

# JOHN L. STODDARD'S LECTURES

ILLUSTRATED AND EMBELLISHED WITH VIEWS OF THE  
WORLD'S FAMOUS PLACES AND PEOPLE, BEING  
THE IDENTICAL DISCOURSES DELIVERED  
DURING THE PAST EIGHTEEN  
YEARS UNDER THE TITLE  
OF THE STODDARD  
LECTURES

*COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES*

VOLUME IX



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# SCOTLAND

**I**N Scotland Heroism and Romance go hand in hand. Its Heroism is like a mediæval castle, still haughtily defiant of the wintry storms. Its Romance is the ivy, which covers the historic ruin with a mantle of protection, caresses it with countless clinging fingers, and tenderly conceals the ravages of Time and man. Scotland, although one of the smallest of European countries, has, nevertheless, produced a galaxy of heroes, whose names are still the synonyms of daring and of chivalry. Moreover, since heroic deeds invariably call forth men to guard their memory by song and story, the land of Bruce and Wallace has, also, been the home of Robert Burns and the immortal novelist of Abbotsford.



LOCH ACHRAY AND BEN VENUE.

As for the element of sentiment, aside from all that Scott has given us in prose and poetry, one beautiful romantic life illumines Scotland's history, like the long, golden twilight of its northern summer; for Mary, Queen of Scots, is one of the most fascinating and mysterious of female characters. More volumes have been written in regard to her than about any other woman in the world. Of her transcendent beauty, and, alas! her suffering, there is no question; but how far she de-



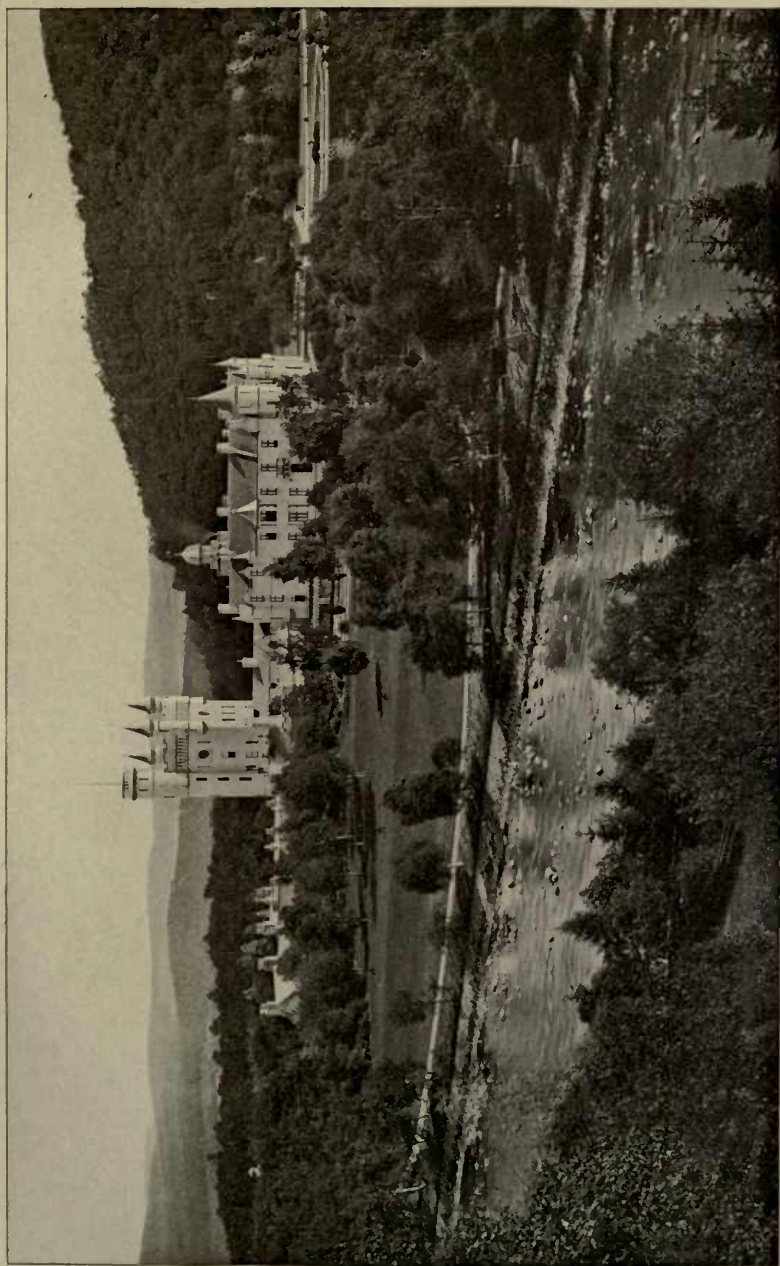
MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

served her tragic fate has always been a theme of bitter controversy. Such is the mystery which enshrouds her life that she has been well called the "Enigma of History." By some, she has been painted as an angel of goodness; by others, branded as the worst of criminals. The truth lies, probably, between the two extremes. National

hate, religious prejudice, and the base treachery of her nobles combined, no doubt, to ruin her and then to cover up the crime with slander. This would hardly have been possible had not her life given some occasion for such accusations; but, even at the worst, a multitude of lovely and heroic traits so powerfully plead for her, that thousands, year by year, still read the story of her life with breathless interest, and view it through a mist of tears.

One of the most delightful routes by which to enter





BALMORAL CASTLE, THE HIGHLAND HOME OF THE QUEEN.





Scotland is the river Clyde. The shipyards of the Clyde! Who has not heard of them? Whole navies there are seen in embryo. For miles the river's banks are lined with half-built steamers, which look like skeletons of prehistoric monsters of the sea suspended in mid air. Who would suppose,



SHIPPING ON THE CLYDE.



SHIPBUILDING ON THE CLYDE.

in looking at their uncouth forms, that they could ever be developed into the marvelous specimens of strength and beauty, which we sub-

sequently see riding the waves, as if instinct with life, conveying thousands every year with speed and safety from the Old World to the New, and bearing on their storm-defying prows such names as the *Campania* and *Lucania*? Yet, close beside the river, a few years ago, when excavations were being made to enlarge the harbor of

Glasgow, an ancient boat of solid oak was found, not planked or built, but hewn from the trunk of a stalwart tree. Within it lay an ax-head of laboriously sharpened stone, proving that boats were made by savages along the Clyde, ages ago, when

neither iron nor bronze was known, but when the inhabitants of Scotland were still in the Stone Period of their evolution. What a prodigious, almost inconceivable, development of intellect is illustrated by a comparison between that tree-trunk of the Clyde, hollowed by fire and a rough stone ax, and the magnificent "ocean greyhounds," built there now,

propelled by steam, managed by intricate machinery, lighted by electricity, and guided by the magnetic needle!

A very different feature of the Clyde is the stern, formidable mountain called "Dumbarton Rock." Its



DUMBARTON CASTLE.



WALLACE STATUE, ABERDEEN.



form reminds one of the "Castled crag of Drachenfels" frowning above the river Rhine; but this old hill of Scotland has a history far more impressive than that of its German rival. The Drachenfels boasts only of a legendary dragon slain upon its cliffs, but old Dumbarton calls to mind the human hero — William Wallace — since it was by the commander of this fortress, six hundred years ago, that the mightiest and most daring of all Scotland's chieftains was shamefully betrayed to his enemies.

Despite the centuries which have since elapsed, the world has not forgotten Wallace. Even this almost impregnable rock was not considered secure enough to hold him. Accordingly he was conveyed to London. Crowds gathered there to see him pass, and gazed

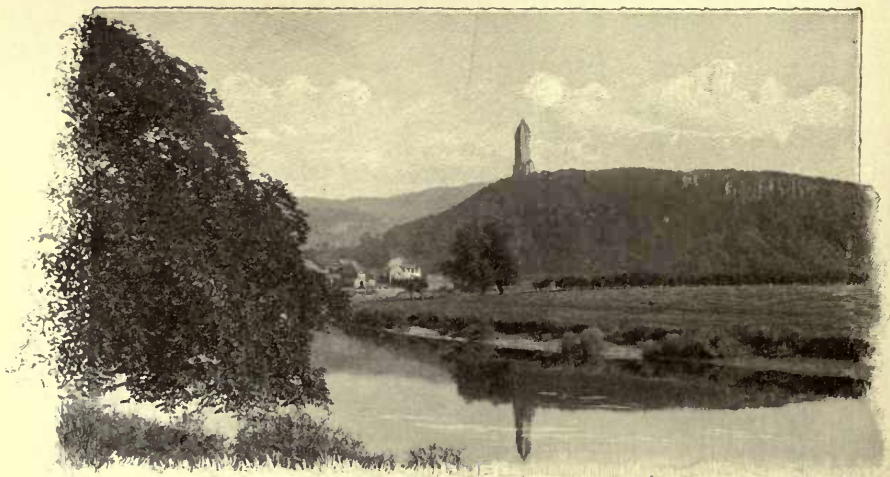


WALLACE STATUE, ON THE WALLACE MONUMENT.

with awe on the renowned and dreaded prisoner. Meantime the King of England thirsted for his blood. The thirst was quickly slaked; for, after a mock trial in London, the gallant Wallace was condemned to die. What a death was that reserved for him! He was first hanged, but cut down while alive; then, portions of his body were torn out and burned before his face; and, finally, after atrocious sufferings, his head was struck off by the executioner and placed upon a pole on London Bridge. Even then his body was dismembered. His right arm was

displayed at Newcastle ; his left at Berwick ; one leg was sent to Perth ; the other to the town of Aberdeen : yet England's triumph was of short duration.

Above a densely wooded hill near Stirling, where Wallace had, some years before, defeated England's army of invasion, rises a massive monument of stone two hundred and twenty feet in height. It is the National Memorial to Wallace. It stands as he stood, solitary, unshaken, and majestic, towering above

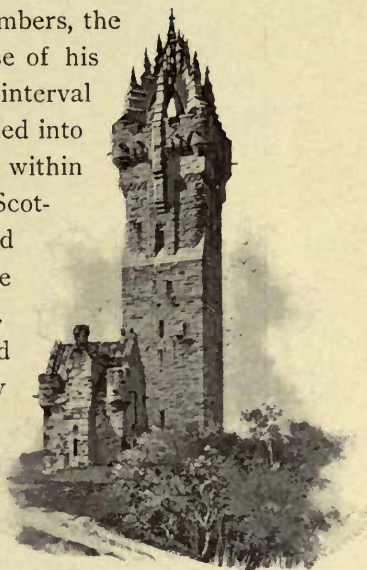


A DISTANT VIEW OF THE WALLACE MONUMENT.

the country he so gallantly defended. It is a striking illustration of the fact that to destroy a man like Wallace is impossible. Burn, cut, or crucify the body if you will, if he who dies thus stands for some immortal truth, his soul emerges from the mutilated casket indestructible, and travels triumphant down the path of history.

"Speak, History ! Who are life's victors ? Unroll thy long annals and say : Are they those whom the world called victors, who won the success of a day ? The martyrs, or Nero ? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst, Or the Persians and Xerxes ? His judges, or Socrates ? Pilate, or Christ ?"

Rivaling, in point of interest and numbers, the statues of Wallace in Scotland are those of his successor, — Robert Bruce. Only a brief interval occurred between these heroes ; for, goaded into fury by the cruel murder of her champion, within six months after the death of Wallace, Scotland had risen again and had proclaimed the gallant Bruce her king. A complete record of his exploits would fill many pages. A hundred episodes in his career could give material for an epic poem. The story of his struggles for Scotland's freedom forms a northern Iliad, and Homer would have been proud to sing of him as of Achilles. Homeless and penniless, hunted by England, excommunicated by the Pope, he, nevertheless, fought desperately on, until the object of his life was reached and not a particle of Scottish heather was crushed beneath an English foot. To those who love the memory of Bruce, no spot in

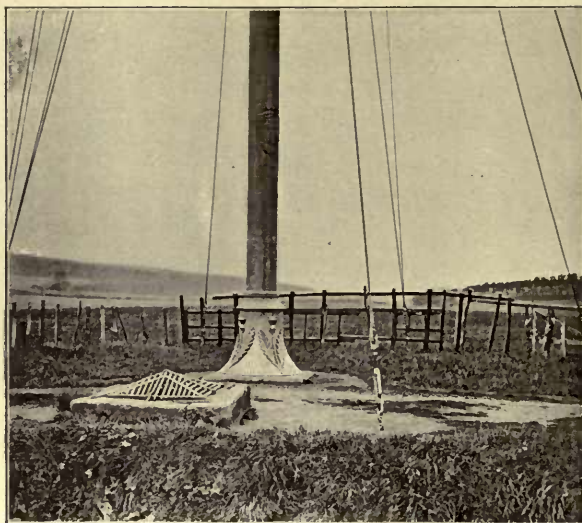


THE WALLACE MONUMENT.



THE STATUE OF ROBERT BRUCE.





FLAGSTAFF STONE, BANNOCKBURN.

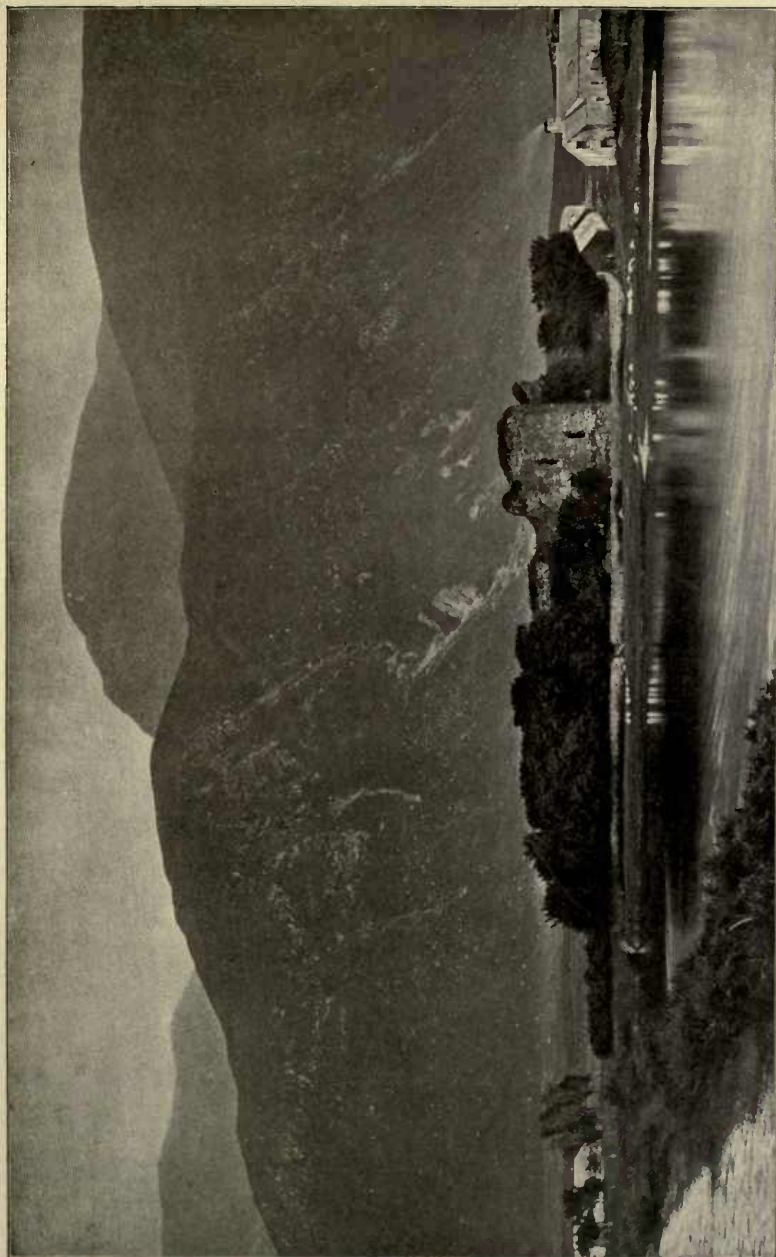
Scotland is more interesting than the scene of his most glorious victory,—Bannockburn. Nearly six hundred years have come and gone since that eventful day, yet one may still see here the very stone

in which the Scottish standard was then placed, just as a modern flagstaff rises close beside it now. Bannockburn is the Marathon of Scotland. The English army numbered one hundred thousand men; the Scots had less than forty thousand; but they were fighting for their fatherland, and they were led by Robert Bruce.

