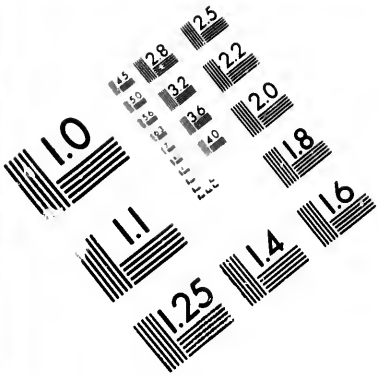


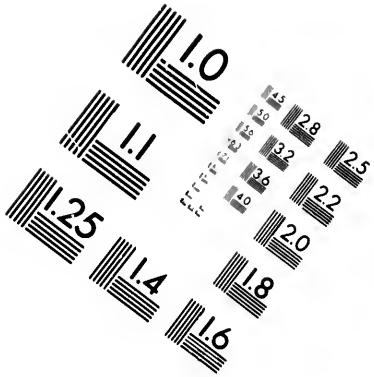
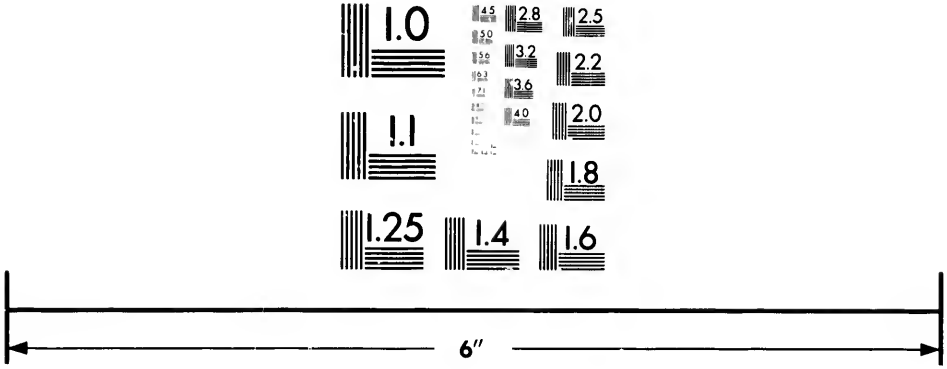
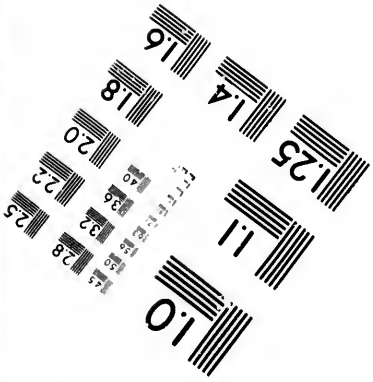
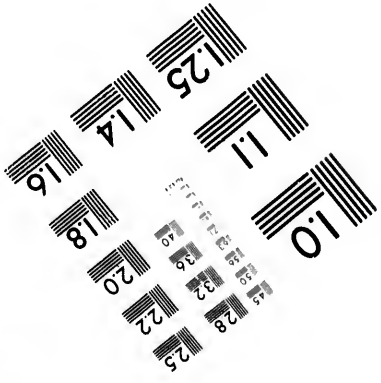


IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)







Photographic
Sciences
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

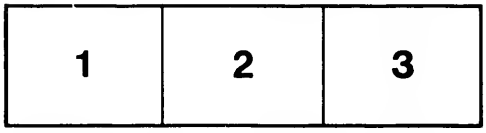
L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

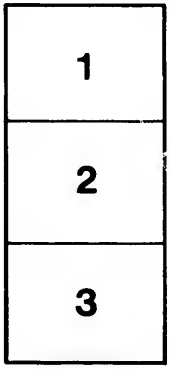
- [ ] Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur
- [ ] Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée
- [ ] Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- [ ] Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- [ ] Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- [ ] Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- [ ] Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- [ ] Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- [x] Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- [ ] Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- [ ] Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires:

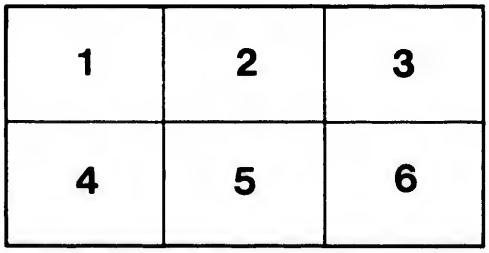
- [ ] Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- [ ] Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées
- [ ] Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- [x] Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- [ ] Pages detached/ Pages détachées
- [x] Showthrough/ Transparence
- [ ] Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression
- [ ] Includes supplementary material/ Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- [ ] Only edition available/ Seule édition disponible
- [ ] Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/ Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X		14X		18X		22X		26X		30X	
					✓						
	12X		16X		20X		24X		28X		32X







THE LAND OF

ROBT. BURNS

AND OTHER

PEN & INK PORTRAITS

—BY—

J. CAMPBELL,

M. D. C. M., McGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL
& L. R. C. P., EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

———o———

SEAFORTH:

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE SEAFORTH SUN.

1884.

To Our Readers.

AT the request of a large number of friends in the Counties of Huron, Perth and Oxford, we have consented to publish our letters on "The Land of Burns," as well a few of our other sketches from the "old land," and we now present the modest little volume for their perusal. The letters sent from the old country were written hastily on the spot, by way of carrying out a promise made to our friend, J. S. Porter, Esq., of Seaforth, who handed them to our friend, Mr. F. G. Neelin, of the Seaforth SUN, who considered them worthy of a place in the columns of his paper, and by this means they first saw the light of day. Of the letters sent from Scotland our esteemed friend, the Rev. Wm. Robertson, M. A., of Chesterfield, Ont., a finished scholar, wrote us: "The descriptions are very admirable. The style of writing is both

rich and pure. When completed the narrative should be put in book form. It is certainly well worthy of receiving this permanent shape. The quotations from Scotch poetry are so apposite as to surprise me. They greatly add to the beauty of the composition." Our descriptions of "The Land of Burns" were written at the special request of Mr. Alex. Matheson, of the Stratford *Beacon*, in the columns of which paper they first appeared. They were written in Seaforth at intervals, as we could find a few moments' leisure during a laborious practice. They were intended to be purely descriptive of our trip to Ayrshire, and were elaborated from notes taken on the spot. These, as our readers will see, constitute the first six of the Burns letters. At this point we called a halt and told Mr. Matheson that our labours were ended. That gentleman wrote to us saying that the letters were literally devoured by the readers of the *Beacon*, and that "surely we had a few more shots in the locker," and he urged us to write a defence of the life and character of the poet, which would make the subject complete and very acceptable to the readers of the *Beacon*. We never thought that the life and works of Robert Burns

needed a defence, if properly understood, but that was the point. How few understand either aright? We thought we did, therefore we acceeded to Mr. Matheson's request, and have the satisfaction of knowing that we have pleased one man at least, for that gentleman told us personally that it was the best and most concise defence of the Scottish poet that he had ever seen in print. We have only picked out a few of the letters sent from Great Britain during our sojourn there, as the volume would be too large and expensive were we to publish them all. We have no mercenary motives in view in publishing these reminiscenses—we publish them by urgent request, but at the same time we wish to cover expense of publication. We have no time either to re-write or correct them, hence we present them just as they were written, with any imperfections they may contain, to a discriminating and intelligent public, hoping that their influence on the whole will be on behalf of the good and the true.

THE AUTHOR.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

GLASGOW—KILWINNING—THE CASTLE O' MONTGOMERY—HIGHLAND MARY'S THRON, ETC., ETC.

"Hail land of song where countless bards
Have tuned the heavenly lyre,
Where Tannahill's mild strains are heard
To blend with Burn's fire."

On the 29th of April, 1882, I took my ticket at "Auld Reekie" for Glasgow, at which place I remained for a few hours, and went on to Kilwinning. We elected to step off the cars at this place on account of its connection with our favorite poet, Robert Burns. This is an ancient looking town of some 3,000 inhabitants. The streets are narrow, and many of the buildings poor. It was raining steadily. We trudged on, and meeting with a young man on the main street of the town, we asked him the question. "Can you show me the building in which Burns was made

a Mason?" He looked at me in an earnest, simple, childlike manner, and said, "I don't think I know him. Is he a tall man that teaches school?" He had never heard of the poet Burns! I thanked him, telling him that my Burns was not the school teacher, and I did not think he was very tall, but they might be relations. I passed on, saying to myself, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and amongst his own kindred." However, I found that there was a good deal of coal-mining going on in the vicinity and the probability was that the young man in question was a miner, and this class have not the reputation of being very intelligent. As I passed through the town I observed "Burns Hotel," and upon inquiry was told that this was the tavern which the poet used to frequent when he came into the town. Inquiring about the Masonic Lodge where Burns was made a Mason and where he was afterwards elected Master of the lodge, I was directed to a Mr. Wylie, merchant tailor, who is at present Master of the Kilwinning Lodge. He showed me the mallet which Burns wielded while in the chair. This is the oldest lodge in Scotland. The lodge room is quite venerable too, and an effort is being made to build a new place of

meeting for the mother lodge. Mr. Wylie is a very gentlemanly man, and some time ago received a handsome testimonial from the Masons of Scotland. He had been a candidate for the Grand Mastership of Scotland, and had retired in favor of another gentleman who was elected to that position. We examined the ruins of a Franciscan Abbey, which was founded by Hugh de Morville in 1140. The church stands near the old spire of the Abbey, the last Abbot of which was Gavin Hamilton. I was told that while this Abbey was being built, the Society of Scottish Free Masons was first instituted. There is a handsome bell tower, about 105 feet high, which was erected in 1816. Kilwinning is celebrated for the practice of archery, which has been described by Sir Walter Scott in "Old Mortality." The Archery Club was established in 1488 in which the *popinjay* is held. Kilwinning has in its vicinity Eglington castle, the magnificent residence of the Earl of Eglington, which was the scene of the revival of the ancient tournament in 1849, under circumstances of unusual splendor. We were told that it nearly ruined this noble family. We walked out in the rain towards the seat of the Montgomeries, and as there were few people out on account

of the inclemency of the weather, we had to fall back on our own knowledge of the life and poetry of Burns for the associations which we understood it presented. We had only two hours until our train would arrive, hence we only went in sight of the castle, which is situated one mile and three-quarters from Kilwinning. We understood that in the days of Burns this castle was the residence of Colonel Hugh Montgomery, great grandfather of the present Earl, and that Highland Mary, or Mary Campbell, was dairy maid in the family. This was Burns' first and truest love. Had she lived to become his wife, it is difficult to say what his future course might have been. No doubt that honest, simple minded, beautiful Highland girl held the big burning heart of the poet all in her own keeping, she could have swayed the impulsive, passionate mind of Burns as with the wand of an enchantress. We believe her influence would have been exerted for good and that many of those indiscretions which clouded his after-days would have been prevented. A great grief is often the turning point in a man's earthly career, especially if the man has wild passions like Robert Burns. Certainly Burns loved her with a manly sincerity, and a tenderness which he alone was

capable of cherishing. This, too, was in his "glorious youthful prime," when his heart was as yet unseared by the cankering cares of a troublesome world, and we find that after the idol of his warm heart had passed to that land.

> Where the wicked cease from troubling
> And the weary are at rest,

she remained to him a blessed presence and a holy inspiration, which never failed to call forth his best thoughts till his sun went down amid the lurid clouds of his brief and troubled day. The deep scar which Mary's early death made upon his manly heart was never healed. It opened many a time in after life, and strains of soft, sweet, melodious sorrow gushed forth, such as his address to Mary in Heaven:

> Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
> That lov'st to greet the early morn.
> Again thou usher'st in the day,
> My Mary from my soul was torn.
>
> Oh, Mary! dear departed shade!
> Where is thy place of blissful rest?
> See'st thou lover lowly laid?
> Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

We would have liked to have stood on the spot where that tender meeting between Burns and his Highland Mary took place—that meeting which was destined to be the last, and where he

delivered to her the two Bibles with her name inscribed on them with his own hand—the same Bibles which I saw preserved in the monument on the banks of Bonnie Doon. We would have wished to have stood under Highland Mary's thorn, where the last farewell was taken —that thorn which was destined to bloom forever in immortal song, but the time for retracing our footsteps had now arrived, so I took a last, long look at the Castle o' Montgomery, near which Burns parted from his Highland Mary forever, and as my eye wandered over the beautiful grounds by which it was surrounded, I recited that glorious lyric which I had learned while yet a boy in the backwoods of Old Lanark:

Ye banks and braes, and streams around
The Castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last farewell
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk!
How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary!

Wi' mony a vow and lockèd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder;
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

Oh! pale, pale now those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd so fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly—
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary!

THE LAND OF BURNS.

AULD AYR—THE AULD CLAY BIGGIN —THE BURNS CLUB—WELCOME TO THE SONS OF THE POET, &c.

Yet read the names which know not death,
Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
And few have worn a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

At the conclusion of our last letter we were at Kilwinning on our way to "Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses, for honest men and bonnie lasses." In due time we reached our train and went on to Ayr, and put up at Ramsay's Lorne Hotel, a well-kept temperance house very much frequented by commercial travelers. The landlady was a very kind, obliging woman, and gave me, I feel sure, the best room in her house. It was good enough for a king. I may mention that one

never sees the landlord in Scotland at all —his dealings are all with the landlady of the house—whose husband is often engaged in some other business. After having taken up my room and deposited my valise, I stated that I was going to walk out to the banks of the Doon to see Burns' Cottage, Monument and other places of interest, and that I would examine Ayr on the following day. Having received the proper instructions from the good lady, we started by way of the "Race Course" road. We set out from General Neill's statue, passing between two rows of houses, that on the right being Alloway Place; that on the left, Burns' Terrace. We soon reached the "Race Course," which has in its vicinity some very fine villa residences. The "course" is said to be one of the best in Scotland, and has been the scene of many a contest by the best horses of the day. Further on in front of us we observed a hill of considerable height, and upon inquiry was told that it was Carrick Hill. We walked on until we reached the low bridge of Doon, when we turned to the left by a broad road, which we were told was Greenfield Avenue. We were fortunate in having overtaken a person who was well acquainted with

the country, and as usual I made free to ask for information, which was cheerfully given. We observed a splendid mansion on the right, which we were told was the residence of the late James Baird, Esq., of the famous iron firm. The mansion in question is constructed in the pure Elizabethian style and its beautiful gardens slope to the Doon river. We passed on until we reached the other end of Greenfield Avenue, and then turned a short distance to the left when we found ourselves at Burns' Cottage. This is one of the places we resolved to visit when we set foot in Great Britain. A sight of this "Auld Clay Biggin" had more charms for me than a glimpse of the Empress of India, notwithstanding the loyal feelings with which we regard the British Queen. This feeling is experienced by nearly all tourists from this side of the Atlantic—we might say by all—for

> All ask the cottage of his birth,
> Gaze on the scenes he loved and sang,
> And gather feelings, not of earth
> His woods and streams amang

We entered the cottage and stood on the clay floor, viewed the table with many a name carved on it, which had been used by the poet's father and mother, the fire place with its grate and tongs, the recess in the wall with a bed in it, the place

where the original bed once stood, where Burns was born on the 25th day of January, 1759, and a stormy night it was, too, and was quaintly referred to by the poet in the following lines:

> Our monarch's hindmost year but ane,
> Was five and twenty days begun,
> 'Twas then a blast o' Januar' win'
> Blew hansel in on Robin.

Poor fellow! The "Januar' win'" never ceased to blow upon him, though at times he would

> Snap his fingers puir and hearty,
> Before its face,

until he finally succumbed to the chill blast in the thirty-eighth year of his age. Upon the night of the poet's birth the house was rent by the storm and the child and its mother had to be removed to a house opposite. The place where the house in question stood was also shown us. It is replaced by a neat cottage. The rent in Burns' cottage is still seen. It is easier to imagine than to describe my feelings while gazing on the identical spot where Burns' voice was first heard and where he first saw the light of day. His light then was easily extinguished; it was flickering in its socket, but it grew brighter and stronger until it illumined the whole earth, and is

to-day shining with ever increasing power and splendour, undimmed by the years that have gone.

> First the Banks of Doon beheld it,
> Then his own hand was its span,
> Till the world became his empire,
> And his home the heart of man.

We now visited the kitchen, which was in former days the chief apartment, and where until lately visitors met to drink to the immortal memory of Burns close to his natal spot—and we were told that many a carousal had taken place there—but this is all changed now, and no intoxicating liquors are allowed to be sold on the premises, however, we drank to the immortal memory of our favorite poet in a cup of good strong coffee, which was prepared in the spacious hall behind. This hall was founded on the poet's natal day in 1847, the first stone being laid with Masonic honors by the late Maxwell Dick, Esq., of Irvine, an enthusiastic admirer of the Bard. Within this hall the poet's birthday is annually celebrated by Burns' club of Ayr and Alloway. At the celebration of 1859, the gifted and eloquent Hartely Waddell presided and spoke with great ability. Here also on the 15th of Aug. 1871, the centenary of Sir Walter Scott, another brilliant son of Scotland, was celebrated. We

now looked into the memorial room where we saw many beautiful and interesting relics of the Bard, such as photographs and fancy work, likewise specimens of his handwriting, which last were intensely interesting to us as showing the original copies of some of his poems as well as one of his books accounting for collections he had made while acting as exciseman, laboring for his indispensable daily bread. From the door of the cottage a large field was pointed out to us where 80,000 people collected on the 6th of Aug. in the year 1844, to welcome Burns' three sons to the land of their father. There never was such an assembly, nor such enthusiasm seen in Ayrshire. Amongst those present were the Earl of Eglington, Prof. Wilson, Sir Archibald Allison, the late Lord President Boyle, Sir John McNeill, the late Prof. Aytoun, Sheriff Glassford Bell, Douglass Jerrold, Noel Paton, R. S.A., besides Mrs. Begg, and poet's sister, and his three sons, Robert, the eldest, Lieut.-Colonel William Nicol, his second, and Major James Glencairn, his youngest. The field in which the great banquet celebration was held is, agriculturally, one of the finest in Ayrshire. It is situated on the Banks of the Doon. This finished my inspection of the "clay biggin" where the Scottish

Homer was born, and writing my name in the visitors' book, to testify to the fact that one of his admirers from Seaforth, in Canada, had made a pilgrimage—if not to his shrine, at least to the honored spot that gave him birth—we prepared to depart. My mind wandered back through the vista of years, to the primitive woods of old Lanark, where, when as yet a mere boy, I began to peruse the poetical works of the Ayrshire ploughman. The beautiful original thoughts so plainly and happily expressed, took a firm hold on my boyish mind even then, and that hold, that grasp, has become firmer and stronger with advancing years. I thought of the time that I had been reproved by one of the "uncoo guid" and "rigidly righteous," because I spent more time reading, and seemed to think more of the works of the sweet singer of Scotland than I did of the "sweet singer of Israel," and of the reply which in my innocency I gave, not intending by any means to reflect upon the "guid book," nor on the "Man after God's own heart." It was this: "If the Psalms of David were written in as fine a style as the poems of Burns, I would read them with greater interest too." I was young then. I hope I have come now to appreciate the writings of the

shepherd king as well as those of the uncrowned king amongst men. There were few books in the early days to which I refer, and we might have said in the language of Alexander McLachlan:

"I hae but four books and I read them by turns.
There's the Bible, Scott's worthies, John Bunyan
and Burns."

and therefore one can hardly imagine the extreme pleasure with which during these long wintry nights, while seated by the blazing log fire, we perused such poems as the Cottar's Saturday Night, Tam O'Shanter, Man was made to Mourn, The Twa Dogs, or Burns Address to Mary in Heaven. It was an intellectual feast—a pleasure never to be forgotten. And oh! the songs of Burns! What a gratification! What a power! It stirred the innermost recesses of the heart. They were the songs of the people, and suited to the people of every land.

Oh! the songs of the people are voices of power,
That echo in many a land;
They lighten the heart in the sorrowful hour,
And quicken the labor of hand;
They gladden the shepherd on mountain and plain,
And the sailor that travels the sea;
The poets have chanted us many a strain,
But the songs of the people for me.

It is not my intention to write a criticism of the life of Robert Burns. That

has been done by many an able hand. His works will take care of themselves. I am only giving expression to the feelings which stirred my bosom wandering as a stranger among the scenes the poet has consecrated by his genius. The saddest act, to our mind, in his short, lonely and eventful life, was the coldness and neglect with which he was treated by the people amongst whom his weary ashes repose. The people of Dumfries, however, are proud of him now and have erected a handsome monument to his memory. It was unveiled by the Earl of Roseberry while I was in Edinburgh, and since then the same nobleman has headed a deputation which asked and obtained permission to place his bust in the "poet's corner," in Westminster Abbey, so that his fame now rests on a solid basis, and his own words to Bonny Jean when he was dying, have become fully verified, "they'll think more of me a hundred years hence than they do now." While walking through Westminster Abbey we felt and expressed the want, saying to a fellow Canadian, "Why is Robbie Burns not here?" If ever we visit that venerable edifice again —amongst its numerous constellations of mighty men of genius, we will see Scotland's greatest poet. Burns is undoubtedly

the truest poet of his countrymen and in originality is second to none in any clime, while in his keen perception of the beauties of nature and in fervent expression of deep feeling he is unsurpassed. In looking back through the vista of years and pondering over the grief of his short and checkered career, and then gazing on the dazzling halo of glory that surrounds his poetic brow, we may well endorse the sentiments of the poet,—

> Great is his glory and the grief is past.

His fame is safe in the hands of posterity and is destined to shine brighter and brighter until the pure and perfect day. True, he still has his detractors amongst those who are always ready and willing to rush in where wiser and better men fear to tread, but of all such we would say,--

> Let them rave, let them rave,
> He is quiet in his grave.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

THE AULD ALLOWAY KIRK—THE ORIGIN OF THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT —TAM O' SHANTER—THE AULD BRIG O' DOON, &c., &c.

"Admired, but unaided, how dark was his story,
His struggles we know, and his efforts we prize;
From murky neglect, as the flame bursts to glory,
He rose, self-embalmed, and detraction defies."

Leaving the "auld clay biggin," where Scotland's greatest poet was born, we took the road which leads to the "banks and braes o' bonnie Doon"—which have been rendered immortal by his muse. This is perhaps the most intensely interesting spot in all Scotland to an admirer of the ploughman bard. We leave his natal spot a short distance in the rear and as we proceed we observe to the right the bare walls of "Alloway's auld haunted kirk, where ghaists and howlets nightly

cry." As we approach this world-renowned edifice, we observe that the roof is gone and that the gable ends are prevented from falling in by a long iron rod extending from one end to the other—the admirers of the poet being desirous of preserving this relic for the inspection of tourists as long as they could. We find that throughout all Scotland places of interest are preserved as much as possible in their original simplicity, and this is what renders a visit to this country so fascinating to the traveller. We are now in front of the Alloway Kirk and but a short distance from the Burns monument and the "Auld Brig o' Doon," but the attraction was too great—we could not pass those bare walls and that graveyard with so many of the friends and relations of Burns mouldering in the silent dust. We entered, and to the right our eyes rested upon the tombstone erected by the poet to his revered father, who is known to have inspired one of Burns' finest poems, "The Cotter's Saturday Night." The original tombstone, erected to the poet's father, had been all carried away by relic hunters, and is now in all parts of the globe, so Robert, to his credit, be it said, placed the present modest monument over his sire's ashes, and as yet it remains

intact. In reference to this poem, critics have differed widely, some considering it rather tame, and certainly it cannot be compared with Tam O'Shanter in fire, originality, invention, and in that peculiarity of jumping, as it were, from the sublime to the ridiculous, and no poem that we are acquainted with can compare with it, but still The Cottar's Saturday Night is a poem pregnant with fine sentiment, and has the merit of being a true picture of a pious Scottish family of the olden time. Moreover, it is not lacking in originality, pathos and patriotism, and what is better than all, it has a strong tendency to make the heart better. It is, in short, one of the best sermons that ever was written. Our poet never fails in all his writings to draw a good moral lesson, and here the lesson is grand, and as we stood by the grave of the hero of the poem, we quoted that lesson in words strong and earnest—that lesson that seemed to be echoed back to us from the city of the dead in the midst of which we were standing:

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
* * * * * * * * * *

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
  For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
  Be blest with health and peace and sweet content,
And oh, may heaven their simple lives prevent
  From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!

Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
  A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much lov'd isle."

Here also we noticed the tomb of Burns' youngest and best-beloved sister, Isabella, a sister whose untiring love followed him through his devious and often erring ways. Around we noticed the graves of many who admired the Ayrshire poet in their lives, and who, we were told, had requested their friends to bury them in Alloway kirkyard when they died, which request had been religiously carried out. But now for an examination of the ruins of Auld Alloway Kirk, a building which had been painted indelibly on the canvas of our imagination long before we crossed the wild Atlantic. While yet a boy we had followed Tam on that dreadful night when he rode from Ayr to the "Auld Brig o' Doon," and imagined for the time we were seated behind him. The whole poem is a wonderful piece of imagination. It is almost made out of whole cloth. It stirs

up the imaginative powers of the reader to the very life. I can shut my eyes and see him riding yet. Tam has rode clear into immortality.

> Still on mare Maggie, bauld Tam is astride,
> He'll never dismount from that terrible ride."

The kirk, like most of the ruins in this land, is somewhat obscured by trees and covered with ivy, which gives it a still more reverend and hoary aspect. The building is not by any means a large one and would not accommodate a very numerous company of dancers: this is, perhaps, the reason that Satan took his seat in the window on that eventful night.

> "A winnock-bunker in the east,
> There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
> A towsie tyke, black, grim and large,
> To gie them music was his charge;
> He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
> Till roof and rafters a' did dirl."

We took a good look at the seat which Auld Nick, in the form of a shaggy dog, must have occupied on the night in question, considering that Tam was coming from Ayr and going towards the "Auld Brig o' Doon." While we looked in at the identical window through which Tam himself had stared upon that awful night when—

> "———A child might understand,
> The deil had business on his hand,"

the whole scene seemed to be re-enacted in all its living, thrilling reality before us. There, in imagination, we beheld the dancers, and there, too, in the opposite window was the "Auld Sneck drawing-dog" playing the bag-pipes, which my Highland ancestors loved so well to hear, but which were never intended to be desecrated by such black, infernal paws as his. The storm, likewise, gave awful reality to the scene, for it, also, was descending, in imagination, upon our devoted head, for—

> "The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last,
> The rattling showers rose on the blast;
> The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed,
> Loud, deep and lang the thunder bellowed."

But our chief interest, like that of Tam's, was concentrated in the scene which was being enacted within; from this no storm, however wild, could attract our attention.

> "As Tammie glow'rd, amaz'd and curious,
> The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
> The piper loud and louder blew,
> The dancers quick and quicker flew;
> They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
> Till ilke a carlin swat and reekit,
> And coost her duddies to the wark,
> And linket at it in her sark."

There, too, was Nannie, the nimblest of all the "core;" anyone who had ever seen a witch in his day could easily pick her out. There was no mistaking her—

"A souple jade she was, and strang."

The play is now complete! The actors are perfect! A living drama is being enacted before us! No wonder that

"———Tam stood like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd,"

for no mortal could have done otherwise —for

"E'en Satan glowr'd and fidg'd fu fain,
And hotch'd, and blew wi' might and main;
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a'thegither,
And rears out, "Weel done, Cutty-Sark!"
And in an instant a' was dark;
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied."

The spell is broken. The play is ended —at least so far as we are concerned. It is far otherwise with poor "Tam." It is a life and death stsuggle with him. Chances and war are against him. His only hope is in his faithful mare, Maggie. If she can only carry him to the "keystane o' the brig," Tam will be safe. All interest now centres in Maggie. We go with her to the "Auld brig o' Doon" both in body and in spirit. We lift our hat —we cheer her on in that terrible race—

"Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystane of the brig;
There at them, thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross,
But ere the keystane she could make,
The flent a tail she had to shake,

For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle,
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought aff her maister hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail;
The carlin claught her by the rump
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump."

We stood on the banks of the Doon and gazed up at the "keystane of the brig" where Maggie and Tam but barely escaped from Nannie and the hellish legion which pursued them. We then stood on the centre of the "brig," right above the "keystane" of the arch, where Nannie seized poor Maggie's tail, but durst not pass the centre of the stream. We then crossed over to the Carrick side —a feat the witches were unable to perform—reciting as we went the last verse which contains the moral of the whole story:

"Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son take heed;
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think—! ye may buy the joys owre dear—
Remember Tam O'Shanter's mare."

