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GREY DAWN IN THE CITY.

PAVEMENT
AND
HIGHWAY:

SPECIMEN DAYS
IN STRATHCLYDE.

BY
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TO

F. HARCOURT KITCHIN.

NOTE.

Some part of the contents of this book has already appeared in substance in the *Glasgow Herald*, and is reproduced here by kind permission of the proprietors. The greater portion, however, is now published for the first time. My acknowledgments are also due to those who have given me permission to reproduce the photographs which illustrate the text. As will probably be surmised, the first part of the book was irrevocably in type before the publication of Mr. Muirhead Bone's *Glasgow Drawings*.

W. P.

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PICTURESQUE GLASGOW.

THE anthropomorphic habit of thought manifested in the polytheism of the Greeks and the monotheism of the early Jews has been responsible, one supposes, for the familiar expression, "the body politic." But if the capital of a country be regarded as its head, there are few large states which have answered consistently to the anthropomorphic image. France and England are the only European powers that from the very beginning of their political existence have carried on the Roman tradition of a single capital so emphatically and comprehensively the head of the State that all their other cities have been in comparison no more than mere secreting glands, or remote nervous ganglia with only a mechanically reflex or purely sympathetic action. Apply the guillotine to the bodies-politic of France and England at any time during the last thousand years, and England sinks from a higher than Roman to a lower than Carthaginian level, and France runs like a decapitated duck into the political pot of her nearest neighbour. To no other European states, any more than to ancient Greece, could this Caligulan treatment have been applied. Italy, since the days of

the Lombards, has been hydra-headed; Munich, Leipsic, Dresden, or Frankfort could take over to-morrow all the functions of Berlin; Russia, driven from the Baltic, would fall back on her ancient Muscovite capital; a resuscitated Poland would group itself indiscriminately round Warsaw or Cracow; Spain is even more alive at Barcelona than at Madrid. And if Scottish autonomy were granted this year, the new government would have a choice of two ancient capitals—of three, if Stirling were included; and Edinburgh would have her Barcelona in Glasgow, which, though the second city of the British Empire in wealth and influence, would no doubt, like one of the old German Free Towns, continue to prefer to any mere titular or extrinsic dignity her own unique position as a Great Commoner among European cities.

Glasgow is more than body and more than head; she is both head and body. Her air of independent and self-contained metropolitanism—different from, and balancing, that of London—is the first thing that strikes the stranger who visits her after seeing the English provincial cities. And though most of the human elements of this metropolitanism have been drawn from all Scotland, from Ireland, from England, and even from the Continent and Judæa, Glasgow is vitally self-supporting to a greater extent than any other very large city; and while, by means of trade, travel, and intellectual sympathy, the sphere of her civic interests is in actuality the whole world, in immediate appearance it is frontiered by the city's wide boundaries,

and shades off from these over the debatable land which may be described as the Season Ticket Territory. The man who has been reared within smell of St. Rollox is a citizen of Glasgow in the first place, a Scotsman in the second, and a Briton in the third: a sound foundational arrangement of patriotism which, whatever a Parisian or a Londoner may think of it, would have been highly approved of by Plato. The stranger from the south, when he passes north of Carluke or west of Falkirk, seems to have crossed a second Tweed: Scotland, he finds, is Scotland and Glasgow, as Italy before Napoleon's day was Italy and Venice. Westward, it is true, the boundary is wider and more uncertain; travelling north and north-west from Stranraer, the Glasgow man carries the sniff of Port-Dundas intact in his brain till it is met and overpowered by the Harris tweeds of the heathered Mayfair—

> Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the Mountain and the Flood—

where he requires the map to remind him that he is still in the land of his sires. But at Larbert, Polmont, or Carstairs, he passes at once out of Glasgow, or Glasgovia, into Scotland. The querulous wee fifes of the Fifers overtop and silence the grumbling wood-winds of Strathclyde, and the snell breeze of the Pentlands dissipates the St. Rollox attar, as the Tramontana dissipates the steamy exhalations of Lombardy. The palaces of Linlithgow, Stirling, and Falkland dream grey dreams that were hardly broken

by the hallucinations of the '45, and that reck as little of the Clyde Navigation, the Tobacco Lords, or even the Glasgow Assembly of 1610, as of the discovery of the North Pole. Modern Edinburgh is in these dreams, however, though Glasgow's part in them ended with the rout of Langside: the spirit of Scottish nationality peeps, like Mariana, through the closed blinds of Holyrood Palace, and glimmers in its windows like an imprisoned marsh-candle, on nights of loyal or ecclesiastical pageantry; and the lion couchant of Arthur's Seat watches with inscrutable eyes the fawning antics of his maneless whelp, and waits with stony patience for it to assume the rampant pose.

To what then, shall we liken Edinburgh? She is like a woman of rare beauty, the head of a once royal house; who, having lost her ancestral estates and appanages and been deserted by her aristocratic officers, upon whom she has no longer any chains of office to bestow, has married her humbly-born steward, who had become rich in her service and in trade; she accepts his money and his homage, but keeps her own apartments, and her own pseudo-aristocratic circle —legal and military—to which he is scarcely introduced; deeming him more than repaid by the levies he can make, in the way of hotel bills and the sale of tartan jewellery, upon the strangers who come from afar off to look upon her beauty, and who may be further ben with her than he is. Glasgow, on the other hand, is an independent farmer matron—a Bathsheba Everdene, whom the clamant necessity of keeping and

increasing what she has got, has made at times something of a Mrs. M'Clarty; so that she finds it difficult to keep at her side the plain man of her own rank whom she has taken for her lord and master, and her children one by one claim the portion of goods that falleth to them, and make off to lay it at the feet of Lady Edinburgh or Lady London — or even Madame Paris—pleading as an excuse the mess and dust at home, which their mother is too indulgent or too conservative to compel them to help in redding up. Edinburgh ignores the very existence of Glasgow, as the palm does that of the pine in Heine's poem. But the pine is generously loud in its admiration of the palm. So far from venturing to compare herself with Edinburgh, Glasgow can hardly muster up enough self-conceit to consult a mirror, or even to wash her own face.

Urban beauty is one of the few things that do come with observation: even the open-minded stranger can hardly entertain seriously the idea of a total æsthetic comparison between Glasgow and Edinburgh. Yet he is prepared at least to admit that the constant habit of sitting for her portrait has perhaps given Edinburgh a rather too self-conscious air. Pictures are not painted from statues. It is not the holiday or processional, but the workaday aspect of things that supplies the deepest and most resonant notes of art. Such notes, naturally, are rare, recondite, and unheralded, and can sound to creative issues only on the tense sensorium of the highest genius. The stately

pose of Edinburgh has done half the work of her many portraitists; they have been little more than photographers. The unstudied, inevitable poses of a city like Glasgow; the strong melodic contours of her shoulders and haunches as she bends to the wash-tub or the anvil; the tired yet resolute set of her muscular neck, and the rhythmic swell of her labouring bosom, as she straightens her broad back and, sweeping the wringing hair of smoke from her deep grey eyes, gazes down the gleaming river into the heart of a golden sunset; the rich warm tints, shade within shade, unfathomably deep, that play about her cheeks and throat, and lurk in the slovenly folds of her work-soiled, sombrely splendid drapery,— these, I conceive, are rather above the reach than beneath the notice of the ordinary R.S.A.: they await, possibly they will await for ever, the brush of a Rembrandt, a Turner, or a Whistler.

II.