Before the battle Bruce had caused innumerable holes and trenches to be dug here, which after-



THE FIELD OF BANNOCKBURN.



BEN NEVIS AND RUINS OF INVERLOCHY CASTLE.





ward were carefully concealed with turf. Accordingly the field, which looked to the enemy firm and undisturbed, was, in reality, a death-trap for the English cavalry. As the invading host advanced, the Scots knelt down and solemnly invoked the aid of God. "What are they doing," cried the English king, "kneeling already for our mercy?" He was soon undeceived; for, rising from their knees, the Scots attacked their foes, not, as in modern times, from a distance with artillery, but hand to hand with sword and battle-ax, until the English were completely vanquished and fled in wild disorder from the field.

Upon the plain near Stirling I noted with great interest a carefully preserved memorial of the past, in the form of a dark, weather-beaten stone, placed upon a pedestal and guarded by an iron screen. On this all traitors to the cause of Scotland were beheaded.



DECAPITATION STONE, NEAR STIRLING.

A gruesome object lesson truly; but, after all, the Scots do well to keep such monuments as these. Who has not seen a Scotchman's blue eyes kindle when his native land was mentioned? It is not strange, for Scotchmen lead their children to these landmarks of their country's history, and under the same sky that Robert Bruce beheld, and in the shadow of the Wallace monument, repeat to them those deeds which are their nation's proudest heritage.

Scotland is so diminutive that it is easy to turn in a few hours from these scenes of warlike memories to a more peace-

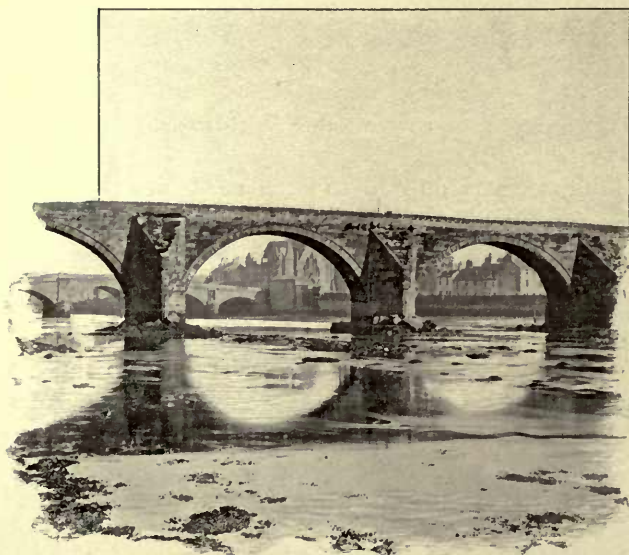
ful section of old Scotland, the quiet, little town of Ayr, rich in its souvenirs of Robert Burns. "More hero-worship," does one say? Ah! but believe me, the time is never wasted which we spend in honoring departed greatness. The trouble with



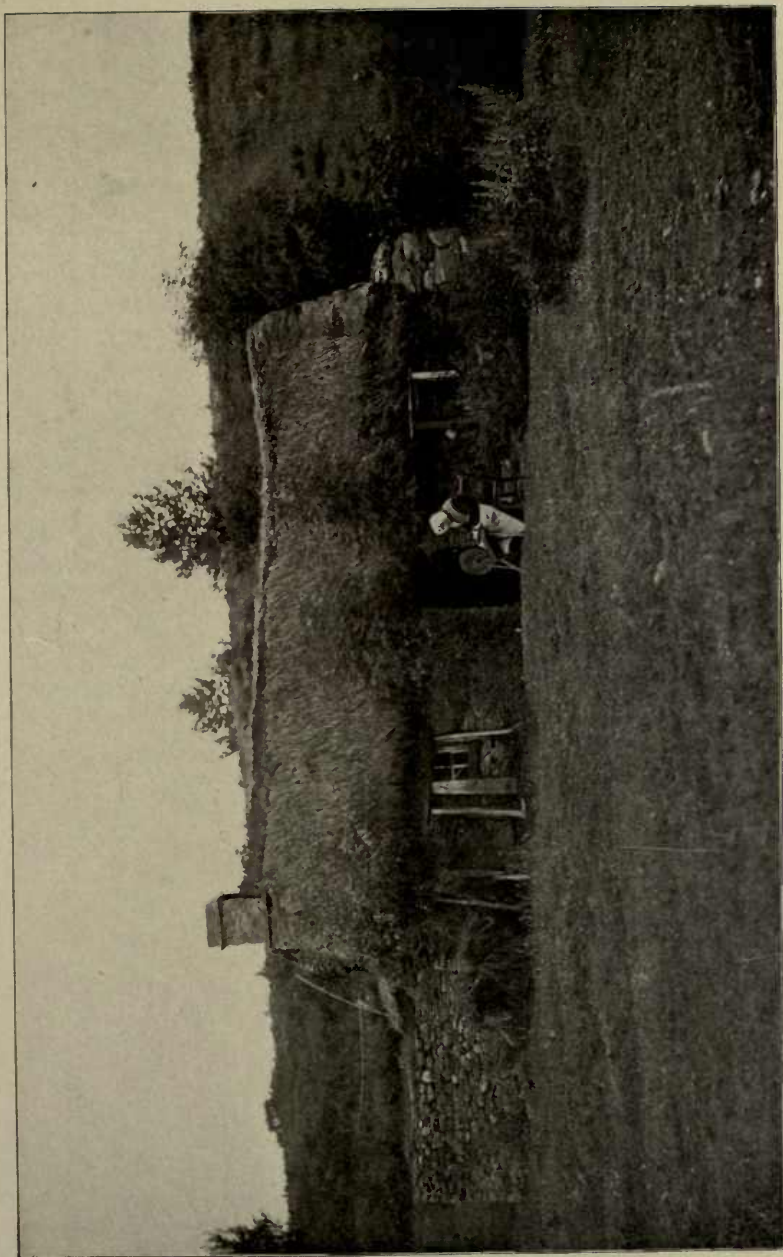
HIGH STREET,  
AYR.

this age is, not too much respect and reverence, but too little. Great men are like great mountains: they lift our thoughts above the ordinary level of humanity; they give us hope and inspiration. In studying the heroes of the past we, too, are stimulated to heroic deeds; and when we read the biographies of men of

genius, — from Plutarch's Lives to those of Washington and Lincoln, — we draw instinctively a deeper breath, as when upon a sultry day there suddenly is brought to us the cool, exhilarating freshness of the sea. Before in-



THE "TWA BRIGS."



A HIGHLAND COTTAGE.





vestigating the subject, I had no idea how many people go to Ayr to render homage to the poet's memory. They number, on an average, more than thirty thousand, annually. I know of nothing like this in the world. Even the pilgrims to the home of Shakespeare do not exceed fourteen thousand, yearly. It shows how deeply and imperishably Burns is enshrined in the affections of the English-speaking race, in spite of the difficulty to many readers of understanding his Scotch dialect. The town



"THE AULD BRIG O' DOON," AYR.

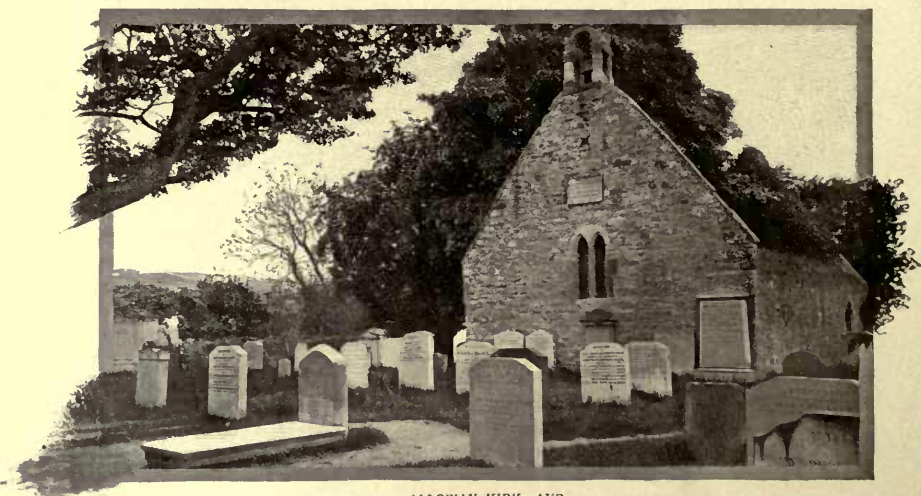
abounds in quaint reminders of the poet who has given it such fame. Thus, the Old Bridge of Ayr is very little changed since the time of Burns, and casts its shadow in the stream below just as it did when the inspired plowman used to lean upon its time-worn parapet. In his day, however, a New Bridge had been erected a little farther down the stream, and Burns describes the fancied rivalry between them. Standing upon the "Auld Brig," as it is called, one recollects how the New Bridge is made to say to it, disdainfully,

“Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a street,  
Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet,  
Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime,  
Compare wi' bonie brigs o' modern time?”

to which the ancient structure answers proudly,

“I'll be a brig, when ye're a shapeless cairn.”

Strangely enough, the poet's prophecy proved true. The venerable arches, built six hundred years ago, are still in use, while the New Bridge, constructed only a century since, has been superseded already by a newer one.



ALLOWAY KIRK, AYR.

A short walk from the hotel in Ayr brought us to Alloway's witch-haunted kirk. It is a picturesque old ruin, in the tower of which still hangs the ancient bell which is regarded by the peasants with superstitious reverence. But even when standing in the graveyard of this church, beside the tombstone of William Burns, the poet's father, I could not feel in the least degree serious; for Burns has made this place forever humorous as the scene of Tam O'Shanter's ludicrous adventure on the night when



"a child might understand  
The deil had business on his hand."

One must be heavy-hearted, indeed, not to be amused as he recalls the mirth-provoking stanzas of that poem, while he beholds the very window through which the unearthly light streamed forth that lured the ill-fated Tam to peep at the



TAM O'SHANTER AND SOUTER JOHNNY.

uncanny sight of witches dancing in mad glee, while the Devil furnished the music on a bagpipe, and, sitting upright in their coffins, each corpse held a lighted candle in its hand. Tam O'Shanter was not an altogether fictitious character; for the original of Burns' hero was a certain Douglas Graham, of Shanter Farm not far away, and on his tombstone in the village

churchyard he is designated, not only by his real, but also by his poetic title. Moreover one sees in Ayr, to-day, the "Tam O'Shanter Inn,"—the identical tavern where Tam caroused so long with his boon com-



THE "TAM O'SHANTER INN," AYR.

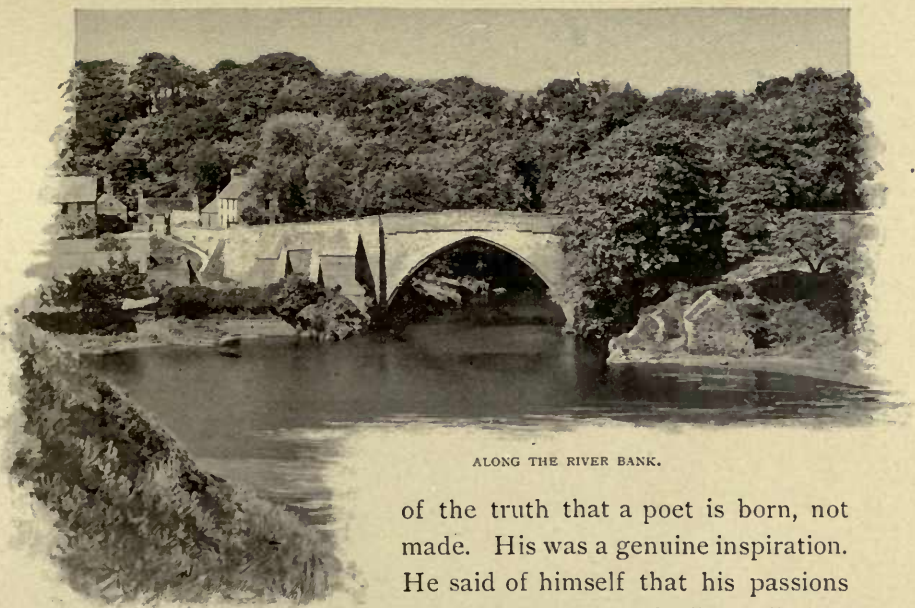
panion, Souter Johnny, and above the doorway is a rude painting portraying Tam and Johnny drinking bumpers to each other's health, and reminding one of the lines :

“Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,  
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious !”

Not far away is the bridge across which the affrighted tippler rode for dear life on his gray mare, Maggie, believing that the evil spirits which, he thought, were after him would have no power to cross a running stream.

All visitors to Ayr drive about two miles from the town to the little cottage, so famous as the birthplace of the peasant poet. It needs but a glance at the low-roofed, humble room where Burns was born to convince us that he was essentially a man of the people. He is a splendid proof of the democracy of genius. Never was there a better illustration





ALONG THE RIVER BANK.

of the truth that a poet is born, not made. His was a genuine inspiration. He said of himself that his passions raged like so many devils until they found vent in rhyme; yet his brother Gilbert declared that Robert never wrote half the brilliant thoughts that flowed from his lips while he was cutting peat in the bog. Burns did not claim to be a student. Scholarship is, of course, desirable; but poets do not always need scholastic training. Great scholars are too frequently as dry as the parchments they peruse. Bloodless as ghosts and passionless as dust, they never really touch humanity; but Robert Burns, with youth's warm blood coursing impetuously through his veins, frankly exclaims:

“Gie me a spark of Nature's fire !  
That's a' the learning I desire.  
Then, tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire  
At plow or cart,  
My muse, — tho' hamely in attire, —  
May touch the heart !”

That it did touch the heart, we are reminded when we leave



the house and stroll beside the neighboring stream which his sad verses have immortalized.

“Ye banks and braes o’ bonnie Doon, —  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ?  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae weary, fu’ o’ care ?”

Who has not felt at times the cruel contrast between smiling nature and a breaking heart ; and, feeling it, who has not found in Robert Burns a friend ? For Burns, like Byron, speaks directly to the emotions ; and it is through the emotions that we really live. Moreover Burns, like Byron, is at once intelligible. One of the most attractive features of his poetry, like that of all things truly great, is its simplicity. His stanzas need no teachers to expound their meaning. We find in them no mysteries to be debated by a class of students. The throbbings of his heart awake, immediately, answering pulsations in our own.



“YE BANKS AND BRAES O’ BONNIE DOON.”



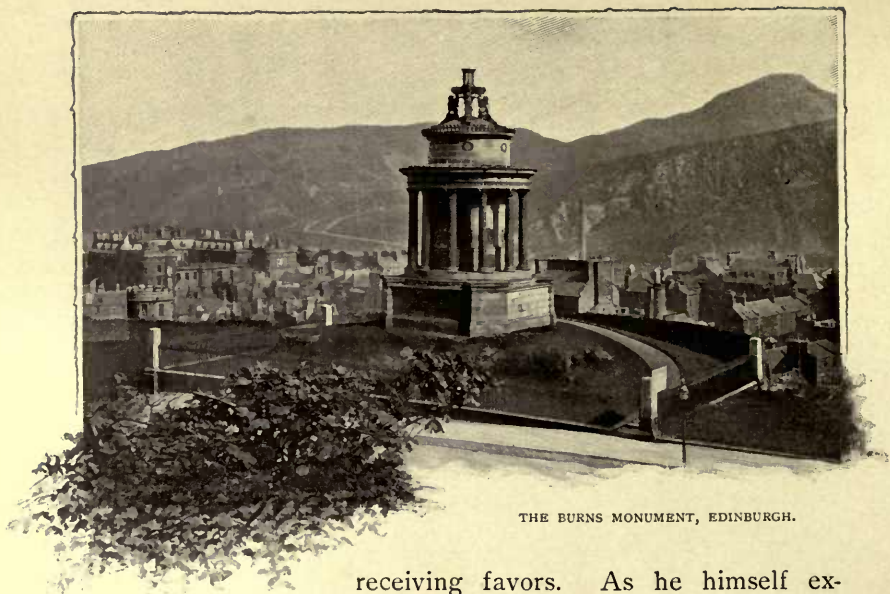
A BIT OF SCOTCH SCENERY.