The auld brig is only used for foot passengers now, and is guarded by an iron railing so as to prevent wheeled vehicles from passing over it, as it is very old and considered rather insecure. A

substantial new bridge has been erected at a short distance down the stream. We strolled down to the new brig and stood on the centre, from which position we had a good view of the auld one—which was of far more interest to us than the modern edifice. We now wandered up and down along the banks of the river from the new brig to the Alloway Mill, where Burns once attended a private school—the teacher having been engaged by Burns' father and five or six other farmers. The banks and braes o' bonnie Doon are still beautiful, probably as delightful as when the poet sang in their praises. The clear stream was murmering over its pebbly bottom, the blossoming trees were overhanging its banks, the early flowers were blooming on the braes, the buds of the modest hawthorn were bursting into blossoms and scenting the evening air with their sweet perfume, while the birds were singing the requiem of departing day in the boughs of the trees which stretched their long arms in friendly union above the silver stream. To crown all—the sun which had been obscured by unfriendly clouds, now burst forth, giving the mist above the stream a rose-colored hue, and diffusing a halo of golden glory over one of the most lovely

landscapes which even this lovely country can produce. As we stood with folded arms on the banks of the Doon near the Alloway Mill and viewed the scene which we have but imperfectly described, I said to myself, for I was all alone in the calm of a Scottish gloamin', "What wonder that surroundings such as these prompted by a mournful love tale in real life should inspire Burns to compose one of his best love songs, and walking slowly towards the monument we hummed the words of the song which has made the banks and braes o' bonny Doon live in eternal green, its flowers bloom in immortal beauty and its birds sing forever:

"Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I so weary, fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonny Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine,
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luver stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

THE BURNS MONUMENT—INTERESTING RELICS IT CONTAINS—THE LOVELY GROUNDS—TAM O' SHANTER AND SOUTER JOHNNY—REFLECTIONS ON THE SCENERY, &c., &c.

"But Robin, in ye'r far off sphere,
Ye'r heart maun wunner at the steer
They're makin' noo;
An' sometimes gin it be the style
In that bricht lan', ye'll gie a smile
Sic sichts tae view."

Leaving the banks of the Doon we first took a good view of the monument externally, after which we went inside. The monument is about sixty feet in height, the design having been furnished by Hamilton of Edinburgh. The base is in the form of a triangle representing the three districts into which Ayrshire is divided, Kyle, Carrick and Cunningham. In the centre of the base there is an apartment sixteen

feet high and eighteen feet in diameter. Above the triangular part of the building a range of nine graceful columns of the Corinthian order ascend, which are surmounted by a cupola, crowned by a tripod. This monument is nearly a facsimile of that on the Calton Hill, Edinburgh which we visited several times during our six months sojourn in "Scotia's darling seat" examining carefully and with great interest the numerous mementos of our favorite poet which it contained. The monument on the banks of the Doon, however, is in every way a more pleasing memorial of the bard than the one in the Scottish metropolis, being placed in beautiful grounds, well stocked with flowers and shrubs all undimmed by the smoke of the crowded city. A small charge is made for visiting the monument and grounds, for the purpose of defraying the necessary expenses. The funds from this source, we were told, had accumulated in a short time sufficiently to build a very elegant cottage for the keeper, which building we also inspected. Burn's monument was built in 1820, the foundation stone having been laid with Masonic honors on the 25th of January of that year by the late Mr. Boswell, of Auchinleck, M. P., (afterwards Sir Alexander Boswell), to

whose exertions the monument owes its existence. The keeper is a civil, intelligent man and like most Scotchmen we have met, a great admirer of the poet. He showed us many interesting memorials of the Ayrshire bard and amongst them the two Bibles to which we have refered in a previous letter, one having belonged to Burns and the other to Highland Mary. The poet and his sweetheart, it will be remembered, met under a thorn tree near the castle of Montgomery and exchanged Bibles across a small running stream, lifted up water in their hands and vowing to love each other while woods grew and water ran. It was of this parting he sang many years afterwards when Bonnie Jean was his wife, in that ballad which is probably ths finest he ever composed:

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
  O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
  Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene.
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
  The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon the glowing west
  Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.
Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
  And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
  As streams their channels deeper wear,
My Mary! dear departed shade!
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

We were told that this sublime ode was composed by Burns in one of his periodical fits of melancholy, on the anniversary of Highland Mary's death. All day he had been thoughtful and at evening he went out and threw himself down by the side of one of his cornricks and with eyes fixed on a bright particular star, was found by his wife, who with difficulty brought him in from the chilly midnight air. His address to "Mary in Heaven" was already composed and he had only to commit it to paper. We examined both Bibles particularly, as they recalled many reminiscences of the poet. The Bible which Burns gave Mary had been elegantly bound and on it was written legibly in the bold hand of Burns, the words: "Ye shall not swear by my name falsely, I am the Lord."—Lev. xix: 12. On the blank leaf of the Bible which Highland Mary gave to her lover are the words: "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oath."—Matt. v.: 23, and on another blank leaf his name and mark as a Royal Arch Mason. The lovers never met again, Mary Campbell dying suddenly of fever in Grennock. The genius of Burns has rendered her immortal. Her mortal remains were interred in Greenock church

yard, and many tourists visit the town to see her grave and the monument which Burns erected over it. We were told that in after years Burns often shed tears at the recollection of his Highland Mary. We were shown a lock of Burns' hair, which was placed side by side with a lock of Highland Mary's hair. The latter was very long and very bright, and of a deeper hue than flaxen. Within the monument we observed a bust of Burns by the late Mr. P. Park, R. S. A., the famous Scotch sculptor. This bust is very delicate and fine, but too much poetized, so much so that the likeness of the poet can hardly be traced. We purchased likenesses of Burns, Highland Mary and Bonnie Jean, Mary appearing to be a beautiful artless country lassie, with a face remarkably sweet. We thought at the time that it was no wonder that she captivated the heart of the poet. We now took a look at the grounds around the monument, which are very beautiful indeed. Few spots of earth can compare with it. Here we observed a tasteful grotto, in which are placed the statues of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny. These are by a self-taught sculptor of the name of Thom, but are worthy of the great sculptors of modern times. Whether we look at the

leer on the jolly face of the Souter, the inturning of the feet, the careless twist of the apron, his right hand holding a jug of ale, while his left lies carelessly upon his left knee—whatever part we view we must say it is well done. Tam is sitting on a chair with a tumblerful of ale in his right hand—in the act of drinking the Souter's health. Tam's face is the very picture of good nature, while the very texture of his worsted leggings are remarkably well rendered. You recognize them at once as the very men described by Burns in "Tam O'Shanter":

"——— Ae market nicht,
Tam had got planted unco richt.
Fast by an ingle bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely;
And at his elbow Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony,
Tam lo'ed him like a verra brither.
They had been fou for weeks thegither."

While gazing on the statues of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny and recalling the words of the poem, we thought of a remark once made by an old Scotch friend near Seaforth, "What a pity a man should ever be miserable, when ten cents can make him happy!" There is more truth than poetry in the remark. Here is happiness beyond compare—especially for

Tam—of the ten cent variety, for we are told by the master painter that

> "Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
> O'er a' the ills o' life victorious,"

but the poet does not forget to warn us that all such happiness as this is evanescent and perishing. That is the grand lesson he inculcates, and here it is:

> "But pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
> Or like the snow flake on the river,
> A moment white, then melts forever;
> Or like the borealis race,
> That flit ere you can point their place;
> Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
> Evanishing amid the storm."

So perishes the happiness that is bought with ten cents worth of whiskey. Our Scotch friend will not dispute this statement. The keeper of the monument learning that I had come all the way from Canada, and that I was an enthusiastic admirer of his favorite poet, was particularly friendly and gave all the information he could. He told me how Sir Alexander Boswell, M. P., had called a meeting in the county town for the purpose of starting a fund for the erection of a monument to Burns on the banks of the Doon. The meeting was held, but only one person attended, and that was Sir Alexander himself. He took the chair,

however, read the resolutions that he had prepared, moved and seconded their adoption, and, without the usual vote of thanks having been passed to the chairman, though he deserved it all the same, the meeting broke up. Sir Alexander then advertised the resolutions in the Times, Scotsman, and other leading papers to the effect that at a public meeting held at Ayr, these resolutions had been moved, seconded, and unanimously agreed to; and the result fully justified the confidence the member for the county had in his scheme. Subscriptions immediately flowed in from all quarters, and the amount required for the erection of the monument and the laying off of the grounds was soon procured. This ought to teach us never to despair, even though days may be dark and friends may be few. "Never give up," was evidently part of the creed of Sir Alexander Boswell, and this fine monument costing nearly four thousand pounds sterling, fully verified the concluding words of a poem which he had himself composed in prospect of the event:

"His birthright, his muse! like the lark in the mornin',
When nature enraptur'd, and artifice scorning,
How blithely he caroll'd, his praise of the fair;
How sweet were his notes on the bank of the Ayr'

And near to the spot where his kindred dust
slumber,
And marked by the Bard on the tablets of fame;
And near to the thatched roof where he first lisp'd
in numbers,
We'll raise a proud tribute to honor his name."

Before bidding the agreeble keeper farewell we asked him how many had visited the monument during one day since he came to the "banks and braes." He replied that one day during the summer eighteen hundred had paid the fee and viewed the monument and grounds surrounding it, and moreover he told me that if I would visit the graveyard in Dumfries where all that was mortal of the peasant bard had long ago mixed with its kindred dust, I would find a pathway where no grass would grow, worn by the feet of tourists from every nation and clime, who had gone to pour their sorrows o'er the poet's dust, and view the last resting place of the foremost man of his time. To the pilgrim to this land of poets and of song, every place connected with the Bard's name is dear.

"We linger by the Doon's low trees,
And past'ral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
The poet's tomb is there.
But what to us the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns;
Wear we not graven on the heart,
The name of Robert Burns?"

We now bade the keeper farewell, and as we made our exit at the gate by which we had entered we turned round and took a last, lingering look at the lovely grounds consecrated to the poet's memory, and as we did so we could not help recalling the words which the great poet applied to another but certainly not a more picturesque scene:

"Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For youth's gay feet to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in!"

What a retreat from the toil and fever of this weary life! And oh! to sleep the last sleep, when Heaven's appointed time shall come, in some such scene as this, surrounded by so many images and reflections of the peaceful, the beautiful and the everlasting. As we turned towards the new bridge with the intention of ascending the rising ground beyond the Doon, reflecting as we went on the bright and beautiful scene, in the midst of which the poet's monument stands, we mentally hoped that this Eden we had just left might be only emblematic of that better Eden above to which the poet's freed spirit may have gone to sing immortal songs and bask in uncreated rays in the presence of the Great Author of his wonderful genius, and as we climbed the rising

ground on the old Maybole road leading to the "Brown Hill" of Carrick, which the bright rays of the setting sun had just turned into gold, we hummed to ourselves the last verse of Gray's elegy, hoping it might be applicable to the poet of whom I might say in all sincerity,

> "Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
> Till then, and then, I love thee."

With the following quotations we will leave the name and fame of Caledonia's darling son in the hands of a people, who though they have well nigh forgotten the Pitts, the Foxes, the Peels and the other famous men of the age in which the Scottish ploughman lived and sang, have preserved the honor and renown of the modern Homer in unfading green, by placing his monument on the banks of the Doon, his bust in Westminster Abbey and what is still better his undying memory in a sunny nook in each of their warm, patriotic hearts:

> "No further seek his merits to disclose,
> Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
> There they alike in trembling hope repose,
> The bosom of his Father and his God."

THE LAND OF BURNS.

THE BROWN HILL OF CARRICK—ROBERT THE BRUCE—DISTANT VIEW OF AYR—ARRAN IN ARGYLE—THE WALLACE TOWER—THE AULD BRIG OF AYR, &c., &c.

Among the bonny winding banks
Where Doon rins, wimplin', clear,
Where Bruce ance ruled the martial ranks,
And shook his Carrick spear.

—*Burns.*

At the conclusion of my last letter we had just commenced the ascent of the "Brown Hill of Carrick," once owned and often trod by the hero king of Scotland—the immortal Bruce. To this historical fact our poet refers in the above quotation from his poem of Hallowe'en, the quotation constituting one of those brilliant flashes of genius which illumine the more commonplace descriptions with which the poem abounds, just as a sudden discharge

of electricity lights up for an instant the sombre sky. We realized the fact, however, that we were now treading on the ground once trod by the mighty Bruce as well as by the immortal Burns, the greatest king and the greatest poet ever produced by "the land of brown heath and shaggy wood." What more do we require to stimulate the heart and fire the soul. We ascended the rising ground about a quarter of a mile and were so fortunate as to overtake a gentleman able and willing to show us the various points of interest in the glorious scenery which now burst upon our admiring eyes,a view which I feel certain cannot be surpassed, if indeed equalled, in this land so rich in bright prospects, lovely scenes and magnificent landscapes. In the immediate foreground we beheld the monument already described, the "auld brig" and the "Alloway Kirk," while a little further on is the cottage with its thatch covered roof where our poet was born. Continuing our gaze through massive trees away beyond the "auld clay biggin" we beheld the town of Ayr, sleeping in a calm little bay, the country stretching from "bonny Doon" to the "bonny banks of Ayr," being dotted with modest cottages for the humble poor and elegant mansions

for the rich, the ornate grounds around the latter giving the landscape a sweet sylvan aspect in keeping with that admired so much on the "banks and braes o' bonny Doon." Lifting our eyes above the glorious foreground and turning them to the left we observe the blue Firth of Clyde, sparkling and gleaming in the rays of the setting sun like a silver sea and stretching away as fary as the eye can reach along a coast line broken and dotted with hamlet, town and glittering spire, till the fleecy clouds above and the waves of "old ocean" below became blended in one. Vision fails, and we close our weary eyes for a moment upon one of the finest sights we have ever beheld. Curiosity at once prevails. We open our eyes again and for relief look behind us, where we behold the "Brown Hill of Carrick" and the storm beaten Ailsa Craig, while away to our right are the Craigs of Kyle, and in the distance the Cumnock and Muirkirk hills. To the left, looking straight across the Firth, with straining eyes, we observe amidst settling mist below and clouds above, the lofty and heather-clad hills of Arran in the shire of Argyll, the land of my forefathers, the only glimpse I ever got of Argyll being snatched amidst clouds and mist, which recalled vividly

to my mind the lines of Byron on Lochnagar :

> Round Lochnagar while the stormy mist gathers,
> Winter presides in his cold icy car,
> Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers:
> They dwell in the tempests of dark Lochnagar.
>
> England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
> To one who has roved on the mountains afar,
> Oh, for the crags that are wild and majestic!
> The steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar.

Turning from the Highlands to the Lowlands again, and taking another glance at "Auld Ayr," with its lofty spire and tower, we gazed one minute at the lovely panorama of hill and dale that lay between, then turning to our obliging friend who had aided us so much, we said, "What a magnificent landscape for an artist to paint—if done to perfection it would be unequalled in the world." He told me that a celebrated Scotch artist had arranged to paint Ayr from Carrick hill, but death paralyzed his hand all too soon, and that it was one of the regrets of the gifted Horatio McCulloch as he sank calmly to rest, that he would see "Brown Carrick Hill" no more. As the shades of evening were gradually blotting out the grand panorama which we admired so much, we bade our companion farewell and slowly retraced our steps down the hillside, over the new bridge, past the inn,

the monument and the new Alloway Kirk to my right and the auld Alloway Kirk to my left. We paused a moment at the gate to take another look at the grassy mound which covered the ashes of William Burns, "the saint, the father and the husband" of the "Cotter's Saturday Night," which is one of the best sermons that was ever composed. Amidst night's gathering gloom we repeated the well-known lines which his son, the famous Robbie, had inscribed on his father's tombstone, a worthy epitaph on a worthy man :—

O ye, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious reverence and attend
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father and the generous friend;
The pitying heart that felt for human woe.
The dauntless heart that feared no human pride,
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,
"For even his failings leaned to virtue's side."

Taking a parting look at "Alloway's auld haunted kirk"—hoary relic of the past—we turned our backs upon the "banks and braes o' bonny Doon," perhaps forever, and quickening our pace we soon reached the "auld clay biggin," dear to Scotchmen and their descendants the world over, passed it, turned round and with uplifted hat bade it adieu, solemnly for the sake of him who was born inside

its walls. May his memory still be fresh and green when the clay of which the cottage is composed will have mouldered into dust and mixed with the kindred soil around it. We doubt it not for his is

> One of the few, the immortal names
> That were not born to die.

We pushed on towards Ayr—the road leading through a beautiful grove—the branches of the trees overhanging our pathway. It must be a delightful walk on a summer's evening, when the grove is vocal with the melodious notes of the feathered songsters, for which this country is so famous. That night we needed not the shade, for the sun had gone and we heard not the birds; they too had gone to rest. As we passed through the grove and the lights of the town came in view, the stillness could be felt, silence reigned supreme. We were rather pleased than otherwise at this state of things, for we were calmly meditating on what we had seen and heard during the few eventful hours we had been in "the land of Burns." We entered Ayr by a very fine street in what is called the "New Town," there being rows of clean, comfortable, as well as commodious houses on each side, and soon reached Ramsay's Lorne Hotel, where we had engaged rooms previous to

starting on our excursion to the "banks of the Doon." We ordered dinner, as we only had a hasty lunch at Kilwinning, and our appetite being somewhat sharpened by the exercise of walking as well as by the fresh sea breezes blowing over the hills of Carrick, we did full justice to the eatables which the good lady set before us, in fact they disappeared before our vigorous attacks like snow before an April sun. I have no doubt the good lady at first sight took me for an Englishman in disguise. I had an Englishman's appetite at anyrate for once in my life. It was now nine o'clock at night and little more could be done by way of sight seeing—we, however, resolved to take a short walk and see the "auld brig of Ayr" and the new one, and the Wallace Tower. An agreeable Scotsman—and I have found all Scotsmen agreeable—a guest at the hotel, kindly volunteered to accompany us and away we went for the "auld brig." We passed the Wallace Tower on our way to the old bridge. When there was as yet no monument dreamt of the people of Ayr showed their gratitude to the "Deliverer of the North" by building this handsome tower in the centre of their town. It is 113 feet high and supports a statue of Wallace, by

Thom. On the corner of the street opposite is another statue of Wallace, of a ruder kind, but which evinces the same grateful feeling to the brave patriot of whom Burns sings in the following lines:

We'll sing auld Coila's plains and fells,
Her moors red brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks and braes, her dens and dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bore the gree, as story tells
Frae Southern billies.

At Wallace's name, what Scottish blood,
But boils up in a springtide flood,
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace's side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious died.

The Wallace Tower, we were told by our friend, is built on the very spot where the house stood in which the hero was once imprisoned and the spot is also shown, marked by a round stone in the sidewalk where his head struck when he was thrown out of a window by the English soldiers. Our Scotch friend was a great admirer of Wallace and Bruce as well as of Burns. He quoted a verse or two from "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and asked what I thought of that as a war ode. I said that if it might be called an ode, it was the grandest one out of the Bible. I told him I had recited Bruce's address standing on the "Bore stane" on the field of Bannockburn and tried to

realize the situation, the two armies facing each other in order of battle. It was life or death with the Scots. In the death-like repose before the onset, Bruce's voice is heard clear, shrill, loud as a trumpet—

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," &c.

It was enough to fan the patriotic flame within them into a devouring fire, and it did it. The result was, the oppressors were overthrown. Scotland was free! But a few paces further on and we stood upon the "auld brig of Ayr." Our informant gave us the following history of this edifice. It was built in 1485 by two sisters, near what was known as the Ducat stream, a ford just above it. It is narrow, roughly causewayed, and still wears the look of sturdy independence which drew forth the admiration of Burns. It was insufficient, however, to meet the growing requirements of the increasing population, and in 1788 the new bridge was completed at an expense of £5,000. During some heavy floods in 1877 it gave way and a more capacious bridge was erected in 1879 on the same site at a cost of £15,000. This, we were told, is also giving way on account of being built on a foundation partly composed of a sort of quicksand. However, even if this fine structure stands the floods and storms,

Burns', prophetic words have already been fulfilled, namely: "I'll be a brig when ye're a shapless cairn." As our enthusiastic Scotch friend and I stood on the "auld brig" gazing towards the new, which stands about 100 yards off, he recited part of Burns' poem on the twa brigs.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This mony a year I've stood the flood and tide,
And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn
I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But two, three winters will inform ye better,
When heavy, dark, continued a'-day rains,
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,
Aroused by blust'ring winds and spouting thowes,
In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes;
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring spate;
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs a' to the gate,
And from Glenbuck down to the Ratten-key,
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd tumbling sea—
Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise!
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

THE BONNY BANKS OF AYR—BURNS AND SHAKESPEARE—A SCOTSMAN'S OPINION —THE WALLACE TOWER—TAM O' SHANTER HOTEL—THE BURN WEEL MONUMENT, &c., &c.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales,
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past unhappy loves.
Farewell my friends, farewell my foes,
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonny banks of Ayr.
—*Burns.*

At the conclusion of my last letter I was standing on the auld brig of Ayr at ten o'clock at night in the company of a Scotch friend, and both were gazing towards the new brig. To the right and to the left we had a moonlight view of the "bonny banks of Ayr," of which Burns sang in the poem from which I

have made the above extract. Our friend had just given a quotation from Burns' poem, "The Twa Brigs," with which we finished our letter. Wishing to extract an opinion from me, he turned round and looking me squarely in the face, said, "What do you think of our Ayrshire poet?" "He is worthy," I said, "of a prominent place in that brilliant constellation of poets who revolve round the mighty bard of Avon as their common sun and centre." "Burns revolve roun' Shakespeare!" said he, "Burns was too independent to revolve roun' onybody, and he didna need to do it." "I only refer to their relative merits as men of genius and my judgment puts the myriad-minded Shakespeare ahead of them all," we replied. "Weel," he said, somewhat nettled and disappointed, "Shakespeare may be guid enough, but in my opinion he's no to be compared with oor ain Burns." I admitted that in naturalness, independence, fervor, pathos, patriotism, pity and some other qualities Burns was ahead of Shakespeare, and perhaps superior to any poet with whom I was acquainted, but in other respects the great master of the English language outshone our favorite bard, as the sun surpassed the moon in brightness. "We must consider, however,"

I said, "that Burns died at the early age of 38 years, when his intellect could hardly be said to have matured, at an age when few poets have produced anything of lasting merit. We can hardly conceive what immortal works he might have produced had he lived to be sixty years of age. Moreover, he was always toiling and moiling in order to procure the indispensible daily bread, so that he had little time left during his brief sojourn to cultivate the Muses and give expression to those glorious original ideas with which his wonderful brain was so replete." This explanation fully satisfied our Scotch friend, and we prepared to return to our hotel. I found that in Scotland you must not meddle with Robert Burns or John Knox. Those two names are sacred. I inwardly resolved to say nothing more about Shakespeare until I had crossed the borders. It was the only time since I entered Scotland that I fired the Scottish blood. The very idea of Robert Burns "revolving" round an Englishman seemed to be too much for Sandie. He could not stand that, and coming from one whom he was almost claiming for a Scotsman was the unkindest cut of all. We returned to Ramsey's Lorne hotel and soon retired to our room, which was a

fine one and well ventilated. Indeed, I think I got the best one in the house. The landlady herself was a great admirer of Burns, and appeared to be well pleased when she found out that I had made the pilgrimage to Ayrshire solely on his account. This fact, I believe, contributed largely to my comfort. I soon retired to rest, reflecting on what I had seen during the day—the most remarkable day in my life—in a literary point of view. With what interest, said I to myself, will I now read the works of my favorite poet? His matchless descriptions will be a real presence to me forever. The beautiful landscapes he painted in such vivid colors are stamped indelibly on the canvas of my imagination. I will be able to gaze upon them when the wild Atlantic rolls between. You may call this amusement, recreation, relaxation! Away with such names, it is a thing of beauty, a thing of joy forever. With such feelings, such ideas, in my head, I turned into bed and and was soon lost in sleep.

"Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
And steeps the senses in forgetfulness."

Had breakfast at 8 next morning, after having a good night's rest, the first I had spent in the land of Burns. I now set out to view the points of interest by

daylight and a lovely day it was. We again visited the "auld brig" and then the new one, still retaining our kindly feelings for the "auld," in short we loved it for the poet's sake. We repeatedly turned round to view the tall gothic clock tower, erected in memory of Wallace, and as we did so the remembrance of many a thrilling event in the war of Scottish independence rushed through our brain. Such men do not require a monument to perpetuate their memories. They live in the hearts of a liberated people for all time, as Wellace lives in the hearts of the people of Scotland to-day. We now, for curiosity visited the "Tam O'Shanter hotel," on the sign of which we observed Tam on his gray mare "Meg," bidding farewell to the landlord and "Souter Johnny," as he was about to start for home on that fearful night, so vividly described by Burns in his well-known poem of Tam O'Shanter. The wooden cup or bicker from which Tam drank upon that awful night is still shown and many visitors have the ambition to drink from it too, but as it did not do much for either Burns, Tam, the Souter, or indeed for any of their countrymen, we declined to honor with thanks. These immortal heroes of what Burns justly looked upon as his standard performance

in the poetic line where Douglass Graham, a farmer of "Shanter," near Kirkoswald, and John Davidson, a shoemaker, or "Souter," to give him the Scotch title, of the same place where both are buried. This is said to be the identical inn, and was then kept by a woman of the name of Jean Kennedy. We now visited St. John's old church of Cromwell's day, which is built on the site of a Friary. There was an older church of the 13th century, of which a tower is left at the Fort, which Cromwell built in his Scottish campaign. It stood close to William the Lion's castle, where Bruce held a parliament to confirm the succession of the crown. We examined particularly the ruins of the old Cromwellian fort, until we felt sure that as a ruin we could not improve upon it. Next we visited the harbour and made inquiries in reference to the shipping. We found that over 5,000 tons of shipping are registered at the port, which has a well constructed pier. New docks were opened here in 1878, which covered six acres. Ayr has over 18,000 inhabitants and returns one member. It is situated at the mouth of the river Ayr, a picturesque stream running between steep banks, from about 30 miles in the interior. Salmon and water o' Ayr

whetstones,as is well known, are exported from this place. The chief branches of manufactures are shoes,cotton and woolen goods, carpets and nails. A lamentable occurrence took place here in 1875, which is still spoken of with horror. It was the burning of 30 persons in a factory. We were told that the county buildings at Ayr were copied from the temple of Isis at Rome. We found that Burns' memory was fresh and green in auld Ayr. They are proud to claim him for their son. He was born a short distance from the town, though his father came from the north country. The next place we visited was the "Burn Weel Monument," in the vicinity of the town. It is built on a small eminence. We enquired why it was called "Burn Weel," and were told it was built to commemorate an exploit performed by Wallace, known as the burning of the "Barns of Ayr." It is said that Wallace with a small detachment of Scots stood on this hill when the "Barns" in question were burning with the English oppressors inside of them,and he remarked that he never thought that the "Barns of Ayr" would burn "so weel," hence the name of the hill, and monument erected thereon. The event in question is believed by the people of Ayr and indeed of all

Scotland to have actually taken place, and I suppose it did. At any rate you must not express any doubts on the subject when speaking to the people of this part of the country. The story as related to me was as follows, and it agrees with what Sir Walter Scott gives in his "Tales of my Grandfather" and Blind Harry in his poetical Life of Wallace, both of which I brought from the old country with me: The English governor of Ayr had invited the Scottish nobility and gentry of the west to meet him at some large buildings called the "Barns of Ayr," for the purpose of consulting on the affairs of the nation. The real object, however, was to put the nobles to death. The English had halters ready prepared and hung on beams above so that as the Scots were admitted, the nooses were thrown over their heads and they were hanged. Among those who were slain in this treacherous manner were Sir Randolph Crawford, Sheriff of the county and uncle of Sir William Wallace. Wallace was terribly enraged when he heard what had befallen the flower of the land, and he resolved to be revenged on the authors of this great crime. He found out that the English had drunk freely and had lain down to sleep, and so collecting his men he stationed

them in a wood near the town of Ayr until he would require their services. He found out that they kept no guard, as they did not expect that enemies were so near them. He then sent a party of men, who, with strong ropes tied the doors fast on the outside, while another party prepared heaps of straw, which they set on fire, and the "Barns of Ayr" being of wood were soon in flames. When the English awoke they tried to save their lives, but the doors would not yield and those who jumped out of the windows were killed by the Scots who had surrounded the building in question, thus great numbers perished miserably. The crime of the English was great, the revenge of Wallace terrible. His hand was ever the sworn foe of the tyrant and the oppressor and it was for the freedom of his native land that he dealt the deadly stroke. Wallace believed that they who would be free, themselves must strike the blow: and he did it. All honor to him; kings and princes die; heroes and patriots are immortal; Wallace will live forever. He faced death in many a form and when basely betrayed into the hands of his enemies suffered an ignominious death on the charge of treason to the English king —though he never owned his authority

or swore allegiance to him. Death had no terrors for him. His desire was to have liberty or death. He got the latter; his country got the former. Death, thou art terrible to the coward and the slave,

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word.
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

FAREWELL TO AYR—THE TOWN OF IRVINE—THE POET JAMES MONTGOMERY — THE BUCHANITES — THE DEATH OF BURN'S FATHER —DEFENCE OF THE POET— CRITICISM OF HIS WORKS, &c.

