

at New York under the former mayoralty. But a third candidate arose, of whom he would merely say that accusations were made against him, based upon judicial decisions, that would have rendered him ineligible to aspire to any civic office in this country. His 'platform' was different from that of the other two. His was avowedly and openly stated to be for an enormously increased expenditure even over that of the previous year, and he carried the day over the other two by an immense majority. He had the pleasure of meeting, in the flush of triumph, on the evening of the election, one of his chief supporters, and he told him, in the exuberance of the moment, that they had spent 100,000 dollars on the election, and that it would be cheap at that price, for they would make, to use another American expression, 'rarely' by the transaction. And this election was managed by giving lavish contracts to contractors, who drove their workmen in numbers to the ballot-box by telling them that their bread depended on their votes."

## THE TOURIST IN SCOTLAND.

### DAYS IN EDINBURGH.

"Look up—to your right; we are passing under the Castle."

Scotland had been all enchanted ground; but now I felt as if entering deeper into the shadowy realms of history. From the carriage window, as slowly the train urged through the rail-channel scarring Prince's Street Gardens, I could see only the basement boulders of the great grey precipice which is crowned with Edinburgh Castle—copsewood girdling its feet. A few minutes more, and we reached the North Bridge terminus, made our way from the bustle and confusion along flights of steps to the upper air, and, through the sunlight of a July afternoon, had our first view of the loveliest capital in Europe.

Close by, the superb monument in memory of Walter Scott raises its exquisite floriated pinnacles, like a petrified work of point-lace. Poetry embodied in the midst of life's common prose—the place which a lyric-romancer holds among the crowds of men—it stands beside the thoroughfares of busy traffic, beautiful, lonely; sunbeam-arrows piercing its fretted archlets, embossing the richly decorated niches, casting into shadow the white statue encanopied below; beside whom lies the noble hound Maida, faithful in marble.

And beyond, worthy of its name, stretches the unrivalled Prince's Street; looking over to the stern dark masses of the Old Town, across slopes of verdurous garden; frowned upon by the grand Castle acropolis, as protector and monitor, but none the less radiant for that. Centuries confront one another here. The antique war-time, when every house was a fortress owing fealty to some dominant stronghold; and the modern peace-time, when commerce is a power mightier than culverin or broadsword, and the ease of men's lives has made beauty a necessity, are met together by their representative buildings. Yonder loom the twelve-storied houses of the Canongate and High Street, "piled

deep and massy, close and high," beneath the open crown-tower of St. Giles's; and the ravine, which once was a defensive moat of stagnant water, is now filled with the greenery of trees and flower-beds, linking those old grey dwellings to the bright sandstone ranges of shops and hotels and public edifices in the New Town.

Little wonder that the royal Sybarite George IV, in his progress through his Scottish capital, should exclaim unfeignedly, "How superb!" Even upon his jaded sensations came the glorious beauty of Edinburgh with a thrill of enjoyment. In an opening of these cross streets the citizens have perpetuated him in a statue by Chantrey. The figure is ungainly, defaced by cumbrous robes, and stands in an attitude of pompous affectation. Sir Francis was wont to declare that these faults were not the sculptor's, but his Majesty's own design.

When he favoured Edinburgh with his royal approbation, much of its present beauty was not in existence. The Mound, cast across the glen to the Old Town, was an unsightly mass of débris, flung from the excavations necessary in the erection of Prince's Street. At present, despite the vaticination of Scott and others, it has become one of the most ornamental peculiarities of the city; for the sides are planted prettily with evergreens and birches, and the summit is covered with ranges of Grecian pillars and porticoes, their pale grey tint finely outlined against the emerald slopes beneath the Castle steep. As befits their aspect, these buildings are devoted to art purposes: one is the Royal Institution, the other the National Gallery of Scotland.

But the Castle! its massive grandeur eclipses all else in this beautiful city. Most changeful, yet most changeless, it is ever noble. Whether with roseate light of evening upon it, flushing the hoary height into momentary semblance of warmth, till the sun dropped down behind the distant hills; or when, in gathering night, the dark strength and sternness seemed to return tenfold; or on a rainy day, wrapt in sullen folds of mist, like some hooded friar, while we in the streets below were clear, and felt an awe of the solemn veiled mass above; or with a broad midnight moon hung over it, softly silencing the outlines, but leaving in blackness the nether precipice. At all times it was an imposing presence to us, a strange influence upon us. One of our earliest excursions was to see it more nearly. Having procured orders for admittance to the Regalia, at the Council Chambers in the Royal Exchange, we drove along the High Street and Castle Hill, to the Esplanade. Here, on the wide sandy space, an awkward squad of rifle recruits were practising that very useful but undignified item of drill called the goose-step; a late commander-in-chief being present, in the person of a blackened statue of the Duke of York, who was powerful as a king's son fifty years ago. The drawbridge, slung peacefully over a dry moat, and some narrow passages ascending among buildings, led us to the Bomb Battery.

What a view! The long line of Prince's Street, broken by the graceful spire of Scott's monument, and terminated by the Calton Hill—a picturesque assemblage of pillars and memorial edifices; broad

thoroughfares of the city beyond, interrupted by steeples and squares, and merging at last, among bits of suburb, into the green low country; Leith, with its long-armed pier circling a recess of blue waters and crowded masts; the shining Frith of Forth, widening to ocean, bearing many white sails, and dark hulls of the Dutch fleet lying at anchor near the great rock Inchkeith; the low swelling coasts of Fife, meeting the soft sky, a hazy line indicating the sea afar; these are some elements of the prospect. I could have spent hours in contemplation—in telling over slowly the associations with which the scene was replete.

But behind us, on the highest point of the rock, stands Queen Margaret's Chapel, a small Norman building of great antiquity. Its custodian came forward to ask whether we would not look at the interior. An unmistakeable twang of Irish brogue was in his voice; there was something Hibernian also in his countenance; and when he had come out with a complimentary remark or two, such as in the sister isle are called "blarney," his nationality was fairly established. Yet he had left Munster as a boy, thirty years before; not even a Scottish wife and bairns had obliterated his provincialisms.

A turn of his heavy key opened the studded door of the chapel, and we stepped into the medieval gloom of a small vaulted chamber, lighted by four circular-arched windows, filled with coloured glass; in the thickness of the wall, a tiny vestry; a massive stone font embossed with interlaced Saxon arches and lozenge moulding. It was erected by Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore, the Scottish prince who removed his capital from Dunfermline to Edinburgh, and who is renowned chiefly for having conquered Shakspeare's Macbeth. Though absolutely illiterate himself, he revered his English Queen's learning, which appears to have amounted to the ability of reading her missal, and permitted her to do as she pleased in matters ecclesiastical. Hence her canonization subsequently.

Long before Margaret's time, the Rock was a stronghold for fair women; being "the Camp of the Maidens," where the daughters of the Pictish princes were educated. Then it had been a centre of strife during generations, changing masters many times, until her own Malcolm, the Great-Head, fortified it for their posterity. Margaret's quaint likeness is in one of the little stained windows; also that of her son, David I.

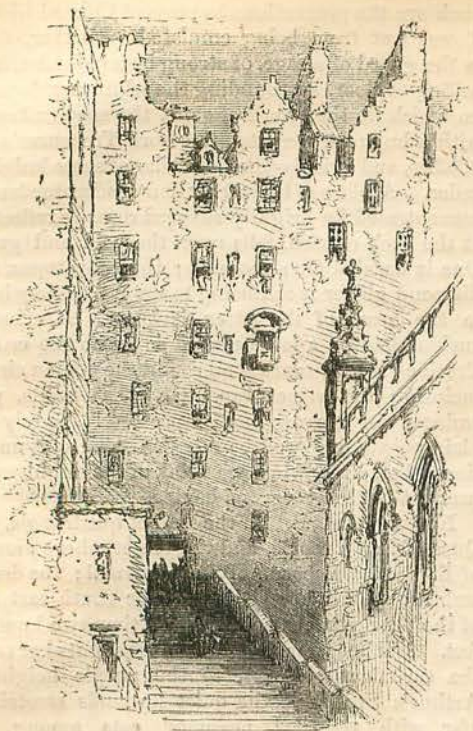
Coming out into daylight again, we notice an old piece of ordnance lying on the ground beside its carriage, of an inordinate length and strange formation, being thick iron bars hooped together. The veteran is the famous Mons Meg, fabricated before Columbus had discovered America, used at the siege of Norham against the Earl of Surrey, in Harry the Eighth's time, and last fired to salute James II; disliking which duty, it burst, and has since been on the retired list.

The Regalia are kept in a tower appropriate to themselves, and built with particular regard to their security. On the narrow winding stair our orders from the Lord Provost were twice examined by keepers stationed for the purpose, and the upper room, where the treasures are exhibited, has no windows;

such are the precautions to prevent Colonel Blood's Tower feat from being emulated. Farther, there is the guard of a cage, of strong iron palisades, from ceiling to floor, surrounding the white marble table, on which lie the sword of state, the sceptre headed with a huge rock-crystal, the Lord Treasurer's rod of office, and a richly-jewelled collar of some knightly order. A blaze of light from four moderator lamps, concentrated by brightly-silvered concave reflectors at the back of each, falls upon the gold and gems. One is dazzled for a moment; the ruby, topaz, and diamond glitter is confusing to the eye, as they burn in the heart of the utter darkness. A crimson cushion laid on a low pedestal supports the crown. Precious stones sparkle all round the golden circlet inclosing the velvet cap. On what heads, pre-eminent for sorrow, has it pressed! Surely we plain people may well be satisfied with our undistinguished lives, when we think of the sad histories pendant to this gorgeous bauble.

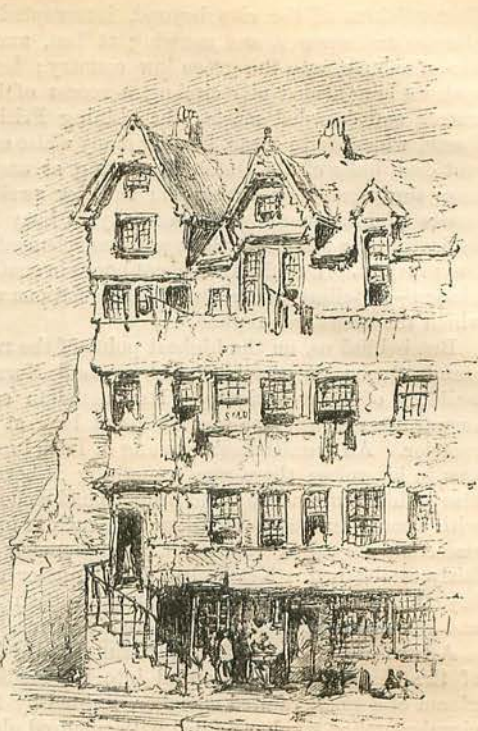
Not far distant, in the same quadrangle, are Queen Mary's rooms, and the closet where James I of England was born. It is very small; the deeply embrasured window looks over the south-east side of the precipice, sheer down more than two hundred feet. Did her weary eyes gaze through its bars over the turbulent old city, to the purple height of Arthur's Seat, and the quiet lowlands stretching afar, with red-tiled peasants' cots among the fields? Heriot's Hospital, whose Elizabethan façades worthily fill a place in the foreground now, was not then built. It is to be regretted that the mania for stained glass everywhere has extended even to this small room. A collection of unnatural yellow thistles obscures the light, and excludes the prospect. Almost the only furniture is a block of wood, the remains of the Lochleven thorn-tree, planted by Mary. Under the emblazoned arms of Scotland, on the panelling, are some gilded rhymes—a prayer for the child which was expected to be born during that midsummer, 1566. In the exterior room is his picture when arrived at man's estate: a furtive melancholy countenance, dissimulation and weakness in the strained sunken eyes and the thin contracted mouth. The apartments are ceiled with panelling in squares, containing alternate cyphers of mother and son.

Somewhere in these court-yards were the Douglas boys (the eldest of whom was only sixteen) beheaded by the unscrupulous ministers of James II, after having been invited to visit him with all apparent hospitality. Somewhere over the face of this precipice the Duke of Albany and his chamberlain tried to descend, escaping from death on the morrow; and when the shortness of the rope caused the latter to break his thigh-bone, the chivalrous Duke carried him on his back to a place of safety. Every conflicting power on Scottish soil wrestled for the Castle of Edinburgh, as a gage of final victory. Edward I and his Southrons, Henry VIII in his rough wooing of the baby Queen Mary, Cromwell and his Ironsides, all tried their hands at grasping this stronghold. By an article of the Union it is to be kept continually fortified. Two thousand soldiers might garrison it, and thirty thousand stand of arms be stored in its arsenal.



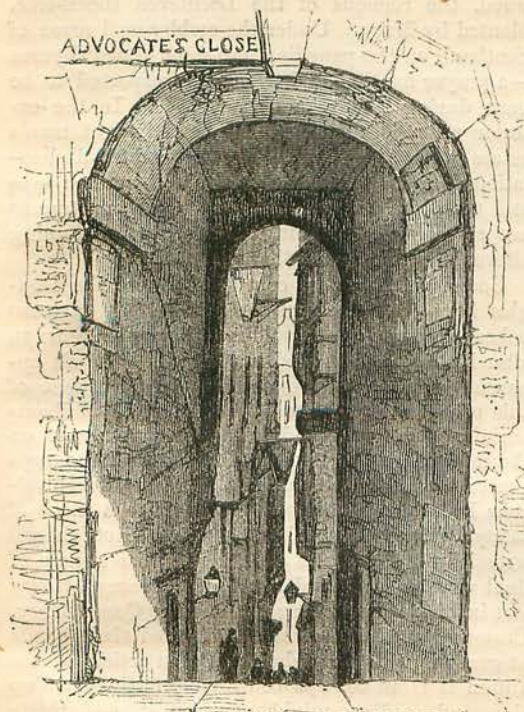
MILNE'S COURT, HEAD OF THE MOUND.

One long sloping street from this steep ridge leads to the low-lying Holyrood Palace—a mile and a half chiefly of colossal houses, which darken the afternoon with their medieval shade, and specimens of which we give (sketched in 1858). First, the Cas-

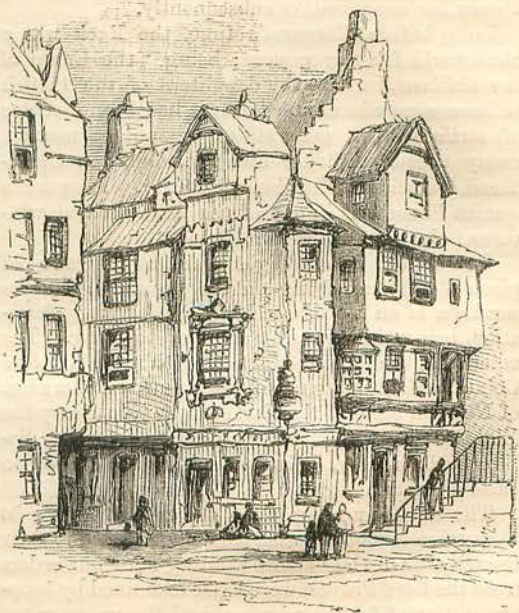


OLD HOUSES IN THE HIGH STREET.

tle Hill, where another terrible tragedy was enacted—the beautiful and youthful Janet Douglas, accused of witchcraft, was burned alive in 1537. We turn past the lofty Victoria Hall, and past an edifice more attractive still—Dr. Guthrie's very unpretend-



MOUTH OF THE ADVOCATES' CLOSE.



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.



EDINBURGH CASTLE, FROM THE GRASSMARKET.

ing church—for the best view of the Castle. The deformity of the “cotton-mill” pile of barracks is not visible from this point; and the great height of the rock is particularly remarkable.

At a little distance to the left is the Grassmarket, where some of the noblest and the basest among Scotsmen have yielded up their lives. The accomplished Montrose, the gallant Argyle, the wretched Porteous, passed here to execution, as well as thousands of less note. From the Grassmarket diverges a street with name infamous for crime, and yet famous for the benevolence which planned the amelioration of its people. Burke and Hare the murderers, Dr. Chalmers the christian philanthropist, are inseparably associated with the West Port.

Midway in the High Street stand a cluster of celebrities: St. Giles's Cathedral, which roofs three churches of ample area; the Royal Exchange buildings, now the seat of civic authority; and the Parliament Houses. Once the Tolbooth was here, grimly blocking up the passage; likewise the city cross, whence “royal edicts rang” and trumpets pealed for many a century. A radiated pavement indicates its site. Another glory departed is the

pristine importance of the Parliament Houses, which are now simply courts of law; and a dusky equestrian statue of that celebrated law-breaker, Charles II, stands before them, attesting their date.

Hark! from St. Giles's tower, buttressed at top into the semblance of an imperial crown, come weak tinkling chimes, proclaiming the hour. They no more suit the vigorous aspect of the building, than the feeble treble tones of decrepitude would suit a hale sexagenarian. Let us enter to see the place where the solemn League and Covenant was subscribed, and where Jenny Geddes entered her energetic protest against Laud's innovations. One would think that the severe genius of the old lady must have presided over the arrangements of the interior—great dingy churches, grievously needing the paint-brush, and every defect glaringly evinced by wide blindless windows and whitened walls. Here are the graves of Regent Murray and the Marquis Montrose, without external sign. An original inscription to the former is thus translated, in a placard:—“Piety mourns without a defender; law is disarmed, 23 Jan. 1570. James Stewart, Earl of Moray, viceroy of Scotland, the far best man of the age he lived in, cruelly murdered by his ene-

mies, the most abandoned of men, as to a common father, his rueful country caused this monument to be erected." The exaggeration of recent feeling is noticeable here. Thus are even we of the nineteenth century prone to write of our departing great men, and to deem that, with them, lights of the world have gone out. In the vestibule is a mournful monument—that to the memory of the 78th Highland regiment, which, in six months of an Indian campaign, lost 669 men and 124 children. What a devouring Moloch is war!

We emerge again into the crowds of the High Street. Divergent from the street are numbers of closes and wynds—some the narrowest passages conceivable, where even summer noon must be a twilight. Nobility did not disdain such residences in turbulent times, when safety outweighed convenience, and the most confined dwelling, protected by the Castle guns, was a more desirable abode than the finest mansion outside their range. But what is this strange old house, bending as under the weight of years, with high steps to the hall-door, and quaint projecting stories? A legend over its lower windows runs thus: "LUFE, GOD. ABEVE. AL. & YR. NIGHBOUR. AS. YR. SEL." From one of these casements Knox preached to the people; and in this house he spent the last twelve years of his storm-beaten life.

Henceforth we pass through the Canongate—name laden with a hundred histories. The ancient jail, having pepper-box turrets at the angles, and a conical-capped roof, stands yonder. Moray House and Queensberry House, once dwelt in by magnates of the land, where Cromwell lodged, and Lords High Commissioners held court, have turned from their dissipated youth to useful and benevolent purposes in their old age, being respectively a Normal School and a House of Refuge for the Destitute. Our walk ended at Holyrood Palace, which has been described in a former number of this serial.\*

Home beneath the Calton Hill and its coronet of pillars; conspicuous among them being the stone telescope commemorative of Nelson, and perhaps intended to suggest that naval idea by its outline. The fragment of colonnades after the design of the Parthenon has a fine effect—perhaps even more imposing than if completed. A beautiful reproduction of the Choragic monument of Lysicrates at Athens is to the memory of Dugald Stewart. Finely in keeping is the Observatory, purely Greek, looking like a bit struck off the High School, below the Hill. What a view of Edinburgh hence! The grand confused masses of the Old Town, ascending to their frowning fortress: the purple height of Arthur's Seat: horizontal lines of country afar to the base of the Pentlands, under a blaze of sunshine: at our feet, the noble line of Prince's Street, with its bright green gardens.

Another of our days in Edinburgh was spent in an expedition to Arthur's Seat, where that renowned monarch is supposed to have had a victory over the Picts, in fabulous ages. We passed the bit of ruin called St. Anthony's Chapel, and were duly served

with water from St. Anthony's well. The slippery grass of the ascent was tiresome walking, though the perfume of meek crushed thyme floated upwards from our steps, and the graceful blue campanula waved its pretty bells in noiseless music everywhere. The wild and lonely Dunsapie Loch lay in a basin-like hollow scooped below, black with shadows of hills: Charles Edward's army encamped round it a century since; and Duddingston Loch, more civilized, having clumps of wood, a church and village, on its verge: these remain of the tides which once must have swept round the base of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags.

The people of Edinburgh ought to be the most poetical among Britons. Every source of inspiration exists around them. Astonishing natural beauty, and all that refined taste can do to enhance that beauty by the aid of art; historical reminiscences of events the most spirit-stirring, and characters the most fascinating: these have the fortunate denizens of "the Modern Athens." Added to which, we could discover but one smoky *stalk* in the city, and that belonged to the needful gas company: the smutty genius of Manufacture comes no nearer than Leith, where the glass-makers entertain her beside their ugly conical furnaces.

#### SALADS.

OCCASIONALLY a dog or a cat may be seen nibbling green blades of grass, as if to that description of food born and designed; yet, a casual glance at the mouth of a dog or cat will satisfy any one that these animals are anything but gaminivorous. Popular opinion represents that, when dogs and cats so far depart from their natural element, they are ill and taking physic. Popular opinion, in this case, most likely represents the truth: most likely the grass-longing of these animals is a representative of the desire for uncooked green food—salads, plainly speaking—experienced by human individuals.

The human constitution is a thing so complex and mysterious, that the person who begins to generalize on the nature of our food-longings is apt to run into mistakes. There are certain broad facts, nevertheless, which cannot mislead us. Well does man merit the title of "omnivorous." When one comes to consider the infinity of foods swallowed by men and women in different parts of the world, the significance of the term will be recognisable. The Greenlander considers train oil and whale blubber to be delicacies; a tallow candle would be a pretty *bon-bon* to give an Esquimaux belle. An arctic traveller relates that, having presented a tallow candle to a young lady of these inclement regions, she first nibbled it quite to the end, next drew the wick between her teeth, clearing off every fragment of grease, and ended by smacking her lips, just as an English child might have done after eating a piece of Everton toffee, or that peculiar compound of sugar and flour so strangely called "Bonaparte's ribs." Natives of the Gold Coast regard great snails a delicate *bonne-bouche*; and Californian Indians do not think meanly of rattlesnake; but, of all the human family, John Chinaman is the one

\* See No. 406.

constant communication kept up with the authorities in the fortress. Of course, by a preconcerted arrangement, each signal will convey any sentence previously agreed upon, and the number of signals may be increased *ad libitum* by variety in their shape and colour."

## THE TOURIST IN SCOTLAND.

ROSLIN.

THROUGH a green road of a mile long, bordered with hawthorn hedges, gorse, and broom, we walked towards Roslin. The country gained in beauty at every bend of the path. The abundant woods of Hawthornden gathered in a distant opening, clothed with summer's richest leafage; and presently we came on the edge of the glen, where trees darken the rushing Esk. Sometimes a glimpse of the brown river showed its conflict with masses of scattered boulders, which opposed a stolid yet unavailing resistance to the will of the waters; and a mysterious rumbling noise, increasing as we advanced, we attributed to some rapids or cascades yet invisible. Soon we beheld the prosaic cause—a bleachmill in full action, cleansing soiled linen with the poetic waters of Esk, renowned in song! Valuable as the establishment undoubtedly is, we wished that it had utilized any less distinguished stream.

A finger-post, "To Roslin," conducted us down a narrow path close by the boisterous bleachmill—a group of cottages, and fields of dazzling white linen spread in sunlight—to a small plank bridge over the river. Before us rose a steep bank crested with trees, the red tint of the soil on all perpendicular places where vegetation could not cling. On this peninsula, three sides washed by the Esk, stands the castle. It is a fatiguing scramble to the summit, for late rains have made the path slippery, and we are liable to slide back two steps for each one forward; yet we reach the small postern door, which now admits visitors to the stronghold of the St. Clairs. A mighty yew tree, said to be seven hundred years old, makes a midnight under its wide-spread boughs as we enter. This is the courtyard, now turned into a flower-garden, gay with rocket and sweet-pea, and far-famed for strawberries. Esk sends up its gurgling voice from the ravine below. But our next steps are out of the light into the funereal gloom of the subterraneous chambers. A passage seventy feet long, excavated from the solid rock, ends in the huge baronial kitchen; and bed-chambers, which would infallibly give any modern warrior violent rheumatism, also open from it. All these rooms have small circular apertures, through which arrows could be discharged upon assailants. The dungeon is a horrid abyss, into which the prisoner was lowered through a trap-door.

We are glad to get back to upper air and sunbeams; and, sitting awhile in view of the beautiful glen, we try to realize the past history of the place. Its name, Ross-lyn—"a rocky height and a water-fall"—dates back to Gaelic times, before Malcolm

Canmore conferred it upon his Norman ally, William St. Clair, surnamed the Seemly from his pleasing aspect, whose descendants lived here royally, as princes of Orkney. Grose describes the pomp of one of the line in the following terms: "He kept a great court, and was served in vessels of gold and silver; Lord Dirleton being his master of the household, Lord Borthwick his cup-bearer, Lord Fleming his carver; his halls were richly adorned with embroidered hangings. His princess, Elizabeth Douglas, was served by seventy-five gentlewomen, whereof fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, clothed in velvets and silks, with chains of gold. She was attended by two hundred riding gentlemen in all her journeys; and if it happened to be dark when she went into Edinburgh, where her lodgings were at the foot of Blackfriars Wynd, eighty lighted torches were carried before her." Our modern peeresses cannot boast of such attendance. These were the palmiest days of Roslin. It was burned down shortly afterwards, by the carelessness of one of the aforesaid gentlewomen setting fire to her bed; and in the next century the new building shared the same fate, at the orders of Henry VIII's general, the Earl of Hertford. General Monk also besieged it during the Civil Wars; but its death-blow was given by the mob in 1688; and now the triple tier of cavernous apartments above described is all that remains of the ancient castle.

A strife older than any of these has been commemorated in lines so apt, that I must be pardoned for quoting them:—

"Three triumphs in one day! three hosts subdued by one!  
Three armies scattered like the spray beneath one summer sun!  
Who, pausing 'mid the solitude of rocky streams and leafy trees,  
Who, gazing o'er this giant wood, could ever dream of these?  
Or think that aught would here intrude save birds and humming  
bees?"

Which stanzas refer to the triple battle on the moor of Roslin, one spring day in 1302, when the Scots, under their regent Comyn, defeated three divisions of the English successively, though the latter were almost four times their number. But it is difficult to believe, now, that this haunt of solitude and peace was ever visited by sights and sounds of war. What massy copsewood darkens all the dell! What black shadows lie in the pools below!