Thus, the whole essence of a hundred love-stories has been condensed by Burns into four simple lines :

“Had we never loved sae kindly,  
Had we never loved sae blindly,  
Never met, or never parted,  
We had ne’er been broken-hearted.”

When have the joys of friendship ever been more truthfully expressed than in the exquisite lines of “Auld Lang Syne”?

In contrast to these humble memories of Burns, I looked with curiosity at several fine estates belonging to the aristocracy of Ayr, and recollected that the poet never lived in such luxury. On the contrary, in view of all the honors heaped upon him now, we think with infinite compassion of the poverty which hounded him to the grave. How bitterly he felt it his own pathetic letters tell. But one thing in him I admire with all my soul,—his hate of patronage. The only luxury he craved was that of being free from the necessity of asking or



THE BURNS MONUMENT, EDINBURGH.

receiving favors. As he himself ex-  
claims, he desired money,

“Not for to hide it in a hedge ;  
Not for a train attendant :  
But for the glorious privilege  
Of being independent.”

What wonder, then, that animated thus by poverty and pride the sympathy of Burns, in both the French and American Revolutions, was with the cause of freedom? Once, at a dinner party, he refused to drink the health of the Prime Minister of England — William Pitt — but proposed, instead, that of George Washington. Everywhere he was the same uncompromising democrat. Thus, though he gained for a time the attention of the fashionable world at Edinburgh, he never lost his head in all the flattery that was offered him. He understood it perfectly. He saw the lords and ladies stare at him as if he were a curious animal, and knew that, though they liked his poetry, they looked upon him with disdain and, had it not been for his indisputa-



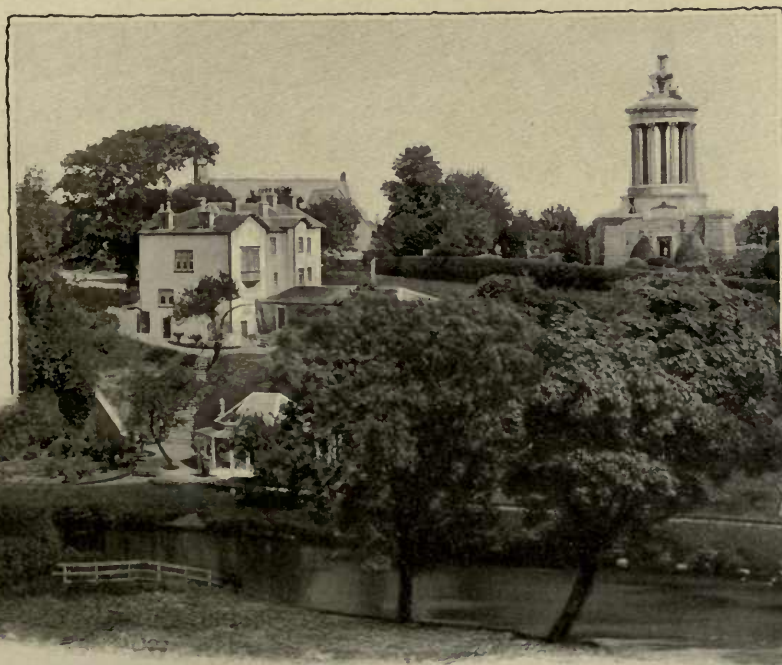
ble genius, would not have come in contact with him Yet, now the only reason that those lords and ladies live in history is that they entertained the plowman Burns. Who does not recollect his splendid outburst against class distinctions, when he cries :

“What though on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hoddin gray an’ a’ that ;  
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,  
A Man’s a Man for a’ that !

. . . . .  
You see yon birkie ca’ed ‘a lord,’  
Wha struts an’ stares an’ a’ that ?  
Tho’ hundreds worship at his word,  
He’s but a coof for a’ that.

. . . . .  
His ribband, star an’ a’ that,  
The man o’ independent mind,  
He looks an’ laughs at a’ that !

. . . . .  
The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,  
The Man’s the gowd for a’ that !”



Upon a lovely hillside, near the town of Ayr, stands the Burns Monument, cutting its graceful Grecian silhouette against the sky. Within it are some interesting relics of the poet, together



INTERIOR OF THE BURNS MEMORIAL, AYR.

with his bust and portrait. The face of Burns is, above all else, lovable; and Burns was loved, and loved in turn, not wisely always, but too well. His sorrows, also, caused him often to seek oblivion in drink; yet now that he lies cold in death, his glorious black eyes no longer scintillant with mirth or passion, those blemishes are far more readily forgiven than

would have been the qualities of meanness, treachery, and hypocrisy.

The former faults sometimes exist together with a noble soul; the latter, never.

Filled with these thoughts I stood beside the little brook where Burns and his



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INTERIOR OF THE BURNS MAUSOLEUM, DUMFRIES.





Highland Mary said farewell to each other, before she returned home to prepare for their wedding. According to the solemn custom of the country, the lovers, when exchanging their vows of everlasting faithfulness, stood beside a stream of running water, emblem of eternity, and, holding a Bible between them, pledged their love and loyalty forever. They never met again, however, for Mary died soon after at her home. The Bible which they held is now preserved in the Burns Monument, at Ayr, and on a faded page we see his autograph and, beneath it, a tress of Mary's hair.

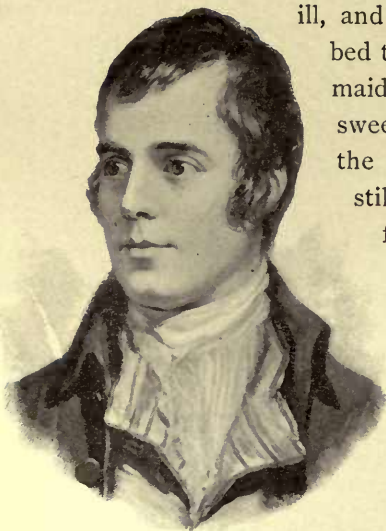
A tender melancholy is awakened by the sight of the grave of this fair girl whom Burns loved as he loved no other woman in his life. In the centre of the monument, delicately sculptured in relief, are the figures of the lovers, clasping hands in that pathetic leave-taking, which was so quickly



GRAVE OF HIGHLAND MARY.

followed by another, wherein the poet's fingers were replaced by the cold hand of Death. Below them are the simple words: "Erected over the grave of Highland Mary." No other name is there inscribed; but none is needed, for "Highland Mary" is the title she will now bear to the end of time.

A pilgrimage to the haunts of Burns would be incomplete without a visit to the miserable house, at Dumfries, where he died at the age of thirty-seven. He had been for a long time



ROBERT BURNS.

ill, and it was while he lay upon his death-bed that he composed, to please the servant-maid who had been kind to him, one of the sweetest of his poems, "Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast," which has been rendered still more beautiful by the music composed for it by Mendelssohn. At this time, also, Burns was miserably poor. The volume of poems, which Scotland now regards as the most precious of her treasures, had brought him only forty-five dollars. A day or two before his death a merchant, for a bill of five pounds, had threatened to put him in jail and to turn his wife and children into the street. Burns was extremely

sensitive. The horror of the situation killed him. His last words were a malediction on the man who had written him that threatening letter. Oh, the pathos of it! Now, now that he is dead, he is admired and almost worshiped by his countrymen. Statues and monuments have been erected to his memory in every part of Scotland; but, alas! how much in this world seems to come too late! The greatest of



HOUSE WHERE BURNS DIED, DUMFRIES.



Scotch poets died, owing a trifling debt; and now the world owes him a debt that it can never pay.

From the birthplace of Burns, a journey of only a few hours brings the tourist into the very heart of Scotland, the region of the Scottish Lakes,—the country of the Trossachs. The special charm of this enchanted land is not alone its mountain scenery: its greatest fascination lies in the fact that both its



THE COUNTRY OF THE TROSSACHS.

history and legends have been endeared to the whole English-speaking race by the transcendent genius of one man. This is not only Scotland: it is *Scott's* land; and guide-books are not needed here, so much as a previous reading of the "Waverley Novels," and the soul-stirring cantos of "Marmion," and the "Lady of the Lake." It is impossible to overestimate our indebtedness to Sir Walter for making Scotland's history and beauties so well known. In traveling here, we reap what he has sown, and we absorb with speed and comfort what cost him years of labor to accomplish. It is a great mistake to sup-



THE TOURIST'S STEAMER,  
LOCH LOMOND.



LOCH KATRINE.

pose that all of Scott's charming descriptions came without effort from his pen.

They are as absolutely accurate as if he had been writing a guide-book. Did he make one of his characters gallop

a certain distance in a single day? He had first galloped it himself to see if it could be done. Moreover he always carefully noted even the names of the flowers and trees about the scenes which he was to describe. When a friend once remarked that he should think the author's imagination would supply such trifles, Scott replied, "No imagination can long retain its freshness, which is not nourished by a constant and minute study of Nature." In this connection, too, we may recall Byron's observation, that easy writing makes hard reading.

There is, perhaps, no better instance of a place in which poetical associations are more charmingly and inseparably blended with natural beauty than Loch Katrine. It is, indeed, diminutive, but through the genius of the "Great Magician" its fame has filled the world. It is a proof that Nature always needs the human element, even though it be fictitious, to permanently hold our interest. Without Scott's magic touch of poetry, this lake would be what scores of others in the world still are to us, — merely a placid mirror to reflect the blue of Heaven, but with no background of romantic history. Along the shore still curves the smooth white beach which, from its fair expanse of snow-white pebbles, bears the name that Scott bestowed upon it, — "The Silver Strand." This, as every reader of the poem knows, was the meeting-place of Fitz James, who had lost his way, and Ellen, "Lady of the Lake"; for, as the former blew a bugle blast to call, if possible, his scattered followers to his side,



THE SILVER STRAND, LOCH KATRINE.



"When lo! forth starting at the sound,  
 From underneath an aged oak  
 That slanted from the islet rock,  
 A damsel guider of its way, . . .  
 A little skiff shot to the bay.  
 The boat had touch'd the silver strand,  
 Just as the hunter left his stand  
 And stood conceal'd amid the brake  
 To view this Lady of the Lake."

It was a lovely summer morning, many years ago, that I first approached this heroine's wave-encircled home, still known as Ellen's Isle. On that occasion, my boat was rowed, not by a Highland lassie, to remind me of Scott's fair creation, but by a boatman rough, yet kind-hearted as a Scotch collie. In a peculiar dialect, half English and half Gaelic, he spoke of the places mentioned in the poem, as if they were historic sites. Nor is this strange. Immediately after the first edition of the "Lady of the Lake" appeared, crowds came to view the scenery of Loch Katrine, which, until then, had been comparatively unknown; and the subsequent summer (that of 1810) the public and private houses of the neighborhood were filled to

overflowing with tourists. The stage-coach business, also, gained at once extraordinary activity and has been steadily increasing ever since. Truly, Napoleon was right when he exclaimed,



THE LADY OF THE LAKE.



THE LANDING.

"Imagination rules the world." Never shall I forget that bright June morning on Loch Katrine. Save for the boatman, I was quite alone—the only denizen of the sylvan paradise where "Ellen" had once reigned supreme. The mountain breeze which broke into a thousand dimples the smiling surface of the lake, the songs of the awakened birds, the aromatic fragrance of the pines, and, finally, a





charming sense of the absolute possession of a tiny realm of poetry and romance, all these combined to give such life and beauty to Scott's stanzas that I could say of this fair lake what a poet had written of the lady of his love:

“ As a perfume doth remain  
In the folds where it hath lain,  
So the thought of you remaining  
Deeply folded in my brain,  
Will not leave me ; all else leaves me,  
You remain ”

On leaving Loch Katrine and riding on among the wild

and picturesque mountains that environ it, Sir Walter's memory still follows us at every step. One of the bristling peaks, for example, recalls the scene where the brave Knight Fitz James informed the stranger he had met, that he had sworn to some day face the rebel chieftain, Roderick Dhu, and all his miscreant band. Standing before the hillock, still called “ Roderick's Watch-



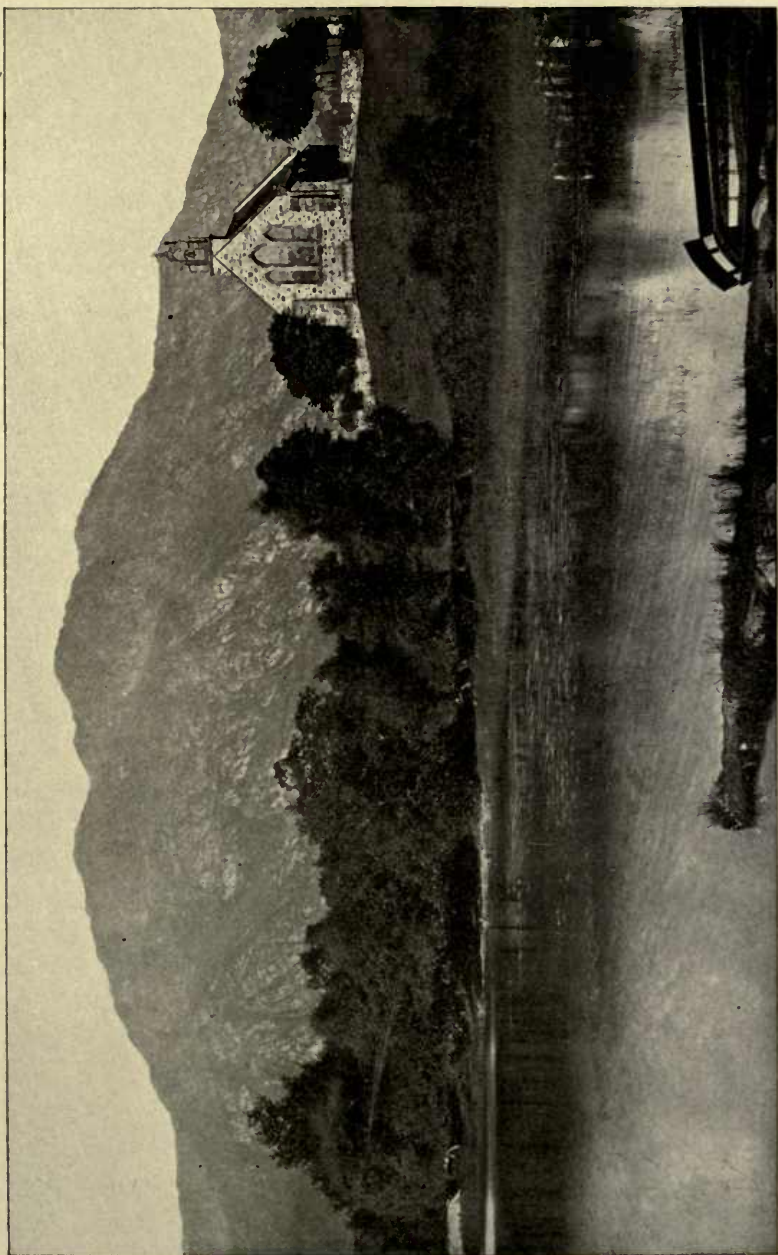
LEAVING LOCH KATRINE.

tower,” we recollect that chieftain's answer:

“ “ Have, then, thy wish ! ” He whistled shrill,  
And he was answer'd from the hill ;  
Wild as the scream of the curlew,  
From crag to crag the signal flew.

. . . . .





TROSSACHS CHURCH, LOCH ACHRAY.



