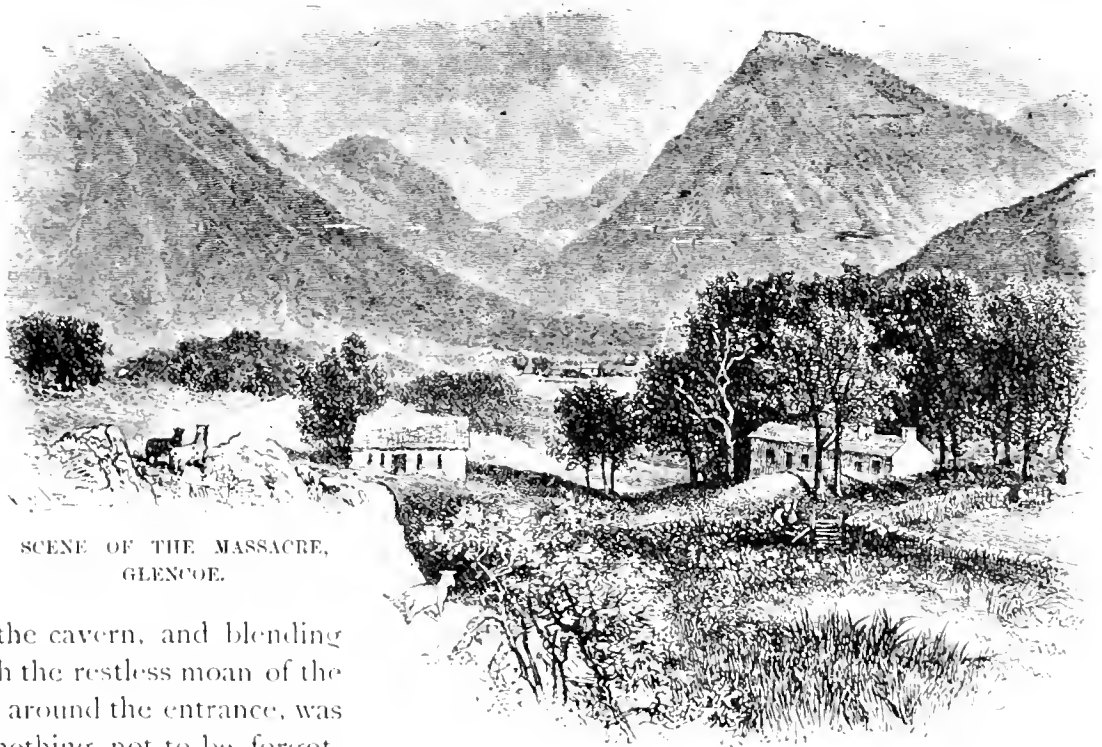
the world, having proved a warm friend to the islanders, in regard to their temporal and spiritual wants, was received with a warmth of welcome that it was good to see. We visited the ruined cathedral, inspected the curious crosses which the island contains, and the unique burying-place, where in close array are ranged the tombstones of the old Scottish kings, forty-eight in number, it is said; Shakespeare's Macbeth being the last of the series, following his victim Duncan, whose body had been

“Carried to Colmekill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.”

FINGAL'S CAVE.



From Iona we passed to Staffa, reversing what we believe is the usual excursion route. Here, too, the first visit of the season was hailed by the inhabitants; the sea-birds flew in thousands from the cliffs and caves, surrounding our boat with dissonant terrified screaming, until fragments of biscuit thrown abroad created a diversion, and prepared them afterward to hail the approach of mankind. Had we brought guns with us, as many tourists do, the effect might have been reversed. We entered Fingal's Cave without much difficulty by aid of the steamer's boats, and climbed the wonderful broken columns, our good conductor reaching the farthest verge; and when all the company had grouped themselves in the cavern side, leading off with the doxology, followed by a verse of *God save the Queen*. The effect of the strain, echoed from the vault



SCENE OF THE MASSACRE,
GLENCOE.

of the cavern, and blending with the restless moan of the sea around the entrance, was something not to be forgotten, while the effect was en-

hanced by the wild cries of the birds, startled anew at this invasion of their haunts. After a climb by ladder to the summit of this wonderful island, and a walk on its grassy platform, we returned to Oban, with new zest for one yet further excursion northward.

But now came in the difficulty of choice. Happily we have since had opportunities of enjoying by turn all the chief tours to which Oban opens the way, and they are all so rich in charm that we hardly know how to counsel the intending traveler. He may take the steamer northward, passing Dunolly and Dunstaffnage Castles, crossing the mouth of Loch Etive, and after a fine sail through the lower part of Loch Linnhe, halting at the point where the white cottages and clumps of trees which mark Ballachulish and its quarries line the shore of an inlet, opening among the mountains. Landing there you are at the mouth of Glencoe; and a day may well be spent in exploring its gloomy grandeurs. A thunderstorm in the heart of this glen, a few days after the visit to Staffa and Iona just recorded, was a wonderful experience. Only once or twice, in the Alps

have we heard such tremendous re-echoing peals, incessant flashes gleaming between, while a pair of eagles screaming overhead seemed to add to the wildness of the scene. The rain that followed came down as rain only can in the Western Highlands. In a very short time the burn in the valley had swollen to a torrent, and cascades were leaping from all the hills. This was a little beyond the scene of "the massacre," a tragedy on which enough has been written, and which no partisanship or special pleading can make to appear anything but an atrocious crime. The stern, frowning ruggedness of this great glen seems in harmony with the gloomy associations of its history, and well corresponds with its name, which, like the Hebrew *Baca*, signifies "the Valley of Weep-

ing." As Lord Macaulay says, in his *History of England*: "The progress of civilization, which has turned so many wastes into fields yellow with harvest, or gay with apple-blossoms, has only made Glencoe more desolate."

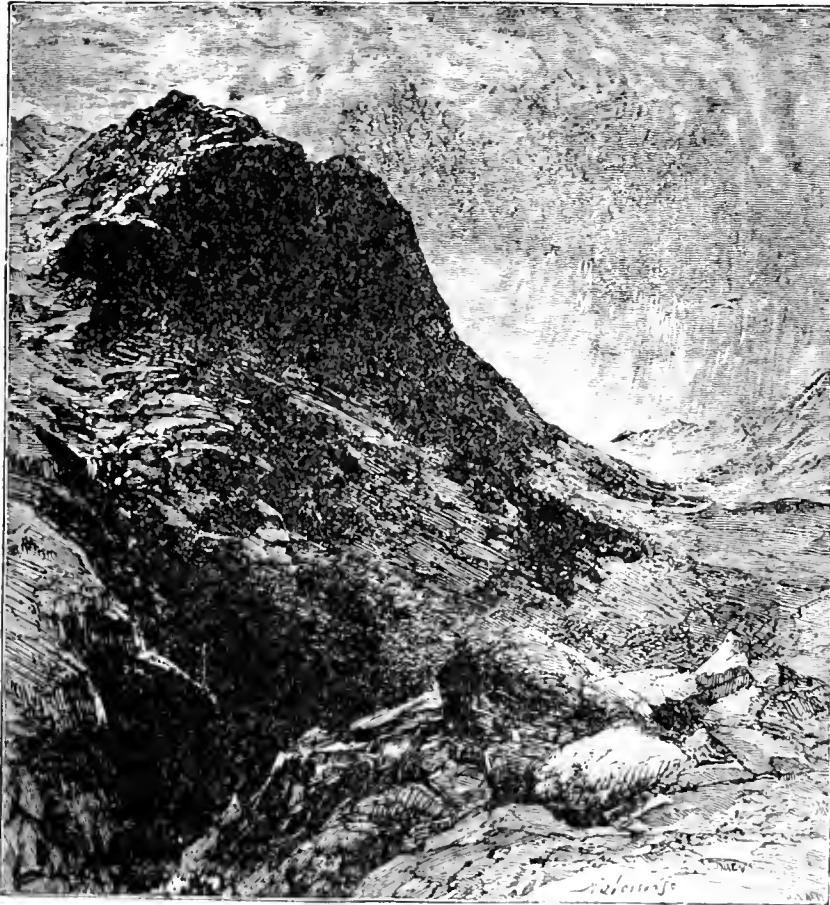
Some travelers pursue their course up Glencoe over the dreary summit of the pass to Kingshouse, and thence up a tremendous ascent, followed by a descent through a vast treeless "Forest" -for in Scotland a forest does not by any means necessarily imply trees- to a little lake, then over a wild pass again to Tyndrum, near which the road is crossed by the Oban railway, of which more anon; and the route loses its character of wild sterility as it approaches the head of Loch Lomond. The journey is one which emphatically is not to be recommended. For wearying monotony of savage stony grandeur it stands out beyond any other day's excursion we remember; but this was before the days of the railway. A much finer finish to the drive from Ballachulish would be to turn westward from Kingshouse, and to descend to Loch Etive, following the northern bank, and crossing the lock near its mouth, at Connel Ferry, opposite



THE SISTERS, GLENCOE.

Dunstaffnage Castle. The road leads between fine mountain masses all the way, with Ben Cruachan grandly towering to the south.

But instead of turning aside at Ballachulish, the tourist may pursue his way up Loch Eil, into which Loch Linnhe suddenly narrows. Both sides are bounded by low hills descending to a level shore, where we now see the "crofts" or small homesteads with plots of land attached, of which so much has lately been heard. Some of these have a comfortable, well-to-do appearance, as seen from the deck of the steamer, and contrast well with the heathery wastes above, while others seem hardly more than a part and parcel of the waste, forced by painful efforts into some semblance of fertility.



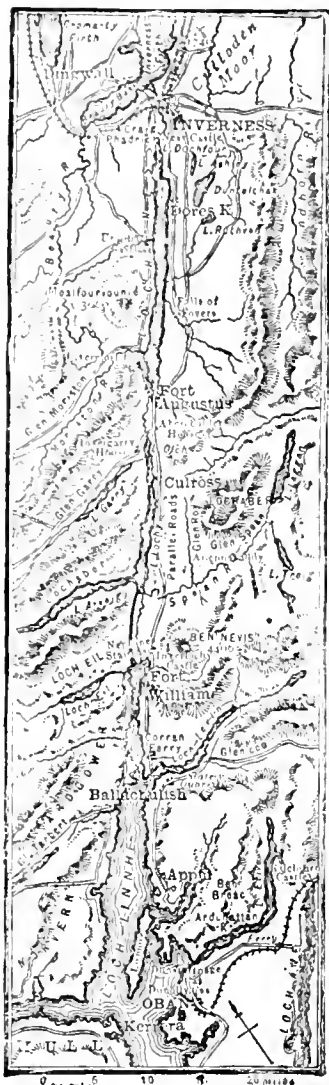
GLINCOE: A "WILD DAY."

The steamer touches at Ardgour, near the narrow entrance of the loch, where, on occasion of our last visit, the inhabitants of the village seemed all to have assembled on the pier to welcome a bright-looking lad apparently of nineteen or twenty, with whom we had been chatting a little on board the steamer, who had been sent up from some cottage home to "Glasgow College," and was returning radiant with good humor from his first session. It was good to see how he went from one to another, shaking hands with fishermen and peasants, and respectfully greeting the minister, who stood in the background of the animated group; then walking off rapidly with his mother and sister, raising his hat as he passed to the occupants of a carriage, evidently containing the

great people of the village, who had driven down to the pier to show their interest in the youth's return. The whole scene, rapidly as it passed, was like some charming idyll, and was characteristic of one of the best sides of Scottish peasant life.

As the steamer pursues its way up the loch, Ben Nevis comes into view on the right hand, a vast elephantine mass, with none of the picturesque grandeur of outline which in some aspects it presents. After seeing the peaked Ben Cruachan, and the

gracefully towering outline of Ben Lomond, it is hard to believe that this mountain surpasses both in height. Snow, it is said, lies here in drifts all the year round. When we were there once in April the whole summit was covered with snow—some who had recently ascended the mountain telling us to the depth of eighteen feet. The "swift steamers" had not yet begun to ply on these rough waters; the Caledonian Canal, which opens into the head of Loch Eil, was still closed, and Fort William was the end of the journey. The weather, however, was bright and genial, and the great Glen Nevis, which leads up to the heart of the mountain, was lovely with spring flowers and mosses in every crevice of its vast and rugged rocks, while the stream, swollen by the melting snow, dashed grandly downwards amongst the boulders. There was a charm in the place which summer visitors lose; and in a home-like little inn, exquisitely clean and comfortable, at the extremity of the village, one had leisure, denied in the full rush of the "tourist season," to dwell upon the aspect of the scene. Crossing the canal by a bridge near its outlet, we had a magnificent view of Ben Nevis; its snows and precipices lighted by the declining sun; and it was possible now to feel the grandeur of this monarch among Scottish mountains. With a very deep interest, too, we heard, on returning to the inn, of those meteorological observations which have of late years made Ben Nevis so notable in a scientific point of view.



THE GREAT GLEN OF SCOTLAND.

on the Atlantic coast. The distance is about thirty-nine miles, the road for one-third of the way continuing along the shore of Loch Eil, which at Fort William makes an abrupt bend westward. At the foot of Glenfinnan, some six miles beyond the loch, there is a little inn, very welcome to pedestrians as a "half-way house." Here there is a colossal statue of Prince Charles, to mark the place where he first unfurled his stand-

¹ The mail-cart here, as in many other parts of the Highlands, is a really comfortable "trap," the driver of which is permitted to take three passengers at a reasonable charge; although, of course, they must not have much luggage.

ard in 1745, with a part of the clan Cameron, headed by the laird of Lochiel. Loch Shiel is now in view, grandly stretching in a south-westerly direction to the Atlantic. Leaving this, the road winds on in alternate ascents and descents, passing to the left a lovely little lake, and reaching the inn of Kinloch Aylort, ten miles from Arisaig.

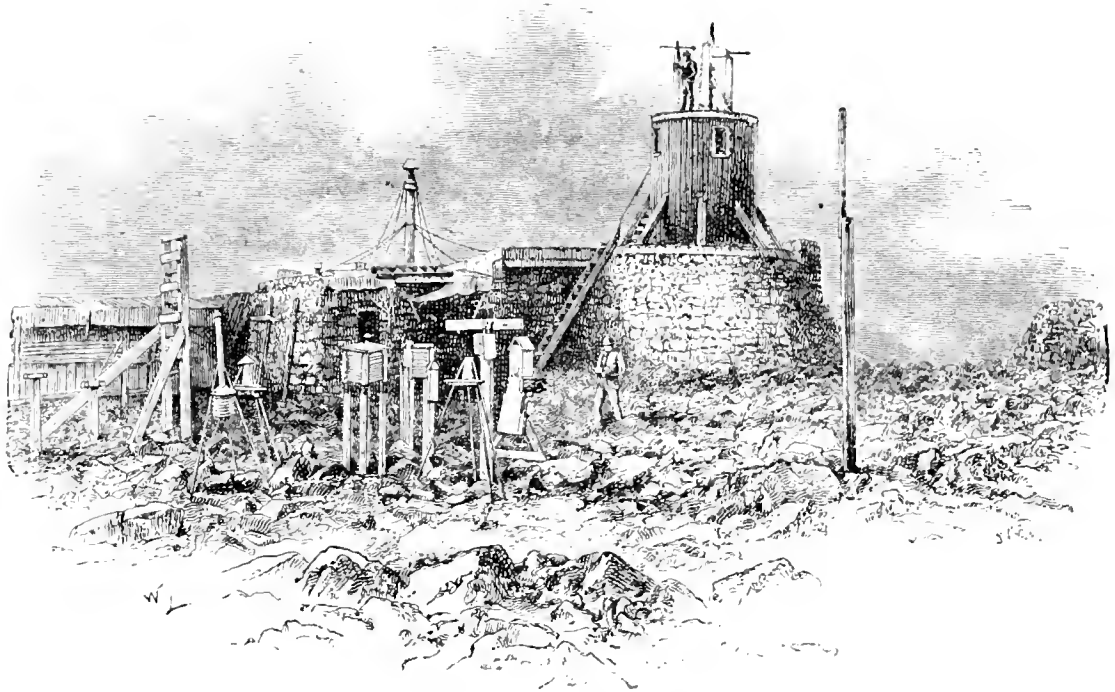


BEN NEVIS.

From this point every mile is full of beauty, especially when on the approach of autumn the hillsides put on all their splendor of coloring; while in all seasons, excepting those of incessant misty rain, the sea views are very fine. Arisaig is prettily situated on the head of an inlet, in face of a picturesque group of rocky islets, and just opposite the singular basaltic island of Eigg, with its almost flat-topped precipitous peak (Seuir Eigg), like a stupendous broken column, towering to a height of 1,274 feet above the sea.

By timing the visit to Arisaig carefully, the tourist may catch the steamer southward to Oban; or northward to Skye, Lewis, and Cape Wrath, should he wish to ex-

tend his journey to the grandest and wildest coast and island scenery in Great Britain. From Arisaig the steamer crosses the open sea, passing to the left the rocky islands of Rum and Muck, names to which the long u's give a pronunciation more elegant than the appearance of the words! Thence Loch Scavaig, on the southern side of Skye, is reached, magnificent in the lonely desolation of its broken cliffs of basalt and its rocky caves, though not without softer touches of foliage, shrubs, and flowers, in the ravines that descend from the Cuchullin (or Coolin) hills to the shore.

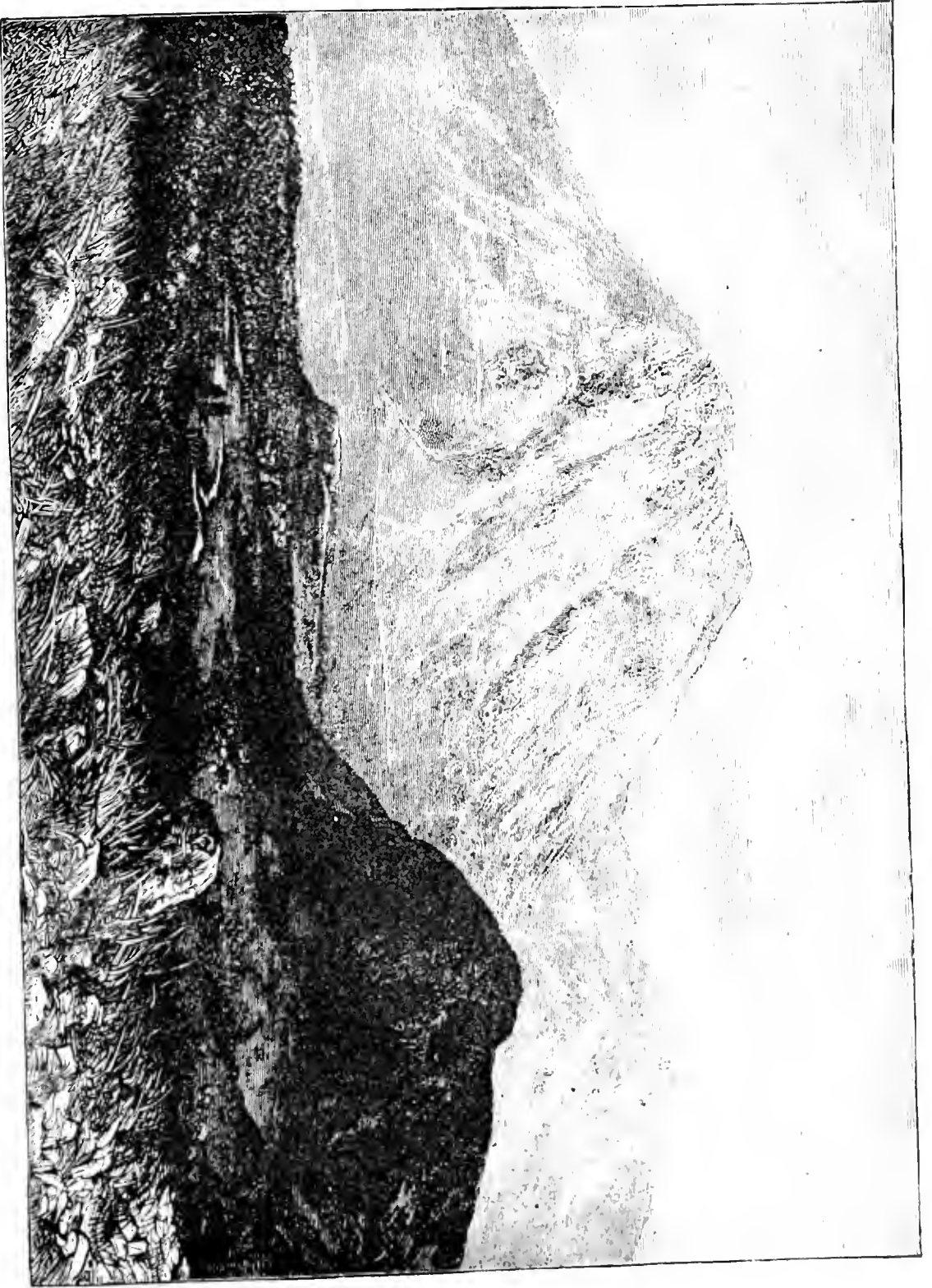


OBSERVATORY STATION ON THE SUMMIT OF BEN NEVIS.

The description of Loch Scavaig by Sir Walter Scott in the *Lord of the Isles* is well known, and is as accurate as it is poetical:

“ For rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dread lake,
With its dark ledge of barren stone,
Seems that primeval earthquake's sway
Hath rent a strange and shattered way
Through the rude bosom of the hill;
And that each naked precipice,
Sable ravine and dark abyss,
Tell's of the outrage still.
The wildest glen but this can show
Some touch of Nature's genial glow:
On high Ben More green mosses grow
And heathbells bud in deep Glencoe,
And copse in Cruchan-Ben:
But here—above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
No tree nor shrub, nor plant nor flower.

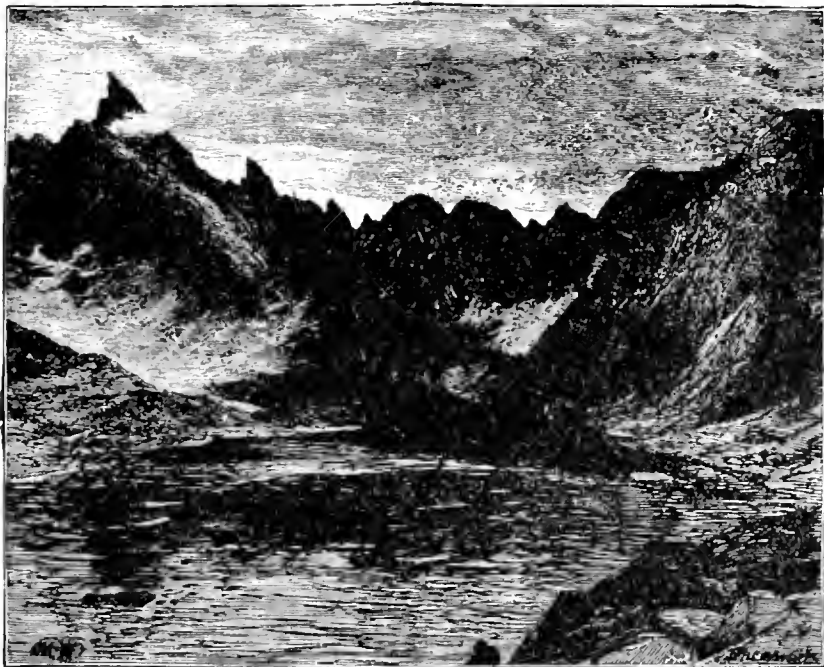
MAIRSCOW FROM SGTIR NA-GILLEAN.



Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken :
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here denied
The summer sun, the spring's deep dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain side."

Canto iii. 14.

Loch Coruisk is a little inland, and the passengers have often the opportunity, while the steamer waits, of climbing over rocky ground to take a rapid view of its melancholy grandeurs, as it lies there among vast and sterile rocks at the base of the pin-



LOCH CORUISK.

nacled mountains. A long walk leads from the foot of Loch Coruisk through Glen Sligachan toward the inhabited part of the island. The path, which throughout is very wild, and in parts romantic, runs along the western flank of Cuchullins, first climbing steeply upward, with fine views of Loch Coruisk to the left, then skirting in its descent a little stream, beyond which the view of the peaked hills, and especially of Scur-na-Gillean (the "scur of the gillies," i.e., rock of the young men), is very fine. From the Sligachan Hotel there is a long uninteresting carriage road to Portree, the capital of Skye, which travelers who have kept to the steamer have reached more quickly than those who left the vessel at Loch Seavaig. The little town on its steep upward slope has few attractions, beyond the fact of its opening up to the visitor rock and mountain scenery of whose wild ruggedness nothing that he has yet seen could have given him an adequate idea. The drives inland are as well kept as with such a soil and climate could be expected; there are abundant facilities for hiring; guides offer themselves at

every turn, and the signs of poverty and hard living everywhere proves that "the season" is an inestimable boon to the inhabitants. To the visitor who looks beyond the immediate enjoyment, and endeavors to estimate what must be the conditions of living all the year round, the very elements of the summer picturesqueness appear almost mournful.

But our business is now with the picturesque. The excursion to Uig and Quiraing, with its fantastic table rock, will of course be taken; also, quite as interesting,



SCENE IN THE HEBRIDES; "RETURN FROM THE SHIELING."¹

though less strange in its surroundings, the drive to Dunvegan Castle, on the north-west of the island, the whole route affording magnificent views of mountain and sea. The Cuchullin hills are better seen from the road between Dunvegan and Sligachan than from any other part of the island; but to the nearer view of this wild romantic mountain-range we are inclined to prefer such distant prospects as may be gained, for instance, from the heights above Strome Ferry, on the mainland opposite. On a still

¹ In the Hebrides, during the summer months, the cattle are transferred from the low pastures near the villages to more distant and higher ground. During this period the women live in shielings (huts built of turf on the hillside) tending the cattle; each day, however, returning to the villages with the milk. This they carry in large cans which are placed in their "creels," and covered over with a flaky moss, which serves for future store of litter.

THE QHRAING, SIKYI.



summer's evening, nothing can be more beautiful than the view of the island beyond the narrow strait, with the bold and peaked range beyond, blue-gray and purple, dappled with cloud shadows and the gloom of many a ravine, standing out against the sunset sky.



INTERIOR OF CROFTER'S HUT, SKYE.

From this wonderful island, the King of the Hebrides, the tourist may, if he will, pursue his way over a grandly open sea to Stornoway, the little capital of Lewis, or "the Lews." The charm of this voyage is chiefly that of the fresh and bracing air, with the changeful coloring of sea and sky. Lewis is bleak and wild enough, but after the wonders of Skye, few will care to explore this island or its neighbor Harris very closely. The sportsman and fisherman, however, will reap here a rich harvest. Another

grand sea excursion is to Cape Wrath, the north-westerly extremity of Scotland, a magnificent granite headland chafed incessantly by an angry sea. The whole coast of



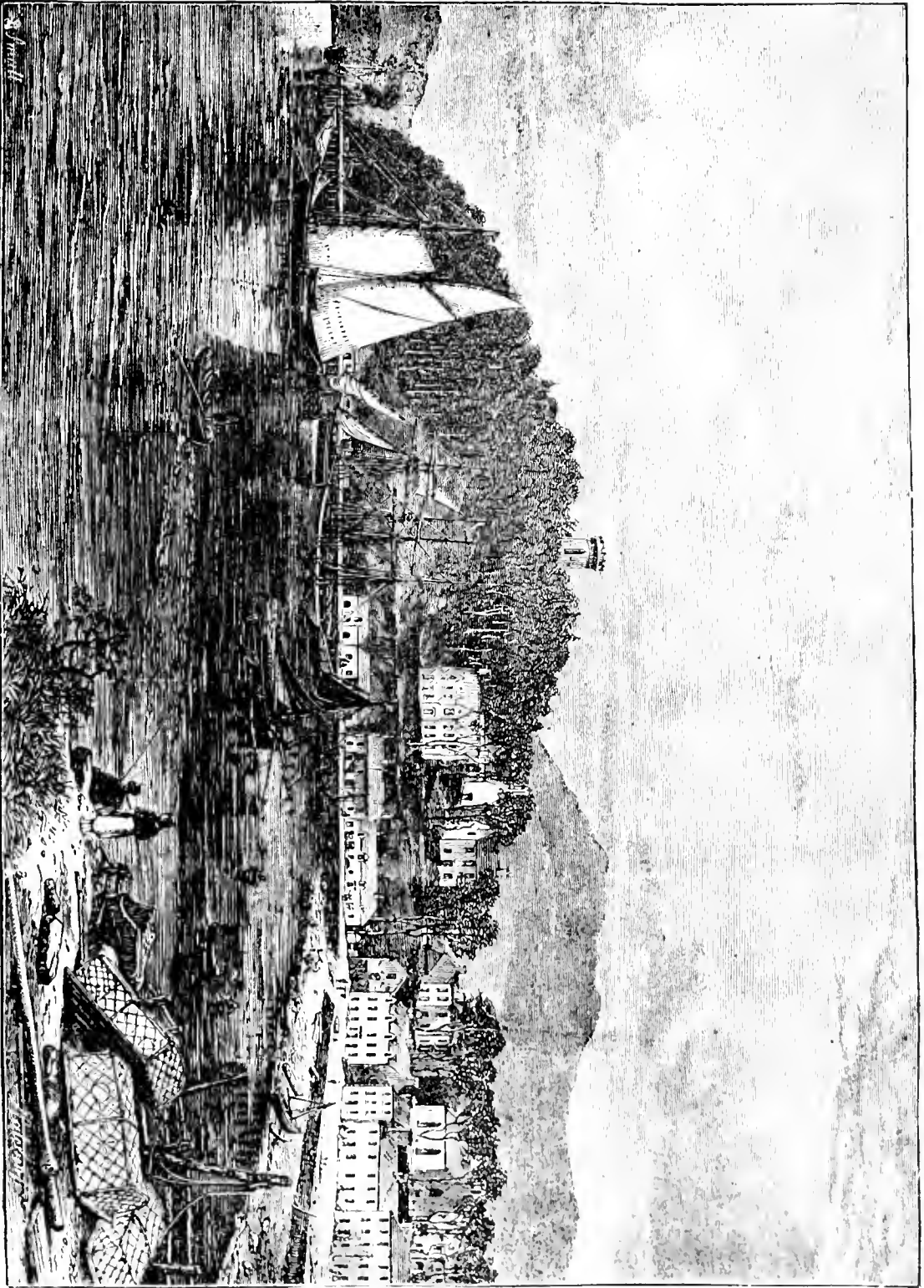
AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE IN SKYE.

Ross-shire and Sutherlandshire, indeed, from Strome Ferry to this promontory, is one succession of noble cliffs, indented by lochs and faced by innumerable islets; while at almost half the distance, Loch Inver will be found one of those charming seaside nooks about which all who have ever explored their beauties prove enthusiastic. Sea, shore,



A FEMALE CROFTER.

river and lake, glen and mountain height, combine to make this little spot an earthly paradise. Would it were more accessible! The calls of the steamer here are infrequent, and the only other public conveyance is the mail-cart from Lairg, nearly fifty miles inland. But we must leave these fascinating scenes. None but those who have explored them can understand how great are their fascinations. Pure air, glorious



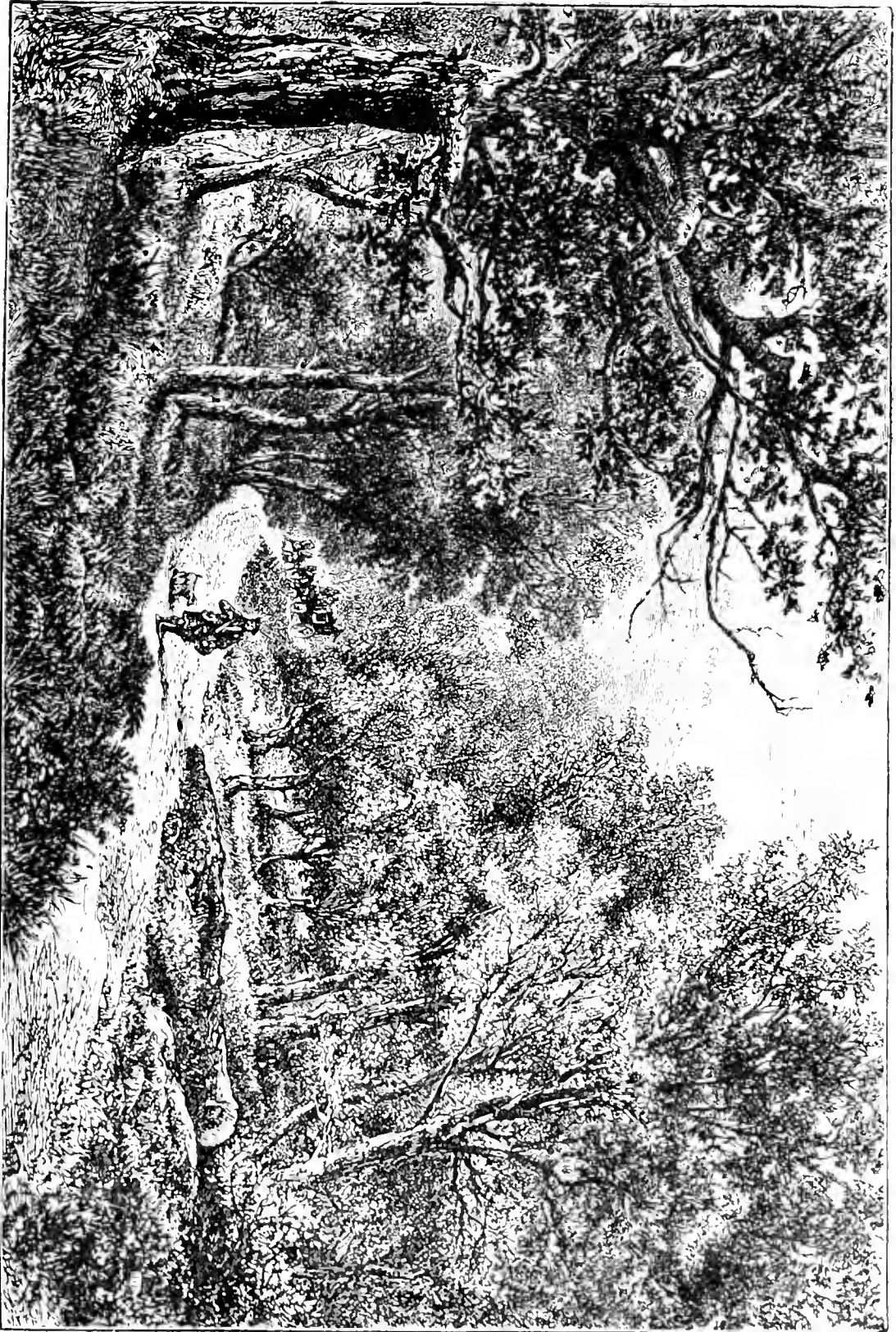
PORTREE.

scenery, the splendor of the sea and sky, and the pleasant if transitory companionship of the like-minded, who have also learned to love these islands and shores, deepen the attachment of visitors, who year by year desire no better holiday resort, and find that they can visit these scenes with increasing facility and comfort. Yet, to confess the truth, these fair western isles, so lovely amid their grandeur in the summer sunlight, have their seasons of gloom and tempest, with long and trying days of driving rain and mist, with what to many will be worse, an angry raging sea. But even these have their compensations. The sunsets after storm are often gorgeous beyond a poet's dream; and the "mountain glory" is hardly to be apprehended by those who know nothing of the "mountain gloom," while the effect of both is aided beyond description by the changing aspects of the sea.