As we return through the postern, we come to a door bearing over its lintel the inscription, "S. W. S., 1622"—the date of the modern erection and initials of the founder, Sir William St. Clair. Here a private family reside during the summer time. Remains of ponderous walls and archways, formed of red sandstone blocks, attest the olden strength and extent of the fortress. Presently we come to a ravine, cut down through the rock to considerable depth, thus insulating the castle, except for the arch which spans the space. And here the guide paused. Pointing to a small edifice on the brow of the hill before us, just appearing above the trees, "That's the chapel," quoth he.

What! that insignificant, commonplace-looking building? We were not near enough to discern any of its architectural details, and the distant

outline was mean. I confess to no slight feeling of disappointment as I ascended the height, schooling myself to expect nothing. Passing through the village, and through a very shabby lane among dirty cottages, we gained admittance to the inclosure.



ROSLIN CASTLE AND CHAPEL.

Stepping within the doorway, the full splendour of Roslin Chapel burst upon our view. There is nothing to compare it with—a mass of the richest yet chastest ornament, from keystone to flooring. Every window, every pillar, every cornice, every moulding of the roof, every boss at an angle, every canopy and bracket, is diverse from all the rest. A positive bewilderment and fatigue at the profusion and variety of beauty seizes on the beholder. The space is small, compared with Melrose or Kelso Abbey Churches; but within that space lies *all that* art could concentrate of the loveliest ornamentation. The solidity of the Norman style is enriched with the minute decorations of the florid Gothic.

Descriptions of architecture must necessarily be vague, and almost certainly uninteresting; therefore I shall attempt none of Roslin Chapel. Those who have seen it, know that the inadequate painting of words could never give a true idea of the artistic perfection which charmed them; and those who have yet to see it, would be little the wiser for paragraphs piled with adjectives of admiration. A few of the chief characteristics may be touched upon.

Everybody has heard of “the ‘Prentice Pillar,” and its tragic legend: how the master mason went to Rome to inspect the original, and during his absence an apprentice successfully carried out the

design; which so enraged the envious master that he slew his pupil with a blow of his mallet. The story is perpetuated on corbels at the west end of the central aisle, where are sculptured the head of the mason, frowning horribly; the beardless face of the ‘prentice boy, with a deep cut over his



THE ‘PRENTICE PILLAR.

temple; and the mother, weeping beneath her coil. The pillar itself is a bundle of rods bound with a garland of flowers and foliage; you fancy that you might lift off this carven wreath with your fingers, so light and perfect is the sculpture, though somewhat decayed by time. It is to be observed that the material which has worn best in all these carvings is the red sandstone, which seems to be of firmer and more durable texture than the white. Some of the leaves cut in it are freshly outlined as if the chisel were raised from them but yesterday.

The only thing like repetition discoverable throughout the ornamenting of this architectural gem, is the use of the rose in many places; probably as suggestive of the name Roslin. Sir Walter Scott’s exquisite ballad of “Rosabelle” speaks of “every rose-carved buttress fair,” which is literal fact.

“And here,” said the guide, pointing to some engraved slabs in the pavement, “the barons of Roslin are buried; ye see the hounds carved on Sir William St. Clair’s tomb. I’ll just tell ye the reason o’ that.”

“I suppose,” interrupted one of the party, “you have never seen the chapel lighted up at midnight, when one of the Rosslyn family dies, as the song says?”

“Ou, that’s just ane o’ Walter Scott’s auld stories,” answered the guide, smiling superiorly.

"Ye're no' to b'lieve all *he* tells. I canna just say I did see it mysel'."

He made amends for his incredulity on this point by relating the legend about the hounds: to the effect that Sir William St. Clair had made a wager with King Robert Bruce, his head staked against the forest of Pentland Moor, that two dogs of his would capture a certain white deer before it crossed a certain stream; and as it plunged therein after a long run, he cried loudly to the hounds by name:—

"Help, Hold! gin ye may,  
Or Roslyn tynes his head this day;"

which appeal had the desired effect: the dogs dragged back the deer from the midst of the current, and despatched it. The story was recited in the rapid and unimpassioned tone of a schoolboy getting through a lesson. What elocution can be expected from a man who has to repeat the same thing thousands of times annually? He added the apocryphal piece of information, that Sir William built the chapel in gratitude for his escape. Dates hardly permit this; as the hunt in question occurred about 1320, and Roslin Chapel was not founded till 1446.

In fact, the present building is only the chancel of what was originally intended to be a great collegiate church; and as the St. Clair family were heads of the mason craft, then engrossed by a high and mysterious body of artificers, all the existing talent of the order was brought to bear upon this architecture. The sixteen pillars have all diverse capitals, chiefly of foliage. Here is one encrusted with leaves of the curly kail, perfect as you may have seen it on spring mornings, with rime on its crisped edges; here is another composed of trefoils, bending and drooping like any living vegetation. The guide passes a straw through the basket-work capital of a third, to prove how every rib of the twined willow-wands stands apart in the stone. A fourth is crested with the hartstongue fern; and behold! aloft in a crevice under the roof grow a few sprays of the real plant, as if to attest the accuracy of the model. Oak-leaves, fronds of other graceful ferns, and flower blossoms, are abundant. The very spirit of the woods seems to have penetrated the artist, as he perpetuated their foliage.

Architraves connect the pillars with the side walls, each bearing in relief the embodiment of some story. Isaac lying bound upon the altar, Samson rending the lion, and pulling down the idol temple upon his persecutors, the magi paying homage to the Babe of Bethlehem—are among the Scripture scenes. Emblematical groups of the seven virtues and seven vices are pointed out severally by the guide's long wand. It requires some imagination to perceive what he says exists, in a few instances, for the envious tooth of time has been busy. Among a collection of angels is noteworthy one chubby cherub playing the bagpipes: truly a Celtic carving.

The eastern end of the chapel, where formerly stood the altar, is railed off as the burying-place of the Earls of Rosslyn. Near it a flight of broken steps descends to a subterranean vestry and confessional, containing many niches and recesses,

formerly filled with altars and statues. The threshold of the door through which we pass to the exterior is worn by the hoofs of Cromwell's troop of horse, stabled here once during his Scottish campaign, and who were more tolerant than usual of the beauty of the building.

One might pass a day in close inspection of this exterior, and yet be neither wearied nor satiated. One wishes for a glass-case to shut it in from the weather—to keep off beating rain and boisterous winds from all the delicate carving. Buttresses and flying arches, pinnacles of every device, bracket pedestals, canopies—the whole building is covered with rich chasing. Flowers wreath upon the mouldings of the arches; waterspouts, in the form of animals, carry the rain from the roof. A frieze of St. Sebastian pierced with arrows by Roman soldiers, and of the giant Christopher carrying a child on his shoulder, adorn the doorways. A few feet of the northern transept wall project at one end, unfinished as the workmen left it four centuries ago. Above, on a pinnacle, was clustering a brown swarm of bees, freshly dislodged from some gude-wife's hive.

Standing by the boundary wall, which looks over the deep vale of the Esk, I knew where the artificer had gotten his inspiration for the adornment of this beautiful building. Far below, all around, surged the wide woods of Hawthornden: innumerable whisperings of leaves filled the sunny air: and the loveliness of nature, in the grandest masses and the minutest details, is the inexhaustible fount of the loveliness of art.

## MEN I HAVE KNOWN.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

AT no period of English history were political tergiversation and corruption carried to a more scandalous pitch than during the last half of the past century. The epoch of the Revolution, with all its political double-dealing, the party intrigues of the first, and even the undisguised venality of the second quarter of the century, had something redeeming in their objects and effrontery, when compared with the utter profligacy and baseness of the later scheming era. Corrupting, plotting, betraying, defrauding, plundering, selling soul and body to dishonour and bribery, were the concomitants of mock patriotism and dissoluteness, beyond the possibility of decent language to describe. A crisis had arrived. Human patience could endure no farther. Unhappily, in France the reaction destroyed itself in bloodshed and horrors more atrocious and terrible than the evils, however oppressive and grievous, against which the hostility was at its commencement provoked. A few years of demon abominations and desolating fury dispelled the illusion into which the glowing principles and prospects of universal progress had plunged so many speculative and enthusiastic minds; but the time was hardly come for the votaries to confess that if the disease was afflicting, the remedy was murderous.

At this inauspicious epoch, distinguishing him-



quake, added much to the solemnity of the scene. The sermon was truly sublime, and to the ungodly sinner, the self-righteous pharisee, and the artful hypocrite, strikingly terrific. With a pathos which showed the fervour of his soul, and with a grand majestic voice that commanded attention, he took occasion, from the circumstances of the assembly, to call their attention to that most important event in which every one will be interested—the final consummation of all things, the universal wreck of nature, the dissolution of earth, and the eternal sentence of every son and daughter of Adam. The whole scene was one of a most memorable character. Mr. Charles Wesley, Mr. Romaine, and others preached in a similar manner, and with like happy results."

## THE TOURIST IN SCOTLAND.

### TO MELROSE.

TAKING the train at the North Bridge Station, we plunge immediately into a tunnel beneath the heart of Edinburgh; whence emerging, we find Holyrood Palace moving away to the right, and the lonely, ruined chapel of St. Anthony under the furrowed slope of Arthur's Seat. Three miles—and we pause at Portobello, on a ridge overlooking the streets of neat houses bordering acres of sands, whereon the German Ocean beats, through the wide Frith of Forth. Eight miles take us to the Eskbank Station (how musical are most Scottish names, both in sense and sound!), where our carriage is emptied of tourists for Dalkeith, to visit the palace built by Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, widow of the unfortunate duke who was routed at Sedgemoor. The pause affords us a pleasant glimpse of wooded glen, with a river in its depths. A mile further, and we skirt the park of Dalhousie, purple Pentlands in the background; we pass the Gorebridge Station, entering a valley where winds a small stream among grassy knolls and copsewood; it surrounds a hillock on which stands a massive tower, bastioned at the angles. This is Borthwick Castle, whose feudal strength dates back to 1430. Hence Queen Mary fled one summer evening in the disguise of a page, to escape the confederated nobles marching against herself and Bothwell. On the east side are various honourable scars in the freestone facing, received from Cromwell's cannon-balls. A much humbler building near by, the parish manse, is deserving of note, as the birth-place of Robertson the historian.

Crichton Castle stands a little to the left of the line, equally rugged and sturdy-looking with its neighbour Borthwick, to which it bears a strong family resemblance. It also is moated by a river, the new-born Tyne, which flows away among hazel, birch, and bracken to its rest in the German Ocean yonder. "Marmion" depicts the castle in primal splendour. Once it was the residence of the mightiest man in the realm, Sir William Crichton, Chancellor of Scotland, during James II's minority, who pitted himself against the whole power of the dominant Douglases, and won the day.

Our railway embankment is but an unsightly

intruder in this wooded dell; yet the stream seems fascinated by its neighbourhood, and wreaths about in many a serpentine meander until we reach Tynehead. Shortly the Gala-water takes up the same rôle, and disports itself alongside till it grows sober in the vicinity of Galashiels, where it has grave work to do: work, in fact, to which the little river is unequal, and the agency of water in another shape has to be called in; for the few cloth-mills which the Gala turned have grown into great factories requiring plenty of steam-power. The few weavers living here half a century since, and making coarse "Galashiels gray" for ploughmen's wear, have multiplied into an extensive manufacturing population, which imports wool from Van Diemen's Land, and sends it forth again metamorphosed into soft tweeds and tartans fit for a duchess.

The next station, thirty-seven miles from Edinburgh, is Melrose itself, where most of the occupants of the train alight, being pilgrims to the Abbey and to Abbotsford; they exchange remarks as they stand on the broad platform, with the customary masonic fellowship of tourists. A whole posse of guides and drivers waits for us at the steps.

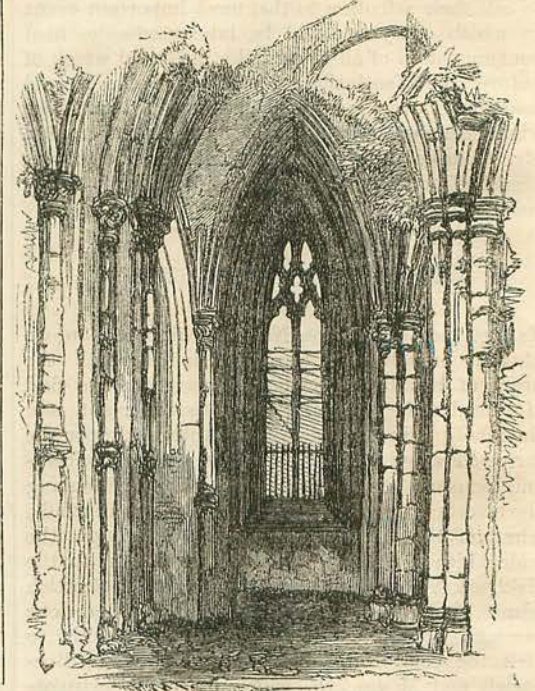
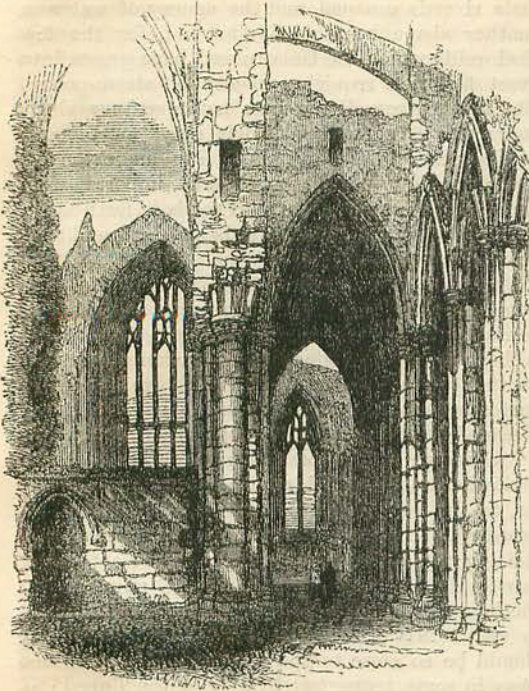
"Carriage for Abbotsford, sir?" The pleasant invitation was accepted, after a moment's thought; for, as the weather threatened rain, it was deemed expedient to make the distant excursion first. Raising my eyes when this point was settled, I saw in the midst of the neat village, rising above the houses, the celebrated ruin we had come so far to visit. Mrs. Stowe's regret was mine, that it should be so close to the haunts of men, and not away in some sequestered valley by the Tweed: it appeared so incongruous with the lives of the present generation—among them, but in no wise of them. Nothing could be a stronger contrast than the trim, modern houses of the little town, which looked new—as if built last week—with the brown, dilapidated abbey, worn by the weather of five hundred years.

As Abbotsford and its beauties have been described in a previous number of this serial (No. 123), I shall not detail our visit. Few things are more enjoyable than a summer day's drive through the country of the Tweed, where every dell and tower has its legend, or association with the memory of one of the most gifted of Scotsmen; at the same time that there is a certain mournfulness inseparable from the contemplation of the home and daily haunts of departed genius. Does not one feel, with almost a pang, the nothingness of earthly fame, the transiency of the honour which cometh from men? "Vanitas vanitatum" is inscribed on all such rewards.

Later in the afternoon we walked to the gate of Melrose Abbey—an entrance unworthy of Scotland's noblest ruin. Sounds of trowel and chisel reached us from within. When the keeper came, we found the cause to be that masons were repairing the extremity of the nave, endeavouring to stop the course of dilapidation by fresh stonework—an enterprise always to be carried out with reverent hand, lest the venerable "loops of time" should be too much amended.

From the threshold we see the blemish of the building: an unsightly vault cast over the nave in 1618, when it was used for a parish church. I know not why the effect is a general crookedness of aspect, until we enter beneath the arch. Then, slowly walking along the mossed floor, the great

bedded in the soil; and the guide says it covers the heart of Robert Bruce. His body was buried at Dunfermline; but his embalmed heart travelled towards Palestine, in fulfilment of a vow of pilgrimage which he had made: until its custodier, Lord James Douglas, was on his road through Spain



INTERIOR VIEWS OF MELROSE ABBEY.

chancel window is before us; and Scott's beautiful lines, too familiar to every reader of English poetry to need quotation, are reiterated through my thoughts. Now my eyes affirm the poet's praise as not exaggerated; "the slender shafts of shapely stone, by foliated tracery combined," the osier wands knotted with poplars straight, are all there. Hence might an antiquary draw arguments that the original of Gothic architecture is the wooden church of primitive British Christians, wherein wicker-work was the sole ornamenting, and pillars were faggots of poles bound together at the tops, and openings for light were adorned with hoops and twinings of willow. Perhaps it was so; at all events, the idea has been glorified in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

This chancel is shaped like half a Greek cross: its lofty roof yet arches overhead, each stone rib locked to another by a knot of flowers or leaves. The perpetually-suggested contrast between the most enduring and the most fragile of substances, the stone and the blossom, which is so striking in the ornamentation of Roslin, is only less profuse at Melrose. We take a singular pleasure in seeing an intractable material made to assume and retain the delicate undulations and graceful mould of slender stems and frail petals; for contrast is one of the greatest enjoyments of the imagination.

But here, at my feet, is a small fragment of slab

drawn into the Saracen wars, and fell slain over the silver casket containing his charge: which was brought back to Scotland by a surviving knight, and buried under the high altar of Melrose with exceeding pomp. What a mean memorial it has now!

Near by is another royal resting-place. A tomb of greenish-black marble is said to indicate the grave of Alexander II, who was an energetic and able monarch, and took the part of the Magna Charta barons against their King John. Two renowned Douglasses, later than his time by a century and a half, also lie buried here—the Knights of Liddesdale and Otterburn—names that now hardly wake an echo in the tourist's memory. Step we aside to the nook of the chancel which contains the reputed grave of Michael Scott—a slab cracked in the centre, with a defaced cross upon it. I had a sort of notion that a gleam of the ever-burning lamp which dazzled the moss-trooper, William of Deloraine, might flash through the rent as we looked. Verily the wizard owes his repute to his namesake, a wizard of more potent spells than he. A hideous stone face, with staring eyes, (being a boss fallen from some angle of the building,) leans against the wall at the end of the tomb. A few years hence, it will probably be taken for an authentic likeness of the conjuror; who, after all, had only the misfortune of being more

learned than other people in a barbarous age, and was addicted to alchymy and astrology—the mother of our most useful sciences, chemistry and astronomy. Because Michael Scott could compute nativities, and do cunning tricks with chemical agencies, posterity accused him of having split the

some previous traveller found this striking verse upon a tomb:—

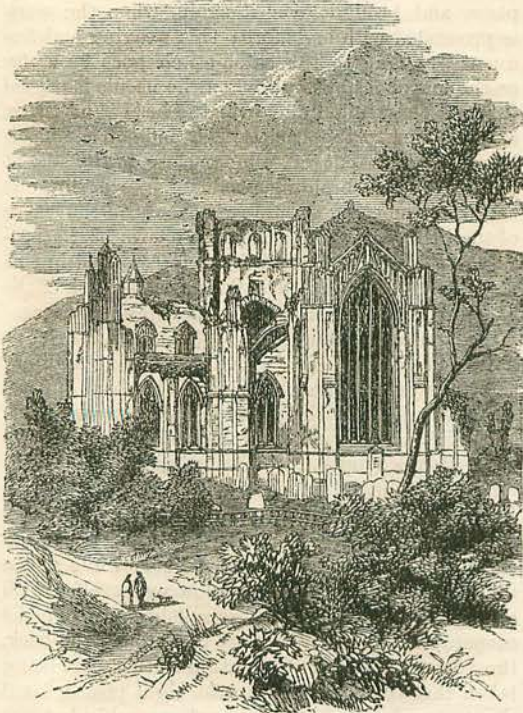
“The earth walks on the earth, glittering with gold;  
The earth goes to the earth, sooner than it wold;  
The earth builds on the earth, castles and towers;  
The earth says to the earth, all shall be ours.”

Now look back upon the Abbey; a green slope of hills is visible above the brown crumbling nave, and through the spaces of some of its eight traceried windows; the building seems a mass of richest embossing and inlaid work, tinted with the warm amber hue which age confers upon sandstone masonry. The magnificent south window is wholly uninjured; nine niches are piled in pyramidal form along the arch; each held a statue till 1649, when many established things were overthrown elsewhere than at Melrose. What must the Abbey have been when every buttress, and bracket, and pinnacle, was filled with a statue! Now the useless canopies project their fringe of petrified lace-work over empty pedestals on all sides. One, indeed, has been put to use, as a cradle for a nest of jackdaws, who have irreverently built over an old saint's head.

Farther to the east, and the great flying buttresses show like ribs of a vast skeleton; thick gnarled stems of ivy climb the walls. Pass into the cloisters, the only remaining part of the monastery; truly those old Cistercians had a delicate taste for artistic loveliness; the doorway is adorned with foliated pilasters, the cornices along the walks present varieties of shells and leafage. The scallop-shell, emblem of a pilgrim's life, is commonest. The wealth of workmanship lavished upon the building is wonderful. The archaeologist Billings says that it is as beautiful in concealed as in open places, for the artist made a conscience of his employment, and oftentimes a superstition.

Here are steps to the nuns' gallery, winding through the ivy; but we have only looked through the arches, when the gloom of a cloud which had been drooping over the landscape results in a heavy pattering on the broad leaves, and gusts begin to sweep through the silence of the mighty aisles. Now, a shower in a notable place is not at all so prosaic an event as a shower upon common houses or fields. Had not that summer rain a peculiar music, beating upon Melrose ivy? was not that breeze, sighing through the cloisters, freighted with fancies and associations? Let us remember the Abbey's history, while we stand waiting for the sky to clear. The Culdees of Iona first built a rude church here; ages afterwards David I founded a convent for the Cistercians on the same spot. In an old volume I found a record that in 1296 the High Steward of Scotland “mortified to the abbey of Melross an annuity of two pounds of wax to light the tomb of St. Waldeve, for the benefit of his own soul and that of Margaret his wife.” The connection between the donation and the benefit expected seems not very clear.

Melrose was destroyed after Bannockburn, and was rebuilt as it now stands by Robert Bruce. Three or four times since then, it has been rifled by armies; but the worst injury was done by



MELROSE ABBEY.

Eildon Hills—see them yonder, rising beside the town—into three peaks from one cone. Posterity forgot that the triple summit was known to the Romans as Tremontium, and bears the relics of a Roman camp upon one point. As to what Michael Scott really did, he was one of the ambassadors to Norway for the Maid, Alexander III's granddaughter, that weakly girl whose death plunged Scotland into civil war; he travelled much in foreign countries, and wrote treatises on natural science, at a period when Italy was less known to the majority of his countrymen than the kingdom of Siam is now, and when philosophy was considered synonymous with magic.

What massive clustered pillars are these! worthy to sustain the ponderous roof rising seventy feet above. And come here—look at this shaft of an arch, radiating into a triple rib, and springing from a tiny child's hand clasping it at the base. The small fingers close round the stone shaft easily, as if holding a flower stem; again the pleasure of contrast—the disproportion between the apparent power put forth and the great mass to be sustained. Look up to the central tower; grass waves on its broken western wall, eighty-four feet from the ground. Come outside by the southern entrance for the most perfect view of the grand old pile. The richly-carved Gothic portal through which we pass leads us into a crowded place of graves, where

James Douglas, commendator in 1590, who took down a part of the mason-work, wherewith to build a house for himself. Many others subsequently found it convenient to use the Abbey as a quarry of building materials, which accounts for the disappearance of every particle of the monastery except the church and one side of the cloisters.

But now the rain has abated; the clouds are molten in the blue heavens; drops fall only when a vagrant gust shakes the ivy; a gleam of westerling sunlight gilds the mossed floor of the open nave. And so we left Melrose, with a sunset smile upon its ruins.

## EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOOKBINDER.

NO. II.

AFTER cutting the edges of a book, the next process is that of ornamenting them. This may be done in a simple way by sprinkling them minutely with a brush dipped in a thin solution of umber, or any other colour that suits the fancy, ground fine and mixed with size. A more elaborate method is that of marbling the edges, for which purpose a trough must be provided of convenient size and depth, say two inches, which is filled with pure gum-water. Coloured pigments, spirit-ground and mixed with a little ox-gall, are then dripped on the surface of the fluid from a bunch of quills dipped in them—such colours of course being used as will float and not sink to the bottom. These are then combed with a coarse comb into a neat pattern, and the book being tied between two boards, the edges are applied to the floating colours, which are thus transferred to them. A dash of cold water over them fixes the colours, and heightens their brilliancy. Gilding the edges is a process which, however desirable in itself, we cannot recommend for experiment to the mere amateur, who would certainly fail in his attempts.

Head-banding comes next. These are of two kinds, *stuck on* and *worked*. Head-bands stuck on are formed by cutting a piece of striped linen about an inch deep and as wide as the thickness of the book, folding it over a piece of twine, and glueing it to the back so that the inclosed twine shall in a manner lap over the cut edge, the same being repeated at the opposite end. In well bound books, however, the head-bands are worked on in the following way:—A strip of string, prepared by rolling it tight in pasted paper, is chosen of a size suited to that of the book; stout silk thread of one or two colours is then taken; if two colours are used they are doubled and tied together by the ends, one of them being previously equipped with a needle. The book is then placed in the cutting-press with the back uppermost, the head being elevated towards the workman; the needle is then passed through the middle of the second section, on the left-hand side, just below the catch-stitch, and drawn out far enough to bring the knot joining the two silks close into the middle of the section; the needle is then brought up, and passed again through the same place, and the silk drawn nearly close; the round strip is placed in the loop thus formed, and the silk drawn tight with the left hand; the other

silk is brought over with the right, and passed under and over the head-band, when it is held tight with the left hand; the other silk is now put over that, and also under and over the head-band; they are thus worked alternately over each other, for about ten sheets or sections, when the needle is passed below the catch-stitch to keep the head-band in its place, and brought over it again, when the work is proceeded with as before; this weaving and frequent fastening to the catch-stitch goes on as far as the last sheet but one, when the needle is passed through the section and over the head-band twice, and fastened to the back. The ends of the head-band are then cut off, almost close to the silk at each end. The braiding produced by working one silk over the other should rest evenly on the leaves of the book, and forms the sole charm of the process. Both ends of the book being worked in this way, the glue-brush is drawn across the back of the bands, which retains them in their proper places.