On right, on left, above, below,  
Sprung up at once the lurking foe ;

And every tuft of broom gives life  
To plaidèd warrior arm'd for strife.  
That whistle garrison'd the glen  
At once with full five hundred men.  
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride  
Along Ben Ledi's bristling side,  
Then fix'd his eye and sable brow  
Full on Fitz James : ' How say'st thou now ?  
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true ;  
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu ! ' "

Sometimes, however, in traveling among these lakes and mountain streams, we are diverted from the past to the present, and from

poetry to a very practical pursuit. Hunting has largely disappeared from the Scottish Highlands, yet fishermen still have a chance to exercise their skill. But at what a cost ! Can there be any pleasure in



NEAR RODERICK'S WATCHTOWER.

wading into the water, and soaking there for hours, merely to catch a cold,—sometimes a fish ? I must confess that when I hear enthusiastic followers of Izaak Walton declare that such an experience is delightful, I feel inclined to reply, as a polite





A SALMON POOL IN THE TROSSACHS.

Frenchman did, on hearing an incredible story, "No doubt you aire right, but God knows it ees imposseeble!"

The traveler, accustomed to the Alps, is apt to say, as he surveys the Trossachs, "There is no grandeur in the scenery of Scotland." Yet his opinion will inevitably change, when he beholds the mountains of Glencoe. The secret of their undeniable sublimity is not, however, their great height, since they rarely attain an elevation of four thousand feet above the sea. It is not even the impressive way in which they heave their monstrous masses westward, like gigantic waves. The grand effect which they produce is principally due to the forever changing clouds, which magnify their altitude by heaping up around and upon them, noiselessly and swiftly, enormous shapes which are themselves almost as large as the huge peaks they half conceal. Scotch mists are usually cold and unattractive; but, grouped in billowy immensity, around the mountains of

Glencoe they are sublime ; and, when illumined by the glow of sunset, these northern vapors become radiantly beautiful ; for the departing sun transforms them into fields of splendor, gilds all their gloomy heights with glory, and places upon Scotland's brow a crown of gold.

Edinburgh in the early part of this century was called the "Athens of the North." It was, indeed, the brain of Scotland, and on this northern firmament had suddenly appeared a galaxy of literary stars : Sir Walter Scott, Burns, Jeffrey, Hume, and Chambers, who gave the city an immortal fame. Still another reason for that title was furnished by the topographical resemblance between the capitals of Greece and Scotland. Both overlook the sea, and both have neighboring mountains which bear a striking similarity to one another in the relative positions they hold toward their respective cities. This is particularly noticeable in Edinburgh's Castle Rock, which rises from



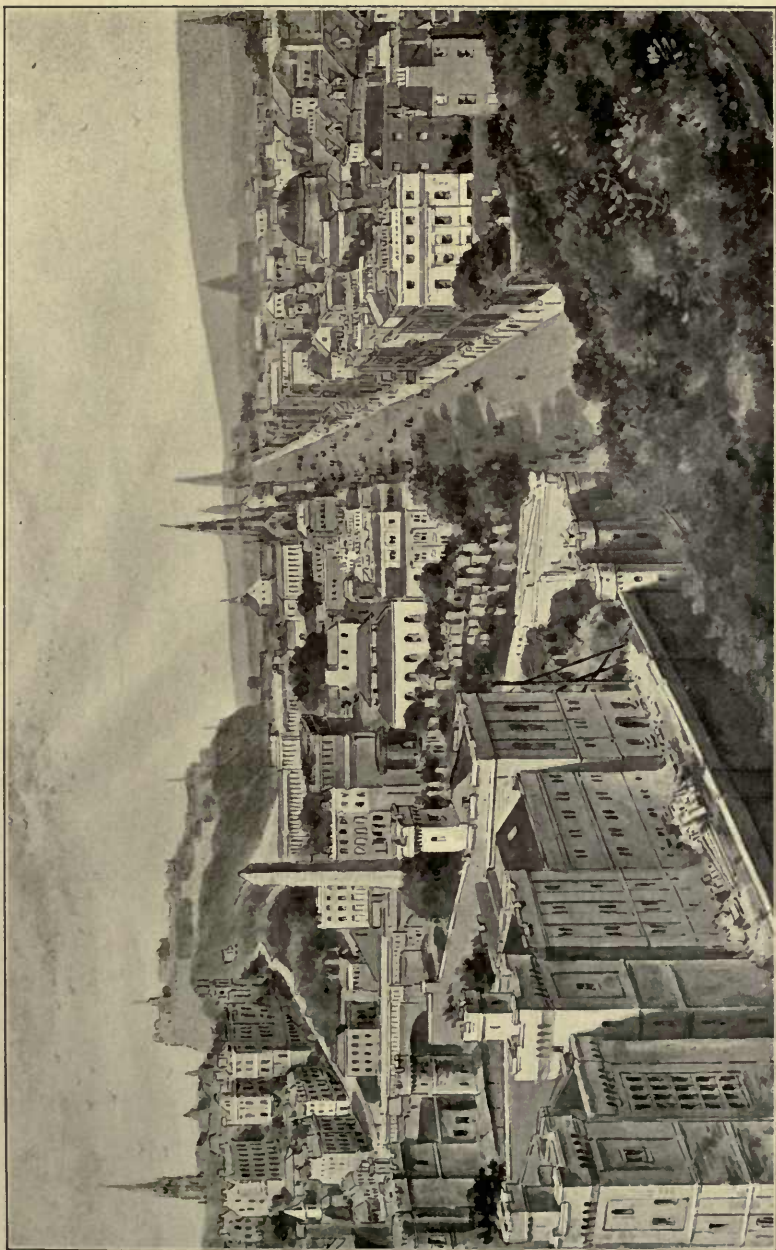
THE MOUNTAINS OF GLENCOE.

the town as boldly and abruptly as the Acropolis from the city of Pericles. It is a pleasing, and certainly not an unprofitable, occupation for the tourist to sit at his hotel window, on Princes Street, and watch the lingering twilight of the North climb slowly up that perpendicular rock, and, finally, leave it in the care of Night, as it has done, day after day, so many million times since a caprice of Nature placed it there. As for the period of its history since man has had to do with it, it is of course the oldest portion of the city, — the starting-point of its development, and it was no doubt a fortress even before the conquest of the country by the Romans. It is another proof of what we find all over Europe, among the Alps and Apennines, through the Black Forest and along the Rhine, that every isolated crag or mountain peak was always utilized as a stronghold of defense, in the days when every man's hand seemed to be raised against his neighbor, and when life was based upon



PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.





EDINBURGH.





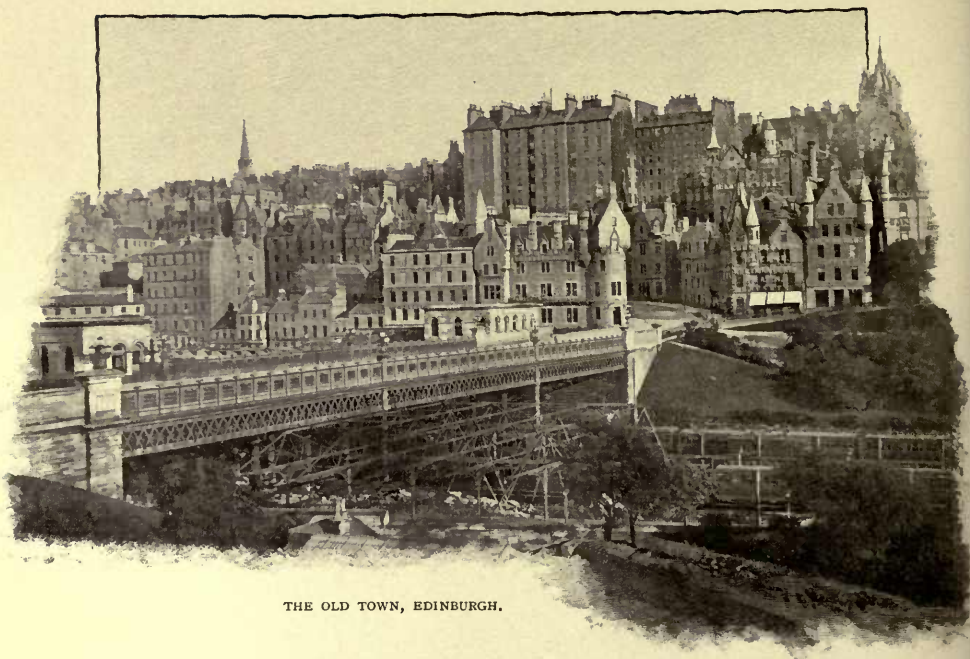
EDINBURGH CASTLE AND SCOTCH GUARDS.

“ the plan  
That he shall take who has the power,  
And he shall keep who can.”

What memories are hidden in the massive battlements of this abode of Scottish kings, like jewels in an iron casket! Along the steep path leading to the Castle gate, fair Mary, Queen of Scots, and many other royal visitors often passed. In one of its apartments poor Mary's only child was born, and from a window in these walls the little one was lowered several hundred feet in a basket, and thence conveyed in furious haste to Stirling Castle. What a strange introduction into the world, for one who finally became the King, not only of Scotland, but of England also, and thus at last consolidated the rival crowns!

In an apartment called the “Crown Room,” and guarded by a metal cage reaching from floor to ceiling are the old, discarded souvenirs of Scottish sovereignty, including the crown





THE OLD TOWN, EDINBURGH.

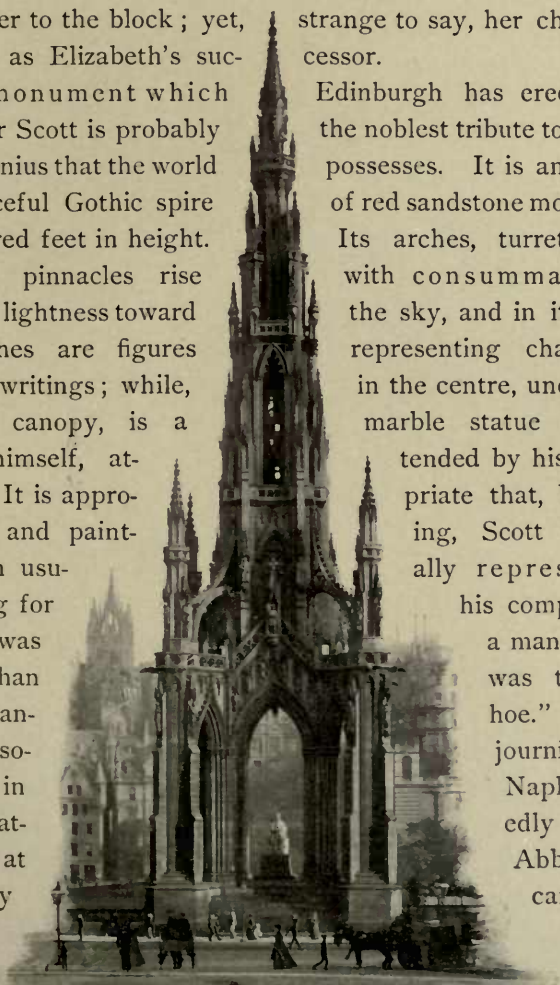
once worn by Robert Bruce, the sword of State, the sceptre, and some splendid jewels. There was something profoundly sad to me in the sight of these abandoned relics of Scottish royalty. If this was to be the ending of all the centuries of warfare between the Scotch and English, of what avail was the loss of thousands of lives along the Border, the valiant deeds of Wallace, the heroism of Bruce, and the victories of Bannockburn and Flodden Field? But Time works marvels; and what would have been treason, or cowardice, in one century, may become good State policy in the next. Community of interests and mutual protection are often more potent than national prejudices, and sometimes bring about a change in public sentiment amounting almost to a revolution. Such prejudices, when removed by the broader, gentler spirit of humanity, resemble mighty icebergs which have been drifting southward from the Arctic Circle, threatening commerce with annihilation, and

seeming to be indestructible from their enormous size and mountainous solidity ; but which, yielding little by little to the warmer waters of the Gulf Stream, and the milder breezes from the tropics, finally, without a struggle, dissolve and disappear forever in the boundless sea.

A few years previous to Mary's execution, the idea of a union between Scotland and England would have been scouted by her former subjects, to whom the English seemed their bitterest foes. In fact, the claim of Mary to the throne of England brought her to the block ; yet, strange to say, her child was welcomed as Elizabeth's successor.

The monument which Sir Walter Scott is probably literary genius that the world sitely graceful Gothic spire two hundred feet in height. retreating pinnacles rise gance and lightness toward cipal niches are figures in Scott's writings ; while, elaborate canopy, is a Walter himself, at- ite dog. It is approp- sculpture and paint- have been usu- with a dog for for never was of dogs than thor of "Ivan- he was so- an invalid in wrote repeat- steward at to be "very

Edinburgh has erected to the noblest tribute to purely possesses. It is an exqui- of red sandstone more than Its arches, turrets, and with consummate ele- the sky, and in its prin- representing characters in the centre, under this marble statue of Sir tended by his favor- piate that, both in ing, Scott should ally represented his companion ; a man fonder was the au- hoe." When journing as Naples, he edly to his Abbotsford careful of



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the poor people, and the dogs." On his return, also, his meeting with his old favorites was quite touching; and when the last sad days arrived, as his dogs came around his chair and mutely licked his hands, their dying master said farewell to them with mingled smiles and tears. It is pleasing to remember, as one looks upon it, that subscriptions for this memorial to Scott's genius came from all classes of society, and if upon the list appears the contribution of one hundred pounds from Her



SIR WALTER'S STATUE.

Majesty, the Queen, one can read there, also, the donation of three pounds seven shillings "from the poor people of the Cowgate."

Some years before Scott's death, on a hot summer day, the future architect of this magnificent structure, Mr. John M. Kemp, then a poor apprentice, was trudging along a dusty road carrying a heavy basket of tools.

A carriage passed him going in the same direction. Within it was an elderly gentleman who, noticing his weary face, offered the lad a seat. The poor boy gratefully accepted; and while thus taking his first drive in a gentleman's carriage, the subsequent designer of this monument met for the only time in his life the celebrated author, with whose illustrious name his own was destined to acquire a lasting fame.

A journey of a few hours from Edinburgh brought us to the ruined edifice of which Sir Walter was so fond, — Melrose





A SCOTCH PIPER.

Abbey. The first impression made upon me as I walked through its deserted corridors was that of overwhelming sadness at the vandalism which had destroyed it ; for it is true of this, as of so many others of the world's great monuments, that man, not Nature, caused the ruin. Although constructed more than seven hundred years ago, it might be standing now in its entirety, had not the ravages of war, and of a still more pitiless religious fury, dealt here their cruel and destructive blows. No less than four English armies of invasion vented their fury on its walls ; Cromwell actually bombarded it ; and, finally, the followers of John Knox, in their mistaken zeal, defaced it with malicious joy. How much of its

former beauty is, therefore, lost to us ! The spacious windows, for example, were once encased in beautifully sculptured frames, whose exquisite stone carving seemed a reproduction, in elaborate garlands, of Nature's lovely handiwork in the adjoining fields.

Now the windows are as bare and desolate as eyeless sockets, and only a few poor traces of their



MELROSE ABBEY.



THE GREAT WINDOW.

ornamentation still exist, where through exhaustion or caprice the vandals stayed their wearied hands; while the stained-glass figures of saints and prophets, which formerly peopled all these elegantly bordered spaces, in robes of ruby, orange, violet, green, and gold, have, like the

thousands who once knelt beneath them, disappeared forever. Originally, too, this abbey had a roof of stone, as exquisitely carved as were the columns which upheld it; but that has, also, long since vanished, and now its only covering is the dome of heaven. Through these abandoned aisles the winds of many centuries have



A CORNER OF THE ABBEY.

blown; where flags of brave crusaders proudly waved, masses of weeds and ivy flutter in the breeze; the only footsteps here, to-day, are those of travelers; the only incense on its ruined altar is the breath of the wild rose.