The visitor who ascends to the top of the Glasgow University tower on an averagely clear day finds his topographical situation to be approximately that of a fly perched on a little eminence of indeterminate groceries near the centre of a shallow oval basin. The actual width of the basin, at its narrowest point, is about ten miles from north to south; its smoothly rounded green rim is represented in these directions by Blairskaith Moor and the Cathkin Braes, which

merge by gentle furrowings into the westward-stretching and apparently converging lines of the Kilpatrick and Renfrewshire hills. On the south and south-west, this margin, bounding the middle distance of the panorama, recedes and rises to form also the ultimate background; unless when Goatfell peeps, like a dim rifle-foresight, over the shallow neck west of Neilston Pad. But in the west,—or west by north, to be precise,—the faint rounded shapes of the Cowal Hills mark the direction in which the Clyde finds its way seaward; and the sea-like suggestion of plain over beyond the eastern slopes of the Kilpatricks is framed-in by the vague Alpine forms of Ben Lomond, Stob-a-Choin, and the Perthshire Ben More; the mountains east of the Trossachs and Balquhidder being masked by the intervening range of the Campsie Fells, about ten miles away, which rear their grey-green, rugose wall some 1200 feet above the dark-green moor of Blairskaith; breaking off at their western end into the green camel-hump of Dungoyne, and smoothing eastward into the Kilsyth Hills, which fade away into the curious apse of dimness, from Dechmont round to Denny, that shuts out Glasgow from the rest of Scotland.

Looked down into from a near point on the rim,—from Cathkin Park or the Auld Wives' Lift,—the basin, one has to admit, seems as if it had just been used as a receptacle for burning and not particularly choice ashes, and what one can see of the city suggests Sodom and Gomorrah at the unpicturesque stage of smouldering

out. Even the Fair Sunday view is disappointing. Few cities can face the full-length "altogether" pose with such equanimity as Edinburgh. Even Paris from St. Cloud is monotonous, rectangular, and flat. Glasgow on the day of her annual sun or rain-bath seems naked rather than nude, and impresses mainly by her extent and heterogeneousness. We must approach and even traverse the body of this sprawling Brobdingnagian to find anything picturesque about her.

But let us first imagine what this bed of hers, which she now almost fills, looked like before it became her cradle. Standing on the northern crest of Cathkin on a fine summer day about the time of the birth of Cæsar, we should have been able with the naked eye to make out every wrinkle on the wall of the Campsies, to distinguish grass from rock on the Argyllshire mountains, and to see Dumyat and the Ochils; and with a field-glass, if there had been one available, we should have perhaps detected a thin blue column of smoke on the table-land of Blairskaith. But the sacrificial altars from which the smoke was ascending would be hidden by thick woods, and probably no other smoke would be discernible anywhere on the undulating carpet of sombre forest that covered the whole valley, broken only by a grey or brown escarpment of rock here and there, and by a winding streak of blue water, split by green islands, and underlined by the lagoons of its irregular yellow margin of reedy swamp. Paisley, Lanark, and Carstairs already existed, in some form or other, under their

British names; but from where we are standing no human settlement was visible. Glasgow did not yet exist.

Pushing our way north-west through the tangled forest of alder, beech, fir, and stunted oak; fording the devious and unchannelled Clyde, and emerging from the squelchy swamps on to a wooded ridge above a little hidden burn,—it is just possible that we might have come upon two tiny groups of Heaven knows what sort of dwellings, and that signs and gifts might have elicited from the blue-streaked inhabitants the names of Cathures and Cleschu. The Romans, if they discovered, seem to have ignored Glasgow's parent hamlets; the tide of Italian conquest swept north past them to the legendary sea that cut Scotland from Clyde to Forth ; the Cambro-Britons of Strathclyde, in the fifth century, settled down, with Alclwyd (now Dunbarton) as their capital, to destroy the traces of culture and Christianity left by the retreating legions: Cathures and Cleschu remained obscure myths until, almost exactly 1400 years ago, St. Kentigern came from St. Serf's academy at Culross to re-convert the natives of Strathclyde, and the village on the Molendinar beside which he built his cell emerged from myth into history as Cleschu, Glasghu, or Glasgow—"the beloved green spot"—a strangely unprophetic appellation.

A small nation fighting a losing battle for its existence with an enclosing ring of larger and more efficient nations, does not leave many tangible records of its history. To describe the appearance of Glasgow

during the decadent agony of the Strathclyde kingdom, or even in 1116, when the Cambro-British Poland had been finally partitioned, and when King David I. re-established and re-endowed the decayed bishopric, would be about as easy as to paint a portrait of Lilith, Adam's first wife. But a century later finds the city's architectural nucleus, and oldest existing landmark, well on its way to completion; and Glasgow takes shape in our minds as a market town of about 1000 inhabitants, clustered on the west and south sides of the Cathedral and its prebendal buildings, with a tiny fishing suburb at the foot of Saltmarket, about half a mile away. The population had more than doubled by 1450, when Pope Nicholas selected the episcopal city of Glasgow as a desirable site for a University, "being a place well suited and adapted to that purpose, on account of the healthiness of the climate, the plenty of victuals, and of everything necessary to the use of man"; and the transference of the University to the east side of High Street, fifteen years later, no doubt accelerated the closing of the gap between the city and its river suburb: the roots of the armorial tree had found water, and the fish was turning his nose seaward. Plus a cathedral, and minus a few villa excrescences, Kirkcudbright to-day would almost exactly mirror Glasgow at the Reformation. Comparison with the loveliest town in present-day Scotland is more than justified by "The Perfect Politician" 's allusion to Glasgow in 1658 as "a citie of pleasant site . . . the streets and houses more neat and clean than those of

Edinburgh," and by Franck's euphuistic rhapsodies, in the same year, over the commercial, architectural, and horticultural glories of "the Nonsuch of Scotland"; and a richly composite beauty is suggested by Ray's description, in 1661, of "Glasgow, the second city in Scotland, fair, large, and well-built, cross-wise, somewhat like unto Oxford, the streets very broad and pleasant." The cross formed by the city was still a Roman one, with its foot about St. Rollox and its head at the river: not until 1780 were the combined arms of Trongate and Gallowgate to equal the upright of High Street and Saltmarket.

The injury done to commerce in the West of Scotland by the theological preoccupations of the people is reflected in the decrease of the population of Glasgow from 14,500 in 1661 to 12,000 in 1700. Material interests reasserted themselves after the union of the Parliaments, when trade was opened up with the West Indies and the first tentative efforts were made at deepening the Clyde. The golden prime of Glasgow, during which she combined the prestige of Oxford with that of a miniature Venice, extended from 1710 to 1780, and coincided exactly with the duration of the Virginian tobacco trade. The affectionate eulogies of carnaptious old Matthew Bramble on "one of the prettiest towns in Europe" are no doubt tinged with the sentimental "light of other days" that glistened in the eyes of the dying author of "Humphrey Clinker" when he brought his immortal group of travellers to the gates

of his own Alma Mater. Glasgow was to Smollett at Leghorn what Edinburgh was to Stevenson in Samoa. But listen to the categorical and pedestrian journalese of the "true-born Englishman." "Glasgow," says Daniel Defoe in 1727, . . . "is a large, stately, and well-built city, standing on a plain, in a manner four-square; and the four principal streets are the fairest for breadth, and the finest built, that I have seen in one city together. The houses are all of stone, and generally uniform in height, as well as in front. The lower storeys, for the most part, stand on vast square Doric columns, with arches, which open into the shops, adding to the strength, as well as to the beauty of the building. In a word, 'tis one of the cleanliest, most beautiful, and best built cities in Great Britain."