Farewell! a word that must be and hath been,
A sound that makes us linger, yet farewell.
—*Byron.*

Having seen all the points of interest around "auld Ayr," we prepared to leave it, and we must say we did so with regret, and with the feeling that in all probability we would never see it again. Our short sojourn in this place had been the most delightful and interesting we yet had in Scotland, mainly, we suppose, on account of its intimate connection with the life and early days of our favorite

poet. We felt that when we were bidding farewell to Ayr we were bidding farewell to Burns. However, as we had to visit Irvine, where the poet once resided, we could not say that we had done with the land of Burns yet. We recalled to mind Burns' own farewell when he had made up his mind to leave his native land forever, his trunk being at that time on its way to Greenock. He was sailing for the West Indies, a country which he seems to have looked upon as a sort of charnel-house :

> "Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains,
> Far dearer than the torrid plains,
> Where rich ananas blow !
> Farewell, a mother's blessing dear !
> A brother's sigh ! a sister's tear !
> My Jean's heartrending throe !

Leaving Ayr on a bright sunshiny morning, a ride on the cars of about eleven miles brought us to Irvine, a town of about 7,000 inhabitants, with a considerable coal and shipping trade. Irvine is situated at the mouth of the Irvine water, and contains some good public buildings and a ruined castle of the Earl of Eglington. It was of interest to me mainly on account of its connection with literary men. It is the birthplace of the poet, James Montgomery, whose poems I had read with interest while yet a boy—

and whose lines on "Prayer" I had often quoted. This town has also the honor of being the birthplace of Galt, the novelist, whose works have been extensively read and are still much admired. It is likewise the cradle of the wildly fanatical sect called the Buchanites. Jack, one of the leaders of the Buchanites, lived in Irvine. This sect was called Buchanites from Mrs. Buchan, the founder, who considered herself to be the woman spoken of in the 12th chapter of Revelations, in the following words: "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven: a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars, &c." However, I did not take much stock in Mrs. Buchan, notwithstanding her gorgeous raiment, and it was not on her account that I visited Irvine. If Burns had not lived in Irvine and dressed flax in Glasgow-Vennel street, I would not have visited that town. My visit to it was not as unfortunate as the poet's, for Burns was robbed by his partner in trade his flax dressing shop was burned down and he returned home impaired in purse, spirits and character, to find his father on his death bed at Lochlea. This town did Burns no good. The place swarmed at that time with smugglers

and rough-living adventurers, "from which," says his brother Gilbert, "he contracted some acquaintance of a freer manner of thinking and living than he had been used to, whose society prepared him for over-leaping the bounds of rigid virtue which had hitherto restrained him." Mournful must have been the scene when the last hour of the old man, his father, drew nigh and he raised himself in bed and said that there was one of his children of whose future he could not think without fear. Robert, who was in the room, came up to the bedside and said, "Oh, father,it is me you mean?" The old man said it was. Robert turned to the window, with tears streaming down his cheeks, and his bosom swelling from the restraint he put upon himself, almost to bursting. The old man had early preceived the genius of the boy and had frequently said to the mother, "Whoever lives to see it something extraordinary will come from that boy." He had also noticed the strong passion with rather weak will, which he feared along with loose habits contracted in Irvine, might drive him like a vessel in a storm on the shoals and quicksands of life. Burns saw all these things ten years before his death when he wrote his own epitaph:

"Is there a man whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs himself life's mad career,
Wild as the wave?
Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.
The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly feel the friendly glow,
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name.
Reader, attend—Whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flight beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root."

Burns was no hypocrite. He never professed to be what he was not. He was always foremost in confessing his faults and in exposing his own shortcomings. We find this prominently brought forth in his "Prayer on the Prospect of Death," a short poem that has been severely and we think unjustly criticised. In a short introduction to it in his commonplace book, he says:—"The grand end of human life is to cultivate an intercourse with that Being to whom we owe life with every enjoyment that renders life delightful:"

O, Thou unknown, Almighty, cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear.

If I have wandered in those paths
  Of life I ought to shun;
As something, loudly, in my breast,
  Remonstrates I have done.

Thou know'st that Thou hast form'd me
  With passions wild and strong;
And listening to their witching voice;
  Has aften led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
  Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All-good, for such Thou art,
  In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd
  No other plea I have,
But Thou art good and goodness still
  Delighteth to forgive.

The something of which he speaks is his conscience—the voice of the soul—which always speaks the truth and never yet led man astray. The part which is often held up to condemnation is where he says:

"Thou know'st that Thou hast form'd me
  With passions wild and strong," &c.

Let us examine these lines. Mankind are all formed with animal passions. They are natural to men, and there are no two creatures exactly alike in this respect. These passions are intended to be kept in subjection to our reasoning powers and our moral nature. It is only when our passions are allowed to run "wild as the wave" that they become sinful and unnatural. "But," says the critic, "Burns

allowed them to do this." "Aye! there's the rub." He confessed it himself and deplored the fact. But did not King David do the same? Burns sinned--how deep I do not know; but however heinous his sins were, King David committed sins of a still deeper dye. David was an oriental autocrat and belonged to a warm-blooded and somewhat voluptuous race, and these things no doubt go far to palliate or even excuse his offence in the eyes of some. With fair judges Burns also does not want his palliators. He was a fervent poet like the son of Jesse, and like him he had hot blood and quick nerves. He had dynamite in his composition and we know that dynamite is a powerful explosive. We cannot estimate the actions of a man of this kind as we would a cold blooded precisionist who had been trained from infancy in the strict proprieties of life—without feeling—impulse or soul. As well judge cold fishes and hot salamanders by the same law. They are not fed on the same food. They have nothing in common. "But David repented," says the critic. So did Burns, we reply, and we have no reason to doubt his repentance was less sincere than that of the crowned Hebrew sinner. The prayer we have just quoted bears us

out in this statement. Both men sinned —both men repented. We claim the same even handed justice for the Scot as for the Jew. "But David was inspired," intercedes the critic. So much the worse for David then, we reply. If the inspired King of Israel, who had been surrounded by good influences from his earliest years —who had been hedged around as it were by a wall of inspiration—who had been anointed and led in the path of rectitude by the good old Samuel—if he the highly favored leader of a chosen race— if he with such surroundings fell and committed sins before which the combined sins of the Scottish poet dwindle into insignificance—surely we ought not to deal too harshly with Burns when we consider the age in which he lived and the malign influences by which he was surrounded, but rather use the language of that Divine Being, who knew what was in the heart of man. "Judge not that ye may not be judged." "Except for grace," said John Bunyan, "I should have been yonder sinner." Bunyan had strong passions, and had been a great sinner, but had repented. "Granted," says Carlyle, in his essay on Burns, "Granted the ship comes into harbor with shrouds and tackle damaged, and the pilot is therefore blame

worthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been around the globe or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs." This puts Burns' case in its true light. In sitting in judgment upon him, if we are justified in doing so, let us in all reason consider his fiery, poetic temperament and the strong passions of the man. We find this idea strongly put in the "Vision," where the guardian genius of old "Coila" addresses her poetic son in the following words:

> "I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
> Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
> Mislead by Fancy's meteor ray,
> By passion driven:
> But yet the light that led astray
> Was light from heaven."

This may not appear at first sight to be strictly orthodox, but when we consider that the Creator was the author of his wonderful genius, his strong passions, his fertile imagination, his matchless fancy and of all those other qualities which constitute a true poet, he was in a sense at any rate inspired, had a message for mankind from the great author of his existence who was therefore to a certain extent responsible for the results of those incomparable qualities with which he had so richly endowed him, in this sense at anyrate, allowing for poetic license:

"——the light that led astray
Was light from heaven."

We do not wish to be heterodox in our views, but at the same time we desire to exercise our reasoning powers and be guided by the dictates of common sense —and from these we think we have not swerved.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

THE SPIRITUAL GUIDES OF THE POET—BURNS CONDUCTING FAMILY WORSHIP—HIS EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND—HIS OPINION OF THE COVENANTERS—HE READS THE BIBLE IN HIS LAST DAYS—INTERVIEW WITH HIS FRIEND MRS. RIDDELL—HIS ANXIETY FOR HIS FAMILY, &c.

We ought never to lose sight of the times in which Burns lived, and the religious teachers by which he was surrounded. The New Light clergymen of Ayrshire were not Samuels by any means. They appeared to have been as liberal in their mode of living as they were in their tenets—and both were loose and broad enough in all conscience. When we remember that there was no temperance movement in Burns' day, and that his spiritual guide often drank longer and

deeper than the poet himself—the justice of judging him in this respect by the light that obtains in our day—becomes apparent. Moreover, his convivial habits have been very much magnified indeed, for we have it on the authority of Professor Wilson, whose essay on Burns we have consulted, that at the time of Burns' death not a man, woman or child in Dumfries could truthfully say that they had ever seen him intoxicated, the universal testimony being that it was literary society and intellectual company that attracted him to the public house where all kinds of meetings in those days were held—and not the intoxicating liquors which were sold there. Those who drank with him likewise averred that the poet never seemed to care how little was in his glass, it being the toast, the sentiment and the song that he honored, according to the custom of the times, and that the flow of interesting conversation was what he valued. Again it has been shown by Prof. Wilson that up to the time of Burns' removal to Dumfries, he had family worship regularly. The Professor does not know whether the habit was discontinued then or not—but at anyrate it has been proved that even then when heart and flesh were failing and he was scarcely able to walk—

disease having made fearful inroads on his constitution—even then, he was wont to gather his children around him on the Sabbath day and question them on their knowledge of the scriptures. We have never believed that the author of the "Cotter's Saturday Night" or the "Lines to a young Friend," was the grossly irreligious man he is sometimes represented to be. Witness the prominence he gives to religion in the following lines, which are worth a dozen ordinary sermons and should be seriously pondered by young men of the present day:

"The great Creator to revere
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And even the rigid feature:
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended,
An atheist's laughs a poor exchange
For Deity offended.

When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded,
Or if she gie a random sting,
It may be little minded.
But when on life we're tempest-driven;
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n
Is sure a noble anchor?

Was the man who wrote these lines irreligious at the time or was he habitually a godless character or a scoffer? We think not. Hear also what he says in

reference to the Covenanters, who are frequently ridiculed and abused by literary characters in these wise days in which we live:

"The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood, cost Scotland tears,
But faith sealed freedom's sacred cause,
If thou 'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers."

It seems to us that the poet puts the case in a nutshell in his Address to the Unco Guid, where the ideas are brought prominently before us, that most men owe their good name to the fact that the world knows not their characters and many of the sons and daughters of Adam are virtuous because they were not exposed to the temptation or had not the opportunity to sin. The real questions after all are, "What strong passions have we subdued or kept under control?" "By what temptations have we been surrounded?" After considering these things the poet draws the following moral for our guidance, which we think is a just one:

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is haman;
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis he alone
  Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
  Each spring—its various bias;
Then at the balance lets the mute,
  We never can adjust it,
What's done we partly may compute,
  But know not what's resisted.

We believe that Burns, like most thinking men in all ages, was often harassed with doubts in matters of religion—but we also know that during his lingering illness, when he had come to look upon this world as a fleeting show, and all its allurements as vanity of vanities, he settled down in right earnest to that grand old book, which he made his constant companion, and read earnestly during the latter days of his life. Indeed, the last time he was seen out of doors, he was poring over his Bible on the banks of the river Nith. In those days of fever and weakness he read no other book. This was surely a good sign—a sign that he was preparing at any rate, if not already prepared for the great and important change that was awaiting him. For many weeks if not months before he died Burns knew that his end was approaching. He removed to a place called Brow, on the Solway shore, to get the benefit of the sea bathing, but the relief from this

source was only temporary, and he resolved to return to Dumfries. The following anecdote of him at this time has been preserved. A night or two before Burns left Brow he drank tea with Mrs. Craig, widow of the minister of Ruthwell. His altered appearance excited much silent sympathy, and the evening being beautiful and the sun shining brightly through the casement, Mrs. Craig was afraid the light might be too much for him and rose to let down the window blinds. Burns immediately guessed what she meant, and regarding the good lady with a look of great benignity, said, "Thank you, my dear, for your kind attention; but oh! let him shine, he will not shine long for me." His old friend, Mrs. Riddell, who was spending a few days on the Solway Frith, sent her carriage to bring Burns to dine with her. She has left a record of that important interview. I was struck, said she, with his appearance on entering the room. The stamp of death was imprinted on his features. He seemed already touching the brink of eternity. His first salutation was, "Well, madam, have you any commands for the other world?" We then had a long and serious conversation about his present situation, and the approaching termination of his earthly

prospects. He spoke of his death without any of the ostentation of philosophy, but with firmness as well as feeling, as an event likely to happen very soon, and which gave him concern chiefly from leaving his children so young and unprotected. and his wife in a critical condition, expecting shortly to become a mother for the sixth time. He mentioned with seeming pride and satisfaction the promising genius of his eldest son. His anxiety for his family seemed to hang heavily on him. Passing from this subject he showed great concern about the care of his literary fame and particularly the publication of his posthumous works. He said he was well aware that his death would create some noise, and that every scrap of his writing would be revived against him to the injury of his future reputation; that his letters and verses written with unguarded and improper freedom, and which he earnestly wished to have buried in oblivion, would be handed about by idle vanity and malevolence, when no dread of his resentment would restrain them or prevent the censures of shrill-tongued malice or the insidious sarcasms of envy, from pouring forth all their vemon to blast his fame. He lamented that he had written many epigrams on persons against whom

he entertained no enmity and whose characters he would be sorry to wound, and many indifferent poetical pieces, which he feared would now, with all their imperfection on their head, be thrust upon the world. On this account he deeply regretted having deferred putting his papers in a state of arrangement, as he was now incapable of the exertion. The conversation, she adds, was kept up with great evenness and animation on his side. I had never seen his mind greater or more collected. We quote the above to show that Burns knew he was dying and expressed no terror at the prospect. Like many men under the circumstances, he seems to have kept his profoundest thoughts to himself. Who can blame him for that? The future of his immortal soul was a subject that he had to settle with the Great Author of his existence, and we have no right to rush in between God and the conscience, at such an awful moment as that—as little right have we to speculate on the future and consign him to darkness—because he did not in all things conform to the standard which we may have adopted and in our vanity and arrogance set up for the guidance of the human race. Away with such narrow minded bigotry. No man has

suffered more in this respect than Burns. Critics have persistently harped upon what was ill done by the poet—conveniently shutting their eyes to what was well done in his short and stormy life—they have harped upon the imperfections of the man and of his writings—forgetting his impulsive, passionate nature and the temptations which he must have resisted on the one hand, and the glorious ideas and immortal truths which he has given to his country and the world on the other. If all the workings of our hearts and our inmost nature were exposed to view as they were with Burns, like the operations of bees in a glass hive, who on earth would come forth scathless from the fiery ordeal? Who then could be saved? Do we find nothing to admire in the solicitude for his wife, who was confined to a sick bed and unable to attend him in his last trying moments, and the children that were so soon to become orphans? Or in the lament that his brother Gilbert might be put to straits to pay back the money he had lent him years before, but which his soon-to-be-widowed wife and his orphan children would so soon require? Here was a struggle between poverty on one side and brotherly love on the other which discloses the finer feelings of his nature,

which the critics generally pass over in silence. About this time a cool, calculating scoundrel who was aware of his poverty, offered Burns fifty pounds for a collection of those unguarded and rougher pieces which the poet intended to consign to oblivion. This offer he repelled with indignation and remorse. Money could not induce the dying man even when in indigent circumstances, with want staring his family in the face—money could not induce him to betray his better nature and give to the world what his conscience condemned, and what he regretted from his inmost soul he had ever written. He even wished that he had power to consign to the flames much that had already become the property of the world. The temptation was indeed strong to a man in such circumstances. What percentage of mankind would have resisted it?

THE LAND OF BURNS.

THE DEFENCE OF THE POET—THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY OF DUMFRIES—PROF. WILSON'S VALUABLE TESTIMONY—THE POET'S GREATEST AND BEST WORK—BURNS AS A RELIGIOUS REFORMER—THE CLOSING SCENES OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE—CHARITABLE VIEWS AS TO HIS FUTURE—SERIOUS REFLECTIONS ON HIS MOURNFUL END, ETC., ETC.

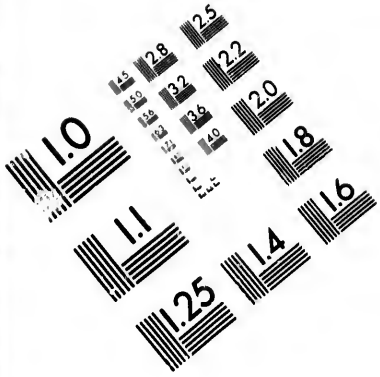
Another thing that is mentioned to the discredit of Burns, is that the nobility and gentry of Dumfries gave him the cold shoulder during the latter part of his life, and the inference is that his life had been disreputable. Professor Wilson himself

a strong Tory, shows conclusively that it was on account of Burns' advanced political views that the gentry turned their backs upon him, and not on account of his character, which would compare favorably with theirs any day. The gentry have in all ages, as a rule, turned their backs towards the light. They gave the cold shoulder to a greater and mightier than Burns, or any that ever trod our planet, while the common people heard Him gladly. Burns, moreover, having been the poet of the common people, we wonder not that they proved his truest friends in life and the last to desert him in the trying hour of death. Burns purified the songs of his country and gave them as a legacy to the people—a legacy of which they might well feel proud—and this was perhaps his noblest work. The lasting and beneficial effects of this work can hardly be properly estimated in our day. He stimulated patriotism and dignified labor, and made the sons of old Scotia proud of their country. He did much to instil principles of civil and religious liberty into the minds of a people who were already strongly biassed in that direction, and his "A man's a man for a' that," and "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," will continue to ring down through

the centuries and make tyrants and oppressors tremble in the ages yet to be. He was the true poet of nature, and his large sympathy extended not only to the brute creation, but even to inanimate nature itself; while he mourned the fate of the "wee sleekit, cow'ring, tim'rous beastie," he did not forget to sing of the "wee modest, crimson tipped flower," whose existence he had terminated with his ruthless ploughshare. He has been even blamed for being too humane, censured for showing sympathy for the sad and unalterable fate of even Satan himself. This is what we might expect from a man of his exquisite sensibilities. His unapproachable ridicule and withering sarcasm in reference to certain religious gatherings and so-called pious teachers in his day, which has been quoted to his hurt, we are assured did much to bring about a reform of abuses, which had become the scandal of the time. In this respect at any rate he may be claimed as a religious reformer. We do not wish it to be understood that we hold Burns up to our youth as an example for them to follow, any more than we would ask them to follow King David in all his ways; we would not ask them to follow a brilliant meteor or an erratic comet while the

glorious sun is shining in the firmament—the sun that has arisen with healing in his wings. Christ is the only perfect man, the only one worthy of imitation from the cradle to the grave. The supernaturalist may even blame us for mentioning the poet in the same breath with the son of Jesse—for they may say that inspired men should not be compared with those who were not so highly favored—that the Almighty may have had a purpose in the one and not in the other. We believe he had a purpose in both. We are told that a sparrow falleth not to the ground without His knowledge, and that the very hairs of our head are numbered; is it reasonable then to suppose that while He controls and guides the Hebrew monarch on his throne, He entirely ignores and disregards the humble Scotsman at his plough? We think not, for we are assured that His goodness is over all His works. We like to take the bright side of everything—we love the sunshine and the flowers—we desire to cultivate the benevolent instincts of our nature—for by all these things the heart is made better. These feelings have perhaps induced us to gaze on the sunny side of the Scottish poet—while not entirely ignoring the shady spots of his

character. We have followed the promptings of our hearts and the dictates of our own conscience. We think the reader of Burns' works should pass over what is worthless or hurtful, and accept the good and the true, reject the chaff and appropriate the wheat, prove all things and hold fast that which is good. We even go so far as to say that we ought to forgive him for whatever is evil, on account of the imperishable good he has done. Whoever will malign his name or speak evil of the works of Robert Burns, we think it ill becomes a Scotsman or a descendant of a Scotsman to do so, for they owe him a debt of gratitude which they can never repay. Rather let each of them say, whatever others may do in this matter, as for me and my house we will stand loyally by the gifted son of toil, who has thrown a halo of glory around the rocky land of our forefathers. We now approach the sad end of a fevered and restless life. We do so to draw attention to the poet's honor, honesty and gratitude, qualities that well became a dying man. Jessie Lewers, a modest and beautiful young woman, had watched over him with all the solicitude of a daughter, he knew he could not reward her with silver and gold, but he did the next best thing, he



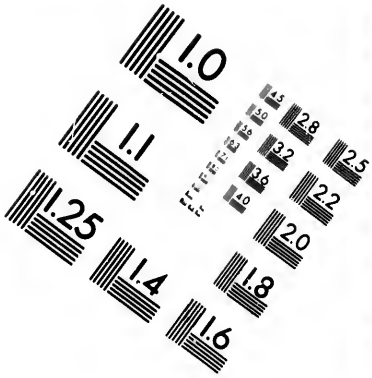
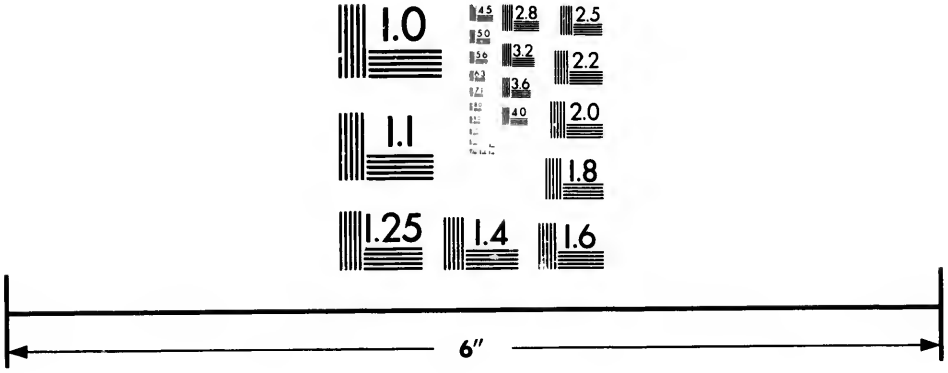
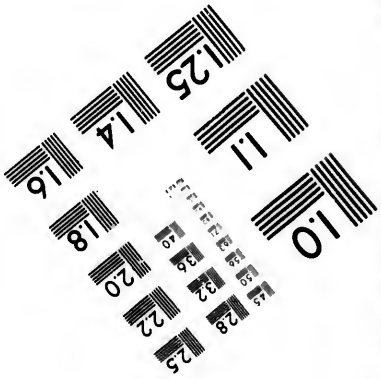


IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)





Photographic
Sciences
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503


2.8
2.5
3.2
2.2
3.6
2.0
1.8
1.1
1.0

poured out his gratitude in song. Putting himself as usual in the position of a lover, he sang—

> "Altho' thou maun never be mine,
> Altho' even hope is denied,
> 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
> Than aught in the world beside."

He had been kindly treated by Dr. Maxwell and he felt thankful to him, and regretted his inability to repay him. He gave him his pistols, which he had used against the smugglers of Solway, by way of a small acknowledgment of his services—adding with a smile as he did so, "I have tried them and found them an honor to their maker, which is more than I can say of the bulk of mankind." As his lustrous black eyes shone like balls of fire in the delirium of fever, he turned to Gibson, a fellow soldier, who stood with wet eyes at his bedside and said proudly with a gleam of humor—no doubt remembering the poor practice of the corps, "John, pray don't let the awkward squad fire over me." The solemn hour had now arrived when the dust must return to the earth as it was and the spirit to God who gave it. His frame trembled with weakness and his parched tongue refused utterance—reason forsook its throne and was replaced by a merciful

delirium which accompanied him to the brink of the icy river. While in this state his attendant, James Maclure, held his medicine to his lips, he swallowed it eagerly, rose almost wholly up, spread out his hands, sprang forward nigh the whole length of the bed, fell on his face and expired. And now our task is done, and we must bid our poet a long, a last farewell. His life began amidst thunder and lightning, his short career was marked by alternate clouds and storms, with occasional glimpses of sunlight between, and with a desperate struggle he made his exit from this vale of tears, and entered that still country where storms can never come. He has passed the icy river, he has passed through nature into eternity, has entered the undiscovered land from whose precincts no wanderer has ever yet returned; he has passed into the Presence Chamber of that All Wise Creator, whose laws he frequently violated, and whose pardon through the Great Meditator he as frequently supplicated, and we hope at last received, for we know that—

"To err is human,—but to forgive, divine."

We will not attempt to disturb the sublime silence of that calm country, whose secrets are kept so well, but will now leave him in the hands of that Mysterious

Person who came "not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," that Being who, when on earth, told his hearers to "Judge not that they might not be judged," that Divine Man who, when asked by an unfeeling Pharisaical mob to pass sentence of condemnation on a great, lonely and friendless sinner, lifted his scornful eyes towards the self-righteous ones and said with a knowledge which belonged only to the Great Searcher of Hearts, and with a lofty sarcasm which banished the canting hypocrites in question from His holy presence, "He that is without sin among you let him cast the first stone."

Land of Wallace and Bruce

VISIT TO STIRLING CASTLE—OCHIL AND GRAMPIAN HILLS—THE LINKS OF THE FORTH—ABBEY CRAIG AND CRAIG FORTH—A GLORIOUS PANORAMA—THE FIELD OF BANNOCKBURN, ETC., ETC.

We crossed over a draw bridge, a deep fosse through two walls of defence and two gateways, and then we really entered the stronghold. The whole fortress reminded me very much of Edinburgh castle, to which I had paid three visits while in the northern capital. The only part of this castle we were allowed to enter was the Douglas Room and the Gardens. In this room Wm. Earl of Douglas was murdered by James II. and his body thrown out of the window, beneath which a skeleton was lately dug up, evidently the remains of

that powerful chief. This wing of the castle was burned in 1855, including the Douglass Room, but was rebuilt in keeping with its former style. The castle is not so high as the Edinburgh castle, being 340 feet above the tide level and stooping precipitously like the latter on one side. Here it is north west. We walked round the ramparts and viewed the country on all sides, from the "Princes' Walk" to the "Ladies' Look-out," "Queen Mary's Look-out," "Victoria Look-out," the last taking its name from our present Queen's admiration of it in 1842. The view on all sides was without exception the finest I ever set my eyes upon. It was one magnificent panorama over foregrounds of exquisite beauty, away to Arthur Seat Tinto, the Lennox and Ochil Hills and the Grampians. Turning my eyes downward to what is known as the Carse of Stirling, a part of which must have been at one time covered by the sea when the rock upon which I stood no doubt was the terror of the seaman and the cause of many a wreck, turning my eyes to the Carse on which the bright rays of an April sun were beaming, I beheld the "Links of the Firth," wending their way through that green and lovely vale, like a huge sea serpent making his way with

many a curl to his home in the dark blue sea, and many a curve and many a sweep, his head being lost to view away down where the Frith of Forth joins the ocean. To my left is Abbey Craig, overtopped with the Wallace monument, while away behind me is Craig Forth, with its thickly wooded sides, and in the distant north, the blue rugged mountains of the Highlands loom up in everlasting grandeur, down below me and a little to the left is the old bridge of Stirling, near which stood the Kildean bridge, the scene of Wallace's greatest victory, and imagination pictures him looking down in lofty, lonely splendor on a country freed mainly through his exertions. Before me on the esplanade Bruce is still pointing and will point forever towards Bannockburn, the crowning victory of his life, which secured the liberties of his country, registered the deed of her independence in the recording office of the nations, and placed it in the archives of eternity. I am standing on the spot where Queen Victoria and many Kings and Princes stood before me. The ground is historic. Here Queen Mary and her son James VI. were crowned and here many of the Royal Stuarts lived and died. Many a time has the battle, fierce and bloody, raged around the spot on

which I am now standing, from the time the old Roman warriors made a fortress of this rock and held it as the key to ancient Caledonia, down to the time when "The Hammerer of Scotland" held it, until it was retaken by the Bruce and became Scotland's forever. The surroundings are inspiring, the spot pregnant with interest, thrilling reminiscences fill my brain, the mind for the time bursts its fetters and sweeps back millions of years, and in imagination sees old ocean dashing its waves into foam on the rock on which I am now standing, as armies dashed against it in more modern times. The scene before me is magnificent, the inspiration is complete. Well do I understand the ardent, patriotic, intense, burning feeling of the Scottish poet, when he composed the following lines while gazing on such a scene as this, with a glorious national history wafted to his brain by every breath of air that fanned his fervid brow:—

"Let Italy boast of her gay shining waters,
Her views and her towers and her bright spangled skies,
Her sons drinking love from the eyes of Her daughters,
While freedom expires 'midst coldness and sighs.
Scotland's blue mountains wild, where hoary cliffs are piled,
Towering in grandeur far dearer to me,
Land of the misty cloud, land of the torrent loud,
Land of the bold and proud, land of the free;

Enthroned on the peak of her own Highland mountain.
The spirit of Scotia sits fearless and free,
Her green tartans waving by blue lake and fountain,
While proudly she frowns o'er the far distant sea.
Here 'midst her native wild, she has serenely smiled,
Whilst armies and empires against her were hurled,
Firm as her native rock, she has withstood the shock
Of England, of Denmark, of Rome and the world.