One object, however, has escaped destruction. It is a beautifully sculptured window, carved in the likeness of the crown of thorns which Roman soldiers placed derisively upon the head of Christ. It is an admirable work of art. Even in stone, the cruel points turn

down as if to sink profoundly into the bleeding flesh. The pious hands which wrought this masterpiece have crumbled into dust. The eyes which gazed upon it, doubtless, often dimmed with



GRAVE OF THE WIZARD, MICHAEL SCOTT.



THE CROWN OF THORNS WINDOW.



tears, have long ago been closed in death; yet where all else has perished, this survives. Before this symbol of majestic suffering, even the hands of desecrators faltered powerless. Itself the crown of this imposing ruin, its thorns are still, as they have been for centuries, the souvenir of a divine self-sacrifice, its perfect circle the emblem of eternity. The interest of Melrose Abbey is not confined, however, to its architecture; for in one part of the building lies buried the heart of the valiant

Robert Bruce, and it also contains the grave of the warlike Douglas, and that of the reputed wizard, Michael Scott. Every reader of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" will remember that



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

this is the spot alluded to by Sir Walter when he describes the visit to Melrose Abbey of William of Deloraine, who had come to wrest from the dead necromancer's withered hand his book of



MELROSE ABBEY, FROM THE CHURCHYARD.



ABBOTSFORD, FROM THE RIVER.

magic; and it was through these windows, once so glorious with color, that

“The silver light so pale and faint  
Showed many a prophet and many a saint,”

as the awe-stricken chieftain watched till a moonbeam fell directly on the wizard's grave, and thus gave warning that the fearful hour had come when he could safely take from the dead man's grasp the secret of his power.

Leaving this charming ruin, a drive of three miles through a pretty, undulating country brought us to Abbotsford, the home of Scott. It is delightfully situated on a terrace, just above the Tweed; in fact, so near it, that the murmur of the river in its rocky bed can be distinctly heard through the open windows. This tract of country possessed for Scott a peculiar fascination. It had belonged in former times to the old Abbots of Melrose, and near it were the ruins of the Abbey which he



ABBOTSFORD, SOUTH FRONT.

loved so well. When he first bought the property, he lived upon it in a modest cottage; but, as his wealth increased, he built a veritable castle of red sandstone trimmed with granite, where he, subsequently, resided and which became his joy and pride. It was his own creation, and every part of it was intended to recall to him some tower or romantic ruin which he had admired and described. He likened it, therefore, to one of his romances carved in stone. Not long, however, was he destined to remain here in undisturbed enjoyment. The very year in which it was completed beheld the terrible financial crisis which, with the sudden fury of a cyclone, wrecked his fortune and in a single day transformed him into a pauper.

One winter's morning, in 1826, a friend arrived at Abbotsford and found the novelist in great mental agitation. As he approached, Sir Walter said to him: "My friend, give me your hand, mine is that of a beggar"; for, in truth, the publishing house with which the author had been long connected had,





THE HALL.

through no fault of his, failed with enormous liabilities. From that time on, Scott's life became heroic and his character sublime. If he had chosen to act as many insolvent merchants do, the matter could have been quickly settled, but Scott regarded his pecuniary troubles from the stand-

point of honor. He thought that by devoting the rest of his life to his creditors, he could, finally, pay them every farthing that he owed, and he succeeded. But at what a cost! There are few sadder things on earth than the poverty of old age; few more pathetic sights than that of an old man who has lost the fortune, acquired laboriously through his earlier years, to shelter him in the decline of life and to provide for those most dear to him. For, when



THE DRAWING-ROOM.



SCOTT'S STUDY.

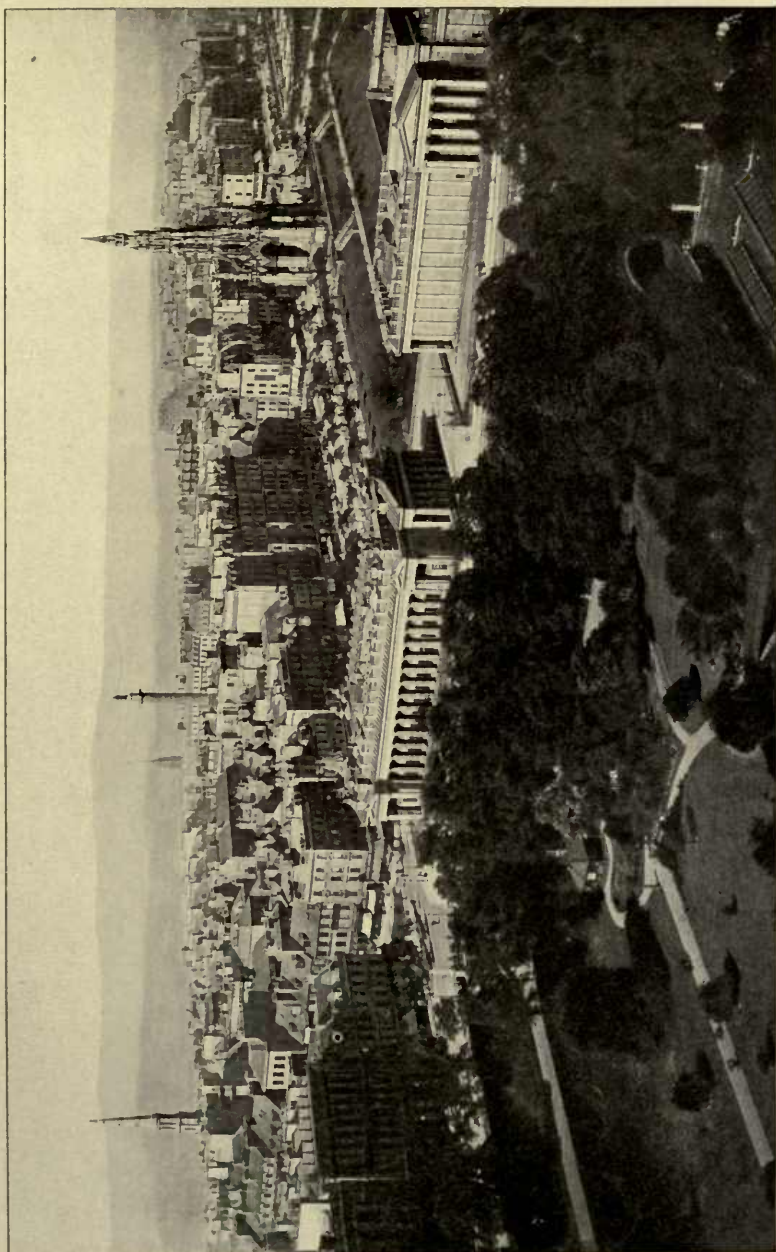
the shadows of life's fleeting day are falling eastward, and the hush of evening steals upon the world, it ought to be an old man's privilege to rest; and it is pitiful to see him, then, wearily groping in the twilight for treasures which he should have

harvested and garnered in the heat of day. This, however, was exactly what Scott was obliged to do. At the time of the failure he was fifty-five years old, and his obligations amounted to six hundred thousand dollars; yet this enormous sum he earned and paid off in six years, by the unceasing labor of his brain. But, alas! he gave his life to save his honor. Twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours a day he toiled through those six years of failing strength and premature old age. What had once been a joyous



SCOTT'S LIBRARY.





SCOTT'S "OWN ROMANTIC TOWN."





occupation, became at last a struggle similar to that of Général Grant, when he kept Death at bay till he had finished dictating his memoirs. At last, in 1832, shortly before his death, he wrote: "I think I shall never walk again; but I must not complain, for my plan of settling my debts has been, thank God, completely successful, and I have paid one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, without owing any one a ha'penny."

Nothing in Scott's career is more touching than his last attempt to work. Though very ill, he begged his daughters to bring him ink and paper, and to put the pen into his trembling hand. They did so, and he smiled and thanked them; but when he tried to write, his fingers could not hold the pen. It dropped upon the page. The old hero sank back in his chair. He did not speak and tears rolled down his cheeks. At length he murmured, "Don't let me expose my weakness here. Get me—get me to bed. That's the only place now."



BUST OF SCOTT.

In the long library at Abbotsford Sir Walter's marble bust looks out upon the visitor from the dark background of his favorite books. It is a kindly, noble face. No wonder Scotland venerates the memory of this man. Humanity admires him as well. Here certainly was one whom Nature framed to bear "the grand old name of gentleman." To me, as I beheld the symmetry and beauty of this work of art, it seemed a symbol of the fact that as the sculptor's strokes had caused it to emerge from a rough block of marble, so by adversity's relentless blows the poet's soul had been developed, from an untried and formless character, into one made perfect through suffering.



ROOM WHERE SIR WALTER DIED.

It was in the dining-room at Abbotsford that Sir Walter died. He had requested that his bed be made up here, because from this room he could most plainly hear the murmur of

the river. "It was a beautiful day," writes his biographer, "so warm, that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible." Here, then, at the age of sixty-one, and attended by all his children, his gentle spirit passed away from earth; and while his family knelt around his bed, his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes. "No



AN ARCH IN DRYBURGH ABBEY.



sculptor," says Lockhart, "ever modeled a more majestic image of repose."

A wonderful procession was that which followed Scott's body to the grave. Mourners had come from every part of Scotland. The line of carriages alone was more than a mile in length. Hundreds of yeomanry followed on horseback. In every village on the way the entire population stood before their doorways, clothed in black. The heavens, too, were hung with clouds, as if in lamentation for the poet's death. Those who observed this, must have remembered Scott's own language, in the touching lines :

"Call it not vain ; they do not err  
Who say that when the Poet dies,  
Mute Nature mourns her worshiper  
And celebrates his obsequies ;  
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone  
For the departed Bard make moan ;  
That mountains weep in crystal rill ;  
That flowers in tears of balm distill :  
. . . . .  
And rivers teach their rushing wave  
To murmur dirges round his grave."



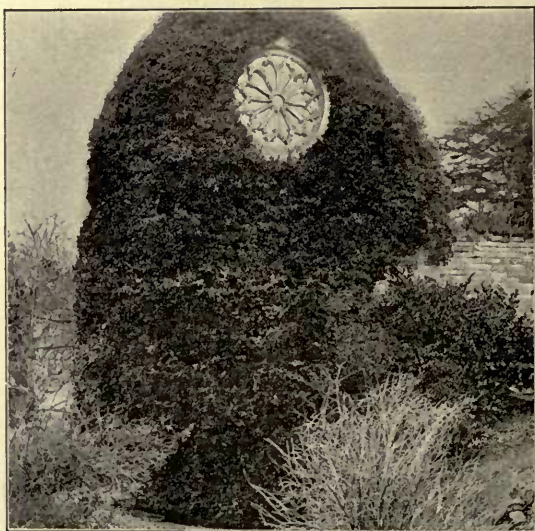


SCOTT'S TOMB.

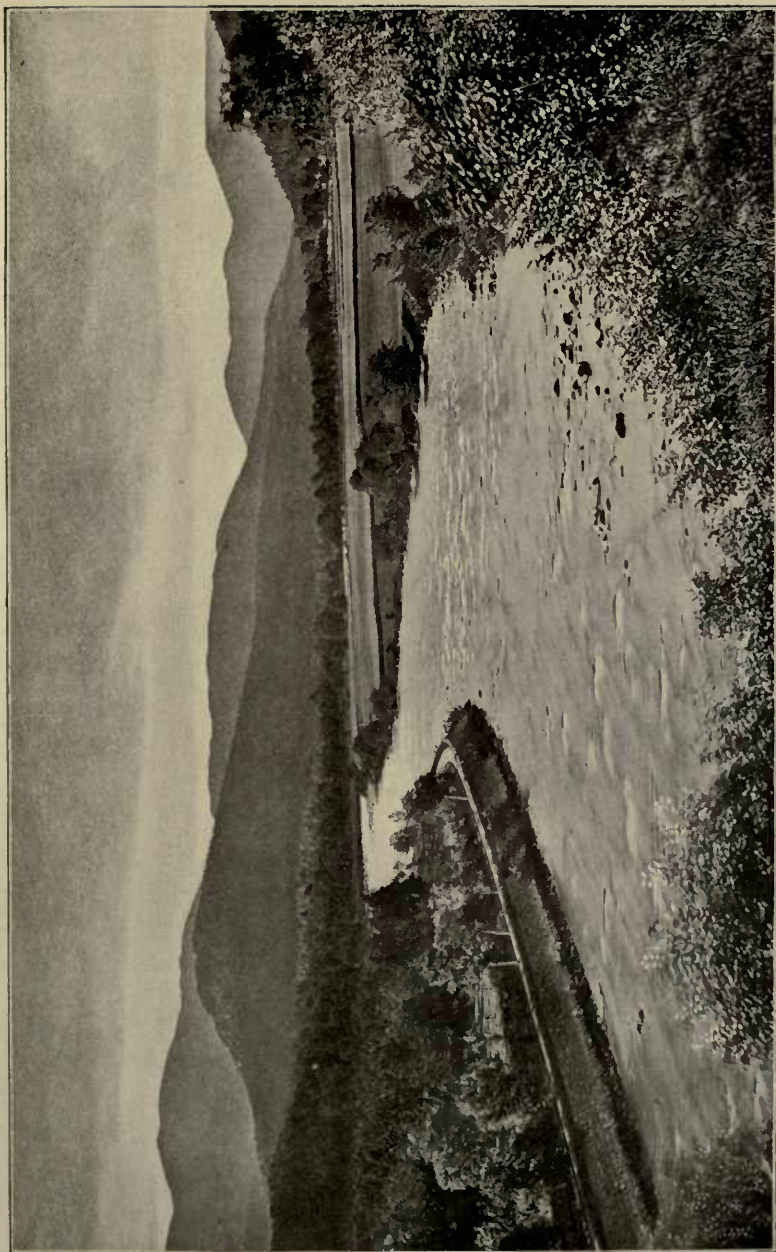
The tower beneath which Scotland's greatest genius lies in dreamless sleep forms a part of Dryburgh Abbey, a beautiful old ruin, the history of which extends back more than seven hundred years. Here, also, are the graves of his beloved wife, his son, and his

son-in-law Lockhart, who wrote the story of his life. It is a touching proof of the love which Scott inspired in all around him, that those who brought his body to this, its final resting-place, were his old, faithful servants, who, with tears in their eyes, had begged that only they might be allowed to pay the master they so dearly loved this last sad service.

Within this



IVY-MANTLED WINDOW, DRYBURGH.



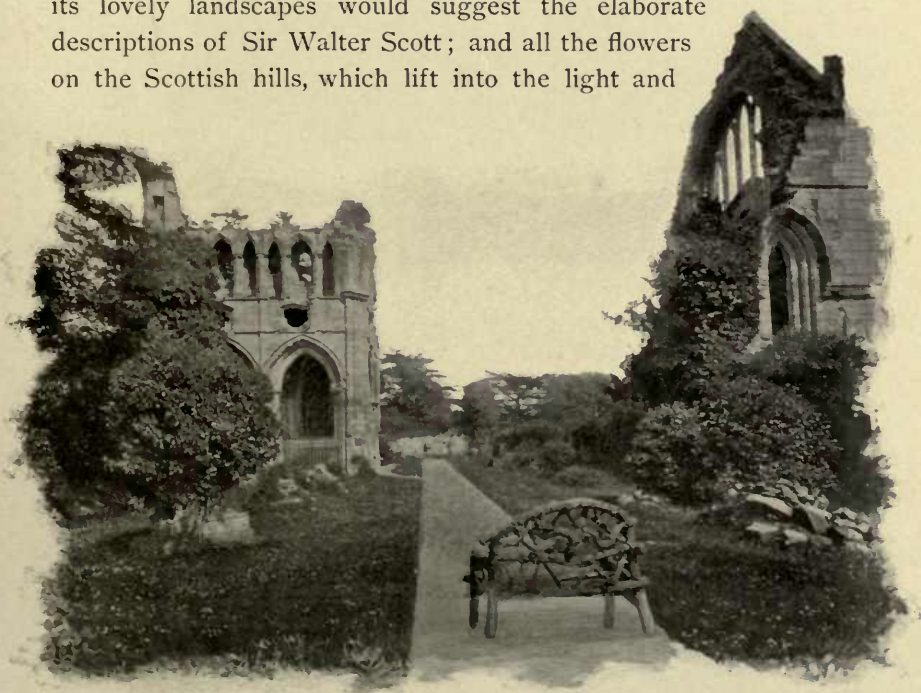
ON THE DEE.





ruined abbey, hallowed by Sir Walter's dust, is an ivy-mantled window which he especially admired. Standing before it, as he had often done, and thinking of the noble life which I had followed to its end, I called to mind, as a beautiful illustration of his character, the memorable words uttered by him shortly before his death: "I am drawing near to the close of my career. I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been, perhaps, the most voluminous author of the day; and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which, on my death-bed, I should wish blotted."