After head-banding the book should receive a hollow back, which is formed by cutting a slip of cartridge-paper twice the width of the back and the same length; fold the paper in half, glue the back, and stick on one of the folded sides, leaving the other doubled upon it. The volume is now ready for covering with leather, or with leather and paper. For whole-bound volumes the leather is cut nearly an inch larger all round than the open book, and the edges are pared thin with a sharp knife. The inner side of the leather is now well soaked with strong paste, and a small slice being cut from the corners of the covers where they touch the back, the volume is laid on the pasted leather, care being taken that the covers are in the right position, and the two sides are first covered smoothly but not too tight. The folding over of the pasted leather inside the covers and outside the back, so as to give a handsome appearance to the ends of the volume, is a matter of some difficulty, which, however, a little practice will overcome. It should be done so that the leather in a manner embraces the head-band, which lies half concealed within it, and yet does not project beyond the proper projection of the covers. After the ends are finished, which operation will be materially assisted by a paper knife having one pointed end, the corners must be attended to; the superfluous leather meeting at the angle must be cut off, the head and foot must be first smoothed down, and then the fore-edge portion folded over them. This also is a rather puzzling process, and requires to be done carefully to look well, and before doing it the operator must see that the covers are lifted over the projecting ledges of the back into the position they ought to occupy. While the leather is soft and moist with the paste anything may be done with it, and by the help of the folder and a little patience it may be coaxed and moulded so as to form a good-looking head. The leather should be pressed in at the corners where the small pieces were taken off the boards, and the folder passed once or twice up and down the hinges of the covers to insure their opening easily. Lastly, a piece of thread may be tied round the indented corners of the back from end to end, and the whole left to dry.

thought. Almost at the time when the Normans conquered Naples, they conquered this little country also; but a foreign ruler has never since set his foot in it. Gradually its power has increased. Three hundred years ago the worldly-wise Emperor Charles v declared that it was better to war with all the world than with that country. Wise statesmen have been raised up in it when they were needed; its two revolutions have brought about abiding good. Its people now are the most free on the face of the earth; its power is acknowledged wherever it is named. That country is England. From whence comes it that it differs from the other? Something is due to the firmness of the national character, and an Englishman's love of work. But chiefly is it because, though once the same darkness was here as is still in Naples, by the labours and sufferings of our noble reformers and martyrs the light of God's truth streamed over the land long ago. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, *but* unto thy name be the glory, for thy loving mercy and for thy truth's sake." "It was thy right hand and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favour unto them."

And now a better chance of freedom has come to Naples and Sicily than ever came before; and all England has been stirred by the news. In the midst of our rejoicing over it, there is matter for very earnest consideration. The revolt of Masaniello failed in great part because, having gained liberty, neither he nor his people knew how to use it. Whether this present struggle succeeds any better depends, so it seems to us, upon the free people of England more than upon Garibaldi or any other. When civil tyranny falls in Naples, religious tyranny will fall too. The people will cast their old creed to the moles and to the bats, and if they are offered nothing better in its place, the latter end will be worse than the beginning.

The open Bible makes England what she is, and the knowledge it teaches of "the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent." Now, if ever, can that Bible be sent to Naples and Sicily. The sending it will be the raising of the true standard of freedom; and we can, we ought to send it. "If the Son make them free, they shall be free indeed." Better than all other aid will be "the sword of the Spirit, the word of God." Let us show that we prize our own liberty by putting that sword, which has gained it for us, into the hands of those who are now fighting to be free. More than all, we can send with that sword our prayers. We can pray for the people, and for their wonderful great leader; and in these two things, the very best things that could be done, may we help the people of Naples and Sicily.

### THE TOURIST IN SCOTLAND.

#### A ROOFLESS PALACE.

It is a misty morning; the carriage windows are wet with steaming small rain, unfavourable for sight-seeing or any commoner species of vision; yet, as we approach Linlithgow, a gleam of the red-

tilled roofs of that quaint old town is perceptible amid the general blur. On a height behind rises



LINLITHGOW PALACE AND LAKE

a square mass of building, dimly defined; but we need no positive outline to declare what it is, and the foggy drapery suits its age and story well.



ST. MICHAEL'S WELL.

We pass over the noble viaduct on the Avon, unconscious that it comprises twenty-five arches, each

king and courtiers, has defiled down this steep descent from the palace gates! Here, for one



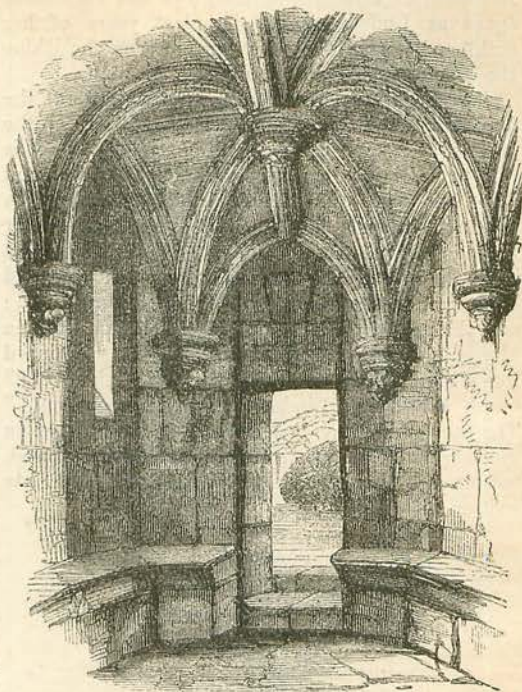
QUEEN MARGARET'S TURRET.

of seventy-five feet perpendicular, and draw up at the railway station, which is fenced about with flower-beds.

What pertinacious rain! The heavens are grey with promise of mist until noon, probably: the station-master has the worst opinion of the weather. Nevertheless, we must see the palace, *coute qui coute*.

Few are stirring in the quiet streets when we descend; drip, drip, falls the rain from spouts and eaves, with a somnolent regularity of plash. We are in a town renowned for its waters; "Glasgow for bells, Lithgow for wells," being items of celebrity embodied in an old rhyme. But the weather is too wet that we should pause for more than a minute at the fountain, surmounted by a grotesque effigy with the legend "Sainte Michael is kind to strangers;" or at the famous Cross-well, opposite the Town-House, which bears over it a curious pile of carved niches and uncouth statues. The water pours profusely from the mouths of the figures into a broad basin encircling them. It is a reproduction of the fountain erected in 1620, when as yet Linlithgow was a royal burgh. Altogether, between floods from the sky and the earth, the old town seems to keep up its reputation creditably.

Somewhere near this was the wooden balcony whence the vengeful Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh took deadly aim with his carabine at the foremost man in the realm, the Regent Murray, as he passed through in regal pomp. How many a gorgeous procession has rung upon the pavement of these sleep-stricken streets! How many a hunting and hawking party of lords and ladies,



QUEEN MARGARET'S BOWER.

winter, resided the stern Edward, the hammer of Scotland, who first built a tower on this site, finding it central for his subjugating designs. Hence spurred James III in haste, foolish boy that he was, to escape from his governor's wholesome tutelage to the tyranny of favourites. Hence rode James IV, in mood not much wiser, to the rout of Flodden, surrounded by a brilliant array of nobles and warriors, soon to be food for the Southron spears. Truly Linlithgow has a great past of which to tell; like the decaying quarter of a capital, the ever-rolling world has left it behind. When in its highest glory, Glasgow was a hamlet on the broomy banks of a shallow stream; and now, a hundred towns such as Linlithgow would not make up the body of that leviathan city.

A deep arch admits us to the inclosure about the palace. In the centre of the gravelled space is a Crimean cannon, fenced round with formidable spear-like palisades, very modern and well-painted, beside the hoariness of the venerable walls. A neat cottage also, swathed in climbing plants, for the keeper who has charge of this royal decrepitude, like a peasant maiden sitting at the feet of a grey discrowned monarch, nestles the little home beneath the great desolate palace. And lo! the mist is already breaking; sketchy glimpses of uplands, of deep lake with swans by a green islet, are seen as we walk round the exterior. The bank slopes much to the water's edge far below. What a massive, solemn-looking building it is! There are few windows; for in the turbulent times of its youth they were inlets of danger as well as of light. Travellers have asserted a strong resem-

blance between it and the Castle of Heidelberg; traceable to the fact that the beautiful and unhappy Elizabeth of Bohemia, sovereign of the Palatinate, spent at Linlithgow the happiest years of her childhood. She wished to reproduce on the Rhine the dear familiar features of her early home.

Returning to the entrance, we see before us the fine church of St. Michael, patron saint of the burgh; as a specimen of Gothic architecture, it is said to be the most perfect north of Tweed, and dates from that indefatigable ecclesiologist, David I. The eastern aisle is still used every Sabbath for Divine service. Here James IV saw the apparition so dwelt upon by the old chroniclers, which warned him against the disastrous Flodden expedition; and the artistic getting up of which does Queen Margaret Tudor considerable credit. It "vanished like a blink of the sun, or a whip of a whirlwind," quoth Sir David Lindsay, the "Lyon-herald." The same Lindsay has celebrated Linlithgow in glowing language as "a palyce of plesance;" and, taking up the strain, a greater than he has written:—

"Of all the palaces so fair,  
Built for the royal dwelling,  
In Scotland, far beyond compare,  
Linlithgow is excelling:  
And in its park, in genial June,  
How sweet the merry linnets' tune,  
How blithe the blackbird's lay!  
The wild buck's bells from thorny brake,  
The coot dives merry on the lake,  
The saddest heart might pleasure take  
To see a scene so gay."

Whatever may have been the case in the days of Marmion, "gay" is the last epithet that could suit the pensive, ponderous pile now.

But here comes the keeper, with his heavy keys; and we pass through the darkness of an arched way to the interior quadrangle. The neatness of a carefully-tended antiquity is visible, where even a crumbling stone is venerated: four little cypresses bloom gloomily at the corners of the sward. In the centre are remains of "the beautifullest fountain in the world," as an old traveller styled it; adorned once with fine statues and carved work, but ruthlessly destroyed by Hawley's dragoons in 1746. Every visitor to Linlithgow owes that vandalic troop a strong debt of hatred. It was their act of wanton barbarism which finally burned the old palace, where they had sheltered from a craven flight after Falkirk—a fitting termination to their campaign.

When Lord Llanover visited Linlithgow, some years since, he was so much struck by the exquisite workmanship of the remaining fragments of this central fountain, that he employed a sculptor to make accurate drawings and measurements of them; and the new fountain in front of Holyrood Palace is a reproduction of the original design, so far as could be ascertained.

What a great silence has fallen upon this place! Our very footsteps seem muffled, as we enter room after room, and gallery after gallery, open to the sky. There is an acre of ruins. Yonder is the gate through which the rustic Binnock brought his innocuous-looking wain of hay, with armed men couched therein, and so took the fortress from the

English in 1307. The keeper repeats the story with relish, though to him its details must be tolerably stale; he is evidently a patriotic Scotsman. Over the grand gate is a niche anciently filled by a statue of Pope Julius II, who won this eminence by presenting to James V a consecrated sword and helmet: the former gift is yet among the regalia in Edinburgh Castle. Other ornamenting, of cornices and pediments, is plentiful enough on the exterior; but the great chambers, where fire has been the destroyer, are bleak and bare.

We ascend steps, and presently enter a long apartment—fifty-three feet from end to end, says the keeper. Roofless like the rest: tender, feathery ferns bend over from the wall-top to look in. And this is the birth-room of Mary, Queen of Scots! The iron hooks, whence hung folds of tapestry, yet retain hold in the walls. Here the child of a week old was saluted monarch, and the plots and intrigues of her troublous life began around her cradle.

A room is shown at a little distance, in the floor of which a trap-door once existed; now a secret flight of steps is visible, leading down to a subterraneous vault. The legend is, that James III hid below, during some *émeute* of his nobles; and while the conspirators searched through the royal apartments, one of the court-ladies had sufficient nerve to sit upon this trap-door, and spin from her distaff, as naturally as if there was not a king's life depending on her self-possession. That woman could have had little of the trembler about her.

Near by is the narrow bed-chamber where slept three generations of Jameses; the four low stone pedestals on which the bed rested are yet sunk in the ground. To the right opens a small oratory, with arched roof yet entire; and hence there was an entrance to the great dining-hall, extending the whole length of the north side of the palace. Nothing remains of it but naked walls; wild plants wave on the partitions of the chambers beneath; a stillness which is almost painful broods over the scene of olden revelry. Were moralizing not so trite as generally to be skipped by the reader, here were a fine theme for it.

Turn to the left, and ascend winding steps, more than a hundred in number, and we emerge upon the battlements of a turret, where a small arched nook has this inscription:—

"J. R.  
His own Queen Margaret,  
Who in Lithgow's bower  
All lonely sat,  
And wept the weary hour."

All her weeping could not reverse Flodden, nor call back her wrongheaded husband from his doom. The mist has lifted off now, and beams of sunlight lie athwart the lands: we can see how fair a prospect the sad lady beheld from her eyrie. Broad level countries, with shining streams winding through villages; a limit of distant purple hills; below, the red roofs of the town beneath blue haze of morning smoke; the glassy lake, shadows of trees lying in it like *solidities*, so motionless is the water; there is not air enough to lift the trailing smoke or stir the shadows. Hark! one of Nature's

choristers has gone up higher, and from his cloud-haunt is pouring forth the lark's matin hymn; just as he did for the ears of Queen Margaret. One significant feature in the present landscape she saw not: the iron line of rail striking right across country for twenty miles towards Glasgow, past the stalks and furnaces of Falkirk. But she saw armed barons stride where now no foot echoes in the quadrangle save that of the casual visitor, and noted the warder on the summit of the donjon-keep, where now only the bird's wing can attain. It is all very lonely; a wreck of antique splendour, stranded beside that torrent of active life rushing hourly past on the steam-road.

Two sides of the quadrangle remain to be explored; the shells of noble apartments, so ruined that their distinctive characters are hardly discernible. The chapel, built by James V, with its robing-rooms and other ecclesiastical apartments, takes up well-nigh one side: the superb parliament hall stretches one hundred and ten feet on another side. The carving of the vast fire-place, recently restored, is wonderfully beautiful: clusters of stony leafage decorate the shafts dividing the twenty feet breadth into three hearths. The chimneys open upon the air some sixty feet above. Alcoves for statues, long since deposed, adorn the walls; also a gallery whence the queen and her dames might witness the debates of their mailed lords in senate assembled.

The underground apartments are curious. Holes in the thickness of the wall give air to vaults excavated beneath the building. We were willing to take the horrors of the dungeon on trust, so did not do more than glance into its blackness: a blue light shows it off favourably. The kitchens appeared almost as gloomy and insalubrious. From one of the antechambers to the banqueting-hall, a hollow shaft descends through the mason-work, to facilitate orders to the scullions engaged in cooking. What mighty feasts could be prepared at that fire-place, as large as many a genteel parlour. The hosts kept regal cheer, though stinted enough in other requisites to splendour; for I have read that James VI was compelled to borrow silver spoons previous to an entertainment, and wrote a letter to the Earl of Mar requesting a loan of silk stockings to wear before the English ambassador. And thus the powerful lords of Linlithgow were without many articles of comfort and luxury enjoyed by people of moderate incomes in our glorious nineteenth century.

I could fancy living near this grand old palace, and gradually getting to love it and to study it like a friend. The keeper seemed to have an enthusiasm for every crevice. With lingering steps we passed away from its stillness, back to the stirring town, now busy in noon sunshine.

### BLIND AS A BAT;

OR, HOW MR. VIEWCOURT CAME TO WEAR SPECTACLES.

VANITY takes many shapes in this world of ours, and one of these multifarious forms appears in the particular foible against which the writer now proposes to run a tilt.

There is no small number of persons, both male and female, who, deeming it apparently a matter of more importance how they look than how they see, walk about the world purblind, when, by the simple remedy of using spectacles, they might see nearly if not quite as well as those whom Nature has gifted with more perfect vision. But no—"spectacles don't look well;" "I should be thought an old maid;" or, "I know I don't see quite so well as other people; but I manage to hide it cleverly, and the defect is not discovered." Miserable delusion! And so, for the sake of a trumpery piece of self-conceit, and in order to conceal, as they imagine, a bodily infirmity, they give way to a moral weakness of which, did they look at the matter with the eye of reason, they might well be ashamed.

Our worthy friend Viewcourt—a very sensible fellow in the main—was one of those unfortunate victims of misplaced vanity. We say *was*, for circumstances forced his folly so strongly upon his attention, that at last—what we had long vainly urged him for his own comfort to do—he availed himself of the only remedy for near-sight, and began to wear spectacles; and he has, in consequence, ever since felt himself to be an immeasurably wiser and (as regards vision) better man.

Before adopting this course, our friend Viewcourt was, to use the common phrase, as blind as a bat. When walking along the street, he would one minute bow to Jones, whom he did not know, mistaking him for Robinson, with whom he was very intimate, and the next minute he would pass his own brother! He would go into a room where several people were sitting, winking and peering about with a foolish puzzled air till he got near enough to recognise an acquaintance, unless some one kindly relieved his embarrassment by speaking to him first. At a railway station, it was ten to one but he got into a wrong train; and we have known him whirled off a good many miles further than he intended, because he did not pick up the name of the station in consequence of the peculiar pronunciation of the official who called it out, and could not read it upon the board because he did not use glasses.

If there was anything with regard to the use of spectacles in the street which Viewcourt disliked more than the idea of wearing them himself, it was seeing young ladies "carrying gig-lamps," as he elegantly phrased it; and knowing my good friend's foolish prejudices in these matters, I confess it was with some surprise that one day, after he had been a few months out of town, I met him in Regent Street, not only wearing gold spectacles himself, but in company with a very beautiful and elegantly-dressed young lady with her eyes similarly framed and glazed! This lady he introduced to me as his wife, and, after the usual compliments being passed, he handed her into a shop where she wished to make some purchases, telling her he would return in a quarter of an hour. "And now, my dear fellow," said he, "if you are disposed for a few minutes' turn, I shall be very glad of the opportunity of telling you what I have been about since we parted, and how I got married."



pass an hour or two almost every evening at the rather solitary *café* that remained open on the Toledo after eight o'clock, in company with some young Sicilians who were former acquaintances of mine in other parts of Italy. These young men had never taken part in their national politics, being mostly engaged in artistic or literary pursuits; but some of them shortly received a warning that their nightly consorting with foreigners in a public place, and walking or standing in the streets in groups of five or six, were proceedings highly irregular, and likely to bring them under "observation" of the police (by which was meant that a spy would be set over them), all good subjects being expected to take their ice or other evening refreshment with all convenient speed, and then retire to their homes; "where," as one of our friends remarked, "they could come to no other harm than a domiciliary visit;" "and where," added another, in a similar *aside*, "they can be easily found if they are wanted."

But artists and writers are a sociable tribe in all lands, and, as we found that solitary evenings in a comfortless hotel were dreary, and we were forbidden to walk together in the bright moonlight, or to sit in a *café* on rainy evenings, some of our insular friends kindly made us welcome in their homes.

I can't say that our harmless in-door recreations were ever disturbed by a visit from the dreaded police, but it often happened that our walks to our lodgings, through the dimly-lighted streets, were arrested by some uncouth policeman in plain clothes, bursting upon us from a dark corner, supported by two soldiers, and inquiring, in no civil tones, "where we came from, our names, and where we were going;" all which information was carefully noted in his pocket-book by the light of the nearest street-lamp. Then we were at liberty to pursue our way and our chat, which was, however, continually broken by the necessity of answering the challenge of every patrol and sentry we passed.

My visits to my Sicilian acquaintance were varied by evenings with English friends, some of whom lived far from my inn, and my stay was often prolonged till near midnight, an hour at which no Sicilian walked the streets; my walks across the breadth of the city, however, could not be said to be solitary, as I met with challenges from patrol or sentry, or was called on for information of my name and pursuits nearly every five minutes of my walk.

The evening of my last visit to the villa Catania happened to be cold and almost frosty; and, having staid somewhat later than usual, I started home on the run, exhilarated by the keen north wind and bright starlight, and the cheerful society of the house I had left. On reaching the first guard-house, the sentry challenged as usual, and I replied; but, to my discomfort, instead of letting me pass, he levelled his bayonet, and called me to halt; the guard turned out in arms, the usual shabby policemen came forward, and put the usual questions, and enlightened my ignorance of the cause of this ado by asking "what I was

running for?" In reply to my explanation, that Englishmen were apt to run in going home to bed on a sharp starlight night, the official informed me that "running in the street was disorderly and forbidden; that I was excused as an 'Inglese,' but cautioned for the future."

I was glad that a caution was needless, as I was about leaving this favoured island, in which no action of life seemed to be free from police interference. I saw and heard enough of the kind I have sketched, to make me wonder how long the people would bear such a burden, and also to make me now and then—I think of it ten years after—thankful to the kind Providence that has placed me in

"The land where, girt with friends or foes,  
A man may speak the thing he will."

## THE TOURIST IN SCOTLAND.

### A WALK ABOUT STIRLING.

"GREY Stirling, bulwark of the North," stands sentinel among a score of battle-fields. From the days of Tacitus, when Agricola struggled with the Celtic prince Galgacus on neighbouring slopes of the Grampians; through ages of conflicts between Picts and Britons, Scots and Southrons, Highland turbulence and Lowland loyalty; this stronghold has been witness, and in some measure controller, of the storms of strife which have swept across the level countries within its ken. At the present day its strength is chiefly a show-scene, guaranteed to Scotland by the Articles of Union.

Travelling thither from Edinburgh, we pass stations named Falkirk and Bannockburn; which historic words cause us to thrust our heads forth of the carriage to behold, in the first instance, a red-roofed town amid din and glare of forge-works; and secondly, broken ground intersected by a brook, and bearing a village distinguished by carpets and tartans. The approach to Stirling reveals a sloping height, with houses climbing upon it towards a pile which resembles a palace more than a fortress, and looks as little grim and feudal as any castle with its history could be supposed. Like true greatness, it can afford to lay aside pretension. In general outline the town is similar to Edinburgh, being built on the principle of safety, which perforce guided the architectural plans of our ancestors, before men had lives quiet enough to think of broad streets or sanitary regulations, and when the shelter of a fortification was essential to burghers' prosperity.

We arrive at the *Stirling Station*, and step out into the usual bustle and excitement; whence, making our way towards the Castle, we ascend the nearest of the aforesaid narrow streets; whose upper portion, past the tall spire of the Athenaeum, is called after Robert Spittal, tailor to James IV; a man who, for his benevolence, deserves this or any other remembrance by which his name can be held in modern memories. Higher in the street, a black stone set in front of an old gabled house with high steps bears the following inscription:—"This hous is foundit for support of ye Puir be Robert

Spittal, tailyour to King James ye 4 in anno 1530. R. S." An open pair of scissors rampant, strides across the sentence; an heraldic bearing of which the generous cloth-worker was not ashamed, nor need be.

Before reaching the old Greyfriars Church, we pass a handsome monument, in process of erection, to Ebenezer Erskine, one of its former ministers. It has clustered columns of the composite order, supporting arches which are to enframe a statue; the dome is adorned with recessed arcades, all brilliant in white sandstone. Stirling commemorates gratefully her celebrities; another statue to the same eminent divine and founder of the Secession Church, stands in the cemetery on the Castle-hill. Further on is the jail of the town, picturesquely built in towers and turrets, so as to suit the adjoining fortifications. The churches close by are fine examples of the pointed Gothic style, dating from 1494, and full of history. Here John Knox preached before Mary, and before James VI at his coronation; here the Regent Arran abjured Romanism; and here also lies the ablest and most strenuous opponent of the Reformation in Scotland, who, if human energy and talent could have done so, would have smothered our infant Protestantism with flames of persecution—the clever and unscrupulous Cardinal Beaton. And now, each sabbath over his grave rolls the tide of Protestant psalmody; for the work was of God, and as many as opposed it were brought to nought.

Another relic of that stormy age is "Mar's Work," the front wall and side towers of a richly decorated mansion constructed by the Regent Mar at the head of Broad Street: which street was anciently the May Fair of Stirling, being a cluster of houses of the nobility, as some with ornamented gables still testify to their poor inhabitants. It pleased the Earl of Mar that the quarry for the materials of his residence should be Cambuskenneth Abbey; whence were imported, under ecclesiastical anathema, many a quaint corbel and gargoyle, and massive mullion, which the architect ingeniously fitted together into new groups of decoration. Escutcheons crowded with quarterings, moulded niches and embrasures, fantastic figures, (among which particularly is one of a bundle of rods surmounted by a child's face, looking fresh as if from the chisel yesterday,) these encrust the weather-worn surface; and at top, underneath the broken summit of the wall, whence grass waves in the wind, is a line of carven cannon mouths. Three rude rhymes, very characteristic of the earl proprietor, are yet legible over the entrances:—

"I pray al lickers on this Laging,  
With gentle e to gif thair juing.  
The moir I stand in opin hiit  
My faults moir subject ar to sidit,  
Esspy, speik furth, and spair noith;  
Consider weil I cair noith."

Here was a defiance of the public! Had the Fourth Estate existed, my Lord Mar had spoken more softly, and acted less rapaciously. He died in Stirling, before his palace was completed; and the disinherited monks of Cambuskenneth affirmed that his death was a judgment for sacrilege.

A little way to the right stand the pinnacled

turrets and massive quadrangle of "Argyle's Lodging;" a sentinel pacing in the archway, for it has fallen from its high estate to be a military hospital. Sir William Alexander the poet was its builder, in the reign of Charles I. Here James II of England received hospitality from the earl, whom afterwards he beheaded; and here another powerful Argyle had his residence during the campaign of Sheriffmuir in 1715, when again Stirling Castle "bridled the wild Highlander." Next at hand is the esplanade, the dry moat crossed by a draw-bridge; and passing through two deep archways, by fortifications erected in Queen Anne's time, we find ourselves before the palace of James V.

Its general outline is familiar, from distant view—its castellated Lombard architecture, and many niches, and highly decorated frieze; and we are prepared for something eminently handsome. But on drawing nigh, this profuse ornament assumes the strangest character. From every niche starts into sight a form in some degree singular, or repulsive, or uncouth even to hideousness. Every twisted column is capitalled with some ugly phantasm, some contorted group: every bracket is a grinning monster. Grotesque as gargoyles always are, here the prescriptive deformity is redoubled. Fever dreams might furnish such grim fancies: rarely are they found perpetuated in stone, and lavished as decoration. A small statue of James V himself stands on a square column at one corner, the sanest seeming among them all.

Formerly the interior was very splendid: the presence-chamber boasted an oaken roof, of carving such as few other palaces could rival. But such rich decoration proved at last too weighty for joists becoming frail through age, and had to be removed for simpler ceiling; and the bosses and beams, distributed among museums public and private, are considered valuable possessions from their beauty. The palace is centred with a small square, called the Lion's Den, where the King of Scotland was wont to amuse himself with the moods of his brother monarchs of the forest.

Mary of Guise occupied the leisure hours of her long regency with the completion and adornment of this building. Hence she probably issued her rescript, summoning the heretic preachers to appear before a court of justice in Stirling; who obeyed her command, approaching the town with such a powerful body of friends, that she was glad to stipulate for their withdrawal by a cessation of the prosecution she had begun. According to the treacherous policy of her kinsmen, she then outlawed the Reformers for non-appearance. What rage and fear must have filled her heart, as she saw from these castle heights the hated religion spreading over Scotland, like an irresistible tide into all men's hearts, no whit stayed by the stakes of Hamilton and Wishart!