When Kings of the nations in council assemble,
The frown of her brow makes their proud hearts to quake,
The flash of her eyes makes the boldest to tremble.
The sound of her war note makes armies to shake.
France long shall mind the strain heard on yon bloody plain.
Which made Europe's armies in terror to shiver,
Enshrouded 'midst fire and blood, the pibroch played long and loud.
We're dying but unsubdued, Scotland forever!"

We now passed out at the gate by which we entered, taking a look at the Parliament House (or Room), 120 feet long, which was built by James III. but is now a barrack, as is also the presence chamber in James V's palace. The chapel added by James VI is now an armory. We took a walk behind Castle Hill, which is a most delightful place, and reminded

me of the Lovers' Walk behind the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, but it is more beautiful still. The hill side is thickly wooded and has fine walks, and a well of bright, sparkling, spring water flowing out of the hill side and spouting from a stone fountain, which has a cup chained to the rock, out of which the thirsty traveller may drink the best of all beverages, "the cup that cheers but not inebriates." The wild hawthorn and the cherry were putting forth their leaves and scenting the evening breeze, while a bright evening sun was smiling on the tranquil, lovely scene. We stood entranced, gazing towards the top of the castle for the last time, when we were accosted by a man and woman in a dialect which told me they were not natives of the soil, one asking me the time of day, the other for money, as they had travelled far and were hungry. My reverie was broken. I looked towards the spot from which the voices came and saw a man and woman smoking short clay pipes. They appeared to be poor enough but happy withal. We gave them something to procure refreshments and started for the field of Bannockburn, which is about three miles distant. We passed through the village of St. Ninians with its church tower which was

used by Prince Charley as a powder magazine in 1740, he having halted here on his retreat. It is said that an explosion took place, which blew the church to pieces, leaving the isolated tower as we now see it. Here are the ruins of a castle which belonged to Sir John Graham, the trusty friend of Wallace, also Bruce castle, an old ruined building. On our way to Bannockburn we passed the village of Newhouse, where Randolph with 500 infantry defeated Surrey with 800 cavalry, the evening before the battle. In due time we arrived at the famous battle field and were sadly disappointed to find that the whole country was in a perfect state of cultivation and there was nothing like a battle field such as I had depicted in my imagination. However, there was the Bore Stane with a tall cast-iron flagstaff, not in the original stone, but in one brought there for the purpose. The original Bore Stane is incased in iron to prevent relic hunters from carrying it all away in pieces to put it in rings and brooches. It has indeed been shamefully abused by relic hunters. An intelligent young man pointed out a white farm house where the right wing of Bruce's army stood and then the place where the left wing was placed was also shown, while Bruce with

the centre occupied the spot on which the flagstaff stands. To Bruce's left hand were the steep banks of the Bannock, a small stream which gives the name to the battle field. This prevented Edward's army from operating on his left flank. Directly in front of the centre which Bruce commanded was a soft morass, which prevented any attack, especially by cavalry, in that direction. Away to his right, where the other wing was placed, the ground was not so soft nor wet, but here Bruce took the precaution to dig pits in which he placed sharp pikes and covered them nicely over. The horsemen, it seems, tried the left, but found the river banks too steep, they could not cross opposite the centre, which was a mere morass: they then dashed on the right wing, but many of their horses falling into the pits they were thrown into confusion, which was a signal for the Scot's army to attack, which they did simultaneously with great fury, fighting with a determination either to be victorious or to die on the field. They were fighting for their very national existence, and this thought as well as the heroic conduct of their brave leader, nerved them for the unequal contest. The language which the poet uses in reference to the Greeks, when

fighting for their independence against the Turks, might well have been applied to the Scots upon this occasion:—

"Strike till the last armed foe expires,
Strike for your altars and your fires,
Strike for the green graves and your sires,
God and your native land.

They did it and did it well, too. The army of King Robert was estimated at somewhere between 30,000 and 40,000, the English army at 100,000. Historians inform us that 30,000 English fell on the field and 20,000 more were killed in the pursuit. This great battle was fought on the 24th day of June, 1314, and sealed forever the independence of Scotland. Bruce, while riding on his palfrey, it is said, met an English Knight of known skill and bravery. They engaged in single combat, but Bruce soon cleft his head in two with his battle axe. His attendants remonstrated with him for risking his life in that manner, when he jocularly replied that what concerned him most was the loss of his good battle axe, the handle of which was shivered by the powerful blow which laid the Knight dead at his feet. Gillies Hill, on top of which Bruce's camp followers appeared during the battle, leaving the English to believe that his reserves were coming up, which added to their discomfiture, was

pointed out to us. It is a thickly wooded hill of some height, to the right of Bruce's right wing and considerably behind. The camp followers must have had a fine view of the battle from such an eminence; and as there was no powder and bullets in those days, they were perfectly safe. It must have been a glorious sight.

> "'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
> One glance at that array."

It would be as fine a sight as that which the poet Campbell had of Hohenlinden from the top of a convent. His description of that battle was from eye sight. The panorama actually passed before him We walked on to a small village on the banks of the Bannock, that we might have a good view of the ground that Edward and his army occupied and the difficulties he had to encounter, and as we looked up to Brock Brae, where Bruce and his centre stood and observed the low ground in his front, which was a marsh in his day, with his left protected by the steep bank of the river with ground no doubt rough and uneven at that remote time, his right wing also on rising ground, protected by pits dug in the low ground at their front, as we looked at this, the more we admired Bruce's generalship in choosing such an

advantageous position, and when we considered that he was fighting for his rightful crown and for the liberties of his native land, while Edward was an invader, a tyrant and a usurper, when I thought of that and also that fortune generally favors the Tells, the Wallaces, the Washingtons, those who fight for human liberty, I no longer wondered that 30,000 or 40,000 Scots, poorly equipped, put 100,000 of the best soldiers of that day to flight. We were told the people from all parts of the world visit the field of Bannockburn, and especially a large number from America. As the sun was now sinking behind Gillies' Hill we wended our way back to the flagstaff, having a sight of the mill at the village of Newton to the right as we returned, where James III. was murdered after the battle of Sauchieburn, which was fought with his own son and his rebellious nobles. We were fully satisfied with our examination of the field, and with our informant, who had now left us. We were alone with the Bore Stane, which has a round hole in the centre where Bruce's flagstaff was placed and every indication of being the real stone that did service on that ever memorable day in Scottish history. Turning once more towards the south, in

imagination we beheld King Edward and his grand army on the opposite side of the Bannock, while Bruce with three to one against him, makes up his mind to secure the independence of his country or die in the attempt. Every man is prepared to do the same. To my mind as he rode along the ranks on his Highland pony he would address some such language as Burns puts into his mouth in his stirring poem of "Scot's wha' hae wi' Wallace bled," so mounting the Bore Stane we recited the poem to the flagstaff, the green fields and the wimplin' burn, making the calm evening air of Bannockburn ring with the voice of a free Canadian and the ever sacred words of human liberty :—

"SCOTS, wha hae wi' WALLACE bled,
Scot's, wham BRUCE has often led ;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to Victory !
Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
See the front o' battle lour ;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery !
Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Let him turn and flee !
Wha, from SCOTLAND'S king and law,
FREEDOM'S sword will strongly draw ;
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me !
By Oppression's woe's and pains !
By your sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free !
Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
LIBERTY'S in every blow !—
Let us do or die !"

Land of Wallace and Bruce

RETURNED FROM BANNOCKBURN—ANECDOTE BY A SCOTCHMAN—"SMITH INSTITUTION"—BAIRD AND HARDIE—THE ATHENÆUM—THE OLD BRIDGE OF STIRLING—WALLACE'S GREATEST VICTORY—CAUSEWAY-HEAD—ABBEY CRAIG—THE WALLACE MONUMENT—CÆSAR, WALLACE AND CROMWELL—THE COMMON PEOPLE AND THE ARISTOCRACY—REFLECTION ON THE FATE OF THE SCOTTISH HERO—CAMBUSKENNETH ABBEY—"TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW."

I returned to Stirling as the sun was sinking behind the blue mountains of the Highlands, the sweet singers of Scotland that had cheered me when rambling amongst the sweet-scented hawthorns of fair "Snowden," were now tuning their mellow throats and singing the requiem

of departing day, as I entered the ancient town of Stirling. I was tired and foot-sore. I had been on my feet all day, but buoyed up and delighted by the ever changing, varied and gorgeous scenery I had been viewing. The walk to Bannockburn and back was one of at least six miles on a stone road, and now that the excitement was over and my patriotism had ebbed with the conclusion of "Scot's wha hae," I felt exhausted. I was fully satisfied with Bannockburn, and had no desire to see it again, or at least to walk to it. History says that King Edward was fully satisfied, not to say disgusted, with the sight he had of it, and never wished to see it again either. If he was as tired and foot-sore as I was, I know how to sympathize with him, especially as he went faster and farther without stopping or taking refreshments than I did. I ordered my supper immediately, to which I did ample justice, a gentleman in the meantime relating some incidents in reference to Bannockburn, one of which I will reproduce. A southern gentleman had visited the battle-ground and got a Scotsman to show him the various points of interest, just as a native of the soil had done with me. When fully satisfied he pulled out a gold coin and offered it

to the Scotsman, but "Sandie" said, "Na, na, you jist keep yer siller, yer kintrymen paid dear enough for seeing Bannockburn." In due time we retired to rest and had the best sleep we have had since we arrived on these shores. The following morning we visited several other places of interest, some of which we will merely mention, such as the "Smith Institution," which consists of a reading room, library, museum, and picture gallery; the U. P. Church and monument which marks the place where Ebenezer Erskine is interred; the old "mint," where the first "bawbee" was coined; "McFarlane's reading rooms and museum containing the library and chair of James Guthrie, the martyr;" a piece of the roof of Beaton Cottage, in which James III. was killed, an old dagger from Bannockburn, a mask and hatchet used at the execution of Baird and Hardie, the political martyrs. In the days of Castlereagh they had a sharp and sure way of settling political Reformers, and this hatchet that severed the heads of poor Baird and Hardie from their bodies was supposed to have settled forever the claims of the Radicals, as they were called, but the day came when those claims had to be met and granted too, so that the principles for which these men's lives

were sacrificed is now the law of the land. This has been the case in all lands and in every age, one generation sows the the seed in sorrow, in tears and in blood, the next rejoices in the golden harvest of freedom, and brings home the sheaves with rejoicing

"For freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

Amongst other places of interest we must not forget the Athenæum, a modern edifice with a lofty spire, having in front of it a statue of Sir Wm. Wallace, and containing a reading room free to all strangers. Many other points of interest, and relics might be mentioned, but this musts uffice and we will now turn our backs on this intensely interesting town and our faces towards Abbey Craig, on which stands the Wallace monument. It was a bright April morning when we wended our way towards the Old Bridge of Stirling, preferring like Burns—the "auld brig" to the new one, which is a short distance down the stream. We preferred the old one because it had a history and the new one had none. The approach to it is through a narrow street. For four-hundred years this old stone bridge upon which I am now standing, was the only one over which wheeled vehicles could

pass. It has four arches, is high in the centre and narrow between the parapets. In 1745 the south arch was taken down to prevent the march of Prince Charley's Highlanders. Here Hamilton was hanged, in 1571, for the murder of the Regent Moray. But what interested me most was that about a mile further up the river at Kildean, stood the old wooden bridge which played such an important part in the battle of Stirling. The spot is still pointed out to the tourist, where Wallace performed a wonderful exploit that contributed much to the liberation of Scotland from England's yoke. At this late day all must admire his pluck, his courage, and his stratagems, when we consider that he was fighting in the sacred cause of freedom, and for the liberties of a people whom God and nature intended should be free. The battle of Stirling was fought on the 11th of September, 1287. We are told that Wallace had concealed his men behind Abbey Craig, and suspecting that the English army, which was 50,000 strong, would pass Kildean bridge, laid his plans accordingly He had only 10,000 men and could hardly have been expected to meet his foe with five to one against him. He arranged the beams of the bridge in such a manner

that by driving out a wedge the whole work would come down. A cord was attached to the wedge and John the Wright undertook, by means of this cord, to pull away the wedge, on a signal being given. To ward off suspicion, the boatmen went the length of ferrying across numbers of his country's foes. Returning to the left bank he espied a flag waving in the wind from a certain elevated position—the sign he was to receive. Dropping down the river to a spot, which is still pointed out, he seized the cord, pulled it with all his might, and the fatal deed was done. The boatman in the confusion escaped, and oft recounted the exploits of that ever memorable day. Wallace gave a good account of those who had passed over. A panic seized the English, and Wallace in the meantime fell upon them with great fury, all were either speared or drowned in the Forth, except three men—the insolent Cressingham being among the slain. Those on the south side fled in disorder. Thus ended the battle of Stirling—Wallace's greatest and most important victory. We now took the way to Abbey Craig, through the village of Causewayhead. A foot-path leads round the north side of the Craig, to the summit, where stands the Wallace

monument, which cost £20,000. The "Craig" is a green-stone hill 500 feet above the level of the plain, and overtopping everything around it but the Ochil Hills. As we follow the romantic wooded pathway around the hill, which to our mind resembles that upon which Stirling Castle stands. We frequently turn round to the northeast to view the heath-covered hills that raise their heads sublimely towards the heavenly blue, and stand unabashed in everlasting independence in the presence of the regal sun, as Wallace oft stood in the presence of the great and noble of the earth. The sight is animating, the view inspiring, for oh,

> "There is a thrill of strange delight
> That passes quivering o'er me,
> When blue hills rise upon the sight
> Like summer clouds before me."

But now we have reached the summit of the "Craig." We are standing on the site of an old Roman encampment, which was renovated by Cromwell when he marched through Scotland. Just think of it! Here I am on the very spot where the Roman legions had an entrenchment nearly two thousand years ago, and where the great "leveller," the most original man in English political history stood, and took time between his battles to

renew a Roman mound. Perhaps even the great Cæsar, the Cromwell of old Rome stood where I am now standing, if so, two of the greatest levellers, one of ancient, the other of comparatively recent times rendered this spot suggestive and historical. Both headed the common people, both sapped the foundation of the aristocracy, both were disbelievers in the theory that kings have a divine right to do wrong, both scattered the rulers of the land, both were the ablest generals and the most original men of their day, and both when they thought it absolutely necessary sent a King or Ruler out of the world without his head. We might have added that both were loved by the common people and hated by the nobles, and of "Oliver"—in particular we might say he was indeed the friend of the poor and downtrodden, and although the Covenanters fought against him and were scattered at Dunbar like chaff before the wind, he proved himself a better friend to them than the perfidious, house for which they were shedding their blood, for under his rule they were allowed to worship God "under their own vine and fig tree, none daring to molest them or make them afraid," what they were never permitted to do under the persecuting

house of Stuart. But we must climb the monument. We pay the fee and follow the spiral staircase in the interior, which leads to the top of the tower. This is a gigantic edifice built in the old Scotch baronial style, surmounted by a crown, and is 220 feet high. We are now looking down from a giddy elevation on four battle fields, towns and villages bedot the landscape, like stars which begem the firmament on a moonlight night. Arthur's seat is seen to the east, watching over the gray metropolis of the north, while, as we turn round, we observe Ben Lomond and the Grampians, craggy peaked and blue, rising up in stern, solemn and eternal grandeur, looking down upon the straths and glens of ancient Caledonia, which even the Roman legions failed to conquer. The view is the most extensive, the most magnificent, by all odds the grandest we have yet seen. No doubt the enthusiastic Scotch poet was gazing on such a scene as this when he burst forth in poetic rapture, saying:

"Scotland! land of all I love,
The land of all that love me,
Land whose green sod my youth has trod,
Whose sod shall lie above me.
Hail! country of the great and good,
Hail! land of song and story,
Land of the uncorrupted heart,
Of ancient faith and glory!

Like mother's bosom o'er her child,
Thy sky is glowing o'er me.
Like mother's ever-smiling face,
Thy land lies bright before me.
Land of my home, my father's land,
Land where my soul was nourished,
Land of anticipated joy,
And all my memory cherished!

Oh! Scotland, through thy wide domain,
What hill or vale or river
But in this fond, enthusiast's heart
Has found a place forever!
Nay, hast thou but a glen or shaw
To shelter farm or shealing,
That is not garner'd fondly up,
Within its depths of feeling!"

We take one long last look at the glorious windings of the Forth, and in its varied and magnificent curves we imagine we see Wallace's name written there, as assuredly it is engraven on the hearts of the Scottish people. We take another look at the spot where he and his small army encamped the evening before the battle of Stirling, and where the Romans encamped before him, and in our mind we see him watching the English army on the plain below, which he must fight on the morrow, for he knew, and knew well too, that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. While descending a footpath to the east, through fine shady trees, on which were numerous birds that appeared to be singing the praises of the hero who loved liberty like themselves, we

pondered on the sad fate of Sir Wm. Wallace, a man who deserved well of his country, of all lovers of liberty and of the world at large. Defeated at Falkirk on the 22nd of July, 1298, his army almost annihilated, his bosom friends the Graham and the Stewart laid low, Wallace led a wandering life, keeping up a sort of guerilla warfare until the year 1303, when he was basely betrayed by Sir John Monteith, a friend in whom he trusted. Having been taken prisoner, he was removed to London and on the 22nd of August, 1305, executed under the English treason law, with every circumstance of cruelty and ignominy that could be devised—the English populace, however, sympathizing with his fate as that of a fellow countryman rather than an enemy. The student of Scottish history, if he appreciates the principles of true liberty, and especially if he is of Scotch descent, will, as he ponders over the page, oft feel indignant to think that the Scotch nobles basely deserted their country's cause, or calmly stood aloof from it, leaving the national contest to be headed by the one man who was faithful among the faithless, but a thoughtful student will soon be able to solve the problem. The nobility of the country were of Norman descent and their

sympathies were on this account with the Norman King of England. Walace's family belonged to the old gentry, whose sympathies were naturally with the people. The Scots of Saxon origin, during the time to which we refer, were made to feel the kingly and aristocratic oppression under which the Saxons of England had been governed since the conquest. Sir Walter Scott puts this picturesquely in "Ivanhoe," where Cedric, the Saxon, is described as feeling keenly the ascendency of the dominant race with the rich Norman blood in their veins. The young hero of Elderslie like all true men, men of genius, felt his capacity for the task of freeing his oppressed countrymen, and therefore put himself at the head as the leader of what at the time appeared to be liberty's "forlorn hope," while the aristocratic Norman nobles stood aside until Wallace bravery cleared the way, and they saw some prospect of dominating in the liberated land. The country then, as now, was cursed by caste, and few, or none of the high toned nobles would follow where a plain Knight of humble Saxon origin led the way, hence Wallace was pre-eminently "the people's William," a leader of the masses. This was no disgrace to him. From such a source has come the liberties

of every nation or people on the face of the earth, who to-day rejoice in the sacred name of freedom. If the downtrodden and enslaved nations of the globe had worn their yoke patiently until the aristocracy moved in the matter, and the King and Nobles granted them their liberties, the judgment day would find them still wearing their political chains. We do not expect to find grapes on thorns, nor figs on thistles. When he who spoke as never man spake, appeared on our sin cursed earth, the aristocracy of that day held aloof from Him, but it was the crowning glory of his ministry that "the poor had the gospel preached unto them, and that the common people heard him gladly." The world could get along without an aristocracy but it could not get along without "the common people." Wallace then was a leader of the common people. All honor to him. Burns is the poet of the "common people," and both will live in the hearts of the "common people" of old Scotia, when perhaps its titled nobility will have taken its place in history as a relic of a by-gone age. Whatever may be the fate of crowns and coronets in the dark and cloudy future, of one thing we feel certain, there is one name that will never cease to charm, one name that will always stir the Scottish

heart to its core, one name that will always make the blood leap through its channels wild as the cataracts of this rocky land, that name is, "William Wallace."

"At Wallace name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious died."

But we must now bid freedom's son adieu. We will leave him with the Tells, the Emmets, the Washingtons, and other lovers and defenders of human liberty, feeling sure that he like them will live forever.

"Among the few immortal ones
That were not born to die."

As the bee extracts honey from every flower, so ought the student of history to extract a lesson from every event in the history of the world. The Creator who gives us our lives, at the same time gave us our liberty, and never takes it from us, but since the human race began one nation or people, or class, has always been trying to oppress or enslave another, hence war, cruelty and bloodshed has been a constant attendant on mankind. If it were not for this melancholy fact we would not require patriotic men to shed their blood, but alas! it is far otherwise. When we see a head taken off, or blood shed in the cause of

civil and religious liberty, we say, (because we cannot see the beginning from the end) the life is sacrificed, the cause is lost. This does not necessarily follow, the shedding of his blood may be the very means of rendering the cause for which he died victorious, for we know by walking the centuries and scanning the annals of history that in civil, as well as in religious matters, the old maxim holds good, "The blood of the martyrs in the seed of the church." This is the lesson we wish to convey, Bruce as King, and the people of Scotland as subjects, reaped the golden harvest of liberty, grown from the seed which Wallace had sown in blood. Gerald Massey, in his poem, "To-day and To-morrow" inculcates these ideas more forcibly than we can, and as we walk ed down the wooded mountain side, towards Cambus Kenneth Abbey, we could not help reciting his words to the trees around us and to the birds which were singing the song of liberty in their branches.

"High hopes that burned like stars sublime,
  Go down in the heavens of freedom;
And true hearts perish in the time
  We bitterliest need them!
But never sit we down and say
  There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the wilderness to-day—
  The promised land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now,
  There are no flowers blooming,
Yet life holds in the frozen bough,
  And freedom's spring is coming;
And freedom's tide comes up alway,
  Though we may strand in sorrow;
And our good bark aground to-day—
  Shall float again to-morrow.

Through all the long, long night of years
  The people's cry ascendeth;
And earth is wet with blood and tears
  But our meek suffarence endeth!
The few shall not forever sway.
  The many moil in sorrow,
The powers of hell are strong to-day,
  But Christ shall rise to-morrow.

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
  With smiling futures glisten!
For lo! our day bursts up the skies,
  Lean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls freedoms radiant way,
  And ripens with her sorrow;
Keep heart! who bears the cross to-day,
  Shall wear the crown to-morrow.

O youth flame earnest, still aspire
  With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of desire,
  Our yearning opes the portal,
And though age wearies by the way,
  And hearts break in the furrow—
We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
  The harvest reap to-morrow!

Build up heroic lives, and all
  Be like a sheathen sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's call—
  O chivalry of labour!
Triumph and toil are twnis; and aye
  Joy suns the cloud of sorrow,
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
  Brings victory to-morrow!

THE LAND OF THE GAEL

THE AUTHOR VISITED DUNKELD—WITH ITS ANCIENT CATHEDRAL—BIRNAM HILL—DUFF'S OAKS AND OTHER PLACES FAMILIAR TO THE READERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY OF MACBETH—AFTER WHICH HE INSPECTED THE "PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE" AND GAVE THE FOLLOWING DESCRIPTION:

After having a very good dinner at a temperance hotel in the village of Birnam, from one window of which we could see Duff's oaks, and from another Birnam Hill, we took a ticket for Pitlochry, near the Pass of Killiecrankie, which we wished to examine particularly, as it was here that the famous battle was fought in

which Claverhouse, alias Viscount Dundee, with his Highlanders, defeated Mackay, one of the best Generals of the day, who was in command of the Royal army. As we moved on towards the north we passed a station called Ballinling, from which place there is a branch railway nine miles long running up to Aberfeldy, which was the scene of Burns' song, "The birks of Aberfeldy." We would fain have ascended this branch line, which we were told passed along the banks of the Tay amidst beautiful scenery. We would have liked also to have seen those birks which the poet has immortalized in his beautiful and well-known song. We were informed, however, by an old lady that there were few birks at Aberfeldy now. They have vanished like the "Bush Aboon Traquair"—before the march of civilization, and the relentless hand of progress. I saw some very beautiful birks, or birches, as we would call them in Canada, on each side of the railway track as we went north, showing that the birks have not been entirely exterminated. They look more like our white barked poplar than the birches we have in our forest land. After a pleasant ride with the air bracing and fresh, we arrived at Pitlochry with its hydropathic establishment, over Strath tummel

and its Druid circle of six stones. This being the nearest point to the celebrated Pass we step off here so that we may examine the scene of Dundee's famous exploit carefully for ourselves. Now we took a view of Pitlochry, which is a favorite resort of invalids, on account of the beauty of the place and the hydropathic institution, which cost £50,000. It was a beautiful evening, cold enough to be bracing, as with a light valise in hand we started to walk through the Pass of Killiecrankie, intending to reach Blair Athole by the time the sun, which was shining gloriously in a clear Highland sky, had gilded Schechallion's lofty peak with gold. We were rather early, we were told, to see the Pass in its surpassing beauty, but still the buds on some of the trees had burst, and the tender leaves gave the woods a tinge of living green, while a species of wild cherry was in bloom and scented the air with the sweetest perfume. As if to make up for the deficiency manifested by other and more tender plants and flowers, the hardy, irrepressible whin, stern pointed, independent as the Highland character itself, bloomed in deep yellow magnificence on every hill and brae, and last, but not least, the sweet toned song of the Highland

birds, as if proud of their own native vale, were singing the praises, the beauties, the grandeur, the native sweetness of the finest, the most romantic glen on the face of the earth. The river Tummel, which falls into the Tay in the vicinity of Ballinling, issues from Loch Rannoch, runs eastward through Strathtummel and Loch Tummel, makes its famous fall eastward of the Loch, receives the Garry on its left bank at a point two miles from Pitlochry is everywhere a grandly impressive stream, and has been described by Mrs. Brunton as the "stream of her affection, of all rivers the most truly Highland, impetuous, melancholy and romantic, forming among the fragments that have fallen from mountains which seem to have been cleft for its course." But we have now reached the battle field of Killiecrankie, which was fought in 1689. A stone marks the place where Mackay left his baggage on the level ground by the banks of the Garry, and where the Highlanders seized it and fell to plundering instead of following up their victory by pursuing the red coats. Dundee was lying by this time amongst the "thickest of the slain," or the result would have been far otherwise; probably if he had been alive not a man of the Royal army would have

escaped. We were somewhat disappointed by the appearance of the hill down which the Highlanders came. It has been badly spoiled by cultivation, still the ridge is there, which no doubt gave Dundee's army a great advantage. The broom amongst which the hardy mountaineers lay concealed, while Mackay's army was slowly passing through the dark defile is gone. It has been replaced by some kind of grain which had just been sown. The river with its rapids and thickly wooded banks is there pretty much the same as it was upon the morning of the battle two hundred years ago, for rivers don't change much, unless through the art of man, and that has not been tried on the Garry. As it leaps from rock to rock and dashes over its pebbly bottom, now fretting itself into foam against its rocky banks, anon flowing in quiet, beautiful curves and eddies, it seems to say to the on-looker as it said on that morning after Dundee had been laid low, Mackay and his army nearly annihilated, and its waters crimsoned with the life blood of many a brave man:—

"Men may come, and men may go,
But I flow on forever."