Judging from the drawings by the Foulis art pupils, reproduced in Macgregor's "History of Glasgow," the city would appear to have reached its point of greatest amenity about the time of Johnson's visit, when a cleanly and simply luxurious population of some 30,000 planted their orchards, bleached their linen, pastured their kine, and walked abroad in sober dignity, over an area which by 1841 was to contain more people, more squalor, and more disease, than any other space of similar extent in Europe. One of the Foulis views, showing, across a foreground of broad meadow, a compact, many-spired, and many-treed city, approached by an avenue of noble beeches along what is now Argyle Street, and flanked on the right by a handsome bridge and the sails of smacks, and on

the left by a gentle hill crowned with spires, might be taken for a picture of Bologna or Padua. Johnson had decided cause to repent of his petulant retort to Adam Smith, who was boasting of the beauty of Glasgow—"Pray, Sir, have you ever seen Brentford?"

But the serpent was already in Eden. A quaint looking erection in some of the Foulis views, like a small pyramid on the banks of Nile just gone into business as a volcano (and thereby hangs a tale known to every smokeroom in the world wherein a Glasgow man has "had anything"), strikes an ominous note that was soon to broaden into a surly Pandemonium. The ruin of the tobacco trade, through the American War, ended Glasgow's halcyon days of lily-fingered commerce.

> "Farewell, happy fields,
> Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
> Infernal world!"

She had eaten her white bread in her young days: she was now to eat the black bread of manufacture, not without tears and sweat and even blood, though the butter was to be plentiful and the jam not wanting. The University fell with almost startling suddenness from the eminence to which the temporary decline of Oxford had contributed to raise it. Those of the tobacco lords who had not come to the ground withdrew from the city's orbit and were occulted by "the County." Their places were taken by

> "Men who grew wise priggin' o'er hops and raisins,
> And gathered liberal views in bonds and seisins."

But a council of Solons could not have made much headway against the cumulative and thick-coming evils of noxious manufactures, high rents, Irish immigration, and held-up land. Opulence fled to outlying villas; competence packed itself neatly into new but closely-built tenements; respectable native poverty accepted more than West African risks by remaining in decayed mansions and huddled "lands," where the squalor of Connemara stewed in its own juice and distilled typhus, cholera, small-pox, and tuberculosis. In the decadent and rather callous Victorian sense of the term, the Glasgow of sixty years ago was almost plethoric in "picturesqueness," but a glance at the grim photographs in the Corporation galleries makes us quite well pleased that the water-colours of Simpson and Strang are practically all that is left of it. In sparing Provand's Lordship and some of the old Drygate houses, the City Improvement Trust has done all it could for pre-Adamic architecture; and in permitting the demolition of the Bishop's Palace, Bishop Rae's Bridge, the Tontine Arches, and the Gorbals Palace, the shopkeepers and merchants of the last two centuries may be considered as having honestly expended the merit acquired by the craftsmen who, in 1579, saved the Cathedral from destruction at the hands of Principal Melvil's godly hooligans. The legal rights of both parties on that occasion were dubious. But no one could prevent the University from doing what it liked with its own, and in 1864 it found the way open for the perpetration of perhaps the worst act of van-

dalism ever committed. But the gods held the balance even by blinding the perpetrators so that, in Canova's phrase, "seeing only with their ears," they passed over the claims of a great creative genius at their own doors, and entrusted the plans of their new building to a "well-known London architect" whose best would hardly have been worth having and who gave them of his worst. Out of vandalism proceeds nullity: much more than the £100,000 got from the Union Railway Company for the College buildings and ground in High Street may be reckoned as having been wasted on the chill and feeble cenotaph of pseudo-Gothic to which even its huge size and the superb site of Gilmorehill barely lend dignity.

It is hardly necessary to explain that the expression, pre-Adamic architecture, as applied to Glasgow, does not refer to lake-dwellings, vitrified forts, or Cyclopean masonry; but to buildings erected before the advent of the brothers Robert and James Adam. The most conspicuous specimen of these extant, of course, is the Cathedral, regarding which one does not need to add anything to the excellent brochure of Mr. P. Macgregor Chalmers, except, perhaps, the remark that the external plan and the position of the Cathedral—it ought really to have occupied the site of the Royal Infirmary—have made it, at anyrate since the removal of the western towers, one of the least impressive of large ecclesiastical structures. But if it looks half its size from the outside, it looks at least double its size inside: to glance down

from Cathedral Square at the puny western facade and along the lean southern flank, and then to be led blind-folded into the Chapel of the Four Altars, and set free with one's face turned westward, would be to realise one of the enchantments of the Arabian Nights. This illusion, however, is possible only on a week-day,—on a bronze-tinted summer evening, say, or at an organ recital: at service-time the russet counterpane between the nave and the choir shuts out mediæval mystery and encloses a strictly Presbyterian atmosphere.

Something quite remote both from Presbyterianism and mediævalism is suggested by the composedly secular beauty of the interior of St. Andrew's Parish Church, the only other outstanding pre-Adamic structure in Glasgow, which bears much the same relation to its original, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London, as Coleridge's "Wallenstein" does to Schiller's. Built in 1756, well within the white-fingered period of Glasgow's commerce, St. Andrew's Church may be taken as representing the cultured tastes of the second or third generation of tobacco lords. The University, on this occasion fortunate in its selection of "a well-known firm of London architects," was mainly responsible for the entrusting of the Royal Infirmary plans to Robert and James Adam, who also built the old Hunterian Museum, doomed to pre-decease the Royal Infirmary by nearly fifty years. The Adams, too, received commissions for private houses from some of the more enlightened of the trading gentry: a somewhat

doubtful specimen of their domestic work was sacrificed to the exigencies of the Kelvingrove Exhibition of 1901, and an authentic example remains in David Dale's house in Charlotte Street. There, however, it is only the exquisite interior—which ought to be to the young decorator what Addison's works, in Dr. Johnson's opinion, ought to be to the young author—that betrays the hand of the master: the flatness and petty neatness of the exterior conform to the æsthetic notions of the rising local tradesmen and esurient rustics into whose hands the city's destiny passed between 1780 and 1800. The outlying parts of the city, from Trongate to Jamaica Street, were lined with more or less imperfect replicas of the David Dale house: as these were wanted for storing goods or the handlers of goods, the flat frontages were raised two or three storeys, and the neat pediments were either placed on the top of the gaunt structures,—like a boy's "bunnet" on the head of a show giant,—or unashamedly dispensed with. The Argyle Street of to-day, ugly as it is, gives only a faint notion of the architectural Sahara (black with smoke-storms from sugar-houses, leather factories, and iron foundries) that enclosed the rotting oasis of the old city in the twenties and thirties of last century.

Better days were at hand, however. The rapid rise in the price of land compelled the withdrawal of the more actively noxious manufactures to the south-east, east, and north-east corners of the city. The railway and the steamboat brought the rich manufacturers of Britain in the track of the milords who, after

the Peace of Berlin, had swept in their chaises over France and Italy; and with the second or third generation of wealth in Glasgow came the cultivation or pretence of something like taste. The late-Georgian and Regency features,—if features they can be called,—of genteel plainness and rather lean symmetry, which lend a certain pallid distinction to the older buildings in the west-ends of London and Edinburgh, are scarcely anywhere discernible in Glasgow. Grandiose opulence, thirled to no tradition, demanded a more elaborate expression, and, with something like appropriateness, it found it in the Roman style which Sanmichele, Sansovino, and Palladio adopted and elaborated in the Venetian palaces of the 16th century. Glasgow architecture passes at a bound from the provincial exiguousness of the David Dale house to the almost oppressively rich Italianism of the Ingram Street corner and of the warehouse opposite the Stirling Library in Miller Street. A temporary backwash of taste is evidenced in the Scots Baronial piles — the word is curiously apposite—on the north side of Trongate and the south side of Ingram Street, and at the corner of Renfield Street and West Regent Street; the less striking of the churches were to exhibit a perfunctory compliance with the sentimental neo-Gothicism of England; but henceforth the progress of Glasgow architecture was to consist mainly in a pillaging expedition up and down the line of what are vaguely termed the Renaissance styles, with now and then a more or less determined dash at the metropolis of

Greek, and, in later years, some brave attempts at ecclesiastical Romanesque and at an effective vertical treatment of the tower-like edifices wherewith girder construction and municipal anarchy permit speculators to exploit to the uttermost the increased value of urban stances.