To the east of this square stands what was once the Parliament House; it makes but a sorry appearance now, whitewashed and modernised into barracks. To the north, the Chapel Royal, built by James VI for the baptism of his eldest son Henry, on site of another more ancient, is now the Armoury. On the keystones of the gables are

stone unicorns, sole remnant of former adornings. We ascend a staircase within, and enter a long chamber dim with floating banners, all sorely wounded by Peninsular or Waterloo shot; indeed, of the *Forty-second's* flag scarce enough remains for identification, after the fierce eighteenth of June. Seven thousand stand of arms are marshalled along the centre of the room, and that curious range of weapons at the end are boarding-pikes, provided to arm the peasantry against Napoleon's invasion fifty years ago. Hanging in one of the windows is the ancient oaken crown, carved with semblance of jewelled circlet and ball, which, while the regalia of Scotland were missing, was suspended as representative over the sovereign's head at his coronation. And lying in the same embrasure is a singular-looking spear-like weapon—rusty iron and wood joined together by the rudest rivets and clamps, the edge hacked as by its own heavy blows: it is a Lochaber axe, wielded by some stout Scot at Bannockburn. Beside this ghastly memorial of sanguinary combat lies the tilting-lance of mock warfare—one used by James VI; it is singularly light and strong for its extreme length.

But approach yon corner with reverence, and see that old broken pulpit, the wood much worm-eaten, the joints of the panels splitting asunder, and an old blackened table, carved antequely, bearing the date M.D. in the centre. John Knox preached and prayed at these. Hence rang his stern voice in reproof of the vices and tyrannies of an effeminate court; hence poured forth his impassioned prayers for his beloved native land, which has never forgotten that preaching or those prayers. At this table he dispensed the sacred cup and bread with apostolic simplicity, in opposition to the gorging ritual of Rome.

Looking upon the former relic, one is reminded of the words of his historian Melville, that Knox "had like to ding the pulpit in blads" with the physical vehemence of his sermons, at times. Perhaps this impetuous oratory was the necessary complement to such defiant speech as the Regent Mar's, before mentioned. At all events, it was the habit of the time—when men were very plain speakers and rough actors.

A new building has been erected on the site of the old Stirling Palace, which was accidentally burned down four years since, and with it the Douglas Room, where James II slew that turbulent earl with his own royal hand, thereby befouling its royalty evermore. For he had given the Douglas a safe conduct under the great seal, and with presence of friendly conference lured him helpless into the Castle, to a preconcerted assassination. The earl's brothers dragged his Majesty's safe-conduct through the mud of Stirling town at a cart-tail, and with trumpets proclaimed him perjured, and avenged on his wretched subjects their king's crime by burning and pillaging for miles around. More than three centuries subsequently, workmen digging in the governor's garden found the skeleton of Douglas, who had been cast from the window of the room above, and buried where he fell.

Crossing this small garden, we reach the ramparts—a narrow walk, beside a parapet breast-high: over

the parapet is an unexampled view. Spread level, and many-coloured as a map, are miles of lowlands, from the wooded hills of Touch to the Frith of Forth, which lies like an inland lake on the horizon; in the middle distance, many graceful windings of the bright Forth and its turbulent tributaries Teith and Allan, among fields flushed with the richest hues of fertility; and northwards, background to all, a great purple wall of mountains, extending across the whole breadth of Scotland, from Ben Arthur in Argyleshire, whose spurs are washed by Atlantic waves, to the extremest Ochil height declining towards the German Ocean: there stands the range before us, in magnificent strength and space.

Ben Lomond to the west, and close by a chasm full of misty mountains far away in lake-land; Ben-Venue, which shadows the beautiful Loch Katrine, Ben-Ledi's vast heathy mass over Callander; "the wild heights of Uam Var," and cone-like Ben-Voirlich in the midst. These are the chief; prince-presidents in this parliament of mountains; but not a peak in all the multitude is without a name and a history. Where a glen separates the Grampians from the Ochils, we have a glimpse of very distant summits, ranging even beyond the Tay; somewhere in the foreground of the same glen is yet extant a Roman camp at Ardoch, the most perfect of their military works in Britain. Nearer, densely wooded heights rise behind the neat houses of Bridge-of-Allan, and the rounded Ochils lie along. Darnat most picturesque of them, at whose feet curl many "links" of the silver Forth; projecting in front, the Abbey Craig, a mass of precipitous rock clothed with trees, on whose crest stood Wallace to watch the troops of Cressingham cross the bridge which he had sawn in twain beforehand. Here is the nation about to commemorate him tardily by a monument.

What must this prospect be with the glory of sunset upon it? Or fancy it on a clear winter's evening, when the heaven is ruddy with frost, and the infinite foldings of the mountains are clothed in snow, casting cold blue shadows into the gorges, and daylight dies in a glow of richest crimson! Our guide tells us he has seen such, and also seen the broad lowlands covered with thick white mist, like an unfathomed tide, while the summits of the mountains rose above, magnified and glorified with early sunbeams—*island ranges coasting a mystic ocean!*

And imagination is irresistibly moved to ask, was this vast plain ever really a sea-level, a mighty estuary; those hills its craggy shores, and this rock an islet on which ships and *sea-monsters* might be wrecked? Science answers that it is all possible, nay, probable; that the great masses of greenstone trap, which we call Stirling Rock, Abbey Craig, and Craig Forth, were protruded through the flat sandstone beds around by a volcanic convulsion disrupting the peaceful ocean of some distant geologic cycle. Twenty feet above the highest tides of the Forth have been found the fossil remains of a gigantic whale, embedded in blue silt—positive proof that primeval waves once rolled over the Carse of Stirling, making it a playground

for huge lumbering cetacea; and that one day, when the upheaval of the lowlands came, a fine specimen of *Balenoptera* could not get out of the way fast enough, but was overtaken by the smothering mud, and lay therein entombed till modern pickaxes brought him to light, that scientific men might buttress theories with his bones.

The rampart which we tread—the Royal Walk, as it is called—is signalized by memorials of two queens, who gazed thence centuries apart. A low stone seat, much worn and broken, where Mary of Scotland often sat to watch through a loophole the amusements of her nobles in the lists at foot of the rock; and at the opposite corner a similar seat raised to commemorate the visit of her illustrious descendant, Queen Victoria, in 1842.

Standing on Queen Mary's seat, we have a wide view to southward, of great plains stretching into unison with the gray verge of the sky; they have been battlefields of Wallace, Bruce, and the Pretender. The history of Bannockburn may be read in the outlines of the land. We notice the sunken ground where Bruce dug pits and scattered caltrops for the English cavalry; remnants of thicket and copse, on site of the oak forest called Torwood, whence the Scots moved to the attack; the upland where the camp-followers appeared in semblance of a *corps de reserve*; and, diminished to a speck of gravel by distance, the boulder of greenstone, in a hole of which Bruce's banner stood during the battle.

Queen Anne's Battery presents much the same prospect; not beautiful, except for its largeness, which confers upon the eye a sense of power, but deeply interesting from its connection with great events. Never can the mere natural loveliness of a landscape be so absorbing as a meaner scene which carries in its bosom a history of human struggle or suffering.

Leaving the Castle by the same low-browed archway, we see before us the Cemetery, its statues standing among green slopes, beside the renowned Ladies' Rock; our exploration of which must be reserved for another paper.

#### OLD ENGLISH MORAL POEMS.

SCATTERED through our miscellaneous English poetry, especially of an earlier date, there are a number of smaller and chiefly irregular moral poems of varying merit, which we rather think have no precise parallel in the literature of other countries, whilst they eminently reflect some peculiarities of the English mind. They spring from that serious and sober character, that self-dependent and contemplative disposition, which turns the eye inward as often as without, and which claims kindred with noble qualities, the love of rural nature and of domestic quiet. The compositions referred to are often bedewed with sweet sprinklings of fancy, and have almost always a purity of diction which time and change have failed to render obsolete. Sometimes they are the effusions of simple minds, grateful for the slender talent of poetry which has been lent them, and pleased to dedicate

it to the expression of those earnest thoughts in which they find their sweetest enjoyment. Sometimes they speak the language of those who, having wandered from the path of duty, have forgot the practice though not the love of virtue, and who now, in the intervals of passion, or in the returning of the prodigal to his Father's house, lift up a humble and mournful hymn, to proclaim, from sad experience, the blessings of that rectitude from which they have too easily departed. The topics on which these little poems touch chiefly are confined within a limited and uniform sphere—life and its vanities, death and its certainty, affliction and its uses, prosperity and its dangers, the emptiness of outward advantages, the felicity of a calm and contemplative spirit, the cares of the court and city, the pleasures of solitude and the country.

We give, as our first example of this kind of composition, two stanzas of a ditty upon the uncertainty of this life, preserved in a manuscript of the British Museum, and published in Ritson's "Ancient Songs." It appears to have been written about the middle of the thirteenth century, or a little later, and is worth something as a curiosity of literature, if not as a poem.

"Winter wakeneth all my care,  
Now these leavis waxeth bare:  
Oft I sigh and mourne sare,  
When it cometh in my thought  
Of this world's joy, how it go'th all to nought.

"Now it is, and now it n'is,  
All so it ne'er n'were, I wis:  
And many man saith sooth it is,  
All goeth but Godis wil:  
And we shall die, though us like ill."

Passing over the century in which Chaucer flourished—whose genius Warton compares to the bright and brittle promise of an English spring, so often succeeded by a return of wintry weather—we find that towards the sixteenth century a very great advance had been made in the poetic accomplishments of our forefathers. There then sprung up, as an old writer tells us, "a new company of *courtly makers*, of whom Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, and Henry Earl of Surrey, were the two chieftains." With these eminent names may be associated that of Thomas Lord Vaux, who at the same period, or probably earlier than Surrey, contributed something to the refinement of taste and versification in England. The works of this cluster of poets were first published in 1557, in Tottel's Collection, the earliest printed miscellany of poetry in the language, where the poems of Surrey and Wyatt are followed by a number of others of "unknown authors," among which are at least two by Lord Vaux.

The following irregular sonnet is by Wyatt:—

#### THAT PLEASURE IS MIXED WITH EVERY PAIN.

"Venomous thorns that are so sharp and keen  
Bear flowers, we see, full fresh and fair of hue;  
Poison is also put in medicine,  
And unto man his health doth oft renew.  
The fire, that all things else consumeth clean,  
May hurt and heal; then, if that this be true,  
I trust sometime my harm may be my health,  
Since every woe is join'd with some wealth."

To Surrey our poetry owes much, independently

"So when thou hast, as I  
 Commanded thee, done blabbing,  
 Although to give the lie  
 Deserves no less than stabbing,  
 Yet, stab at thee who will,  
 No stab the soul can kill."

The last stanza reminds one of Addison's lines in *Cato* :—

"The soul, secure in her existence, smiles  
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point."

But though the idea is the same in both authors, their tone is so different, that the difference of sentiment conveyed is as striking as the identity of idea.

We refrain from entering on that glorious era of English poetry which was ushered in by the appearance of "The Faërie Queen." This most beautiful poem, teeming over with an exuberant wealth of intellectual fancy, cannot be duly appreciated in its immeasurable superiority till compared with the early poetic essays which immediately preceded it. Yet, if the genius of Spencer is enhanced by this comparison, that great poet owed much to his humble precursors. They were the harbingers that prepared his way and announced his approach. The moral earnestness (with very few exceptions) of their compositions, extending through half a century, had attuned the breasts of Englishmen to better strains than those of luxury and love. Hence the elevated tone of religious morality in "The Faërie Queen," appealing to sympathies already awakened, was at once understood and admired. We may trace indeed, we think, the type-character expanded of our earliest poets down to the time of Queen Anne, though it was much corrupted after the Restoration and during the reigns of the first Georges. A boundless profusion of maxims and sentiments of moral wisdom, like the choruses of Greek plays, richly inlay our poetic literature up to this period. The classical school which followed presents us not quite a different, but a sensibly differing, style of writing. French elegance and point take the place of Saxon vigour and simplicity. During the Byronic or romantic epoch of our poetry, its sweet moralities, to the perpetual detriment and disgrace of the works alluded to, were drowned in sensuality. They greet us, however, again in our Lake school, of whom Cowper has been justly called the father. The homely strain, the genial spirit, the profound religious sentiment of the bard of domestic scenes and affections, re-opened that vein of poetic meditation which our contemporary poets have followed out through so many new reaches of recondite fancy and elaborate art.

## THE TOURIST IN SCOTLAND.

A WALK ABOUT STIRLING.

SECOND PAPER.

CLOSE beneath the esplanade of the Castle lies the Stirling Cemetery, comprising a space formerly called the Valley, and the scene of many a joust in older time. Now its green surface is adorned with a triad of statues, in memory of men who had little concern with the mimic strife of tournaments, but

fought mightily as any knights of chivalry in a far nobler warfare. The Titan struggle of Truth against Error, in this corner of the earth, owned them as chief combatants. Worthy epitaphs are their simple names; no eulogy could exalt John Knox, Alexander Henderson, Andrew Melville.

There are also monuments to the sufferers of covenanting times. Looking with serene young face towards the Highland hills, stands James Renwick, the Bible in one hand, his sword in the other. But the gem of the cemetery is you group in white marble—so pure, so delicate, so fragile-seeming, that the spectator feels the very breath of the breeze upon it to be almost desecration. Two young girls are seated together, an open book in the elder's hand; they were speaking about something on the page, when the sculptor saw them in the dream of loveliness which he has here crystallized into substance. A lamb—fitting symbol of helpless innocence—lies at their feet; an angel approaches from behind, with some shade of sorrow on his glorious face, to break their sweet companionship, as he must presently; and in his right hand are flowers, on whose sheath is a reference to the words, "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles." Further suitable epitaph is the verse, "Many waters cannot quench love." This fascinating group has been erected by private munificence to commemorate "Margaret Wilson of Glenvernoch, and her like-minded sister Agnes," so far as such heroic life and death can need commemoration.

Many strange old tombs lie in this cemetery, with quaint carvings and inscriptions, some dating so far back as 1579, and abounding in unsightly skulls, scythes, bones, hour-glasses—grim emblems of decay. At the western limit rises the Ladies' Rock, where once were used to sit the dames of the Scottish Court in beauteous array, to behold tournaments on the level ground below. Looking down, the embankments of the sports are still visible, distinct as if moulded on the turf a month since—the outer squares, the interior octagons, the central mound or King's Knot, where stood the banner of the presiding judge. Gone is the ornamental canal, bearing barges, which was constructed exterior of the tilting-ground, for aquatic amusements; gone the gallant chivalry which strove for prowess here, gone the fair ladies who witnessed their feats; but the ephemeral turf terraces, seemingly most transient of all, remain through centuries unworn. It is strange to gaze upon them—landmarks of ages so distant and so different from ours. Shall we sit awhile, and summon from the picture galleries of the past, scenes once existent here?

Come back across four hundred years of history, and behold a splendid gathering on this rock. The noblest ladies in Scotland, dressed as for a theatre, are ranged in terraces to look upon a sport more exciting than usual in tournaments. For a combat to extremity is to be waged this day, between three knights of Flanders and three of Scotland—champions selected for special gallantry, and who may use their strength and skill with sword, battle-axe, and dagger, as well as the customary lance, to maim and slay their antagonists. Galleries have been

erected for James II and his nobles; a dark cloud of Highlandmen gather along the barriers: they are five thousand Douglasses, who have come as body-guard to their Earl, two of whose kinsmen are of the champions this day upholding the honour of Scottish arms. Suddenly, with trumpet flourish, the rich tents at each end of the lists are flung apart, and forth march the chosen warriors, in velvet attire, to make obeisance before the king; and after brief pause of courtesy, they retire again within their pavilions, to be invested with armour by their squires. Glittering from polished helm to spur, they again advance, and are dubbed knights by the monarch; then are visors closed over stern faces, and, lance in rest, they rush upon each other at the royal signal. Long and strenuous is the fight, even till weapons are all broken, and they stand foot to foot, muscle strained against muscle, in fierce wrestling. But twice is Douglas of Lochleven hurled to the earth by Hervé Meriadet; whereupon the king casts down his truncheon, and declares the combat ended.

An autumn day in 1507. Crowds are assembled: burgesses and their families are seated on the slopes of the burying-ground, and wherever there is view of the valley; for a rare show is promised them. A wizard is to fly in the air like a bird! Whispers travel from lip to lip, that this Italian adventurer, astrologer, alchemist, is no "canny" personage; he is suspected of practices foul and dark—searchings for the philosopher's stone and the elixir vitæ; he has melted down much royal gold in his furnaces, he is in league with evil, and hath bewitched the king's mind with his sorceries. For has not James made his unknown physician abbot of a rich convent in Galloway, while many a worthy Scots priest of irreproachable lineage is fain to depend upon alms of the faithful? Truly this Damian wields occult power, and the burgesses of Stirling hate and fear him together—dread being generally co-existent with dislike. And all have heard how that the other day, when ambassadors were accredited for the court of France, the upstart declared that he would arrive in Paris as soon as they, by his wondrous new contrivance of wings. All men's eyes are riveted as he steps into view on the Castle wall, feathered pinions fluttering from his shoulders; breathless they await the flight; his rivals tremble with hope of a failure. He springs into air, buffets about for a moment, falls heavily. And even through the anguish of a broken leg, careful of his reputation, he cries aloud that the hen feathers in his wings are to blame; "whilk yearnit and coveted the midden and not the skies!" Damian disappears from history, after his Icarus-like failure.

Waking from these visions of old times, we find that a picnic party have taken possession of the king's garden and its embankments, while a pair of pipers are skirling away upon the central mound. Presently there is a dance—a Highland reel—amid exuberant mirth; and we are thankful that we do not live in "the good old times," when similar amusement would have required the escort of armed men.

Somewhere hereabouts did Edward I erect his besieging instruments, imported from the Tower;

and his tremendous "Wolfe" machine, which even topped the walls of the Castle, hurling great stones and masses of lead upon the garrison. And General Monk raised batteries in the cemetery, after the defeat at Dunbar ruined the royal cause north of Tweed.

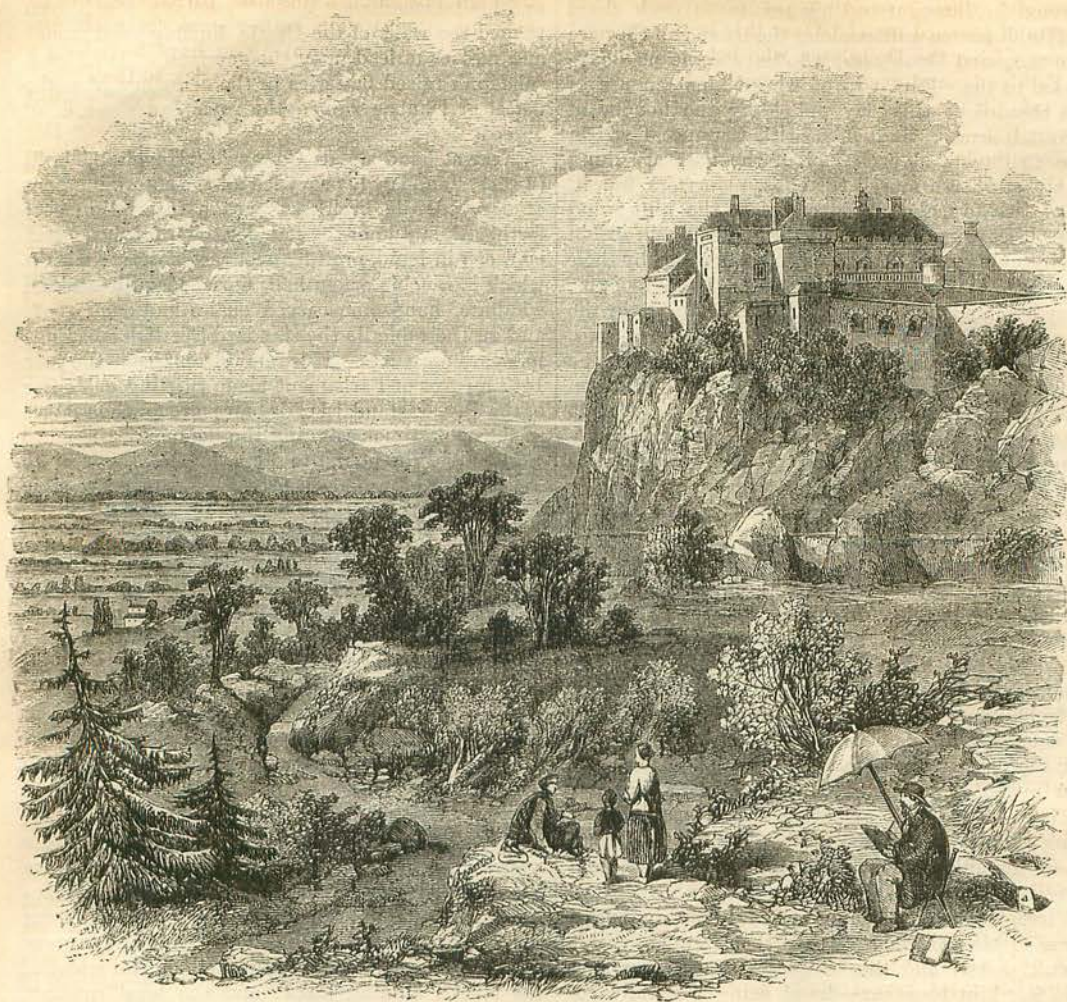
Near at hand stands Cowane's "Hospital," built in 1639, "and largely provyded for the entertainment of decayed gild breithers," as an inscription sets forth. A statue of the founder, in trunk hose and ruff, cap in hand, presides over the doorway; within which is a noble oaken hall, enriched with stained windows, handsome carved chairs and open roof; and on the table lie the standard Scottish and English yard measures. This reminds us that in the year 1437 an Act of Parliament made Stirling custodier of the Jug, or standard of dry measure for the realm; at the same time assigning the honour of the ell to Edinburgh, the pound to Lanark, and the reel to Perth. The Jug is still preserved among the civic treasures of the burgh.

Outside Cowane's Hospital is a Dutch garden, kept with the neatest precision—stone terraces, yew trees clipped into formal figures, the walks geometrical outlines: as great a contrast as need be to the free foliage of the woods shading Edmonstone's Path close by, and which sway their lissom branches even over the boundary.

Coming out upon this path, and pursuing it round the base of the cemetery, we pass a stone bench in a recess, where is an inscription half-effaced, which deserves that some friendly chisel should grave it deeper: "To accommodate the aged and infirm who had long resorted to this spot on account of its warmth, sheltered from every wind, this seat has been erected—1817." It seems like a woman's action, kindly and unpretending. Hence, the view from the Ladies' Rock is duplicated—Highland ranges in the distance; wooded Craigforth in the midst of the river's shining links; and the level country, like a gentleman's park dotted with clumps of trees, over which drift cloud-shadows on this variable August day.

It is worth while, for the view's sake, to continue along this path, circling across the face of the Castle Rock. Thus we come to the Windy Pass, a narrow road descending the precipice, and formerly headed by a postern, through which James V was wont to issue incognito into the lower world of his subjects, as the Gudeman of Ballengeich.

On the acclivities below, the Highlanders in 1745 endeavoured to raise batteries, but, with the ill judgment characteristic of that last Stuart enterprise, failed to construct even covering works, as the gunners on the ramparts could see to the besiegers' very feet. What a rich field for exploration would these rocky ravines afford to a geologist! One of the problems they present is the folding of the sandstone strata through layers of trap in some places. Red sandstone gives a ruddy gleam through the thin greenery of the precipitous sides. Yonder are the mound-like Ochils, also of the fire formation, and therefore knolled with barren crags and heath, and rifted with a thousand clefts unprofitable to man, but possessing, in compensation, the fire-treasures of precious ores, cobalt,



STIRLING CASTLE.

copper, silver, quarries of porphyry, and many a mineral hard to name, such as mesotype, prehnite, stilbite, and half a score other chemical compounds. How glorious is the colouring of those hills, as if they would shadow forth the wealth within—emerald lights among purple darkneses; gloomiest at the high hollow near Beneluch, where snow lies longest in spring time, and which hence has gained the name of Lady Alva's Web. Proceeding eastwards, we approach the Moat Hill, a height surrounded by rude natural terraces, its bright green hillocks diversified with patches of gorse and yellow ragweed, with an inlaying of wild thyme in recesses, fragrant to the foot that crushes it. A pole marks the highest point, the Heading Hill, of which Sir Walter writes:—

“ . . . The sad and fatal mound,  
That oft has heard the death-axe sound,  
As, on the noblest in the land,  
Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand.”

Afar may be discerned the turrets of Donne Castle, the baronial palace of Murdach, Duke of Albany, once Regent of Scotland, and his last sight before bending to the axe on this spot; for,

like Eli, he had not restrained his evil sons, and was involved in their ruin. From the lamentations of the populace witnessing executions, the adjoining eminences are called Gowling Hills: the very physiognomy of the Gaelic word is mournful.

Below, past a gathering of red-tiled houses, is the “auld brigg o' Stirling,” once the only bridge spanning the Forth for its whole course; and so did that river truly “bridle the wild Highlander.” The “brigg” is said to be as old as the thirteenth century, and its peculiarities confirm the opinion. Very narrow and high in the midst, having four conical pillars at the ends, and with curiously jagged parapets, it looks every year of its ascribed antiquity. Clearly it was constructed for behoof of equestrians, before carriages were thought of, and while yet a litter was a lady's equipage. Looking from the recess over the central pier, upon the rush of the dark stream through the four arches below, we see that an ash and sycamore have struck root in the abutment, and are flourishing as if their soil were the richest.

What pageants has not this ancient pavement borne! What warlike expeditions have filed

through! what peaceful royal progresses, what flights of pursued men! Over this bridge escaped James v from the Douglasses, who held him captive at Falkland; and even in the castle above he felt not safe till the keys were lodged beneath his pillow. But Stirling Brigg has connections with history too long to tell.

Our walk might easily be extended to Cambuskenneth Abbey, whose grey tower riseth off there among tree-tops. But perchance we have rambled enough about Stirling for one day.

## MEN I HAVE KNOWN.

JEKYLL.

THERE are certain persons who are made, as it were, representative types of a class, and thus attain celebrity to an extent which could hardly be within the reach of mere intrinsic talent. They are frequently not even first in their own line, but are by circumstances elevated to the supreme rank, and kept there by voluntary homage and complaisant usage. Once inaugurated, their fellow Paladins are among the foremost to support their title, and illustrate it by sacrifices and self-denials which involve an amount of tribute not more extraordinary in the mass than difficult to be accounted for in individual cases. Few monarchs are recipients of such spontaneous contributions. So it is, however, with the king wit, royal office-bearer of the day; and the grand llama has no more devoted worshippers than the priests of his court, who minister the very incense of which his essence is composed. The person whose being I am now about to recall was this type of the wit or jester, the sayer of smart things and writer of clever epigrams, to whom it was the fashion to ascribe not only what he did himself, but nearly all the flying bon-mots, jeux d'esprits, repartees, puns, and witticisms of the day. And, as I have suggested, there is always such a one—such a head of the herd. Not to go back into classic antiquity, I may refer to the famous Mr. Joseph Miller (of whom it is difficult to affirm that he ever uttered a syllable of what has been fathered upon him), to Swift, or Foote, or George Buchanan, to Tom Brown, or Tom Erskine (inferior to his brother Henry of like North-Athenian fame), to the yet greater Tom, Tom Hood, musical Tom Cooke, unctuous Sidney Smith, ever-ready Theodore Hook, stinging Douglas Jerrold, elegant Sam Rogers—all bright meteors in the facetious sphere I have indicated; though perhaps not reigning quite singly, so as to constitute distinct eras of Millerian, Footian, Smithian, Hookian, or Sam-Rogerial dynasties.