How puny is man who lives out his little day, and is gone, compared to the works

of nature, the rocks, the hills, the rivers, and the mighty ocean, which are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. It is easy for one with a fertile, poetic imagination to call up the ghosts of the past and people a plain, a mountain or a pass with contending armies, especially if you happen to be in a country which is stern, romantic, solemn, sublime, such as the one whose heather my feet is now pressing. This is what I did upon the present occasion. I had read Macauley's description of the battle, had read Aytoun's poem describing the fight, and while doing so could not help admiring the dashing bravery of the rude, fearless mountaineers, a courage well worthy of a better fate, a better King, and a better cause. Though from our standpoint we cannot admire either the principles of Dundee or the cause for which he was contending. We must acknowledge that he was following his own convictions, was in red-hot earnest and moreover that he was one of the bravest of the brave. We feel happy to think, however, that while man proposes, God disposes, and that it is better for Scotland. for Britain and for the world to-day that the sceptre passed away from the ancient House of Stuart, At the same time we cannot but admire the

matchless courage and dashing bravery of the man who led the brave clans of the north to victory at the Battle of Killiecrankie, and as we stood by Dundee's grave, in Blair Athol, we could not help humming to ourselves the concluding verses of Aytoun's poem commemorating the victory gained by the man whose ashes lay beneath, the evening sun at the same time shining brightly on Schehallion's lofty brow as it shone on the evening of the ever memorable battle.

"And the evening star was shining
On Schehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
And returned to count the dead.

There we found him gashed and gory,
Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
As he told us where to seek him,
In the thickest of the slain.

And a smile was on his visage,
For within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
And the clansmen's clamorous cheer;

Lo, amidst the battle's thunder,
Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood
Passed the spirit of the Graeme!

Open wide the vaults of Athol,
Where the bones of heroes rest,
Open wide the hallowed portals
To receive another guest!

* * * * * * * *

Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
  Of the noble and the true,
Hands that never failed their country,
  Hearts that never baseness knew.

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

THE LAND OF THE GAEL

VISIT TO CULLODEN MOOR—DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE-FIELD—THE FIELD BADLY CHOSEN FOR HIGHLAND WARFARE —THE BRAVERY OF THE MOUNTAINEERS—TOTAL DEFEAT OF "ROYAL CHARLEY" AND HIS MEN—THE BUTCHERY WHICH FOLLOWED —REFLECTIONS ON THE STUART LINE, ETC.,ETC.

The walk from Inverness to Culloden is a little more than what was allowed for a Sabbath day's journey in the days when God's peculiar people reigned in Palestine. The ground was covered with snow and walking was any thing but pleasant, but we needed exercise and fresh air, and away we went, and in due time reached the bleak snow covered Moor where the battle was fought, which blasted forever the hopes of the Royal Stuart Line. Part of the Moor has been

brought under cultivation, but it has not been utterly spoiled like the field of Bannockburn. The laird who owns the ground, we were told, takes a real pride in preserving the Moor as much as possible in its primitive condition. A Highlander took some pride in showing us where the various clans were stationed, and told us how a dispute arose between the Macdonalds and some other clan, as to which should have the place of honor, the right hand side in the battle, how the Macdonalds asserted their hereditary claim and went in, while the disappointed clan stood mowing the heather with their swords till they saw the battle going against their countrymen, then they made a dash, but it was too late to turn the fortunes of the day, the battle became a massacre, and "the butcher," the name he called the Duke of Cumberland, cut them down unmercifully, giving no quarter, showing no mercy, slaughtering the flying fugitives wherever they were to be found. Many of the brave mountaineers chose rather to die on the field than to seek safety in flight, and the spot is still pointed out where a brave Highlander of giant proportions, named Donald McBean, who has been immortalized by some poet, Sir Walter Scott, I believe,

killed thirteen of his assailants before he sank overpowered by numbers. His good broad-sword was broken or gone, and he was knocking both footmen and horsemen down with a piece of broken gun carriage when a British officer rode up, and waving his sword, called upon them to spare him, as it was a pity, he thought, to kill so brave a man. The command, however, came too late, a fatal thrust of a bayonet reached a gallant heart, and brave Donald McBean, as brave a man as those who defended the Pass of Thermopylæ, or kept the bridge with brave Horatins, sank to rise no more. The fact is that chances and war were against them. Worse ground could not have been chosen for Highland warfare. If they had been led purposely like sheep to the slaughter, it could not have been more effectually done. Just think of it. The Highlanders had been marching and re-marching all night by the banks of the river Nairn, for what purpose none at this late date seem to know, but some suppose that they intended to take the British army by surprise. At day-break hungry and cold and wearied out with the night's marching, they came in sight of the British army, who in the meantime had taken up

a favorable position for themselves, where cannon and cavalry could act, on Drummossie Moor. The mountaineers were desperate, they were impatient of delay, the Highland blood leaped high as the cataracts of their country, the foe was now within their grasp, they were ready to leap upon him No faint hearts beat within those leathern breasts, no possibility of defeat ever entered their heads. Had they not beat those red coats before? Had they not marched victoriously through Scotland and England? Had they not carried the flag of "The Royal Stuart Line," even to the suburbs of old London itself? If they had gone on could they not have taken the very stronghold of the Hanoverian Line and sent the wee, wee, German Lairds, howling from St. James'?" Thus reasoned Lochiel and his Highlanders, if indeed, they even stopped to reason. The result was that, at a hasty council of war which was called, they decided to attack one of the best disciplined, best officered armies of the day, well provided with cavalry, artillery and munitions of war, and numerically their superior, moreover, an army which was well fed and rested, while they themselves had degenerated into an exhausted, famished, disorganized mob,

disputing, yea, even quarelling amongst themselves. How could we expect a different result from what did take place? What army, however brave, commanded by a debating club, ever succeeded? Where in history do we find an army ever victorious where one half of the warriors stood hewing the heather, while the other half were hewing the enemy. The truth, however is, that the game was up, even before this time, but another good stand could still have been made, had Royal Charley and his gallant few left Inverness to the tender mercies of "the butcher," and made his home for the time with the eagles in the stern mountains of the north. Fate, however, had decreed otherwise, and Providence for this time at least, was with the heavier artillery. The result is too well known to require any description from me. The contest was short, sharp and decisive. The Highlanders were scattered like sheep without a shepherd. As Franklin says:

"There never was a good war or a bad peace."

There is a dark side to the picture. When we see the bonfires blazing, the banners flying, and hear the victors shout, we forget the widows and the orphans of the slain, the thousands of hearts that are breaking in many a cottage. Burns, the

poet of nature, puts this in his own inimitable style, when he says:—

"When wild war's deadly blast was blown,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning."

Such was the state of the Highlands after the battle of Culloden, when "the butcher" had done his work. The same poet puts it more pointedly still in his plaintive song, "The Lovely Lass o' Inverness," which I quote with great interest, now that I am on the very ground:—

"The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see,
For e'en and morn she cries, Alas!
And aye the salt tear blins her e'e.
Drummossie Moor! Drummossie day!
A woefu' day it was to me,
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three."

But what was the fate of Charley, the young chevalier, who attempted to place his father on the throne of his ancestors? He met a small remnant of his army at Kingussie. These had refused to separate without his command. They were still willing to fight and to die for his sake. The Prince, however, thought there was no use sacrificing any more lives in a cause that seemed for the time so hopeless, so he gave the command and they disbanded, never to meet again. His after

wanderings, his narrow escapes, his journey to Skye as Betty Burke, an Irish servant girl, attending on Flora Macdonald, and his final escape to France, forms a romantic tale by itself with which most people are familiar, and for which I have no space in this letter. His wanderings formed the theme for many a lyric, one of the best being "The Chevalier's Lament," by the Ayrshire bard, a verse of which runs as follows :—

"The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice
A King and a father to place on his throne?
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none,
But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn,
My brave gallant friends! 'tis your ruin I mourn.
Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make you no better return?"

He might well have used the words which Burns put in his mouth—for it did indeed go hard—very hard, with his followers. Kilmarnock, Dunfermline, and Lord Lovat lost their lands, their liberty, and what was still worse, their heads. They were guillotined on Tower Hill, London. Even Flora Macdonald was confined for some time in the tower, and would undoubtedly have lost her head too for helping the poor wanderer to escape, if she had not been a woman.

Many lost their all, while others were banished forever from the land of their forefathers. Thus ended the Jacobite rebellion of 1745, which constituted the most remarkable march and series of victories on record. taking everything into consideration, thus too, was extinguished in blood the last flickering ray of hope of an ancient line of Kings. Well might Dr. Norman McLeod say, while visiting Culloden, as we are doing :—

"The thunder is hushed on the bleak heather Moor.
And the shield from the Gæl has been wrenched in the stoure,
The sword has been broke in the grasp of the brave
And the blood of the valiant is shed by the slave.

* * * * * * *

Farewell, Royal Charles! the conflict is o'er,
Thy ancestor's kingdom no strife can restore,
Thine essay with the clans of my love have been grand,
The fame of whose prowess forever will stand."

Having viewed the cairn where the Duke stood during the battle, not a point of much danger, we should think, and taken another look at the ground occupied by the bonnetted chieftains and their faithful followers, we turned our backs on Culloden and our faces towards the gay capital of the Highlands. Several questions came prominently before my

mind, as deductions from the historical event which I had just been contemplating. They were these: Was the Stuart, or in fact any other dynasty worth fighting for? Had they not been a tyrannical race throughout? Had they not been believers in the Divine right of Kings, to do wrong? Had they not persecuted the Presbyterians, and hunted the Covenanters like partridges upon the mountains? Were not the best of the people, the most liberal minds of that day, against them? Was not the very clan to which my ancestors belonged on the other side? Did not the chiefs of that clan, the ancestors of the late Governor-General of Canada, command in the field against them? Did they not know them better than we at this distant day? Had not the last of the race who sat on the throne of Britain proved himself to be unfit to govern, live or die? Am I not led away by feelings of sympathy, pity for the unfortunate, which is naturally strong in my breast? Have I not, so to speak, allowed my heart to run away with my head? These questions and a hundred more flashed through my brain as we returned slowly towards Inverness, from the place where the last hope of the Stuarts was extinguished forever. Then

the question came up, "perhaps if Charles Edward had been placed on the throne he might have reigned better than his ancestors, for whose sins he was suffering." But then the thought came before my mind, that even Ahab and Ahaz the wicked Kings of Judah, began to reign well, and we know how they ended. The result was that by the time we had reached the Waverly, we had come to the conclusion that it was all for the best, and was in accordance with the will of Him who said, "By me Kings reign and Princes decree justice, and that what seemed hard upon one family and severe upon his countrymen, was for the benefit of the majority of the people of Britain and a blessing to the world at large." This view must be correct if it is true what Pope says, that:—

"All nature is but art, unknown to thee,
All chance, direction, which thou cans't not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

Now, that I am leaving the Highlands likely forever, I must confess that I am fairly enraptured with both the country and the people, and will never forget the warm reception I got in Inverness. I have heard it related of Sir Walter Scott

that shortly before his death when worn down by literary labours, he took a trip to Italy in order to recruit his failing strength, and when nearing the top of Mount Vesuvius one day, he was heard humming something to himself, and his attendant being curious to know what the great man was saying, went near and found he was singing in a low voice ;—

"My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer,
A chasing the wild deer and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go."

Such I believe will be my feelings towards the land of the Celt and its whole-souled, warm-hearted people, to the latest days of my life, and now that I am turning my face towards the Lowlands, I will say in the language of Burns :—

When death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come,
In Heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome.

The Land of Sir Walter Scott.

A RAMBLE WITH DR. AIKINS, OF TORONTO —THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN—BORTHWICK CASTLE—GALA WATER—MELROSE TOWN AND ABBEY—SIR WALTER SCOTT—THE DOUGLASSES—MICHAEL SCOTT—HEART OF ROBERT THE BRUCE, &c.,&c.

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
  Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day,
  Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey,
When the broken arches are black in night,
  And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
  Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
  Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
  And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
  And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
  Then view St. David's ruin'd pile,
And, home returning, soothly swear,
  Was never scene so sad and fair!

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Well, not feeling very certain that there would be any moonlight to spare, for one is sure of nothing but of rain in this country, and having been told, moreover, that Sir Walter never visited Melrose Abbey by moonlight himself, we resolved to visit the venerable ruin on a bright sunshiny day, one of the few bright days we meet with in this moist climate at this season of the year, so along with Drs. Aikins and Wylie, and a young Scotsman from "Auld Reekie," we started on our excursion to the land which has been rendered immortal by the magic pen of Sir Walter Scott. Accordingly we repaired to the Waverly Station and took tickets for Melrose—return tickets—resolving to spend one day with Scott. The young Scotsman was intelligent and well acquainted with the country, and pointed out everything that he thought would interest "Yankee tourists," as he was pleased to call us, though the only real live Yankee amongst us was Dr. Wylie. Dr. Aikins and your humble servant had to swallow the hard name as best we could, seeing that our young friend did not know the distinction between the citizens of our Dominion and those who have had the misfortune to be born farther south. There was no

use in making geographical explanations, I simply said, "that Aikins and I intended to annex the country Wylie hailed from, shortly, and then we would all be Canadians." Wylie hoped that he would be present when the thing was done. The course of the railway was through a beautiful country with the "Gala water" flowing through it, which stream we crossed quite a number of times. We passed the house of the "Laird of Cockpen," which our Scotch friend, finding that I was fond of poetry, pointed out to me. I recited a verse or two of the song, beginning thus:—

"The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great;
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep;
But favor wi' wooin' was fashious to seek."

As we passed on, Borthwick Castle was pointed out. It is about thirteen miles from Edinburgh. It was built in 1430, and is a double tower on the model of the old border keep, the largest structure of the kind in the kingdom. It contains a room called Queen Mary's, on account of that unfortunate Queen taking refuge in it shortly after her marriage to Bothwell. It was then menaced by her enemies and she fled from it in male attire. It is 74 feet in length, 68 feet in breadth and 90 feet in

height. It's walls are of hewn stone, 13 feet thick near the ground. It was so strong that it resisted quite a seige by Cromwell, and still retains the marks of his cannon. Robertson, the historian, was born in the manse near this castle. From this place onward to Galashiels there was nothing important pointed out to us with the exception of the beautiful "Gala water," and our Scotch friend smiling, asked me if I couldn't quote something in reference to that stream. I said I could, and quoted the old song of which the following is the first verse :—

"There's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander through the blooming heather,
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws
Can match the lads o' Gala Water."

I may mention that the "Gala" is a small stream that rises in Mid-Lothian, runs south, and falls into the Tweed above Melrose. We swept through Galashiels, which we intended visiting later in the day, and soon found ourselves in the pretty town of Melrose. This town lies between the river Tweed and the Eildon Hill. It has a fine railway station, a hydropathic establishment, a lunatic asylum which cost £45,000 sterling, three hotels and three churches. With the exception of the cross, the Abbey is the only object of

archæological interest. The cross stands in the market place, the shaft rising to the height of twenty feet, with a unicorn on the top, sustaining the Royal Arms of Scotland. After examining this ancient relic and taking a good drink of the water which flowed from its base, we followed the crowd down a narrow street, and soon found ourselves at the Abbey gate, and, strange to say, were allowed to enter without any fee being demanded. "This is different from the rules of Artemus Ward's show," I remarked to our American friend, which was, "You may pay without going in, but ye can't go in without paying." However, they made us pay here before they let us out. The Abbey, like all the churches of the olden time, lies east and west. We entered on the west and examined it carefully, first the nave then the south aisle, then in order the south transept, the tower base, the choir, the chancel, the north transept, the sacristy, and the cloisters, after which we examined the interior of the fine old edifice and the cemetery. We will not attempt to describe what has been described so well by Grose and by Billings, and by Sir Walter Scott in his Monastery, and also in his Lay of the Last Minstrel. I will merely mention some things which impressed me forcibly

and put me into a serious mood. One thing was that we were treading on the ashes of the mighty dead of centuries long gone by, for under these flagstones we are told their bones have mingled with the earth. Indeed, in the choir and the chancel the graves of many illustrious dead were pointed out to us, a printed label showing us the exact spot. Amongst these was Alexander II, King of Scotland, whose ashes lie under the high altar, James, Earl Douglass, who was slain by Earl Percy at the battle of Otterburn in 1388, Wm. Douglass, the dark Knight of Liddesdale, who was slain by a kinsman while hunting in Ettrick Forest, Michael Scott, the Wizard, and the heart of Robert the Bruce. As we stood on the flat mossy stone, broken across the middle, which is reported to be the grave of the famous wizard or natural philosopher, we thought of the superstitious times in which he lived, when his knowledge was so misunderstood that ignorance had transformed him into a wizard. If he had had the misfortune to be an old woman he would undoubtedly have been burned for a witch. It is said that the wizard's magic books were buried with him by the Monk, who gave the following weird description of

the funeral in "The lay of the Last Minstrel":—

"I buried him on St. Michael's night,
When the bell tolled one and the moon was bright,
And I dug his chamber among the dead,
When the flow of the Chancel was stained red
That his patron's cross might over him wave
And scare the fiends from the wizard's grave."

Michael Scott, the wizard, of Balwearie, flourished during the thirteenth century, and was one of the Ambassadars sent to bring the fair maid of Norway to Scotland upon the death of Alexander III, 1290. He wrote several works upon the abstruse sciences, and passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. His memory survives in many a legend, and in the south of Scotland any work of great labor and antiquity is ascribed either to the agency of "Auld Michael," "Sir William Wallace," or the "devil" these being the three cleverest men of whom they had any knowledge. But we now passed on and stood on the heart of Scotland's greatest King. We had stood on the spot in Dunfermline, where the Bruce's body was interred and had given expression to the solemn thoughts which crowded our brain on that auspicious occasion, but now we stand on the very spot where the Liberator's heart, which beat for Scotland and Scotland alone, mingled with the

kindred dust of the land he loved so well. This grand old ruin, with its exquisite carving, may well be considered a fitting and appropriate monument for a heart such as his. In the Bruce's last letter to his son, written about a month before his death, he commanded that his heart should be buried in Melrose Abbey. But subsequent to that he wished rather that it might be sent to Palestine and buried in the holy sepulchre. Sir James Douglass entrusted with the sacred deposit, set sail with a numerous and splendid retinue. In Spain he encountered the Saracens, and being sorely pressed, he threw the silver casquet containing Bruce's heart, amongst the thicket of the enemy, saying, "Now pass thou onward before us, as thou wert wont, and I will follow thee or die." In this battle, which was fought in 1331, "the good Sir James" as he was called, met his death, being too brave to retreat, hence he did follow the heart of the Bruce—followed it to the shadowy regions of the dead. The body of Douglass was recovered and brought back for burial, and the heart of the master he loved and served so well was interred, agreeably with the former wish of the King, under the high altar of Melrose Abbey. After all Scotland, and in particular the Abbey

which he had rebuilt, was a more suitable resting place for the heart of "King Robert the Bruce," than the land of the Saracen, where few of his grateful countrymen could ever visit the silent heart which had so long beat for them and them alone. His body lies under the pulpit of the Memorial Church in Dunfermline, his heart under the high altar of Melrose Abbey, and his liberty-loving spirit has gone, we hope, to a brighter and better world than this, where oppression is unknown and where tyrants can never enter.

The Land of Sir Walter Scott.

EILDON HILL—TEVIOTDALE—CHEVIOT HILLS—JEDBURGH—HAWICK—SELKIRK—GALASHIELS—KELSO—ST. BOSWELL'S AND DRYBURGH ABBEY—A MAGNIFICENT LANDSCAPE—ETTRICK SHAWS AND YARROW BRAES—THE "BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR"—THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST—DARNICK TOWER—"CHARTY HOLE," &c., &c.

We now left Melrose Abbey, slowly and sadly, with solemn step, as if returning from a funeral where we had seen the great and mighty of the earth laid under the clods of the valley. We will never forget our visit to this ancient ruin and the city of the dead by which it is surrounded. We retraced our steps through

the revered and historical town and took the path which leads to the Eildon Hill, under which Melrose stands. We climbed fences and scrambled through woods, crossing a beautiful rivulet on the way, Dr. Aikins leading, your humble servant following and our Yankee friend, Dr. Wylie, with the young Scotsman forming the rear guard. We soon reached the base of the Hill and began the ascent, and were not long in finding out that the young man from "Auld Reekie" was best at this kind of work, and the rest of us without distinction of nationality had the honor of bringing up the rear. No wonder that Scotsmen often rise in the world when they go to other lands, they could not help it, they are used to getting up in the world from their childhood. Many of them like to get elevated, too, and certainly it must seem like second nature to them. We had not much time nor breath either for talking, we required all for climbing, for it was no easy matter I can assure you. The hill or hills, for there are three pointed peaks rising from one base, are 1,330 feet in height and the legend is that originally there was only one peak, but the wizard, Michael Scott, or rather the familiar spirits who answered his call, cleft them in three one night and

erected a stone bridge across the Tweed. Scott, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," puts the following words in the mouth of the Monk, descriptive of that night's work :—

"In these far climes it was my lot
To meet the wondrous Michael Scott,
A wizard of such dreaded fame
That when in Salamanca's cave,
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame!
Some of his skill he taught to me,
And, warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone.
But to speak them were a deadly sin;
And for having thought them my heart within,
A treble penance must be done."

It would be no use to dispute about this act of "Auld Michael;" it is best to swallow it at once, for the weight of authority would be against us. The hills would be against us too, for there stands the three peaks up against the sky as an everlasting memorial. The Eildons were known to the Romans by the name, Trimontium, and the highest eminence, the one we visited, was selected by them as a military station. We found the air at the top clear, dry and cold, too cold to be comfortable. We had a fine view of the country in every direction, aided by a glass with which the Scotsman was provided. We looked down upon lovely

Tevoitdale, the river Tevoit glittering and sparkling like gold in the rays of the sun. Away to the south we observed the blue outline of the Cheviot Hills, forming the ancient boundary between the two countries. The situation of Jedburgh on the river Jed was pointed out, also that of Hawick, Selkirk, Galashiels and Kelso, and nearer still St. Boswells and Dryburgh Abbey (the last resting place of Sir Walter Scott, his wife, his son and his son-in-law) to which place a local poet refers, when he says:—

> "There fifty monks have sung the prayer
> To God, the King of all;
> There Scott and Lockhart sleep and wait
> The last great judgment call."

We can trace the windings of the Ettrick, the Yarrow and the silver Tweed with the beautiful vales through which these rivers flow. Our obliging Scotch friend pointed out the "Yarrow Braes" and the "Bush aboon Traquair," both famous in song, also "Abbotsford," the residence of the "Wizard of the North." The scenes of many a fierce and bloody battle during the border warfare are in sight with the strong Border Keeps dotting the landscape to remind us of those turbulent times happily long gone by. We are perhaps standing on the most

warlike and at the same time the most classic ground in all Scotland. We are in the land of the Douglasses, a tower of strength in their day, and the land of James Hogg and Walter Scott, who have rendered every town and village, wood and glen immortal by their songs. Newark, Ettrick, Yarrow, St. Mary's Loch, the bold monument to Sir William Wallace erected by the Duke of Buccleuch, and the Temple of Thompson, the poet of the Seasons, all are near, while the Ettrick Shepherd also lives in a massive monument of stone on the bank of the Loch of the Lowes, as he lives in the hearts of the people of Ettrick Shaws and Yarrow Braes. Beautiful mansions stand all around, amongst which we observe Eildon Hall, the residence of Sir Henry Scott, and Allerly, the residence of Sir David Brewster. The landscape is extensive, beautiful, poetical, historical, thrilling, every spot the eye rests upon has been the scene of a battle, the birth place of a famous man or the subject of the poet's song. This is the land in which Mungo Park, Robert Chambers, John Leydon, James Hogg, Thos. Pringle, the Douglasses and other celebrated men were born, this the country where the battles of Otterburn, Ancrum Moor, Melrose, Philiphaugh and Flodden

were fought, the last vividly described by the master hand of Sir Walter Scott, in his celebrated poem, "Marmion," where he tells us that

"Tradition, legend, tune and song,
Shall many an age the wail prolong,
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and courage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear
And broken was her shield"

We are standing on the spot where the Roman eagles waved twenty centuries ago, when our rude forefathers were well developed savages without the benefits of education or the blessings of christianity but still with that natural bravery and native independence which made them even then a terror to the conquerors of the world, and forced them to encamp upon mountain tops, like the one upon which I am now standing, a sturdy independence and fearless courage, which has come down through the centuries and made Britain and her people what they are to-day, the hope of the oppressed, the harbinger of civilization, the crown, the glory of the world. But the air is keen and the eye is wearied, we fain would retrace our steps down the mountain side. We take the glass once more, we view for the last time one of the most glorious landscapes which this earth affords, we

follow the windings of the silver Teviot and raise our eyes to the heavenly blue of the Cheviot mountains. Oh, what a magnificent sight to behold. We cannot help reciting to our companions "The Emigrant's Farewell," by Pringle, with an ardor, an intense feeling which we never felt before :—

"Our native land, our native vale,
  A long and last adieu,
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale
  And Cheviot mountains blue.

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
  And streams renown'd in song,
Farewell, ye braes and blossom'd meads,
  Our hearts have lov'd so long.

Farewell, the blythesome broomy knowes,
  Where thyme and hair bells grow,
Farewell, the hoary, haunted towers,
  O'erhung with birk and sloe.

The mossy cave and mouldering tower
  That skirt our native dell
The martyr's grave and lover's bower
  We bid a sad farewell.

Home of our love ! our father's home !
  Land of the brave and free !
The sail is flapping on the foam
  That bears us far from thee !

We seek a wild and distant shore
  Beyond the western main,
We leave thee to return no more
  Nor view thy cliffs again !

But may dishonor blight our homes
And quench our household fires,
If we or ours forget thy name
Green Island of our sires.

Our native land, our native vale,
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale
And Scotland's mountains blue."

As we retrace our steps down the rather steep sides of the Eildon Hill we repeatedly stopped to collect some of the heather by which the mountain is covered, to take home to Canada as an emblem of the country we had been visiting, and of the people amongst whom we had spent so many pleasant days. The heather was not a very good sample, being somewhat withered, the sweet little flower that constitutes its principal attraction being "Like angel visits, few and far between." In coming down the mountain side we observed several stone enclosures and we asked the young Scotsman what they were erected for. He told us they were for the purpose of driving the ewes into when they were going to milk them or when they were required to be gathered for any other purpose. We had not gone far when we met three bouncing Scotch lasses with tin pails coming tripping up towards the ewes which we saw grazing amongst the heather on the hill side, which

circumstance verified what our Scotch friend had just been telling us. Our Yankee friend, who is a bit of a wag, accosted them, saying, "Can you give us a drink of Scotch whiskey—beg your pardon—milk I mean?" The girls laughed heartily and pushed on towards their ewes. The Scotsman, turning to me, said, "You are full of Scotch poetry, now you see the sheep on the hill side and the blooming lasses with their pails hurrying up to milk them. Of what does that remind you in Scottish song?" I said it reminded me of the song called the "Flowers of the Forest," composed by Miss Jane Elliott, on the battle of Flodden, and I turned round and recited it to the sheep, the girls and the heath covered mountain :—

"I've heard the lilting at our yowe milking,
Lasses a-lilting before the dawn o'day.
But now they are moaning, on ilka green loaning.
The flowers of the Forest are a'wede away,

At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae.
Nae laffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing.
Ilkane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
The bandsters are lyart, and runkled and grey;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en in the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie,
The Flowers of the Forest a' wede away.

Dule and wae to the order, sent our lads to the border,
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,
The prime o' our land lie cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair lilting at our yowe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The flowers of the Forest are a' wede away."

The name of "The Forest" was given to Selkirkshire with a portion of Pebbleshire and Clydeshire and it was noted in those days for its fine archers. These were almost to a man slain at the battle of Flodden, which was fought in the year 1513. We now took the road for Abbotsford by way of the village of Darnick, where the battle of Melrose was fought and examined Darnick Tower, said to be the best specimen of the ancient Border Keeps now in existence. It is within a mile of Melrose and has been in the possession of the Heiton family for upwards of four hundred years. It has been renovated and furnished by the proprietor in a highly creditable manner. The owner must be both an architect and an antiquarian. Amonst the curiosities kept

on exhibition in this Tower are halberds and helmets used in border warfare. We conversed with several of the people of this village, who tell many anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott, who was familiarly called the "Duke of Darnick," and who frequently walked in this direction attended by his favorite dog. We lunched here, as the clear, cold air of the Eildon Hill had sharpened our appetites, and afterwards walked to Abbotsford, the famed residence of "The Great Unknown," as Sir Walter was once called. The walk from Darnick village to Abbotsford, along the high banks of the beautiful Tweed, is a romantic one indeed, and we were not astonished that Sir Walter Scott, when a boy, journeying this way with his father, was enamoured with the scene and afterwards decided to purchase the farm then called "Clarty Hole," and transform it into the ornate grounds which we see to-day, and build thereon that wonderful "romance in stone and lime," known as "Abbotsford."