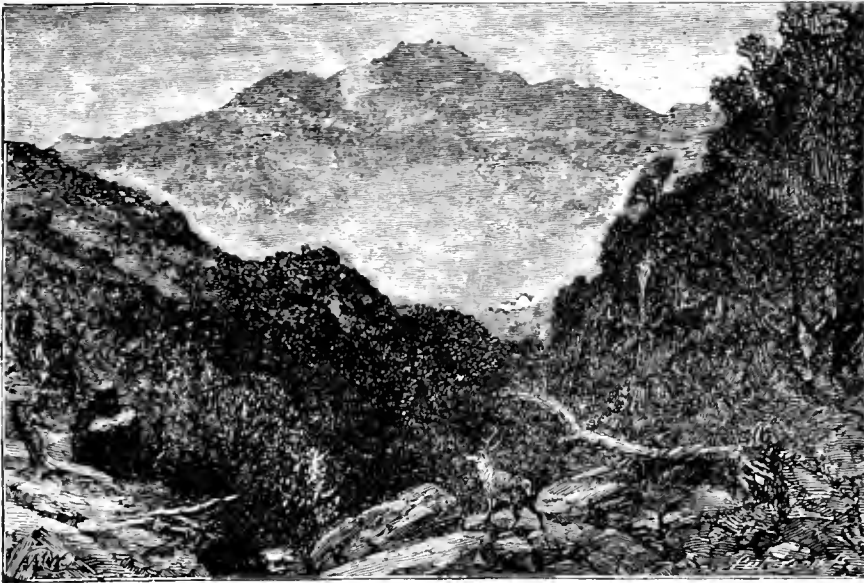


SCOTTISH CROFTER AT WORK.

THROUGH THE THOSSACHS.





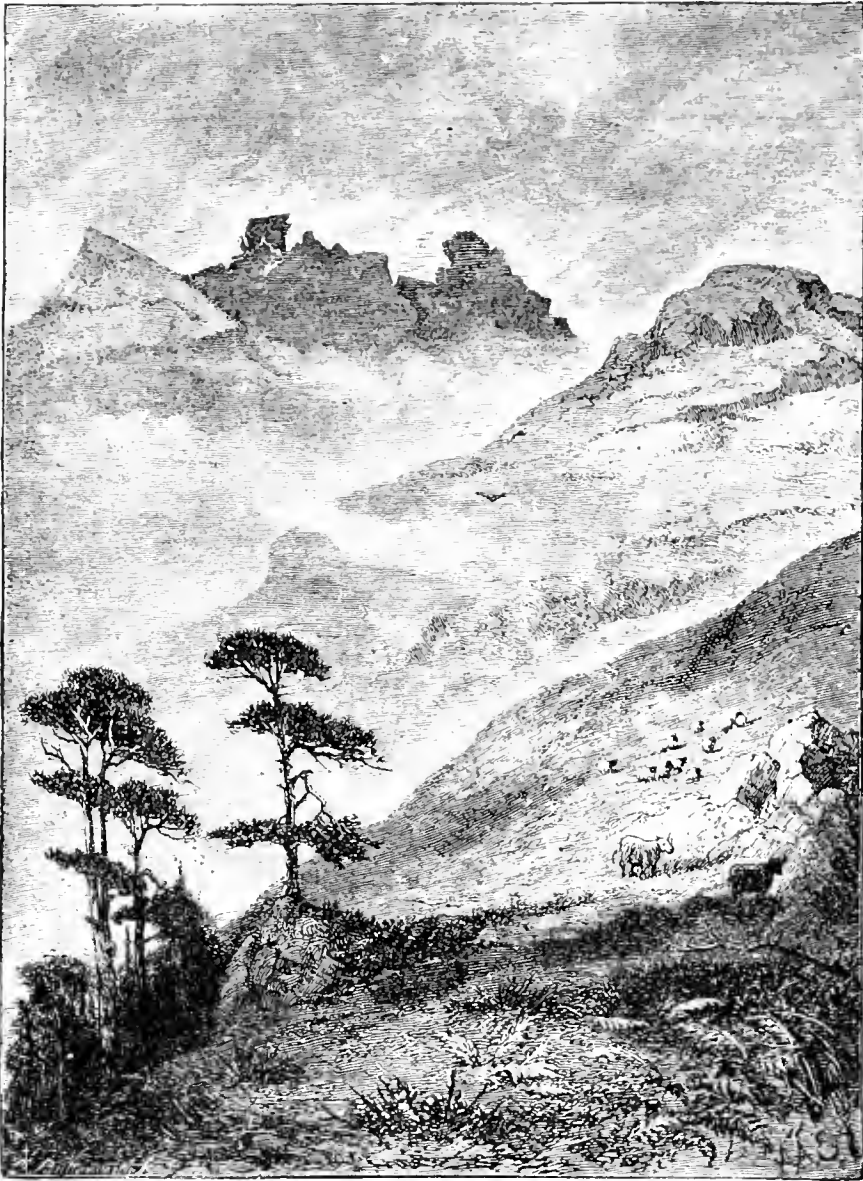


“THE DEEP TROSSACHS’ WILDEST NOOK.”

THROUGH THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

THE route by sea from Glasgow to Oban, described in the foregoing pages, has of late years found a formidable rival in the railway, which also gives to leisurely travelers a fine opportunity of visiting Loch Lomond, with Loch Katrine and the Trossachs. The “circular tour” to these scenes is indeed the best known excursion in Scotland, but it is too hurried for perfect enjoyment. If the reader who has not visited the country would like to know how in three or four days he can see as much as possible of its most characteristic and most beautiful scenery, we would recommend him to go from Glasgow to Oban by way of Loch Lomond, his halting-places being Tarbet, the foot of Loch Katrine, and Killin or Dalmally. A short railway journey from Glasgow by way of Dumbarton takes him to Balloch, where the Loch Lomond steamer is waiting for passengers at a little inlet, whence there is hardly a glimpse of the loveliness and grandeur beyond. It is well to begin such a tour quietly—it may be with a little disappointment. But the beauties of the lake soon unfold themselves, as the steamer swiftly makes its way among green wooded islands, and the mountain heights which line the upper reaches of the lake become visible in the distance. When the pretty village of Luss, on the western bank, is fairly passed, the mountain grandeurs disclose themselves in ever-varying forms beyond the expanse of blue water at their feet. Ben Lomond towers on the right, while to the left the fantastic peaks of Ben Arthur, or the “Cobbler,” and the grand precipices of Ben Voirlich stand out against the sky. There will be time, should the weather prove favorable, for the hardy pedestrian to land at Rowardennan, and to walk over the summit of Ben Lomond, descending at Inversnaid.

The path is comparatively easy, and the prospect on a clear summer's evening is of transcendent beauty, ranging from Arran in the west to the Firth of Forth in the east. Travelers who decline this effort will nevertheless have from Tarbet, on the opposite shore, a magnificent view of the mountain, seeming to descend sheer into the waters to an unfathomable depth, and rising upward to a noble pyramid.

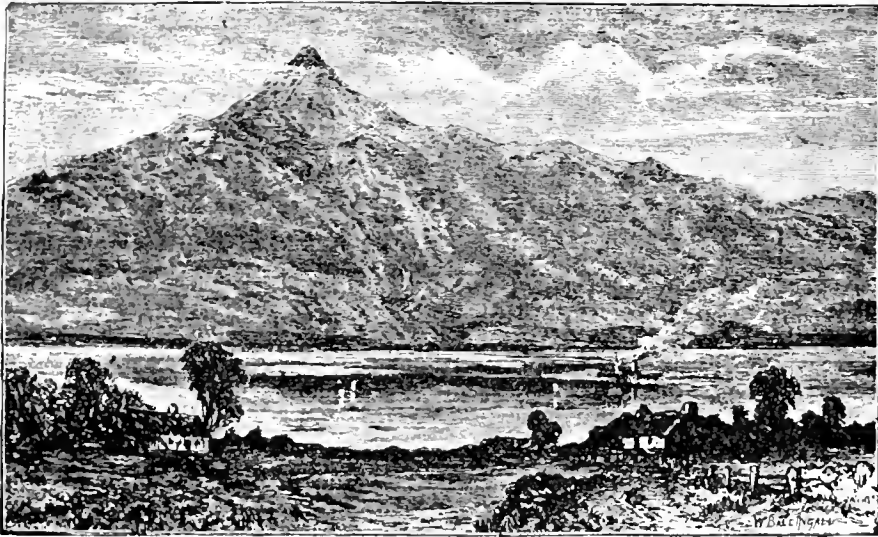


BEN ARTHUR, OR "THE COBBLER."

Across a narrow isthmus Loch Long is easily reached, or a long day's ramble may be taken in the wild and rugged Glencoe, at least as far as the "Rest and be thankful" seat to which Wordsworth's sonnet refers:—

"Doubling and doubling with laborious walk,
Who that has gained at length the wished for height,
This brief, this simple wayside call can slight,
And rest not thankful?"

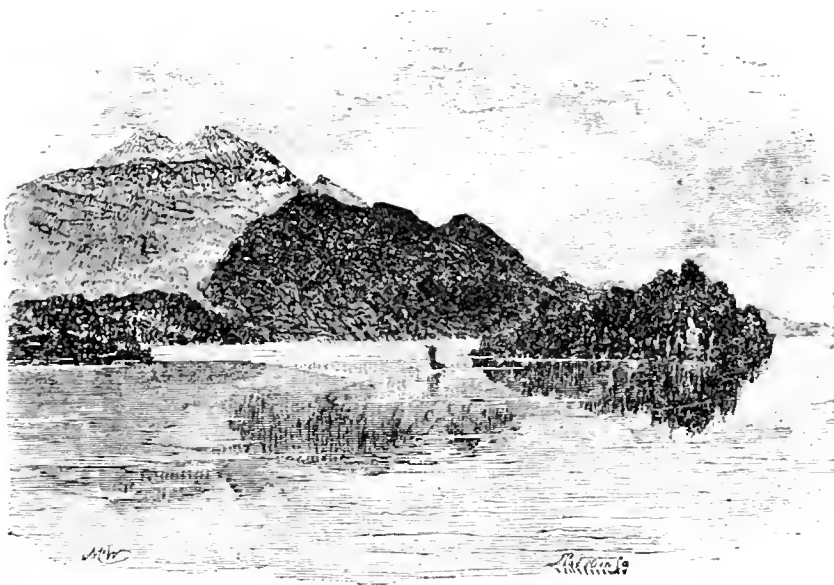
From this point it is time for us to return to Tarbet, whence we cross to Inversnaid, made famous again by Wordsworth, in his *Highland Girl*. "The bay, the waterfall," of which the poet sings, are still there in unspoiled beauty: but the "cabin small" has been replaced by a large hotel, chiefly known to tourists as the starting-point for Loch Katrine, which is reached by a five miles' drive or walk over a rough and uninteresting road that crosses one part of the watershed between the Clyde and the Forth. For the two lakes, so near, and to the thoughts of many persons so inseparable, belong to two different water systems. Loch Lomond, almost on the sea-level, discharges its waters in the great western estuary. Loch Katrine, 350 feet higher, issues by Lochs Achray and Vennachar into the Teith, which joins the Forth a little above Stirling, and so flows into the German Ocean. Such at least is the natural course of the Katrine waters: we all know how science and skill have interfered to turn a great portion of them westward also, and to make them tributary to human needs. Somewhat sneeringly I was



BEN LOMOND, FROM THE LOCH.

told by a fellow-traveler that we were going to see the great "Glasgow Reservoir;" and, in fact, knowing that the level of the lake had been raised four or five feet by embankment, with a view to this water supply, and that of course large engineering works had been constructed at the place of issue, it was natural to expect some diminution of the old romantic charm. But there is really little, if any. For one thing, the water-works are placed at some distance from the more picturesque part of the lake, and are passed by the little steamer, on which we embarked at Stronachlachar pier, sometime before we reached fair Ellen's Isle, the Silver Strand, or the opening to the Trossachs. The beauty that surrounds the outlet of the lake is thus left unimpaired. Then, the flow of water for Glasgow uses, vast as it is, bears but a small proportion to the capacity of the lake. Loch Katrine contains in round numbers 5,620 millions of gallons: the daily supply required for Glasgow and its suburbs is at the rate of 54 gallons a head per day for a population of three-quarters of a million; something less than forty millions of gallons in all. Speaking roughly, therefore, the lake contains 140 days' supply, were the rainfall entirely to cease and every tributary stream from

the mountains around to be cut off. As it is, there is no deficiency, and though the trees on the margin of the lake seem in places to have suffered, the outfall to Loch Achray is, generally speaking, as copious as ever; while, to prevent any diminution in the River Teith, Loch Vennachar has been embanked, so as greatly to increase its storage; while little Loch Drunkie, a mountain tarn 416 feet above the sea, that discharges into Loch Vennachar (269 feet) is also used for storage.¹ There is thus no fear that the supply may prove insufficient; and in fact Loch Katrine at the very lowest falls but three feet below the old summer level, while, as we have seen, it may touch four feet above that level, a total range of but seven feet. From the lake the water is conveyed to Glasgow, a distance of thirty-four miles; partly by tunnels through the hills, partly by aqueducts, overarched, and carried across valleys by lofty bridges; while in three valleys, those of the Dochray Water, the River Endrick, and the Blane Water, the water is conducted down the slope and ascends on the opposite side in cast-iron pipes



LOCH KATRINE, WITH ELLEN'S ISLE.

four feet in diameter. Eight miles out of Glasgow, at Mugdock, there is a great service reservoir 317 feet above the sea-level, with a capacity of 550 millions of gallons; and from this the water is carried to Glasgow by several mains, each to its own quarter of the city and suburbs. The result is that the inhabitants of this favored town have everywhere in their houses and manufactories a practically unlimited supply of the purest water, carefully filtered in its course, and carrying health, cleanliness, and comfort everywhere. Who that knows facts like these will not look on Loch Katrine with an interest even deeper than that inspired by the *Lady of the Lake*? Or, at any rate, who will not be willing to turn his thoughts for a moment from the adventures of Fitzjames

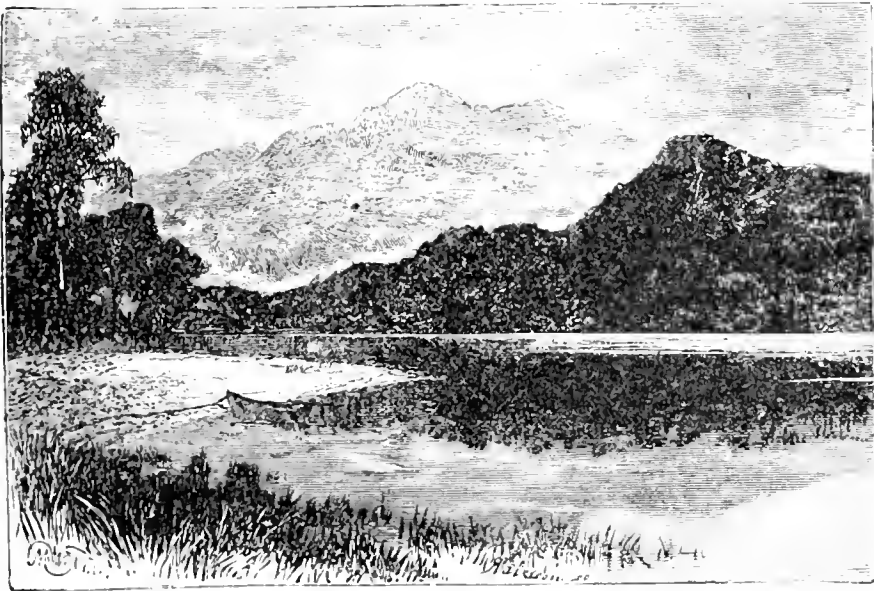
¹ Here are the exact figures for the information of the curious:—*Loch Katrine*, raised 4 feet above the old summer level, has a water surface of 3,059 acres, and a capacity of 5,623,581,250 gallons; *Loch Vennachar*, raised 5 feet 9 inches, covering 1,025 acres, capacity 2,588,060,350 gallons; *Loch Drunkie*, raised 25 feet, covering 138 acres, capacity 773,750,063 gallons; total 4,222 acres of water level, and a capacity of 8,986,201,663 gallons. These figures, and the facts given above, are taken from a remarkably interesting paper *On the Latest Additions to the Loch Katrine Water-works*, by Mr. James M. Gale, C.E., in the *Transactions of the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders in Scotland*.



BEN VENUE.

and Roderick Dhu, to acknowledge that the most illustrious memory connected with this beautiful lake is that on the fourteenth of October, 1859, the Queen, by opening the first sluice and letting the waters flow, conferred upon one of the greatest cities of her empire this gift beyond all price?

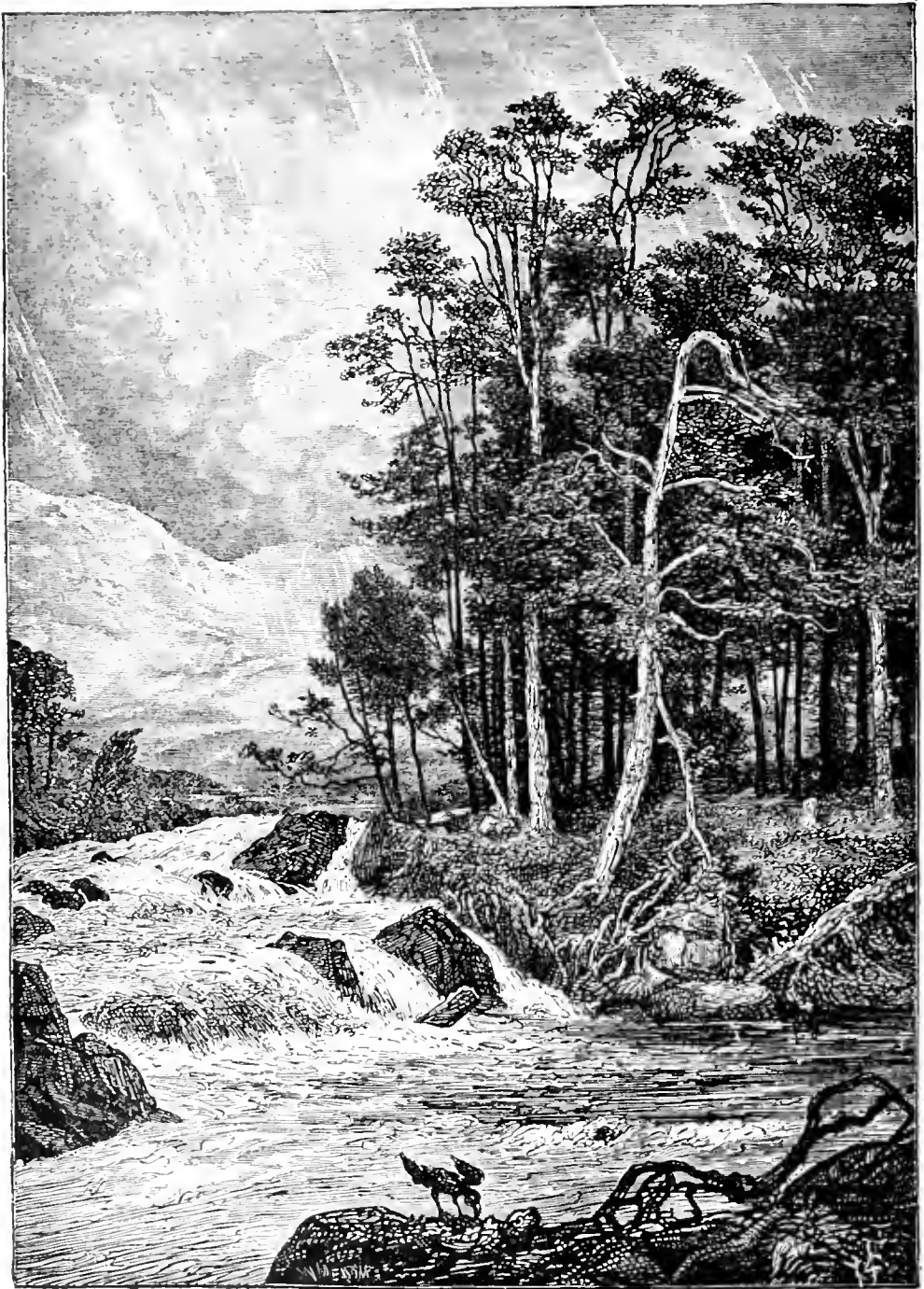
We have been led to dwell on this achievement of science somewhat disproportionately perhaps for a book like the present; and yet it seemed necessary, to meet an impression not uncommon among those who have never seen Lochs Katrine, Vennachar, and Achray, with their guardian mountains, "huge Ben Venue" and "Ben Ledi's ridge in air." Nothing has impaired, and truly nothing can excel, the beauties of the opening to the Trossachs as they unfold before the traveler, borne swiftly past Ellen's Isle, and stepping, full of expectancy and of Sir Walter Scott, upon the little landing near Aird-cheanochrochan. This portentous word, we believe, is Gaelic for "the high point at the end of the knoll." He is now in the Trossachs, or the "bristly country;" and per-



THE SILVER STRAND, LOCH KATRINE.

haps his expectations have been unduly raised by the poet's description, for we have known some visitors to confess disappointment, and have even been confidentially asked, "But which *are* the Trossachs?" The truth is, we pass through this lovely glen too quickly to take in all its beauties. We are in a hurry, perhaps, for luncheon at the hotel, or are wondering whether there will be room on the coach. It is best to linger. The crowd will soon have left; and when the distant horn announces the departure of the coach, the lover of solitude may have his fill of delight as he makes his way to the Silver Strand that edges the lake on the western side a little less than a mile from the landing, or rambles on the opposite side to the Pass of Beal-nam-bo ("Pass of the Cattle,") on the rocky flank of Ben Venue. The name speaks of the wild times when the cattle stolen by Highland Caterans from the pastures beyond were driven down this pass to the refuge of the Trossachs. *Katrine* itself, so melodious in its sound, is only this *Cateran* disguised! The Robber Lake! So at least Sir Walter Scott informs us. But, without endeavoring to settle this point of etymology, we can now re-enter the

glen, in the light of the western sun, and give ourselves up to the full beauty of the scene. On each side the crags, knolls, and mounds rise "confusedly," streaked gray



IN GLEN DOCHART.

weather-stained, green with moss, purple with heather. From every crevice where a root could fasten the feathery birch-tree and quivering aspen, spring

“ Aloft the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock.”

HEAD OF LOCH AWE AND KILCHURN CASTLE.



Look upward at the sunlight glistening through the boughs, or downward on the long shadows that cross the path, or through the trees at the gray mountain forms dimly discernible. The view at every point is



LOWER FALL OF FOYERS.

"So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fury dream."

But even more beautiful is the quiet summer's morning in this exquisite glen, when the dew glistens on every spray, and the birds fill the air with music. The crowd of tourists will soon arrive, but at present the place is free. Walk or drive to Cullander.

by the Bridge of Turk and beautiful Vennachar; you will soon meet the long procession of carriages and coaches, with red-coated drivers showing to their passengers the successive points of scenery described in the *Lady of the Lake*. "There"—pointing with his whip—"is Coilantogle Ford—now occupied by the sluice and salmon-ladders connected with the water-works." Then, breaking into poetry, the driver recites some lines of Scott. To him there is but one poem; and every character in it is historical. It is

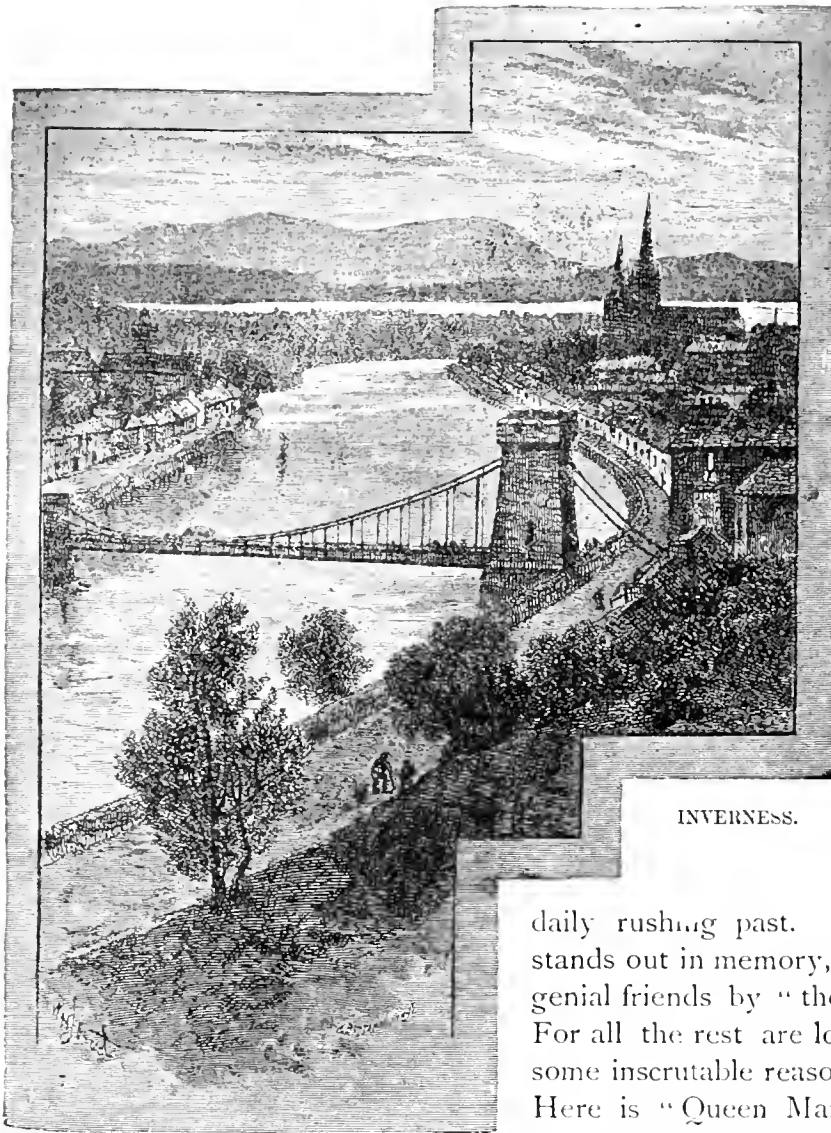
pleasant to see such enthusiasm, even though after-thoughts of profit may be connected with it. We have driven through famous historic scenes beside some sullen coachman who had nothing but a gruff *Yes* or *No* to our most eager questions. Such drivers would find no place in the Trossachs!

Probably we may not be able to remain in the neighborhood of Loch Vennachar, for there are lovely spots that would well repay the explorer. As a rule, however, these are as lonely all through the summer season as though the crowd of excursionists were not

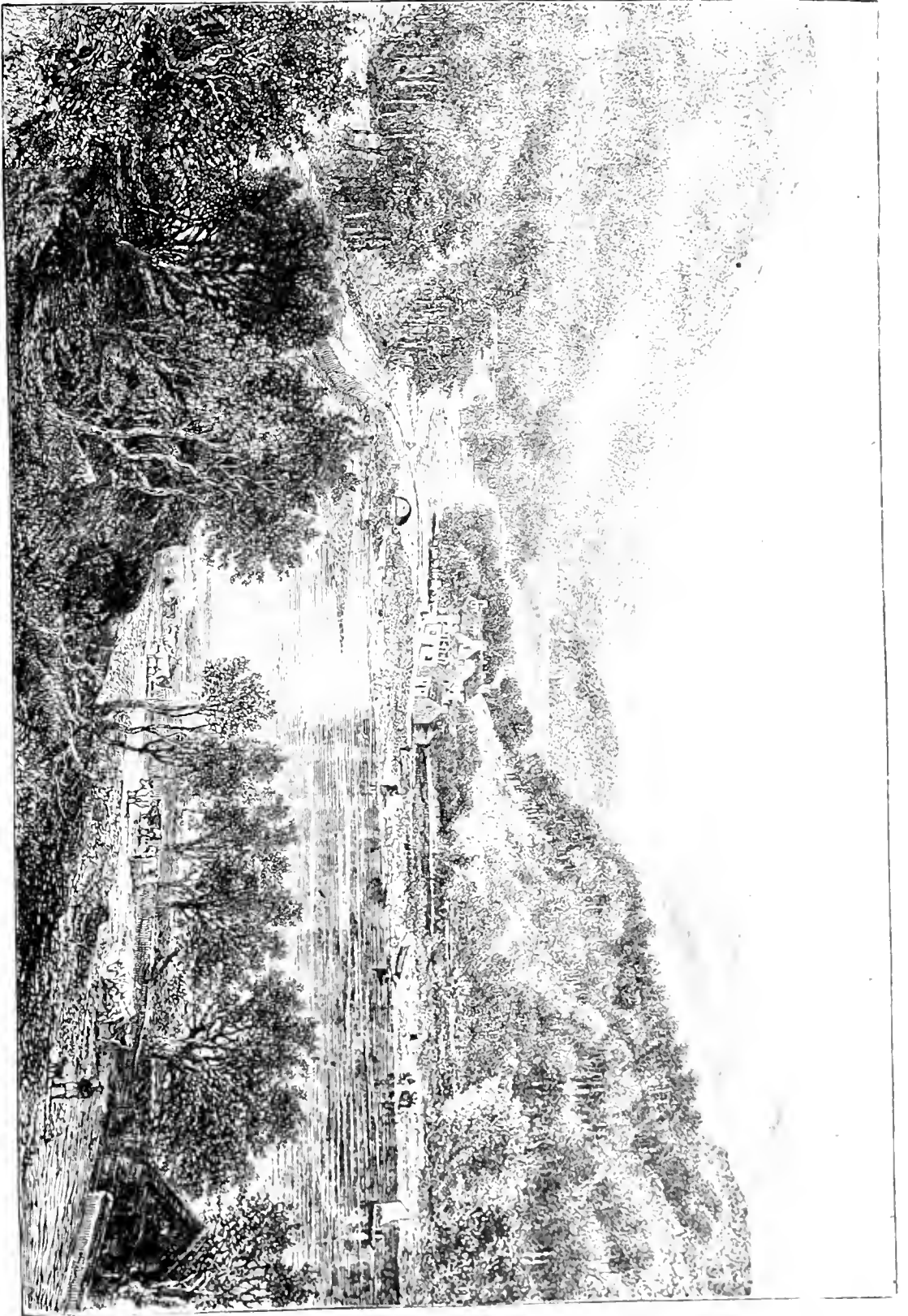
daily rushing past. One bright summer day stands out in memory, spent years ago with congenial friends by "the only *Lake* in Scotland." For all the rest are lochs: this of Menteith, for some inscrutable reason, is always called a lake. Here is "Queen Mary's Bower" in Inchmahome, the "Island of Rest;" and here, with the "four Maries" as her attendants, the ill-fated

princess passed her brief and happy childhood. For varied loveliness of woodland, streamlet, hill, lake, and island, with glimpses of sterner majesty beyond, no little excursion could well be more charming than this from Dullater, at the outlet of Vennachar, to the Port of Menteith, and to Aberfoyle, near the foot of beautiful Loch Ard, described in *Rob Roy*. From this village a mountain road leads past Loch Drunkie to the Trossachs.