Joseph Jekyll, the Joseph Miller of my sketch, for example, was contemporaneous with Tom Erskine; both called to the bar in the same year, 1778; both having that prolific law field for the exercise of their faculty, and both living to extreme old age, as if to demonstrate that pleasantry is not hurtful to health. Even satire, it may be credited, is not so painful or injurious to the dispenser as to the receiver. But these were less satirists than good-humoured pets of good fortune. When Erskine

stood for Portsmouth (his first parliament,) Jekyll observed, (the story is rather weak for such distinguished interlocutors,) "You have been long a wanderer: I hope you will now stick to the *Point*" (where boats land at Portsmouth). "Yes," replied Erskine, "I have my eye on the *Pole*, where you know the *pointers* are." I would venture a "Common" "Hard" remark, that neither astronomy nor humour will be thought very brilliantly illumed by this colloquy, but it served as a pleasantry at the moment. But one reflection will strike, if not haunt the mind, on reviewing the list, and lending a retrospective thought to the lives and fortunes of these courted, feared, caressed, hated, flattered, and abused fountains of the jokes so triumphant and trumpeted in their fleeting span: "Where be their gibes now, their gambols, their songs, their flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? . . . quite chop-fallen." Alas! poor Yoricks.

The lingering look behind is not encouraging; nay, it would be most painful to indulge in it, since

"Every year  
Some flowers decay, some thorns appear;"

but such considerations belong to graver subjects.

Mr.—ultimately Sir Joseph—Jekyll rose as high as his deserts, literary, legal, political, or humorous, could entitle him. His pen was busy in the "Morning Chronicle" and the "Evening Statesman," and I fancy the "Galliad" was his production. If so, I might justly apply to him the couplet of Rousseau:—

"Raison sans sel est fade nourriture;  
Sel sans raison, n'est solide pature."

Elevated to the throne, Jekyll had no vocation to be a lion's provider; but, on the contrary, all the lions upon town performed the customary services in his favour, and he had the reputation of all, insomuch that it is not easy, at this distance of time, to point out what really emanated from him. This may not be worth while, for, in truth, epigrammatic celebrity often rests on very slender foundations, and at the best is of a very transitory nature; but, as a popular blaze while it lasts, and producing certain effects on society, it is not undeserving of sage notice and consideration. Among the attributes to Jekyll, when in full possession of the station in chief to which he had been lifted by his contemporary jokers, I remember he was quoted as the original of the Romanist and Protestant dialogue. *Rom.* "Where was your religion before Luther?" *Prot.* (in answer by another question) "Did you wash your face this morning?" *Rom.* "Yes." *Prot.* "And where was your face before it was washed?" To which, as Sancho Panza says, "there is no reply;" but I doubt the ascription either to Jekyll, or the date. He was more likely to be at home on the new button for the naval uniform:—

"For the navy a button now staggers the town;  
To the anchor is soon to be added the crown;  
Keep Percival Premier—I speak without rancour—  
The crown, be assured, will soon come to an anchor."

Or, more assuredly, the lines on his brother lawyer



## THE TOURIST IN SCOTLAND.

BRIDGE OF ALLAN.

LYING at the southern base of the Ochil Hills, with great rounded masses of wood rising behind—the light of sunset aslant upon the exuberant July foliage, and reddening the lines of elegant villas beneath; so Bridge of Allan first appeared to us. We had just crossed the Forth, which “bridles the wild Highlander,” and somehow we expected a corresponding wildness of men and manners beyond; but here, at our entrance on Highland soil, was a little town neat as an English watering-place of the highest pretensions, looking fair and wealthy and youthful. Twenty-five years, or thereabouts, is the age of Bridge of Allan West, and it possesses all the comeliness and vigour appropriate to its time of life.

A considerable contrast is the hoary antiquity of Stirling, which raises its acropolis rock but three miles away; from our windows it was the central object of a beautiful prospect. The stern genius of war heaped those hoary battlements upon that almost inaccessible height; and the mild genius of peace has built this quiet pleasant village as a retreat for the wayworn and invalided. Who can regret the “good old times?”

By-and-by, when the dusk falls, we hear music from a distance—the band performing in the Assembly Rooms, where there is a nightly promenade. But evidently “early to bed” is a rule at Bridge of Allan: most people have come hither to recruit, and must abandon all their bad habits for a while; so the lights are soon dying out in the houses all along, and a silence undisturbed by foot of patrolling policeman settles over the little town.

The ensuing fragment of that household rhyme, “early to rise,” appears also extensively put in practice. At seven in the sunny morning, many well-dressed people are walking the woodpaths to the Well-House; and when, half an hour afterwards, I saunter in the same direction, I find the esplanade about it filled with fashionables, sitting on grassy slopes or benches, or pacing to and fro; many of their countenances bearing unmistakable evidence of the jaded spirits or dyspeptic constitution which has driven them to the salubrity of Bridge of Allan. All are alike in one particular, that of holding long glasses full of the mineral water in their hands; and I must confess that rueful faces over the draught are common. There is a string band in the verandah, performing lively airs at a set of desks; and a bag-piper occasionally relieves the instrumentalists by a skirling solo.

Now I was rather discomfited—upon asking at the counter, and receiving a tall tumbler, filled in a trice with effervescing liquid from a cock in the wall—to find that the water was tepid, nay more, decidedly warm. Fancy a draught of heated sea-water, with a dash of lime in it, and you have a very exact idea of this Airthrey saline spring. It was out of the question that I could drink that immense tumblerful, even with an honourable desire to do my duty by the renowned mineral waters. I skirted round the room, glass in hand, reading all the notices upon

the walls, and sipping the stuff occasionally; perfectly could I sympathize with the rueful faces I had seen outside. Some determined drinkers were at the counter; one sturdy old gentleman swallowed glassful after glassful, with evident intent to get the worth of his twopence, which he laid down and then walked away in a highly satisfied manner. Now did I understand wherefore the inspiring airs of the band were needed, to call forth a kindred determination in the breasts of the patients. Such heroism interested me; but I could not be wrought up to follow his example, except in the payment of my twopence, and subsequent departure.

Whence come these nauseous but healing waters? From the copper mine of Airthrey, over a shaft of which the Well-House is built. Forcing-pumps drive them thirty fathoms to the surface; and a thousand gallons daily are available if required. The chemical composition of the two chief springs may be roughly described as comprising, in an English pint of the water, thirty-seven grains of common salt, thirty-four of muriate of lime, and little more than one grain of sulphate of lime. A third spring, stronger than these, holds in solution forty-seven grains of salt, thirty-eight of muriate of lime, four of sulphate of lime, and nearly half a grain of muriate of magnesia, in every English pint. They are considered the strongest saline springs in Scotland, and only inferior to some at Leamington and Cheltenham.

The mine was worked three hundred years ago, according to tradition: which sayeth that the “haw-bees” coined at Queen Mary’s coronation in Stirling were of copper from Airthrey. Its productiveness could have been but small, for it was subsequently worked only at long intervals, and frequently involved its proprietors in heavy losses; till, in 1807, it was finally abandoned as to the extraction of ore. But about 1820 Sir Robert Abereromby, owner of the soil, bethought him of another treasure hidden in the mine: he had the rubbish removed which choked the springs, and submitted a specimen of them for analysis to the celebrated chemist, Professor Thomson of Glasgow University—the result of whose examination has been given above. Long before the dicta of the Professor, the peasantry of the district had recognised the medicinal value of the waters, which were accessible, so long as the copper mine was worked, by a level draining them to the edge of the table-land at the base of the hills: a rude wooden trough served as pump-room and bath-house to the unfastidious invalids of the Carse. Physicians now recommend the waters for cutaneous affections, functional derangement of the liver and digestive organs, and slight pulmonary disorders. Walking the broad street in the forenoon, one might observe samples of all these classes of ailments, and be conscious of a deep thankfulness to God for his best temporal blessing of sound health.

A region very seductive to ramblers is the wood clothing the terraced hill-sides behind the houses. Certainly its paths are of the steepest, but so much the more health-giving, when every climb brings the pedestrian higher in the pure soft atmosphere, opens wider views, and affords *perpetual variety* of brake and glade. We came upon various parties of

children, gathering wild raspberries in profusion from thorny thickets, which tore their clothes recklessly: whatever the mothers might say when they went home appeared not to weigh painfully on the spirits of the little folk. And what miniature forests of ferns! graceful beyond praise in every frond, nestling at the foot of great elms and larches for the most part, but sometimes peopling a space of the wood quite by themselves—arcades for ideal fairies under their cool arched leaves.

A botanist could find hours of pleasure in exploring the sylvan nooks and corners here. He will find—what the children well know—the bilberry and cranberry in heathy spaces; the large light-blue flowers of the wild succory, the yellow clusters of the golden rod, the whorled purplish blossoms of the red mint, the stiff pinnate fronds of the Scottish filmy-fern, will meet his eye in many spots. Among rarer plants, he may hope to see the pendulous rose-coloured blossoms of the wild rosemary, and the green petals of the herb Paris—true love, as our grandmothers called it. Then, what landscapes will reward his climbing toil, at each break in the trees! Let us sit at the foot of this gigantic fir and look forth upon the plain. Midway are the three sentinel rocks, Abbey Craig, Stirling Castle, and Craig Forth, farthest westward: beyond that, the hills of Touch, the rivers Forth, Allan, and Teith winding gracefully through the rich meadow-lands of the Carse: and over all, a heaven variable with cloud and sunlight, which, of all forms of weather, is the best for viewing scenery; because it gives the landscape a living charm, like variety of expression to the human face, conferring pensiveness and joyousness by turns. Most fair was that scene; and for the twentieth time the thought recurred—if our wrecked world be thus lovely, how unspeakably glorious must be the Unseen Land, where all is perfection!

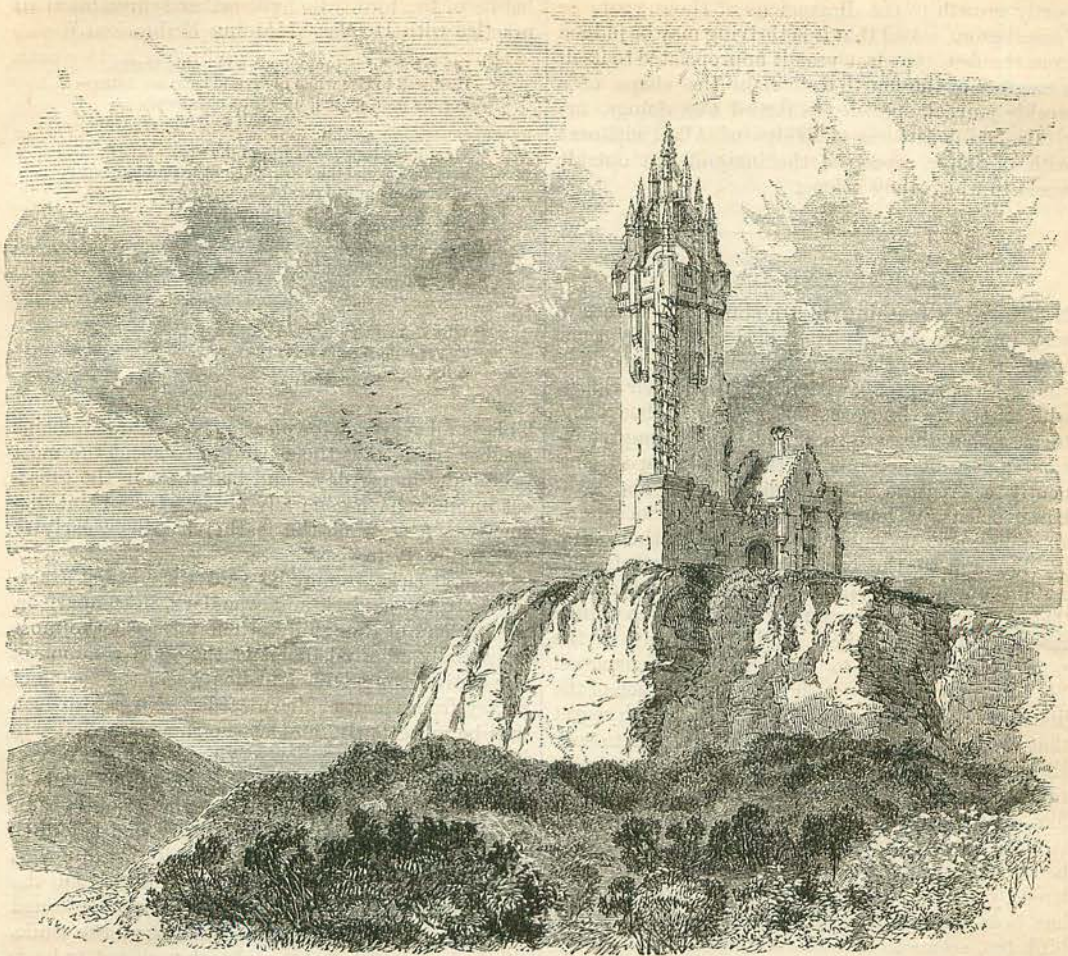
One afternoon we walked a mile and a half to visit the Abbey Craig, where it is proposed to erect a national monument to the memory of the brave Sir William Wallace.\* After traversing the entire length of Bridge of Allan West, passing its four churches, and three handsome hotels, and realizing how fully the place deserves its appellation of "the town of villas," we turned off the road leading to the

eastern division of the village, and by a footpath along a cornfield gained the base of the isolated crag. The ascent is through a plantation by a steep path, which winds about the hill to its bare summit, two hundred and sixty feet above the plain. A pole, sheathed a-top with metal, and scribbled all over with names aspiring to the notoriety of such a record, indicates the site of the projected memorial; likewise a box to receive subscriptions. Here Wallace is said to have stood while his valorous Scots defeated the forces of Warenne and Cressingham at Kildean Ford, a bridge over Forth, on 11th September, 1297. The precipitous defile to the left is still called Wallace's Pass. In front lies Stirling, its grey houses climbing the slope of the Castle Rock: beneath winds the river in perpetual sinuosities. I can count nineteen distinct reaches of glistening stream as I look over the wide lowlands. Each of these "links of Forth is worth an earldom in the north," saith the proverb; and doubtless they appear to inclose fat pastures. All along the fortress-line of Highland hills there is a frown this evening; except for one patch of emerald and purple which a stray sunbeam has lighted into a smile, Benlomond and Benledi are sullen in a majestic wrath of brooding tempest. Rain is coming from its reservoir in the western ocean, and has over those summits first collected battalions of clouds. Behind us rises the furrowed Ochil range, with villages here and there along the base—buried in shadow now, as the sun sinks to the north-west. Those hamlets must have more shadow and less shine than the rest of the world. Blairlogie lies beneath the massive Damyat: Menstry, Alva, Tilli-coultry (where tartans are manufactured), and Dollar (renowned for its academy), are visible afar off; the crumpled elevations of Fife are upon the horizon. The brown carved tower of Cambuskenneth Abbey stands beneath us, beside the river.

From this windy height may also be noticed a geological curiosity, though perhaps only traceable by a geological eye. An ancient sea-margin lies yonder, a terrace of sand and gravel two miles in length: it is now overgrown like any ordinary soil, but it conveys an assurance that ocean-tides once ebbed and flowed upon it. In the alluvial silt of the plain beneath, sea shells have frequently been found; and this aqueous deposit is sometimes a hundred feet thick.

Airthrey Park, the seat of Lord Abercromby, is on our right as we return home. There are some fine old trees here, and further combinations of pleasing scenery: likewise one of the oldest monuments in Scotland—two rude upright stones, said to commemorate the victory of Kenneth MacAlpine over the Picts, in the time of Charlemagne. Another stone near by, indicates the junction of the three counties of Perth, Stirling and Clackmannan. But the chief interest of Airthrey Park is the consideration, that for many years it was the home of the honoured Robert Haldane. He built this castellated mansion, laid out this demesne, excavated this lake of thirty acres, and, skating upon it subsequently, the ice broke beneath him, and he was with difficulty saved. Here also did he hold those conversations with the poor journeyman mason,

\* This monument, of which an engraving is given herewith, is from a design by S. T. Rochead, Esq. of Glasgow. It consists of a lofty and imposing Scottish baronial tower, upwards of 200 feet high and 36 feet square, having walls of a thick and massive construction, of not less than 15 feet thick at the base, and gradually from 5 to 6 feet at the top. The masonry is of a strong and enduring nature. At the east side of the tower is the keeper's house, between which and the monument is an open court-yard entered by a massive circular arched gateway, having bold mouldings characteristic of the Scottish baronial style, above which is placed the heraldic arms of Sir William Wallace. Passing through a gateway into a stone arched passage, a straight flight of steps set in the thickness of the wall leads to an open octagon winding staircase, the walls of which are of solid ashlar work. This staircase conducts to several spacious and lofty halls, the ceilings and floors of which are fire-proof, being arched with brick, having the floors laid with mosaic tiles. It is proposed to set apart these rooms as visitors' or reliquary rooms, or a museum for the reception of old armour and other antiquarian relics illustrative of Scottish history. The apex of the monument exhibits the form of an imperial crown, of much grace and beauty, at once forming a most appropriate and graceful termination to the whole, and which cannot fail to present a most striking outline when seen against the open sky. The summit of the monument will command magnificent views of a wide expanse of country.



PROPOSED MONUMENT TO WALLACE.

which eventuated in Mr. Haldane's conversion and devotedness of life to God.

The clouds over the Grampians fulfilled their gloomy prophecy; and when we ventured out of doors late next day, we found that the Allan, whose almost dry bed might have been crossed afoot a few hours before, had swollen into a brown foaming torrent, filling its channel impetuously. *On dit*, that it abounds with burn trout and salmon grilse; for the excellence of the former we can vouch. Angling seems a favourite pursuit of the visitors. The woods hang along the edge of the river in that outskirt of the village called Sunnylaw; from sylvan arbours one can see and hear the rushing stream beneath, flashing through the branches. A dark deep reach of still water at a little distance is called the Ladies' Pool, from the circumstance that two sisters were drowned there, one in the endeavour to save the other, some years since.

At the back of this plateau of Sunnylaw, which is part of the ancient sea-strand, there are rocky recesses called the Wolf's Hole Quarries. Tradition declares that in these the last Scottish wolves had their haunts, I presume about the same date that the Fairy Knowe fort was erected on a neighbouring height by the Picts and Scots, as an item of

opposition to Agricola; who was not long checked by any such strongholds as circular mounds and moats, but, having dispersed the enemy by his victory at Mons Grampius, and established the camp of Ardoch, (or Vindum, as he called it,) seized upon the Caledonian town of Alauna near here, transmuting it into a Roman station. Those who care for derivations ought to be satisfied with this hint of the origin of the name Allan: another flattering etymology traces it to the Celtic word signifying "beautiful."

River and village alike deserve the epithet. Nature has done much for Bridge of Allan, and judiciously applied art is doing yet more. A climate of the softest and sunniest—for every rough breeze is warded off by its guardian hills—forms one chief endowment, attractive to many. The landed proprietors are resolved that no exertion of theirs shall be wanting for improvement of the place. At the railway station, whence we took our departure, I saw hanging on the wall a topographical plan of Bridge of Allan, which I could not at first recognise; for there were handsome public buildings, fountains in full play, terraces of villas, which I knew I had never seen elsewhere than on that paper. But this was Bridge of Allan *in futuro*—a fancy sketch of its

portly growth to the dimensions of Harrowgate or Leamington. And that it is thriving may be judged from the fact, that last year it appropriated to itself a member of the fourth estate, in the shape of a weekly journal, specially to record the doings, arrivals, and departures of Bridge of Allan visitors: with, of course, a peep at the insignificant outside world to which they belong.

### LARKS AND LAYS.

It involves something like a slur upon a race of very innocent joy-inspiring birds, to apply their common name to the mischievous pranks to which youngsters are prone, with not a few of their elders, who ought to know better. How it has come to pass that they are so styled passes comprehension, unless on account of the bird being so eminently a creature of bounding habit and exuberant spirits. Thence the "skylarking" of sailors, an amusement occasionally conceded to them, that of climbing to the top of the highest yards, and sliding down the ropes. But most certain it is, that as the persons who are the victims of the pranks referred to are beguiled, so is it the fate of the warblers themselves to be by wholesale ensnared. We have no sympathy with "larking," either of the literal or the metaphorical kind, for it is with regret that we see the songster whose nature it is to soar singing towards the heavens, reduced to the condition of a prisoner with only the area of a cage a foot square to move in. Yet, perhaps the feeling is more natural than intelligent, for something may be said in favour of the capture. No right is violated by it, since dominion over the fowls of the air has been expressly assigned to the captors. The bird, too, seems to take to confinement well, judging from the song given forth right merrily from the patch of greensward in its cage. It is also generally tended with affectionate care, and is a great solace, by the liveliness of its notes, to the poor artisan in towns. So, if the captive is happy, and makes itself pleasant to others in captivity, we may be content with the arrangement, especially seeing that, however great the number of cage-birds in our houses, there is no sensible diminution of the free stock in the open country.

"Up with the lark" has become a proverbial phrase for early rising; and eminently is the bird,

"— bard of the blushing dawn;"

or, as Thomson, has it,

"— the messenger of morn,  
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings  
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts  
Calls up the tuneless nations."

Milton mentions among the incidents of the day-break,

"To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singing startle the dull night;  
From his watch-tower in the skies,  
Till the dappled morn doth rise,  
Then to come in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good morrow."

But, without breach of charity it may be surmised, that not a few have noted and commended the early

habits of the bird, who have rather sympathised in practice with Hood's "Morning Meditations."

"Let \* \* \* \* \* prate, upon a morning breezy,  
How well to rise while night and larks are flying—  
For my part, getting up seems not as easy  
By half as lying.

"What if the lark does enrol in the sky,  
Soaring beyond the reach of sight to find him out—  
Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly?  
I'm not a trout!

"Talk not to me of bees and such like hums,  
The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime—  
Only lie long enough, and bed becomes  
A bed of time.

"Why from a comfortable pillow start,  
To see faint flushes in the east awaken—  
A fig, say I, for any streaky part,  
Excepting bacon!"

This is all very well for pleasantry. But it remains a sober truth, that those who have spent the most useful and happy days, and had them in the greatest number, have generally observed the habit distinctive of most of the feathered tribe, "early to bed and early to rise."

Capital larks, it may be said with literal exactness, are the skylark and woodlark, in comparison with others of the family. The former is the most universally admired, as it is the most common of our native songsters, and has been the theme of poetry from Chaucer downwards. No creature can well be more lowly, and at the same time lofty, in its habits. Except when soaring, it is quite terrestrial, rarely alighting on a tree, hedge, low bush, or wall. It roosts and nestles on the ground, runs along the surface with great celerity, and is fond of rolling in the dust, by way of cleaning its plumage, in the same manner as the common fowl. On the other hand, its flight is indeed a lofty one, continued upwards, higher and higher, carolling all the while, till the minstrel is lost to sight, though not to hearing, in the bright blue or glorious sunbeams of the sky.

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings."

Charles Swain has happily treated this contrariety with an artist touch, introducing a common note of the bird.

"Wherefore is thy song so gay?  
Wherefore is thy flight so free?  
Singing—soaring—day by day;  
Thou'rt a bird of low degree!  
Tirral-la!

"Scarcely sheltered from the mould,  
We thy humble nest can see;  
Wherefore is thy song so bold?  
Little bird of low degree.  
Tirral-la! Tirral-la!

"Humbly though my dwelling lie,  
Next door neighbour to the earth;  
Rank, though lifted ne'er so high,  
Cannot soar like humble worth:  
Tirral-la!

"Shall I silently repine,  
When these birds of loftier airs  
Say no parent race of mine  
Built a nest as high as theirs?  
Tirral-la! Tirral-la!

"Give me but a summer morn,  
Sweet with dew and golden light,  
And the richest plumage born  
Well may envy me my flight!  
Tirral-la!

"I am glad you have money to throw away on such preposterous folly, Sir Geoffry. I must have money also."

"To pay your gambling debts, madam, I presume," said Sir Geoffry.

"Yes," replied the lady.

"I have none to spare for such a purpose, said the husband.

"You never gamble, Sir Geoffry!" said the lady, derisively.

"I do not fleece my friends in my own house, madam, nor suffer them to fleece me."

"Nor on the race-course, Sir Geoffry, nor at the billiard-table. But it does not matter; I can dispose of my jewellery," retorted the lady.

"Do so, madam."

"As you please, sir. But what will the world say then?"

"It matters very little," said the baronet, yawning; but he did not mean what he said; or perhaps he thought better of it; or perhaps his morning's visit to his banker came into his mind. Be it as it might, Sir Geoffry, after some further discussion, filled up a cheque and presented it to his lady.

"Pray, madam," he asked, when this was done, "who was that young man whom you introduced to me this evening?"

"He is an author, who has written a book, and wants to publish it. His name is Wakehurst."

"M—m! an author!" said Sir Geoffry, with a curl of his aristocratic lip. "And may I venture to inquire of your ladyship what brought Mr. Wakehurst to — Square?"

"I really cannot say, Sir Geoffry; it was not his own carriage, I presume," said the lady.

"But he came by your invitation, I suppose, madam," returned the baronet, stiffly.

"Of course."

"Do you know, madam," continued Sir Geoffry, "I am surprised that you condescend to notice such low sort of people."

"That is exactly what I was about to say, Sir Geoffry. I am surprised that you condescend to notice such low people as that mining man, for instance, with his dirty hands, which he persists in keeping ungloved. My author's hands are twice as clean, I'll engage."

"Pho, Madam! the mining man, as you call Mr. Curlew, is useful to me—indispensable, I may say—which is more than your ladyship will affirm of such beings as your poor author—for of course he is poor."

"I really do not know, Sir Geoffry," said the lady, in a tone of indifference, which would have gone to the author's heart if he had heard it, for it would at once have demolished his day-dreams. "He isn't rich, I dare say; but that is nothing to me; and as to those sort of people, they are useful to me—they amuse me, Sir Geoffry."

"It is vastly well, madam."

"I am glad you think so, Sir Geoffry. But as to low sort of people, I suppose you will condescend to notice a good many of them in your electioneering expedition," said the lady.