The Land of Sir Walter Scott.

ABBOTSFORD—BATTLE OF MELROSE—THE ARMOURY—BONAPARTE'S PISTOL—KING JAMES' BOTTLE—MENTROSE'S SWORD ROYAL CHARLEY—CLAVERHOUSE—ROB ROY—FLORA McDONALD—BALFOUR OF BURLEY—HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN—OLIVER CROMWELL—SIR WALTER'S GREAT-GRAND-FATHER—LORD BYRON—GEO. III—PRESENTATION BY THE POPE—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS—DEATH OF SIR WALTER—CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS ON HIS LIFE AND DEATH, ETC.

We now came in sight of Abbotsford with its ornate grounds. This is the famous mansion of Sir Walter Scott, his residence for many years and the place of his death. It stands on the west bank of the beautiful Tweed, opposite Abbotsford Ferry Station, on the Selkirk railway,

The house is situated close to the road from Melrose to Selkirk, is surrounded by plantations and overlooks the grassy banks of the Tweed just before the Gala Water joins it. The name "Abbotsford" was given to it on account of there being a ford or ferry at this place, the Abbot of course being the presiding father of Melrose Abbey, to whom the property originally belonged. There was an old Roman road which led from the Eildon Hills to this ford. The ground is historical in another respect, for it was on the rising ground on the north bank of the river that traces of the British barrier, the Catrail were discovered and are still to be seen. Last, but not least, and this is said to have had more influence in inducing Scott to build his mansion on this ground than any thing else, it was here that the battle of Melrose was fought, between the Earls of Angus and Home and the Duke of Buccleuch. The whole ground belonged to Sir Walter from Skirmish Field to Turn Again, also Thomas the Rhymer's Glen. The building was begun in 1811 and was gradually extended from year to year at the convenience of the owner, and at last attained dimension far beyond what the owner at first contemplated. I was told that at least £50,000

were expended on Abbotsford and its grounds. The house is built in the gothic style of architecture so that additions could be made from time to time without marring the fair proportions of the edifice. In fact we believe there was no architectural plan previously designed. Upon entrance at the gate we took a good view of the grounds, which are laid out in terraces and winding paths, while rustic seats and lounges are placed wherever the view is particularly interesting or striking. The walls of the garden and also of the house are set about with curious old sculptured stones gathered from ancient buildings and ruins in all parts of Scotland. After viewing the outside we paid one shilling and entered by the east side through a porch copied from Linlithgow Palace. Stags' horns adorn the enterance, while the walls of the vestibule are panelled with carved oak from Dunfermline Palace, the arched roof being of the same material. The guide, who shewed us the curiosities of the place, spoke in a strong English accent and told his story in a very rapid manner, like a school boy reciting his lesson, but our company were not to be pushed through the place at this rate, we went on slowly, examining things to our own satisfaction, a coolness

which seemed to annoy our English friend not a little. I suppose he put us all down for cool persistent Yankees, who like a well-known animal, have a way of their own. All the rooms in the house with the exception of the drawing room which was left to Lady Scott, are of antique carved oak with coats of arms placed here and there at the intersections of the beams, resting on heads, copied from the architectures of Melrose and Roslyn. Round the cornice we observed the armorial bearings of the Scotts, Kerrs, Armstrongs, and of the mighty Douglasses, which claus according to the inscription, "Keepit the Marchys of Scotland in old tyme for the Kynge." On one side of the hall we observed stained glass windows with the spaces between them decorated with pieces of armour, crossed swords, stag horns and other curiosities. At the bottom of the hall are two figures in complete armour, one with a huge two handed sword, another with a spear, standing in a gothic niche with a canopy above. The fireplace was designed from a niche in Melrose Abbey, and is a fine specimen of carving. On the opposite side from this fireplace we observed a sort of side table, which the guide told us was constructed from the boards of the pulpit of the church at

Dunfermline, where Ralph Erskine, one of the founders of the Secession Church, had preached. The floor upon which we were standing was laid with black and white marble. The Armoury is entered from the vestibule. It runs to the furthest end of the house, and to the right and left of the house we noticed openings into the dining and drawing rooms. On the walls of the Armoury we noticed Highland targets, Lochaber axes, broad swords, whingers, daggers, old muskets, bugle horns and other instruments of war, conspicuous amongst the decorations being stag horns, as in the case with nearly all the apartments. Amongst the numerous articles of interest to the antiquarian as well as the historian, we may mention a great two-handed Swiss sword, which was presented to Scott by his Swiss admirers. This one is similar to that described in "Anne of Geierstein." Here also we saw a bottle that once belonged to King James, the sword of the great Marquis of Montrose, Andrew Hofer's gun, Bonaparte's pistol, with a portfolio and golden bees, which also belonged to "Bonny," and were picked up at Waterloo. In another place were pointed out the the pistols of "Royal Charley," a case of dirks and a gun which once belonged to

the famous "Rob Roy" and no doubt were used by him too, when

> "The eagle he was lord above
> And Rob was lord below."

A purse that had been used and owned by Flora McDonald was shown. A pistol of Graham of Claverhouse, and perhaps the one with which he shot John Brown, "the christian carrier." Here again was a gun that belonged to that sturdy son of the Covenant, Balfour of Burley, and which was said to have been used by him while defending the religious liberty of Scotland against the "uncircumcised Philistines," as the episcopalian party was called by those brave, sincere, enthusiastic sons of the "Solemn League and Covenant." Certain we are that both Balfour and Hackstown smote them "with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," as opportunity offered, having determined to contend to the death for the privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences, on the hills, in the glens, and on the mountain homes of their native land. A noble resolve! "There were giants in those days," and brave Burley was one of them. Here again were the famous thumb screws that had been used on the "mountain folk" to make them confess to the

holding of conventicles, the hiding places of their ministers, etc. These were troublesome times for the people of the mountain land. The subject changes--another chapter in Scottish history looms up—here a lock of hair of Prince Charley and another of Flora McDonald, his deliverer, and we are reminded that the persecuting house of Stewart, that attempted to make all their subjects think as they themselves did in religious matters, has passed away, that the last representative of the race was chased like a partridge on the mountains of the land where his ancestors once reigned, and that his life was saved by the heroism of the brave girl, whose golden locks I saw before me. Perhaps a just retribution too, if we consider their tyrannical acts and the persecuting nature of the race. We cannot help, however, dropping a tear over the misfortunes of the last representative of a once loved and honored family. We were also shown the various antiquarian relics, such as the pulpit of Erskine, the preacher, the iron bound gates of the "Heart of Midlothian," or Edinburgh. Tolbooth, which the mob attempted to burn in the Porteus riots. In the drawing room we observed beautifully carved ebony furniture, which was the gift of

George IV to the Poet. These consisted of cabinets, chairs, piano, &c. This is a lofty and spacious apartment, the wood work being of cedar. In the dining room are full length portraits of Charles XII, of Sweden, Claverhouse, Charles II and Oliver Cromwell, with a very curious one of Sir Walter Scott's great-grand father, nick-named "Beardie," because he never shaved after the execution of Charles I, whom he called a "blessed martyr." His beard was a portentious protest against that act of the "Protector." It is a wonder that Oliver did not make him shave, however this freak pleased the old man and did Cromwell no harm. The library, which is the largest and most magnificent of all the rooms, is sixty feet long by fifty broad, and contains nearly 20,000 volumes. A marble bust of Sir Walter, taken by Chantrey in 1820, stands in a niche at the upper end of the room. During the great novelist's life, a bust of Shakespeare occupied this place of honor. From a recess on the north side of this apartment we had an extensive prospect up and down the "Silver Tweed." Across from Abbotsford, below the junction of the Gala in the vale of the Allen is Glendearg the scene of "The Monastery." In this room we saw a silver urn, which had

been presented to Sir Walter by Lord Byron, an ebony writing desk presented by George III and two carved chairs presented by the Pope of Rome, who it seems was one of Scott's friends and admirers. Leaving the library we entered a small room which is more intimately connected with the renown of the Great Magician, than any of those we have been examining. This small room was used as Sir Walter's private study. It is lighted by a single window. The other three sides are fitted up with shelving for books and higher up is an open gallery of iron work for enabling a person to reach books which otherwise would have been inaccessable. Here we saw Scott's writing table, the black leather arm chair he commonly used, and one other chair which we suppose was used by his private secretary. This was all the furniture which that wonderful little room contained, yet the influence which proceeded from that room is felt in all lands to-day, that influence is gradually extending and strengthening, and will go on increasing until time shall be no more. We passed through the study to the closet, where we were shown some of the body clothes worn by Sir Walter immedialty before his death. They were carefully preserved

in a glass case. The suit consists of a blue coat with large brass buttons, plaid trousers, a broad brimmed hat and a pair of stout shoes. His walking stick was lying beside them. We now prepared to leave Abbotsford. We saw a good deal to remind us of what Sir Walter's principles were, both in politics and religon, one curious thing being a picture of Mary Queen of Scott's head on a charger. This was undoubtedly to remind him of the manner in which that beautiful and unfortunate Queen had been treated by the Reformers of those times. Scott sympathized with the House of Stewart and admired Graham Claverhouse. He was a High Churchman in religion, and a Tory of the Tories in politics, and in some of his writings did but meagre justice, if justice at all, to the Covenanters, as for instance, in his novel, "Old Mortality," and his tales of a grandfather, but with all his faults, "I love him still." His writings, on the whole, have a good influence, and are calculated to have a fine moral effect upon the reader. He was a wonderful, if not a great man, the chief of story tellers, an interesting, if not at all times an exact historian, and a poet of no mean order. His versatility was most extraordinary.

His powers of description were unsurpassed by any writer who ever handled a pen. He has immortalized almost every hill and glen, loch and river in his native land. The people of Scotland, no matter of what class in politics, or what their religious belief may be, are proud of Sir Walter Scott to-day, and they have a right to be. Scott died here in 1832, utterly broken down by the wonderful exertions he had made to pay off the immense incumbrances in which his connection with the Ballantynes' had involved him. As they brought him in helpless with palsy, on his return from Italy, he murmured, "Now I know I am at Abbotsford." About three months afterwards the minstrel of Scotland, the greatest novelist, and the most distinguished literary man of his day, breathed his last, aged 61 years, one month and six days. Sir Walter loved Abbotsford. After returning from Italy he got his friends to wheel him about through the rooms, and as they did so he kept saying, "I have seen much, but nothing like my ain house." It is very interesting to know how celebrated men die. However, one famous man has said, "Tell me how a man lives, and I will tell you how he dies." The living is still more important

than the dying. Sir Walter had been a kind husband and a loving father, in fact he was beloved by all those with whom he came in contact. He was an ardent lover of his "ain fireside," and his own family, and Burns tells us that

> To make a happy fireside clime
> To weans and wife,
> That's the true pathos and sublime
> Of human life."

Scott did this. He did more than this. While teaching others the way to live, he himself had learned the way to die. Four days before he died he sent for his son-in-law His eye was clear and calm when he thus addressed him: "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man, be virtuous, be religious, be a good man. Nothing else will give you more comfort when you come to lie here." We stood in the large room where Sir Walter Scott died. It commands a beautiful view of the Tweed below, and the Vale of Ettrick and Yarrow beyond, and the walls are hung round by many exquisite drawings by Turner and Thompson. It was a lovely place in which to die, though with such surroundings one would rather live after all. "It was a beautiful day," says his biographer, "so warm that every

window was thrown open and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others, most delicious to the ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles was distinctly audible, as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes." He who had charmed the world, could not charm away death. From the banks of Tweed's silver stream he had passed to the green fields beyond. Humbly the great man died. Leaving Abbotsford we passed down the banks of the river to the ferry, where a boy was waiting to take passengers across. All four jumped into the boat and we were soon on the other side. We then walked on to Galashiels through a beautiful country and on a fine stone road. We were accosted occasionally by beggars whom we found were more numerous than in Canada. This is not to be wondered at when it is considered that competition here is keen, wages low and the struggle for existence a hard one in many instances, here it is not very easy to lay by something for a rainy day and the poor man has often to choose between the workhouse or the beggar's wallet. Reaching Galasheils we had a pic-nic of our own as we were hungry once more, our walk having given us a good appetite. We

then examined the town. Galashiels is a town of about 10,000 inhabitants and the people are engaged in the manufacture of Tartan and Tweed cloths, which are said to be the best in the world. It has quite a number of large factories, twenty in all, several hotels, a large public hall, a corn exchange, ornate Episcopalian and Roman Catholic churches and nine other places of worship. The town is long and narrow and lies chiefly at the bottom of a vale, immediately flanked by considerable heights. It has a brewery, large tan yards; library, grammar schools and near to the hunting tower of the Scottish Kings. Mugget Hill, Lauder, Cowden Knowes with its vitrified fort and Ashestiel where Scott wrote his "Marmion." The "Gala water" which flows through Galashiels like most of the streams of Scotland is renowned in song. It is a beautiful little stream threading its way through a lovely country like a thread of gold in cloth of silver. But our train arrived punctually and we took our seats and were soon back in Edinburgh again, arriving at the Waverly station at 8.30, p.m., after having walked on foot fifteen miles, besides the delightful railway journey through the garden of Scotland. We had seen a great many sights never

to be forgotten and treasured up some glorious reminiscenses of the land of Hogg, Leyden, Pringle, and of the immortal Scott. In fact we had passed one day of our lives in the atmosphere, so to speak, of the great magician of the north, and now we had arrived under the shadow of his monument in Princess street, one of the finest in the British Empire, and in the city of his nativity where his name is on every tongue and his voluminous works in every book-seller's window. Here also, "Scott in peerless splendor reigned," but where can we go in the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," where his name is not a household word. He lives in the hearts of the people of Caledonia, stern and wild, and the longer he occupies a spot in their hearts the greener that spot becomes, for

> "Time but the impression stronger makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear."

Walking slowly up to our lodgings we resolved as we had spent the day, to spend the night with Scott so we began by reading the poem composed by James Ballantyne for the Scott centenary, which was sung at the Edinburgh banquet on that occasion and with this we will bid Scott farewell.

"Come, let us raise a grateful song
On this, our minstrel's natal day,
And all the world shall round us throng,
Heart-homage, to his name to pay.
One hundred years have passed away
Since first awoke that watchful eye,
Whose sparkling glance and genial ray
Have kindled light that ne'er can die.
See his glory brightly shining,
Over palace, hall and cot;
See the myriad nations twining
Laurel-wreaths round Walter Scott!

Immortal strains of Auld Lang Syne
Are floating on the ambient air,
While fame and time strew flowers divine
Around the wizard minstrel's chair,
Who in his hundredth year sits there
With songs and stories as of yore;
Still charming all the brave and fair,
Still linking hearts forevermore.
Cho.—See his glory, etc.

Statesmen and warriors gather round
And prince and peasant swell the train
The sky-cleft hills, the glens profound
Prolong the universal strain.
O'er all the world the loud refrain
Of grateful joy spreads wide and far,
And Scotland's radiance ne'er can wane,
Illumed by such a lustrous star.
Cho.—See his glory, &c.

The City of Learning and Philosophy.

WOULD I EXCHANGE CANADA FOR BRITAIN?—ANSWER TO MR. CAMPBELL, OF SEAFORTH—GREAT BRITAIN AND CANADA COMPARED AND CONTRASTED—CANADA MY HOME—FUNERAL OF SIR ROBERT CHRISTISON—COMPARISON WITH McGEE'S—THE GREAT DARKNESS—LONGFELLOW—BLAIR—SOLOMON—NELSON—PLAYFAIR—HUME—GEORGE BROWN—CAUDLISH—GUTHRIE, &c., &c.

In reference to friend Campbell's question I would say that this is a grand old land with a magnificent history and glorious reminiscences. Britain we must confess, has been the bulwark of civil and religious liberty to the nations of the earth in days gone by, and in many respects she is still their hope in years to

come. She has been, in short, a cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night to the oppressed, down-trodden and enslaved nationalities and races of the sons of men, and her benign influence is exerted to-day in the cause of truth and justice wherever her glorious old flag waves, but taking her up on one side and down on the other, I would not exchange my own youthful, forest land, with its possibilities and probabilities and the future which I believe is in store for her, I would not exchange Canada, my home, for this hoary old land, with its magnificent seats of learning and history pregnant with noble events and daring deeds. The future of Britain is behind her, if you will allow me the paradoxical expression, the future of Canada is before her. If it is true, and I believe it is, that a nation—like an individual passes through a period of childhood, youth, manhood, old age and decay; then Britain has reached the zenith of her power and glory, or in other words, her future is behind her, while Canada is in her glorious youthful prime, with her future all before her, and who will say what that future will be, if Canadians are only true to themselves, and true to the land of their birth, and remember that

the people make the country, and not the country the people thereof. We need not apologize for our youth, but remember what Lord Bacon says "That the youth of a country is also its antiquity." In the ages yet to be when Canada is the home of teeming millions, the historian will look back through the dim vista of the past and point to our time as the ancient days of a great, powerful, influential and happy people, hence we are living in the days of our nation's youth, and likewise her antiquity. There is another glorious spectacle which I love to contemplate, and it is this, that while in the populous cities and over-crowded nations of the old world, the people are pushing, and kicking, and stabbing, and shooting one another for want of room; this sturdy youth, Canada, is standing on the rocky mountains with the olive branch of peace in one hand, and the maple leaf of his native land in the other, and with outstretched arms towards the starving multitudes of all lands, is saying to them, "Come on ye poor, oppressed, and down-trodden, no matter what your race, language, color, political or religious principles may be, come on, we will receive you with open arms. Canada will give you all a happy home. We

have room for fifty millions." Who then would exchange Canada for the old land? But there is still another reason. Canada is my native land and my home, and a man's home ought to be the dearest, sweetest spot on this side of Heaven, and now when the buds are bursting into flowers, the green leaves appearing, the birds tuning their mellow throats to welcome gentle spring with its mild sky, verdant meads and magnificent landscapes, I begin to think of "home," and long to depart. It is natural, and I cannot help it. That feeling is in the heart of every man, and was placed there by the Divine Creator. It was in the breast of Him "who beheld the city and wept over it." He too loved His country, and His heart went out after "the lost sheep of the house of Israel." In conclusion I would say in the language of Montgomery:—

"There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

* * * * * * *

Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around:
O, thou shall find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land, thy country, and that spot thy home."

The principal event which stirred Edinburg to the core was the death of one of

her honored sons, Sir Robert Christison, Bart. I had the honor of attending his funeral. He died at the ripe age of 85. He was for a length of time Prof. of medical jurisprudence, and afterwards of Materia Medica, in Edinburgh university, and is the author of several works, one of which on Poisons, has gone through several editions, and is still considered a standard on that subject. He was no doubt a very learned and peculiarly gifted man. The funeral procession was the grandest I have ever seen. The only funeral cortege to which I could at all compare it was that of the lamented McGee. I was a student in McGill University. Montreal, when McGee was assassinated. I saw the body lying in state, and along with the other students, with the Professors leading, we took our places in the procession. There were more people at McGee's, but Christison's funeral was the grandest by all odds. It would be hard to get so many large-brained, intelligent, learned, reverend looking men together at one time in any city in the world—certainly not in any city with a like population. We will not attempt to describe the procession. Six feet of earth in the Calton Hill burying ground was the end of it all. Death is a great

leveller. The rich and the poor there meet together, and all proud distinctions are forgotten. There is no aristocracy amongst the inhabitants of the city of the dead. It is one grand democracy. As Thomas McQueen, of the Signal used to to remark : "All enter the great darkness." Well might the poet Shirley say :

"The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armor against death ;
Death lays his icy hand on Kings."

There is no discharge in this war, there is no dispensation against death, and there is no device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, and when there we can never return.

Can storied urn, or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery sooth the dull, cold ear of death ?

It would be indeed a mournful termination of our busy lives if this "narrow house appointed for all living," in which Christison has just been laid was the end of all. Here reason can go no further ; it gropes. Faith now comes in and raises us above the "Great Darkness," and the "eternal sleep," and the mysteries which surround the final exit of man from this

vale of tears. Longfellow, in his resignation, gives us the bright side when he says :

There is no death ; what seems so is transition,
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

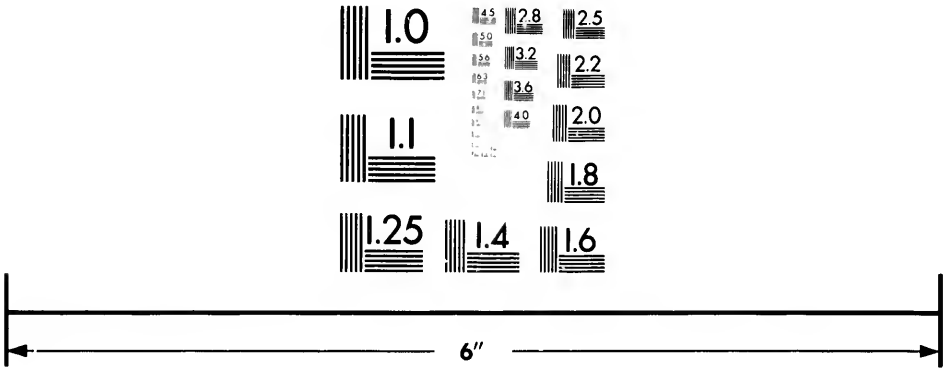
And Blair in his poem on the "Grave," which I read and re-read when a boy, gives us the same idea when he says ;

Thrice welcome death !
That after many a painful bleeding step
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long wished for shore.

A walk in a cemetery always puts me in a thoughtful, melancholy mood, which is not disagreeable, and I hope not unprofitable, for as the wise man says : "By the sadness of the face the heart is made better." On this occasion as I stood by the open grave of the departed Baronet, and considered that his was a long, thoughtful, industrious life, with emoluments, honors and fame, as the winter of age silvered his hair and yet that he must become food for the worms, nay pass away in gas, I re-called to memory the words of the good old book, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." We look around and observe the monument to Admiral Nelson, whose pole star was duty—duty

to his King and country, and whose dying words were, "Thank God I have done my duty." The monument to Playfair and Dougald Stewart, men eminent in their day, deep thinkers, famous in their sphere; the monument to Robert Burns, the poet of Scotland, and of nature; that to the political martyrs, who went to their graves without their heads, on account of their adherence to human liberty; the monument to Sir David Hume, the historian, the philosopher, the man of genius, a hard worker in his day; that to Dr. Candlish, the famous Free Church Divine and controversialist, and—but their name is legion, for there are many, who lie mouldering on the Calton Hill, and as we looked abroad and saw the High School, where our own George Brown had received his early training, we thought that if he could answer the roll call from over the sea, and the others rise from their graves for a few minutes, what impressive advice could they give? It would be worth a thousand sermons. It would be like the trumpet tongues of the angels! We would never forget it! What would the advice be? It would be work! work! work!!! while it is called to-day, for the night of death cometh when no man can

IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic
Sciences
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503


2.8
2.5
3.2
3.6
2.2
2.0
1.8
1.1
1.0

work. And we imagine that Dr. Chandish would say, "Here we have no abiding city, we seek one to come, a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God," and as slowly and sadly we walked down from Christison's home, with death on the hill top, and as we were passing through the gate from the city of the dead, into the city of the living we imagined that we heard the voice of the sainted Guthrie, who had come from his last resting place in another cemetery, to give advice to the dying men around him; the voice of Guthrie, the grandest Scotch man of his day; Guthrie, the hero of the ragged Schools and of every good work; the voice of the old man eloquent, in tones sweet as the lark from his kindred skies, whispering in mild, persuasive tones, in the ears of the retreating mourners, "Be ye also ready, for at such an hour as ye think not the son of man cometh."

The City of Learning and Philosophy.

DR. W. H. B. AIKINS AND THE AUTHOR VISIT THE CORSTORPHINE HILL—"REST AND BE THANKFUL"—A SEAT NEAR THE TOP—VIEW OF EDINBURGH FROM THENCE—CALTON HILL—NELSON'S MONUMENT—THE PENTLAND HILLS—SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MONUMENT—THE ISLE OF MAY—THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS—"THE LAND WHERE I WAS BORN"—GENERAL REFLECTIONS, &c.

The eye first rests upon Arthur's Seat, crouching like a lion watching over the lives and liberties of the country and ready to spring upon its enemies. The rays of the setting sun is gilding this volcanic peak as well as the Salisbury crags, with colors of gold. To the left and somewhat nearer we observe the Calton

Hill with its unfinished national monument, seen through the mist which has just begun to settle down upon it, while far above the mists which obscure the hill, Nelson's monument rises grandly, one of the most prominent points in the landscape, while the hero himself seems to be looking proudly down the Firth as if daring any foe to enter there. Near the centre of the city the castle rock lifts up its grey form in age and in might, like a storm beaten veteran of a thousand fights, ready to enter the lists again. Away to my extreme right we observe the grey outlines of the Pentland Hills, where the Covenanters oft sang and prayed, fought and bled, in the dark and cloudy days of religious liberty. Turning to my left hand the eye sweeps over the new town with its beautiful gardens and its costly palaces, with the wealth and learning of the "Paris of Scotland" in their midst, while towering proudly over the rich and the great, like Saul amongst the Prophets, the monument to Sir Walter Scott, the literary "Wizard of the North," lifts its head into a higher and purer air than ordinary mortals breathe, indicating the influence of his genius while on earth, and pointing to the still purer home to which we hope he has

gone. We now turn our eyes towards the blue waters of the Firth of Forth,

> "Whose islands on its bosom float
> Like emeralds chased in gold."

and what a glorious vista meets our admiring gaze? We follow the noble Forth, with its islands and light houses, till past the Isle of May, enshrouded in mist and in darkness, it joins the German Ocean, wild, restless, angry as it was upon creation's morn, while away behind me and to my left, like the blue sky hidden by clouds, distant, and unseen, but still there, the blue mountains of the stern Scottish Highlands lift up their lofty heads in emperial grandeur the sentinels of freedom—the bulwarks of creation. To the right, to the left, at my feet, all around, the scenery is indeed one of the most varied, one of the most lovely which our planet can produce Here we have mountains, rocks, glens, both far and near, the sea roaring in the distance, the birds singing at our sides, the glorious blue sky over our heads, proud palaces in the shadows of Scottish mountains and grand fortresses, nature's creation, looking down contemptuously upon the famous and most perfect works of man. And when we consider that this glorious land has also a glorious history

running back through the dim past for a thousand years, a thousand years of poets, statesmen, warriors, divines, orators, philosophers, sages, kings, crowned and uncrowned, we may well break out in the language of one of Scotland's sons, who had returned to see this country ere he passed from the Highlands of his native land to the Highlands of a brighter and better than this:—

'There is a land, a lovely land,
  Encompassed by the sea,
Whose every mountain, glen and strand
  Thrice hallowed is to me.
It is the land whose heathery hills
  No foe e'er trod with scorn,
The land of rocks and dancing rills,
  The land where I was born.

Old Scotia! hail! with love for thee,
  My raptured bossom swells;
Land of the bold, the good, the free,
  Of woods and flowery dells.
Land where the thistle proudly blooms,
  Fresh as the rising morn,
I'll love till time this heart consumes
  The land where I was born.

Thou art the land on which, of yore,
  Rome poured her countless hordes
Till Scotia gleamed from shore to shore,
  With empire, winning-swords.
But glory to our sires of old,
  From them were never torn
The stainless laurels that enfold
  The land where I was born.

In thee when Southern foes assail'd
  To load the neck with chains,

And Edward's whetted vengeance pealed
  In thunder o'er your plains,
A Wallace, matchless, dauntless, good,
  His threats defied with scorn
And nobly saved in fields of blood
  The land where I was born.

Hail Bruce! dread essence of the brave!
  Hail monarch of my soul!
Your deeds where thraldom formed a grave
  To endless fame shall roll,
Your deeds on Bannock's bloody field,
  Your name shall aye adorn:
Bright glory crowns, and valor shields,
  The land where I was born.