I have often thought, that if I might liken the history of Scotland to its natural scenery: its wild ravines and rugged mountains would be symbols of the daring deeds of Bruce and Wallace; its countless lakes and rivulets would call to mind the infinitely varied, sparkling lines of Robert Burns; its lovely landscapes would suggest the elaborate descriptions of Sir Walter Scott; and all the flowers on the Scottish hills, which lift into the light and



air their perfume and their beauty, would serve as emblems of fair Mary, Queen of Scots.

One summer, having in previous years explored Europe thoroughly along the beaten tracks, I resolved to take up, as a special biographical subject, the life of Mary Stuart, and to follow her footsteps from her cradle at Linlithgow to the place of her execution at Fotheringay, in order thus to realize more vividly, and as far as possible chronologically, the thrilling episodes of her career. Leaving Edinburgh, there-

fore, at the outset, I went directly to Linlithgow Castle. On the 7th of December, 1542, this palace echoed to rejoicings over the advent of a little princess. It is true, the joy would have been greater had the child been a boy, and the King, her father, who was on his death-bed, on learning of her sex, exclaimed: "Woe to the crown of Scotland: it came with a girl and it will go with a girl"; but, notwithstanding their disappointment, the child was dear to all true Scottish hearts, for she was the sole survivor of the royal line, the infant heiress of the realm.



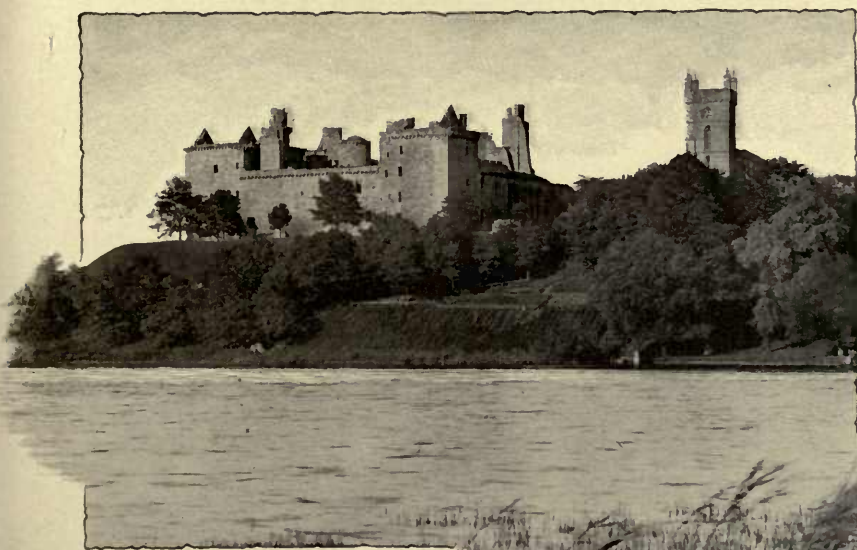
MARY.



IN QUEEN MARY'S COUNTRY.



Although Linlithgow Castle is at present nothing but a picturesque old ruin, one may yet stand within the very room (now desolate and roofless) which saw the advent of the infant princess. The walls of the building were, evidently, of great strength and thickness; but they were not deemed strong enough at that time to protect the future



LINLITHGOW CASTLE.

queen. War was then being waged between Scotland and

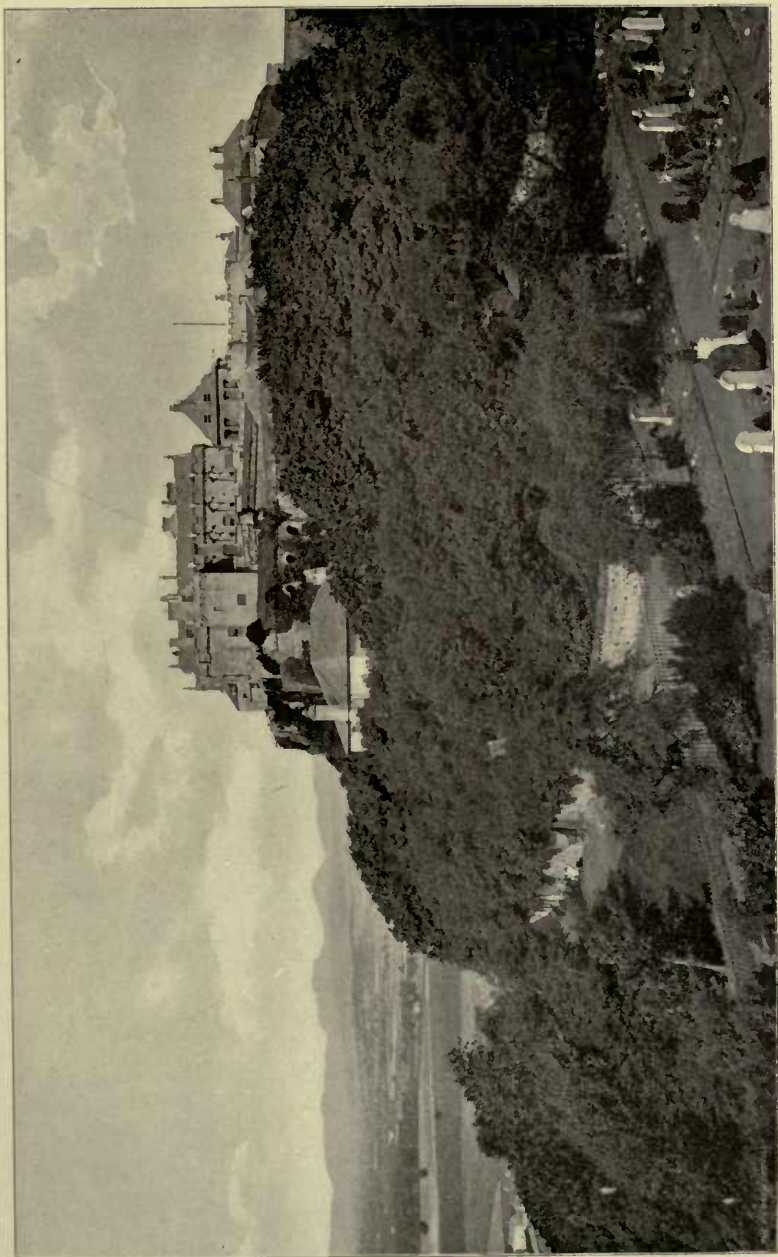
England, and Henry VIII. was using every means to get this little princess into his blood-stained hands; for by his third unfortunate wife, whom he had wedded only a few hours after the ax had fallen on the neck of Anne Boleyn, he now possessed a son. This prince, he had resolved, should marry Mary, Queen of Scots, and thus unite the kingdoms under one crown. The terms of his proposal, however, were so harsh that Scotland's Parliament refused them, and in the conflict which ensued, both Mary and her mother were taken

for greater security from Linlithgow to Stirling Castle. Surely no safer nor more healthful place could have been found for her than this grand fortress, towering on a lofty cliff above the enchanting valley of Monteith. Yet, even here, though the child thrived in the pure mountain air, dangers and intrigues threatened her on every side, since the English King regarded her with hatred because both she and Scotland's liberty had not been given to him submissively.



THE QUADRANGLE, LINLITHGOW CASTLE.

A plot was formed whereby some of her own treacherous nobles were to visit Stirling, profess a great desire to see the child, and then, if Mary was produced, to seize and carry her off to England; but so extremely cautious were her guardians, that only one visitor was ever admitted at a time to see her, and even then in the presence of armed men. We cannot, therefore, be surprised that, with all these dangers threatening her, the coronation of the little Queen was solemnized as soon as possible. One Sunday morning, when she was nine months old, Mary was taken from her nursery, and with much solemn pageantry was carried into the chapel of the castle. There one of her nobles held her on the throne,



STIRLING CASTLE.



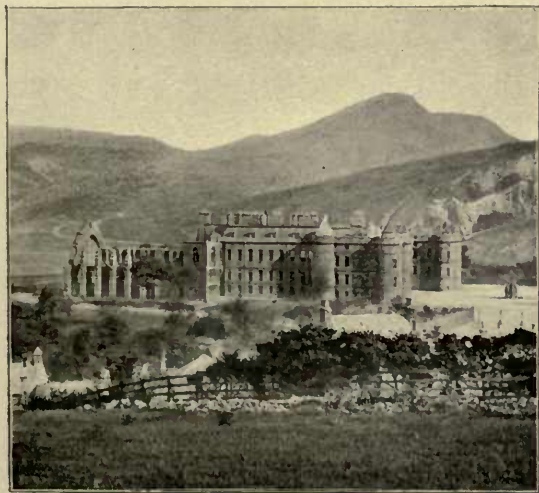


and spoke for her the words which her young lips could not yet frame. Then the Cardinal held the crown over her infant brow, clasped for a moment her tiny fingers about the sceptre, and even buckled round her waist the sword of State. How



STATUE OF WALLACE, STIRLING CASTLE.

strange the contrast between the pretty, helpless babe, and all the mailed men surrounding her, bearing the implements of royalty and war! Alas! though every peer and prelate present knelt before the child, held his right hand above her little head, and swore to defend her with his life, how few of them kept the oath!



HOLYROOD CASTLE.

A volume would hardly suffice to trace in sequence and detail the strange events of Mary's life; but every traveler who feels the slightest interest in her his-



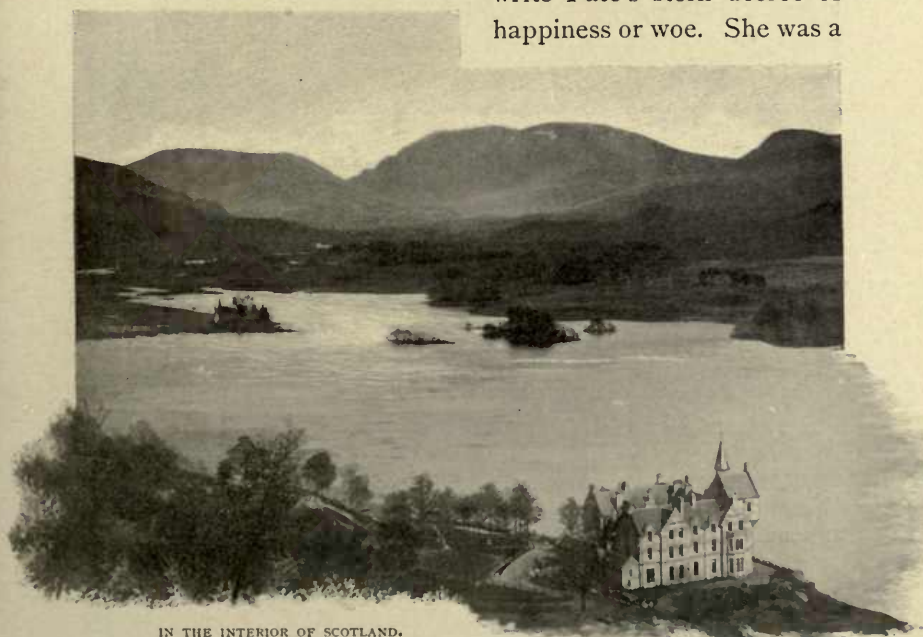
LORD DARNLEY'S ROOM, HOLYROOD CASTLE.

tory visits, at least, her principal place of residence, Holyrood Castle, at Edinburgh. Within the chapel of this building, at the age of twenty-three, Mary was married to Lord Darnley. There is no doubt that she loved him; for when, on the death in France of her youthful husband, Francis II., she returned to Scotland, she had no lack of suitors. They fairly flocked to her, and every royal bachelor and widower in Christendom was not without some hope of winning her for a wife. She gave her heart and hand, however, to Lord Darnley, whom she declared to be "the handsomest long man" she had ever seen.





It was a hasty, reckless marriage, like many others made before and since that time; for men and women do not seem to grow much wiser in this respect. A few weeks were enough to render all too plain her husband's character. Up to the time of the wedding Darnley had managed to conceal his faults; but having secured his prize, he boldly showed the vanity and selfishness which in reality controlled his conduct. Mary (besides the precious privilege of her love) had given him every honor in her power to grant; yet Darnley, with detestable ingratitude, took all these favors as a matter of course, and coolly asked for more, — demanding nothing less than equal sovereignty with her. The English ambassador wrote of them soon after their marriage: "The Queen doth everything in her power to oblige Darnley; but Darnley does not do the least thing to oblige her." It is pathetic to reflect that Mary's whole career might have been changed, if she had wedded a different kind of man; for the heart of a woman like Mary resembles a blank page on which one hand, and only one, may write Fate's stern decree of happiness or woe. She was a



IN THE INTERIOR OF SCOTLAND.

woman whom the right marital influence would have encouraged to the noblest deeds; and she was, doubtless, well aware of this and, seeing her irreparable error, became sad and reckless. She had, however, a few weeks of happiness during her wedding journey through the interior of Scotland; and in the long years of her subsequent captivity how often must she have recalled those hours of bliss, and wondered (as many beside her have done) why, at some supreme crisis in life, when



COURTYARD, HOLYROOD CASTLE.

the soul has drunk its fill of the golden wine of perfect happiness, we cannot slip away from earth, beyond the possibility of change, before the color fades and the perfume vanishes, and, thrilled with the remembrance of that last precious moment, enter, at least, the paradise

of memory, which is the only paradise that is never lost. But it was Mary's fate to linger on for years, realizing more and more keenly with each bitter disillusion what her life might have been under other conditions. Oh, the lost days and years of wasted opportunities! Alas, for the rich treasures left buried beyond finding by the stream that has passed! The evil character of Mary's husband was not merely negative. It soon displayed itself in the brutal treatment of his wife. Only four months after their wedding,



LOCH LOMOND.





at a public banquet, Darnley began to drink to excess, and urged the other guests to follow his example. When Mary endeavored quietly to check him, he turned upon her with such vulgar violence that she withdrew from the company in tears.

So insolent, also, was his conduct toward the Court in general that he was almost universally detested. Among the many enemies whom Darnley made, by his harsh treatment of the Queen, was Rizzio. It was in the chapel of Holyrood Castle that Mary's attention was first drawn to Rizzio. One winter's day, a mass was being celebrated there, and, suddenly, in the midst of the service, Mary heard, ringing through the aisles, a rich, sonorous voice of wonderful power and sweetness. She inquired who the new singer was. They told her that he was an Italian, the private secretary of the ambassador from Savoy, and that his



MEETING OF MARY AND RIZZIO.

name was Rizzio. The Queen, whose taste in music was of the finest, requested that he should henceforth lead the singing in her chapel services. Every one knows the famous painting by David Neal, portraying the meeting of the Queen and Rizzio. The artist represents him as a handsome, finely-formed Italian, carelessly sleeping at her palace gate; but was he really thus attractive? Historians of the time describe him as a man without the slightest claim to beauty. Is this the truth, or did those writers so represent



BOTHWELL CASTLE.

him in order that the story of Mary's love for him should seem improbable? Well, that is a part of the enigma, which now at every step grows more mysterious. One thing at least is certain, Rizzio's musical skill and splendid voice made him a most agreeable mem-

ber of the Court. Nor were these his only talents. He had the diplomatic tact so characteristic of his nation, he was a clever linguist, and his fidelity and prudence were undoubted. Perceiving all these qualities, Mary made Rizzio her private secretary.