"I suppose so too, madam," rejoined the baronet;

"and this reminds me to request your ladyship to be less prodigal in your expenditure. This electioneering expedition, as you delicately term it, will be costly."

"Sir Geoffry wishes to buy votes, and so his wife must wear out her old gowns," sneered the lady.

"Madam, I am shocked," exclaimed the husband. "The expenditure I hinted at is particularly that connected with the occasion of your demand upon me to-night. Let me entreat your ladyship to play more discreetly. And be kind enough not to permit your protégé to dedicate his new book to you, if he has written one. Those dedications are expensive."

"Be satisfied on that head, Sir Geoffry," replied the lady, laughing lightly. "The man is a perfect noodle; I was quite ashamed of him; and if the fancy was on, it is off again. So if the poor block-head has any hope from me, let him live upon it. Poets and authors do manage to subsist on very unsubstantial diet, I am told. Have you anything else to say, Sir Geoffry?"

Sir Geoffry had nothing more to say, and Lady — retired, rejoicing that in the extorted cheque, which would have been a sufficient year's income for the poor author, she had the means of discharging her debts of honour without pawning her diamonds.

Arrived at this stage of its history, the voice of the crooked sixpence seemed to the poor clerk to die away in silence, and nothing was heard save the sighing of the wind outside his casement, and the noise of some distant revellers returning probably from a late carouse, which forced its way faintly into Whirlpool Rents.

The poor clerk groaned within himself. "There was a time," said he, sadly, "when such sounds would have seemed to me like sweet music, but now 'they bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder.' Well, well, a few years more of watching and waiting and toil, and all will be ended.

' Worlds should not bribe me back, to tread  
Again life's dreary waste,  
To see my day again o'erspread  
With all the gloomy past.'

Ah! 'I would not live away.' And this story! Pho! it is a dream. And yet I don't know. I'll talk to my landlord about it some of these days; only then he'll laugh at me. Well, we shall see."

Uttering these disjointed sentences, the poor clerk prepared for repose. He slept soundly that night; and on the following evening, without an attempt at clearing up his perplexity, the story of the crooked sixpence was resumed.

## THE TOURIST IN SCOTLAND.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF GLASGOW.

THE broad and beautiful Clyde, which had spread like a deep sea fiord from Ailsa Craig to Greenock, inclosed by every diversity of lovely shore scenery, contracted thenceforth, till for the last few miles it had been little better than a narrow canal between

tidal masses of sludge. Diminutive red lighthouses were set upon wooden legs at regular intervals, astride like a sentinel row of flamingoes. Occasionally a big dredging-machine, with buckets slowly revolving their weights of black mud scraped from the river-bed, passed by rather closer than was agreeable to our olfactory nerves; but this muddy monster, and such as this, have made the Clyde a highway for all nations.

Soon we could not accuse the dredging-boats of the odour that was rising and intensifying about us. The scarlet paddles of our own steamer seemed in fault, and cast up a sooty spray. Much has been written concerning the summer perfumes of the Thames; its Scottish compeer bids fair to be a rival in this unsavoury particular. Presently a black sluggish stream crept into the Clyde at our left. What! *that* the Kelvin Water renowned in song! I remember a part of the lyric besought those concerned to "haste to Kelvin Grove." beyond a doubt the reverse would be the more suitable reading at present.

Now we are within sight and sound of the great city. The air is full of the ceaseless din of hammers in hundreds of dockyards and foundries, beating with a sort of rhythmic clangour in orderly pulsations; the steam-blast and railway shriek seem perpetually to echo amid the seething smoke from factory stalks. Along the quays are scores of skeletons of mighty ships being clothed with shape and power by that same rhythmic hammering of red-hot rivets; multitudes of steamers of every grade are at the wharves, from the little black hard-working tug—the navy of the waters—to the gay gilded pleasure-boat, which spends its time in excursions. To right, to left, in front, miles deep inland at both sides, are masses of buildings, the dwellings and workshops of a third of a million people; and a well-defined canopy of manufacturing smoke droops over all.

Where can be our place at these densely-thronged quays? The ships lie three or four deep, commonly; their masts resemble a vast winter forest of firs. But with much shouting and hauling of ropes and delicate manipulation from the steersman, our fine boat edges into a berth left for it at the Broomielaw, near Glasgow Bridge; cables are cast ashore, and even the most contemplative passenger begins to look sharp.

The name of this place recalls a time—not so long since but that some living remember it—when the shore was indeed a green "broomy law," and the water so shallow that school-boys could wade across from one bank to the other. Three and a half feet at full tide was then the greatest depth; the wide abundant current which now sweeps by is a triumph of engineering industry. Pennant says that the city of Glasgow in his time was "perfectly tantalised with its river:" "twelve remarkable shoals" barred navigation, except to very small craft. Judicious dredging and embanking, which have cost from first to last about two millions sterling, have deepened the channel to twenty feet, and yield a return of eight hundred thousand pounds annually in customs dues alone.

How strange, when looking at these ranges of

colossal Indiamen and merchant ships bearing the ensign of every nation with a seaboard, and laden with wealth beyond our forefathers' dreams of El Dorado—how strange to revert to the first commercial venture sent from Glasgow, not two centuries ago. A certain Walter Gibson (who might not unworthily have a statue, in these days of universal image-making) freighted a small brig with some hundred barrels of herrings for the French market, where those Loch Fyne delicacies found enthusiastic admirers on fast-days; consequently he received in return a cargo of brandy and salt, which abundantly repaid the risk, and encouraged him to further speculation. By-and-by he imported iron: a very small quantity, as may be guessed. Ten years ago the furnaces of Glasgow manufactured, during a twelvemonth, nearly half a million tons.

The hundred miles of Glasgow streets would afford rambles and sight-seeing for weeks; but we had only a few days to devote to a mere bird's-eye view of this third among British cities. Our first walk led through George Square, three sides of which are occupied by a congeries of handsome hotels, thus aggregated in neighbourhood to the principal railway terminus. The gardens in the midst are peopled with representative men—the statues of a poet, a philosopher, a soldier, and a statesman—four of the finest specimens of their several classes. Of course Sir Walter is there, on a high pillar in the centre; the figure is said to be "a petrification of him." Sir John Moore of Corunna faces the post office. Sir Robert Peel, in very fresh bright bronze when we saw him, stands at one angle, and plain James Watt is seated at another, compasses in hand. I could fancy that he was meditating on the steam-power which has made the surrounding city mighty. There is not a day rolling over the heads of the myriads in Glasgow, that each is not indebted to his invention, directly or otherwise, for some necessity or luxury of existence; and though here situate in lowliest place, the results of his thought have done more for the people than his companion poet, soldier, or statesman have effected by their world-famed lives.

Statues are plentiful everywhere. The disloyal smoke has completely blackened her Majesty, standing on a polished plinth of yellow Peterhead marble opposite the Western Club; likewise an equestrian Duke of Wellington, wherewith there is too much of his charger, and who is before the portico of the Exchange. Mr. Oswald, late M.P. for the city, has even his hat commemorated in bronze along with himself, at an angle of Sauchiehall Street. Perchance in the twentieth century, that queer-looking cylinder of metal held in the senator's hand, may be as strange a head-gear as the flowing wig of Queen Anne's commoners, or the powdered pigtail of George the Second's.

What a wealth of architecture is displayed on all sides in this city! The abundance of sandstone material is favourable to the beauty of Scottish towns. Easily wrought, yet durable, it affords the greatest facility for ornamentation. Here it is cast into Palladian warehouses, Gothic and Norman churches, Grecian lecture-halls and banking-houses, in profusion. Hardly a street of any importance but has two

or three edifices worth study by the æsthetic observer. At the West-End, range after range, and crescent after crescent, of magnificent private residences, rise in stately silence, listening from afar to the busy hum of the working world. Yet here an old conviction gathered strength, that to mix in the roar and the struggle of the torrent of life is more healthful and more happy than a dwelling in the splendid stagnation of idle opulence. The high-bred stillness is oppressive. Quarries of houses—untold wealth consolidated in stone—stretch away to the country in seemingly endless squares and terraces, diversified with gardens, till the eye is wearied by the uniform dull neatness of it all.

Dives and Lazarus were not more apart than this opulent *quartier* from the blackened manufacturing extremity of Glasgow. Here is no architectural elegance, but the great human hives of industry are built just for stern use. Yet, monarch of all the mid-air assemblage of beautiful domes and spires which crown the city, is the huge chimney-stalk of the St. Rollox chemical works. There is something majestic in the extreme simplicity of this single shaft, towering to a height of four hundred and fifty feet above the foundation, alone in gigantic pre-eminence, which strongly impresses one's fancy. I liked to look at it, dwarfing all pretenders to loftiness in its neighbourhood by the single attribute of unadorned length, the only attractive chimney-stalk that exists, I suppose.

The glass-works and potteries, generally visited by strangers, are almost in the shadow of St. Rollox's dominant stalk. I did not wonder at the crystal goblets and vases, such as would have been treasures to a Roman emperor, to be had for a few pence, when I had seen a mass of molten "metal" lifted out of the furnace into a mould, a punch shut down into it to shape the interior, the superfluities cut off with a pair of scissors, another piece of molten glass added to form the foot, and the whole completed in less than two minutes. After annealing twenty-four hours in a kiln, it was fit for sale. Wine-glasses were manufactured with a speed quite as marvellous; but the better sorts undergo a cutting from wheels of iron, stone, or wood; according to the fineness required; which is a more tedious process, necessitating taste and skill in the workman. At the potteries, among galleries of the choicest ceramic productions, and imitations of Dresden and Sevres china which might deceive connoisseurs, we noticed a vast supply of the old willow-pattern dinner-sets, which are still purchased to a greater extent than any other devices in delf-ware.

Another great Glasgow trade of which we obtained a glimpse, was the iron ship-building. The rhythmical hammering was again about us, a perpetual storm of sound: add to which, the rasping of an omnivorous sawmill engaged in grinding apart nine boards from one beam, and a general undertone of the roaring steam-engine which accomplished nearly everything on the premises, (everything not demanding an intelligent mind,) and it will be understood that the ear of the visitor was tolerably filled. The great red and black ribs of a thousand-ton ship were being covered with iron

plates, which were curved to the required shape between rollers, and cut to precisely the required size under sharp slow-descending knives. It was a marvel to see the ribbons of iron, inch thick, curling away as if the material were so much parchment; and circular nuggets of metal dropping from the rivet-holes as the punch rose and fell incessantly.

Argyle Street is the Strand of Glasgow. For three miles long, the tide of seething, surging human life pours through it continually. The custom of living in flats, and piling business over business, from the greengrocer's in the area, to the photographer's at the skylight, causes a wonderful density of inhabitants here. From the Iron Gate Cross, the line of street dips into the ancient city, the Salt Market and Gallowgate districts, now abandoned to the lowest of the populace. Concerning these regions there are legends and histories; Wallace fought here, Cromwell lodged in one of the antique houses. Going along the High Street, past the time-honoured smoke-dried university buildings, we arrive presently at the Cathedral, the chief relic of olden times which Glasgow boasts. Here the *coup-d'œil* is very pleasing; in front the noble Gothic pile, against the background of the Necropolis hill, clothed with trees and tombs. Conspicuous on the summit stands John Knox, his outstretched hand holding forth a Bible—that book under whose broad shadow Scotland has grown to be the enlightened and prosperous land she is.

The inclosure about the Cathedral is paved with monumental slabs of old dates; but none at all so ancient as the building itself, which was begun about 1195, and is a choice specimen of the early English style. The interior presents a noble perspective of lofty arches along the nave, closed by the choir screen of carved open-work. But the characteristic feature of Glasgow Cathedral is the subterranean chapels, or crypts. A flight of steps leads down to them, past two altars rudely sculptured with bas-reliefs of the twelve apostles. How does daylight struggle among these massive pillars, as if oppressed by the chill gloom! The dead of centuries lie below. St. Mungo's shrine is in the midst, a slab two steps higher than the rest of the floor, bearing a sorely battered effigy of the saint, which has at sometime or other been beheaded. In one corner is his well, forty-two feet deep, and protected by a wooden cover. A few of the windows are filled with memorial stained glass; it did not seem to harmonize with the solemn unornamented grandeur of the vaults. What a weird place must this be, when evening shades deepen behind the pillars and a gleam of amber sunset shoots athwart into dusk recesses, to be expelled by gathering night, or when ghostly moonbeams lie upon the stones that record expired griefs, where mourners and mourned rest together!

A single arch, called the Bridge of Sighs, leads across the Molendinar Burn—a mere rivulet gurgling deep in a ravine—to the Necropolis. In the visitor's book at the gate-house we were shown the autograph of Count Cavour, a contracted clear writing; likewise that of Prince Lucien Buonaparte,

a small rather indecisive hand, denoting a character which has not much in common with his daring and impenetrable emperor cousin.

Into the brook below were hurled the statues and ornaments of the cathedral at the reformation. And martyrs' ground is yonder, where two Bible students suffered death at the stake in Cardinal Beaton's time. We ascend by winding walks to the top of the hill, and look far and near over the smoke billows of the city, which blot out the Dumbarton and Renfrew mountains edging the basin in which Glasgow lies. Immediately below, beside the Cathedral, perhaps by way of forcible contrast, stands the exceedingly ugly Bareny Church, a grim and soiled erection of the last century, but which attracts crowds each Sabbath to hear its distinguished minister, Dr. Norman McLeod.

Looking hence upon the fine old Cathedral, I am grateful to the sturdy guilds of Glasgow, who in 1578 saved it from being pulled to pieces by the iconoclastic rage of certain ultra-reformers, and have left it, according to Mr. Andrew Fairservice, "a solid weel-jointed mason-work, that will stand as lang as the world keep hands and gunpowther aff it." This Necropolis hill was formerly a Druidical retreat, covered with fir-woods. Curious, that the varying religions of nations should choose the same spots in succession for their sacred places; as in Ireland the primitive Christians built their churches beside the lofty round towers of the fire-worshippers, in England and Scotland they adopted the islands and hills of the Druids. Some sculptures round us here deserve inspection. The white bust of Dr. Ralph Wardlaw, so well marked and characteristic that one feels assured it is strongly like; the sitting statue of Charles Tennant, of St. Rollox, in an admirably natural attitude of drooping age; and a composition of several life-size figures, comprising Faith with a star on her calm brow, clasping a Bible to her heart while she looks brightly upward, two angels bending beside in grief; and outside the tomb Hope leans on her anchor, and Charity embraces a shivering child. Never were abstractions better substantiated; but human nature seldom can get up emotion for the purely ideal.

And all around this isolated hill of the dead roars the living sea of toiling men and women in dingy streets. Each of those blackened forge or factory chimney-stalks is the centre of livelihood to hundreds or thousands of workers. Yearly is the vast city growing, growing, widening bounds, condensing population; and it would be sufficient labour for a little army of philanthropists to endeavour that all religious and ameliorating agencies should grow adequately likewise.

#### THE DEATH OF MARTIN LUTHER.

THE last act of Martin Luther was honourable to his character: it was a journey, undertaken amidst much bodily infirmity, to Eisleben, to reconcile the Counts of Mansfeld, who were at variance. Though contrary to his custom to intermeddle in secular disputes, he yielded in this case, from the attach-

ment he felt to his native town, as well as from his desire to restore peace. He preached at Eisleben on the 28th January, 1546, and assisted at the conferences up to the 17th February. At supper, on that last-named day, he dwelt on his approaching death: some one asked him if, in a future state, we should recognise one another; he replied that he thought so. Having entered his chamber with some friends and his two sons Martin and Paul, aged fourteen and thirteen, he approached the window, and remained a considerable time in prayer. He said to his friend Aurifaber, "I am very feeble, and my pains increase." Medicine was given to him, and attempts were made to warm him by the friction of the hands. As he laid himself down on the bed, he said to Count Albrecht, "If I could doze half an hour, I think it would relieve me." He did sleep, and awoke in about an hour and a half—near eleven o'clock. Seeing that all present still remained by his side, he said, "What! are ye here yet? Why do ye not retire to rest?" He resumed his prayer, crying with fervour, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit! thou hast redeemed me, Lord God of truth." Afterwards, turning to all present, he said, "Pray, my friends, for the gospel of our Lord—that his kingdom may be enlarged. Verily, the Council of Trent and the Pope threatened to injure it." Having slept another hour, Dr. Jonas asked him how he felt. "I am very ill," was the reply. "I think, my dear Jonas, I must remain at Eisleben, where I was born." However, he walked a little about the chamber, laid down on the bed, and was covered with cushions. He once more betook himself to prayer. "O my Father! God of our Lord Jesus Christ, and source of all consolation, I thank thee for that thou hast revealed to me thy well-beloved Son, in whom I believe, whom I have acknowledged and preached, whom I have loved and celebrated, whom the Pope and the wicked persecute. To thee, Lord Jesus Christ, I commend my soul. I leave this earthly body; I am borne away with thee!" He repeated three times, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit, O Lord God of truth; thou hast redeemed me." Suddenly he shut his eyes, and became insensible; Count Albrecht and his lady assisted the physicians; all laboured to restore him, and, with great difficulty, they succeeded for a moment. "Reverend father," said Dr. Jonas, "do you steadfastly die in the faith which you have taught?" "Yes," was the distinct reply, and he fell asleep. Immediately afterwards he grew pale, became cold, breathed softly, and expired, on Thursday, the 18th of February, 1546.

Three days before his death he preached, in the pulpit which still remains at Eisleben, his last sermon, from Matthew xi. 25—30: "At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight. All things are delivered unto me of my Father: and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him. Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.



representative. And many months passed away—as I happened to gather in the course of my shiftings to and fro—before the heart-burnings and animosities which that event stirred up had subsided. Meanwhile, however, I had fallen into the possession of a publican.

At this moment the voice seemed to die away, while the strokes of a city clock, faintly heard in Whirlpool Rents, gave note of midnight.

"I am to hear no more to-night, I suppose," said the lonely man. "My crooked friend likes to keep decent hours, it seems. It is all very well.

"It is singular, now," he continued, musingly, as he prepared for his couch, "how this story of the election at Gotham—(Gotham! that's ridiculous, though; there's no such borough in England: my crooked friend wants to mystify me, evidently)—but it is singular enough how the story of this election tallies with what I remember of my native town when I was a boy, and my father was town clerk, and used to come home and tell us all the news; and my brother Sam—poor Sam!—ah! I recollect as well as *though* it had happened only yesterday, his going abroad because he was crossed in love. Poor Sam! he used to write home regularly till—he must be dead now. Yes, yes, he is sure to be dead: all are dead now who would have cared for me: fathers, sisters, brothers, all. And if Sam were alive—which he isn't—he wouldn't acknowledge me now. It wouldn't be right for him to do it; at least, it couldn't be expected he would. Poor Sam! dear fellow!"

Murmuring these unconnected sentences to himself, the poor clerk put out his candle. On the following evening, the adventures of the Crooked Sixpence were resumed.

## THE TOURIST IN SCOTLAND.

### A GROUP OF SCOTTISH LOCHS.

At a few minutes after nine o'clock of an August morning, the coach for the Trosachs drew up in front of the hotel at Callander—a bright specimen of fresh painting and emblazonments, with scarlet coachman and guard to match. Having previously secured outside places—for though the skies lowered, we preferred our chance of a temporary wetting to the certainty of seeing nothing from the interior—we made ourselves as waterproof as might be, with rugs and umbrellas, and were soon bowling along through the village, towards the vast barrier of Benledi.

For such the mountain seemed; as if one must climb across it to reach any world beyond. Now it was a great mass of purple gloom, because mist hung over the hundred furrows worn on its barren sides, which after a shower glistened from the descent of innumerable runlets. Benledi was the first mountain with which I had made personal acquaintance; and very noble was the patriarch, in every circumstance and every drapery of weather. The straggling street of slovenly Highland cottages composing Callander receives a certain dignity from its superintendence. A prospect not to be

forgotten is that visible from the old bridge over the Teith, in the midst of the village. When I had stood there earlier on this morning, the broad silently swift stream was glazed with reflection of ultramarine skies, and brown shadows of trees and scours: the huge mountain rising from the other shore was crested with a pile of white clouds, which gave it something of a slumbrous aspect. But the view varies each hour, rapidly as the humour of a capricious beauty, who in all moods is yet lovely.

We passed the wretched hamlet of Kilmahog to our right, and then skirted the base of Benledi westward, alongside the brawling Teith for some distance; during which stage of our journey we were wrapt in the oblivion of an impetuous shower. Suddenly the coachman, with a great flourish of his whip, proclaimed the lines:—

"And this is Coiltantogle ford,  
Where thou must keep thee with thy sword."

Presently the sunlight burst forth over flood and field, flashing on the shallows of the stream where it issued from "silver Vennachar," and our driver went on to recite, with much enthusiasm and false emphasis, the single combat of Fitzjames and Roderick Dhu. In fact, he seemed to have committed the entire "Lady of the Lake" to memory, as a qualification for his office, and thoroughly believed every word of it; for were not the very scenes, each wood and crag and mead, daily before his eyes?—to which no one who felt the spell of genius himself could offer a satisfactory reply. Moreover, by this he had his livelihood. The influence of Sir Walter Scott's writings is worth thousands of pounds annually to his native land; it has founded scores of hotels, and opened up scores of roads and steam-tracks.

"Deep and still," as ever the poet saw it, slept placid Loch Vennachar among its soft slopes of verdure; in the distance rose masses of mountain, all with long familiar names; opposite, a mile and a half over the water, were the woods of Drunkie and Dullater, which would be more fitting neighbourhood for an Islay distillery, so far as nomenclature is concerned. Long before we had travelled the five-mile length of the loch, all inclosures and cultivation had ceased. Purple-stained moors swelled northward into hills. Except for this, and the promise of magnificence before us in dim mountains piled afar, the scenery about Loch Vennachar might almost be called tame.

Soon some one espied a black-cock marching sedately among the heather; a pack of red grouse was startled from a bracken covert; a covey of partridges swept with whirring wing over the moor; a hare sat on *its haunches* a hundred yards from the road, with erect ears, staring at us; the plover's whistle echoed from the sedge. It was evident that we had entered Nature's own domains, where her wild subjects are free to live and to enjoy, untroubled by provisions of the sportsman's twelfth of August, which was now perilously near.

"The gathering-ground of Clan Alpin!" exclaimed the coachman, pointing to a level bit of marshy meadow *on the edge of the loch*; "and there's the very rock Fitzjames set his back against." Truly a broad lichened crag did stand

itself upright in a convenient place as witness to the poet's faithfulness. The solitary islet of Eilana-vruin—"Lamentation"—lies out yonder. Perhaps this dismal name has reference to the drowning of a whole funeral procession once, while crossing the waters to a place of sepulchre; and since which time Loch Vennachar has been regarded as a special haunt of the kelpie.

Henceforth the Grampians shut in the lake world with mighty barriers; every mile the mountains seem higher and wilder. Here is the Brig o' Turk, across the stream flowing from Loch Achray to Loch Vennachar: now look northward into the opening of Glenfinlas. What a grand precipitous gorge curving away among blue masses of crag! what a hazy depth of palpable mystery seems to hang over those distant woods and ravines! And behold that artist, sitting on a stone in a dry gravelly patch of the river-bed: his whole soul in his eyes and pencil, as he tries to transfer *some* of the glorious aerial perspective to his sketch-book. I can tell him, were he Landseer himself, that his spirit will be vexed by the dull result of pigments and brushes, in contrast with the living loveliness of Nature's own tinting and shading yonder. But I envy him the exquisite solitude which will close again around him, when our noisy emblazoned coach has rattled by.

Glenfinlas is now a deer forest, belonging to the Earl of Moray: ten miles of wild glens and heaths embosomed in mountains, once the head-quarters of malignant sprites and other ghostly entities, likewise of the more substantial outlaws, sorners, cattle-reivers, and the like, concerning whom many legends are said and sung.

We are now upon the borders of Loch Achray, called thus, "the level field," because it lies so low and calm among all sorts of peaks and precipices. Benvenue, "the little mountain"—for it is such in comparison with the giants Benlomid and Benledi, though more attractive than either for its variety of outline in different aspects—rises opposite; a pile of grey rocks a-top of endless woods. Ben-An, a naked peak, sharp as an Alpine aiguille, shoots up to the sky over the other woods to our left. Sometimes the road lies at the foot of crags on the very edge of the loch—actually constructed of boulders and masses of granite laid down in the water, for want of land footing. At other times the abundant woods close above and around with a verdant darkness, only lit by a glance of sunbeam piercing among leaves.

Suddenly a building with every token of a baronial residence comes in sight, crowned with conical turrets, the walls loopholed, the entrance ample. Except for a perceptible newness of slating and stonework, one might take it for a noble family mansion, dowered with date back to the Tudors. But this fine building belongs to the tourist; such a house where an Englishman proverbially "taketh his ease"—a comfortable, nay, luxurious inn—another of the Scotch foundations, it may be called. Our coach is considerably lightened here, by the alighting of passengers who wish further to explore the beautiful hills and glens about; but we go on, and enter into the far-famed defile of the Trosachs.

What can I say about it? I do not believe that any affluence of language, even written by a master hand, could convey an adequate idea of its surpassing loveliness. In thirty exquisite lines, Sir Walter has done the best that poetry can do; in one sentence Macaulay has equally excelled in the medium of prose. "The Trosachs wind between gigantic walls of rock, tapestried with broom and wild roses," writes England's greatest historian. In truth, the place is a bewildering chaos of beauty, often heightening into magnificence. The mountains keep closing up their colossal ranks, darkening even the summer noon-day. Recesses whence cascades leap to the loch—deep glens of ferns and copsewood—crags crested with feathery birch and bracken—glimpses of bright sheeny water afar—all varieties of foliage—in short, everything of scenery which is singly beautiful, is here collected, massed together richly.

War, which has soiled the loveliest spots in our world, has been here also. Cromwell's soldiers and the Highland Loyalists had a skirmish in this pass, at which era the only means of exit was by a ladder of roots and boughs down the precipitous western extremity to the beach of Loch Katrine. The grave of the single soldier slain is still pointed out. Now the mountaineers had stored their treasures, consisting only (simple people) of wives and children and cattle, in Ellen's Isle, which we shall see presently: the republicans, stimulated by revenge, wanted to destroy them. A soldier swam to the island for a boat lying there. But a daring woman, named Helen Stuart, struck him with a dirk as soon as he laid his hand on the gunwale; his comrades would not tempt such desperate courage further, and withdrew to the plains. Other tales of the old freebooting times in this "bristly territory," (for so the name signifies,) might be related. But we are now on the verge of Loch Katrine; the steamer is puffing off white smoke at the little wooden pier, and in the bustle of transit we forget scenery for awhile.