Callander itself, excepting the pretty fall of Bracklinn, above the village, presents



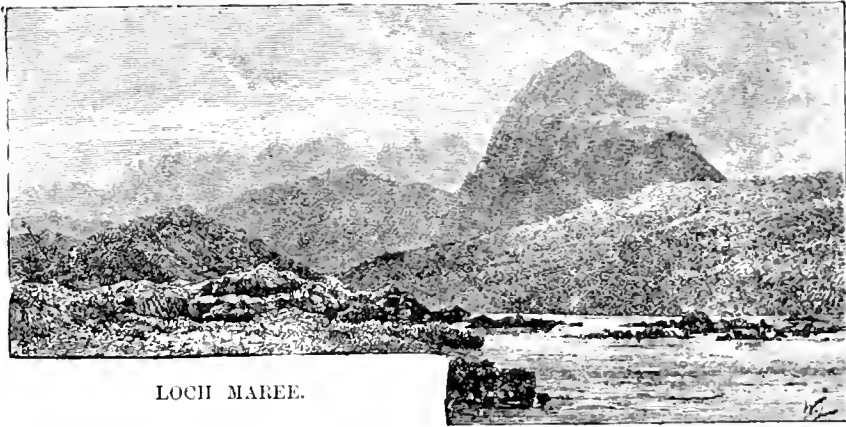
INVERNESS.



FLOWERDALE, GAIRLOCH, ROSS-SHIRE.



no points of special interest. The "Dreadnought" Hotel is familiar to tourists as a place for coming and going; but most travelers now seek the railway station; and if bound, as we are now, for Oban, they will soon find themselves on one of the finest routes by rail which these islands can boast. Many people complain that railways interfere with the enjoyment of scenery. In some localities this may be true. But here the natural features of the country are on so vast a scale that the little railway line (mostly single) and the infrequent trains seem no profanation either of the stillness or of the beauty. To the traveler almost every mile is now full of charm. First of all he proceeds up the glen of the Leny, a stream that flows over rocky banks from Loch Lubnaig to the Teith; the lake then opens up, and the railway continues close upon its banks from end to end in view of crags and wooded knolls on the opposite side. Soon the line mounts upward to a height above Loch Earn Head, a magnificent view of the loch with its girdling mountains being obtained from the railway carriage windows. Glen Ogle that follows is wild and rocky, the line being carried like a slender thread among its gigantic crags. At Killin Station, three or four miles



LOCH MAREE.

from the village, there is a junction for Loch Tay, beyond which Ben Lawers rises grandly. Glen Dochart, which is next ascended, brings into view the mighty pyramid of Ben More, and the line still rises to Crianlarich, at the head of Glen Falloch, and to Tyndrum. After passing the summit level, we obtain a fine open view over Glen Orchy to the north, and soon after passing Dalmally reach the head of Loch Awe, near Kilchurn Castle. At Loch Awe Station a fine hotel commands a grand prospect of lake and mountain, seen in too brief glimpses from the train, which after pursuing its way for somewhat more than a mile by the lake side plunges into the Pass of Brander, shared by the railway with the road and the broad swift river. The latter is crossed just above Taynuilt, and Loch Etive is reached, near the outlet of which, by Dunstaffnage Castle, the train turns off through a green valley encircled by low rocky hills to its destination at Oban.

The only other railway route to compare with this in varied beauty also crosses the Highlands from east to west, but is much farther north. It may be entered at Inverness, though its proper starting-point is at Dingwall, where the line diverges westward from the railway to the north. From Oban to Inverness the best way is up what has been called the Great Glen of Scotland,¹ by way of Loch Linnhe, the

¹ See map, p. 99.

Caledonian Canal, Loch Lochy, and Loch Ness. This route has already been sketched in these pages, as far as Fort William: the part beyond, though the passing of the canal locks is tedious, is very beautiful in fine summer weather, especially between the green hills and woods that line the shore of Loch Ness. Foyers will of course be visited; though it is far better to take a more leisurely survey of this grand waterfall, "out of all sight and sound," says Professor Wilson, "the finest in Great Britain," than is possible amid the rush of tourists while the steamer waits. It is a scene over which to linger through half a summer's day; and although the Lower Fall is by far the finer, the Upper is worth visiting too, and the paths up the glen are of rich and various beauty.

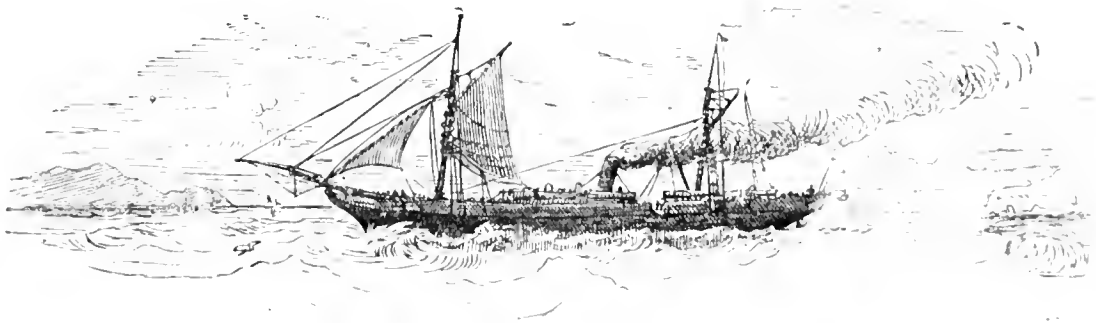


BEN SLIOCH.

INVERNESS was to us unexpectedly attractive. We had read of a "little Highland town," but we found a modern city, bright, clean, and evidently prosperous, while the swift clear Ness flowing from the loch to the sea (quite independently of the outlet to the Caledonian Canal) added greatly to the charm. But there was no time to stay beyond one quiet Sunday, where in a church beside the Ness we not only heard a most admirable sermon, but listened to some remarkably fine choral and congregational singing without any instrumental accompaniment. If the service of song could always be so conducted, we thought, there would be no "organ question" to disturb the Assemblies and the churches!

The next morning early found us on the way to Dingwall for what is called the "Skye Railway," having its terminus at Strone Ferry, in full view of that wonderful island. From Dingwall the first stage led to the broad open vale of Strathpeffer, with Ben Wyvis rising grandly to the north, while from the nearer foreground in every

direction arose mountains exquisitely diversified in contour. The place invited a longer stay, even apart from the attractions of its mineral waters: but time forbade, and Auchnasheen farther on promised yet greater charms. After passing through a wonderful ravine and through many a rocky cutting, an expanse of rich pasture and lovely woods opened upon the view, with glimpses of a calm lake seeming to recede among the hills. The mountain-heights that bounded the valley in all directions became softer and less rugged to the view, as well as almost infinitely varied in form. At Auchnasheen, on the margin also of a little lake, the railway was left awhile for an excursion to Loch Maree and Gairloch, easily attainable by a good pedestrian, though in the season there is generally sufficient coach accommodation for the tourists who come so far. So much is now said about Loch Maree by those who have visited it that expectation is apt to be disappointed. Yet those who care most for the sterner aspects of Nature, who delight in bold mountain forms, and see more beauty in the dark green of pine forests on gray hills lopes than in the "birks of Aberfeldy" or the oaks and hazels of the Trossachs, will give the palm to Loch Maree over perhaps all other scenery in Scotland. The green islands on the lake are picturesquely beautiful, and Ben Slioch rises on the farther shore, a very giant among the surrounding mountains.



RELIQS OF BHANAM WOOD.





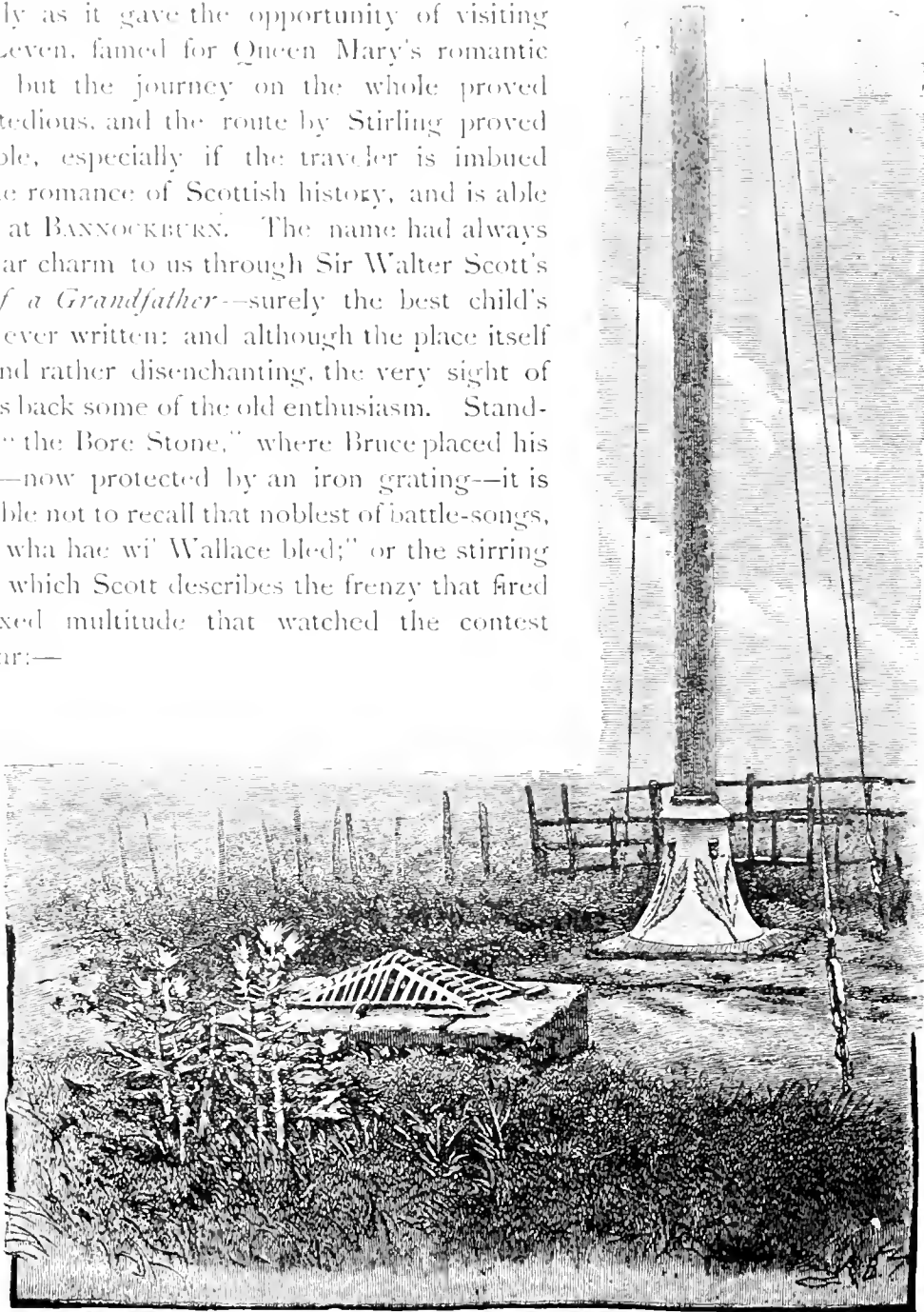
VIEW FROM STIRLING CASTLE.

THE CENTRAL HIGHLANDS: STIRLING TO INVERNESS.

THE Scottish Highlands are sometimes spoken of so as to convey the impression that there is a clearly-defined mountain district, contrasted with "the Lowlands," as though the latter were a vast plain. There could hardly be a greater mistake. From Kirkeudbright to Caithness there is hardly a county without its hill ranges; and without leaving the Southern districts, the lover of mountain beauty will find noble heights and solitary glens, with many a rippling burn from tarns among the hills. At some of these we have already glanced; and it is almost with reluctance that we leave the rest for the grander, sterner hill country of the North.

It is at Stirling that the traveler from the South first begins to discern the immen-

sity of the mountain region to which he is directing his way; and in comparison with the other routes that have been already described in these pages, or that may be sketched hereafter, possibly the region that lies about "the Highland Railway" affords the most varied as well as the wildest and most magnificent range of scenery. The line really starts from Perth, but the access from Stirling is an appropriate and striking introduction to its wonders, although it may be approached a little more directly from Edinburgh by crossing the Firth of Forth, and proceeding through Fifeshire. A détour by Dunfermline and Kinross we found very pleasant, especially as it gave the opportunity of visiting Loch Leven, famed for Queen Mary's romantic escape; but the journey on the whole proved rather tedious, and the route by Stirling proved preferable, especially if the traveler is imbued with the romance of Scottish history, and is able to stop at BANNOCKBURN. The name had always a peculiar charm to us through Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*—surely the best child's history ever written: and although the place itself is flat and rather disenchanting, the very sight of it brings back some of the old enthusiasm. Standing by "the Bore Stone," where Bruce placed his banner—now protected by an iron grating—it is impossible not to recall that noblest of battle-songs, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;" or the stirring lines in which Scott describes the frenzy that fired the mixed multitude that watched the contest from afar:—



THE BORE STONE, BANNOCKBURN.

“ Each heart had caught the patriot spark,
Old man and stripling, priest and clerk,
Bondsmen and serf; even female hand
Stretched to the hatchet or the brand.

* * * * *

‘ To us, as to our lords, are given
A native earth, a promised heaven;
To us, as to our lords, belongs
The vengeance for our nation’s wrongs;
The choice ’twixt death or freedom wars
Our breasts as theirs. To arms! to arms!’
To arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,—
And mimic ensigns high they rear,
And like a bannered host afar,
Bear down on England’s wearied war.”

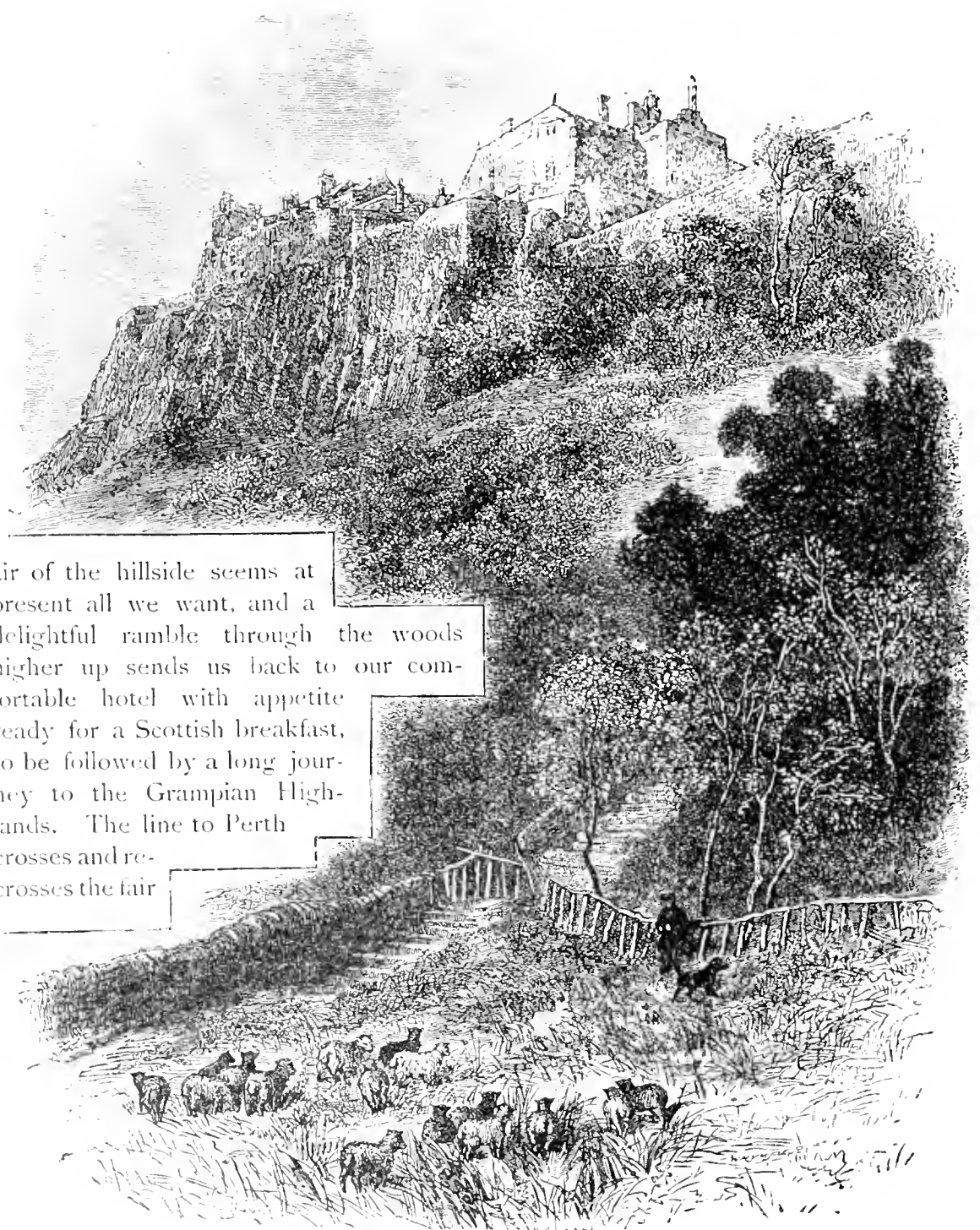
It is somewhat remarkable that in all the strifes of this period our English sympathies should be with the Scotch! The pride of the Scottish people themselves in their patriot heroes, no Act of Union or blending of interests seems ever able to diminish.

In Stirling itself the chief interest is concentrated in the Castle, which, as every one knows, surmounts a precipice fronting the plain of the Forth, the town being built upon the slopes behind. From the terraces of this grand rock the view is magnificent. Courteous guides will tell the visitor where Queen Mary stood to admire the prospect, or where Queen Victoria gazed upon the scene. Or, enticing you within, they will show the “Douglas room,” and repeat the tradition of the murder foully wrought, pointing out also memorials of John Knox, side by side with relics from Bannockburn—a singular combination! Then for the sightseer there are the quaint decorations of the Palace, and the Chapel Royal, now a store-room. But the chief attraction is still without, in the glorious open plain girded by its amphitheater of mountains. The windings of the Forth, partially seen from the Rock, so fertilize the vale as to have given rise to the saying,

“ The lairdship of the bonny Links of Forth
Is better than an earldom in the North.”

Appearing to rise almost sheer from the level in the distance, may be traced, in the west, the outlines of Ben Lomond, Ben Venue, Ben Ledi, Ben Voirlich, and of many lesser heights, while in the east the nearer and still more beautiful Ochill Hills close in the prospect. The view is a fitting introduction to the mountain land. Of course we cast our stone, metaphorically, at the unfortunate Wallace Monument, erected in the “baronial style”—whatever that may be—upon a wooded crag nearly two miles off, an outlying spur of the Ochills that had formerly been one of the most charming features of the scene. We are told for our comfort that the structure is 220 feet high, and that if we please we can ascend it for the sake of the extensive view from its summit. Declining the offer, and hardly caring to remain in Stirling, we pass on to rest for the night at the Bridge of Allan, a watering-place on the brow of the Airthrey range, luxuriantly wooded, and favored not only by invigorating air, but by mineral waters, which, on ascending to the pump room before breakfast the next morning, we find we

may drink *ad libitum*, on a small payment at entrance. Several persons are already pacing in front of the building with glasses in their hands; but the genial stimulating

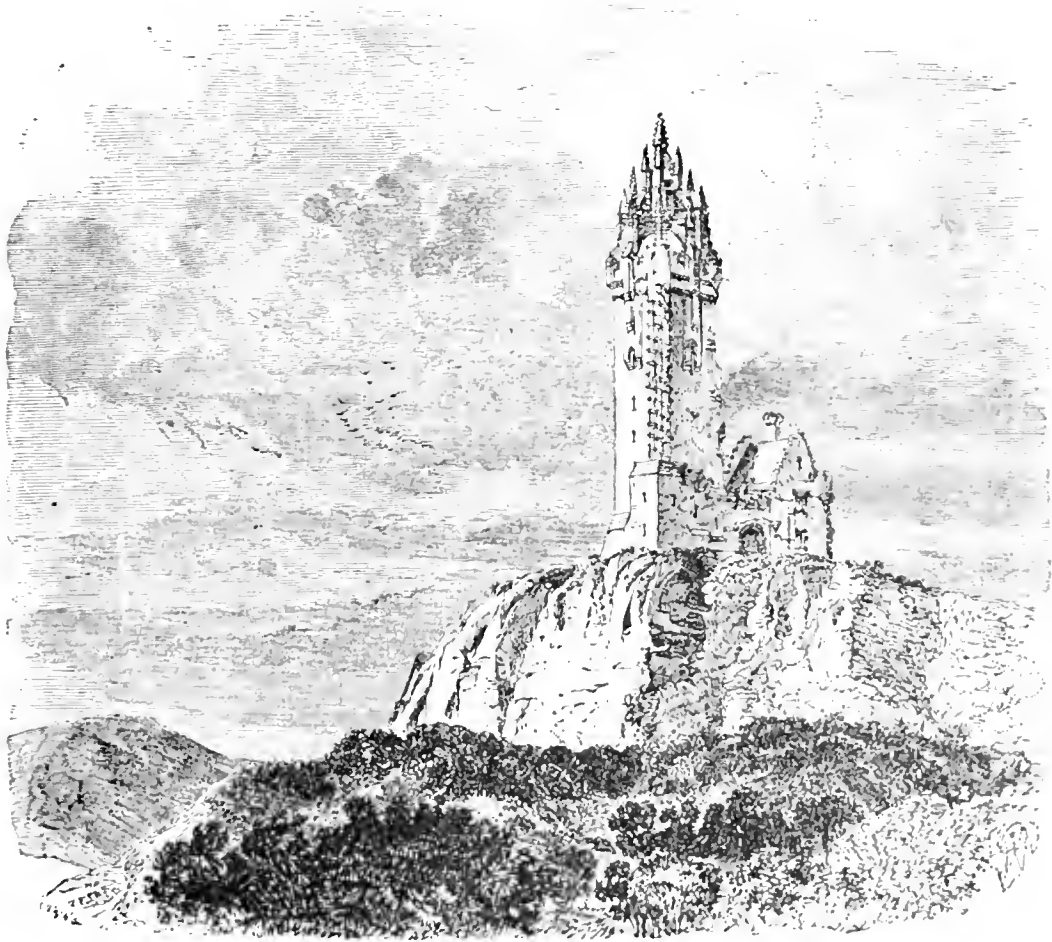


air of the hillside seems at present all we want, and a delightful ramble through the woods higher up sends us back to our comfortable hotel with appetite ready for a Scottish breakfast, to be followed by a long journey to the Grampian Highlands. The line to Perth crosses and re-crosses the fair

STIRLING CASTLE.

Allan Water, passing Dunblane with its old cathedral—worth a visit, were there time—then reaches Crieff Junction, or rather the Junction for Crieff, that lovely resting-

place in the strath or valley of the Earn being still at a considerable distance. Should there be time for a visit, an excursion up the wild Glen Turret to the foot of Ben Chonzie would be found wonderfully enjoyable; but we must now press on from the junction, and leave these scenes for the time unvisited. Auchterarder is next passed, a name once famous in ecclesiastical controversy; and the train traverses a broad fertile valley until it rolls into the wide echoing station of PERTH. The "fair city," however, need not detain us. Its far-famed Inches are broad level meadows. Kinnoul Hill is beautiful for its wooded walks and for its fine views toward the Grampian Mountains,



WALLACE MONUMENT, STIRLING.

while the Carse of Gowrie, and expanse of rich meadow-land bordering the Tay, stretches eastward, and the blue waters of the estuary gleam beyond. It is said that Moncrieff Hill, on the other side of the river, is equally fine; but we had no time to ascend both, or rather, as the time of our visit to Kinnoul happened to be the Sabbath evening after the services of the day, it was more congenial to rest in quiet talk, as we watched the sunset over the distant hills.

Returning to the railway station in the morning, we find two sets of trains bound for the Highlands. One is by Forfar to Aberdeen and the east, the other by Blair Athole more directly northward; both routes meeting again at Forres, and passing along the southern shore of the Moray Firth to Inverness. It is the Blair Athole line



DUNBLANE CATHEDRAL.

which a panorama of the richest beauty is obtained; the hills, nowhere vast, but picturesque in outline, being clothed to their summits with thickly planted trees. The little town with its old cathedral tower is in front of the spectator; Birnam Hill, beyond the railway station, rises behind him. Undoubtedly at Dunkeld the two things to be done are to ascend this hill, and to walk through the Duke of Athole's grounds. Birnam is perfectly accessible, even to ordinary walkers; the "wood" which Shakespeare has made famous¹ is represented by some fine old trees; the path to the summit winds round a dense plantation of fir and birch; above which a grand view of the distant mountains is obtained, with Dunkeld in the foreground, guarded as it were by the wooded bluff of Craigie-Barns. The sparkle of lakelets in the valley, and the luxuriance of the foliage on every height, afford a charming contrast in color to the purple and gray of the mountains; while the broad and beautiful Tay may be traced both upward and downward for many a mile. It is only the background of rugged desolateness that seems wanting to the perfection of this fine view. The harsher features are softened by distance, and the spectator looks abroad as on an earthly Paradise.

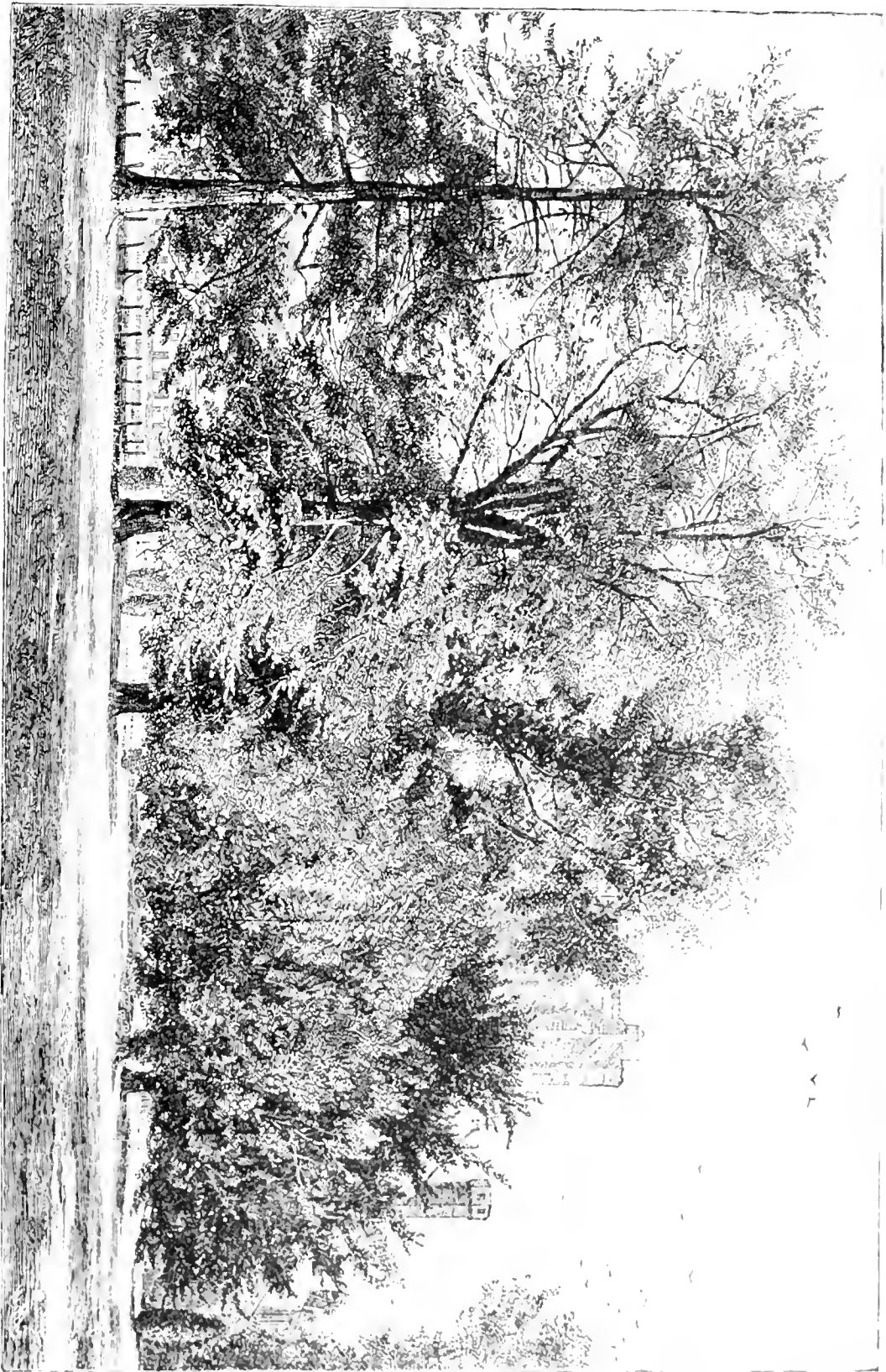
Descending to Dunkeld, and visiting the cathedral or not, as his antiquarian tastes may incline him, the traveler must next make a point of visiting the Duke of Athole's grounds, passing on the way some old larch-trees, among the first introduced into Great Britain, having been brought from the Tyrol in 1738. There is a payment at the Duke's gates which no-

that is called distinctively the "Highland Railway"; and happy are those travelers who can linger at its successive points of interest, and explore at leisure the wonderful regions that lie eastward and westward, offering within a short distance scenes of alternate grandeur and loveliness, enhanced by the stern and rugged desolation, by which, on the eastern side especially, they are shut in. At first, however, all is tranquil loveliness, as the train rapidly ascends the valley of the Tay, with many a view of the fair river. Dunkeld is soon reached—to many travelers the first introduction to the Highlands. The town is at some distance from the station, and the best way to apprehend its Leauty is to walk to the bridge over the Tay, from



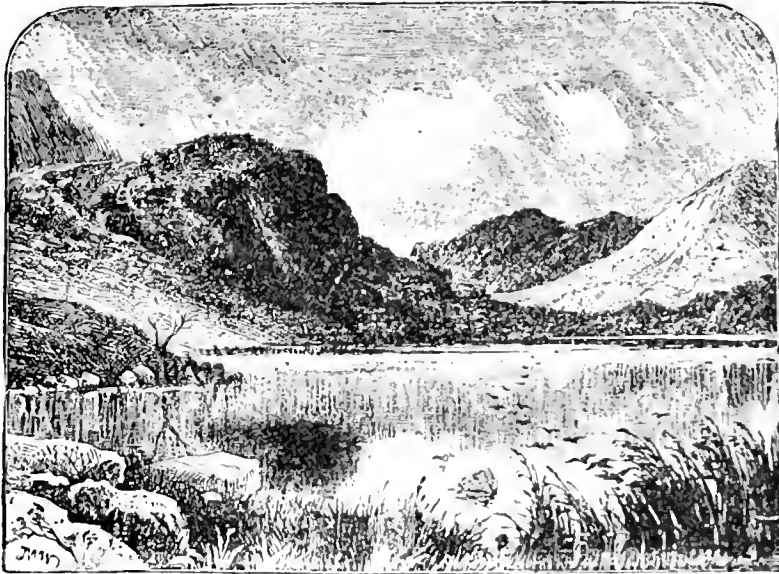
CARSE OF GOWRIE.

¹ Mr. Pennant says that "Birnam Wood has never recovered the march which its ancestors made to Dunsinane."