Hail! land of song, where countless bards
  Have tuned the heavenly lyre.
Where Tannahill's mild strains were heard,
  To blend with Burns' fire.
Where Scott in peerless splendor reigned
  And Hogg awoke his horn,
Till echo swelled through wood and glen,
  Bright land where I was born.

Land of my love! land of my joy!
  Land where my life began,
Land where I rambled when a boy
  And left it when a man.
Land where the eagles cleave the sky,
  And view the plain with scorn,
I'll breathe thy name in life's last sigh,
  Great land where I was born!

But here we are sitting on "Rest and be Thankful." How suggestive the words? What a text from which to preach a sermon? There is food for thought in those soft words, those autumnal flowers of Eden's bowers. Rest is the

moonlight of a tired spirit. How dear is rest to the student! Mental workers alone can understand what rest in this sense means. We all look forward to rest at last, to the time when we shall rest from our labours, and in the noble language of scripture, "be gathered to our fathers." But we must not rest too long nor too early. we must work while it is called to-day, "for the night cometh when no man can work." "Day" with us is "our glorious youthful prime" when the brain is active, the mind vigorous, the memory retentive. "Night" is the time when our physical and intellectual powers shall fail and when our "day of grace, as far as intellectual labor is concerned, has gone into the great past eternity never to return." But we are not only to "Rest," but we are to be "Thankful," that is we are to feel grateful for the past. Gratitude is one of the noblest principles that ever moves the human breast. I never had any faith in a man who was ungrateful for benefits received or favors bestowed. Such a person would make a first-class assistant to Satan himself, who we understand is a stranger to gratitude. Dr. Aikins and myself considered that we had every reason to be thankful for health, strength

and intellectual powers, as well as the success which had just crowned our labors and also that we deserved a rest after the hard mental work we had just gone through, and we resolved to take it by viewing the beautiful scenery of this beautiful country, and breaking in on the monotony of our past work and substituting a complete change of ideas. This itself is rest to the weary mind. Soon he will return to congenial work amongst the hospitals of the continent, and I will return to my professional work in Seaforth. Such is life! However, whether working or resting let us always heed the promptings of what Gray calls

> "The still small voice of gratitude,"

and be not like unto those of whom Wordsworth speaks when he says:—

> "I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
> With coldness still returning,
> Alas! the gratitude of men
> Hath oftener left me mourning."

Now, night has descended upon the Corstorphine Hill, the proud scene is over, the panorama has passed away. We must descend too, and return to our homes in this beautiful city, and take that rest which will prepare us for the duties on enjoyments of the

morrow, remembering always to "Rest and be Thankful" betimes as we journey on towards "that city that hath foundations" where I hope we shall "rest" for ever and be "thankful" throughout all eternity.

The City of Learning and Philosophy.

VISIT TO JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE—THE DESCRIPTION OF THE HOUSE AND ARTICLES IN IT OMITTED.—THE AUTHOR REFERS TO THEM AS "THESE ARTICLES" AND BEGINS WITH THE CHAIR IN WHICH THE REFORMER SAT—REVIEW OF THE STORMY TIMES OF KNOX—LATER, THE PERSECUTION OF THE COVENANTERS UNDER CHARLES STUART AND THE CRUEL CLAVERHOUSE, &c.

These articles were, so to speak, pregnant with interest, and recalled many historical reminiscenses of stormy and cruel times, it was not for these however, that I entered the House. That chair to me was worth them all, because Knox sat in it, and that window through which the assassin's bullet came — and through which Knox issued late one night when

guarded by his friends for fear of assassination, and sought the solitude of an enclosed space in the rear: one of his friends following him heard him three times in agonizing earnestness repeat the words, "O, Lord, give me Scotland, or I die." No wonder that the English Ambassador said that "John Knox put more life into him than six hundred trumpets," when he was a man of such earnestness, and no wonder that the unfortunate Queen Mary said that she "was more afraid of the prayers of John Knox than of an army of 10,000 men." We now retired from the building and took a view of the west front over which is the inscription, "Lufe God, Above Al, And Your Neighbor As Yourself." Knox was buried in St. Giles' Churchyard, alongside his friend, the "good Regent," as the Earl of Murray was called. The newly appointed Regent Morton pronouncing the ever memorable words over his body, "There lies John Knox, who never feared the face of man." We now passed up High street to St. Giles, entered Parliament Square, passed by the monument to that great and mighty Prince Charles II., and soon stood on the grave of one greater and mightier than he or any of his race. All that marks the

place where the dust of the great Reformer reposes are the letters, "J. K., 1572," on the stone pavement, the stone being of somewhat different colour from those around it. It was difficult to understand, and still more difficult to describe my feelings upon this occasion. For the first time in my life I felt as if I stood upon holy ground. A strange, solemn feeling crept over me. The stormy scenes of Scottish history passed rapidly through my brain. A grand panorama passed swiftly before me. I saw an almost universal upheaval taking place in the world of thought. The nations of the earth are rent, as it were, by the throes of volcanic dissolution, the foundations of belief, which were supposed to be laid deep down on the everlasting rocks, are now tottering like the mountains when an earthquake is rending the globe. The times have come that tries men's souls, and at such a time John Knox, like Moses of old, appears on the scene as a leader of Scottish people. He appears on the historic canvas as the first and greatest of the Scottish Reformers. Not like John the Baptist merely the forerunner of a greater than he, before whom he must wane at the approach of the rising sun.—Knox is the

sun itself, and all others in this land are stars of lesser magnitude, compared to him. Through him the nation spoke and the voice of the people was the voice God." The oracle gave no uncertain sound It warned the tyrannical Stuart line that the sceptre was fast departing from them. They had been weighed in the balances and wsre found wanting. Soon their Kingdom would be given to a better dynasty ; in short, "The Lord had done with them." As Moses had led the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt, so did Knox lead his countrymen, and like him, he had the desert to pass through, and died before he reached the promised land, for dark and cloudy days were to follow him—the days when Charles Stuart reigned and Claverhouse commanded. The canvas moves! The blue flag of Presbyterianism is waving on the green mountain side, the persecuted ministers are preaching in the glens under a cover of a friendly Scotch mist. Peden with a heavy price on his head is giving out the words :—

"Thou art my hiding place,
Thou shalt from trouble keep me free,
And with songs of deliverance
About shall compass me."

And the music of Zion rises high on

the air, beside their own mountain stream. Richard Cameron and his few faithful followers having heard the sound of the horseman's bridles through the darkness, are lying low in the heather or to use the language of the poet:

"Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying.
Concealed 'mong the mist where the heath fowl were crying,
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hovering,
And their bridle reins rung through the thin misty covering."

The combat deepens, the sky grows darker, Providence seems to be estranged, or, as Napoleon would say, "on the side of the heaviest artillery." The troops have found them out and are galloping towards the small band of "praying ones" on the hill side. They are now face to face with death, but still "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

"Their faces grew pale and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was unbreathed;
With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,
They sang their last song to the God of salvation.
The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing,

But the melody died, mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rushed on the slaughter.
Though in mist and in darkness and fire they were shrouded
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded.
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as firm, and unbending
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending,
The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling.

These scenes flashed through my brain with the speed of lightning. I was gazing through the veil which hid the dim misty past, but for the time, the picture to me was a real one; the historic panorama was there, the scenes changing rapidly by the swiftest of all powers—the power of thought. I saw the best of Scotia's sons hunted like partridges on the mountains by the cruel Claverhouse, or hiding like wild beasts in the dens and caves of the earth, while the nobles treacherous as usual, were plotting against each other and against the weak monarch, who unfortunately filled the throne. All this was photographed vividly

upon the canvas of my imagination, as if by some magic power, as I stood on John Knox's grave. Then, "I had a dream which was not all a dream." I looked upwards towards the everlasting mountains, and I beheld the guardian genius which has presided over this mountain land during the days when clouds and darkness were round about her, as well as the days when the sunlight of prosperity bathed her hill tops with glory, I saw her descend through the mist which had now settled down upon the ancient capital, and waving her enchanting wand over the Parliament buildings, where the Scottish nobles often met to quarrel and plot against each other, and over that grand old Cathedral where Knox had often exhorted his countrymen, "to know God and his work in Scotland, and to stand by the gude cause," descending towards the grave of the Scottish Reformer, on whose dust I was standing, and passing by the great and noble of the past, the immortal Bruce, the dauntless Wallace, the Stuart dynasty, with their "divine right of Kings," and all. She lowered her wand over the grave of the good old man who is to-day without a monument, except that his memory is fresh and green in the hearts of his countrymen, and

in tones sweet as those of the Eolian harp, but still penetrating as the native music of the country. A voice which penetrated every nook and corner in "High Dunedin, "said in tones that thrilled the hearts "Verily, verily, I say unto you, of those that have been born of women," there hath not arisen in this mountain land, a greater, nor a better man, than the eloquent, earnest, staunch Reformer, John Knox.

"The Kingdom of Fife."

VISIT TO ST. ANDREWS ALONG WITH MR. HODGSON OF THE FIFESHIRE JOURNAL, BROTHER-IN-LAW OF THE MESSRS KERR OF McKILLOP—THE TOWER OF ST. REGULUS—THE CATHEDRAL—TOMB OF DR. R. CHAMBERS—THE PRIORY—BRUCE'S FIRST PARLIAMENT—THE CASTLE OF ST. ANDREWS—CARDINAL BEATON—GEORGE WISHART—NORMAN LESLY—JOHN KNOX—THE BOTTLE DUNGEON—GEORGE BUCHANAN—PATRICK HAMILTON—PRINCIPAL TULLOCH—THE LIBRARY—ST. SALVADOR COLLEGE—BISHOP KENNEDY'S TOMB—RETURN TO CUPAR—FAREWELL TO MR. HODGSON AND HIS GOOD LADY.

By 10 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson both were ready, and the "machine" was driven to the door by the Bailie's man, and all three took seats therein. The day was bright and beautiful, the air balmy and the drive of 12 miles through one of the most beautiful tracts of old

mother earth it has ever been my lot to set eyes upon. Mr. Hodgson too, certainly did his part. He is probably the most interesting companion (of course the ladies excepted) that I ever had the privilege of travelling with. He has a sincere love of the beautiful in nature, an inexhaustible fund of humor, apt in anecdote and illustration, and in literary matters is a regular walking encyclopædia, that is when he is not riding, as he was upon the present occasion. He completely surpassed in every thing what John Kerr promised on his behalf. In due time we reached the ancient city of St. Andrews, and having attended to the Bailie's beast, we went directly to the Tower of St. Regulus, which Mr. H. and I climbed while Mrs. H. was meditating among the tombs in the beautiful cemetery below. This is a square tower 108 feet high, the top being reached by 152 steps. Some claim that it is 1,400 years old, and was built by the Picts. Others that its age is somewhere between 700 and 1,000 years. It was left untouched by the followers of Knox when the splendid cathedral was destroyed. We had a most magnificent view from the top of this hoary monument of ancient days, which space will not permit us to

describe. Our next object of investigation was the cathedral, which was founded by Bishop Arnold in 1150. In 1159 it was destroyed by the Presbyterian party under Knox, after he had preached one of those sermons which had so much power over his countrymen. It originally consisted of a nave 200 feet long and 62 wide, including the two lateral aisles, a transept with an eastern aisle 160 feet long, a choir with two lateral aisles 98 feet long, and at the eastern extremity a lady chapel 33 feet in length. It is the largest and most magnificent ruin of the kind in Scotland. We paid a visit to the tomb of Dr. Robert Chambers (of W. & R. Chambers, publishers) who was interred in the interior of the chapel of St. Regulus, on the 22nd March, 1871. His friends would not allow his second wife to be buried beside him, because she had been his housekeeper. She lies by herself in an out of the way corner amongst common people. After taking a glance at the remains of the Priory, which was a monastery of the Augustine Order of Friars, founded in the reign of David I, and a most gigantic affair, we visited the ruins of the castle of St. Andrews, which

played such an important part in Scottish history. Before leaving the Priory we might mention that it is famous as the place where Robert Bruce, Scotland's greatest King, held his first parliament in 1309, when working out the independence of his country. We entered the old castle, now in ruins, once a palace, where James III. was born, where Cardinal Beaton watched from a window the burning of George Wishart, and where he himself was murdered by Norman Lesly in 1546, Lesly and his fellow conspirators subsequently holding the castle against the Earl of Arran, until reduced by a fleet from France, when John Knox and many of the garrison were carried into slavery. Henry VIII had also sent a fleet to aid the conspirators, but it arrived too late. These were troublesome times, times that tried men's souls, and barbarous things were done on both sides, and excused by both; even Sir David Lindsay of the "mount" whose birth-place was pointed out to me by Mr. Hodgson, wrote in reference to the murder of Cardinal Beaton :—

"As for the Cardinal I freely grant,
He was the man we weel could want
God will forgive it soon,
But troth although the loon is weel awa'
The deed was foully done.

The spot where Wishart was burned and the window from which Beaton beheld the sight, and where his own body was afterwards hung out to convince the mob that he was dead, were both pointed out, but whether report is correct in these matters or not we cannot say. In the grass grown court, a rocky well was shewn us, which is 50 feet deep. It supplied the garrison with water. What interested us most, however, was the celebrated Bottle Dungeon situated under the northwest or sea tower of the castle. It is in the form of a bottle, as the name implies, the neck being 8 feet deep by 7 across, when it widens to 17 feet in diameter at the bottom, the total depth being 34 feet, this gloomy hole being cut out of the solid rock. Prisoners were let down by a pulley slung from a transverse beam in the upper room. A few steps down through a narrow slit of a door leads to a dark vault, in the centre of the floor of which yawns the Bottle Dungeon. The keeper swings a couple of flickering candles into the yawning pit, which enables you to see its peculiar shape. It is said that the celebrated George Buchanan, John Rodger, George Wishart and Patrick Hamilton were all inmates of this dungeon at different times. Bread and

water were lowered into the dungeon by means of the pulley already mentioned, when indeed it was thought desirable to give the poor wretches such things, some it is said, being allowed to die of starvation or thirst. These were the stories told us, and which tradition records. How far they are worthy of belief, we at this distant date have no means of knowing. One thing, however, puzzled me while viewing this castle: it was this, how it was possible that the seat of an Archbishopric, an honor which was claimed for the city, from its possessing the bones of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, over whose body the cathedral is supposed to be built; how it was possible that the people of this ancient city on both sides, could be guilty of such cruelties, and that in the holy name of religion. Were they not afraid that the bones of the old saint would desert the grave and confront them in the midst of their atrocities? It is very creditable to the patience and forbearance of the old man, that he did not rise, shake the dust of his bones, take his departure from the country, and leave Scotland without a saint. We now started for the University Library and on our way met Principal

Tulloch, Prof. of Divinity, and the Episcopal clergyman. Mr. Hodgson introducing me to both gentlemen. The clergyman pointed to a St. Andrew's cross, made of blocks of stone in the centre of the street which marks the place where Patrick Hamilton and three others were burned. We were shown through the library which contains 100,000 volumes, the Parliamentary Hall, where the Scottish Parliament occasionally assembled in old times, a curiously carved oak chair and the mace, both supposed to have been used by the Speaker at the meeting of Parliament when Spottiswoode was tried. John Knox's Latin Bible with chain attached, a curious old astronomical clock, said to have been used by the celebrated Prof. James Gregory, when regent of St. Salvador's college. Beautifully illuminated books written by the monks in their cells in the very early days, were also shown. The University was founded by Bishop Wardlaw, the Library by James VI. Some fine portraits adorned the walls, such as those of Cardinal Beaton, Knox, Adam Ferguson, Dr. Haldane, Lord Melville and others. From the Library we stepped into St. Mary's College adjoining, we walked through all the rooms, beginning with

Principal Tulloch's, known as the prayer hall, from the students assembling here every morning for prayer. St. Leonard's College was now examined as well as the chapel. About forty feet from the chapel the official residence of George Buchanan the celebrated Principal, is still seen and in good condition. The house was the residence of the late Sir David Brewster, during the time he was Principal of the United college. Mr. H. and I now visited St. Salvador's college and chapel, having had some difficulty in procuring the key, finally a member of the city council came and shewed us through the chapel himself, and treated us with the greatest kindness. The late Dr. Chalmers, who was five years Professor of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrews, in his description of this chapel, says that "It has no parallel in Scotland." It is built in an exquisite gothic style and is of a light elegant construction. As we enter, the first object of interest we observe is the old oaken pulpit from which John Knox, on the 5th of June, 1559, preached that soul-stirring sermon that aroused the populace so much that they afterwards went and destroyed the cathedral and other monastic buildings in the city, which event has been described by Prof.

Tennant in his poem "Dinging Down o' the Cathedral." I entered the pulpit and sat down in it, and examined the stand for the hour glass, which was used by Knox when he preached: we had already seen the Bible which was attached to the same pulpit by a chain, when he preached that famous sermon. We now entered and examined the chapel proper, the most wonderful thing in which is Bishop Kennedy's monument or tomb, which is at the left side of the altar as we enter. It is a piece of the most gorgeous and elaborate architecture, all modern improvements sinking into insignificance when compared with it. Though much injured, it still remains a noble specimen of art, with its columns, canopies and pendants. There were originally silver figures in the niches, which are now empty. As I stood in that aisle like one of old between the living and the dead, with the plain oaken pulpit of old John Knox on one side and the magnificent tomb of the founder of St. Salvador college on the other, I asked myself the question, "Why has the power, the grandeur, the magnificence, the doctrines, yea, the very fame and name of the Prelate and his successors, paled before

the rough, rude, earnest, unadorned eloquence and simple childlike faith of the Presbyter, who, from that oaken pulpit, denounced the pomp and vanities of the world, and told even those who were clothed in purple and fine linen that unless they received the kingdom of heaven as a little child they should never enter therein? "Why am I to-day gazing on the gorgeous tomb which reminded me of the departed glory of one, while the other has, and is still going forth, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

"The Kingdom of Fife."

FROM CUPAR TO KINROSS—THE LOMOND HILLS—TARBET TOWER—LINDIFFERON HILL—THE CRAWFORD PRIORY—SIR DAVID LINDSAY OF THE MOUNT—FALKLAND—NUTHILL MANSION—KINROSS HOUSE—MR GEO. BARNETT OF THE "KINROSS ADVERTISER."—LOCH LEVEN—THE CASTLE—QUEEN MARY—BENARTY HILLS—LORD LINDSAY—KINNESSWOOD—MICHAEL BRUCE—"LOCH LEVEN ANGLER"—SECESSION CHURCH—FAREWELL TO MR. BARNET.

The country from Cupar to Kinross, is picturesque and beautiful. There are so many objects of interest in sight at one time, the Lomonds, the Tarbet Tower Lindifferon Hill, crowned by its obeliesk the Crawford Priory, Sir David Lindsey's quandum seat, Falkland under the hill, Nuthill mansion, with other magnificent

residences fit for Kings to reside in, along with the fertile vales of Fife, well cultivated, with numerous streams alive with trout, wimpling under deeply shaded banks, a bright sun shining above us, healthy, invigorating breezes blowing around, while the birds with sweeter notes than ever, are making the air vocal with their praises of the far-famed, lovely, historical kingdom of Fife. It is with such feelings and amidst such scenery that we sweep past Loch Leven, get a passing glimpse of its hoary castle, and find ourselves at the station in the town of Kinross. We immediately made our way to the sanctum of Mr. George Barnet, editor of the "Kinross Advertiser," to whom we presented Mr. Hodgson's note of introduction, and were cordially received. Observing, however, that Mr. Barnet was busy proof reading, it being publication day, and having still a lingering fear of editors before our eyes, and knowing how dangerous it is to disturb them, I at once proposed to take a walk by the banks of Loch Leven, promising to return when his paper would be in the hands of the "devil." This was satisfactory, and away we went. We soon found the pathway that leads up the edge of the Loch to an old church and grave

yard, from which we had an excellent view of this celebrated Loch and the castle in which Queen Mary was imprisoned. A fresh breeze was blowing, which made the water somewhat rough, or we might have hired a boat and had a sail. However, I was more inclined to ponder over the stirring scenes which took place in and around that Loch and castle, than to indulge in the pleasures of a sail. The old church and cemetery where we took our stand occupies an elevated position, from which we had a fine view of the Loch, the Islands, and the surrounding country. Kinross House, between the town and the lake, is the seat of Sir Graham Montgomery, Bart., and used to be open to visitors, but for some reason or other it had been closed for some time to all picnics and other parties, the proprietor being absent. The Loch is overhung on the south and east by the Lomond and Benarty Hills, rising to the altitudes of 1167 and 1492 feet above the level of the sea, the lake itself being 360 feet above the sea level. Loch Leven castle stands on an islet of about two acres, a quarter of a mile from the nearest part of the west shore. It belonged anciently to the Kings of Scotland and was the residence of Alexander III.

but passed into the hands of the Douglass family about the year 1542. Queen Mary was imprisoned here in 1567 and remained in durance vile for eleven long months. It was here too that she was compelled by Lord Lindsay to abdicate her claim to the Scottish throne. Lindsay it is said, seizing her roughly by the shoulder, and ordering her to sign the document. The beautiful Queen lived in stormy times, and her disturbed eventful life, and mournful death, fully verifies the words of the great dramatist, "Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown." From this castle she was rescued by George Douglass, whose heart was moved with pity for her, on account of her misfortunes. Then began the final struggle for power, which ended unfortunately as all her undertakings did. "Chances and war were against her." After eighteen years of close confinement under Queen Elizabeth, in whom she trusted, she finally ended her days on the scaffold, having long previously given up all hopes of sitting on a throne or wearing a crown, neither of which in her estimation were worth retaining. The one had certainly not been to her a bed of eider down, while the other had undoubtedly been a "crown of thorns." It was of the castle

and island upon which I am now gazing and of the imprisonment to which I have referred that the poet composed the following lines :—

"The scene was changed. It was a lake with one small lonely isle.
And there within the prison walls of its baronial pile.
Stern men stood menacing their Queen till she should stoop to sign,"
The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from her ancestral line.
"My lords! my lords!" the captive said, "were I but once free,
With ten good Knights on yonder shore to aid my cause and me.
That parchment would I scatter, wide to every breeze that blows,
And once more reign a Stuart Queen o'er my remorseless foes."
A red spot burned upon her cheek, streamed her rich tresses down,
She wrote the words, she stood erect, a Queen without a crown!"

It is plain to my mind that the poet who penned the above never saw Loch Leven or he would never have said, "It was a lake, with one small lonely isle," for there are several islands, one of them Inch, or St. Serf's, containing 35½ acres, Castle Island, to which the poet refers, containing only 2 acres, Roy's Folly, ⅛ of an acre, Reed Bower, Green Isle, Alice Bower, Scart and others. The castle in question which now consists mainly of a

four storey, square tower, figures graphically in Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Abbot." The St. Serf's Island lies about one and a quarter miles southeast of the castle Islet, and contains ruins of a priory on the site of a Culdee cell, established by David I. for Augustine Canons, and ruled for a time by Andrew Wynton, author of "Crony Kils of Scotland." Kinnesswood village, near the east side of the Loch was the birthplace of the youthful poet, Michael Bruce, author of the well-known poem to the "Cuckoo," some times credited to Logan, one verse of which we recited to his memory as we stood gazing on the spot that gave him birth :—

> Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
> Thy sky is ever clear,
> Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
> No winter in thy year.
> Oh ! could I fly, I'd fly with thee,
> We'd make with joyful wing
> Our annual visit o'er the globe,
> Companions of the spring."

After spending some time in the antiquated cemetery, reading the inscriptions on the tombstones of some who had died lately, some who died on land defending the grand old flag, others who died on the stormy ocean, and whose bodies lay in the deep blue sea, where the pearls lie

deep, we retraced our steps slowly towards Kinross and met Mr. Barnet on the street searching for us. We had spent over two hours and a half musing on the banks of Loch Leven and meditating among the tombs. I had not felt the time passing, the air was so fresh, the scenery so beautiful, the historical reminiscences so intensely interesting. We repaired with the editor to his hospitable mansion, where we were introduced to his good lady and her sister, a Mrs. Guthrie, the latter having a son, a medical man practicing in Australia. We were treated to an excellent lunch, were shewn Bruce's poems, had a view of the largest trout ever caught in the Loch Leven, which has been preserved by Mr. Barnet, who is a veteran angler, after which he presented us with the "Loch Leven Angler," a work published by himself, a little book of great interest which we prize highly. He upbraided us with staying so long on the banks of the Loch, as he had influence enough to get us into the beautiful grounds of the Kinross House, and would also have given us a sail on the lake. However, there was no use repining. We can't recall what is past. It was now nearly train time, so we bade the ladies good bye, and Mr.

Barnet and we made our way to the station. While at the station the editor pointed out the church where the first secession from the Kirk of Scotland took place, and related other interesting reminiscences of Kinrosshire. But the bell rings—the train is in sight, now it is at the station, a shake of the hand and a parting good-bye, we jump aboard and are soon thundering on towards Dunfermline, the last resting place of the Scottish Kings, leaving the lovely Loch Leven sleeping in placid beauty, amongst the everlasting hills.

"The Kingdom of Fife."

THE GRAVE OF BRUCE IN THE MEMORIAL CHURCH—BRUCE AND THE SPIDER—THE BATTLE OF KILDRUMMIE—EXECUTION OF BRUCE'S BROTHER—CAPTIVITY OF HIS WIFE—THE HERO OF PARADISE LOST.—STRIKE FOR FREEDOM—"NEVER GIVE UP"—LADY AUGUSTUS STANLEY—RALPH ERSKINE AND HIS BROTHER EBENEZER—HENRY ERSKINE THE FATHER—ACT OF UNIFORMITY—TRYING TO MAKE ALL MEN THINK ALIKE IN RELIGION—A MISTAKE—A BLUNDER—PASSING AWAY.

Oh! once again to freedom's cause return,
The patriot Tell, the Bruce of Bannockburn.
—CAMPBELL.

It was with mantling pride in his cheek, that the guide told me, as I stood above the ashes of Scotland's greatest King, the story of Bruce and the spider

which perhaps you have heard before. Certainly I had, in both prose and poetry, but an anecdote with a valuable lesson is always worth repeating. We may ponder seriously on the moral it contains, it may nerve us for some great deed to be done, as it did the Bruce, or if we live in an uneventful age when there is no chance to perform such deeds, it may do what is probably better, it may teach us the valuable lesson of perseverance under difficulties and nerve us for the stern battle of life. As you are no doubt aware, it was not always smooth sailing with the hero of Scottish independence, on the contrary, no man who was finally successful as he was, ever perhaps suffered such a series of defeats or came through such hardships, and this makes the lesson of perseverance more valuable to us. The story of the spider is as follows:—The King—as he was called—for he had been crowned at Scone at the very commencement of his war for the independence of Scotland, was living in a miserable dwelling at Rachrin when the news reached him of the taking of Kildrummie, the execution of his brother and the captivity of the wife of his bosom, and for the time he was at the point of despair. He was lying one

morning on his wretched bed, pondering in his own mind whether he had not better give up all thoughts of restoring the freedom of Scotland, when his eye was attracted by a spider on the roof of his miserable cabin. It was hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, and was trying to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of attaching a line on which to stretch its web. The insect made the attempt repeatedly without success, Bruce carefully counting the number of attempts until it had reached the sixth time. "Surely, thought the King, it will stop now. This is just the number of times I have been defeated by the English. If this insect tries again I will try too." It was a momentous moment for the liberties of Scotland. The future of the country hung by a spider's thread. Just as Bruce was forming this resolution firmly in his own mind the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and this time succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam it had so often tried in vain to reach. Bruce seeing the success of the spider grasped his well-tried blade once more, resolving to try his own fortune, and history records that though he never before gained a victory,

he never afterwards suffered a defeat. I was told that for hundreds of years afterwards that none of the name of Bruce would kill a spider, and that the whole Scottish nation long held this little weaver in high esteem. Certainly, if the identical spider that secured the liberties of Scotland, or any of its progeny could be found, the Scotch people of to-day would in the language of Artemus Ward, "treat it well and often," and give it full credit for the good it had done to their nation, in the cloudy time of their country's freedom,

> "When days were dark
> And friends were few."

Some men can bear adversity, but cannot stand prosperity, but Bruce could endure both, but it is chiefly in adversity that the brilliant qualities of this independent son of liberty shone forth. His indomitable perseverance, his unconquerable will, seems to my mind to be equal to that of the fallen angel who

> "Would rather reign in hell
> Than serve in Heaven."

though Bruce was engaged in a nobler cause than the hero of "Paradise Lost." Of one thing we are certain that Bruce's courage, industry, perseverence, love of his country, and of his country's freedom,

stand out in bold relief on history's page, constituting a beacon of light to cheer the down-trodden and oppressed nationalities of the world,—consoling them in their hours of gloom, bringing hope to the hopeless and nerving the arms of the sons of freedom, while his liberty loving spirit hovering round bids them

> "Strike till the last armed foe expires,
> Strike for your altars and your fires,
> Strike for the green graves of your sires,
> God and your native land."