III.

If Gallic metaphors are permissible regarding such sedate and substantial edifices, the larger public buildings of Glasgow may be said to leap at the eyes of the stranger, to whom they have already been made almost grossly familiar by means of guide-books and pictorial advertisements. Where they do not leap over the eyes, the newer commercial buildings, standing out garishly clean amid the dull ebony of the older structures,—like evergreens in a December landscape, or European faces in a West African market-place,—serve at least to disturb the vague impression that Glasgow consists of a few shapeless tenements and factories crouched round the bases of the Cathedral, the Municipal Buildings, and Gilmorehill. But the only effectual way of correcting a wrong impression is to put an authentic one in its place, and in the present case this can only be done by a leisurely and dispassionate survey of the districts which mainly and most fully represent Glasgow's architectural progress during last century. Except for the Greek revival, initiated by Alexander Thomson about 1850, and carried on intermittently by him and his imitators

during the two following decades, progress has been chiefly in elaborateness or size of buildings: a history of Glasgow fashions in architectural styles would be no more and no less instructive than a history of her fashions in dress, and it could be profitably undertaken only by an expert. What that history has been may be gathered as completely as necessary, and as pleasantly as possible, by the stranger—or native, for that matter—who will undertake the following very easy itinerary, in the description of which I have gone upon the convenient principle of leaving almost everything to the eye and imagination; presuming that the latter faculty will enable the traveller to estimate the age of each building by the amount of soot which covers its surface, and to realise the effects contemplated by artists who thought on the shores of the Mediterranean and worked on the banks of Clyde. Except where dates are given, the extreme limits of the imagination are 1820 and 1900, and the average limits 1840 and 1880.

Provand's Lordship, 3-7 Castle Street, opposite west end of Cathedral. Said to have been built in 1471 by Bishop Muirhead as a residence for the priest in charge of St. Nicholas' Hospital; but the date and builder have not really been determined. Repaired by Provand's Lordship Club, and can be visited on a small payment. See Thomas Lugton's "Old Ludgings of Glasgow" for particulars concerning it and the old 16th-century prebendal mansions that stood in and about the *Drygait* (in the

hollow south of the Cathedral), where glimpses may yet be had of the once-hallowed stream of the Molendinar.

Camlachie House, 809-811 Gallowgate. Built in 1720. Suburban residence of the Walkinshaws of Camlachie and Barrowfield, who here, in 1746, gave Prince Charlie hospitality, and, all unconsciously, a Delilah in the person of their daughter, Clementina. General Wolfe, who thought the Glasgow people coarse and cynical money-worshippers, lodged here for six months in 1749.

David Dale's House, 84 Charlotte Street. Built by Robert Adam about 1780.

St. Andrew's Parish Church, St. Andrew's Square. 1756. Interior even finer than exterior.

St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, 33 Low Green St., facing Glasgow Green. 1751. The oldest Episcopal church in Glasgow. Persistently referred to, for cryptic historical reasons, by its best-known incumbent, the late Dr. J. F. S. Gordon, as the "Abbacy of Susanna Rig."

Old Court House, Jail Square,—facing east over Green. 1814. Sepulchral Grecian. Assize and Sheriff Courts; hangings took place in square in front till 1865. (Now in process of reconstruction).

Bridgegate Steeple, Bridgegate, off Saltmarket. All that is left of old Merchants' House Hospital, erected 1661. Prominent object in old views of Glasgow.

Tolbooth Steeple, corner High Street and Trongate. 1626. Main building westward (immortalised in "Rob

Roy") taken down in 1814, when Court Houses at Green were erected.

Tron Steeple, over-arching pavement on south side of Trongate. 1637. All that is left of Old Tron Church, the second building of which, designed by James Adam in 1794, is in the court behind steeple.

Warehouse, 60 Trongate. Scots Baronial. Architect J. T. Rochead.

St. Enoch's Church, St. Enoch Square. 1780. Lightning struck the steeple in 1897, but has spared the town councillor who proposed to remove the church to make way for a new tramway route.

Houses at Corners of College Street and High Street. Probably the oldest specimen of pompously Italianate architecture in Glasgow. Built about beginning of 19th century by followers of Robert Adam. Contrast with old College Buildings opposite must have been as effective as the modern contrast with the railway buildings is pathetic.

St. David's, (Ramshorn) Church, 98 Ingram Street. Built 1824 by Rickman, one of the first exponents of the Gothic revival, on the site of the church built a century earlier. The churchyard, which contains some names well known in Glasgow annals, recalls the atmosphere of Greyfriars in Edinburgh; though the local bouquet predominates when the cheese-laden south wind is blowing up Candleriggs.

Campbell's Warehouses, 137 Ingram Street. Scots Baronial. By R. Billings.

Hutcheson's Hospital (David Hamilton) and *Sheriff Court Buildings*, Ingram Street.

Trades' House (Brothers Adam. About 1790), west side of Glassford Street.

Union Bank, Ingram Street. By John Burnet, sen. If the visitor has a Union Bank note about him, he should go in and get change for it and study the very beautiful telling-room. The Savings Bank, next door, has been pronounced by a successful Glasgow artist the finest building in Glasgow.

Warehouses, 39-51 Miller Street. Architect, James Hamilton. In the style of Sansovino's Libreria Vecchia, Venice. Miller Street is a cento of Glasgow architecture from 1780 to 1900.

Royal Exchange, closing the vista of Ingram Street on the west. The crowning work of David Hamilton, the architect of Hamilton Palace. His noble design of the Square is harmoniously echoed and closed on west side by Elliott's fine

Royal Bank, which, flanked by the arches of North and South Exchange Place, marks perhaps the high-water of the Græco-Roman style in Glasgow. David Hamilton was the architect of the sombrely august

Western Club, whose looks threaten the profane at the north-west corner of Buchanan Street and St. Vincent Street. There is Raeburn-like genius in the majestic dullness of this inimitably expressionless edifice, which to an after-dinner fancy somehow suggests a dusty and cobwebbed magnum of very fine old port on the backmost bin of a nabob's cellar.

St. George's Church, 165 Buchanan Street. Built in 1807. The steeple gives Glasgow citizens their time and, if they have made a sufficiently good use of it, tolls for them when they die. On the south the church is flanked, not inappropriately, by the

Stock Exchange, 155 Buchanan Street, a singularly gracefully composite work by John Burnet, sen., who displayed his versatility in the designs of the

Clydesdale Bank, 30 St. Vincent Place, and the

Merchants' House, 7 West George Street, which, even with its regrettable alterations, still balances worthily J. T. Rochead's adaptation of a Florentine-palace style in the

Bank of Scotland Buildings, at the south-west corner of George Square. From this point, in the afternoon, the best view is obtained of the imposing, if rather unhealthy looking frontage of the

City Chambers, whose cutaneous disorders have necessitated a drastic use of architectural surgery.