LAICHES AT DUNFELD.

body will grudge, and the prejudice with which some persons are apt to enter show-grounds of any kind will soon disappear. True, there is much of art in the laying out of walks and shrubberies, and opinions will differ as to the effect produced in "Ossian's Hall," near the Hermitage, where the throwing open of a door suddenly discloses a cataract, which a cunning disposition of mirrors makes to appear as though environing the spectator on all sides, and ready to pour on his head. Some years ago a traveler, whose æsthetics probably were too much for his honesty, wantonly destroyed the place with gunpowder, and left the falls to produce their own impression. Ossian's Hall has, however, been rebuilt, and forms a more tasteful, if less astonishing, framework for the falls than before. But apart from such devices, the natural beauties of the scene are of such a kind as to be really enhanced by taste and culture. The Tay, with its lovely tributary the Braan, the surrounding hills, and the kindly soil, were all ready to hand; and the result of wisely directed expenditure and labor is seen in the charm of the turf walks, the magnificence of the innumerable

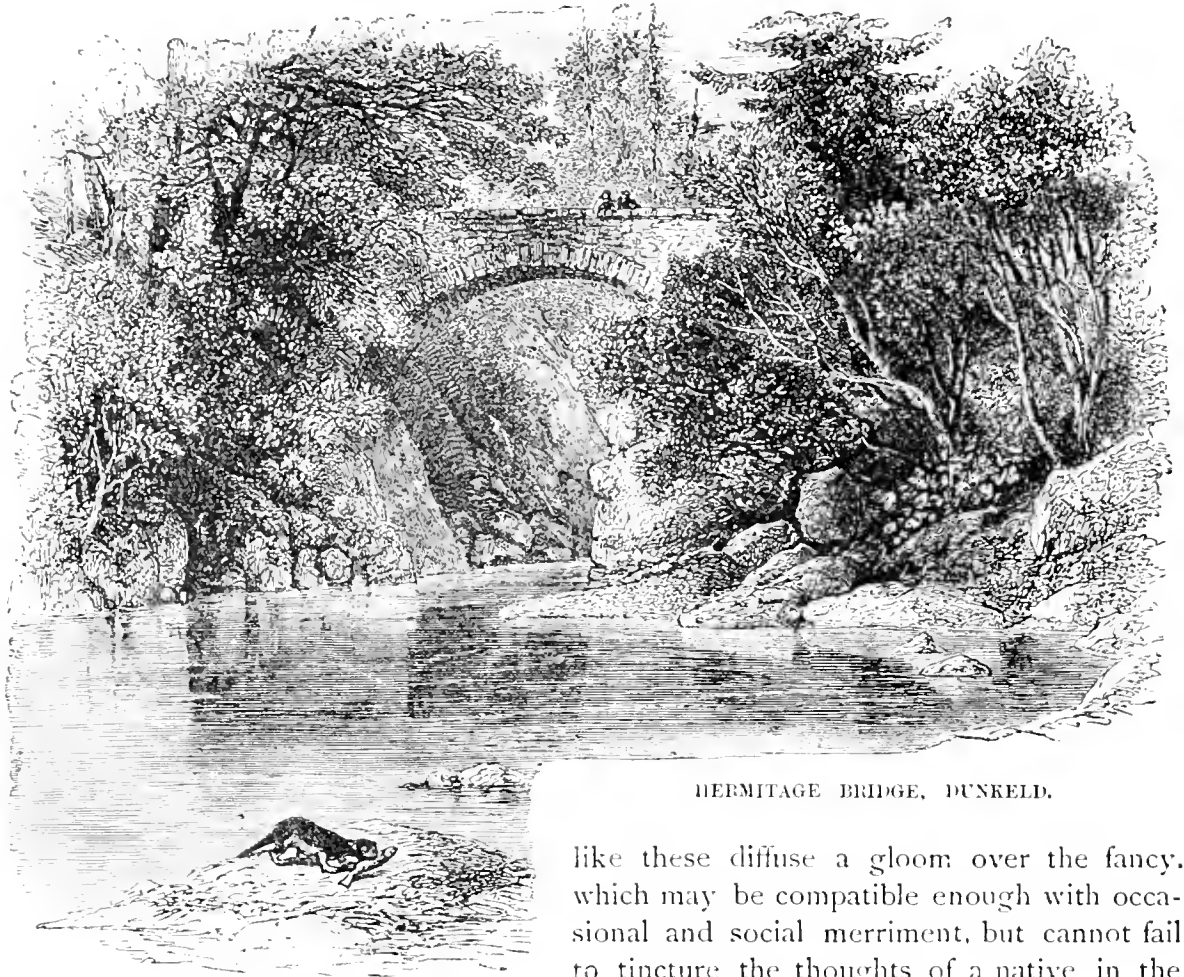


LOCH TURRIF.

trees, and the selection of best points for the opening up of vistas, whence the chief beauties of the place may be seen. The Hermitage Bridge and Fall in the Braan Valley is perhaps the place that will most tempt the lingering footsteps of the visitor; although the "Rumbling Bridge" beyond (not to be confounded with the more celebrated Rumbling Bridge over the Devon, between Kinross and Stirling) is romantically wild. Altogether, it will be seen, Dunkeld is a place that may well become the Capua of the tourist who gives way to its fascinations. There is harder work before him, if he wishes to see the Highlands as they are. For, as we proceed northward, we shall leave this luxuriance and splendor behind, and shall better perhaps be able to enter into the description of Dr. Beattie, author of *The Minstrel* and of *Essays on Taste*, who thus refers to the Scottish Highlands:

"The Highlands of Scotland are a picturesque but in general a melancholy country. Long tracts of mountainous desert, covered with dark heath, and often obscured

by misty weather; narrow valleys, thinly inhabited, and bounded by precipices resounding with the fall of torrents; a soil so rugged and a climate so dreary as in many parts to admit neither the amusements of pasturage nor the labors of agriculture; the mournful dashing of waves along the friths and lakes that intersect the country; the portentous noises which every change of the wind and every increase and diminution of the waters is apt to raise in a lonely region, full of echoes, and rocks, and caverns; the grotesque and ghastly appearance of such a landscape by the light of the moon—objects



HERMITAGE BRIDGE, DUNKELD.

like these diffuse a gloom over the fancy, which may be compatible enough with occasional and social merriment, but cannot fail to tincture the thoughts of a native in the hour of silence and solitude."

Dr. Beattie's remarks occur in an *Essay on Music*, and are intended to explain how the Highland music is naturally plaintive and much in minor key; but that it is not therefore devoid of pleasing melody, the works of great composers, notably Mendelssohn in his *Highland Symphony*, as well as the native Scottish music, sufficiently attest. Yet the description has interest, as showing how much the enthusiasm about Highland scenery is the result of association. That the taste for such scenery is of comparatively recent origin is shown in the *Letters* of the poet Gray, who writes almost as if the wonder and beauty of the Highlands were a new discovery. It must be remembered that General Wade's roads, giving easy access for the first time to the chief beauties of this mountain district, were but newly opened. "The Lowlands," writes Gray, "are worth

seeing once, but the mountains are ecstatic, and ought to be visited in pilgrimage once a year." And again, speaking of Killiecrankie: "A hill rises, covered with oak, with grotesque masses of rock staring from among their trunks, like the sullen countenance of Fingal and all his family, frowning on the little mortals of modern days. From between this hill and the adjacent mountains, pent in a narrow channel, comes roaring out the river Tummel, and falls headlong down, enclosed in white foam, which rises in a mist all around it. But my paper is deficient, and I must say nothing of the Pass itself, the black river Garry, the Blair of Athol, Mount Beni-gloe, my return (by another road) to



PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE.

Dunkeld, the Hermitage, the *Stra-Braan*, and the Rumbling Brigg. In short, since I saw the Alps I have seen nothing sublime till now."

The railway, keeping for the most part to the valley, sinits out at present the sterner features of the scenery; though by-and-by it will pass through a dreary country enough! The route continues from Dunkeld to the point where, in an open valley, the Tay branches to the west: the river that comes down from the north to join it at this spot is the Tummel. It is worth while again to leave the direct line for a brief visit to Aberfeldy with its "birks," or birch-trees, and pretty waterfall. As far as this point there is now a branch railway, so that the visit can be made with but small expenditure of time, although the leisurely traveler will find the drive or walk by the river past Taymouth Castle and as far as Kenmore very lovely. Here Loch Tay opens up amid a scene of

perfect sylvan beauty, with Ben Lawers, the sixth¹ highest mountain in Scotland, 3984 feet in height, rising grandly to the north, and the purple hills about Killin at the head of the loch, ten miles distant, affording some hint of the sterner grandeurs in the west. At Killin, as shown in a previous chapter, the railway to Oban may be joined: but our present purpose is to return to the northward route. The Tummel, whose course the railway now ascends as far as Pitlochrie, has been called the "loveliest river in Scotland"; but its chief beauties will be seen by those who have time to turn off from Pitlochrie up to Lochs Tummel and Rannoch. The combinations of wood and rock almost along the whole route are exquisite, and the Falls of the Tummel, though not high, are striking when the river is in full flood. We ferried across at the foot of the former lake



BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

to a point where a rock, easily reached, commands a superb view, known as "the Queen's," over the loch with its surrounding mountains, clothed along their bases with noble woods, their endless curves and slopes culminating in the mighty pyramid of Schiehallion. Should it be impossible to proceed as far as Loch Rannoch, the visitor may well turn back to Pitlochrie. He will see nothing finer of its kind in all Scotland. The Hydropathic Establishments at Pitlochrie attract many visitors: the vale here expands into a wide strath: the air, without being chill or harsh, is very bracing, and,

¹ Which are the first five? We take the list from Mr. Baddeley's *Guide to the Highlands*: Ben Nevis, 4406 feet; Ben Muich Dhui, 4296; Braeriach, 4248; Cairn Toul, 4241; Cairngorm, 4841. These last four form one stupendous irregular quadrangle about the source of the Dee. Ben Lomond comes only twenty-fourth, with a height of 3192 feet. There are no fewer than *forty* summits, from Ben Nevis to Ben Venue (2393 feet), that may rank as mountains of the first class.



though we cannot here speak from experience, it is said to be well adapted for tender lungs in winter, being dry and pure, while all the sunshine that there is falls upon this happy sheltered valley.

Instead of resuming the railway journey at Pitlochrie, the traveler should—we might almost say *must*, for the sake of the rich beauty of the scene—proceed on foot or by carriage along the road as far as Killiecrankie, passing up the river Garry from its junction with the Tummel. Road, rail, and river, are all carried along the glen; and though even the railroad does not spoil its magnificence, but, on the contrary, affords many fine views of the wooded heights which seem to close it in, the best view, incomparably, is from the path below, close by the rushing river. A chatty, and, as he described himself, a *rara avis*, guide accompanied us: such attendance seems to be



TAYMOUTH CASTLE.

the rule when the footpath is taken. He was, as Scottish guides generally are, full of honest enthusiasm for the beautiful ravine of which he was the custodian. The only defect of the pass is that there is so little of it. Not far from the end, we reach the Soldier's Leap, the river being hemmed in by great boulders to a width of not more than ten or twelve feet, where it is said a Highland soldier, hotly pursued after the battle in July, 1680, cleared the chasm and saved his life. There always is a Lover's Leap, a Soldier's Leap, or a Smuggler's Leap, over such narrow gorges! The battle-field is just outside the glen, not far from the station, and close by Urrard House, where Claverhouse died from the wound received in the conflict.

We seem to linger on these fair scenes: but in fact we are not yet at an hour's distance by train from Dunkeld. Yet a little higher, and we reach Blair Athole, where now the traveler begins to feel the coldness of the hills. The village lies in an open

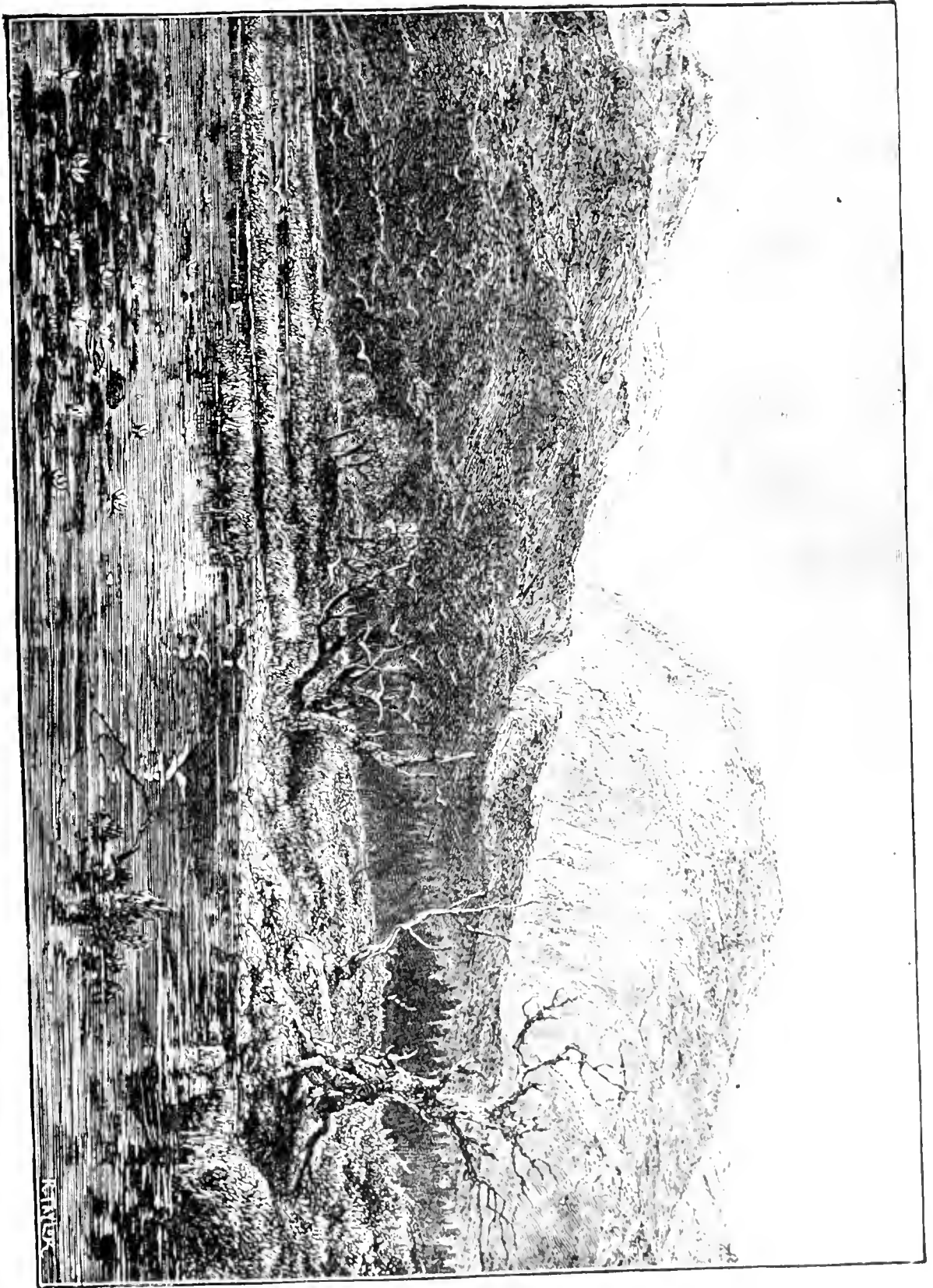
plain, and possesses no remarkable features, apart from the castle and grounds of "the Duke." These we did not care much to see, nor even to visit the grave of Claverhouse, who is interred here, but without a monument. For time was limited; and Glen Tilt, that wondrous path into the mountain land, had supreme attractions. The Tilt is the little river which here comes down from the east into the Garry; and after following its upward course through a beautiful valley for a few miles, we emerge upon a grand bare glen, in the bed of which the stream dashes among its rocks. A narrow path is carried along the mountain side on the right bank of the river: opposite and in front of the pedestrian, hills rise beyond hills, in endless variety of bold magnificent outline; torrents,



MOUNTAIN PASS IN THE GRAMPAINS.

which in dry weather dwindle into rivulets, descend from the heights; and one of these, the Tarff, when in flood has proved a barrier to many a stout pedestrian. Readers of the *Journal of our Life in the Highlands* will remember a picture of the royal party crossing the ford on horseback. This seems adventurous enough; but sometimes the ford has been entirely impracticable, and the traveler on foot who has been resolved to proceed has found it necessary to ascend the rough and broken path by the torrent for about two miles, to some rude stepping-stones. Life has even been lost at the Ford; but a bridge has now been erected over the stream by the "Scottish Rights of Way Society." Some distance higher up the pass, the Tilt, now an inconsiderable burn, is easily crossed; Loch Tilt, the desolate mountain tarn from which it issues, is a little to the left; and the weary traveler, having gained the summit, is at the watershed between

LOCH RITCHEY AND CAMPBELL.



1894

the systems of the Tay and the Dee, on the border of the counties Perth and Aberdeen. Before him are the giants of the Grampians—Cairntoul, Ben-Muich-dhui, and Cairngorm; and the stream which begins to appear through the stones and heather on his right hand is one of the affluents of the Dee. He is now on his way to Braemar; but we cannot follow him, as we must return to complete our journey over the "Highland line."

After leaving Blair Athole this line becomes very dreary; the last of the woodland

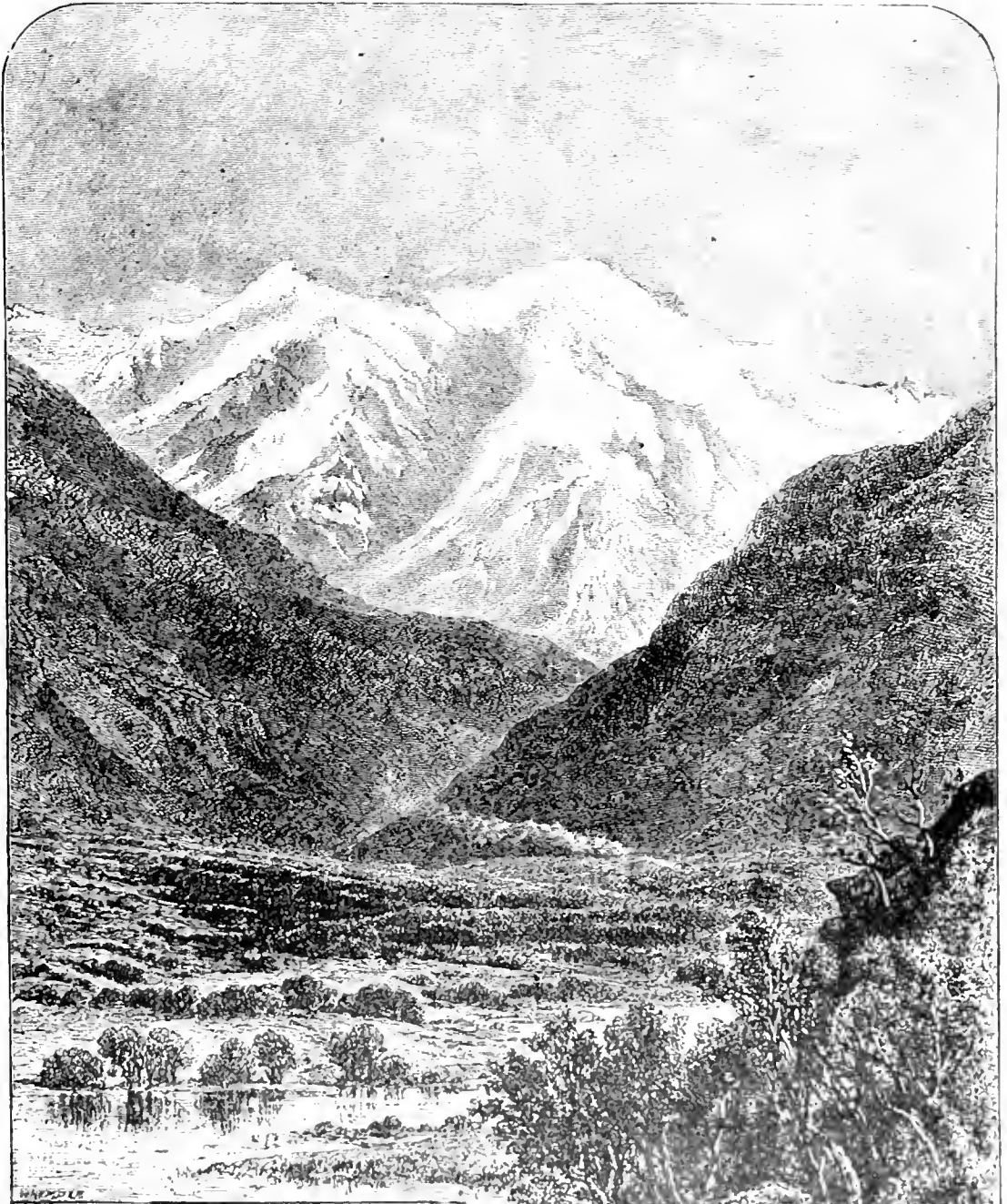


BREAK WATER.

glens, with whose beauty we have been almost surfeited, being at the Falls of the Bruar, a tributary of the Garry, to the right. The trains mostly stop at Struan Station, and we would strongly recommend any tourist who cares to see another cataract to alight there and walk up to the series of falls. In its higher reaches the torrent dashes over the wildest, grimmest rocks; lower down the ravine is clothed with firs and other trees, in accordance with the petition of Burns, who in his admiration of the scene felt that it only needed the adornment of woodland:—

“ Let lofty firs and ashes cool
 My lowly banks o’erspread,
 And view, deep-bending in the pool,
 Their shadows’ watery bed,
 Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,
 My craggy cliffs adorn;
 And for the little songster’s nest,
 The close embowering thorn.”

The line now borders the Forest of Athole—a vast dreary undulating waste, scarred by many a storm, with boulders from the heights lying in all directions, to tell of fierce battling of the elements through winter days and nights. The Garry to the right flows over its wild, rocky, treeless bed; few habitations of men appear, and the glories of the distant hills are mostly hidden by the high curves of the desert region close at hand. This is the district of which we of the south so often read in winter time that it is “snowed up,” “impassable.” More than once a train has been actually missing, until dug out—as wanderers on the St. Bernard are discovered by the faithful hounds! In summer time, however, the air is exhilarating, and some indefatigable pedestrians who have climbed this watershed between the Tay and the Spey have avowed that they found Glengarry delightful to the end. Near the summit of the line the river is crossed; Loch Garry, from which it issues, lies a little to the left; and at the Pass of Drumouchter (“the upper ridge”), a “dip” between the counties of Perth and Inverness, the highest point is reached, fifteen hundred feet above the sea-level, near two singular mountains, the “Badenoch Boar” and the “Athole Sow,” which rise right and left of the line, while a little farther on is a glimpse of Loch Ericht—the Scottish Wastwater, only gloomier and bigger. The running stream which we now cross and recross in its stony bed shows us that we are beginning to descend; and the pace quickens through the dreary wilderness until we reach the Spey, already a fine river swiftly flowing from the west; and fair woods and pasture-land are once more seen. Kingussie (of which the *z*, be it observed, is long) is the first considerable village reached; the line soon skirts a pretty little lake (Loch Insh), and beyond the woods on our right hand the highest mountains of the Grampian range appear; not frowningly, as seen from Glen Tilt, but with considerable beauty of outline, enhanced by the foreground of forest. Rothiemurchus, on Spey-side, is a most attractive resting-place, as we can testify, from the memory of bright summer days spent in roaming through the forests, or climbing the neighboring heights, or pleasant converse with friends in a certain shooting-lodge not far from the mighty slopes and ravines of Cairngorm. For we are now in the haunts of the wild deer; and the sport which to its votaries not unnaturally seems the noblest and most inspiring, as well as the most healthful form of recreation, engrosses the thoughts of all. It is indeed difficult not to share the enthusiasm of the deerstalker, when some noble quarry—the prize of skill, patience, and hardy endurance—is brought home in triumph from the hills. Grouse-shooting, too, though making a far inferior claim upon the physical powers, has its ardent votaries; and a glance down the pages of the *Sportsman’s Guide to the Rivers, Lochs, Moors, and Deer Forests of Scotland*, published monthly in the summer, will show by the rents attached to the several “shootings,” how highly the opportunity of sport is rated. Still the sport is but secondary, and the main gift of these wild moors and mountain airs is equally for those who have never held a gun. It is the gift of health, recovered energy of brain and limb, elasticity of spirits,

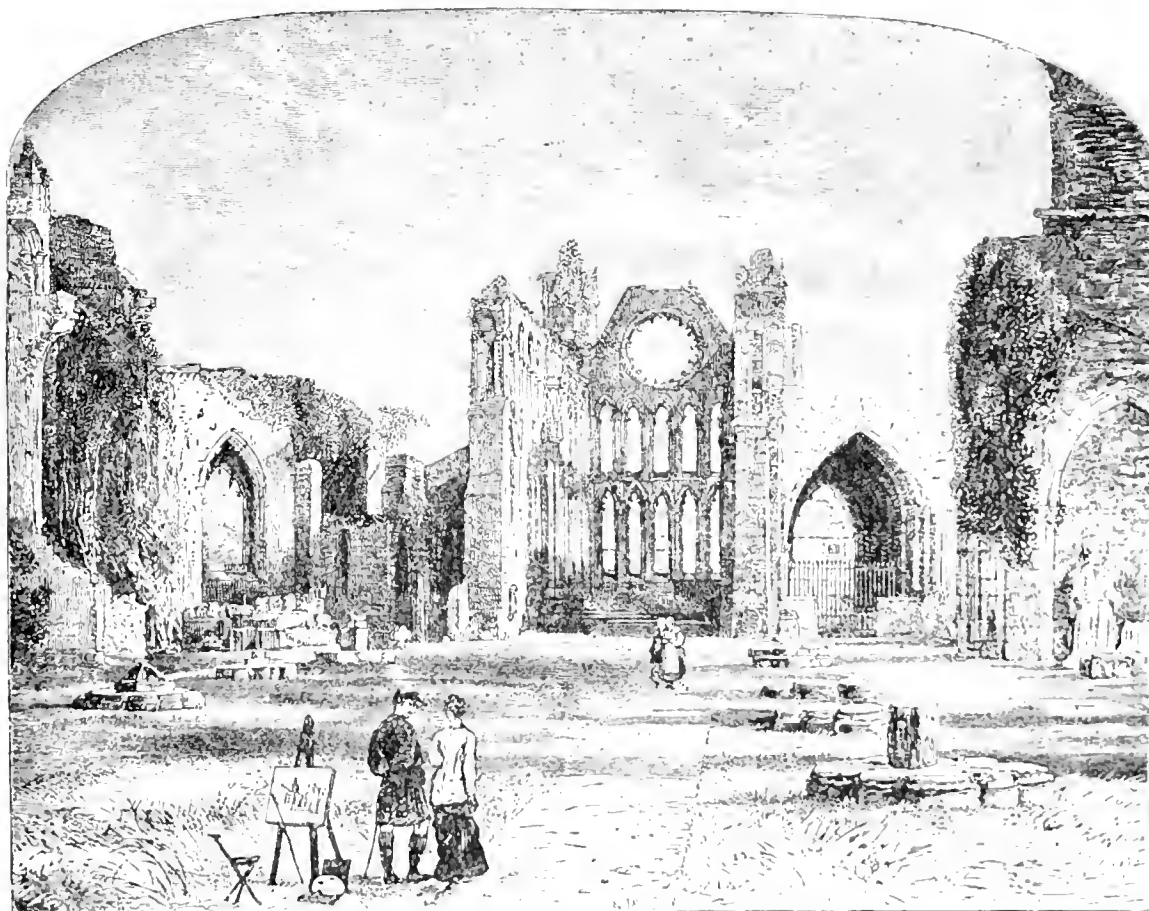


THE GRAMPIANS
AS SEEN FROM AVIEMOLE.

ROTHEMURCH'S FOREST IN THE MIDDLE
DISTANCE.

power to resolve and to achieve, so that much of the noblest work wrought by our highest and best through the winter and the spring may be traced to those autumnal days spent among the moors of Scotland.

The Spey now gathers volume, and the railroad continues close beside it as far as Grantown; the views of the river, the woodland, and the distant hills, continuing very fine, notably where the Braes of Abernethy mark the confluence of the little river Nethy from the east with the grander stream. A beautiful excursion of about ten miles may be taken from Grantown to Loch Ruicht, near Glen More, reflecting on its surface the precipitous sides of Cairngorm and the summits of the greater and smaller Bynach.

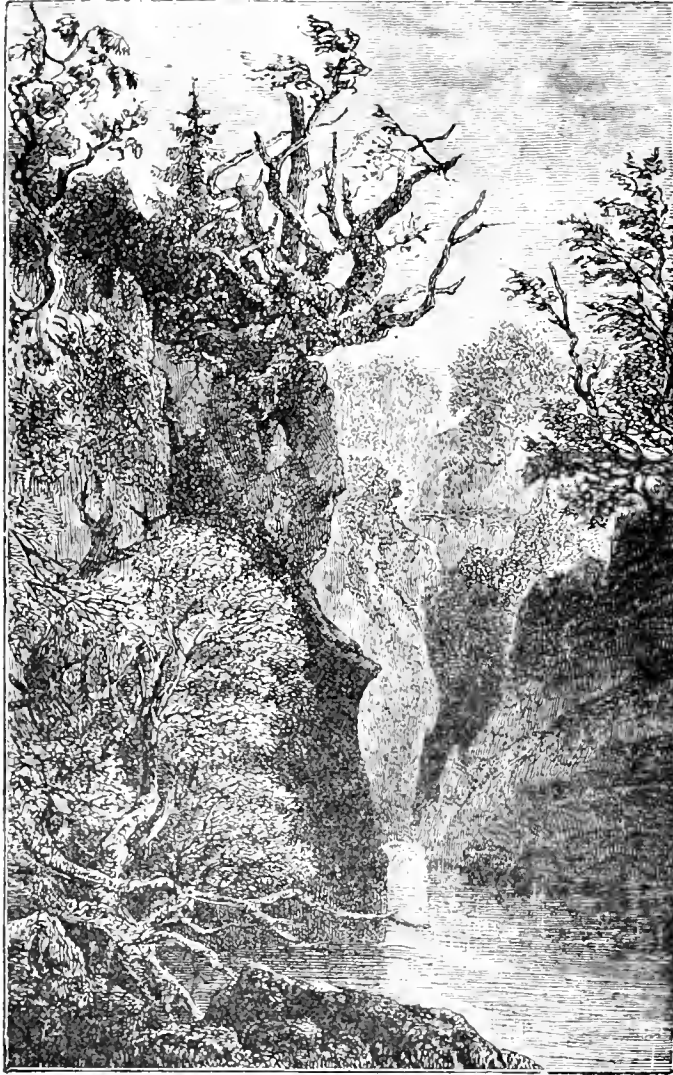


ELGIN CATHEDRAL.

The scenery around is of the wildest character—the neighboring moor is studded with pine trunks blackened by fire; the forest is said, but we believe unjustly, to have been maliciously set on fire, and the crime is spoken of as the "Shepherd's Revenge."

The loch at its western extremity is the resort of wild fowl, who breed without disturbance among the water-lilies and flags. At the other end the sandy beach is indented with the countless footprints of the deer, who come down to drink, or to relieve themselves from flies by swimming to the opposite shore. To the east of the loch lies a rocky defile known as "The Thieves' Road," along which the cattle "lifted" from their southern neighbors were driven by the Highland marauders. The mountains become less elevated; Strathspey opens to the right, and there is a pleasant route along

the banks of the river, turning off, some miles below its mouth, in the direction of *ELGIN*. Here there is little very noteworthy but the cathedral, once a truly noble pile, and now imposing in its ruins. The western towers, though dilapidated, stand in their original massiveness: and the chapter-house at the north-east angle is almost intact:—"an elegant octagonal room supported by one slender central pillar beautifully flowered and clustered, which sends forth tree-like as it approaches its branches to the different angles,



ON THE FINDHORN.

each with its peculiar incrustation of rich decorations, and its grotesque corbel." The desk to which a copy of the Scriptures was formerly chained is still attached to the pillar. The architecture of the cathedral is in general "Decorated English;" the building was founded in 1224, burned in 1390 by Alexander Stewart, son of Robert II., commonly called the Wolf of Badenoch, and rebuilt during the first quarter of the fifteenth century. A magnificent steeple rose from the center, but this fell in 1506, and being rebuilt to the height of 198 feet, fell again in 1711. Before this the building had

been irretrievably despoiled in 1568 by the Regent Murray, who sold its leaden roof for money to pay his soldiers.

Perhaps, however, the most interesting of the reminiscences connected with this venerable pile are those associated with the name of Andrew Anderson. A little dark room is still shown to the visitor between the chapter-house and the north cloister, said to have been anciently used as a lavatory, or, according to some, as the sacristy of the building. Here, about the year 1747, a poor distraught woman took up her abode, with an infant, whom she cradled in an ancient font. Once Margaret Gilzean had been among the loveliest of the fair maidens of Elgin; but she had married a soldier, and had gone off with him without her parents' consent; he seems to have fallen in one of the battles of the '45 rebellion, and the poor young widow returned with her babe to find herself



ON THE FINDHORN.

despised and disowned. Under the accumulated trouble her wits gave way, and resisting all tardy offers of kindness and shelter, she clung to this forlorn home in the ruined cathedral, wandering about with her boy, living on charity, and known by all as "daft Mary Gilzean, a harmless creature, that wept and sang by turns." The boy Andrew received a gratuitous education at the Elgin Grammar School, being appointed "Pauper" to that institution, sweeping the rooms and tending the fires in return for the instruction received. At the end of his school course he was apprenticed to a cruel master, a stay-maker by trade—brother to the soldier Anderson, his father—from whose harsh treatment at last he absconded and found his way to London. He obtained work as a tailor's assistant, and in that capacity attracted the notice of an officer bound for India, who was struck by his appearance and induced him to enlist as his servant.

Some forty or forty-five years afterward Andrew Anderson returned, after many

an adventure that it would take too long to tell, a Lieutenant-General in the East India Company's service. None recognized him, as he sought the cathedral which had so strangely sheltered his infancy, and inquired of the old sexton, Saunders Cooke, "if he knew whereabouts in the churchyard a poor woman called Marjory Gilzean had been buried." "Na," answered Saunders, "she was a pair worthless craitur; naeboddy kens where she is buried. But I can tell ye where she lived. It was in that place they ca' the Sacristy. She brought up a bairn there, in a hollow stone that was ance a font for holy water. I mind the laddie weel; he grew up a browe loon (Morayshire for a 'stout boy') and was pauper at our school." "Unfortunate," replied the stranger with much emotion, "but never *worthless!*" He took up his summer abode in Elgin; and some years afterward assigned the bulk of his property to endow a hospital for ten old and indigent persons, a school of industry for sixty poor children, and a free school for two

hundred and thirty scholars. The building was to be called "the Elgin Institution," the founder desiring to suppress his own name; but as "Anderson's" it is, and doubtless always will be known. A story like this gives to a somewhat commonplace-looking edifice a dignity which surpasses even the time-worn splendors of the cathedral.