Soon, comfortably seated on the quarter-deck, we are again at leisure to admire. Above lies the great mass of Benvenue, rent into a hundred fantastic chasms and corries; "the den of shaggy men," Coir-nan-Uriskin in Gaelic, is a gash near the summit. There the Highland satyrs held annual gatherings in fairy times. A cave of the goblins is somewhere on the skirts of the mountain—a circular recess of stupendous rocks, now closely covered with luxuriant trees. The entire breadth of Loch Katrine is here shadowed deep in verdurous gloom, for green precipices rise from the water's edge, reflecting every tuft and cranny in the glassy mirror below. As we move forward, we come in sight of Ellen's Isle, the single gem of these waters—a bosky rock, drooping on all sides with foliage.

Alas for the stern facts of history! This pretty island was inhabited, not by a gentle girl and her aged harper, but by a desperate gang of outlaws of the clan Gregor; who fortified it "with men, victual, powder, bullets, and other warlike furniture," saith a privy council proclamation of 1610, "intending to keep the same as a place of war and

defence for withstanding his Majesty's forces." The imagination of the tourist can hardly conjure up any figures on its strand or among its copse, save those of the fair Ellen and the white-haired Allan Bane. When N. P. Willis visited the spot, every association was completed by the existence of a mimic hunting lodge, furnished and adorned in the manner that the poem describes; but a spark from a tourist's cigar destroyed it shortly afterwards. The very name of the loch, Katrine—from cateran—brings us back to the days when Bealanam-bo yonder was really the pass of the cattle, and plundering the sole handicraft of the people of these mountains. The last lawless exploit in the district was the abduction of a little steamer, set to ply upon the loch fourteen years since; and strange to say, the mystery of its disappearance was never solved. All that can be said is, that it interfered with the monopoly of the boatmen, who were wont to charge a fabulous rate of passage-money. At present, the six miles from the foot of the Trosachs to Stronachlan may be traversed in this little screw for half-a-crown—another proof of the private advantages of monopoly, for the same distance costs but ninepence on Loch Lomond.

The greatest event in Loch Katrine history occurred last autumn, when her Majesty in person opened the waterworks, which are to drain away millions of gallons annually into Glasgow. Already there is a perceptible decline of the mass of waters in the loch, and a barring of strands in shallow places after dry weather, as I have been told; but this cannot proceed beyond a certain point, and the compensation of mountain torrents is largest in winter. Verily, the useful is preferable to the merely beautiful, in this age of ours; and even Loch Katrine is more worthy of honour while feeding a Glasgow tank, than while lying still and looking lovely.

As we gradually ascend from the peaceful verdant slopes of Vennachar to the superb gorge of the Trosachs, so thenceforth we are gradually emerging through similar gradations down to the rounded hills at the base of Loch Lomond. The country is flattish near the western extremity of Loch Katrine; a wild moor stretches and swells for miles towards Inversnaid. Midway lies a little dark loch—Arklet—a real mountain tarn, blackened with rock-shadows; not far off is Rob Roy's fort, a few lonely walls on a mound, where once Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, held command. A noisy foaming torrent accompanies the road henceforth, as if running races with the carriage, plunging along madly over its rocky channel, making great leaps and swirling eddies, till our attention is diverted from it by sight of Loch Lomond appearing below, lying among its glorious mountains like silver framed in malachite. The road became as nearly a perpendicular as it has ever been my fortune to drive down; however, we reached the hotel at Inversnaid in safety, and as the steamboat was not yet in sight, we walked off to look at the last leaps of our acquaintance, the noisy torrent, which here achieves a reputation by a grand cascade thirty feet in height; a wooden bridge crosses from crag to crag above, affording the best view. To-day the stream

—here promoted to the dignity of a river, and named Arkill—was very full, owing to previous rain; consequently the cascade was particularly fine—a great rush of abundant brown water, precipitated headlong into the quiet lake below.

And oh! the emerald and purple of the hills yonder! the eye is satiated with their exquisite colouring. Benvoirlich looks over them, its weather-beaten crags softened by pale mists. As the steamboat moves away from the white strand, we behold a long defile of mountains opening northward, girdling the loch, seeming to tower loftier as they recede into distant haze. Here doth a tourist lady, scanning the scene through a double lorgnette, give utterance to her opinion that really it is quite pretty; as if she had rather expected to find Loch Lomond the reverse.

Approaching Tarbet, we have the finest view of the giant Ben Lomond opposite; and beneath, in the rocks, is a black speck, a cavern called Rob Roy's Prison, whence he was accustomed (saith tradition) to souse his captives, as a species of torture to extort ransom. Six miles of slope and precipice from base to summit, rises the great mountain above—three thousand one hundred and ninety feet from the sea-level. We have been before on the loch which it overshadows, and know the soft beauty of the southern extremity, with its archipelago of islands, thirty in number, of every form and dimension; and time does not permit a renewal of the pleasant acquaintance. So we land at Tarbet; and as tourists are privileged grumblers, we may here complain of the delay and annoyance inflicted by the petty charges exacted at each of the piers on the Scottish lochs. If the proprietors of the landing-places would come to some arrangement with the steamboat companies, and have their tolls incorporated with the fares paid on board, much time and patience would be spared.

Across the isthmus to Arrochar on Loch Long is an agreeable walk of a mile and a half, bringing us momentarily closer to the grand Argyleshire ranges, which rise almost perpendicularly from the deep sea waters of the "loch of ships." The Norwegians made a great raid here in 1263, under their king Haco; sixty vessels were detached to lay waste the country about Loch Lomond. The strangest object on Loch Long is the grotesque summit of Ben Arthur, or the Cobbler, so called from a supposed similarity discerned in the contorted mica peaks. For miles down, even as far as the mouth of Loch Goil, this extraordinary cluster of rocks, more like a needle crystallization than anything else, is visible topping the mountains of Argyle's Bowling Green. The scenery of Loch Long is at times magnificently wild, from the narrowness of the inlet, nowhere exceeding two miles in breadth, and winding among the noblest naked heights for twenty-four miles to the Clyde. Below the misty opening of Loch Goil the aspect of the land begins to ameliorate; there are symptoms of culture; watering-places appear on the shore; our boat, the "Chancellor," blows off steam and calls at half a dozen little piers before reaching Dunoon, where finally loch and river unite, and where we travellers betake ourselves to a hotel, after a day of rare enjoyment.

It was at the corner of a street, lighted only by a dim lamp some yards off.

"I shall get down here," said the traveller, as he stepped out of the carriage; and in another moment I had fallen into the palm of the unsuspecting driver. "You can give me change for half-a-sovereign?" said the other, with well-assumed indifference.

"Yes, your honour," said the poor man, touching his hat; and then, glancing at me by the dull and distant light, he put me into his pocket, and handed back the change to my late master, who, taking his small valise in hand, walked off hastily, while my new owner remounted his vehicle and drove leisurely away.

Ah, friend! if I could then have spoken, would I not have denounced the unholy, vile, and treacherous deed of that well-clad and well-fed man, who, unurged by want, had thus added another link in the chain of frauds to which I was probably destined? But my lips were closed then: nevertheless, that deed—with every other hidden thing of darkness—will one day be brought to light in the blaze of His searching eye, who, though long-suffering and slow to anger, holds in abhorrence both the thought of covetousness and the work of deceit, and who will by no means clear the guilty.

Hereupon the silvery tones of the crooked sixpence seemed to die away; and the poor clerk, who had written this chapter of its history with a trembling hand, now laid down his pen and sighed aloud.

"It was a mean and abominable trick that, to take in the poor cabman in such a sneaking fashion," said he. "And a pretty fellow I am," he continued, "to be daring to feel indignant at such things, when—" here his voice dropped; and a tear dropped also.

"And then," continued he, in self-communing, "about a man's passing himself off in the world for twenty times more than he is worth! A hard hit at me, that was, friend sixpence. Wretch that I am! Here is my good friend, Mr. Keenedge, as honest a man as ever lived, and as simple-hearted and unsuspecting as a child; and I have been living in his house these ten years and more; and suffering him, all the while, to believe me to be an honest man—to have been always honest; and thus passing myself off upon him for twenty times, nay, for twenty thousand times more than I am worth. It won't do to go on so. I'll undeceive him: I'll tell him my history. Yes, yes; I'll rub the gilt off my character and history as he sees it. God grant that the metal beneath it may not be entirely base and worthless!"

With this aspiration, breathed with many a heavy groan, the poor clerk prepared for repose.

Two nights elapsed before any more of the sixpence's history was recorded; for on the following day, the poor clerk was detained some hours beyond his wonted time at his little watch-box at Peggram's wharf, in the unravelment of an involved account; and by the time he returned to his lonely lodgings, the hour for these communications had passed away. In fact, his crooked friend looked as like a commonplace, ordinary sixpence as one pea is the counter-

part of another. The day after that was Sunday; and though the poor clerk kept early hours, he had resolutely screwed his beguiler into a small cylindrical box—originally intended for a nutmeg grater, but which had been raised to the dignity of cash-box by its present owner. Thus the sixpence's mouth was closed, and its voice, so to speak, smothered, if anything so ghostly could be smothered.

On the succeeding evening, however, the prisoner was released, and, not appearing to have taken offence at its ignominious treatment, its story was continued.

## THE TOURIST IN SCOTLAND.

### OBAN AND DUNSTAFFNAGE.

ALONG the Clyde, as far as Rothsay, are scattered towns and villages which may be called the summer suburbs of Glasgow. Steamers give ready access to them many times every day; the river is never still, from the passage of excursion boats during the warm months; everybody goes down to Dunoon, Inellan, Kilmun, Strone, or some other of the multifarious watering-places, to gain or strengthen health during his holidays. Those who have time for longer trips may be transported in one day from Glasgow to Oban, in the heart of the Hebrides, by a most enjoyable steam-transit of a few hours' length, and through some of the finest scenery of the western coast.

Having called at the fine crescent bay of Rothsay, our steamer, "Iona," fairly left civilization behind it, and entered that turbulent strait, the Kyles of Bute, which winds among rugged mountains and naked weed-strewn shores, with seldom a sign of human residence visible. At the mouth of Loch Ridden are rocky islands: one of them contains the ruins of a fort built by the unfortunate Earl of Argyle in 1685, where he was attacked by some royal frigates, and his three thousand followers slain or dispersed. Soon after this the channel widens, and the magnificent Goat-fell in Arran, with attendant peaks, towers to the westward. The swell from the Atlantic is perceptibly felt; ceasal with which, some hapless beings on deck make a rapid retreat to the cabins, thereby sealing their doom. We cross the entrance of Loch Fyne, renowned for herrings; blow off steam for a few minutes near Tarbert, where passengers cross a narrow isthmus towards Islay; and then glide northwards along the shore in comparatively calm land-locked waters.

Towards noon we reach the pier at Ardrishaig, where we change our travelling to dry land for a while, much to the relief of the hapless beings aforesaid. A variety of coaches and omnibuses are drawn up to receive us; for the Crinan Canal got out of order during one wild winter lately, and is since useless except for a small portion of its length. Sometimes the passengers are asked to walk up a difficult ascent; at the first of these, barefooted Highland girls were waiting with cans of goats'-milk and eaten bannocks—real mountain provision—for sale; and the cool draught was very acceptable. A great plain spreads near the end of the nine-miles' drive; prominent in the middle distance is Pollat-

loch House, reputed to have cost a hundred thousand pounds, and the owner of which can ride as many as forty miles in one direction across his estates—a palace with a principality.

Close to Crinan the scenery became mountainous, the road winding below fine crags; and soon we saw the smoking funnels of the long low steamer "Mountaineer" lying at the solitary wharf in the bay. Presently we had our first glimpse of the Hebrides. Passing through the "Great-gate," between the promontory of Craignish and an islet, westward lay the triple-peaked Paps of Jura, and the cliffs of Scarba. Who shall tell the enjoyment of that afternoon voyage through picturesque sea-channels, among islands with names familiar from the pages of the school-geography, and consequently bearing all the interest of paper acquaintances first seen? Above, the serenest of August skies, slightly gaining a daffodil tint as sundown drew on: through openings seawards, groups of islet mountains, clear in pale grey colour on the horizon: here and there a few Highland cottages in lonely nooks ashore—rocks whitened with myriads of gulls—great misty peaks piled afar inland. We stopped at some desolate hamlets, where boats put people ashore or brought them aboard, and beside the slate islands of Easdale and Seil, which are nothing but quarries. The noble outline of the Mull mountains came in view on the left, and the mighty Ben Cruachan—so lofty that he occasionally wears snow-streaks far into summer—on the right. Another half-hour, and we have entered the sound between the low green island of Kerrera and the rugged mainland, where first traces of the columnar basaltic formation, perfected at Staffa, may be observed in the cliffs. The white houses of Oban appear in crescent form on the inner curve of a smooth bay; and here we liked all things so well, as to abide nearly three weeks.

Though of very recent origin, as a rendezvous for Highland travellers, Oban possesses the conveniences of first-class hotels, good shops, banking-offices, and abundant means of making excursions by land and by water. The Caledonian Hotel is not surpassed by any of the splendid establishments in the metropolis, for comfort and luxury. It is said that ten thousand pounds are annually spent in Oban by tourists: which accounts for its rapid growth; and if a railway is ever formed to connect it with the south, it will probably become a favourite summer retreat for families. Already, the traveller is struck with surprise at the contrast it affords to the barren coasts and countries around; as if a neat gaslit Clyde watering-place had been transplanted one hundred and twenty miles, to the wild shores of the Hebridean ocean.

Behind the little town is a chaos of heathy heights and green hollows, without trace of cultivation: from the seaward edge of these can be obtained some fine views of mountains and inlets. The ranges of Morven, all along to the right, on the opposite of Loch Linnhe, are very noble. Benmore, the highest point in Mull, has a graceful conical summit, often isolated in the heavens by a strip of cloud. The bay beneath these heathy heights generally contains yachts and steamers at anchor; a line of buoys marks the deep navigation channel, which

in some places affords a sounding of forty-two fathoms.

One extremity of the bay is crowned with Dunolly Castle, on a promontory emerging from dense plantations. It consists of a square tower, the ruin of the central keep, and a few crumbling bits of wall, relics of the battlements about the court-yard. This was the fortress of the lords of Lorn, who contested superiority with Robert Bruce himself, and were hardly subdued at the last. Dunolly is a good emblem of their departed feudal dignity. Yet elder ages are connected with the Dog-stone, a mass of conglomerate of a conical form, more than fifty feet in height, seemingly so ill-balanced that one hardly likes to walk close under it—evidently the fragment of a wave-worn cliff; to which, saith Legend, Fingal was used to fasten his mighty blue-eyed hound, Bran. The demesne of Admiral McDougal round about is well wooded, and abounds in romantic scenes.

But the most interesting object within walking distance of Oban is the ancient castle of Dunstaffnage. The way thither, through the heathy country before mentioned, opens up a succession of fascinating glimpses of the lochs and their attendant hills, till Loch Etive appears in front, a blue expanse beneath the mountains of Appin. Now I had before my mind's eye a picture of Dunstaffnage, such as I had seen in some well-meaning book of engravings, representing a formidable fortress on a frowning cliff, waves dashing mightily against the latter, a ship struggling with the elements close by in a manner suggestive of wreck. And I was on the look-out for at least the high rock and the feudal battlements, till we met an old man with a book under his arm.

"Could you tell us how much farther is Dunstaffnage?"

"Dunstaffnage? Ou, that's just it there;" pointing to a low shore point, where stood a meek-looking brown ruin enveloped in trees, on the other side of a marshy creek. "Will ye ha' a boat?"

No; we were too much disgusted to go farther for that day, and came back to Oban feeling as if we had been ill-used. But a week afterwards we hired a boat, and went all the way by water, skirting Dunolly and the Maiden Isle, and landing in Loch Etive beside the castle; which, seen from the sea, is properly venerable, and in the days of its strength must have been imposing. A flight of ruinous steps leads to a door in the side of a tower, initialed over by the pencils and penknives of travellers desirous of such perpetuation. Thence we descend to a court-yard, where some fishermen live, whom we had seen mending their nets on the beach. Over the windows of their cottages were curious gables, carved with grapes and other devices. From the ramparts is a good view of Loch Etive and the Alps of Appin, Ben Cruachan, in sulky purple garb, towering above all. Two or three old guns lie about; one, said to be a relic of the Armada, is vivid with verdigris. The usual dungeon and well are in the keep.

So ancient is Dunstaffnage, that some old writers assert its existence when Julius Cæsar invaded Britain. To come more into the daylight of history,

Kenneth MacAlpine here held royal state, after the rude fashion of his age, in 843. Then the Stone of Fortune, upon which the Dalriadan monarchs had always been crowned, was preserved at Dunstaffnage among the realm's choicest treasures. Afterwards it was removed to Scone; and five hundred years subsequently to Westminster Abbey, where it was affixed to the coronation chair. Bruce laid siege to Dunstaffnage, and compelled this stronghold of the lords of Lorn to surrender. His grant of it to the rival family of Campbell still subsists. Hence, in 1685, the Earl of Argyle sent the "cross of yew dipt in blood" to summon all the Campbells from sixteen to sixty to take arms against James II; but they dared not obey the summons, and their chief went southwards to his defeat in the Kyles, and his scaffold in Edinburgh.

A dark plantation of firs surrounds the little chapel where the Scottish kings of a whole dynasty lie buried. When Charlemagne reigned, some of this dust was in royal flesh upon the earth. Now the sobbing ripple of the tide upon the strand, the souging motion of the foliage, alone break the silence. Not even a carving can be made out from the black monumental stones, to tell the names of the great ones below.

Getting afloat again, we directed our course across the mouth of Loch Etive for the vitrified fort of Beregonium. Half an hour's stout pulling by the pair of brawny boatmen brought us under the shores of Upper Lorn. A lonely little white post-office nestled beneath the seamed and rifted crags a short way inland. We landed at a beach covered with gay-coloured pebbles, near the knolls marking the site of the much-disputed Roman camp, or Pictish city, or fort, or ancient iron-works, whichever antiquaries may decide it to have been. By digging beneath the surface, fragments of scoriæ were exhumed, apparently stones burnt to the porous consistency of pumice. They float upon water like cork. Except these strange subterraneous cinders, there is nothing peculiar about the place; but it may be the object of a very agreeable water excursion.

Beyond Dunstaffnage is Connel Ferry, where Loch Etive contracts into a narrow channel full of rapids. The country is "a land of streams;" half-a-dozen times in a mile or two, one pauses to look at waterfalls of more or less magnitude. We found that the old man with a book under his arm was continually on the road; he was a Waterloo veteran, bearing marks of the fight in a French bullet-wound on his leg, and ekes out his pension by rowing visitors across the creek to the castle. To this end he walked forward in order to forestall parties approaching; for he was not without rivals in his chosen line, who, having younger limbs and lungs than he, frequently disappointed him of a fare.

A walk revealing many pleasing views is that along the Sound of Kerrera, beneath the mossed and lichened columnar cliffs. Every bend of the shore brings some new combination before the eye, of the green crumpled island opposite, and the great grey mountains of Mull afar. How eminently peaceful and lovely is the scene at sunset, when their outlines are carved sharply against the glow-

ing western heavens! Kerrera was the rendezvous of the lords of the isles, when they aided Haco of Norway to descend upon Scotland; and once besides did its shores receive royalty, when Alexander II landed and died there. This is all the history it has; and now it is permanently engaged in the useful work of being a protecting breakwater to the harbour of Oban.

The steamers for Staffa, Iona, and Glencoe, make Oban their head-quarters. But a description of these excursions must be reserved for a future paper. Once a week also, a boat runs to Portrush in the county of Antrim; so that a trip to the Giant's Causeway and the chief attractions of the North of Ireland may be added to the list of Oban excursions, if the tourist pleases.

### LEAKY TUBS.

It is very entertaining to those who have *mixed* a good deal in varied society, and gone about with their eyes open, to withdraw sometimes into their shell and to observe the drama of life going on around. So at least says Washington Irving, and so I have found it. Not only can this study of manners and customs be carried on at railway stations, places of amusement, and scenes of public resort, but with almost equal advantage in every-day life. Most men must have at hand in their own circle sufficient diversity of characters to afford them ample amusement in a quiet way. In each circle may be found specimens of most of the classes existing in the world; and as they gradually display their idiosyncrasies, the intelligent observer can from time to time improve his knowledge of psychology by watching and analyzing their various proceedings. It would obviously be impossible to describe in one paper, or even in a dozen, all the many classes which we may thus find in the world. But my attention has been drawn of late to a peculiar order of beings, whom for want of a better designation I will call the "Leaky Tubs" of society.

We Englishmen are commonly said by foreigners to have a great talent for silence. This, however, cannot be said of the Leaky Tubs. Talk they must, and talk they will, in season and out of season. They are essentially irretentive. You can never be sure that anything you put into them will stay there. They seem to have no perception of proper discretion and reserve, or that there can be *anything* which it is not well for them to chatter about indiscriminately. This they often do, not with any deliberate evil intent, though terrible is the mischief they effect to individuals, to families, and to neighbourhoods. Their object seems simply to relieve their minds, which are of so loose and flimsy a texture that everything runs through them like a sieve. They are seldom wicked, but only silly. They establish a number of confidantes on extremely light acquaintance; for whom they profess the most extravagant affection, and to whom by letter and by word of mouth they blab whatever comes uppermost in their mind, without reflecting for an instant on the probable consequences either to themselves or to others. For, so inconsiderate are they, that, when

effectual despatch, so that all is done while daylight enough yet remains for the delivery of the goods, and even for their partial distribution through the highways and byways of this great city.

Comparatively speaking, the enormous trade which has its nucleus in Pudding Lane is almost a novelty in the commerce of London. It is true that the traffic in oranges, lemons, and Spanish nuts is of sufficiently ancient standing; but the traffic in West India pines is quite of recent date, since it was but a few years ago that the first samples of them made their appearance in the shops of the fruiterers and grocers of London. It may interest our readers to know that this trade, which has now increased to such enormous dimensions, had its origin among the emancipated negroes of the West Indies. The first pines imported from the western isles were grown by the negroes on their own lands, and were intended for their own consumption: an unexpected glut of them led to the experimental speculation of exporting them to England, and they were sent out as ballast at the minimum cost for freight. In London they were warmly welcomed, and fetched a far higher price than was anticipated, and year by year the demand for them has increased, until they have become a regular and valuable staple of West India produce. They are produced with very little labour, and this fact, perhaps more than anything else, has led to their cultivation on a large scale upon estates where labour is not easily obtained. The trade in French fruit has likewise increased enormously within the last few years, and bids fair to increase as much more, as it is a fact that the growth of fruit in our own country bears nothing like the proportion to our population which it did thirty years ago. Since that time, we have nearly doubled our numbers, while, according to some accounts, the amount of fruit we have raised—of those species at least which are accessible to the masses—has actually diminished. This being the case, we who are fond of fresh fruit may be thankful that our brethren, black and white, and our friends in Pudding Lane, have come to the rescue.

## THE TOURIST IN SCOTLAND.

### UP GLENCOE.

AT six o'clock in the summer's morning, the neat steamer "Pioneer" lay hissing alongside the pier at Oban, evidently longing to be off with its cargo of passengers for Glencoe and Fort William. This pier is in itself a curiosity, being the hull of a wrecked American barque affixed to the stone wharf. When we became as wide-awake as usual, we found ourselves steaming away through the bay northwards, disturbing the deep glassy reflections of Dunolly and Dunstaffnage, among many islets; along Lismore, with its white limestone furrows rifling its verdant pastoral slopes; and gradually nearing a vision of grand misty mountains congregated beyond. We are on Loch Linnhe, the commencement of that chain of inland lakes linked by the Caledonian Canal; to the right the heights of Lorn and Appin, cast into a thousand

shapes; to the left, the blue hills of Ossian's Morven. There is Tirefoor Castle on an eminence, as we pass the mouth of Loch Creran—a tower apparently constructed of dry stones without cement, at some very remote age of masonry. By-and-by we come to a low grey ruin on a promontory—Castle-Stalker, built for James IV. Entering the narrow sound of Shuna, we sail immediately beneath splendid shore-heights, greened from brow to base, furrowed with innumerable seams, ragged fleecy cloudlets drifting across the midst; the gull's flight is far above our masts, but does not reach half-way to the top of these.

Now the dappled sky decides in favour of fine weather: the sun looks out over a ridge of mist, which forthwith begins to glide away to recesses among the hills; what gleams of green and gold illuminate the land! Small white houses, looking insignificant as quartz pebbles, dot the shore in some places. The ragged cloud fleeces have lifted partially, and curl over the topmost edge of the crags; higher they lift, they break; chasms and precipices are revealed in mountains within and afar. Loch Eil and Loch Leven divide at the point of Onich, which is a promontory of Inverness-shire. Here we might see Ben Nevis, if the sky were clear; but not a trace of his mountain majesty is visible this morning.

Our steamer turns eastward into Loch Leven. Above Ballahulish Ferry rise the twin blasted peaks of the "Hill of the Thunderbolt;" masses of rock line the shore, bearing marks which tell the geologist that glacier-action has grooved and polished their surfaces. He sees with scientific eye that these Highland ravines were once filled with ice, which, gliding downwards ever, as the Alpine Mer-de-Glace is still doing, has left unmistakable records of its presence in the scratched and grooved surfaces of the schistose and slaty strata. Clay deposits near by contain shells now only extant in the arctic oceans.

Further eastward still, through shadows of mountains, which are piled grandly in front, crested by the conical Pass of Glencoe. At the slate quarries of Ballahulish—which look dark and glossy as if under perpetual showers—we landed, and after much strife of tongues, procured seats on a very tumble-down omnibus. Our suspicions of the sorry steeds which drew the vehicle were ere long justified, for after passing through the hamlet of Invercoe—the houses of which are built of all sorts of stones put together irregularly, layers of clay-slate among boulders of granite and gneiss—we came to the little river Coe, naming the glen; a bridge with rather a steep back-bone crosses it. Our horses made a wretched effort to climb this, but recoiled heavily against the parapet; nor was it till the passengers alighted with one accord, that their straining was successful. Two better appointed coaches passed us in triumph, but a third rosinante added to our equipment enabled us to follow at a cautious pace.

Just near the bridge, on the edge of the loch, stands the gable of the house of MacIan, chief of the clan MacDonald when the celebrated massacre was perpetrated here. A few fine ash and plane

trees grow about it: at a little distance is the island burial-place of the tribe, where sleeps the chief with the crowd of nameless victims of that most atrocious butchery. Farther on, and we indeed enter into the desolation of the "Glen of Weeping." Does it not seem as if blasted by the remembrance of a horrible crime? One human dwelling, of the wretchedest stamp, is for six miles the only sign of population visible. Vast mountains crowd together, so steep that a blade of grass or a spray of moss can scarce get footing on their perpendicular sides. The rain that falls on their bald scalps plunges downwards by a thousand furrows to the torrent in the vale below. Glencoe is grand even to savageness; the very sunlight seems to have lost its jousness within those gloomy precincts.