But now, the first law of nature begins to assert itself. Headache threatens; there is a sinking at the stomach; even the Denkmäler of George Square cannot lift the apathy that descends upon our spirits.

"Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!"

Wagnerian strains could not, just now, play us into this Valhalla—which someone once mistook for a graveyard. We are not gods, but men; and men must lunch.

To the question that arises obviously out of that necessity, no other city that I know of supplies so

ST. VINCENT PLACE AND GEORGE SQUARE.

many and so varied answers as Glasgow. If we have made our bed with the wealthy, the question is solved by an invitation to the Western Club; if we are wealthy ourselves, and unattached, by French cookery and German music at one of the newer restaurants that mitigate the nostalgia of the London bagman or the Jewish plutocrat. The exigencies of a lighter purse and a less flamboyant taste are served by the pretty tea-rooms, whose refreshing combination of sober comfort with austere and yet elaborate daintiness is characteristic of the city which produced a school of painting, supports an orchestra and a Repertory Theatre, and, according to publishers, comes next to London as a book-market. If a financial deficit cancels out taste, the remaining term of a big appetite may be resolved by the substantial scones and flowing mugs of the cocoa-room, where, in the back-room, Demos, with abbreviated clay pipe or brass-bound briar held firmly in his teeth, sits amid a pungent blue mist of mundungus,—like a cuttle-fish amid its inky cloud,—and knits his brows over the draught-board, applauding abstractedly at proper intervals the vocal efforts of a gentleman at the next table who is reading off "Hail to the Chief" from a sol-fa score.

But if freedom of action and a moderate appetite be seconded by the possession of a splendid shilling, the stranger may obtain a more historically typical glimpse of picturesque Glasgow by visiting a snack restaurant. With a carelessly expensive lounge suit, a flat-brimmed bowler set back on a well-cropped head,

flappy but well-creased trousers turned up over heavy shooting-boots, and a slight stoop indicative of a top-heaviness of muscle and sagacity, he will have no difficulty in identifying himself with the spirit of this daily Passover feast, which history traces back to the early sixties, but which may possibly commemorate the interruption of the burghal "meridian" by the incursions of Claverhouse's dragoons, or by the exactions of Prince Charlie's breekless host. Whatever its origin, its modern phase evinces the distaste of the exploratory Glasgow palate for the blood-stained gobbets wherewith the citified Saxons of London assuage their carnivorous pangs. If there is nothing dandified, flamboyant or æsthetic here, there is nothing coarse or distasteful; and monotony is far far off expelled from this delicious nest. Jewel-like flames—ruby, emerald, topaz, amethyst — play softly upon the hundred liqueur-bottles ranged along the dim, mirror-backed shelves; amber drops distil from the silver taps of the little oaken barrels; the fumes of coffee and fine old brandy pillow themselves soothingly on the appetising odours of dainty hot dishes. With a tea-cup balanced in one hand, the stranger may shoulder his way softly amid the feeding throng, and wander up and down as upon the banks of Ulai, plucking an apple-cake here and there, or selecting a volume or two from the Alexandrian library of sandwiches, doubling these back for their more convenient perusal; the while his mind is refreshed with overheard scraps of information about Sunday's motoring,

or Saturday's "'untin," or fishing prospects, or the *faits et gestes* of the "Accies": for there is a diluted and second-hand side-whiff of pseudo-squiredom about the atmosphere, and imagination beholds the Delectable Mountains of the "County" shimmering on the horizon of each man's career.

"From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs."

But in the topics of conversation, and in the attitude of the speakers, there are not awanting signs of a falling-off in that Puritanical tenacity of business purpose which has made us beloved at home and revered abroad. No longer is it *de rigeur* (as the lady novelists write it) to discuss "pigs" over a ham-sandwich, and to continue the discussion while rushing back to the office with a gumboil-appearance caused by an unabsorbed bolus of bun. Nowadays, indeed, good form demands the assumption of infinite leisure: have we not an established business and a staff of clerks, and are the ships of Tarshish not awaiting our convenience? So the stranger, to the benefit of his digestion, may toy in a gentlemanly fashion with the viands,—not forgetting to take a mental note of what he has consumed, and to pay for each article at the tariff rate, according to the formula of "10d off, please." A good lunch, in any case, will have put him in form for resuming his picturesque pilgrimage with a survey of the massive and almost prison-like Scots Baronial structure at the east end of West Regent Street (said to have been designed by Talbot, the Shakespearian actor); the

New Club, 144 West George Street—an "ornate structure" by Messrs. Campbell Douglas and Sellars; and the following buildings of Alexander Thomson:—

Egyptian Halls, Union Street — below "Weekly Mail" office;

Grosvenor Restaurant, Gordon Street (opposite Central Station) — grotesquely added-to above original cornice since Thomson's death;

St. Vincent United Free Church, on western crest of St. Vincent Street—Thomson's crowning church work; and the so-called

Grecian Buildings, 336-356 Sauchiehall Street.

A romantic even more than an architectural interest attaches to

Blythswood Square, where the sentimental traveller will not fail to find the sunk-flat window from which Madeleine Smith used to hand out coffee to her unhappy French lover. The stately stone canon of

Bath Street, where on Sunday forenoon the rustling tide of scented worshippers runs strongest, has attractions in its numerous churches (the chaste Gothic of *Blythswood Church* deserves special attention) and its handsome old dwelling-houses.

The Thomson touch will be recognised in Messrs. Campbell Douglas and Sellars'

St. Andrew's Halls, which, along with the new Mitchell Library, forms a block of masonry that only requires a clear outlook on Sauchiehall Street to reveal its impressiveness. Finely varied styles of architecture are displayed by

St. George's United Free Church, Elderslie Street (Boucher and Cousland);

The Queen's Rooms (Clifton Street), externally one of the most graceful buildings of its kind in Glasgow;

Woodlands United Free Church, Woodlands Road (John Burnet, sen.);

The Woodsidehill Churches and Terraces, and the fine Italianate *U.F. College* ;

Wellington United Free Church, University Avenue —a brilliant contrast to the sullen University opposite;

Lansdowne United Free Church, Kelvinbridge (John Honeyman); and

Belhaven United Free Church, Dowanhill (Campbell Douglas and Sellars); while an incomparable crescendo of dignity is displayed in the composition consisting of

Westbourne United Free Church (John Honeyman),

Westbourne Terrace (Alexander Thomson), and Thomson's superb

Great Western Terrace, which marks the high-water of domestic architecture in Glasgow, and perhaps in Britain, during the last century. The gentlest possible descent from it is via the south-side group of Thomson's own works, the first-named of which may be reached by subway from Byres Road (Hillhead) to Cessnock:—

Walmer Crescent, Paisley Road—"majestic, though in ruins," and though masked by a peculiarly blatant line of one-storey shops.

Moray Place, Strathbungo — where Thomson was residing at the time of his death.

Queen's Park United Free Church, Langside Road. The position of this church is an architectural tragedy; it should have stood clear of tenements, facing the Queen's Park.

Caledonia Road United Free Church.— Thomson's influence, if not his hand, may be traced in a besmoked tenement in Eglinton Street (opposite the station), which, with the tenements in and about Abbotsford Place, and the pitifully squeezed-in Roman Catholic Cathedral on the Clydeside, may fittingly conclude this architectural survey of Glasgow.