The Highland railway itself leaves Strathspey near Grantown, and proceeds directly northward, first climbing to the summit of a "blasted heath" (but not Shakspeare's) on the road to FORRES. The descent to this famous place is long. We did not find it very interesting. "*How far is't called to Forres?*" was a question that occurred irresistibly. At length we alighted, and soon found com-



DULSIE BRIDGE.

fortable quarters, after a journey filled with excitement and delight. Two or three days were spent here in exploring the neighborhood, especially the course of the Findhorn. Nothing that we had heard or read had prepared us for the exceeding beauty of this river, dashing as it does over its rocky bed, amid vast granite boulders and between high, precipitous, wooded banks; the brown water, with crests and fringes of white foam, hurrying tumultuously onward in rapid and innumerable small cataracts. There are some charming grounds, through which a path leads above the river, traversing noble woods. Soon after emerging, we came upon the junction of a mountain torrent, the Divie, with the Findhorn, and walked a little way up the lovely glen, returning, however, to the main stream, and following its course upward as far as Dulsie Bridge—a walk altogether of some thirteen or fourteen miles from Forres, as rich in picturesque beauty as any ramble in these islands. "What spot on earth," writes Mr. St. John, "can exceed in beauty the landscape comprising the old bridge of Dulsie, spanning with its lofty arch the deep, dark pool, shut in by gray and fantastic rocks, surmounted with the greenest of greenswards, with clumps of ancient



VIEW FROM THE TABLE-WALK, GRANBY, H. I.



weeping birches, backed by the dark pine trees?" The bridge, as will be seen from our cut, consists of one bold lofty arch spanning the yawning chasm, and of one smaller subsidiary one, carrying the roadway from a high rock onward to the north bank. The greater arch is 46 feet in width. Here are indications even yet of "the Morayshire Floods" in 1829, when the wild little river rose between its granite banks to a height of forty or fifty feet above its ordinary level,¹ overspreading much of the neighboring country, sweeping away stone bridges, and spreading so much desolation around that



CAWDOR CASTLE.

the catastrophe has become an epoch of reckoning; the old people at Forres will tell you of events "before the Flood." At Dulsie Bridge the mass of water was so confined that it completely filled the smaller arch, and rose in the greater to within three feet of the keystone; being thus no less than forty feet in perpendicular height above the usual level. From this spot a "machine" carried us by a good road to Cawdor, where the castle again called up Shakespearean recollections. The building is a fine

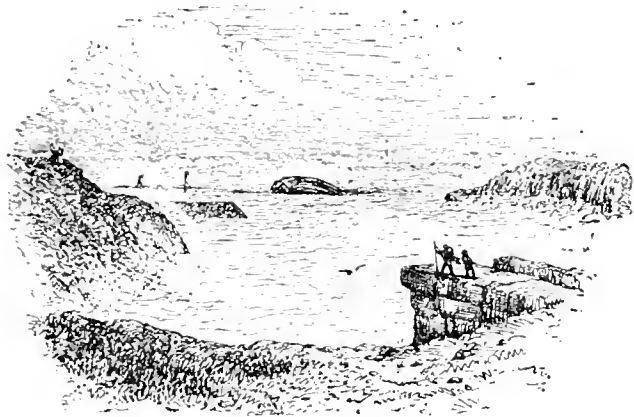
¹See *The Morayshire Floods*, by Sir E. D. Fowler, Bart.

unmodernized specimen of feudal architecture, with drawbridge and battlemented tower, commanding a magnificent view over the surrounding country. The old and splendid trees by which it is environed increase its charm.

“*Duncan.* This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Banquo. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle;
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.”

We fear, however, that there can have been but little connection between this castle and the Cawdor Thane. Macbeth flourished about A. D. 1040; the castle was erected in 1464; and the scene of Duncan's assassination was probably Bothgualan (“the Smith's dwelling”) in the neighborhood of Elgin.



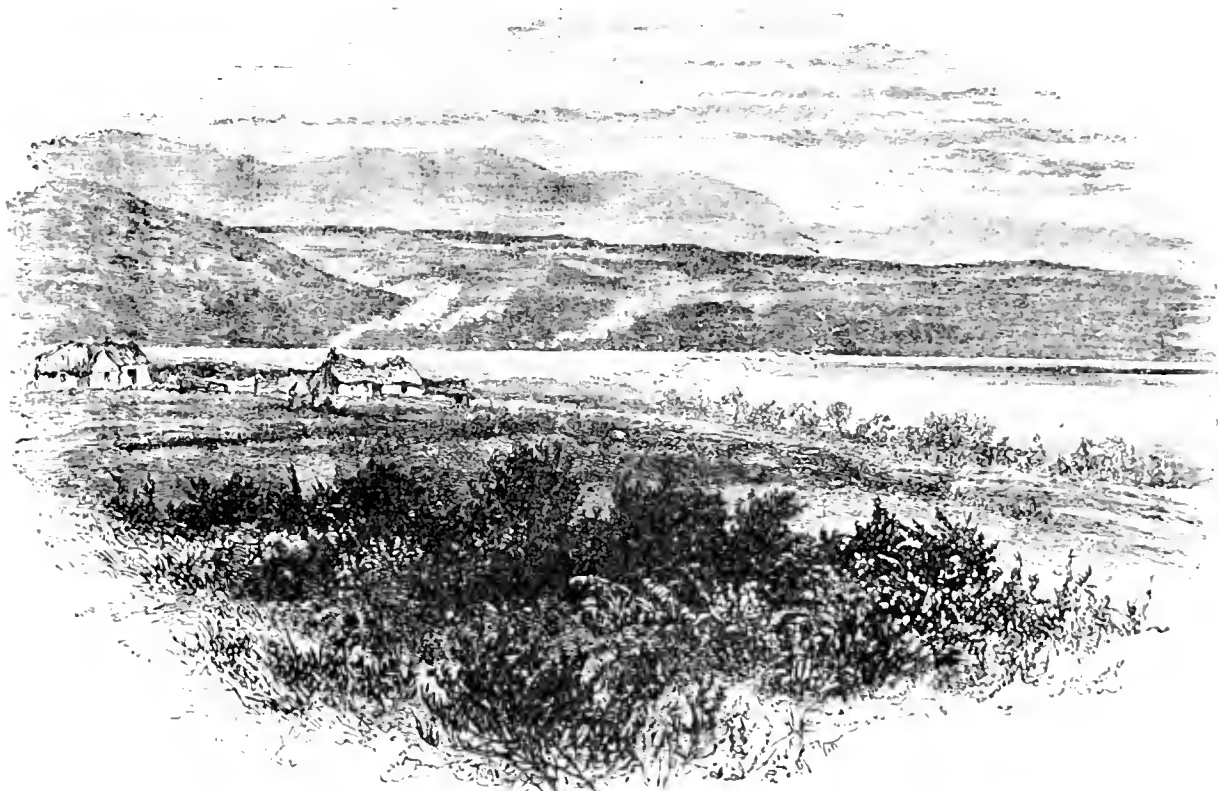
MOUTH OR NAIRN HARBOR IN THE FLOOD OF 1829.

From Cawdor, a pleasant drive of six miles along the broad valley of the Nairn leads to the town at the mouth of the river, also called Nairn. This town is very ancient: at one time the burgh was intersected by the Highland boundary, a fact which James the First (of England, Sixth of Scotland) humorously expressed before some of his London courtiers: “I have a toune in auld Scotland where the folk at t'ane end canna understand the language spoken at t'ither end”—the Gaelic here, the

broad Scotch there! The grassy and sandy beach at Nairn is unsurpassed, we should think, for bathing purposes, while the great golf course is a rival to that of St. Andrews, containing the complement of eighteen holes, and a walk, in all, of about two miles. There is also a museum of remarkable interest, containing minerals from the neighborhood, and a rich collection of local antiquities. Altogether, travelers from the South in search of a pleasant and healthy resting-place could hardly do better than take up their quarters at Nairn; the highest charm of which will ever lie in the clear freshness of its air, as well as in the charms of the beautiful Moray Firth, with the distant view of Ben Wyvis rising grandly to the west, beyond the Black Isle and the head of Cromarty Firth. It may be added, as a further encouragement to visit this fascinating place, that Nairn, “according to the statistics of the Meteorological Society is one of the *driest* towns in Scotland.” Many tourists will know how to appreciate this recommendation.

Further attractions might have been discovered by us in the place; but time

pressed, and we had to return to the little inn at Forres by rail. It would have been easy to reach Inverness from Nairn, passing near Culloden Moor, where Prince Charles Edward was defeated in 1746 by the Duke of Cumberland, and the cause of the Stuarts was finally lost. The battlefield, on the moor of Drummossie, is three miles from the Culloden station: a bleak and melancholy waste, not inappropriate to that scene of slaughter where a thousand Highlanders gallantly laid down their lives in the last struggle for a hopeless cause; and their descendants, while admiring their courage, now unanimously admit their mistake. There are none now, as there were in the days of Sir Walter Scott, to cherish the Jacobite tradition; and though the cruelties perpetrated by the Duke of Cumberland after the battle have stamped his name with everlasting infamy, all Highland men are now loyal to the cause for which he fought.



CULLODEN MOOR.

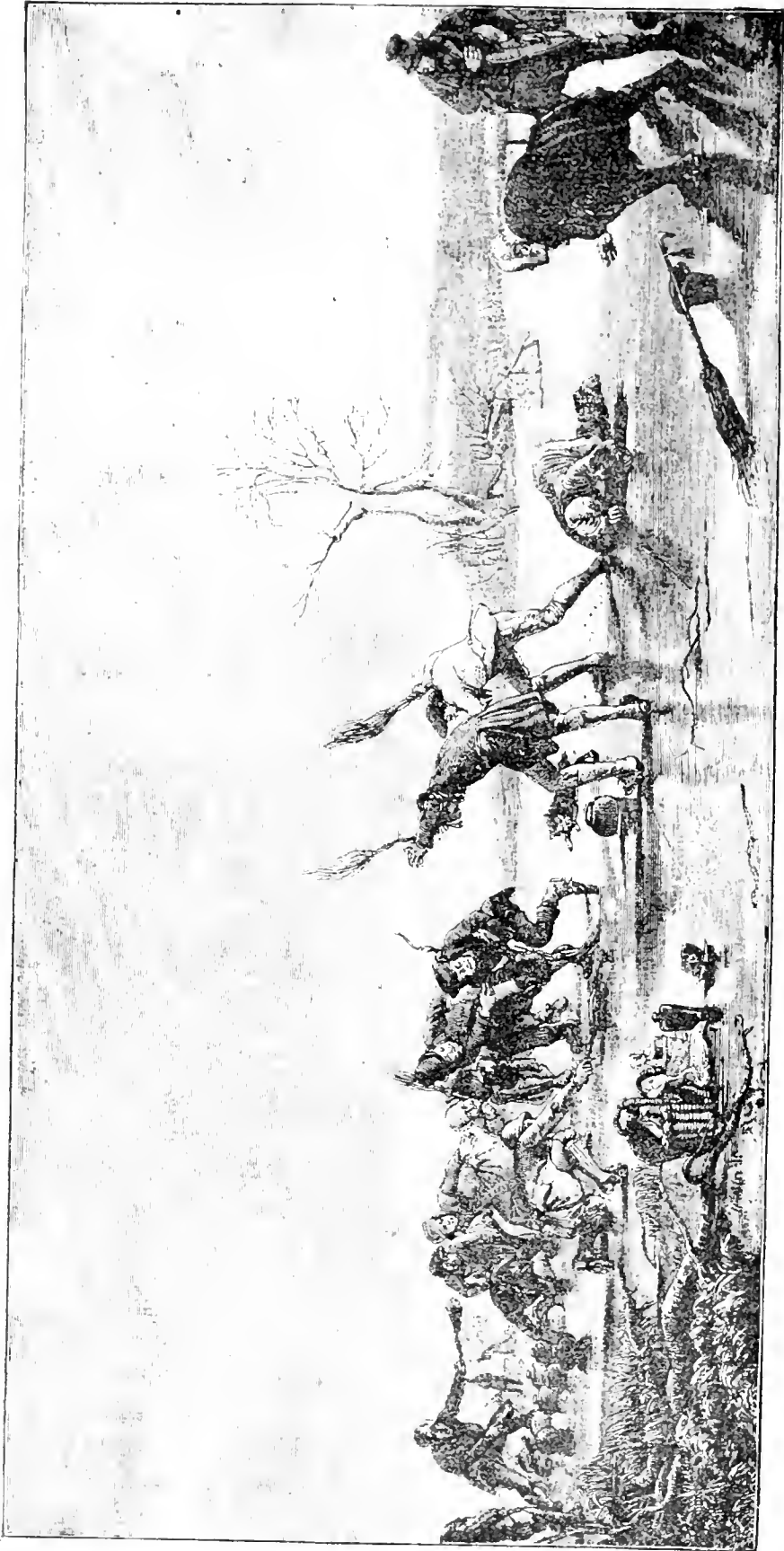
Returning to Forres, we visited its two monuments with no little interest. The modern one of "Pharos" in honor of Nelson, stands on Cluny Hill, a little to the east of the town, and commands an extensive view. "It is worth mentioning, as a fine instance of patriotic feeling, that every individual man and woman in Forres contributed by labor or money to the erection of this interesting public work." The other monument, in a field at the roadside, is the mysterious relic known as "Sweno's Stone;" a Runic obelisk, erected, says Camden, to commemorate a victory gained by King Malcolm MacKenneth (v.d. 1014) over Sweno, King of Denmark. It is twenty-three feet high, and is divided into compartments, five on one side, and three on the other, all filled with rude figures of men and animals, much defaced. As far as can be made out one set seems to represent a military triumph, while the emblems of the other point to

some religious meaning; but there is an *elephant* depicted at the summit of the military side, an inexplicable symbol; and the whole monument is still a puzzle to antiquaries. Some have seen in it a relic of Macbeth! The "blasted heath," where that chieftain met the witches is identified in a reach of waste land partly reclaimed, on the border of a wood, five or six miles from Forres on the road to Nairn. A spot called "Macbeth's Hill," near the Lumphanan station, perpetuates the tradition: but, when we passed it, the general effect of the scene was moderately cheerful, not to say commonplace. There was, at any rate, no help to the imagination in the aspect of the heath, though it was possible to conjecture what it might be "in thunder, lightning, and in rain," when clouds that have gathered over the Grampians sail on the wings of the south wind, gathering blackness as they move, and at the Moray Firth seem to "mingle sea and sky."

From Forres, a traveler with time at his disposal may make most interesting little tours by rail or road throughout the northern part of this "north-eastern neuk 'o Scotland." Passing Elgin again, we soon reach Fochabers, a pretty village, where the visitor, according to his tastes, may explore the stately domain of Gordon Castle, the seat of the Dukes of Richmond, or may inspect with admiration Alexander Milne's nobly-endowed free school, one of the finest in the country. Near to Fochabers, the widening Spey falls into the Moray Firth. A little eastward, the picturesque port of Banff is reached, where the visitor will probably be struck by the old-world air of the place, which no amount of modernization has been able to overcome.



SCOTCH FISHER-FOLK.



CURLING.



BANKS OF THE DEVON, NEAR RUMBLING BRIDGE.

THE EASTERN COAST AND DEESIDE.

AN excursion to Scotland would hardly be complete without a visit to the Grampians from their eastern side. It is not only that some of their most characteristic beauties are thus to be seen, but that an opportunity will at the same time be given for a glimpse of that Highland home whose name is so familiar to all the subjects of the Queen. The city of ABERDEEN gives entrance to the valley of Deeside, and may be reached more easily by a route already described, through Stirling and Perth, where a line branches eastward to Forfar. Another way, far more interesting, is across the Firths of Forth and Tay; the traveler pausing, if he will, to visit DUNDEE.

with its singularly beautiful ruined palace wall, and the room where Charles the First was born; proceeding thence to Kinross and Loch Leven, sparing half a day at least to the banks of the Devon, especially to the beautiful scenery of Rumbling Bridge; and arranging, if possible, for a short stay at ST. ANDREWS. This ancient city ought to be seen, if only for its fine bay and its stately ruins overlooking the sea. To another class of visitors the fine golfing links will have a supreme attraction. There is no place in Great Britain where that fascinating and increasingly popular game is cultivated with greater persistency and enthusiasm, or on more favorable ground.

No one who has watched the game well played on these breezy uplands by the sea will wonder at its popularity. Any of us who could and would take easy healthful exercise in the finest of air, without mental distraction or excitement, for several hours together, through successive days of early summer, would find the result in the bracing and exhilaration of the whole system; and it is into exercise like this that the game beguiles its votaries.

But we shall be accused of giving way to the tendency of the times, by thus presenting St. Andrews as famous for its golfing ground, rather than for its University. This is the oldest in Scotland, having been founded in 1411, and it has a noble record, as well as great present influence and power. Well does it maintain the traditions which attach to the earliest of the great institutions which for centuries maintained the standard of general education in Scotland so high above that of other nations. For there has not been through all these generations a barefooted laddie in Scotland who might not hope to become a University student. Of the latter



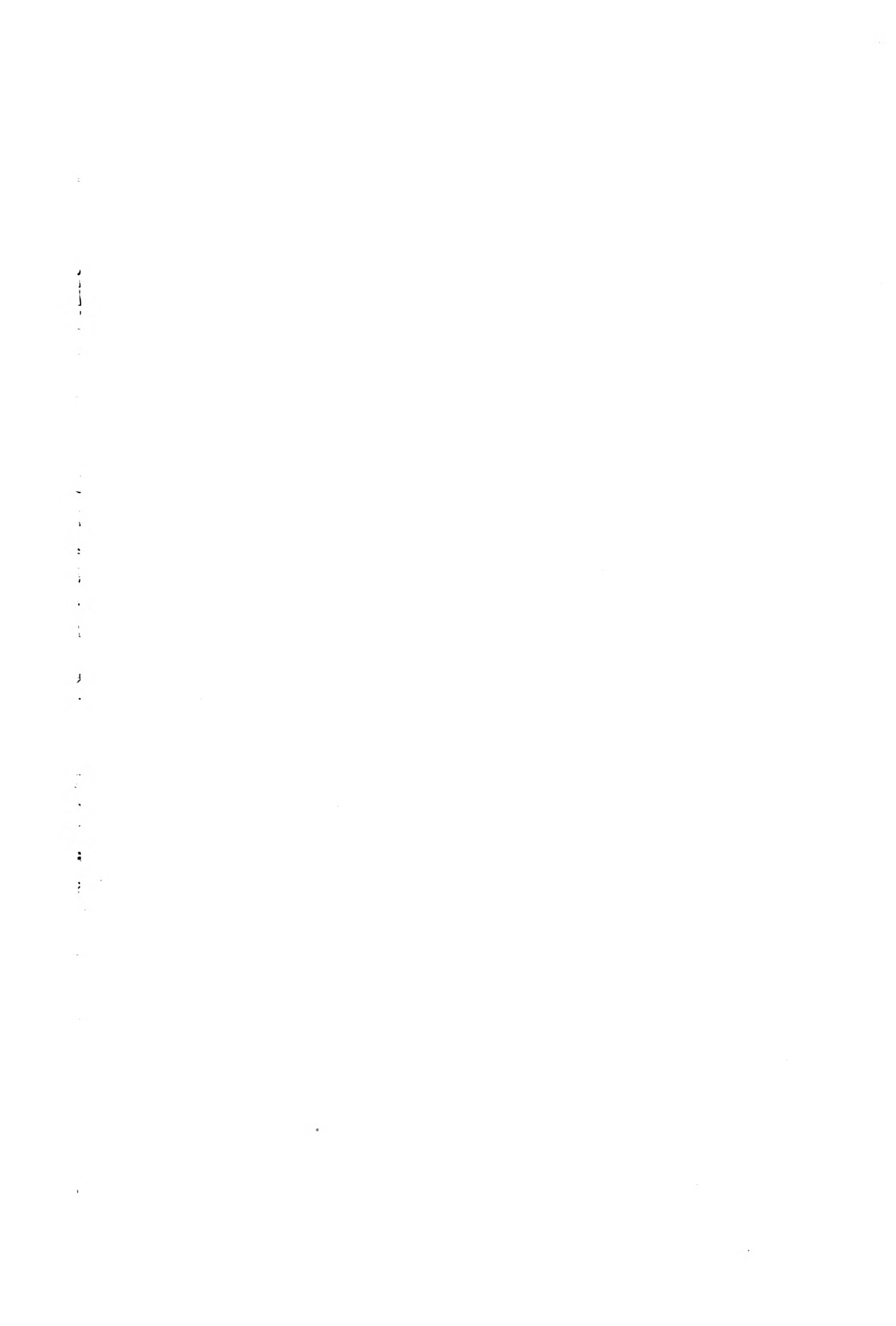
LOCH LEVEN.

England too has reaped the benefit, as not a few of her greatest names attest.

From St. Andrews to Dundee, by the Tay Bridge, was but a brief run. The overthrow of that structure in the terrific storm of December 28, 1879, will be fresh in the memory of my readers. In the preceding summer we had crossed it, and, like many a passenger, had noted how frail it seemed. Yet the assurances of its safety appeared decisive, until the crisis came. The present structure, also on a long range of piers, if less wonderful than the Forth Bridge, is noble and imposing, and appears likely to stand against all such fury of wind and sea as destroyed its predecessor. Our illustration represents the earlier bridge. Dundee itself is apt to disappoint the visitor—very much, perhaps, because he has so often heard the city called “bonnie Dundee.” Assuredly this is not exactly the epithet one would choose for the great commercial port. As the *Journal* already quoted tersely puts the matter, “Dundee is a very large place, and the port is large and open; the situation of the town is very fine, but the town itself is not so.” No doubt

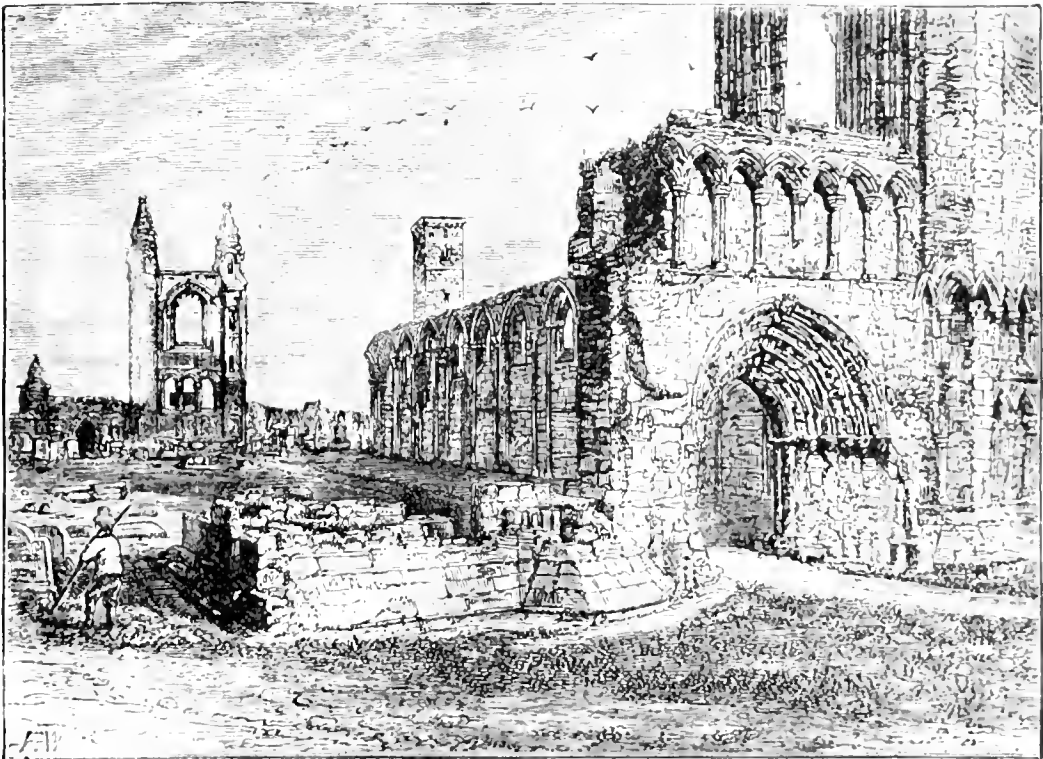


ROYAL PALACE, DUNFERMLINE.



the views up and down the Tay are imposing; but we suspect that the "bonnie" is from the old Jacobite songs, and means not this city at all, but Viscount Dundee, better known to us as John Graham of Claverhouse! The city has at least the interest which belongs to a thriving center of industry, mostly modern, with an intelligent energetic working population; flax, jute, and bitter oranges being constantly unloaded at its busy wharves, for the staple products of the place. There is also a fine People's Park, a memorial of the honored name of David Baxter; and from Dundee Law, a hill in the neighborhood, there is a fine sea view, including the Bell Rock, famed through Southey's ballad of the Abbot of Aberbrothock (Arbroath), with the lighthouse that has succeeded the "warning bell" of the old tradition.

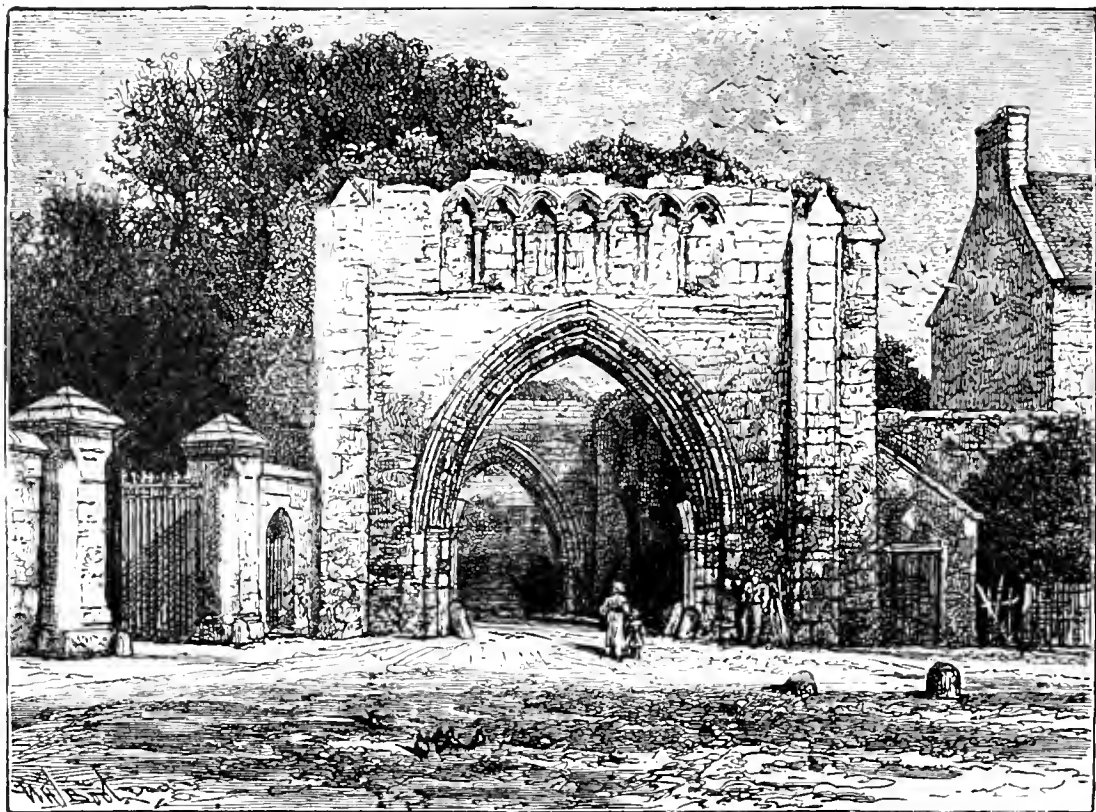
The journey to Aberdeen will probably not be broken, else the fine land-locked



ST. ANDREWS CATHEDRAL: WEST FRONT.

estuary of MONTROSE, should the visitor be fortunate enough to see it when the tide is high, would richly repay a few hours' tarrying, not to mention the handsome town with its breezy links and Ferryden Craig with its magnificent view. It should be added that for travelers to Deeside who wish to leave the beaten path, there is a short cut beyond railways, through Forfarshire, by way of BRECHIN, hence twenty miles to Loch Lee, a little lake of rare beauty, surrounded by magnificent scenery, where, in farmhouse or cottage lodgings, a few families spend their summer. It was a favorite retreat of the late Dr. Guthrie. Hence a road across the shoulder of Mount Keen leads to Ballater. The route is but little known; but there are few which have more to repay the lover of fine scenery who can be independent of hotels for some thirty miles of the distance. If the tourist has already seen Aberdeen he should by all means take this journey. Other

wise he will probably prefer to visit Deeside by way of the "Granite City" and the comfortable, well-appointed railway. After Montrose, the railway runs along a level pretty country, approaching the sea near STONEHAVEN, and thence continuing near the shore with many grand glimpses of the German Ocean, until crossing the north of the Dee it enters the low-lying spacious Aberdeen station, above which tower the lofty granite houses of Castle and Union Streets. There is no more solid-looking imposing city in Great Britain. Union street in particular is unequalled in its aspect of stately strength. But the interest of Aberdeen is chiefly in its colleges, King's and Marischal, incorporated into the University, and in its cathedral, of which the choir and transepts have been long destroyed, and only the grand nave remains. Marischal College was specially at-



PRIORY GATEWAY, ST. ANDREWS.

tractive to us from the memories of the two friends, Robert Hall and James Macintosh, who there together began their career, two lads of eighteen. "They read together," says Hall's biographer, "they sat together at lecture, if possible; they walked together. In their joint studies they read much of Homer and Herodotus, and more of Plato; and so well was all this known, exciting admiration in some, in others envy, that it was not unusual, as they went along, for their class-fellows to point at them and say, '*There go Plato and Herodotus!*'" But the arena in which they met most frequently was that of morals and metaphysics, furnishing topics of incessant disputation. After having sharpened their weapons by reading, they often repaired to the spacious sands upon the sea-shore, and still more frequently to the picturesque scenery on the banks of the Don, above the old town, to discuss with eagerness the various subjects to which their atten-

tion had been directed. There was scarcely an important position in Berkeley's *Minute Philosopher*, in Butler's *Analogy*, or in Edwards' *On the Will*, over which they had not



THE TAY BRIDGE, PRIOR TO DECEMBER 28 1879

thus debated with the utmost intensity. Night after night, nay, month after month, for two sessions, they met only to study or to dispute; yet no unkindly feeling ensued. The process seemed rather, like blows in that of welding iron, to knit them closer together.

On one of our visits it was our good fortune to attend the "capping ceremony"—that is, the conferring of degrees in the chapel of King's College. Very interesting was it to witness the enthusiasm of the youths of the University, albeit displayed in exuberant ways. Still more pleasing was the eager delight of the successful students' kinsfolk—many of them evidently of the humbler classes. For in Scotland the honor and



DUNDEE.

reward of learning are accessible to all, irrespective of their social rank, hence the people at large regard the Universities as in every sense their own.

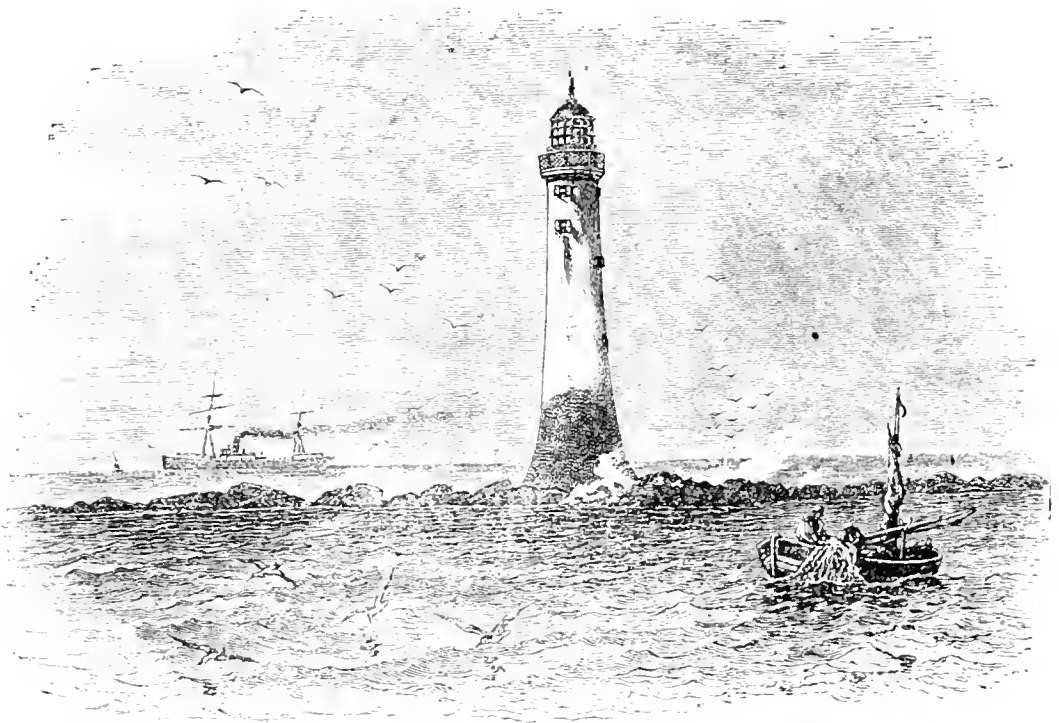


TRIUMPHAL ARCH, DUNDEE.