To understand the history of the hapless Queen of Scots, it should be remembered that almost all the nobles who surrounded her were treacherous, unprincipled men who shrank from the commission of no crime that would enable them to govern Scotland as they liked, by making the actual sovereign a cipher in their hands. Among these Scottish lords there was now formed one of the most atrocious schemes which even the villainy of the Middle Ages ever framed. They had long wanted to be rid of Rizzio, because he was not one of them yet had such influence with the Queen; but what excuse could justify his murder? Plainly enough, — an injured husband's honor. Darnley was to profess himself jealous of the favorite, and, as an evidence of his guilt, Rizzio was to be slain in Mary's presence.



Was there really cause for Darnley to be suspicious of Rizzio, as Mary's lover? On the contrary, there are strong reasons to prove such a theory highly improbable. First, no charge of the kind existed when Darnley married Mary, which seems to dispose of the time before her wedding. Secondly, Mary undoubtedly married Darnley from love, and it was less than a year after the wedding that Rizzio was murdered. Thirdly, the shrewd Italian had worked in every way to bring about the union of the Queen and Darnley, believing it to be for Mary's interest; and it was actually in Rizzio's private room at Stirling Castle that, in order to outwit their enemies, their secret marriage had taken place, some months before the public wedding in Holyrood Chapel. Far from disliking him, therefore, Darnley was at first very grateful to the young Italian, and looked upon him as his friend. But now affairs were changed; for, in the disputes which had arisen about increasing Darnley's power in State affairs, Rizzio, faithful to the Queen, invariably took her part. Darnley, therefore, believing him to be the greatest obstacle to his ambitious projects, longed for his destruction. It is evident, then, that political motives are sufficient to explain the whole affair; for Rizzio's death was but the opening step of a profound conspiracy into which Darnley had been coaxed and flattered. He was still a boy, hardly out of his



teens, and a mere puppet in the hands of the crafty men who took advantage of his folly to further their ambitious schemes. It was possible that this abominable plot to murder Rizzio in Mary's presence might endanger her own life and that of her unborn child; but what mattered it? If she should die, so much the better for them! If she survived the shock, she was to be imprisoned,—possibly, forced to abdicate; while Darnley, although nominally king, would still remain an insignificant figurehead, behind which the conspirators would really rule.



HAPPINESS DWELLETH NOT IN PALACES.

Into the courtyard of Holyrood Castle, just after dusk, on the night appointed for the crime, Mary's Lord Chancellor, Morton (one of the chief conspirators), led a body of armed men. A number of these desperados hid themselves in Darnley's room, above which were the Queen's apartments, whither a winding staircase led. It was seven o'clock. Mary was in her library at supper. Three friends, a lady, a gentleman, and Rizzio, were her guests. Suddenly Darnley, who had come up the private stairway, entered the supper-room. Seating himself in a vacant chair beside his wife, he put his arm around her waist, and gave her an

affectionate kiss. It was the kiss of Judas; for, meantime, his associates following him had stolen softly into Mary's bedroom. Impatient of delay, they crowded through the doorway into the Queen's presence. Mary, alarmed, demanded what



MARY'S BEDROOM.

their intrusion signified. They said they meant no harm to her, but only to the villain near her. Rizzio saw that his hour had come. "Madam," he said to his sovereign, "I am lost." "Fear not," she answered firmly, "the King will never



MURDER OF RIZZIO.

suffer you to be slain in my presence, nor can he forget your many faithful services." At this appeal, which probably touched a tender spot in Darnley's heart, he faltered, apparently unwilling to perform his part. "Sir," exclaimed Ruthven fiercely,





THE SPOT WHERE RIZZIO WAS SLAIN.

"look to your wife and sovereign." At this Darnley forced Mary into a chair and held her there so tightly that she could not rise. One of the ruffians presented a pistol to her side, and with a horrible oath swore he would shoot her dead if she

resisted. "Fire," she dauntlessly replied, "if you have no respect for my own life, or for that of my unborn child." Her husband pushed away the weapon. Meantime the supper-room was lighted with the glare of torches, and echoed to the tread of other murderous invaders. Rizzio, clinging to the Queen's dress, piteously cried: "Save my life, Madam! Save my life, for God's dear sake!" The assassins rushed upon him. A terrible scene ensued. The table with its lights and dishes was overturned. Mary fainted. At last the frantic clutch of Rizzio on Mary's robe relaxed, and he was dragged out into a narrow passageway and stabbed repeatedly, until his shrieks were hushed in death. Those who have visited Holyrood will recollect the stain upon the floor said to have been caused by his blood.

As for Mary, when all the uproar had subsided, and she had partially regained her senses, her lawless nobles told her that she was their prisoner, and, setting a guard at her door, they left her to spend the night in horror, anxiety, and fear. Is it any wonder if, after such an experience as this, Mary's charac-

ter was somewhat changed? There are some natures which resemble water,—tractable enough when they flow in their appointed channels; but, when congealed by coldness, they freeze and cannot be bent. They may indeed be broken, but that ruins them.

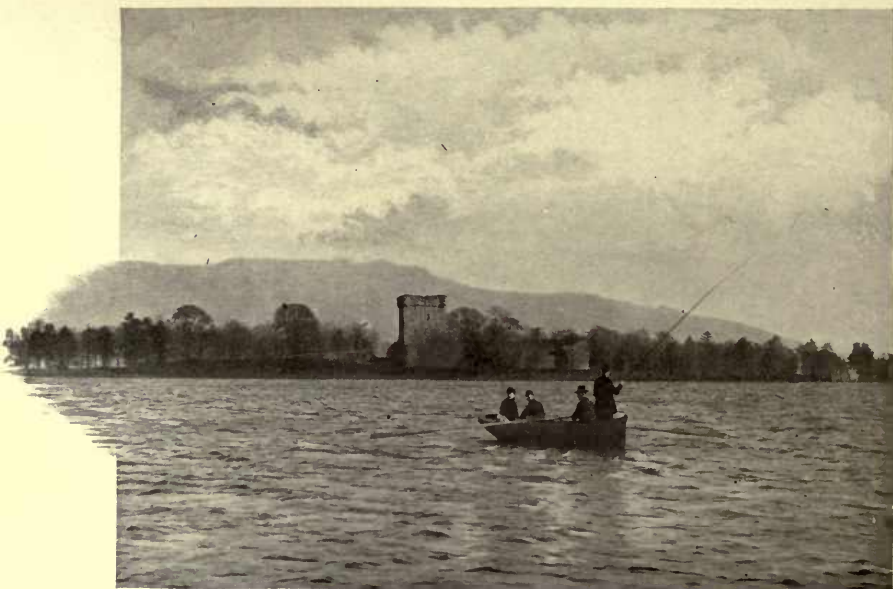
Upon a little island in one of the most beautiful of Scottish lakes — Lochleven — stands the prison of Queen Mary. For, at last, her enemies dethroned her. Two of her nobles, in the dead of night, took her from Edinburgh Castle, placed her upon a horse, and made her ride with them for several hours at full gallop, until at dawn she found herself upon the borders of this lake. Without delay she was conveyed across the water to the castle, where two of the murderers of Rizzio (well calculated, therefore, to inspire her with fear) threatened to drown her in the lake if she did not immediately sign her abdication in favor of her son, and name one of their



LOCHLEVEN.

number, the Earl of Murray, Regent, till the boy became of age. This, in her desperate condition, Mary was obliged to do. Having played, therefore, their last and most successful card, the game was won and Mary's foes withdrew in triumph, leaving her here a broken-hearted captive.

The thrilling episode of her escape from Lochleven is as exciting as a romance. Some months had passed since Mary



LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

had been forced to abdicate. Day after day had dragged monotonously on, like shadows on the castle walls. At last, however, there came a change. One Sunday night the Queen stood at her window watching the lake intently. Her eager scrutiny was at length rewarded. She saw a small boat approaching the island noiselessly. Within it was a young man named George Douglas. He was the son of her jailer; but both he and his younger brother, enamoured of the lovely captive, had sworn to risk their lives in her behalf. It is



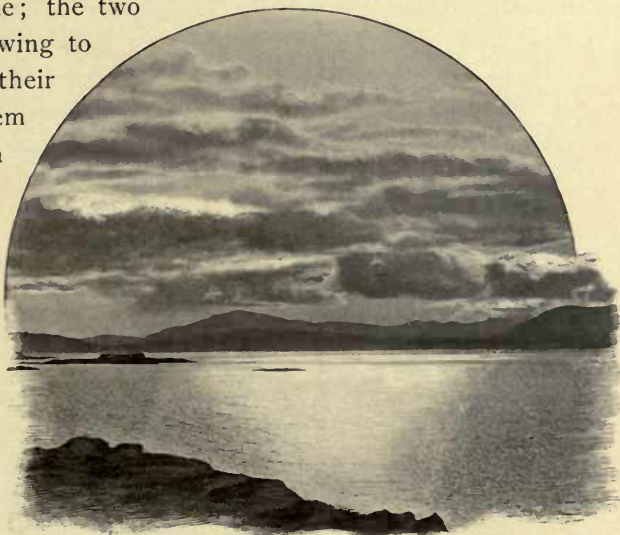


SWAN ISLAND, LOCH LOMOND.



another proof that the explanation of half the history of the world is love. While this was going on, the other members of the Douglas family were at supper. Among them was William, the accomplice of his brother George. The castle keys were lying on the table. William contrived to drop a napkin over them, lifted them noiselessly, and left the room. Five minutes later the family had been locked in, as captives; Mary's door had been opened; the keys had been thrown into the lake; the two young men were rowing to the land with all their might; and with them sat the fairest woman in all Scotland, — Mary, Queen of Scots, leaving this hated prison forever.

Poor, beautiful, Queen Mary! the fascinating story of her tragic life imparts an interest and pathos to everything connected with her memory. Thus, of the crumbling castle of Lochleven, a poet has well sung :

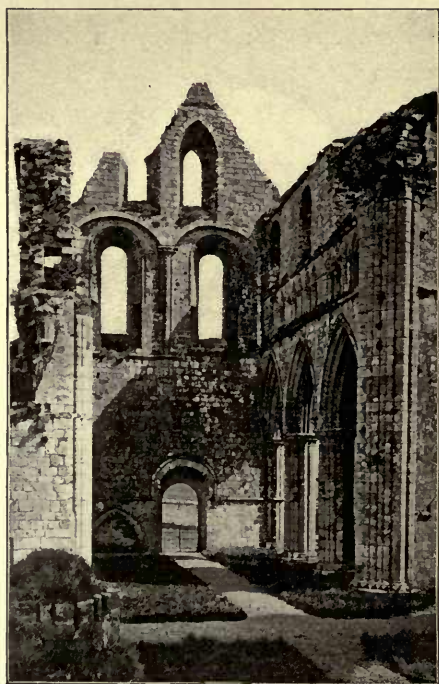


LOCHLEVEN BY MOONLIGHT.

“No warden's fire shall e'er again  
 Illume Lochleven's bosom fair;  
 No clarion shrill of armèd men  
 The breeze across the lake shall bear;  
 But while remains a stone of thine,  
 It shall be linked to royal fame, —  
 For here the Rose of Stuart's line  
 Hath left the fragrance of her name.”



Not long, however, did the Queen enjoy her freedom. A few weeks later her faithful followers were defeated by the army of the Regent, and Mary was again a fugitive. For two days she remained in old Dundrennan Abbey, in anxious consultation with her few attendants. What should be done? Mary herself desired to go to England and appeal to Elizabeth



DUNDRENNAN ABBEY.

for help. Her friends, however, fearing that Queen's duplicity and jealousy, advised her to escape to France. This, doubtless, would have proved the wiser plan; but Mary trusted to the friendly words which had been sent by Elizabeth during her captivity at Lochleven. Accordingly she crossed the English frontier and rashly confided herself to the royal cousin who had, from first to last, invariably been her foe.

It is hard to realize that Mary's captivity in England lasted almost

three times as long as her whole Scottish reign; but it is true that, having been Queen of Scotland only seven years, she was Elizabeth's prisoner nineteen. Yet what a mistake, as well as crime, was this unjust imprisonment! Her lovely form seen through her prison bars made her at once a heroine and martyr, and touched ten thousand hearts with sympathy. Her old claim to the English throne, thus constantly suggested,

gave rise to scores of plots whereby the Catholic party tried to regain supremacy. Of many of them Mary undoubtedly knew nothing; but since her name was always used, and her release was an essential feature of each scheme, the Protestant reformers hated her relentlessly, and urged Elizabeth to take her life. At last, a new conspiracy was discovered, in which the unhappy prisoner seemed implicated, so far at least as trying to regain her liberty. She was, however, accused of treason and of a wish to assassinate Elizabeth. Mary protested against the right of any English court to judge her (since she was not a subject of Elizabeth, but an independent sovereign), but the English earls and barons who composed her judges pronounced her guilty, and Parliament sentenced her to death. It only remained for Elizabeth to decide whether or not the sentence should be carried into effect.



ELIZABETH.

What must have been the captive's suffering during those



THE FAIR PRISONER.

last months of suspense, when the decree of Parliament was known, and while Elizabeth still hesitated to enforce it! It is comparatively easy to prepare for execution once. It is a different thing to have the sword continually suspended over one's head. Mary, however, made no appeal for mercy. Whatever was to be her fate, she was resolved to meet it like a Queen. Few epi-



ELIZABETH'S HESITATION.

sodes in history are more pathetic than the final scene in Fotheringay Castle. As Mary approached the block, every one was impressed by the melancholy sweetness of her face, and by the traces of that rare personal beauty which had contributed so much to the sorrows of her life. Even her executioners knelt down and asked forgiveness for the duty which they must perform. The Queen replied, "I forgive you and all the world with all my heart." Then turning to the women who attended her, she exclaimed: "Pray do not weep. Believe me, I am happy to leave the world. Tell my son" (here for an instant her voice faltered) "that I thought of him in my last moments, and that I sincerely hope his life may be happier than mine."

Finally, amid a dreadful silence, broken only by an occasional sob, Mary knelt down and laid her neck upon the block. A moment later her head was held up by the chief executioner with the words: "So perish all the enemies of Queen Elizabeth!"



LAST MOMENTS OF MARY.



Yes, Mary had perished ; but there survived her the memorable words that she had uttered to her judges when on trial for her life : " I am a Queen, subject to none but God. Him do I call to witness that I am innocent of all the charges brought against me. And recollect, my lords, the theatre of the world is wider than the realm of England ! " From the tribunal of Elizabeth Mary had thus appealed to the tribunal of humanity ; and not in vain. Twenty years later, when her son was sovereign of both England and Scotland, he caused his mother's body to be removed from Fotheringay to London, and buried there with pomp and splendor. Shortly before this act of filial duty and respect, the death of England's queen had, also, in turn its element of tragedy. For, stricken with horror at the thought of her approaching dissolution, and struggling fiercely to retain vitality, Elizabeth had been unwilling till the very last to lie in bed, but had met the King of Terrors on the floor, as in an arena, where she fought for life.

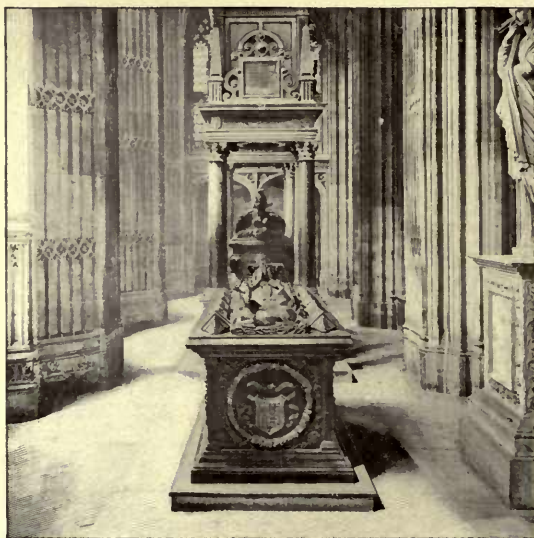


MARY GOING TO THE BLOCK.