It is almost an insult to the intelligence of the observant person who has followed out this itinerary to offer to anticipate his conclusion that Glasgow has produced one architect fit to rank with the Greek and Italian worthies. To dilate on the local pre-eminence of Alexander Thomson is like insisting at this time of day on the pre-eminence of Milton over the Jacobean and Restoration poets. But it is quite in order to prophesy that if architecture is not destined to disappear from among the arts, posterity will confirm the judgment of Thomson's professional contemporaries all over Britain, that he was *facile princeps* in this country, and possibly in Europe, as an adapter of the Greek styles to modern purposes. "With us," he said himself, "architecture has all but ceased to be a living art, and the present age . . . is seen making the most ridiculous efforts to insinuate

its overgrown person backward into the empty shells of dead ages, which lie scattered about upon the tide-marks of civilisation, rather than secrete a shell for itself according to the ordinary course of nature." It was because Thomson was no mere student of Greek styles, but a reincarnated Greek, like Keats,—a Keats with the learning of a Porson,—that his buildings are as different from the pompously inane frigidities of other modern exponents of these styles, as Professor Murray's Greek translations are from those of Dryden and Pope. Great Western Terrace and the St. Vincent Street Church are secretions of the living Greek spirit which Thomson found in himself, and which his studies enabled him to link up with the spirit of the Greek builders by a line of development undreamt of by them. His buildings, indeed, are best judged of apart from the Greek tradition altogether, as individual and spontaneous expressions of those cardinal qualities which a sympathetic critic has found in his work,—"grouping, massing, light-and-shade, static equipoise, rhythm, relativity of parts to each other and to the whole, beauty and appropriateness of detail, the keenest sense of proportion, and the great power of repose, such repose as of the calm sea reflecting the calm firmament." "Some architects," remarks Mr. Gildard, "put their names on their buildings; Thomson's writes itself." In having had to write it on scraps and in corners, Thomson only shared the fate of some of the greatest of his predecessors. The miracle of Wren's opportunity does not repeat itself in

a thousand years. Glasgow's fame rather than Thomson's has suffered by the academic obtuseness which denied him the great chance of his life, and by the premature death (he was only 58 when he died, in 1875) which put it out of the city's power to make George Square set-off and immortalise the injustice of Gilmorehill.

IV.

Except for "Greek" Thomson's works, which form Glasgow's unique architectural possession, the buildings I have selected for mention contain hardly anything that could not be matched or excelled somewhere else in Britain. What is worth noting is that a similar list would more than exhaust the architectural interest of any other British city: in Glasgow it supplies little more than a few ordinarily typical links in a long and marvellously continuous chain, whose strength may be better tested in its weakest links,—in obscure warehouses and working-class tenements,—than in its pulleys and ring-bolts of great public buildings. In Manchester and Liverpool, and even in London, the show-places are like squadrons of Brobdingnagian life-guardsmen clustered or scattered amid innumerable hosts of shabby Lilliputian civilians: in Glasgow they are commissioned officers at the head of their far-stretching companies and camp-followers. Even the dingiest street in Plantation or Oatlands has something not unimpressive about it; the frowsiest street in Bridgeton, the most squalid purlieu of Calton, Cowcaddens, or North

Woodside, is saved at least from meanness by the substantial dignity of hewn stone. No other city in Europe expended a greater ampèrage of architectural energy during last century than Glasgow. With a superb carelessness born of vigorous optimism, she combined sumptuary splendour with manufacturing enterprise; she filled her smoky kitchen with carved furniture, and worked at the anvil in purple and fine linen. The true pathos and sublime of her architectural history—the real picturesque Glasgow—is to be found in the exquisitely moulded lintels and cornices, vitriol-bitten and black with soot, that adorn the far-extending frontages of her once-genteel streets; and in the imposing Corinthian porches of innumerable closes, once swept by fashionable dresses and fragrant with cigars and Sunday scent, now scribbled obscenely with chalk and redolent of the "dunny" and the lodger's broth. Gentility, however, still hovers about Blythswood Square, and even clings to the slopes of Garnethill, where it shades off into a quaint cosmopolitan Bohemianism that matches the crazy-quilt texture of this smoke-vexed congeries of art schools, nursing homes, refuges, academies, hospitals, clubs, synagogues, conservatoires, churches, and "chapels." A thin vein, too, of old bourgeois respectability crops out beside the triumphal arch at the London Street entrance of Glasgow Green, and runs in a shallow crescent along the northern edge of the Tartarean Fields, touching Acheron at Newhall Terrace. The attachment of the St. Kildan to his spray-swept rock is less remarkable

than that of the burghers of Monteith Row to their smoke-swept terrace. Some of them, of course, "can't get out, can't get out," because they can get no one else to come in in their place; for many of the flats here are owned by the occupiers. Also, Monteith Row is the Harley Street of Calton and Bridgeton. But the inhabitants of this little Goshen are not without their compensations. They may, for one thing, have Satan's reason for preferring Tartarus to Elysium. Or they may be thoroughly appreciative of the fact that their flats, inside, are far and away the handsomest and roomiest in Glasgow. Théophile Gautier would have revelled in the more than oriental experience of passing, on a wet December night, from the chill squalor and malodorous drizzle of Great Hamilton Street into the luminous luxury and scented warmth of a Monteith Row dining-room. And if Whistler or Turner had happened to walk across the Flesher's Haugh on a fine evening in late autumn, when the spires and towers of the city were dreaming in the amber vapour of the warm western bath in which the sun had opened his golden veins, and the slow-winding river seemed tinged with the ebbing blood of day's expiring king,—Glasgow had not wanted an immortal picture, and Greenhead Terrace would have been as dear a name in art as Cheyne Row.

Whistler, with his almost morbid love of tender greys, would have revolted at the Venetian polychrome of the Greenhead carpet factory. Turner, we imagine, would have appreciated the gallant efforts of the

Templetons to impart some colour to the drabbest region on earth. Neither Turner nor Whistler, nor even a Baudelaire turned painter, could ever convey any idea of the appalling ugliness that, except for the evening view westward across the Green, reigns unbroken along the Clyde from Cambuslang down to Jamaica Bridge. To look eastward from Rutherglen Bridge over the clayslaps and brickfields and chemical waste-heaps of riverside Rutherglen, is to realise the powerlessness of great poets to anticipate what man's own efforts, seconded by the conditions of a "misty, mottie clime," were to produce in the way of Infernos.

"Compared wi' these, Italian hells are tame;"

the Circle of the Gluttons, fresh and bracing; and Milton's Pandemonium, the Demons' - Cave of a Christmas pantomime. The dreariness of the east-end of Glasgow, indeed, cannot be expressed in a language which had come to maturity before the height of the industrial era. The distilled essence of this dreariness is purest in Calton and Mile-End, where it is untroubled by the remote bustle of the city and by the tonic briskness of the outlying iron and steel works. The smoke here is no fresh exhalation of local lums; it is the dead smoke of all Glasgow, piled up in this smoke-cemetery, this sordid Herculaneum of the industrial Vesuvius, where a gruesome death-in-life persists amid sticky atmospheric ash, permeated by suggestions of steaming rags, burning boots, and boiling fat, which on wet days seem to

form viscous deposits on the broken plaster of dark closes leading in to choicer horrors of "back-lands."