From the "capping ceremony" we went into the noble library of King's College; then to the Old Town. It lies on the way to the mouth of the river Don, and in its amplitude and repose affords a strange contrast to the great and busy city a mile away. The *aber*, or river mouth, of Aberdeen, it should be noted, is that of the *Don*, not of the *Dee*, as some have supposed; and so the citizens are often called "Aberdonians." Yet the tide of population and commerce has long been shifted to the latter river. A little way beyond the Old Town is the famous Bridge of Don, otherwise known as the Brig o' Balgownie, made famous by Lord Byron, who spent the first ten years of his life at Aberdeen, and to whose youthful fancy the old prediction respecting it had a strange and awful fascination—

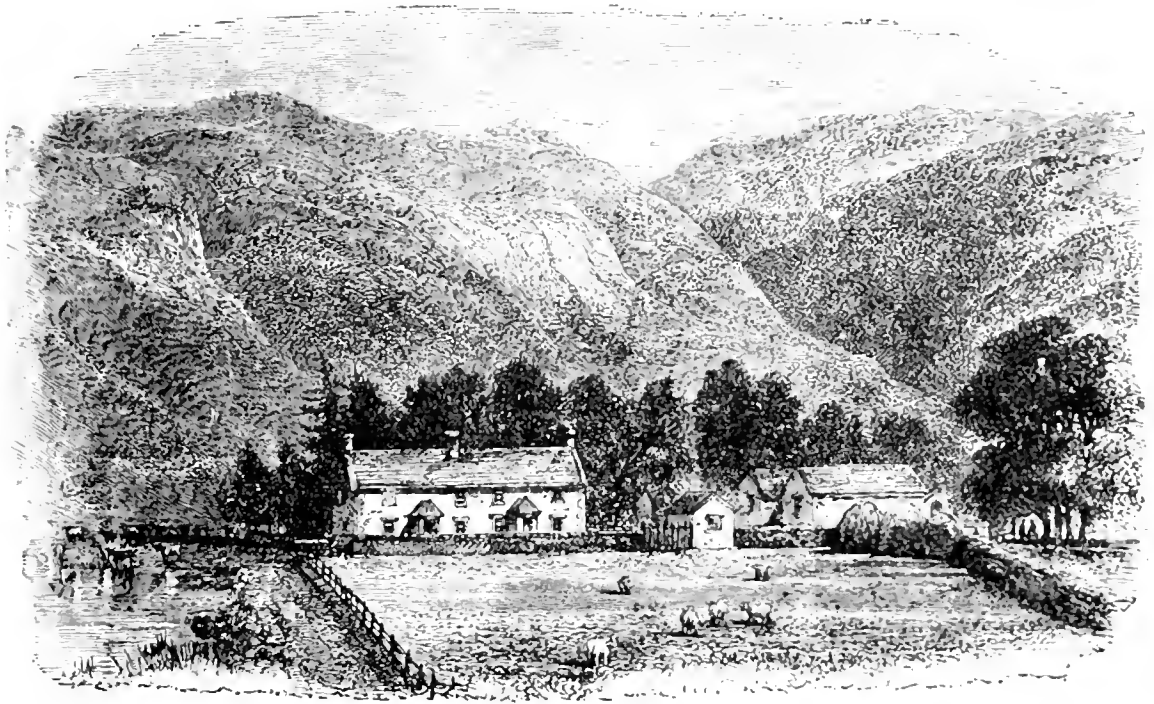
"Brig o' Balgownie, black's yeur wa';
Wi' a wife's ae son, an' a mare's ae foal,
Down ye shall fa'."

Byron, be it remembered, was an only son. But the bridge has not fallen yet, and its tall pointed arch has outlasted more than five and a half centuries of change.



BELL ROCK LIGHTHOUSE

The "Deeside Railway" to Ballater pursues its way through a country beautifully wooded, and for the most part close beside the river, which in a swift and lovely flood comes down from the hills. At the time of our visit the woods that lined the banks were still brown and leafless, save where fir trees were abundant. By degrees we gained the upper levels, where the view beyond the river was grandly closed by dark hills, with streaks and fields of snow. Ballater at last was reached—a village on a somewhat considerable plain, where the river makes a great curve before fairly entering the region of the hills. A conical wooded hill, Craig-an-darroch, "crag of the oaks," rising close by the village, gives a picturesqueness to the scene, which otherwise would be somewhat tame. This hill should be ascended for the sake of the view to be obtained, at a very slight expenditure of time and trouble, of the river Dee, both upward and downward; the Grampian heights closing in the prospect to the west. To the north is Morven, bare



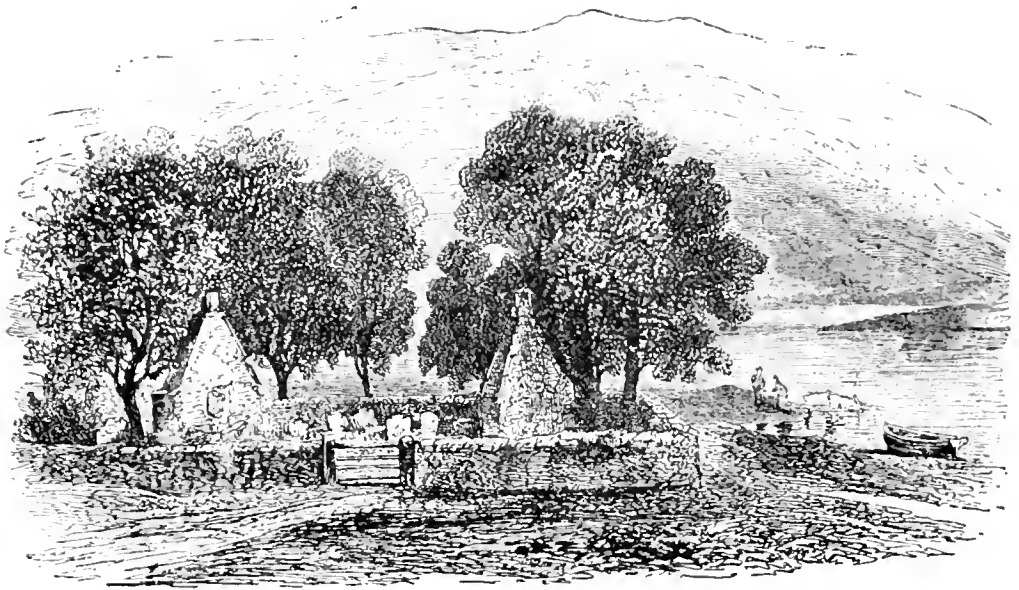
DR. GUTHRIE'S HOUSE, LOCH LEE.

and massive, though scarcely beautiful, and disappointing to those who have formed their anticipations from Byron's lines :

"When I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath,
And climbed thy steep summit, O Morven, of snow,
To gaze on the torrents that thundered beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gathered below."

The so-called "Pass of Ballater" runs behind Craig-an-darroch, and is simply a narrow lane separating it from the heights that rise steeply beyond. It is overrated, we think, by those who call it "romantic." The true beauty of the neighborhood is upon the open road that leads from Ballater. This was now comparatively deserted. Public conveyances had not yet begun running, and the glorious freshness of the spring air, the

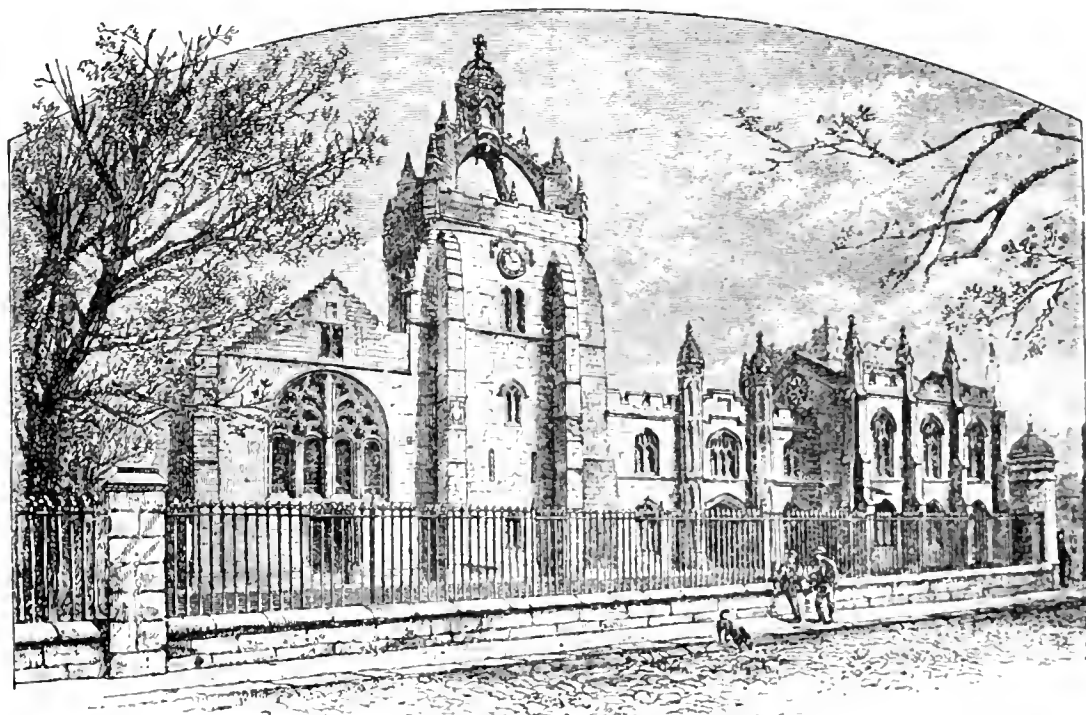
beauty of the sunshine, and the tender grace of the early flowers, were all lavished on a stray tourist or two, with a few elderly salmon-fishers, stalwart educated gentlemen from the South, whose evening talk, though naturally dealing over-much with sport, was very pleasant. They seemed like men who had done a good work in life, and who now had a right to their enjoyment. We left them by the river-bank, while pursuing our way to Braemar. There was a little characteristic scene at starting. It appears that the post-cart, here as elsewhere, is allowed to take a few passengers. We therefore asked the driver, a youth, whether he had any places to spare. Quite imperturbably, he answered, *No!* It was a specimen of the way in which Scottish people spare their words. In the South, it would probably have been, "*The places are all taken to-day;*" or, "*Very sorry, but we are full this morning.*" But the driver's *No* was at least sufficient, and not another word did he speak. Not that he was inconsiderate, for he afterward readily consented to take our knapsacks to Braemar for the small sum of sixpence. And here again was a



LOCH LEE CHURCHYARD.

little incident quite as characteristic. All this took place in front of the post office. We had not wherewithal to pay the sixpence—only gold, for which the postmistress had not sufficient change, but she at once took up sixpence and handed it to us, saying, "Oh, I'll lend it ye!" not knowing of course whether she would ever see us again, and apparently not caring—on that ground, at least! The walk was grand; the beautiful Dee was with us all the way, now and then receding in lovely bends round fir-clad peninsulas, but soon reappearing. Its music was unceasing. Every mountain river, it has been said, has its own peculiar *tone*; and certainly the song of the Dee, whether in its ripple or its bolder dash, was characteristic all along. The mountains gradually swelled to greater vastness; Lochnagar, especially (so-called from a lakelet, "The Hare's Loch," at its base), with its peaks and curves, its recesses and precipices, now white with dazzling snow, was not unworthy of the Oberland. As in Switzerland, too, the lesser heights in the foreground were covered with pine forests, interspersed with woods of birch and alder, with that lovely April flush upon their brownness that presages the breaking into leaf.

For miles we met nobody: reaching in due course the Prince of Wales's shooting lodge, Abergeldie, on the opposite side of the river. There, by the way, we noticed what we had heard before, that the banks of the river are lined with beautiful birch-tree woods. The birks of *Abergeldie* being famous, Burns was led partly by the alliteration to celebrate instead the "birks of Aberfeldy," which are also fine, though far inferior in number to those beside the Dee. The tower of BALMORAL next rose into view, low down amid a grand amphitheater of hills. On a knoll to the right stood the little church of Crathie, humble and simple in appearance, very like many a village chapel in England. On the other side of the road, towards the river, is the churchyard, surrounding the ruins of the "auld kirk," a very vale of rest amid the silence and splendors of the mountains.



KING'S COLLEGE, ABERDEEN

Balmoral need not be described. In beauty of situation, as beauty is reckoned in the Highlands, it is almost incomparable, being surrounded by the grandeur of forest sweep and purple mountains, and, at the time of our visit, vast dazzling snowfields; with the blue sky and sunshine over all, and the pellucid, rushing, singing Dee beneath. In different directions the heights are surmounted by cairns, pyramidal or beehive-shaped, commemorative of royal visits, birthdays, and other events. These do not add to the impressiveness of the scenery: yet it was impossible not to sympathize with the feelings which thus seek expression. They tell of a blithe and happy family life in past days, such as we do not always associate with our ideas of royalty.

The grounds of the castle appeared in perfect order, with lawns, paths, and drives, all approached by a bridge, as the palace is on the opposite side of the river from the main road: but access is rigorously forbidden, whether Her Majesty is there or not. All looked very lonely: not even a gardener was visible in the grounds, and the blinds of

the palace windows were down. The only sign of movement about the place was in the clock at the top of the tower, which was going as usual, and struck *one* as we were looking on, reminding us of luncheon, that soon was obtained at a charming little roadside inn at Crathie, a mile farther on, exquisitely clean and beautifully situated. In fact, so attractive was the place that we instantly engaged lodgings for the night on our return: our business was now to get to BRAEMAR, or rather, as it should be called in full, Castleton of Braemar. The walk now became surpassingly beautiful—the road leading through pine-woods that extend to the river's edge, while the endless mountain forms, black with heather, gray with granite, richly green with firs, and in the background ever lustrous with snow, gave a variety and charm to every turn. In many places there were fearful signs of the late winter's havoc. Vast forests had been cut through by the gale almost as cleanly as standing corn by the sweep of the sickle, and the gaps were strewn with hundreds of uprooted trees, some lifting their roots high in air, grasping huge stones and masses of earth, as if in convulsive effort to stay the catastrophe.



CRATHIE CHURCH.

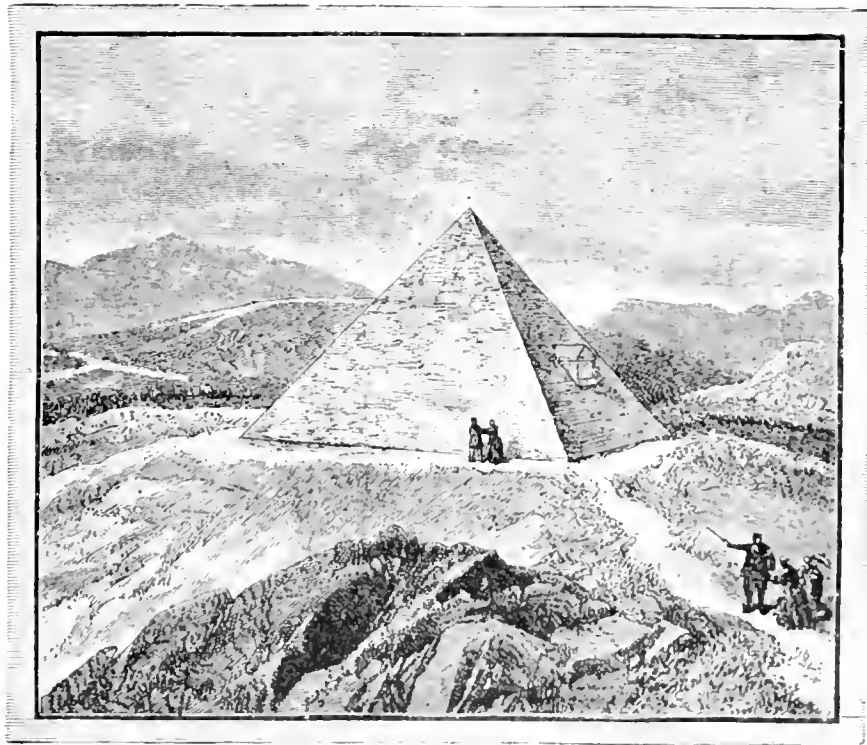
At length a few people appeared upon the lonely road—a very few, but sufficiently numerous to show that groups of human habitations could not be far off. Then Castle Braemar was seen, and immediately afterward, to the left, the village of Castleton, high up on a hill slope or brae, commanding, of course, an extensive view of valleys and mountains. In a comfortable hotel the only other occupant was again a salmon-fisher, disappointed but

aspiring. "There are no fish in the Dee this year," he said; "there is no sport at all!" Yet he seemed to enjoy himself so much that we could not help suggesting there was plenty of *sport*, though no *salmon*,—a view of the matter which seemed to comfort him perhaps very little. However, he was off the next morning from the Dee to the Don, hoping for better results, and we were left alone to explore this fine village, and to breathe its exhilarating air—the purest, it is said, and most bracing in Great Britain, according to the ozone standard. Yet its mountains are here too near to make the scenery grand, as for the full effect of mountain prospects a clear space is required, opening up to the loftier heights which of necessity recede from the rest. But the glory of Braemar is that in all directions paths lead directly to the mountain solitudes and sublimities; while the Dee may be followed by "linns" and rapids and a vast rocky wilderness to the point where the infant stream leaps from a ledge a thousand feet high, and begins its swift journey to the sea. We could not penetrate to this ledge, high up among the secrets of the Cairngorm mountains; although those who have followed the path between the stupendous heights of Ben Muich Dhui to the right and Cairn Toul to the left, cross-



TOCHINAGAR.

ing the summit of the glen by the Pass of Larig, and descending through the Rothiemurchus forest to Aviemore, declare that there is nothing so fine in all Scotland. It was possible only to take the comparatively easy road which leads upward to the head of Glen Tilt, commanding after the first mile or two a magnificent view across the valley of the highest mountains in the Grampian range; Ben Muich Dhui, the loftiest of all, being grandly conspicuous. Some pretty falls are passed at the Linn of Corriemulzie, and at six miles distance the Linn of Dee is reached, where a handsome bridge of white Aderdeen granite, opened by the Queen in September, 1857, spans the river. The Linn itself is a narrow fissure between slaty rocks, through which the river chafes and tumbles; and at the time of our visit, the melting snows having swollen the torrent almost to the projecting edges of the rocks, the force of the river was tremendous. Three miles be-



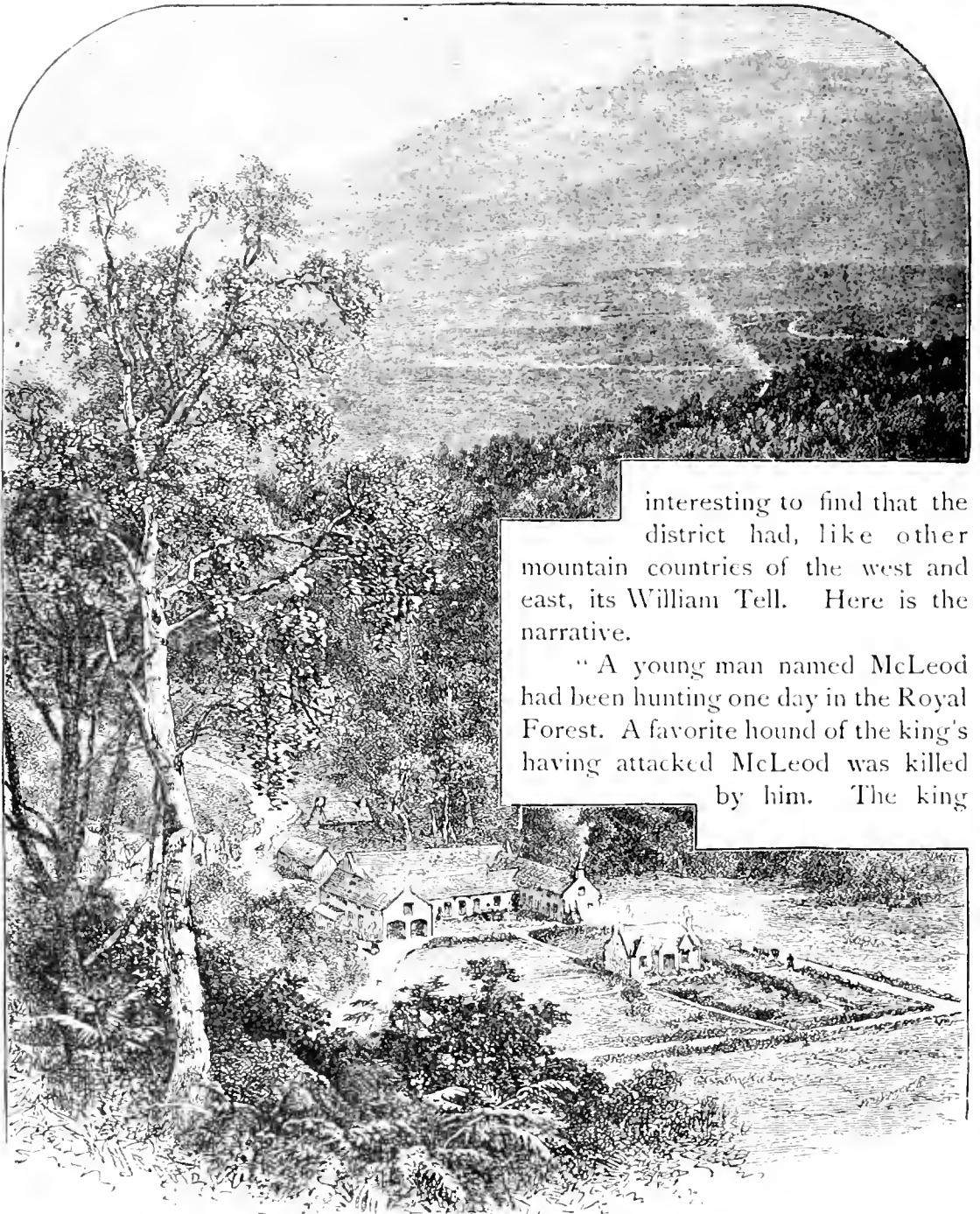
THE ALBERT CAIRN, BALMORAL.

yond this the river-side is left, and the climb to the water-shed fairly commences. But to attempt this the snow forbade, and there was nothing for it but to return to Braemar, taking now the opposite, or left bank of the Dee, and visiting on the way the pretty glen and Linn of Quoich, "the Cup." Some distance below this glen the little Sluggan Water falls into the Dee, and is spanned near the juncture by one of General Wade's bridges.

The route by Glenshee past "the Spital," or *Hospice*, a good, though in parts very tedious carriage-road in summer, to Blairgowrie and the valley of the Tay, was likewise impracticable. We could only take this road for a little distance up the beautiful Glen Clunie, and our visit to Braemar was over.

The Braemar Highlands, like most far spreading mountain regions, have many a

tale and tradition of ancient strife, with weird stories of the supernatural, such as the winter terrors of the mountain land may well suggest. A long evening on our return to the charming inn at Crathie was spent in reading these tales of olden time. It was



interesting to find that the district had, like other mountain countries of the west and east, its William Tell. Here is the narrative.

“ A young man named McLeod had been hunting one day in the Royal Forest. A favorite hound of the king's having attacked McLeod was killed by him. The king

THE HOME FARM, BALMORAL.

soon heard of the slaughter of his favorite, and was exceedingly angry—so much so, that McLeod was condemned to death.

“ The gibbet was erected on *Craig Choinnich*, i.e. Kenneth's Crag. As there was



BALMORAL.

less of justice than revenge in the sentence, little time was permitted ere it was carried into execution. The prisoner was led out by the north gate of the castle. The king, in great state, surrounded by a crowd of his nobles, followed in procession. Sorrowing crowds of the people came after in wondering amazement. As they moved slowly on, an incident occurred which arrested universal attention. A young woman with a child in her arms came rushing through the crowd, and, throwing herself before the king, pleaded with him to spare her husband's life, though it should be at the expense of all they possessed.



SCENE IN THE GRAMPIANS: STORMY.

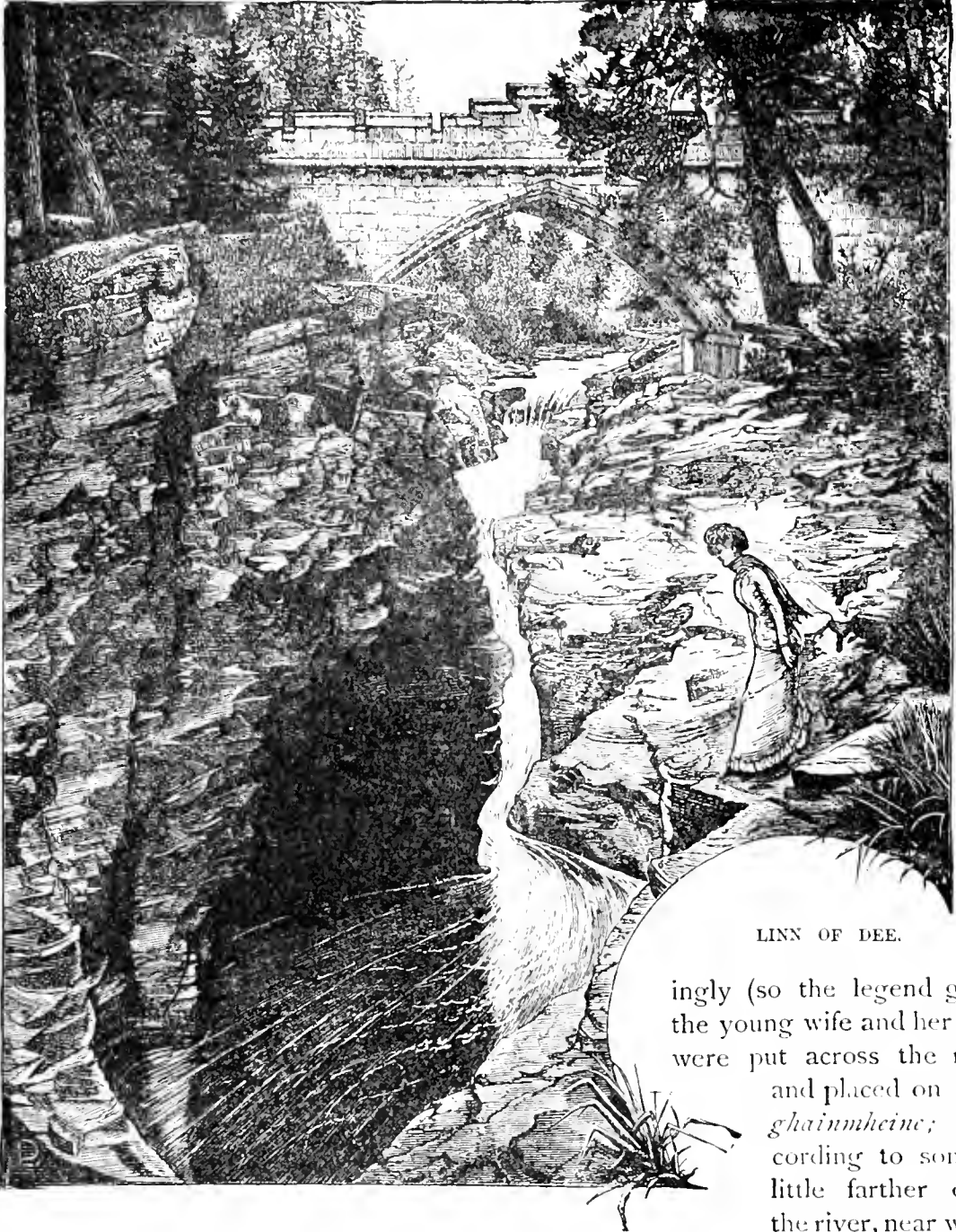
“ Her impassioned entreaties were met with silence. Malcolm was not to be moved from his purpose of death. Seeing that her efforts to move the king were useless, she made her way to her husband, and throwing her arms around him, declared that she would not leave him—she *would* die with him.

“ Malcolm was somewhat moved by the touching scene. Allen Durward, noticing the favorable moment, ventured to put in the suggestion that it was a pity to hang such a splendid archer.

“ ‘A splendid archer, is he?’ replied the king; ‘then we shall have his skill tried.’

“ So he ordered that M'Leod's wife and child should be placed on the opposite side

of the river; something to serve as a mark was to be placed on the child's head. If M-Leod succeeded in hitting the mark without injuring his wife or child his life was to be spared, otherwise the sentence was to be carried into immediate execution. Accord-



LINN OF DEE.

ingly (so the legend goes), the young wife and her child were put across the river, and placed on *Tom-ghainmheine*; according to some, a little farther down the river, near where

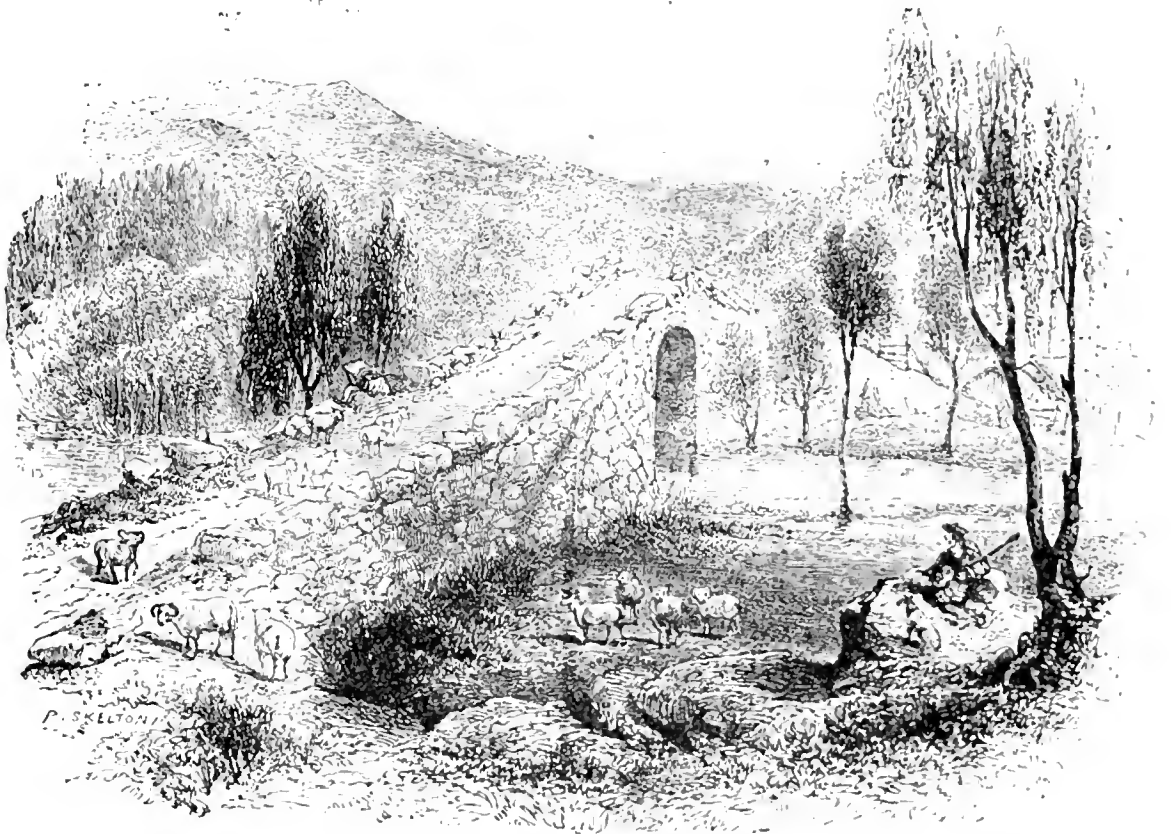
a boat-house once stood. The width of the Dee was to be the distance separating M-Leod from his mark.

He asked for a bow and *two* arrows; and having examined each with the greatest care he took his position. The eventful moment came; the people gathered round him and stood in profound silence. On the opposite side of the river his wife stood, the

central figure of a crowd of eager bystanders, tears glistening on her cheeks as she gazed alternately at her husband and child in dumb emotion.

“M’Leod took aim; but his body shook like an aspen leaf in the evening breeze. This was a trial for him far harder than death. Again he placed himself in position; but he trembled to such a degree that he could not shoot, and, turning to the king, who stood near, he said in a voice scarcely articulate in its suppressed agony, ‘This is hard.’

“But the king relented not; so the third time he fell into the attitude: and as he did so almost roared, ‘This is hard!’ Then, as if all his nervousness and unsteadiness had escaped through the cry, he let the arrow fly. It struck the mark. The mother



BRIDGE OVER SLUGGAN WATER, NEAR BRAEMAR.

seized her child, and in a transport of joy seemed to devour it with kisses; while the pent-up emotion of the crowd found vent through a loud cry of wonder and triumph, which repeated itself again and again as the echoes rolled slowly away among the neighboring hills.

“The king now approached M’Leod, and, after confirming his pardon, inquired why he, so sure of hand and keen of sight, had asked for *two* arrows.

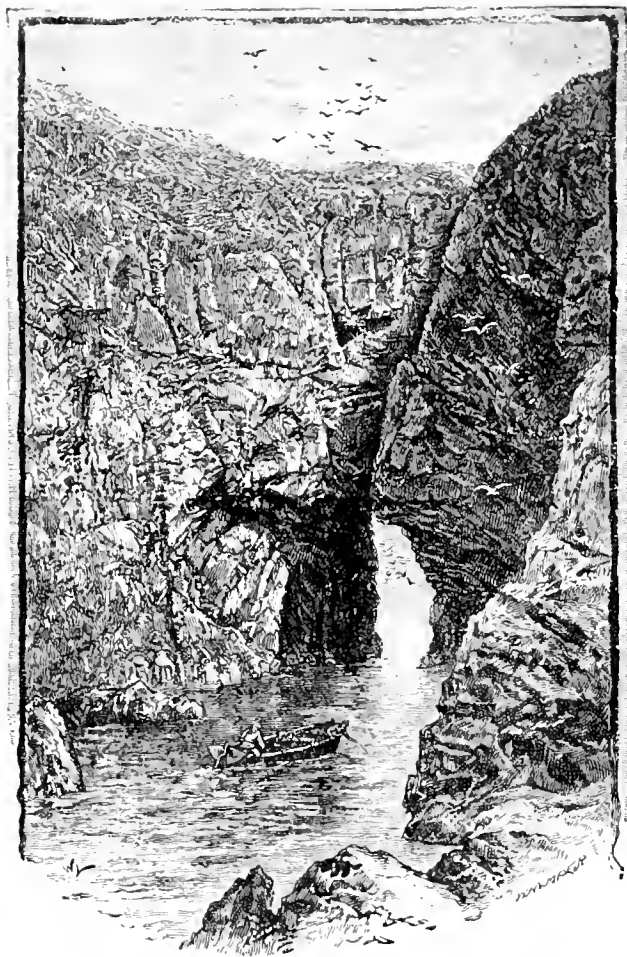
“‘Because,’ replied M’Leod, ‘had I missed the mark, or hurt my wife or child, I was determined *not to miss you.*’

“The king grew pale, and turned away as if undecided what to do. His better nature prevailed; so he again approached M’Leod, and with kindly voice and manner

told him that he would receive him into his bodyguard, and that he would be well provided for.