It was with great reluctance that we stepped off the grave of this remarkable man to whom, not only Scotland and Scotchmen, but the whole world at large owes so much, but this is a world of progress, motion is nature's eternal law, everything is in motion and we must move too. After all we will honor his memory more by emulating those sterling qualities, those "never give up" principles which enabled him to surmount every obstacle and triumph over every foe, and which has embalmed his name

> "Amongst the few immortal ones
> That were not born to die,"

rather than by standing idly on his tomb eulogizing his noble name. We have all a work to do. Let us do it; do it with the industry, courage, and perseverance of a

Bruce and "never give up" until our race, like his, is run, our warfare over, victory declared in our favor, Bannockburn inscribed on our banners.

"Never give up, 'tis the secret of glory,
Nothing so wise can philosophy teach,
Think of the names that are famous in story,
Never give up is the lesson they preach.
How have men compassed immortal achievements,
How have they moulded the world to their will,
'Tis but midst dangers and sorest bereavements,
"Never give up," was their principle still."

We now took a glance at a beautiful monument which was erected to the lamented Lady Augustus Stanley, a Bruce of the Elgin family, in the year 1876, and then bade our intelligent guide good-bye. We enquired however for the United Presbyterian Church to which Ralph Erskine the hero of voluntaryism once preached and were directed to Queen Anne street. We found it without difficulty. There is a monument to the famous seceder in front of the church. His brother Ebenezer Erskine as my friend Mr. John Kerr, of McKillop, knows, was the founder of the Secession Church of Scotland and probably the most famous man of the two, while Ralph was the author of a volume of sermons which no doubt Mr. Kerr has read and

appreciated too, as Erskine was a remarkable man, far ahead of his times. They were sons of a noble sire as their father Henry Erskine was a Presbyterian divine who suffered imprisonment under the act of Uniformity, and was finally minister at Berwick. He died in the year 1696. Why do I mention these names and why are they dear to me? The reason is that they were heroes of voluntaryism, a principal which I have always maintained and admired. The Erskines claimed the right to worship God as their consciences dictated, and denied the right of the state to interfere between God and the conscience. The act of Uniformity under which Henry Erskine, the father of the two celebrated sons referred to, was imprisoned, was passed for the purpose of making all men think alike in religious matters. The law-makers of those days forgetting that there is as much diversity of opinion in the minds of men, as there is differences in shape, size and appearance in the blades of grass or in the leaves of the mighty forest. This supposed power of making all men think alike in religion has been the most gigantic mistake the rulers of the nations have ever committed. It was worse than a mistake, it was a blunder. We

have Erskines in every nation of the globe, independent thinkers under every sky, and this will always be the case unless the human mind is changed by creative power, and while this is the case, no act of parliament will ever make men think alike in religion or anything else, though it may make some men pretend to do so, or in other words transform them into hypocrites. The followers of the Erskines to-day, in the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland are also doing good service against the principle of an established church, as they advocate the principle that the state has no right whatever to interfere in religious matters. That every church ought to be supported by the voluntary contributions of its members and adherents, apart altogether from Government aid, and that the church that has not vitality enough in itself to enable it to live by such means, ought to go to the wall. This principle will yet be triumphant in Scotland and England too, and all denominations placed on an equal footing in the eye of the law, as it is to-day in Ireland, the United States and Canada. We now bade farewell to this ancient and beautiful town with its manufactures of linen, its fine corporation buildings, with a spire 144

feet high, built in the Scotch baronial style, its Mechanics' Institute, school of design, libraries, market, mills, breweries, gas works, soap, tobacco, and candle factories. its fine bridge over its picturesque glen, its hospital, its memorial church of Bruce, its Abbey, its Palace and the dust of the Kings, the Queen's the Princes and mighty men of Scotland, "dust" now mixed with the common clay of the country, as if it had not once been the dust of the great and noble of the land and animated by a human soul. Verily the first sentence passed upon man has been faithfully carried out irrespective of rank. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." The dull grave, is the end of all the pomp and vanity of this world,

> "Passing away, passing away!
> All things lovely are passing away."

St. Andrews' Day.

The following is the *Beacon* report of an address delivered by the author at the the festival held in the Royal Hotel, Stratford, on St. Andrew's Night, A.D., 1883. It is published because it contains the author's views as to the various causes that have been instrumental in forming the Scottish character:—

"The Day an' a' wha honor it," was enthusiastically received, and Mr. Cassels sang with capital effect "Scotland forever." Dr. Campbell, of Seaforth, who was present by invitation, was coupled with the toast.

The Docter on rising was greeted with rounds of applause. He thanked the sons of St. Andrew for the honor they had conferred upon him. He said he was not a Scotsman by birth but was of Scotch parentage. While yet a boy he had mastered the Lowland Scotch dialect that he might be able to understand the literature of the country. The first books that he read were the lives of Wallace

and Bruce, the Scotch Worthies, Burns's poems and the Bible — books dear to every Scotsman. These gave his young mind a bias which bore fruit in after days. The result was that he had a great desire to see a country of which he had heard and read so much, consequently in the fall of 1881, when his health broke down, he gave up practice and sailed for Scotland. He had been absent eight months, six of which were spent in "the grey metropolis of the North," the most romantic city he ever was in. As a seat of learning it well deserved the name of the "Modern Athens." He would not detain them with a description of "Scotia's darling seat" as no doubt most of his audience knew more about Edinburgh than he himself did; suffice it to say he went for health and he got it. He got knowledge too, which he could not have got elsewhere. He wished to study the characteristics of the people and the philosophy, so to speak, of Scottish history. With this view he made excursions in various directions through the land of "the mountain and the flood." He then gave a running account of his Highland trip, described and named the places and scenes he had visited. Amongst the characteristics o

the people with whom he conversed was their love of country and the pride they experienced when people from other lands, like himself, admired its incomparable scenery. He spoke of their respect for the Sabbath day—their reverence for the name of the Creator—their honesty and truthfulness as a people—their love of liberty and adherence to free institutions. He then made a humorous allusion to the fact that no native born Scotsman had ever been canonized as a saint—they had to borrow one from the Jews. He told this to an old Scotswoman who replied that they, "had a man in Scotland once who was worth a baker's dozen o' the best o' ye'r saints—John Knox, the founder o' oor parish schules." The old apostle of Scotland occupied a sunny spot in their hearts and deserved it too. No living man, however, had such a strong hold of the people of Scotland as the "people's William," as they called him. (Cheers.) He related an anecdote of an elector in Midlothian, who said he believed that "William Ewart Gladstone was the best man the warl' had ever seen sin' the days o' the apostle Paul." He puts Paul a little ahead—just a little. Gladstone might well feel proud of the estimation in which

he was held by the people of that country to-day, and he believed the grand old man—the uncrowned king of the British people—would not betray the confidence reposed in him. (Cheers.) The Doctor described the Highlanders as a brave, warm-hearted, hospitable people, kind almost to a fault. He spoke of their weakness for their native mountain dew—(laughter)—and their lingering love mingled with pity, for the ancient and unfortunate house of Stuart. He described his visit to the field of Culloden with a Highlandman who showed him the spot where an ancestor of his, named Donald McBain, had killed thirteen of the British soldiers before a bayonet thrust reached his gallant heart and laid as brave a man on his native heather as any who defended the pass of Thermopylæ. The speaker next spoke of the philosophy of Scottish history which he said had gone far to form the Scottish character and had contributed largely to make Scotsmen and their descendants what they are to-day. The ancient Caledonians were a noble, brave, warlike race when the Romans first made their descent upon the Island. It only required the power of education and the blessings of christianity to transform

them into what we find them in later times—the foremost men of all the earth. (Cheers.) We all recollect (he said) that the Romans who carried their conquering eagles to the remotest corner of the earth failed to subdue our hardy ancestors and were constrained to build walls at different times for the purpose of preventing the warlike incursions of an unconquered and unconquerable race. There certainly was the raw material here out of which to make the free, independent, liberty-loving nation our rude ancestors afterwards became. Then the physical geography of the country played a most important part in forming the character of the people. Scotland was a land of lofty mountains, deep glens, broad lochs, rapid rivers, dashing cataracts, impenetrable mists, and sublime storms. Was this a land to nurture a race of slaves? We would expect to find in such a country, every other thing being equal, a race free as the air that plays around the mountain's brow—the heather that blooms on her native hills, or as the eagles that cleave her native skies—and in reality this is what we have. These are the men with iron shoes of whom Dr. Wild speaks, and long may they wear

those shoes in defence of the rights and liberties of mankind, and in crushing out tyranny and oppression the world over. (Loud applause.) There is also a wild, weird superstition lingering around rude mountain lands like the Scottish Highlands, and we find all these influences reflected in the character of the inhabitants. (Hear, hear.) Lord Byron refers to these in his beautiful poem of Loch-na-Garr:

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
  In you let the minions of luxury rove,
Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love;
  Yet Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war;
  Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch-na-Gar,
  Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?
  Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale.
  Round Loch-na-Garr while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
  Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers,
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch-na-Garr.

Another influence of which he would speak was the war of Independence. If we look at that period of Scottish history from the time that Baliol ignominiously surrendered the crown of Scotland to

Edward of England, until the time that Scotland gave England a King in the person of James VI. of Scotland and I. of England—a period which extends over 400 years—we find it with but slight intermissions, to be a period of war, treachery, cruelty and bloodshed. During these four centuries, the powerful and populous country to the south, often aided by traitors in the northern camp, was almost constantly endeavouring to subdue the comparatively small, poor, rocky and sparsely populated country to the north. The unequal contest of Sir William Wallace and his intrepid followers against the power of England is fresh in the mind of every student of Scottish history. Well might Burns say in reference to the hero of Scotland,

> At Wallace's name what Scottish blood
> But boils up in a spring-tide flood,
> Oft have our fearless fathers strode by Wallace's side
> Still pressing onward, red-wat shod, or glorious dy'd.

And Bruce, "dread essence of the brave," you know how against fearful odds he fought and vanquished the enemies of his country on the ever-memorable field of Bannockburn—sealed the liberties of that land with his blood, registered the deed of her independence in the recording

office of the nations, and placed it in the archives of eternity. (Cheers.) Such a history as this has done much to mould the character of her people and make Scotsmen and their descendants what they are to-day. The establishment of the parish schools was another powerful influence that went far to mould the Scottish character for all time to come. The sons of Scotland educated at these parish schools went abroad, and on account of their superior knowledge along with their perseverance, honesty, truthfulness, and a sort of adaptability peculiar to themselves, they rose to offices of trust and emolument in every land where Providence directed their steps. It is recorded in history that no fewer than 200 of such Scotsmen received patents of nobility from the king of Sweden, while in France, Germany, Russia, Turkey, and other countries, they were no less successful. All honor then to old John Knox, the founder of Scotland's parish schools, the grandest Scotsman that ever lived. The last formative force of which he would speak was the influence of the literature of Scotland, and especially of her songs and ballads in moulding the character of her people for all time. No country of its extent and population has

such a literature in every department such as Scotland has to-day. Some eminent man has said, "Give me the making of the ballads of a people and who will may make the laws." There was more truth than poetry in that remark. It is hard to calculate what influence in a filial point of view such songs as "John Anderson my Jo," "Auld Robin Gray," or "The land o' the leaf" has had in the past and will still exert in the future, or for impressing the mind with the idea of a future state of bliss. Take "Burns's address to Mary in Heaven" or the "Cotter's Saturday Night"—or for teaching manly independence and self-reliance what can compare with "A man's a man for a' that?" Or if you want to stir Scots men to deeds of daring and make their blood leap wild as the cataracts of their own rocky land, take "Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled," the grandest war ode outside the Bible. (Cheers.)

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurper low:
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow
Let us do or die.

That song has had a powerful influence in stirring the Scots to deeds of daring in many a well fought battle and it will still continue to ring down through the centuries, and make tyrants and oppressors tremble in their gilded palaces, in the ages yet to be. Before dismissing this subject, to the honor of Burns be it said, that he collected the songs of his country —eliminated any unchaste language they contained—retained the glorious ideas—wedded them to the grand old tunes and gave the whole as a legacy to his country —a legacy of which any people might well feel proud. This was perhaps his greatest and most important work, and it is hard to calculate the beneficial effects which have resulted from it. All honor then to Scotland's greatest poet—the immortal Burns. No Scotsman need be ashamed of his country, and he would urge them earnestly always to act in such a manner that their country may never have reason to be ashamed of them. He adjured them to be true to Canada—this glorious youthful land—the land of their adoption—the land where they have found a home—the land that was holding out her arms like a young giant to the starving millions of Europe, saying, "come over and we will do you good and not

evil all the days of your lives. If they would emulate the meritorious deeds of the old land and avoid her mistakes and and her blunders, then this Canada of ours, now in its glorious youthful prime, will go forth in its might, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners. In conclusion he said: Let the masses of the people here as well as in the old land be educated—let even-handed justice be dealt out to all irrespective of race, language, color or religion, —let truthfulness and honesty be the guide of our business transactions—let temperance sit at the helm and flourish in the homes of the people—let our laws have their foundation laid deep in those eternal principles of truth and justice that are cœval with the throne of God—let that grand old book—the palladium of the world's liberties be honored by our legislature, revered by the people, and let the faith, the glorious faith, of freedom be proclaimed in its ancient purity from our Canadian pulpits—then we may rest assured that whatever enemies may arise, around all the glory there shall be a defence. (Loud applause.)

Valedictory.

The following valedictory on behalf of the graduates in medicine was delivered by the author in the Convocation Hall of McGill University, Montreal, on the 4th of May, 1869. It is published at the request of Dr. Stewart, Prof. of materia medica, McGill College; Dr. McCrimmon, of Lucknow, Ont.; Dr. McKay, of Woodville, Ont.; and others of the old graduating class, who elected the author as valedictorian upon that occasion after a very exciting contest.

Mr. Chancellor, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have been ransacking every nook and corner of my brain to find out why I have been elected to deliver the valedictory on behalf of the Graduates in Medicine, and the conclusion at which I have arrived is that it must be because I was the most modest man of the whole class; if so, my modesty is put to a severe test upon the present occasion—called upon as I am to address this magnificent assembly—composed as it is of the learning, the wealth

and the beauty of the most populous city in the Dominion of Canada.

While still on the threshold of my remarks, I would thank the ladies from the inmost recesses of my heart for gracing this Hall with their fascinating presence, and smiling their sweet approval upon the labours of the successful student. The enthusiastic astronomer gazes with ecstasy upon the myriads of stars which twinkle in yon empyreal blue but were I in his place I would often be tempted to turn aside to view the bright stars of earth and bask in the sunshine of beautiful eyes such as are sending forth their brilliant scintillations here to day.

Travellers to a well known land, from which some of you hail, tell us of a rugged path winding up a weary ascent—every turn the tourist imagines will bring him to the top of the mountain, but every turn only reveals the fact that other heights have to be climbed—other obstacles surmounted. At length, when faint and weary, a sudden turn of the path discloses to his delighted gaze a fount of cool sparkling water oozing from the mountain side and received into a reservoir hewn out of the flinty rock—while at the side is a stone seat with the words carved above it—"Rest and be

thankful," Fellow-Graduates, we have reached just such a charming spot to day —let us "rest and be thankful." Let us not for a moment imagine that we have reached the summit of the Mount of Science, for like the tourist in question we have only reached a cool refreshing arbor by the way-side—and like him by turning our eyes upwards we can see the rugged cliffs and bristling crags far above us—yea, we can even get a glimpse of the eternal clouds that enshroud the apex of that mount where no mortal has ever trod—and *anon* we can see the Genius of Science waving her enchanting wand—beckoning us onward—while the gentle zephyrs fan our fevered brows, and a voice whispers in our ears, "*Come up higher.*" It would not comfort with my claim to modesty to give any advice whatever to my Fellow-Graduates—many of whom are older than I am—therefore be it distinctly understood, I give none. Four years ago we wended our way from the banks of Lake Huron, from the banks of Newfoundland from all parts of the Dominion and from the neighboring Republic, towards this great city, for the purpose of pursuing our studies in what we *then* believed, and what we *still*

believe to be the best School of Medicine on this Continent. Four years ago! and this is what we have come to! Four years of the hardest, happiest hours of our lives have glided swiftly past. Four years! during which we parted *always* to meet again—*now we part to meet no more.* Parting is always painful, whether from country, friends or classmates. Many of us know what *parting* is. Some have parted from their native land (which to them was almost as dear as Heaven itself)—and as her her blue cliffs faded in the distance have said with tear-bedimmed eyes—

"We leave thee to return no more
Nor view thy cliffs again."

Others have followed near and dear friends to the cold, the silent tomb, and have said in anguish of soul, while the deep fountains of their hearts have been stirred—"We *must* go to them, but they *cannot* return to us." But the parting to which I refer is is somewhat different from any of these. We have to bid adieu to our dear old *Alma Mater* with her sunny memories—adieu to those earnest able men who constitute the "Medical Faculty" of McGill University—a "Medical Faculty *second* to none in America." May their memories ever be green as the cedars that beautify our Canadian landscapes—

magnificent as the gigantic pines that overtop the hills of the Ottawa. We may *well* address each Professor in the language which a well-known bard used towards the kind benefactor of his early days:

> "The bridegroom can forget the bride
> Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
> The Monarch may forget the crown
> That on his head an hour has been;
> The mother may forget the child
> That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
> *But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,*
> *And a' that thou hast done for me.*"

There is one thing to which I must allude before dropping this part of my subject, and that is that the Medical Faculty of this University was the first on this side of the Atlantic to raise the Standard of Medical Education—and they have persistently kept the standard of Graduation as high as that of the Universities of our fatherland—even though some Colleges that could be named were lowering their standards—and what is still worse--several extensive manufactories to the south of us, were continually exporting their *raw product*, which they were pleased to call "*Eclectics*," which have continued to afflict Canada like a dire epidemic for many years past. These pseudo doctors, manufactured out

of the *raw material* (often very raw)—*manfactured* in the short space of *four months*—these are the men (along with others of a similar quality, but with different names)—whom the Legislature of Ontario has (in its wisdom ?) lately elevated into "Doctors" by legal enactment, placing them in the eye of the law on a level with the sons of the soil who spend four hard years at Old McGill. I think the intelligence of Canada will soon discern that such men have only the outside skin of Medical Science—wrapped closely around them and tied on by the ligatures of the law—in short that it is but a repetition of the old fable of a well known but rather disreputable quadruped clothing himself in a lion's skin and trying to pass for that respectable animal—*their speech and their actions too like his must betray them.* It would be well for such men to remember that it took a special act of Parliament to exalt them into "Doctors", and that a subsequent, a wiser and more beneficial *act* may sink them into *quacks* again. But what I wish to say is this—the country ought to honor the men who have kept up the standard of medical proficiency in spite of so many temptations to lower it

—and this is what our Professors have done. If we have to work hard for four years to obtain the degree of "M.D.C.M." we prize it the more when we get it, and people of intelligence will honour the men who hold such "degrees," while quacks, charlatans, eclectics and empirics, like the impurities thrown into the mighty St. Lawrence, will sink quietly to the bottom or be swept down by the current of public opinion. Before bidding our honoured Professors farewell, a sense of justice impels me to say that each of them has promptly informed us of any discoveries and improvements that have taken place in his particular branch—giving the lie to those *would-be* "Professors" who are in the habit of taunting us with being of the "Old School"—as if there was more than one real School, one true Science of medicine. In conclusion, in behalf of the Graduates, I thank our teachers one and all for their kind efforts in our behalf, and I can assure them that there is a twining of the heartstrings at bidding them farewell—and that as long as reason with us maintains its primeval throne, so long will they occupy a sunny nook in our memories. Fellow-Graduates, we also must part. Soon we shall be scattered towards the four winds of

Heaven. Those able men who have piloted our barks thus far now leave us —the vast ocean of medical knowledge is still before us, with many rocks and quick-sands in it. True, part of that ocean has been navigated by able seamen—lighthouses built and buoys laid down to warn us where sunken reefs and hidden dangers lie. We can see the red lights glimmering through the darkness the buoys dancing in the sunshine, and, with caution for our pilot, we can steer clear of these dangers of which our predecessors were not aware. But we must remember that medicine is the most comprehensive of all the Professions, and still progressive; that there are depths in it which no plummet has ever sounded, bays and inlets where no bark has ever sailed. Let us go on then with caution, but let us go on. Let us get hold of a big thought, an idea, a principle, and let us bound it upon the north, upon the south, upon the east, and upon the west. Let us never forget that we live in a doubting age, an age in which everything that is not made of the asbestos of truth is destined to be burned up. While scanning the dizzy heights and sounding the vast depths of scientific truth, let us not forget the interests of our Domi-

nion in this the morning of its youthful days—yea! let us remember the interests of the world at large. Let our hearts beat synchronously with the big heart of humanity, which to-day is panting after knowledge—our lungs respire in unison with the gigantic lungs of civilization, whose aspirations to-day the world over, are after truth and liberty of thought and action.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle
Be a hero in the strife!
Trust no future, howe'r pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead.

Let us remember that the hope of the Dominion is not in her guns, her battlements, nor yet in the wily tricks of her crooked politicians, but in the integrity, the loyality, the deep true faith of her sons—in short in *that* "Righteousness which exalteth a nation." Let us endeavour to strengthen the bonds that unite us to that vast empire of which we are proud to form a part—that empire upon which an eternal sun shines—that empire that is to-day the crown, the glory of the world. May no ruthless hand ever sever the golden threads of affection by which we are attached to the finest, the noblest

woman that ever sat upon an earthly throne, who now sways a golden sceptere over a free happy and contended people —Queen Victoria. God bless her! When she surrenders her earthly crown—may she "receive a crown incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away."

Now, Fellow-Graduates, farewell! May we who have spent so much time, and money too, in the pursuit of earthly knowledge, may we not forget that knowledge that cometh down from above, but may our lives be like the bright streak of morning light, which at first gilds the mountain tops with glory, but shines on brighter and brighter till lost in the pure, the perfect day. In short, amidst all our getting—all our choosing —let us "choose that good part which shall not be taken away."

Now, a few words to the Under-Graduates, and I have done. *We also must part.* At the painful thought, a strange, melancholy feeling seems to freeze the warm fountains of my soul. I almost feel sorry that I have graduated. In spirit we shall often meet in the familiar halls of old McGill. I know that you will receive kindly any suggestions that I have to make, as you know that they are dictated by an earnest desire

for your welfare and that they come bubbling up from the deep fountains of a warm heart.

First of all, attend to your health. Many of you know that this was the rock upon which I was almost wrecked, therefore I speak feelingly on the subject. To receive an "M. D." just in time to have it carved on your tombstone, is surely an empty honour; but to die in a mad attempt to obtain it, must indeed be "vanity and vexation of spirit." Then attend to your health, health is better than all the gold medals on your planet; more to be prized than all the offices in the Dominion just now—if once lost you will not find it for sale in any of the markets in this great metropolis; and all the influence of the Government will not be potent enough to procure it for you.

Next avoid the trashy, chaffy literature with which so many of the book stores of this city are literally crammed—light, worthless, immoral publications that infest Montreal like a perennial epidemic—an everlasting *moral malaria.* Besides being a sinful waste of time, the reading of such trash injuries the memory, perverts the judgment, and is altogether unworthy of a student of our noble Profession. Remember that he is a terrible

man who does *one thing* and *one thing* you should do—namely. study your profession—attend lectures regularly, read medical works, walk the wards of the Montreal General Hospital, which is the best in the Dominion—in short do everything you can to obtain medical knowledge so that at last you may be enabled to leave old McGill and with a clear conscience be able to say as you stand for the last time on her portals, *I have done my duty.*

Lastly, before bidding you farewell, I would urge you with all the earnestness of which my soul is capable, to avoid alcohol in all its forms, and allow me to add, tobacco. I have weighed them both in the balances and found them wanting, miserably wanting. Alcohol is the living, active working devil of this great city—leading on to every vice that blackens the calendar of crime. Avoid alcohol! the healthy man needs it not. You will find your head clearer, your nerves steadier, your eye truer, with the good old "cup that cheers but not inebriates"—a cup that will not ruin your health nor sap the foundations of your morals—in a word, you will feel better in body and mind with that "cup" that with the fiery, fuming "cup" of "alcohol" which

has been to many, very many, a cup of liquid death, sending them down to early, sad, dishonored graves upon which the ambient beams of the Son of Righteousness never shines. Have we not, in this our beloved land of the "Maple Leaf," a fine fertile soil beneath our feet, a clear blue sky bending with magnificent curve above our heads, healthy, invigorating breezes blowing around us. Oh! what a large happy family we would be were it not for intemperance—the *bane* of our common civilization, the blight of our common country, the scather of our common humanity, the contemner of our common God.

Finally—farewell! Professors, Fellow-Graduates and Under-Graduate, farewell! We shall never meet again! Never meet, did I say? *Yes, we shall meet again!* Not in this noble old University, not in the city of Montreal—*but we shall meet*—meet at the feet of the Great Teacher—meet in a purer, a better Dominion, *meet* and (I hope) *graduate* too, in that *sublime*, that *grand* University, in that city that is out of sight—that city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

View from Mount Royal.

The following extract from a lecture on Canada, which the author delivered in different parts of the country, is published by the request of a resident of Seaforth:

"You have read of the inspired poet, who, while gazing on his own beloved city, burst forth in poetic rapture, saying, "Beautiful for situation; the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion." A kindred feeling must have animated the breast of the sunburnt sailor as he climed the beautiful mountain behind Hochelaga three hundred years ago, and as the magnificent landscape, rich with forest, lake and river, burst upon view, he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Oh! the Royal Mount!" hence the name of our commercial metropolis, which in our day has degenerated into Montreal. Upon a lovely evening in "the month of rosy beauty," we have stood with a friend on the summit of that royal mountain. The prospect was indeed one of the grandest which this earth

affords. The sun was sinking slowly behind my own native Ontario, dispensing its favors a few seconds longer to the brightest and best of all the Provinces. The St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers are seen to westward like threads of gold interwoven in cloth of silver. We follow them with our eyes until like bride and bridegroom who meet and embrace at the hymenial altar, they become one and flow on in sweet tranquility towards that magnificent gulf—fit entrance to a country so vast—where they mingle with and are forever lost in old ocean, as our lives merge into and are lost forever in the vast ocean of eternity. Turning to the south-east we behold the blue mountains of Vermont and New Hampshire in the distance, their lofty peaks tinged with purple and gold by the parting rays of the setting sun. At our feet is the busy commercial metropolis of our young Dominion, the smoke of its manufactories rising slowly and calmly to heaven, like incense from an evening sacrifice. The tall towers of the French Cathedral are rising majestically above the rest of the city, indicating to my mind the nationality and the religion that are still in the ascendant. The harbor is crowded with

vessels of all nations and of every description, loading and unloading their cargoes, telling us that this is indeed the rich emporium of the west, while further down to the centre of that noble river we observe St. Helen's island with its guns, its soldiers, and its forteress, with the glorious flag of old England still floating proudly in the breeze. Further up our eyes rest upon the Victoria bridge, the longest and perhaps the most wonderful in the world. We watch a train approach that long dark tube; it enters—it is lost from view as a wild animal that enters his cavern in the rocks—now it makes its exit—it passes on in triumph to its destination, bearing the rich produce of the west to the seaboard. We look down, but not in the contempt upon the modest unpretending edifice of McGill University, with its pleasant walks and verdant meads. Surrounding us on all sides is the rich foliage of the trees that overtop the mountain, with the feathered songsters of the grove singing the requiem of departing day amongst their branches, while away behind us lies the Necropolis, the city of the dead, where the rich and great the Montreal are mouldering in the silent dust of the earth, where they shall lie in silence and in gloom until the

first shrill blast of the Archangel's trumpet calls them from behind the mountain. But the dark curtain of the sable goddess is being drawn closely around us, the sun has now sunk beneath the western horizon, the gas lights are glimmering in the city, it is time to return. We retrace our steps slowly down the mountain side, saying to our companion, as we go, "Well might the hardy mariner of St. Malo call this the "Royal mountain," but this mount shall be moved, this city shall pass away, but they that trust in the Lord shall be like Mount Zion, which can never be moved."

INDEX.