Of the human product of these conditions—which repeat themselves, on a smaller scale, in Oatlands, Townhead, Hutchesontown, Garscube Road, and North Woodside—the less said the better. In no other city in the world is poverty less picturesque, more nakedly sordid, than in Glasgow. But in the eyes of the sociologist as well as of the artist, the real tragedy of Glasgow lies in the lack of the natural picturesque among the classes above the extreme poverty-line. In the forge or the workshop the men have the picturesqueness of health and harmonious setting: at a football match or a music-hall they are merely drab and coarse; on a Sunday, in tail-coats, hard bowlers, and white ties, they are vulgar and ridiculous. The Sundayfied aspect of the young women is even worse: every one of the natural laws of colour and symmetry which the Parisian work-girl intuitively obeys is flauntingly contradicted by the cheap parodies of obsolete "confections" which make the Glasgow Sunday a horrible nightmare of raw blues, magentas, and pinks; and the pitifulness of it is intensified by the almost invariable lack of the fresh complexion, good features, and graceful fullness of figure which alone could compensate for absence of taste. Poor, decent, hard-working "Mirren," with thy flat chest, pasty cheeks, bad protruding teeth, unspeakable hat, and Sunday sweets,—what a pathetic contrast thou art to that plump bold creature whose tight ankle and neat

boots show bravely below that short skirt, and whose black wicked eyes survey thee contemptuously from beneath a shock of chestnut hair and the fold of a tartan shawl! Thy desire shall be to thy husband; hers, I fear, has already been to half-a-dozen house-breakers. For her the prison waits, and the dramshop, and rag-picking haghood,—and for thee the fecund cloister of the noisy tenement, and a long farewell to purples and magentas; happy if for one week in the year the breezes of the Firth fan thy dusty, lifeless hair, and the blue of sea and sky give thy faded eyes assurance of a life beyond the sink and washtub; and if thy tortured body survive, though misshapen, the rack and drain of perpetual breeding, and thy swarming litter muster up enough sense of filial duty to keep thee out of the poorhouse! Poor Mirren!—foredoomed and all too willing victim of a smug Rooseveltian Moloch in whose eyes women are less than mares, and the seed of women less than the brood of mares!

Generally speaking, we are all Jock Tamson's bairns in Glasgow; heredity, and community of local influences, have set the stamp of Mirren, in a lighter degree, upon not a few of her better-off sisters. Our theatres, concerts, and public receptions supply visible proof that Glasgow has citizenesses who can vie with the tailored Dianas of New York, the millinered Venuses of Paris, or the correct and imposing Junos of London; but Glasgow, the Glasgow that the passing stranger sees, sees little of them; they owe their qualities, indeed, to prolonged detachment from her deteriorative

environment. Their absence is being gradually compensated for by the rise of the typist class, whose taste and nattiness already furnish a refreshing feature in Glasgow life, and whose right balance between the athletic and æsthetic sides of existence may tend to counteract that arrest of feminine development so painfully characteristic of British cities. Even now, the vagrant picturesque of the slums begins to be healthily balanced and eclipsed by the wholesome picturesque of the tea-room, the afternoon car, and the suburban train. The new note, however, is almost exclusively feminine. Artistic, aristocratic, or scholarly distinction, the only picturesque male features apart from health and strength, are rare in any city; and the athletic training of the average better-class youth of Glasgow seems merely to accentuate the irregular features, ungainly build, and clownish carriage, which are the premonitory symptoms of the podginess of his middle state. That the ungracefulness of his appearance is not aggravated by the recherché slovenliness of his civilian costume does not necessarily follow from the remark let fall by a French lady, a connoisseur in masculine beauty, that in a march-out of 10,000 Glasgow Territorials she had seen only two good-looking men. National pique was placated, artistic tailoring vindicated, and one powerful argument for conscription supplied, by the same lady's loudly expressed enthusiasm, a few days afterwards, over the physique and bearing of a crack Highland regiment.

VI.

To mention the Lower Harbour is to bring ourselves back again within the confines of our subject. Not that the Lower Harbour suggests Venice, any more than the Upper Harbour—which is the Clyde between the Jamaica and Stockwell Bridges—suggests Paris or Florence. But a great shipping river is one of the few things in the world that possess perennial and inviolate elements of picturesqueness. The forest of masts that once extended from Broomielaw to Finnieston is shrunk to a stunted grove in Kingston Dock, and an occasional solitary specimen at Stobcross. But the disappearance of the sailing ship has been better made up for than in most harbours of similar topography. The artificial character of Glasgow Harbour, and the vigorous dredgings of a century ago—when already vessels drawing fourteen feet were loading and unloading in water whose maximum depth in a state of nature had been about seven feet,—made it possible to continue the "dockisation" of the river into the days of steam. And thus the river, from Jamaica Bridge to the shipyards, is a real harbour, being both channel and dock: the largest coaster slips away from her quay like a train from a platform, and the huge liner may set her course for China or Peru by simply swinging her nose out into mid-stream. One of the so-called docks is merely an inset in the quay wall; the other two are so open to the river that they seem like natural lagoons. And so the river has an air of convincing reality as an open

highway and terminus of sea-commerce, filled by the tides, and continuous with all the Seven Seas. The skipper may wave farewell to his windows in Paisley Road while he rings up engines that are not to stop till the screw churns the mud of the Danube or the Mississippi.

It would be tedious to rhapsodise over the picturesque features of Glasgow Harbour, and there would be no excuse for doing so if Mr. Patrick Downie had brought his easel twenty miles upstream. The ugly bridge of the Caledonian Railway has robbed Jamaica Bridge of its birthright of scenic outlook; want of quay space will probably prevent the Broomielaw from taking advantage of ever-increasing railway fares to resume its rightful place as the opening scene of "doon-the-watter" festivities; and "that great fleet invincible" of Medina Sidonia is as likely to reappear in the English Channel as the Clutha flotilla in the Clyde. But even yet, on a summer holiday morning, the unpreoccupied watcher, looking down the river from the southern end of a Central Station platform, may behold Demos wedging himself into the "sherp end o' the boat," with intent to "sit on the selvedge" thereof and "smoke a seegaur"; and no southron exclusiveness or suspicion,—or, to put it more charitably, no concentrated preciousness of cargoes,—forbids our "stepping westward" along the quays into the alluring vista of the Lower Harbour. One living picture succeeds another: the black thunder-shower from a swinging truck on to a staggering "tramp"; a dog bark-

ing from the cottage-like deckhouse of a timber-laden Swedish brig; an unkempt Cornishman, with pipe in mouth, gazing out placidly from the companion-way of his trig little schooner; caulkers, carpenters, and smiths repairing minor damages; French sailors lying out on the dizzy topyards of Havre clippers; dim fo'c'sle-head chiaroscuros of Biscayans playing concertinas, Lascars washing themselves, and Chinamen mending clothes and exchanging jests of preternatural gravity. The sheer physical impressiveness of an outgoing Holt liner, Dreadnought of commerce,—with her towering bridges, erected lances of drawn-up derricks, and angry tongue-flick of smoke following the stentorian bellow that her blue-collared throat sends echoing over the Clyde valley, startling the hare on the Kilpatricks and the sheep on the Carmunnock braes,—is overshadowed by the human pathos of a Canadian emigrant steamer, straining with sullen reluctance at a thousand quivering tentacles of affection and sentiment, whose vibrant agony is but feebly expressed in tremulous cheers and the multitudinous fluttering of handkerchiefs. The flutterings and the cheers subside, breaking out again in feeble response to the ironical clatter of riverside industry, and dying away as the naked shoulders and bedizened bosom of their fallen mother flaunt before these exiled children,—who love her still, because they cannot comprehend the nature or the depth of the shame that has driven them, mutely wondering, from her venal breast.