“Never,” answered the undaunted Celt. “After the painful proof to which you have just put my heart, I could never love you enough to serve you faithfully.”

“The king in amazement cried out, ‘Thou art a Hardy! and as Hardy thou *art*, so Hardy thou *shall* be.’ From that time, McLeod went under the appellation of Hardy, while his descendants were termed the MacHardys, Mac being the Gaelic word for son.



THE “CAULDRON;” BULLERS OF BUCHAN.

“‘Why, that is a corruption of the story of William Tell.’ I rather uncourteously remarked, on hearing for the first time this MacHardy legend.

“The old lady who had just related it retorted with considerable warmth, and ended by asking *when* the story of William Tell took place.

“‘About the year 1307.’ I replied.

“‘There,’ she said, with such an air of triumph, ‘I thought that: the William Tell story happened in 1307, and ours in 1060 or thereabouts, more than 200 years before. Na, na! our story is nae a corruption of William Tell, though William Tell’s may weel be a corruption of ours.’”¹

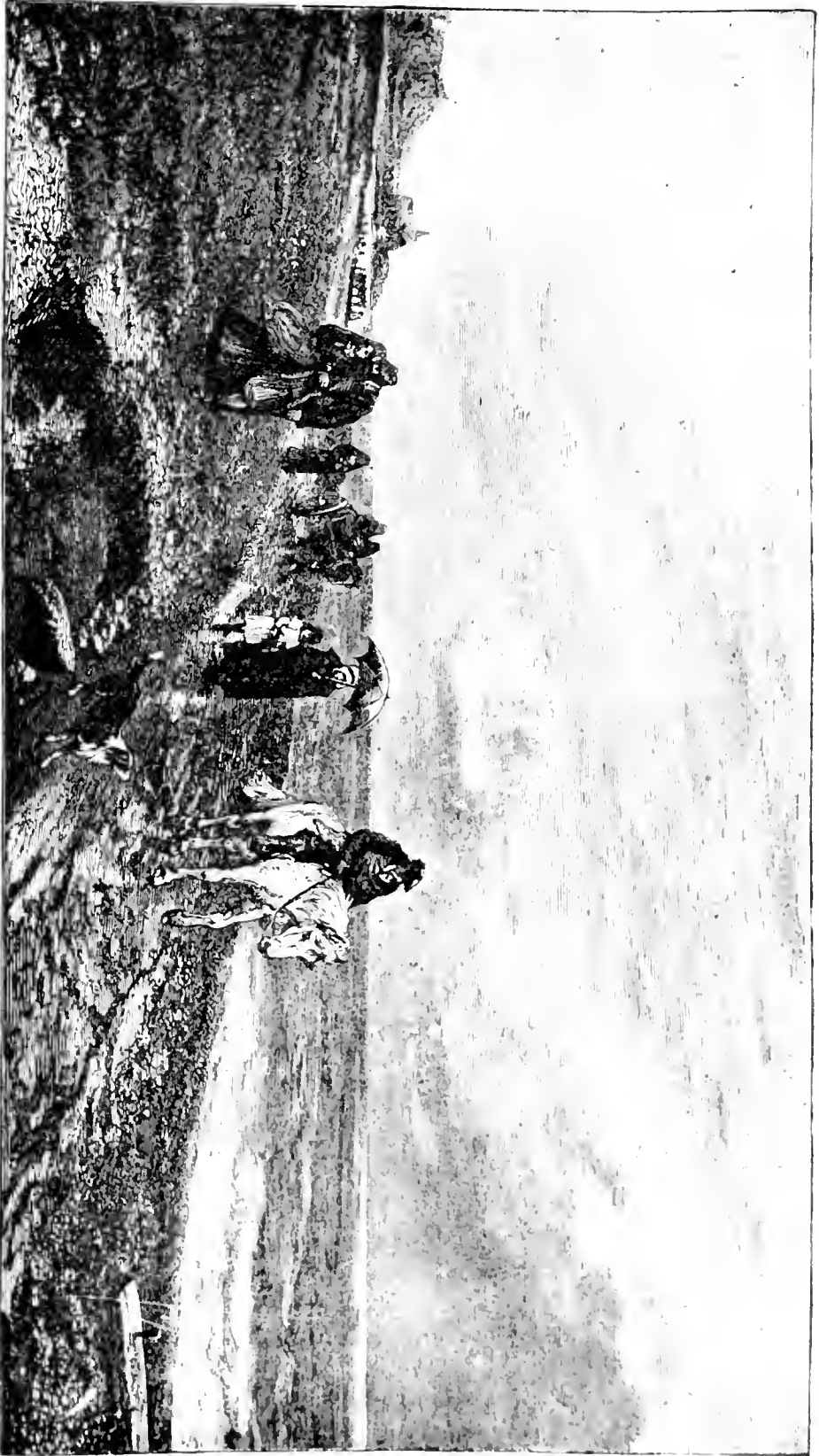
¹ *The Braemar Highlands: their Tales, Traditions, and History*, by Elizabeth Taylor. N mmo, 1869, pp. 99-103.

The similarity in the popular legends of mountain lands is a topic for interesting discussion. But we cannot stay to consider it here. The romance is sufficient now; the *rationale* may be left to another season.

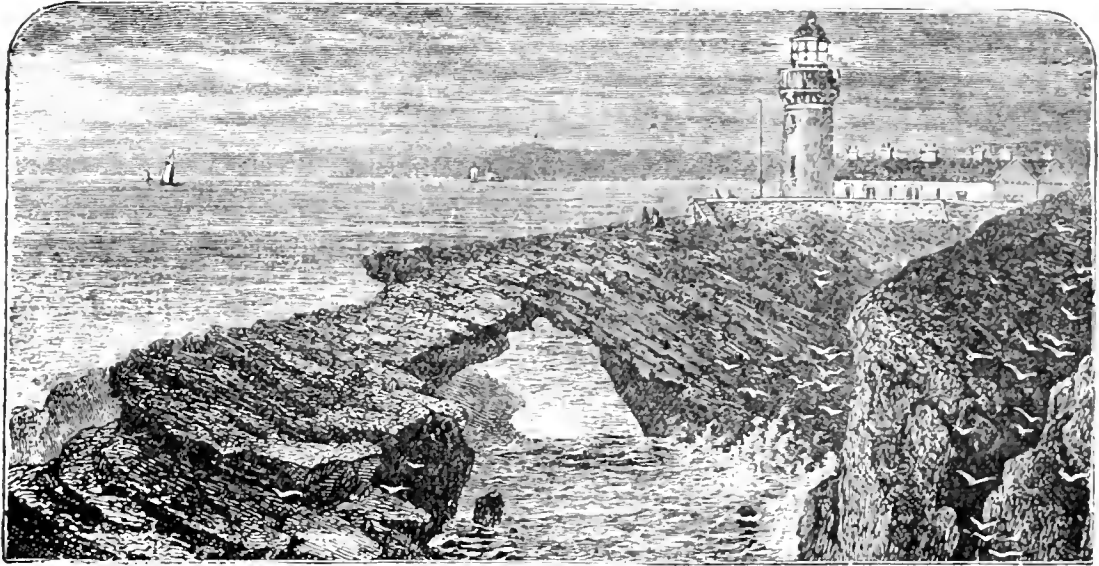
But we must leave these old stories now, for to-morrow will take us by a long journey back to Aberdeen and Inverness; the far north is as yet unexplored, and we must have at least a glimpse of its glens, mountains, and far-away islands before bidding farewell to Scotland.

Yet before starting on the northward journey we shall do well, if possible, to spend two days in an excursion to PETERHEAD, not indeed for anything remarkable in that thriving little town, but for the opportunity of visiting what may fairly be called the finest rock-scenery in Great Britain. The table-land of Buchan here projects into the German Ocean, which rounds it off, so to speak, in a corner below Fraserburgh, where the granite cliffs grandly confront almost every wind that blows. But the most wonderful part of the formation is south of Peterhead, where the rosy granite rocks are hollowed into caves, smoothed into precipices, and moulded here and there into vast fantastic masses by the ceaseless chafing of the sea. In particular, the Buller, or Bouilloir of Buchan, says Dr. Johnson, "is a sight which no man can see with indifference, who has either sense of danger or delight in rarity. It is a rock perpendicularly tubulated, united on one side with a high shore, and on the other rising steep to a great height, above the main sea. The top is open, from which may be seen a dark gulf of water, which flows into the cavity through a breach made in the lower part of the enclosing rock. It has the appearance of a vast well bordered with a wall. The edge of the Buller is not wide, and to those that walk round appears very narrow. He that ventures to look downward sees that if his foot should slip he must fall from his dreadful elevation upon stones on one side, or into the water on the other. We, however, went round, and we were glad when the circuit was completed.

"When we came down to the sea we saw some boats and rowers, and resolved to explore the Buller at the bottom. We entered the arch which the water had made, and found ourselves in a place which, though we could not think ourselves in danger, we could scarcely survey without some recoil of the mind. The basin in which we floated was nearly circular, perhaps thirty yards in diameter. We were enclosed by a natural wall, rising steep on every side to a height which produced the idea of insurmountable confinement. The interception of all lateral light caused a dismal gloom. Round us was a perpendicular rock, above us the distant sky, and below an unknown profundity of water. If I had any malice against a walking spirit, instead of laying him in the Red Sea, I would condemn him to reside in the Buller of Buchan!"



SUNDAY ON THE NORTHERN COAST : GOING HOME.



KIRKABISTER LIGHTHOUSE.

TO THE FAR NORTH.

WE enter now a region beyond the usual tourist haunts, and decidedly inferior to these in its attractions to the lover of scenery. Yet all who delight most in breezy health-giving uplands, and yet more those who can secure the opportunities of sport

which every glen and loch and stream in these vast solitary regions afford, will be ready to esteem a visit to Sutherlandshire as the crowning delight of a sojourn in Scotland. North of the "Skye Railway," whose course we have already described, lies a wide and comparatively unpeopled region, comprising part of Ross-shire, the counties of Sutherland and Caithness; with bits of Cromarty here and there, as though that shire had been wrecked by some convulsion of Nature, and its fragments scattered east and west. Sutherlandshire extends from sea to sea. Already in these pages we have given some description of its west-

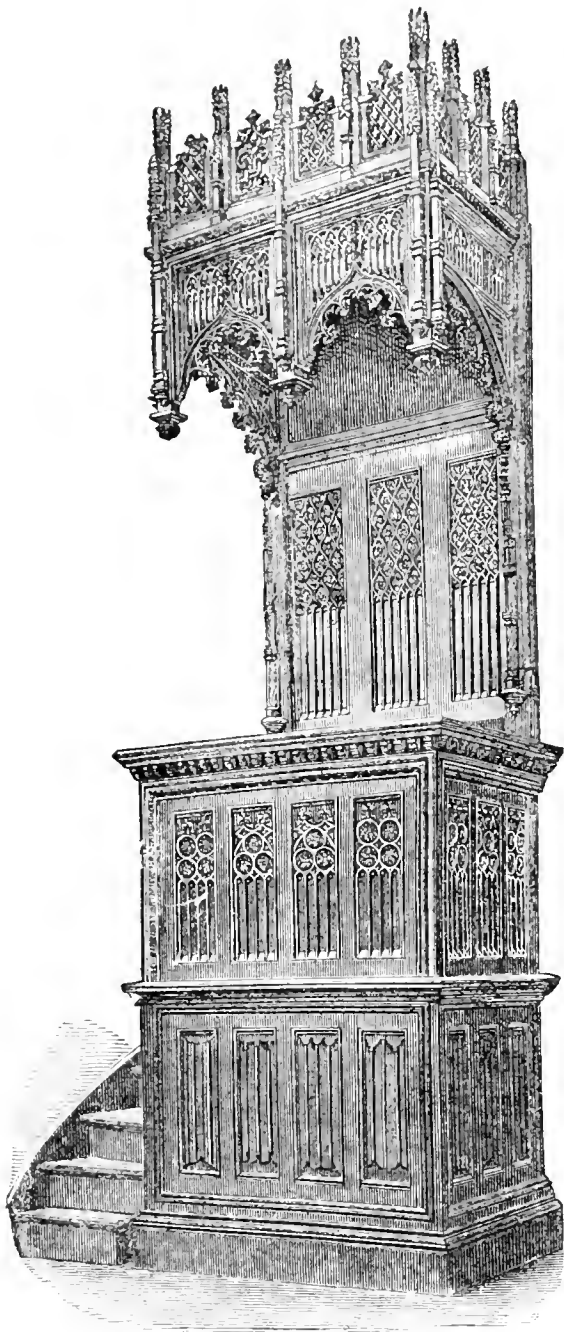


ST. DUTHUS' CHURCH, FAIR.

ern coast, with cliffs scarred and broken by the fury of the Atlantic, and innumerable lochs and bays indenting the shore. The northern coast is not dissimilar; one of its lochs, Eriboll, with its transparent waters and bare shadowing hills, being one

of the most beautiful inlets along the Scottish coast. The eastern side of the great county—or principality, shall we call it?—is in all respects a contrast. The coast line is almost unbroken, and a broad belt of cultivated land between the sea and the inland heights displays all the signs of prosperous and scientific husbandry. It is along

the most fertile part of this rim that the railway runs from Golspie to Helmsdale, after having skirted the northern shore of the Moray Firth from Dingwall; then diverging to TAIN, on the Firth of Dornoch, an antique, prettily-situated little town, with a church dedicated to St. Duthus, or Duthac, a bishop of Ross in the thirteenth century. It contains a finely-carved pulpit presented by the Regent Murray. From Tain the line skirts the Dornoch Firth to Bonar Bridge; then crosses to LAIRG, the headquarters of most tourists and sportsmen in Sutherlandshire. Hence roads have been carried across the wild barren country to the principal places on the western and northern coasts. One of these, as already shown, leads to the beautiful and rising western watering-place of Lochinver, passing the fishing station of Aultnagealgach, and the imposing mountain Sulven (the "Sugar Loaf"). There is also a road by Loch Shin, "the longest and the dullest lake in Scotland," and the vast treeless Reay Deer Forest, with a romantic descent to the pretty seaside village of Scourie on the west, near the many-islanded Edrachillis Bay. Another road, less interesting, leads to Tongue, on the northern coast, a wild and picturesque nook much admired by tourists, overshadowed by the magnificent peaks and precipices of Ben Loyal. These roads, it may be added, are very good and well-kept; but their solitariness is something awful, as the traveler drives mile after mile through the monotonous undulating pasture land, among hills that can hardly be called mountains, and lochs innumerable.

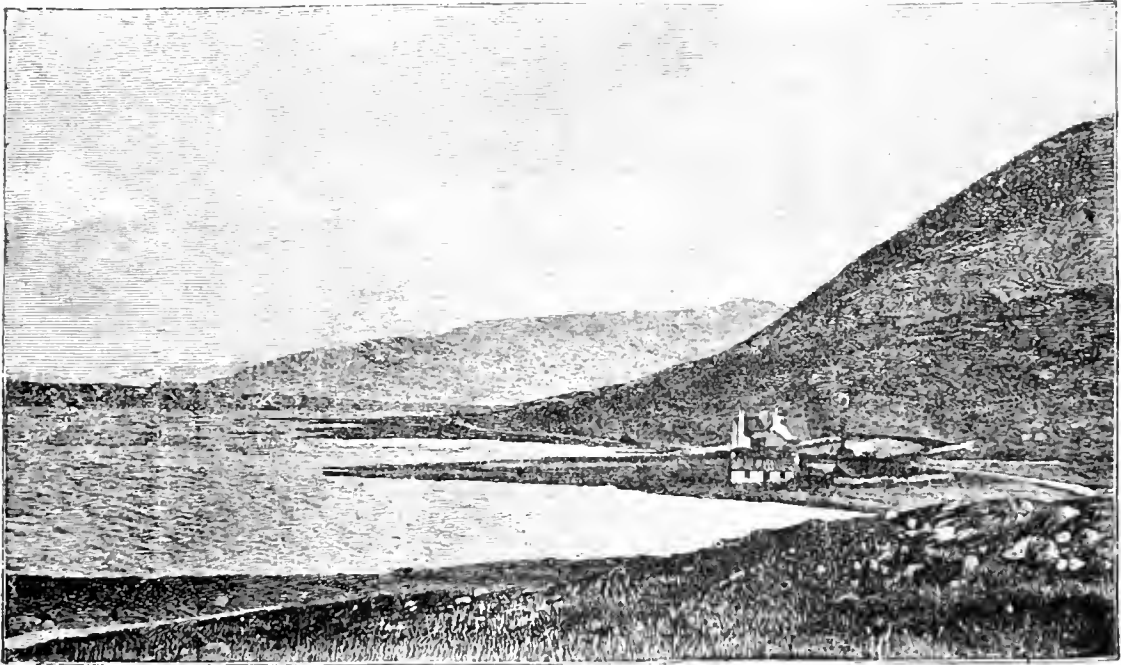


"MURRAY'S PULPIT," TAIN.

From Tongue, again, to Cape Wrath the traveler making a long circuit round "Wild Loch Eriboll" passes Durness, famous for its cave, the chief "show-place" of Northern Scotland. The vivid description of this cave given by Sir Walter Scott arouses expectation of its wonders perhaps somewhat beyond the reality. The combination of caves and pools, with a resounding, half-seen

cataract, is, however, sufficiently striking, especially at one point which Scott describes :
 “ Standing on a natural foot-bridge, formed by an arch dividing two gulfs, you have a grand prospect into both. The one is deep, black, and silent, only affording at the bottom a glimpse of the dark and sullen pool which occupies the interior of the cavern. The right-hand rent, down which the stream discharges itself, seems to ring and reel with the increasing roar of the cataract, which envelopes its side in mist and foam. This part of the scene alone is worth a day’s journey. After heavy rains, the torrent is discharged into the cavern with astonishing violence; and the size of the chasm being inadequate to the reception of such a volume of water, it is thrown up in spouts like the blowing of a whale. But at such times the entrance of the cavern is inaccessible.”

On the way to Cape Wrath, the Kyle of Durness must first be crossed by ferry-



AULTNAGEALGACH, SUTHERLANDSHIRE.

boat; and a hilly road, a little inland and not very interesting, leads up to the great promontory, the northernmost part of Great Britain, with its white lonely lighthouse, and its mass of rocks jutting out into the wildly magnificent restless sea.

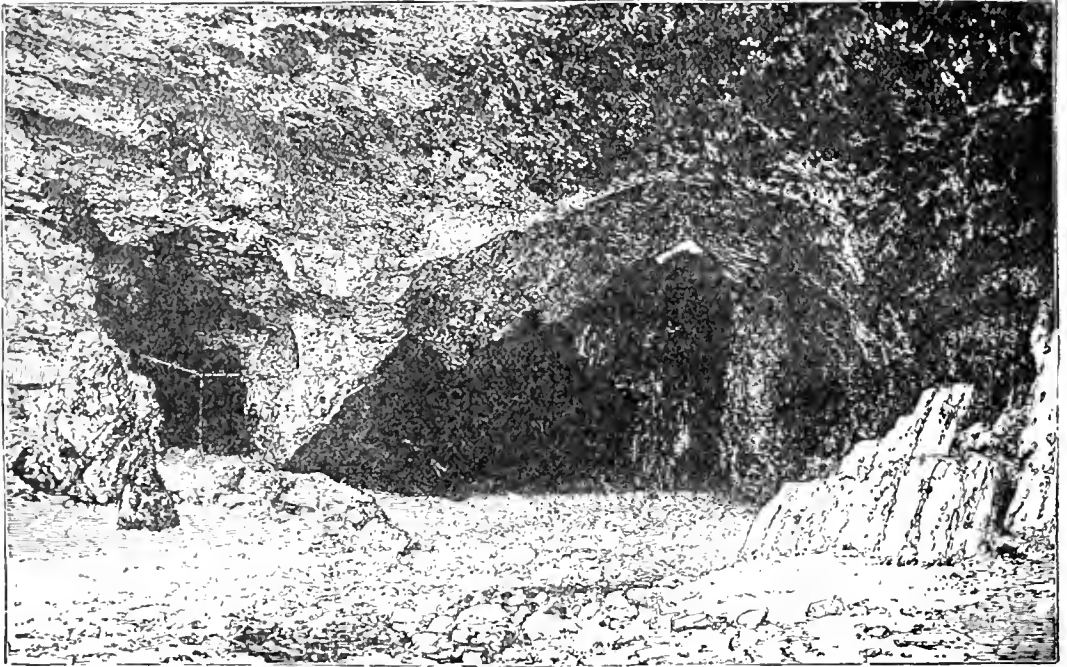
It must have been a journey through scenes like these that prompted Scott’s lines, introducing the Fourth Canto of the *Lord of the Isles* :

“ Stranger ! if e’er thine ardent step hath traced
 The northern realms of ancient Caledon
 Where the proud Queen of Wilderness hath placed,
 By lake and cataract, her lonely throne;
 Sublime but sad delight thy soul hath known,
 Gazing on pathless glen and mountain high,
 Listening where from the cliffs the torrents trown
 Mingle their echoes with the eagle’s cry,
 And with the sounding lake, and with the moaning sky,

TO THE FAR NORTH.

Yes! 'twas sublime, but sad.—The loneliness
Loaded thine heart, the desert t'ed thine eye;
And strange and awful fears began to press
Thy bosom with a sad solemnity.
Then hast thou wished some woodman's cottage nigh,
Something that showed of life, though low and mean;
Glad sight, its curling wreath of smoke to spy,
Glad sound—his cock's blithe carol would have been,
Or children whooping wild beneath the willows green.

Such are the scenes, where savage grandeur wakes
An awful thrill that softens into sighs;
Such feelings rouse them by dim Rannoch's lakes,
In dark Glencoe such gloomy raptures rise.



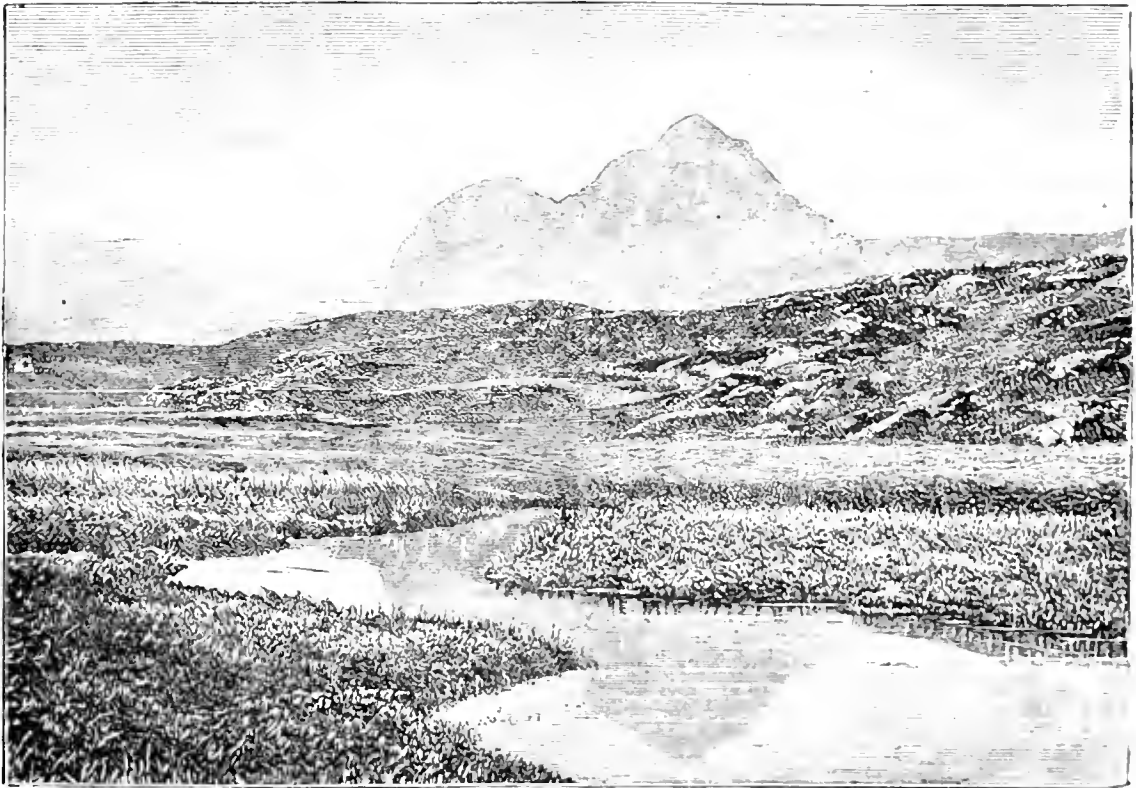
SMOO CAVE, NEAR DURNES; ON THE NORTHERN COAST.

Or further, where, beneath the northern skies,
Chides wild Loch Eriboll his caverns hoar—
But, be the minstrel judge—they yield the prize,
Of desert dignity to that dread shore
That sees grim Coolin rise, and hears Coriskin roar ”

Lairg is the great rendezvous for the northern journey, and the resting-place for travelers who, like ourselves, are bound from the north-west to the eastern part of Sutherlandshire. The village is on a heathery upland two miles from the railway station, and is not to be commended for a sojourn. But the scene both there and at the station is at times very lively; trains in the summer both ways calling three times a day, “machines” of all kinds being in readiness to carry off tourists and sportsmen to their favorite resorts, and mail-coaches, such as they are, plying three or four times a week. It is true that the visitors are comparatively few, but not even Oban finds such enthu-

siastic admirers; and those who have either "used up" or learned to disdain the more ordinary routes, feel when reaching this breezy hamlet that the delights of their Scottish tour are now about to begin.

But we cannot now pursue our way inland. Our route lies again to the eastern coast, to Golspie, whence, as in duty bound, we visit the capital of Sutherlandshire, the old cathedral city of Dornoch, opposite to Tain, across the Firth. "This," says Chambers, "is without exception the most miserable of all our royal burghs." Mr. Baddeley observes that it "is the smallest by several hundred inhabitants of that trio of pigmy capitals, Cromarty, Inveraray,¹ and itself." Every description of the town, the same writer adds, should begin, *Once upon a time*. There may probably be now between



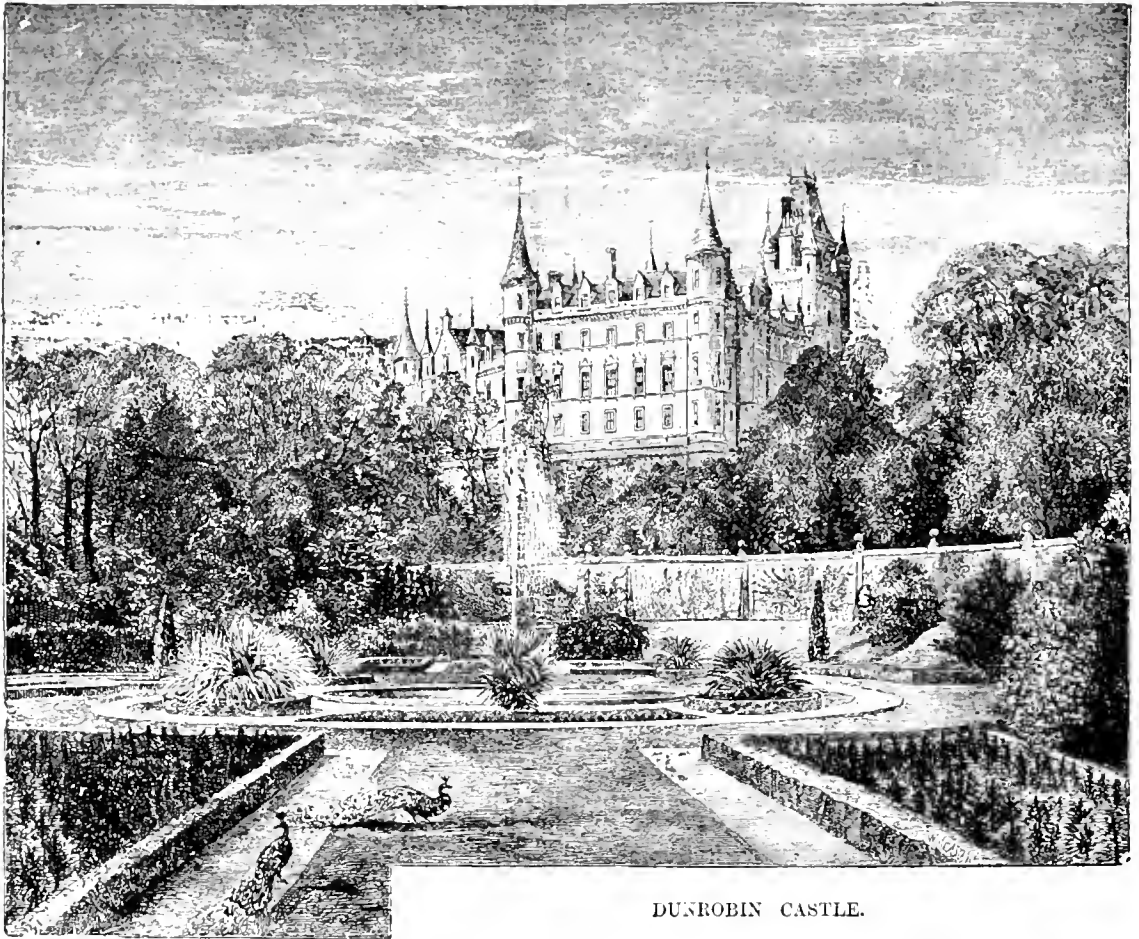
SULVEN-ASSYNT, NEAR LOCHINVER.

six and seven hundred inhabitants. GOLSPIE has become the more populous and important place, partly from its nearness to Dunrobin Castle (*Dun-Robin*, "Robert's Fortress," having been built in the thirteenth century by Robert the second, Earl of Sutherland). This is the chief residence of "the Duke," of whose personality, in Sutherlandshire at least, no further description is necessary. As shown in our cut, the building is a modern one, the late Sir Charles Barry having reconstructed the whole. "From the terraces and steps leading down to the gardens, there are beautiful views over Moray Firth to

¹ But let no one despise Inveraray! There is hardly a more beautiful excursion in Scotland than one that may be taken from Dunoon on the Clyde, by the wild and beautiful Loch Eck, to Strachour on Loch Lyne, whence the traveler may reach Inveraray by ferry, with the mountains at the head of the loch rising grandly to the north, and in front of the town, with its castle ("the Duke of Argyll), the wooded hills of Dana-quo-chrisine beyond, and farther still, the vast shadowy mass of Ben Cruachan. No Dornoch has little in common with Inveraray but its smallness.

the blue hills of Banffshire and Morayshire beyond. The garden itself is divided into parterres, and is sheltered seawards by thick belts of evergreens; but trees of the finest description flourish within a stone's throw of the shore without any protection. Unless it be at Mount Edgecumbe, we can call to mind no place in Great Britain where the sea air seems to affect the timber so little." To many visitors the place will be additionally interesting from its association with the memory of the Duchess of Sutherland, so well known in the early part of our Queen's reign as the friend and promoter of every good and philanthropic cause.

At Helmsdale the railway diverges once more inland, up a long glen; a fair road.

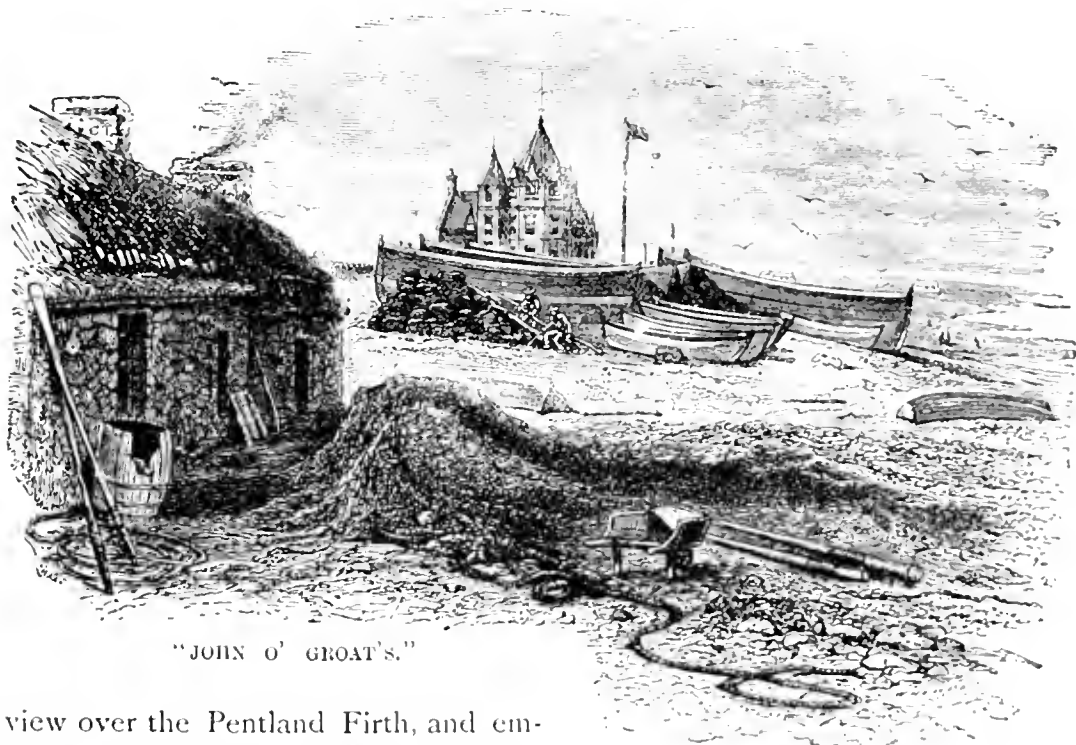


DUNROBIN CASTLE.

however, keeps to the line of the coast, and soon enters Caithness-shire over a bold, bleak, immense rocky table-land, or promontory, called the Ord of Caithness, a tremendous barrier between the two counties, after descending which, up to the little seaport of Wick, the inland views become quite changed in character. With the exception of one low range of hills, marked by three separate unpicturesque rounded peaks, the whole country is flat, treeless, and for the most part barren, peaty, with patches of cultivation here and there, and lines of brighter verdure marking the course of the little rivers. At Wick we meet the railway again; but unless we are enthusiastic anglers there is little or nothing to attract us in the route to Halkirk and Thurso. The last-named town, however, is finely situated on a wide bay, and after the little villages and

the scanty population with which we have lately become familiar, is somewhat surprising from its size and substantial appearance. The piles of paving-stones in the yards and on the wharf will attract every visitor's notice. They belong to the old "Devonian" red sandstone, and are sent all over the kingdom. Many visitors will recall the name of Robert Dick, the baker of Thurso, who amid the greatest privations attained to a mastery of geological and botanical science, which has placed his name among the highest in the rank of self-taught men. There is a handsome obelisk in the cemetery, to his memory.