Elizabeth and Mary ! The rival cousins now lie, almost side by side, beneath the same cathedral roof ; and not a day goes by, or has gone by for centuries, but pilgrims to Westminster stand between their graves, questioning sadly the motives which inspired each, admiring the good which both achieved, and sighing in pity for the faults which both committed.

"No further seek [their] merits to disclose,  
Nor draw [their] frailties from their dread abode ;  
There they alike in trembling hope repose,  
The bosom of [their] Father and [their] God."

After such tragic memories of human suffering it is a pleasure to approach the western coast of Scotland, and study there with reverence and astonishment the works of God. The memories of Wallace, Bruce, Sir Walter, Burns, and Mary,



MARY'S TOMB, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Queen of Scots, are not the only fascinations which make a tour in Scotland so delightful. Apart from the human element, which interests us so deeply, this little country of the North has many points of natural scenery which may be justly called sublime.

Nowhere in all my travels, not even among the fjords of Norway, have I seen a coast so strangely cleft and shattered into fragments, by the ocean surges, as the western shore of Scotland. For a long distance out to sea, the mountainous formation of the land continues ; but through the valleys and ravines between those ocean-girdled hills the waves roll fathoms deep ; and the great bluffs, swept naked by the blasts, rise from the seething flood, gaunt, bleak, and terrible, like the surviving monsters of some fearful deluge, turned to stone. At other



A HIGHLAND MILL.







THE EDGE OF THE ATLANTIC.

times, one sees along the bases of the wave-worn cliffs a multitude of sharply pointed rocks, like bones which the rapacious sea has left.

Once they were, no

doubt, portions of the habitable shore; but now they only serve as targets for the lightning's bolts or the sharp javelins of the western winds.

Especially conspicuous for desolate grandeur, off this western coast, are the Scotch islands called the Hebrides, the Ultima Thule of the ancient world. Two of them well repay a visit: Iona, for its history; and Staffa, for its scenery. The annals of Iona are unique and marvelous. It is only a barren rock, about two and a half miles long; yet there is hardly an island on the globe whose history is more remarkable.

More than thirteen hundred years ago, when on our English-speaking race the light of



"BONES LEFT BY THE RAPACIOUS SEA."

Christianity had scarcely dawned, and when Great Britain was still largely peopled by savages, there one day approached this island, from the coast of Ireland, a frail boat made of hides stretched over ribs of wood. This little skiff contained Columba, a Celtic missionary, and twelve disciples who, subsequently, founded here a monastery which was for centuries a monument of learning and religion, the spiritual light of the northwestern world, towering like a beacon fire above the sea of ignorance and barbarism, and causing Iona to be revered throughout all Europe as the "Holy Isle." Time and again the Scottish coast was ravaged by Norwegian pirates, who, usually, had no respect for either piety or learning; but such were the sanctity and fame of Iona, that it was the only place in Scotland spared by the northern chieftain Magnus III. in his career of plunder, and from the portal of Columba's church he is said to have recoiled with superstitious fear, not daring to enter the sacred edifice. The principal structure now remaining here was erected more than



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THE TOURIST STEAMER, AT IONA.



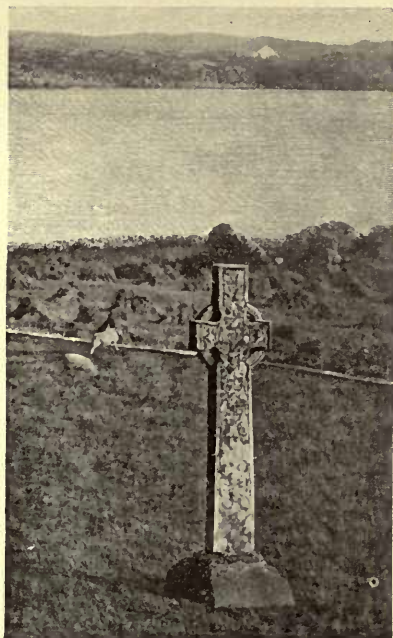


IONA CATHEDRAL AND ROYAL GRAVEYARD.

eight hundred years ago, and marks the spot on which the earliest church was built.

But what impressed me even more than this was the ancient graveyard of Iona, whither for more than a thousand years, chieftains and kings of Scotland, Ireland, and even the far-off shores of Norway were conveyed for burial, partly on account of the reverence inspired by Columba's name, partly because it was believed that though, at the last day, every other island in the world might be engulfed, Iona would remain secure from all assaults of the invading sea. Among the forty kings of Scotland here entombed is the ill-fated Duncan, and close beside him rests his murderer, Macbeth, whose name has been immortalized by Shakespeare. One of the monuments in this ancient cemetery is a cross, cut from a single block of red granite, fourteen feet in height and covered with Runic inscriptions. It is the only perfect one remaining out of three

hundred and sixty once erected here. Standing beside it, a feeling of awe stole over me, as I gazed upon Iona's line of royal sepulchres, and thought of the time when, century after century, numberless vessels crossed the northern seas to bring to this remote and isolated rock, not only the bodies of dead kings, but a multitude of pious pilgrims eager to pay homage



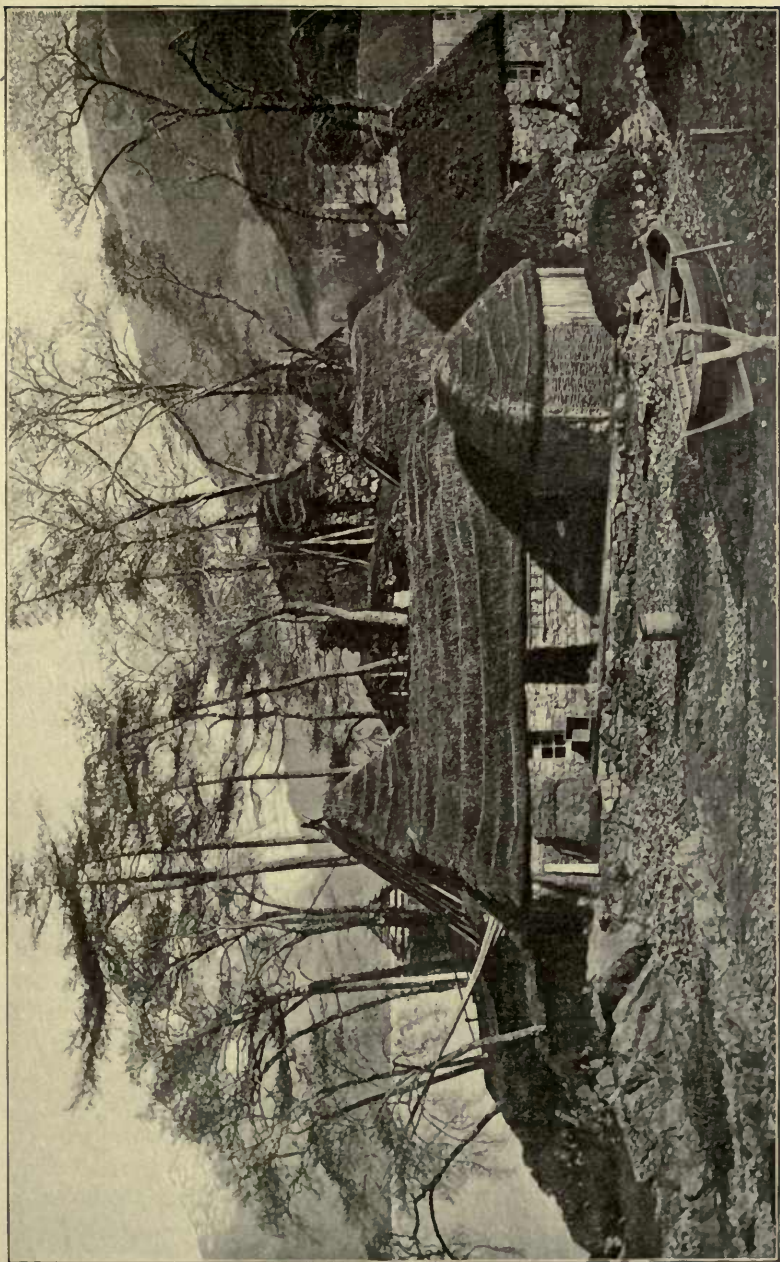
RUNIC CROSS, IONA.

to the Holy Isle; or warriors, branded with the curse of Cain, desiring absolution for their deeds of blood; or sovereigns seeking consecration at Columba's shrine. To-day, however, although the faith proclaimed here by Columba has been for centuries the religion of Europe, this island, which was once its most important northern starting-point, has sunk into obscurity and is almost uninhabited. Invaluable in its time, Christianity has nevertheless long since outgrown it; and poor Iona, therefore, rich alone in memories of the past, reminded me of Holmes' in-

spiring lines upon the "Chambered Nautilus":

" Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
 As the swift seasons roll !  
 Leave thy low-vaulted past !  
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
 Till thou at length art free,  
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea ! "



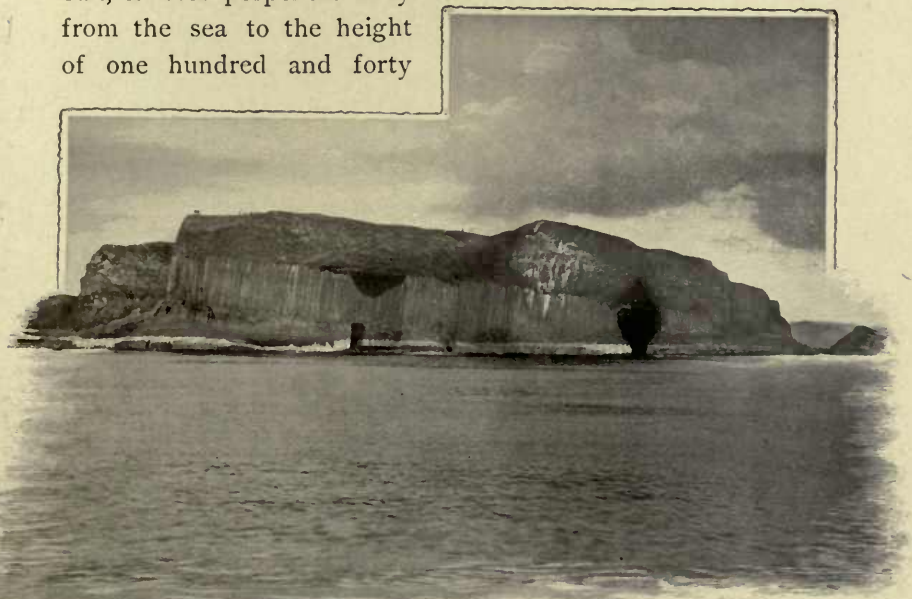


A HIGHLAND HAMLET.





But, if Iona is interesting, Staffa is sublime. It is a child of Nature merely, wholly uninhabited by man, but its extraordinary natural phenomena bring travelers hither from all portions of the world. Twice have I seen it: once in storm, and once in sunshine. On both occasions it was wonderfully impressive; for, with a rounded form about two miles in circuit, it rises perpendicularly from the sea to the height of one hundred and forty



THE CLIFFS AT STAFFA.

feet; and its broad, level summit resembles an enormous table, upheld by thousands of basaltic columns, which stand in stately colonnades, pressed closely one against another, and in some places even curved slightly outward, as if to offer more resistance to the tremendous surges of the sea. This island, which is probably the crest of an extinct volcano, appeared to me the appropriate cradle of Scandinavian mythology. It is around just such a lonely, uninhabited rock, beaten for ages by the billows of the

ocean, that the grand Sagas of the North would naturally cluster; for the old Norse myths are strong and heroic. They have a savage grandeur that is lacking in the legends of other races. While not possessing the subtile beauty of Greek and Roman mythology, they are, nevertheless,

immeasurably more virile, dominant and fateful. There is only one "Twilight of the Gods," and it belongs to the land of Thor.

The grandest feature of the island of Staffa, and, indeed, one of the most extraordinary objects in the world, is the



STAFFA.



BASALTIC COLUMNS, STAFFA.

awe-inspiring cavern, known as "Fingal's Cave," after the legendary Gaelic hero, Fingal. As our boat halted on its solemn threshold, the sound of voices ceased. The entire company seemed breathless. Before us, massive as the



eternal hills, rose a gigantic arch, sixty-five feet above the waves. Beneath this, leading on mysteriously toward the island's heart, lay a dark, undulating avenue whose terminus we could not see. To right and left, in serried ranks, stood hundreds of black, glistening columns of volcanic rock, worn smooth and lustrous by the waves which, for unnumbered ages, have been slowly eating out the softer stone of the interior, leaving the lofty arch and groined roof supported by basaltic pillars, tem-



THE APPROACH TO FINGAL'S CAVE.

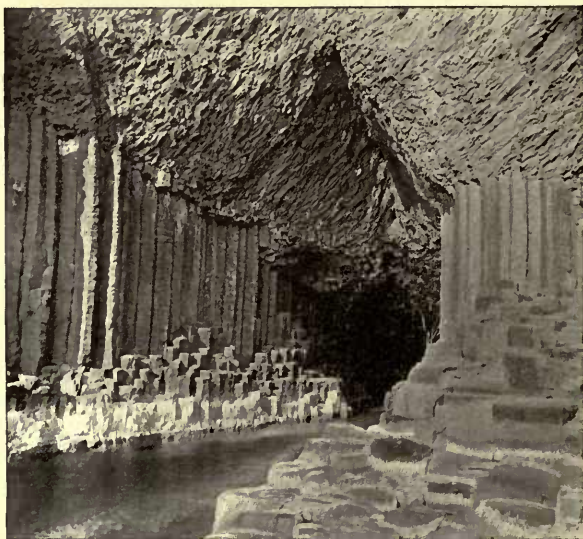
pered in lava fire when the earth was young. Slowly we drew on toward the sombre portal, and as we halted in its awful shadow, and gazed on into the long gallery, the sides of which were black (save where the spectral fingers of the spray traced mystic characters upon the walls in lines of foam), I felt that nervous chill, that quick involuntary catching of the breath, which mark a recognition of sublimity. It seemed, indeed, a temple fashioned by Almighty God to give to man a model for his noblest shrines.

But oh! above all else that I remember here was the grand voice of the Atlantic in this cavern. After each wave,

ere its successor could approach, there came an awful pause, in which the ocean seemed to hold its breath. Then, as the sea surged inward once more from the mighty deep, and swept its liquid touch along the stately colonnades, as if they were the strings of an Æolian harp, we heard the most unearthly and soul-stirring harmony: first, low and tender; then, swelling into a magnificent crescendo; and, finally, filling the whole cavern with an overpowering diapason that rolled like

peals of thunder through the gloomy vault.

At length, we passed on far into the cave, and, turning, looked back toward the sea. As, motionless and speechless, I surveyed it, the thought which thrilled me to the heart was



THE ENTRANCE.

this: that Nature, heedless of man's presence or existence, moves grandly on in her appointed path, obedient to Divine command; for, far away on this northwestern limit of the world, the waves had echoed thus when Egypt reared her pyramids, and Greece and Rome were yet unborn; the same sad requiem was chanted when Jesus hung upon the Cross; empires, dynasties, civilizations even, have risen, flourished, and decayed, while the unceasing music of these ocean surges

rose and fell as now. Moreover, during those unnumbered centuries, day after day, year after year, with ceaseless regularity, the radiance of the setting sun had changed this dark Plutonic passage to a path of gold. Was, then, this glory wasted, when no human eye beheld it? Far from it. Man is not everything upon this planet. The mighty cave of Fingal teaches us this secret of the universe, — that here, as everywhere, in ways unknown to man, the elements pay homage to their Maker. In this way only can we comprehend why countless æons ere a human eye beheld a sunset here, or an ear listened to this ocean symphony, the vast Atlantic thundered its exultant anthem through this majestic minster of the sea.



LOOKING SEAWARD.