Fissures and caverns abound. The cave of Ossian is a black cleft in the face of a mural precipice, hundreds of feet above the track pursued by tourists; a soldier once climbed to it. A pile of rocks fantastically heaped on the summit of a peak is called the Lord Chancellor, from a strange similarity to that noble personage in his robes and wig upon the woosack. The crags are well nigh infinite in form and composition; mica, gneiss, porphyry of all colours: the igneous and aqueous formations are intermixed in geological chaos.

Continually, as we wind through the wild dark pass, the memory of the massacre arises; the snowy night in February—the flashing shots of the soldiery through the gloom, as the guests murder their hospitable hosts—the miserable fugitives flying up the glen and cowering among the naked rocks—the crimson glow of burning homesteads—the shrieks of the helpless sufferers. Does all history present a worse episode of foulest treachery?

The black tarn called Treachtan lies midway. I do not suppose that sunlight ever rests upon its surface for longer than the noon hour of a mid-summer's day. Hence issues the Coe or Cona; and the lakelet is fed in turn by three rivulets, which are spanned by a bridge in one of the most romantic nooks of the valley. Before reaching this point, the vehicles stopped because the road stopped; but all passengers who wished to go farther might take an hour's walk. An humble hostelry is the King's House, at the head of the glen. Monotonous moors stretch thenceforth for a long way, bordered by the Alps of Inverness.

Returning by the same route, we again got into the steamer at the slate quarries, and proceeded down Loch Leven towards its junction with Loch Eil. Not far from that is the mountain opposite the inn of Ballahulish, concerning which N. P. Willis remarks that it "sweeps down to the lake with a curve even more exquisitely graceful than that of Vesuvius in its far-famed descent to Portici. The scene does not pass easily from the memory: a lonely and sweet spot that would recur to one in any crisis of existence, when the heart shrinks from the observation of men." Such spots are common in these Western Highlands.

Now, looking northward over Point Onich, we were rewarded with a glimpse of the glorious Ben Nevis; rising unapproachably above all other

heights, battalions of clouds marching across its face and obliterating all its outline at times. Very fitful are the monarch's moods, and even while we gaze admiringly, a volume of fog envelopes the great bare brow impenetrably. Twenty-four miles is said to be the circumference of the base, and four thousand four hundred feet the altitude, of Ben Nevis. Coasting the eastern shore of Loch Eil, beside slopes which verily seemed a hundred fathoms from sea to summit, we kept looking often into mid-air for the giant. And once, while thus watching, the clouds parted considerably nearer the zenith than we had thought possible, and displayed the purple peak, islanded in the sky.

Beneath the mountain, at the confluence of the river Lochy with the lake, stands Fort William, a neat grey-looking little town, of about fifteen hundred inhabitants. The fortress was originally built by General Monk, and held for the Parliament during the civil wars, but gained its present name from a re-erection in the reign of William and Mary, when a hundred English soldiers were placed in garrison here to check the Jacobitical designs of the Highlanders of Lochaber and Appin. In the rebellions of '15 and '45 it stood sieges from the partisans of the Pretender, and is now just a warlike relic of turbulent times, such as it is difficult to believe prevailed in Britain little more than a century ago.

The steamer crosses to Corpach, at the mouth of the Caledonian Canal: prominent on the shore is an obelisk on a knoll, commemorating Colonel John Cameron, slain at Waterloo. Having some hour and a half to wait for the passengers coming from Inverness, we who are returning to Oban saunter along the banks of the canal, and try to improve our acquaintance with the mighty Ben Nevis, which is tantalizingly coquettish this afternoon. All clouds of the air seem to have a rendezvous about his head, and pass in review before him, rendering five minutes' clear view impossible. Perhaps he is grander thus than in naked distinctness. Many a famous character would seem less great but for the environing mists of distance and of circumstance. The country lies very flat to the north of the mountain, which makes its magnitude the more imposing.

Bannavie is a little town of the class dependent chiefly upon tourists, situate a mile from Corpach Pier; between them is the series of eleven locks on the canal, called Neptune's Staircase. To avoid the delay of these, passengers and luggage are transported in omnibuses and vans to the steamer on the loch. The Caledonian Canal is well known to be the most extensive chain of artificial water communication in these kingdoms. It was constructed at the vast charge of a million and a quarter sterling, from the commencement by Mr. Telford, in 1803, to the latest improvements by Mr. Walker, in 1847. It appears to be of an uncommon breadth and depth, as befits the importance of the traffic.

Homewards in the evening with a fresh freight of passengers: beautiful effects of light and shade attended our course. For the sun was declining behind the western heights of Ardgower and Kingairloch, darkening them into colossal purple walls; and haze was creeping out of sundry glens, and





THE PASS OF GLENCOE.

curling along the ascents of the hills, there to sit enthroned when darkness should draw on. Again by the shores of Lorn and Appin, districts famed for conservatism, which resisted Bruce and the house of Hanover to the last. Back to Oban between eight and nine, just as a great yellow moon rose over the waters: and so ended our trip up Glencoe.

One great recommendation of these excursions in the Western Highlands is the cheapness and comfort with which they can be performed. No longer, as in Dr. Johnson's time, when an open fishing-boat was his conveyance from island to

island, and he had to trust the hospitality of neighbouring lairds for lodging, and afterwards wrote concerning the Hebrides in the style that would now be adopted in a description of Patagonia; but the tourist of 1860 has every appliance of ease, and even luxury, at his command: lines of perfectly-appointed steamers suiting his convenience, and comfortable hotels on the sites of former Highland shielings. Why go to the be-praised and exaggerated Rhine for beauty, when freshness of æsthetic sensation lies so close to us in the unique loveliness of Staffa, the grandeur of Ben Nevis, the "gloomy raptures" of Glencoe?

#### REMINISCENCES OF AN OCTOGENARIAN.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SOME years ago, a periodical was projected, to be called "The Grey Friar," to contain principally matters relative to Christ's Hospital, and an application was made to me for an article on the *youth* of Coleridge. The work never came to maturity. I had, however, written the following for its pages.

As you wish for something relative to my old satrap, S. T. Coleridge, permit me to inform you that in my early days I performed the onerous duty, among others, of cleaning his shoes; and well do I remember that they were too often for my comfort very dirty, for he was not very nice in his person or in his dress. He seldom had two garters at one time, in consequence of which his stockings used to drop into a series of not very elegant folds.

tediously slow and interminably long; but it came to an end at last. It was night ere the coach reached its destination. Many of the passengers had already been dropped on the way down, and among them was the farmer.

"Do you stay here to-night, sir?" asked the coachman, as the porters were handing down my owner's luggage, while the white-neckclothed waiter, with a napkin over his left arm, stood expectant at the open door of the "Crown and Sceptre."

"No," said my owner, abruptly, and rousing himself from a brown study; "undoubtedly not; I must post on to-night;" and he dropped a generous fee into the coachman's hand.

"Thank you, sir; that's handsome, any way; and if I can do anything for you——"

"Only to order a chaise and horses at once to take me to Ashly."

"Ashly! well, if I did not think so all along," said the coachman to himself, as he rang the postmaster's bell. "It'll be at the door in ten minutes, I'll engage," he said aloud; and then dropping his voice to a mysterious whisper, he added: "Don't be daunted, sir; keep up a good heart; go in and win; faint heart never won fair lady."

Arrived at this part of sixpence's story, the poor clerk dropped his pen, and fell soundly to sleep, with his head resting on his arms, and his arms on his little table. When he awoke, he found himself in darkness, and uncomfortably cold with the night air.

## THE TOURIST IN SCOTLAND.

### A DAY AMONG THE HEBRIDES.

MUCH speculation concerning the weather this morning; much looking forth into the early grey atmosphere for prognostications of a fine day; and the barometer has been visited a score times, while it still points a wavering finger upon the debateable land between "Fair" and "Change." But, as the steamer for Staffa and Iona leaves Oban pier at half-past seven, we had need make up our minds speedily; and before the second bell rings we are on board, with a hundred other tourists, bound for a day among the Hebrides.

Calm as a mirror is the land-locked bay, reflecting the white houses of Oban, with its background of craggy heights; the green dimpled slopes of Kerrera island yonder, lie over their own duplicates in the deep waters. But the mountains of Mull are not visible; in fact, there is rather thick weather to sea-ward, a dim haze circumscribing our horizon. The man at the wheel thinks it will clear by-and-by, when the sun shakes off his mufflings of mist; so we hope.

The hundred tourists look as if they had all risen too early, and were trying to appear wide awake by unwinking eyelids. Shakspeare's "shining morning faces" abound. People who could not make up their minds in time, or who were lazy, come running breathlessly as the last bell rings a resolute departure; and I am afraid that we who have been exemplary in earliness find a grim satisfaction in contemplating their hurry and confusion. One lady

has forgotten a provision basket, and lingers at the gangway, undecided whether to sacrifice her sandwiches or take her chance of being left behind; till the steamer brings the matter to issue by casting off cable. Even after we are in mid-channel, a boat comes panting after us, with a further freight of tourists, who were near losing that celebrated half-hour of Dr. Franklin's, which he avers can never be overtaken in the other twenty-four.

Red beams of early sunshine colour the white lighthouse of Lismore, far in front. To the right, brown Dunolly Castle from its steep flings dark shadow upon the glassy sea; to the left rises the rocky Maiden islet, seeming to have at one end remains of a pier of Cyclopean masonry, but which, on closer inspection, prove to be masses of trap split transversely in cooling. Looking up Loch Linnhe, the smoke of a steamer coming from Fort William floats away north. Our steamer strikes southward, along the east coast of Mull; the beautiful waved outline of its mountains looming purple through the lessening haze. The pointed summit and curved shoulder of Benmore tower, three thousand feet above us; low weedy rocks spread along shore, underwood filling the hollows inland; a misty opening appears, which we are told is the entrance to Loch Spelve; and after this, the coast begins to rise gradually to a magnificent altitude. Seamed and channelled with the wild weather of ages, great mural precipices stand in long array; landslips of gravel sloping to the water's edge, where perpetual surf whitens. Round into Loch Buy they sweep, the farthest headland cloven to the midst as by some mighty blow. Across the Loch are discernible the white houses of Glenbarr village; and higher up, the residence of Maclean of Moy, where Johnson and Boswell spent one of the evenings of their Tour. Afar is a cascade in a rift of the cliffs, diminished to a white streak on the face of black rock; snowy strips of sand edge the beach; ships under sail to sea-ward are visible, making but little progress this breezeless forenoon, but drifting away among shadowy islands.

As we approach Ardanish Point, where the Atlantic swell sweeps in, our glassy sea is somewhat broken; wavelets burst into froth round the olive-tinted rocks of low tide. A hamlet among the cliffs is shown as containing the house where dwelt the father and ancestors of Lord Clyde: suitable nest for such an eaglet as the latter, had he not unfortunately been born in the prosaic precincts of Glasgow. Far to the south lies the dim outline of Colonsay; and, were the weather clear enough, we should see on the western horizon the lonely lighthouse of Skerryvore. The hundred tourists console themselves by gazing intently at where it ought to be.

Soon we enter an archipelago of islets; scores of torn rocks and peaks, barren as ever sea-fowl nested on, vexing the surge rolling from ocean into a perpetual fretful foam. Along the wild coast of Mull, sandy coves, patches of heath among crags, greened slopes of precipice; a break-water of black-fringed reefs, for miles; but no traces of cultivation, nor apparent inhabitant but the birds of the air.

And here, to the left, is St. Columba's isle—a low

ironbound shore, wretched cottages detached along it, and meagre patches of ripening crops among bare crags inland. The grey ruins which glorify this insignificant spot of earth are revealed as we coast farther; the gables of the Nunnery, the gaunt blackened cross, the low square tower of the cathedral. Lonely and sad they look, these relics of a perished age, shrouded among rude rocks under guardianship of the solemn sea.

Iona has always been deemed holy ground. The very name perpetuates its repute, being a modern softening of the Gaelic words signifying Holy Isle. Far back as there is any mention of it by historian or bard, it is connected with sanctity. The Druids founded a college here, when Roman arms expelled them from Welsh fastnesses. Of their cromlechs and sacred circles no trace now exists; but a few cairns upon the heights still transmit tradition of the worshippers of the Sun, who held possession of Iona until one Whit Monday in the year 564, when, late in the evening, a boat was seen approaching the island. No cause for alarm; it is a mere wicker coracle, covered with hides, containing a dozen unarmed men; yet, more dangerous to the Druids than a horde of savages are Columba and his friends, for they have devoted themselves to the evangelization of the Scots. Thankless work it seems; the fierce tribes of the adjoining shores set upon them many times, and the Pietish monarch refuses his protection. But Columba is not the man to shrink from a godly enterprise because of the danger, and his perseverance is rewarded in due time. For long centuries this little spot was the moral Pharos of the western world, casting upon the thick darkness of outlying heathenism a light pure amid the corruptions that clouded the creeds of the south; its illumination extended to the centre of Europe, and even over the wild North Sea to Iceland.

But we are recalled from these obscure walks of history by the loud snort of escaping steam, and find the sailors letting down the boats. Now the majority of our hundred tourists are seized with a panic apprehension that there will not be opportunity for all to land, and that a crowding and crushing forward will vastly facilitate matters. The minority, who lean contentedly on the taffrail, waiting their turn quietly, and improving their leisure by securing a memory of Iona as a lifelong picture, get ashore on the rude wharf with less *éclat* to be sure, but with considerably more comfort. A few steps past the poor cottages forming the village of Shuld, bring us to the nearest ruin, the Nunnery.

Like a swarm of bees about their queen, the mass of our tourists crowd after a guide, and listen to the venerable history of Iona, discoursed in the tone of an auctioneer. A few odd people, like the writer, prefer rambling at will among the ruins for the allotted hour, with a guide-book as silent and reliable companion. Our first information is, that nothing of these ruins belongs to the age of Columba. Stone buildings were then unknown in Britain; according to Bede, houses and churches were alike wooden, roofed with reeds. No woman was permitted upon the island during the government of the Culdees, so this nunnery must belong

to times considerably later. Its architecture is of a plain Norman type. The tombs about bear the old Greek feminine emblems of a comb and mirror; that of the last prioress, dated 1543, is adorned with her effigy supported by angels.

A clamour of voices breaks in upon our quiet examination of these vestiges of the dead—little eager voices, anxious to sell the stranger some of their pretty wares, coloured pebbles and shells, dried seaweeds, and like valuables. We have passed through a low doorway and deep arch to the farther side of the ruins, and thus come in sight of the venders of these treasures, standing behind a wooden board numbered into strips as stalls for each. Poor children! most of them have ragged clothes and pinched features; who could resist the impulse to gladden their hearts by exchanging a superfluous bit of silver for a handful of their trifles?

This old narrow causeway to the cathedral is called Main Street; and midway we pause to look at Maclean's Cross—a slender slab of mica schist, eleven feet in height, with much carving of interlaced cordwork upon the shaft; and at the intersection of the arms, a curious figure attired in loose robe and girdle. Some antiquaries ascribe this cross to the era of Columba; in which case it has stood for 1300 years, and is probably the oldest Christian relic in Scotland. Once, if tradition can be credited, there existed upon Iona no fewer than 300 similar crosses, each of a single stone, elaborately sculptured; but, since the breaking up of the ecclesiastical establishments on the island, numbers were transported to the mainland, and set up in market-places and grave-yards.

Through an avenue of tombs we approach St. Oran's Chapel, the oldest ruin upon Iona. It is a very small roofless building, chiefly of rough red granite, and is entered through a circular arch with chevron moulding—two narrow lancet windows looking north and south, its only lights. Leaning against the wall, under canopy of a triple arch, stands a broken portion of Mackinnon's Cross, with a legible Latin inscription, dated 1489. Tombs of island chieftains are here also; one presenting a grim figure in belt and massive claymore, his scutcheon emblazoned with the galley, which denotes descent from the Norman vikings.

This emblem is often repeated in the surrounding burial-ground—"the Westminster Abbey of Scotland," as it has been styled. Oran himself, one of Columba's friends, was the first deposited here; and soon the repute of the Holy Isle attracted even regal funerals over the waters to its cemetery. There is a ridge of kings pointed out—shapeless heaps of earth, beneath which lie monarchs of Scotland, Ireland, and Norway: the dust eddying about our feet may be royal. One tumulus is known to have contained "forty-eight crowned Scottes kings," the last thus interred being Macbeth; and, according to Shakspeare, here lieth the murdered Duncan also. For Rosse inquires, "Where is Duncan's body?" and Macduff replies:—

" . . . . Carried to Colmes-Kill;  
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,  
And guardian of their bones."

All sword and shield in hand, clothed in com-

plete armour, lie those mighty men of valour, the Lords of the Isles; but, alas for monumental grandeur! their very names are uncertain, the history of their warlike deeds has sunk utterly into forgetfulness. We "sons of the feeble" in the nineteenth century look along the range of sculptured effigies, and note the storied carvings ignorantly, where every blazon has a significance which none living can solve.

Just at the entrance of the cathedral inclosure stands St. Martin's Cross—a solid column of mica schist, fourteen feet high, and half a foot in thickness, set upon a pedestal of red granite. Green lichens overgrow the sculpture; but the rich relief of the runic knotting is distinctly visible, embossed at both sides. The patient ingenuity of the artist who carved thus flexibly an exceedingly obdurate material, gives one a high idea of the sculptural ability existent at that ancient period.

The square cathedral tower rises above us here; its plain slab windows pierced with quatrefoils, and other windows with spiral mullions, seeming scarce congruous to the rude masonry of the remainder. Stones of every shape and colour, boulders of grey and red granite, blocks of gneiss and hornblende, laid together, the interstices filled with slates and mortar, compose the walls. Through the gloom of the chancel, we discern fine tracery built up in the east window; and the open arches into side chapels are supported by Norman pillars with curiously carved freestone capitals. One represents an angel holding a balance, while he weighs the good against the evil deeds of a man; another depicts the temptation of our first parents; a third their fall, and the avenging angel brandishing his sword of fire. Animals are frequent—deer with horns interlaced, an ox led to sacrifice, a hound after a hare; and some foliage outlines are clear as if recently cut, being sheltered from the abrading action of the weather by the superincumbent tower.

Central in the church is the burial-place of Macleod of Dunvegan, lord of Skye—a slab whose engraving was formerly filled up with metal, said to have been silver. Here again recurs the curved galley with single square sail, the long spear, shield, and whelk, or drinking-shell. Effigies of mitred abbots lie at either side this tomb of Macleod.

But our hundred tourists are all hastening to the shore, for the hour allotted to Iona has expired. We retrace our steps over ground hallowed by the tread of Columba, Aidan, and others of those saintly Culdees of whom the world was not worthy. What a change from the time when this deserted islet was the far-famed seminary whence issued wise and good men to evangelize the nations; when the sound of prayer and praise echoed daily among its crags and over its girdling sea! Yet more interesting than ruined castle replete with legends of strife, more illustrious than roofless palace peopled with memories of olden grandeur, must the humble island of Iona ever be to the thoughtful mind that views it as the birthplace of British Christianity.

Now turns the "Pioneer" again into ocean, and ploughs her way gallantly through the thundering Atlantic swells. Before us, purple on the grey sea, lie the singular trio of Treshinish islands, looking

as nearly alike as pawns in chess: each a plateau of cliffs surrounding a central cone. The largest is called by sailors the Dutchman's Cap, from a resemblance to that article. Cloudlike on the horizon are visible peaks of Tiree and Coll, two far western Hebrides; very distant in front are dim outlines of Rum and Eig. Much nearer lies a shapeless lump-like islet, concerning which we are nowise interested, until we hear that it is Staffa, the gem of all geology! But not till we approach so near as within half a mile, is our gaze rewarded by a perception of the columnar formation of its cliffs. Then indeed does it increase in wonder and beauty each moment. Façades of lofty pillars supporting a vast frieze of amorphous basalt; glimpses of the perspective of black columns lining Fingal's Cave; surf breaking along upon the causeway, and around the conoidal pile of pillars called the Herdsman. The weather being calm, we are enabled to anchor opposite the Great Cave; and boats again transport our hundred tourists to Fingal's Causeway.

Our boatful is fortunate in respect that the landing-place, being occupied by a previous freight of passengers, we are obliged to go far into the cave for another low shelf of rock suitable as pier. And what shall be said of the magnificence of this wave cathedral? of its long colonnaded nave, its arched roof, seemingly veined with green porphyry, its tessellated pavement along the sides, its black polished central channel, wherein rolls the eternal surge, thundering solemn diapason into the far darkness. One draws a long breath. The sublimity of Fingal's Cave is almost oppressive. How puny and dwarfish we feel in its shadow! How awe-stricken we are in presence of the omnipotence that impressed inert matter with the irresistible law which forces its rude masses into these grand forms!

But soon the spell of our silence is broken by a shout from one of the hundred, with intent to test the echoes; and doubly it is returned in reverberations from the vault beyond; which so delights the assemblage clinging nervously beneath the columns, that forthwith a score calls and whistlings resound shrill above the sullen roar of the surf. This is rather suggestive of bathos; but it is a relief to the unpleasant feeling of nothingness which weighed down our importance.

We learn that the length of the cave temple in which we stand is two hundred and twenty-seven feet; its average height fifty. But the Gothic arch at entrance extends sixty-six feet from summit to base. Looking out from its gloom upon the ocean beyond, we see the low shores of Iona opposite, nine miles away; and forcibly recur the lines of the poet:—

"Nor doth its entrance front in vain  
To old Iona's holy fane,  
That Nature's voice might seem to say—  
'Well hast thou done, frail child of clay;  
Thy humble powers that stately shrine  
Task'd high and hard—but witness mine!'"

Climbing along by the aid of a rope fastened to iron supports, we leave the cave for the causeway: a shore of rocks cast into prism shapes, as if a

thousand columns had been shorn short at various lengths, and left for a pavement. Whenever the exigencies of our uneven footing permit us to look up, we perceive that the mural cliff beside us is encrusted with a colonnade of brown pillars and capped with a ponderous mass of basalt; and that a pyramidal pile of columns, apparently erected round some conoidal nucleus, stands insulated to our right. A steep wooden stair, aiding the natural stepping-stones of the causeway, leads to the summit of the island, an undulating grassy plateau, whose highest point is marked by a cairn. In the hollow promising most shelter are the ruins of a cottage built by an adventurous farmer some years since; who, after a short residence, was glad to betake himself to mainland again, being terrified by the violence of the frequent storms, and not without apprehension of a visit from the ghostly giant Fingal, original proprietor of the islet.

Hence is a fine view of numerous neighbouring lands: "Ulva dark and Colonsay" to the north; westward, Linga, one of the Treshinish group, strongly resembling the outline of Stirling Castle rock as seen from a distance; eastward, everywhere the terraced cliffs of Mull. But our time is waning, and we must get a glance at the Clam-shell cave, where we find a number of curved columns resembling the bent timbers of a ship, lying over the entrance, and the perpendicular surface of the cliff honeycombed with ends of other horizontal columns. And so we leave Staffa to its primeval solitude, and strike away northwards.

We have no cause to complain of a lethargic sea this afternoon. One or two who seemed dissatisfied with the dead calm of the morning, now look rather greenish, as the vessel sways across the long surges of the open Atlantic; and some of the ladies keep their eyes perseveringly shut, while the curvature of their lips betrays that it is not the wooing of gentle sleep which overcomes them. They hardly look up, even to behold the fine outline of the Cuchullin Hills in Skye, discernible some fifty miles off; or the distant rock where

"Canna's tower, steep and gray,  
Like falcon's nest, o'erhangs the bay."

Muck and Eig have no charms for them. In the euphuistic terms of our guide-book, this westerly breeze "is apt to poison the pleasures of the picturesque;" and crowns its boisterously playful exploits by bursting open a couple of cabin windows during dinner-time, and savouring the soup with genuine sea-salt.

But all this is over when we enter Loch Sunart, and, leaving on the left the "sternly-placed" castle of Mingarry, turn into the smooth bay of Tobermory, where grow the first trees we have seen since the plantations of Dunolly at Oban. Thence eastward through the Sound of Mull, the declining sun shedding golden light along the tranquil waters, and upon the purple ranges of Morven; past us as in a panorama glide promontories bearing the storied ruins of Aros, Duart, and Ardtornish. Lismore lighthouse is again before us. And now gathereth the sun all his glories to the west, kindling the blue heavens with crimson flame. Thus our day among the Hebrides is ended.

### TOTAL ECLIPSE, JULY 18, 1860.\*

ECLIPSES of the sun have in all ages been viewed with wondering admiration, sometimes by groups of eager spectators, sometimes by individuals; but it seems to have been reserved for our own day to record the expedition of a large and important organized body, sent forth on an errand of scientific interest to observe a total solar eclipse, such as was visible from the north-east of Spain on the 18th of July last. About sixty persons, more or less known to astronomic fame, were assembled on the deck of H. M. S. S. "Himalaya," in the fair haven of Plymouth, on the morning of the 7th of that month, and, under the rare influence of a cloudless sky, were looking forward with bright and genial hopes to the success of their enterprise.

The idea of an expedition on so large a scale originated with Professor Airy, the Astronomer Royal, whose proposal was warmly and liberally responded to by the British Government. The magnificent steam troop-ship already named was set apart for the service, and, under the kind and hospitable guidance of her commander, Captain Seccombe, contributed in no small degree to the comfort and enjoyment of the privileged party.

A little after ten o'clock A.M. the noble ship's machinery was set in motion, and with her screw revolving from forty-five to fifty-six times a minute, she was soon far on her way from the English coast. Before reaching Spain, the party of astronomers had agreed to divide their forces; Professor Airy, with M. Otto Struvé, the Russian Imperial Astronomer, and others more or less distinguished, electing to land at Bilbao, where the chiefs of the party were to be the guests of Mr. Charles Vignoles, F.R.S., whilst the rest, including Mr. E. J. Lowe, and Mr. Lassell of Liverpool, went on in the "Himalaya" to Santander. Each party, of course, purposed afterwards to break up into separate detachments, and betake themselves to various stations along the central line of the shadow-path. All these arrangements were duly matured in the course of Saturday, and after a quiet Sunday's rest, (partly, indeed, compulsory, of which, as landsmen, we need say no more,) the noble steam-ship anchored off the mouth of the river Nervion, twelve miles below the town of Bilbao, early on Monday morning.

Notwithstanding an interchange of civilities between Lord J. Russell and Don Xavier e Isturiz, the Spanish Ambassador, everybody was duly armed with a passport, and every piece of astronomical apparatus had been packed with a view to the unwelcome visits of custom-house officials; but, to the unmixed satisfaction of every one concerned, not a single passport was demanded, nor a single telescope or instrument disturbed from its repose. All were admitted, and accredited at once as fellow-helpers in the world-wide work of scientific improvement. The reader may be assured that loud praises and commendations of such liberality were freely mingled with the general exclamations of pleasure at so unconditional a release from official

\* Written for the "Leisure Hour" by one of the Astronomical Expedition to Spain.