But it is to "John o' Groat's House" that the curious traveler will desire to wend his way. This extreme northerly point of Scotland may be reached by road, either from Wick along the eastern coast or from Thurso along the north. The ruins of the famous House are still to be seen, and there is now a comfortable inn, commanding a

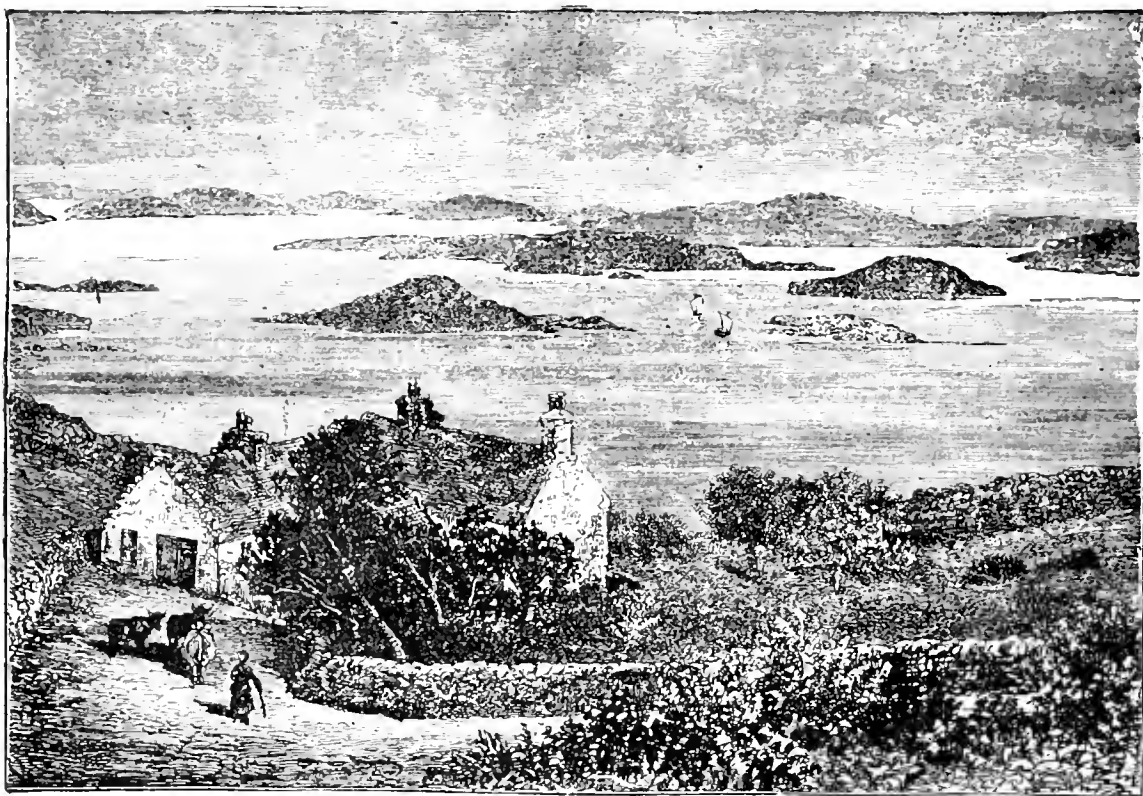


"JOHN O' GROAT'S."

fine view over the Pentland Firth, and embracing the Orkney Isles. Who knows not the legend? Yet we may tell it again for old association's sake. The family of Groat, it is said, was of Dutch descent; Groat, or Groot, being the same name as that which in its Latin form, *Grotius*, is so famous. The founder of the Scottish branch of this family was, however, a Lowlander, who in the reign of James the Fourth settled in this northern region. His descendants became numerous, and eight several heads of households were accustomed to assemble once a year to celebrate the memory of their ancestor. A dispute arose concerning precedency, each claiming to be the head of the feast. The quarrel became inveterate, and the clan of Groat seemed in danger of being dissolved by intestine feuds; when one of them whose name was John, proprietor of the ferry to Orkney, erected during a year which intervened between two of their meetings an octagonal building with a door and window on every side, and a table in the interior to correspond, inviting each kinsman when the festal day arrived to enter by his separate door and to take his seat accordingly. The ingenuity and humor of this plan removed

all scruples, and all being equally placed the struggle for primacy was forgotten. The story may be true or not: it is certainly very much akin to that of King Arthur and his Round Table. It was probably a parable to begin with, and thus became a myth; but, whether history or legend, it has a meaning worth consideration still.

We have now reached the northern apex, the peak of the conical cap, if the comparison be not too irreverent, by which Scotland is crowned. In one of those quaint pleasant little essays which used to form a distinguishing feature of *Chambers's Journal*, one of the brothers, we think it was Robert, started the idea that the form of the country was that of an *old woman*, in the position usually attributed to witches, Banffshire and Aberdeenshire being the hump, and the western coast of Sutherland being the wrinkled



BADGALL BAY, EDRACHILLIS; ON THE WESTERN COAST.

front. Paint Caithness red, as in some colored maps, and the witch-picture is complete, without "making believe very much." Yes, the witchery is real, only of another kind.

And beyond the point of coast where, above John o' Groat's, Duncansbay Head, with its precipices and chasms, fronts the northern sea, still new wonders lie. First, the Pentland Firth, with its tumultuous agitated waters, then the ORKNEYS, with their endless convolutions of cliff and coast, their thirty inhabited islands and their almost innumerable rocks and islets, attract, but do not long detain the traveler. The best view is from the outside, and from the west. The little towns of Kirkwall and Stromness may be visited; both on the island which is called Mainland, or (inappropriately enough) Pomona—the latter town being especially interesting, as having given occasion by its geological phenomena for one of Hugh Miller's most brilliant essays against the doctrine

of Evolution, as propounded in the once famous *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*. For there was a theory of evolution before Mr. Darwin, and the great Cromarty stone-mason addressed himself to its refutation with a fullness of information, a power and brilliancy of argument which few since his time have rivaled. The *Asterolepis* (star-scale) of Stromness, in his hands, became a sign of Divine creative power; and notwithstanding all the advance in knowledge which has been made since his day, the discussion may still be read with conviction as well as with admiration. The argument is briefly that the very oldest vertebrate remains are complete in organization: whereas, had the species been developed from a lower type, there must have been intermediate links discoverable. The argument has been repeatedly urged in various forms: and it



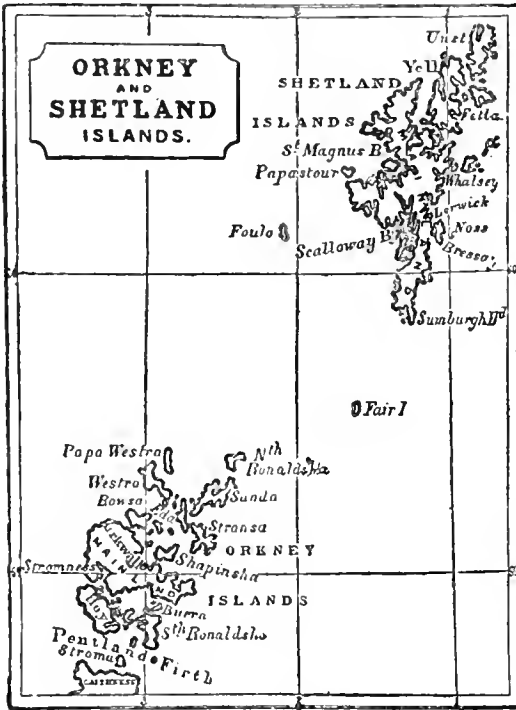
HANDA ISLAND: ABOVE SCOURIE BAY, SUTHERLANDSHIRE.

has never been answered, save by the conjecture that somewhere and somehow the "missing links" may come to light. But every fresh series of observations reduces the value of this hypothesis. It is inconceivable that if the stages of transition were in truth discoverable they should not have been discovered ere now. There is no more eloquent or convincing passage in Hugh Miller's work than that in which he applies this argument to the presumed transmutation of the algae to land-plants:¹ and the same considerations, when applied to the vaster processes required by the latter form of the development theory, are even more cogent. It may not be out of place to quote a paragraph or two, as not yet out of date:

¹See *Footprints of the Creator*, pp. 240-250.

“ Along the green edge of the Lake of Stennis, selvaged by the line of detached weeds with which a recent gale had strewed its shores, I marked that for the first few miles the accumulation consisted of marine algæ, here and there mixed with tufts of stunted reeds or rushes, and that as I receded from the sea it was the algæ that became stunted and dwarfish, and that the reeds, aquatic grasses, and rushes, grown greatly more bulky in the mass, were also more fully developed individually, till at length the marine vegetation altogether disappeared, and the vegetable debris of the shore became purely lacustrine. I asked myself whether here, if anywhere, a transition flora between lake and sea ought not to be found? For many thousand years ere the tall gray obelisks of Stennis, whose forms I saw this morning reflected in the water, had been torn from the quarry or laid down in mystic circle on their flat promontories, had this lake admitted the waters of the sea, and been salt in its lower reaches and fresh in its

higher. And during this protracted period had its quiet, well-sheltered bottom been exposed to no disturbing influences through which the delicate process of transmutation could have been marred or arrested. Here, then, if in any circumstances, ought we to have had, in the broad permanently brackish reaches, at least indications of a vegetation intermediate in its nature between the monocotyledons of the lake and the algæ of the sea; and yet not a vestige of such an intermediate vegetation could I find among the up-piled debris of the mixed floras, marine and lacustrine. The lake possesses no such intermediate vegetation. As the water freshens in its middle reaches, the algæ become dwarfish and ill-developed; one species after another ceases to appear, as the habitat becomes wholly unfavorable to it; until at length we find, instead of the brown, rootless, flowerless, fucoids and confervæ of the ocean, the green, rooted, flower-bearing flags, rushes, and aquatic

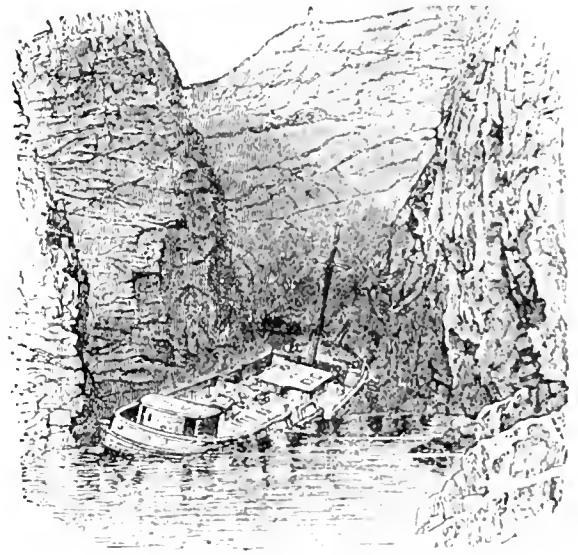


grasses of the fresh water. Many thousands of years have failed to originate a single intermediate plant. And such, tested by a singularly extensive experience, is the general evidence. There is scarce a chain-length of the shores of Britain and Ireland that has not been a hundred and a hundred times explored by the botanist,—keen to collect and prompt to register every rarity of the vegetable kingdom; but has he ever yet succeeded in transferring to his herbarium a single plant caught in the transition state?”

Yet the wonder of the Orkneys is not in its bold cliffs with their fossils, nor in the cultivated plots which cover its uplands, nor in its remarkable and mysterious sepulchral monuments and “Picts’ houses,” nor even in the superb climate, as soft and equable as that of the Channel Islands, so much as in the lingering beauty of its summer days. The evening twilight magically melts into the rose-light of the dawn; night is practically unknown; you can read at midnight not only the inscriptions over the shop-doors, but

the pages of a printed book. Only a little farther north, and you would see the midnight sun. No doubt there is a corresponding loss of daylight in winter; but the natives tell you that the starry nights are glorious, and there are no Arctic chills to impair the enjoyment. Few love their country better, or with better reason than the industrious, simple-minded Orcadians.

A sail of twelve hours over an often stormy sea takes the traveler from Kirkwall, the capital of the Orkneys, to Lerwick, the capital of the SHETLANDS. Half way he passes Fair Isle, an island twenty-five miles from any other land, containing just 214 inhabitants, and causing much wonder to many who view it from without, or scramble over its craggy landing, as to the origin of its name. "Fair" it certainly is not, in the sense in which we usually understand that term of an island. We think of coral caves, of yellow sands, of grassy slopes, of groves and shady bowers. But nothing of this kind meets us here. Wild precipices are chafed by restless waves, the access is by clefts in the rock, leading by rough steep paths to the barren summit; and perhaps the explanation is that "Fair" is not an epithet at all, but a corruption of Norwegian *Faar*, "a sheep." "Sheep Island." "The Faroe Islands have the same etymology."¹ On this island one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada, driven northwards, was wrecked; and the crew are said by tradition to have taught the women the art of knitting the brilliantly variegated hosiery that we call *Shetland*. The account is probably correct, as the patterns in many of these shawls are remarkably similar to those which are wrought by the Moors of Spain.²



FAIR ISLE; THE "SHEEP CRAIG."

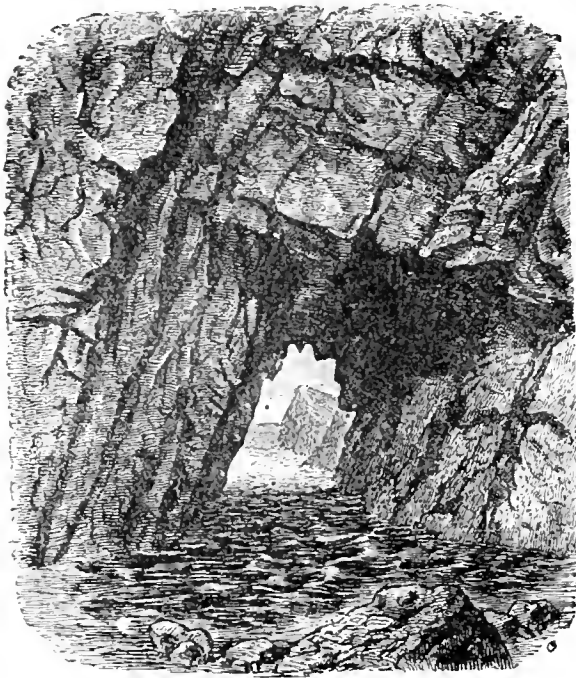
Lerwick is a town to astonish the visitor who has thought of the Orkney and Shetland isles only as solitary rock-bound wastes in the midst of an angry sea. It is in fact a busy, thriving little metropolis, well-placed, and even imposing to view on its steep upward slope, the tiers of houses rising from the very water. The main thoroughfares are irregularly parallel with the shore, and are intersected by narrow lanes, climbing to the brow of the hill. These lanes are called "trances" or "tranes," possibly from the Latin *transire* through the French. Dr. Jamieson in his *Scottish Dictionary* gives several instances of the use of *transe* for *passage*. The building in the higher part of the town, with tower and flagstaff, is the Lerwick Town Hall, an edifice of which the Shetlanders are justly proud. It contains a series of pictures, carvings and stained glass windows, intended to present an illustrated history of Shetland for the past thousand years.

Everybody has heard of "Shetland wools" and of "Shetland ponies." In the former commodity, Lerwick drives a thriving trade; the scanty pastures having long sustained a fine breed of sheep. The Shetland ponies too are famous; though these no

¹ See *The Orkneys and Shetlands*, by John R. Tudor (London, 1885), pp. 430-432. ² *The Orkneys and Shetlands*, p. 430.

longer roam at large. The breed is carefully maintained, not so much for their beauty as for their utility—alas! in the coal mines of England; it being found that these hardy little creatures can best endure the fatigue of continued monotonous work in those sunless depths. They accordingly are imported southward in great numbers, never to see the light of day from the time of their descent. It is a comfort to know that they are generally well cared for, and greatly petted by the miners. Often one will be rescued by some purchaser, wishing to please his children, and will spend his days in fresh air and sunlight—a happier lot, and to outward seeming more congenial. It is to be hoped that the patient little sturdy four-footed toilers in the mine know not what they lose!

The Shetland Islands contain more than 30,000 inhabitants, a hardy race who mostly live by fishing. The number of islands is said to be exactly a hundred, only



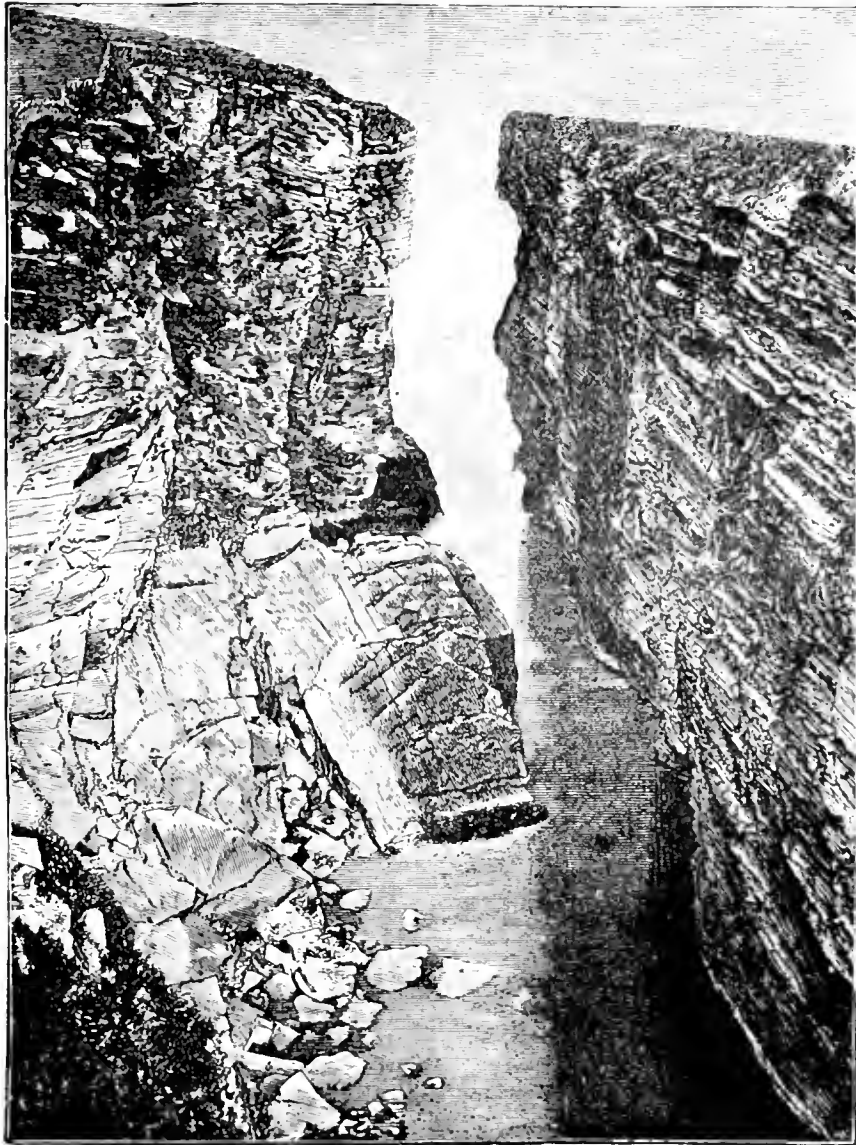
FAIR ISLE; "SHELDIE CLIFF."

between thirty and forty being inhabited. Some of these are very bold in outline. The cliffs of Bressay are extraordinary; but perhaps the greatest wonder is Holm of Noss, detached from the island of that name by a fissure between the cliffs from four to five hundred feet in depth. "The Holm consists of a rock with perpendicular sides 160 feet in height, and having a level top, the area of which is 500 feet by 170 feet. Somewhere in the seventeenth century this apparently inaccessible stack was scaled by a fowler for the promised reward of a cow. Once on the summit he drove in a couple of stout stakes to which were fastened strong guy-ropes, that had been dragged over the intervening chasm, 60 feet broad, by means of a stone and a string. On these guy-ropes was fastened an oblong box, which slid easily enough down from the

Noss side, where the cliff was slightly higher, to the Holm, and was hauled back on the return journey. Tradition says that the original scaler of the Holm refused to avail himself of the box, but essayed to return as he came, and in so doing was killed. Latterly the box was made large enough to hold a man and a sheep, and in this manner twelve sheep were taken on to and off the Holm every summer. Some few years back, however, the whole apparatus was dismantled, for fear of accidents, and the summit of the Holm handed back to its original tenants, the gulls, who during the breeding season leave very little of it unoccupied."

The rock scenery on the western side of the island, is, if possible, more wonderful still. SCALLOWAY, only six or seven miles from Lerwick, and facing the Atlantic at the southern extremity of what may truly be called a "Bay of Islands," is now one of the most accessible places in the whole region, and there can be nothing finer in its way than the sail along the western coast, past innumerable headlands broken into

every variety of shape by the constant chafing of the sea, with islets large and small, and many a picturesque "stack" or rock-group towering above the surface of the water. We enter St. Magnus Bay by a strait between the mainland and the island of Papa Stour. "Papa," be it noticed, is a relic for the word for "priest," and points back to the time when the earliest missionaries from Ireland came to these wild shores. Through the mist of ages we catch glimpses of these simple messen-



THE HOLM OF NOSS.

gers of the Gospel, placing themselves here and there where the sea formed some protection for their rock-girt home, while yet the mainland was open to their frequent visits. The invasions of heathen Norsemen in later days swept away the fruit of their toils; and only a name or a tradition here and there preserves the memory.

Across the noble bay the steamer passes to HILLSWICK, giving us full leisure to admire the fantastic rock forms of porphyry, gneiss, sandstone, conglomerate—at once a fascination and a puzzle for geologists. The "Drongs" are here conspicuous,

standing out of the lonely sea like a great group of castle towers. Hillswick itself is a pleasant village by the sea, with sheltered green slopes, and a few houses and cottages where fishermen, farmers, and peasants lead their quiet life, removed at once from wealth and destitution, with the homely kirk where they worship together in peace.

This is the extreme point of our present tour. Farther on, if disposed to explore,



“GIANT'S LEG,” NOSS, SHETLAND.

the voyager will find in the “northern islands,” YELL, FETLAR, UNST, yet more fine cliff-scenery, and endless labyrinths of deep-sea channels, with a grand sweep round the northern extremity of the Shetlands. If exceptionally fortunate he may here encounter a “school” of whales, and imagine himself, but for the genial climate, an Arctic adventurer. In the course of this circuit there is an opportunity of visiting “the most northerly village in the British Isles,” Haroldswick: so called from Harold

Haarfager, the "Fair-haired," who founded the old Norwegian dynasty, and also made himself master of these northern islands a thousand years ago.

The climate of the Shetlands lacks the delicious softness of the Orkneys; the constant dampness being chilly and oppressive to the visitor; although in one of the latest and best accounts of these northern islands we read that "Shetland, if liable to greater rainfall, has, so far as the writer can judge, a more bracing and exhilarating atmosphere during the summer months than the southern group, where at times the heat is apparently much more intense and oppressive, and in Shetland, even in the height of summer, it is always well to be provided with warm garments."¹ The inhabitants appear a hardy race, honest, shrewd, and sensible. They seem peculiarly open also to the lessons and influences of Christianity, and, besides the Presbyterian Churches, there is



THE DRONGS, SHETLAND.

also a mission of the Baptists, which has effected great good. In courtesy and intelligence the people compare favorably with those of any place in Great Britain.

The route from Lerwick southwards on the eastern side passes by the lonely tower of Mousa, on the island of that name. This tower is worth visiting as one of the best preserved relics of Pictish occupation. We may be allowed to copy the excellent description of it by Mr. M. J. B. Baddeley: "It stands close to the shore on the west side of the small island which gives it a name. Its measurement is about forty feet high and fifty in diameter; its shape, that of a dice-box, the outside wall leaning slightly inward for the lower thirty feet, and bulging out again above that height, with the result, if not with the special object, of making it as difficult as possible to scale. This

¹ *The Orkneys and Shetlands*, by J. R. Tudor, p. 411.

outside wall, built in courses and entirely without cement, is nearly six feet in thickness; and within it, separated by a space of about the same width, is a second and similar wall with apertures looking on to the circular unroofed court within, and containing a number of recesses. The only entrance to the whole is by a small doorway on the seaward side; and as even this might easily be made impregnable, there seems abundant evidence for the theory that the primary object of these structures was defence from external foes—'towers of refuge' they might be called. In the few other instances of their remaining sufficiently intact to allow their original construction to be understood, there is nothing to oppose this theory. One and all seem to afford mute yet eloquent testimony to the turbulence of the age in which they were built."

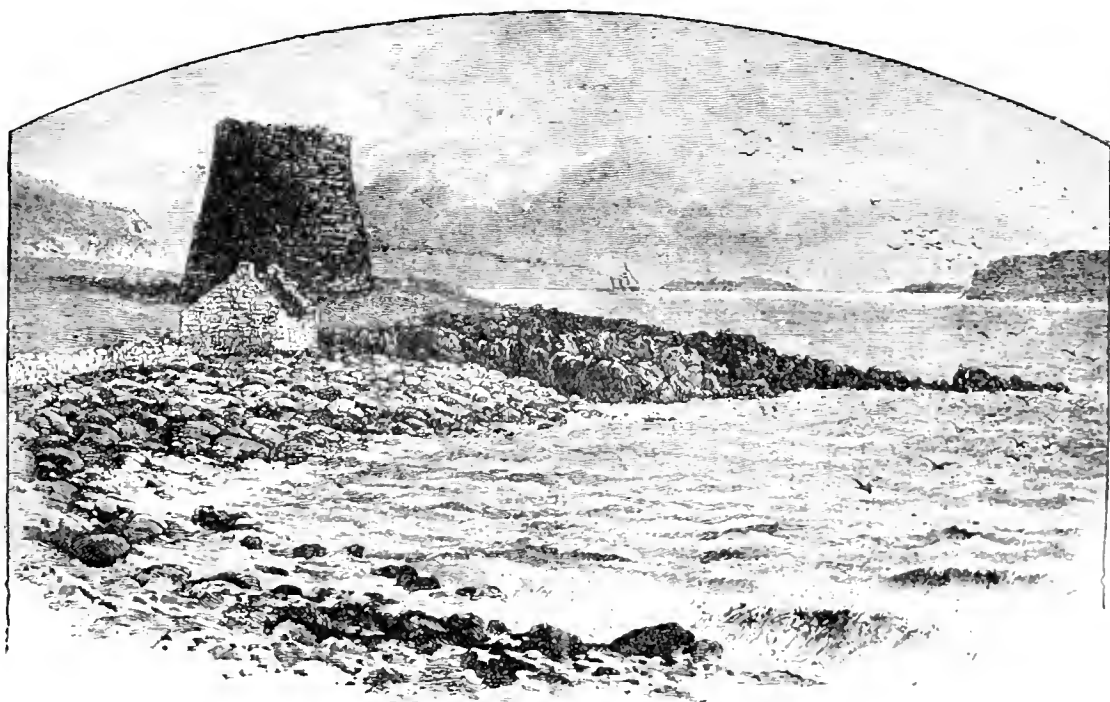
It is in these islands of the North that Sir Walter Scott found much of the material for his *Pirate*; Sumburgh Head, where much of the action of the story lies, being the most southerly point of the Shetland group—a grand, bare cliff, about 300 feet in height



LERWICK, SHETLAND.

—while the Roost of Sumburgh (*rost*, Icelandic for the current or whirlpool caused by the meeting of tides) still rushes with the fury depicted by the great novelist. A little to the north, on the western side of the island, the great promontory of Fitful Head fronts the Atlantic. A short distance above the former headland, and upon the shore of a little bay or *voe*, are the remains of Jarlshof, the home of some of the principal characters in the tale. It is with a new interest that we re-read Scott's glowing pages, on the deck of the steamer which bears us swiftly past these scenes over what is now the calmest of summer seas. Well, however, can we imagine what they must become in times of storm. The wild tumult of Nature seems only too congenial with strongly-marked characters and tempestuous passions. Fully to comprehend Scott's descriptions, it is almost necessary to know the locality. Otherwise, they may seem exaggerated; while in these times of comparative civilization the counterpart may not often be found of all his characters. Yet on the whole the outline is wonderfully correct, as well as vivid; and the finest creation in this story, Norna of the Fitful

Head, seems to have been in part a transcript from life. The grandeurs and terrors of those storm-beaten shores, with their loneliness, and the mystery beyond, quickens the sense of the supernatural; although in our own day this rather appears in the simple intense piety of a well-instructed people, than in any tendency to credulity and superstition. The inhabitants of mountain regions, it is said, have often little sense of the majesty and glory that surround them on their daily path; not so the dwellers by those wild and stormy seas. To them the lessons of the "great deep" are not wholly in vain. "The sea is His;" and "HE MADE IT," finds a response,—often confused and inarticulate, it may be,—in the hearts of men with whose whole life sublimity and terror are so closely intertwined. It was with a strange thrill of sympathy as well as awe that in a little assembly of those northern sailors and fishermen we read the old words:



THE BROUGH OF MOUSA.

“ They that go down to the sea in ships,
 That do business in great waters;
 These see the works of the LORD,
 And His wonders in the deep;
 For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind,
 Which lifteth up the waves thereof.
 They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths;
 Their soul is melted because of trouble.
 They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man,
 And are at their wit's end.
 Then they cry unto the LORD in their trouble,
 And He bringeth them out of their distresses.
 He maketh the storm a calm,
 So that the waves thereof are still.
 Then are they glad because they be quiet.
 So He bringeth them unto their desired haven.”

Our tour in Scotland is now finished. These last words of the volume are written amid calmer scenes than those which have been just described. A flowery meadow before us slopes down to the lower reach of a lovely lake. Heathery slopes on one side, and wooded hill on the other, descend to the water's edge. The morning sun brightens the verdure, while in the distance one of the giant "Bens" of the country rears its clouded brow. There are no tourists, for the path lies beyond their track. Only a few resident families, in the white houses scattered over the hill-sides, spend here their happy summer. We worshipped with them and with the little company of village-folk, yesterday, in their fair sanctuary, reared by the liberality of a visitor from England. To what "denomination" the one church of the village may have belonged it is needless to inquire; nor perhaps did the thought occur to any worshipper there. The communion was not ours; yet we sang the same hymns—certainly with unfamiliar additions from the noble quaint old Scotch Psalter; the prayers in their comprehensiveness were suited



CAPE WRATH.

to the needs of all; and the sermon, on Jacob's wanderings, touched some chords which must have vibrated in every heart. The closing hymn, although a Scottish "Paraphrase," was by an English Nonconformist, and is a "Psalm of Life" for Christians universally.

“ Oh God of Bethel, by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed,
 Who through this weary pilgrimage
 Hast all our fathers led.
 Oh spread Thy covering wings around,
 Till all our wanderings cease,
 And at our Father's loved abode
 Our souls arrive in peace.”

Such Sabbath hours, spent in fellowship with congenial friends, are among the choicest remembrances of journeys like those that we have attempted to describe. The visitor to Scotland is constantly reminded that he is among a *religious* people. This fact is sometimes apparent in the theological and ecclesiastical disputes which ruffle the surface of the national life; but it reveals itself more constantly and happily in the depths of that life—in the good sense, the integrity and the devoutness which may be found in all classes of the people. The old discords have largely ceased, the fidelity to truth remains, with perhaps a wider Catholicity. There is a very remarkable little inscription on one of the pillars in St. Giles's Church, Edinburgh—TO JAMES HANNAY, DEAN OF THIS CATHEDRAL, 1634-1639. HE WAS THE FIRST AND THE LAST WHO READ THE SERVICE-BOOK IN THIS CHURCH. THIS MEMORIAL IS ERECTED IN HAPPIER TIMES BY HIS DESCENDANT. The "happier times" are acknowledged by Presbyterianism and Episcopacy alike; and one who is an adherent of neither system can rejoice in the essential varieties in which, below the differences once deemed insurmountable, an underlying harmony is discerned. We do not, indeed, affirm that all is peace even now. Questions have been raised, unknown in earlier times; and some great controversies seem as far from settlement as ever. But these appear at least to be approached in a kindlier spirit. The *odium theologicum*, if not extinct, is regarded as uncongenial with the spirit of the time, not because Christians care less for doctrinal correctness, but because they more clearly recognize the supreme claims of charity.

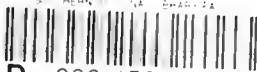
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