In the strictly artistic sense, such reflections are

extraneous to the true picturesque, which must be independent of pathetic fallacies or political truisms. Human emotion does not flaw, but only permeates with right artistic subtleness, the sunset view from the General Terminus Quay, when the slowly rippling water brightens westward into the golden haze that is reflected in the shining sides of steamers, and the distant "tramp" seems Cleopatra's barge, and the masts and funnels in the Queen's Dock glow to the Midas-touch of the sinking sun, and the saffron light softens the contrast between the foliage and the cornices of St. Vincent Crescent, and the fretted fool's-cap of Gilmorehill becomes for a moment the cap of a spell-working wizard. Even the eastward bridges and towers assume a certain livid cheerfulness against the blue-black curtain of smoke; though to the native they recall too poignantly the dismal return from the summer holiday,—the dying of the sinking heart when the slow beat of the paddles gave place to the noisy throb of the winches and, while the parents looked for a cab, the disconsolate youngsters had their misery insulted by the spectacle of the Columba being warped round across the darkening river for next morning's journey to their lost Hesperides.

Such are the light trials, though keenly felt, of youth: the heavy miseries of eld are symbolised in the old mansions that the city has caught in her octopus arms, to gnaw and crunch and swallow at her leisure. There is a certain rude justice in their fate; for they themselves, in the day of their pride, were the

devourers and supplanters of still older mansions. Most of them marked the triumph of the new men of 1770-1820 over the small landed gentry and the earlier and less successful of the tobacco lords; they conquered by the guinea, and by the guinea have they been overcome. A signal example of such retribution is the destruction, within our own memory, of Cowlairs House, erected in 1824 on the site of the mansion where Michael Scott, the Wizard of the West Indies, was born in 1789. The ægis of a powerful family has preserved and kept habitable Haggs Castle (1585) and Auldhouse (1631), appanages of the Maxwells of Pollok; but of their crow-stepped and small-windowed congeners and contemporaries not a trace remains elsewhere within the urban area of Glasgow. To enumerate the 1700-1830 examples still extant of what may be termed the stripped and square-toed Italianate period of country house architecture, would be almost futile, since what is guide-book information to-day may be mere archæological history to-morrow. Data, also, are lacking, and I do not pretend to give in a paragraph a revised edition of that monumental but already out-of-date volume, "The Country Houses of the Glasgow Gentry." But a good idea of the mellowed Italianate mansion "in being" may be still got from a survey of Langside, Jordanhill, Pollok, and Garscube Houses, whose respective dates are 1776, 1782, 1800, and 1827. The golf craze—long may it last!—has brought a respite to Ruchill (1700), one of the oldest houses of its class, and to the superb and superbly

placed mansion of Killermont, a Kenmore within five minutes of a car station. A reprieve — which the melancholy fate of Kelvingrove House forbids our interpreting as a full pardon—has come to Bellahouston and Camphill (1800 and 1820), whose grounds are included in public parks. Craigton, when I last saw it, from a South-Western train, was a dog and cat home. Shawfield, whose builder, Campbell, M.P. in 1725, transmuted the iron that had entered into his constituents' souls into gold enough to buy Islay, is included, appropriately enough, among the premises of a chemical work.

All these buildings lie well out on the edge of the danger-zone. The middle phase of the degradation that has gone on within that zone may be studied, by those who are pathologically inclined, in the old mansion of the Dennistouns of Golfhill, which, amid the enclosing horrors of a manufacturing suburb, still presents a front of brave gentility in its shrunken garden—like the last Constantine in his beleaguered city. The final stage, in which the infirmities of age are aggravated by contumelious usage, has been reached by the decayed mansions scattered here and there on the eastern slopes of Garngadhill, the Baalbec of Glasgow, where Scoto-Irish squalor pullulates in the haunts of ancient luxury, like the spider-brood in kings' palaces. With their chipped cornices, window-patches of wood or of soiled garments, cracked walls powdered with chemical dust, and pillars sunk in the surrounding compôte of city mud, tin cans, broken bottles, and

rank grass, these pitiful structures, crutched on crazy lean-tos of stables and sheds, seem like battered old profligates hobbling amid the devastated scenes of youthful revels, which they find not merely swept and garnished, but infested by the nameless horrors of delirium tremens. Rub our eyes as we will, there seems no cheering assurance of reality about these straddling chemical works, those organ-pipes of Pandemonium belching forth convoluted sulphur, that murky valley across which a dim array of huddled ghosts are peering at us over the crest of a dreary hill. That hill is Glasgow's Golgotha, Sighthill, where over-emphasised dismalness defeats itself by suggesting that in such a spot it is better to be dead than alive. Balancing it on the south of Garngad is Glasgow's Campo Santo, the Dowanhill of the dead, the Machpelah of the Boyles, the Ewings, and the Finlays. Here the untiring spirits whose names are landmarks in Glasgow's history rest from their labours, and their works do follow them; and here absentee opulence, brought express from Strathpeffer or embalmed from Cannes, is laid in earth that its feet never trod, and makes acquaintance, through the elaborate architecture of its first Glasgow residence, with the sulphurous elements from which it was transmuted. Here also Stylites Knox, pointing with warning finger over the Molendinar ravine at the dark gaunt Cathedral, gives a note of vague impressiveness to a view whose macabre quality lightens up to Turneresqueness when the east-end smoke, thinned out by the west wind,

becomes porous to the potable gold of sunset and seems to solidify into, rather than merely envelop, the towers and chimneys and the dim Cathkin hills. Holiday-time must be added to the exceptional conditions that go to this effect: a West Indian sunset would hardly permeate, or a West Indian hurricane dispel, the east-end smoke-cloud of an ordinary working day. Even in the west-end, the smoke is seldom diluted to the consistency beloved of a Whistler or a Sidaner; and when it is, the promises thrown out by the fine architectural detail are apt to be defeated by a dull chilliness resulting from the blackness of the buildings and their too great height in proportion to the width of the streets. The north-and-south thoroughfares are cheerful only about noon of a bright week-day. Their evening aspect is, to say the least of it, depressing. On Sunday it is sepulchral. The sheeted dead of Rome were a bank-holiday crowd compared with the Sundayfied throng whom the clashing and clanging bells drive squeaking and shivering along these deep-cut grooves of a petrified and de-spiritualised Calvinism. The pitiful lack of open spaces, which is one of the tragedies of Glasgow, is to some extent made up for by the fine western vistas of Sauchiehall Street and Great Western Road; though one cannot but lament the illiberal short-sightedness that failed to make Garnethill the Castle Rock to Glasgow's Princes Street, throw a viaduct over from Park Drive to University Avenue, and prevent a coal depot from ruining the effect of Kelvin-

bridge. The might-have-beens of Glasgow architecture would drive a Hausmann insane. It is wisest to forget them, and to survey the city with the all-tolerant artistic eye that can detect most beauty where least was intended.

For such an eye, there are delightful surprises everywhere. Hill Street, with the massively simple church of St. Aloysius at one end, and the Durham-like view of the Woodsidehill houses and towers at the other, is a revelation of mainly unstudied effects. Argyle Street, frowsiest of European thoroughfares, is relieved by the Palladian composition of Minerva Street; and Minerva Street leads into the forlornly handsome St. Vincent Crescent, whose faded gentility, hiding the boiler-works and mean tenements of Kelvinhaugh, faces down across a bowling-green, a boating pond, and a railway line, to the masts and funnels and swinging lights of the Queen's Dock, and over the quay-sheds and shipyards of Govan to the dim villas of Dumbreck and the faint greenery of Bellahouston. The disappointments of Park Drive and Kelvinbridge are forgotten in two charming "bits" within a few hundred yards up and down the Kelvin. One is the view of the Kelvingrove Park from below the Sunlight Cottages, with the Kelvin and a little bronze fountain as gathering points in the middle distance, and the ascending tiers of the Woodsidehill houses balancing the Art Galleries and the city towers; the other is the view of the Kelvin from the south-west corner of Belmont Bridge, a view which approaches

in strikingness, and in breadth and freshness far excels, the much more famous prospect down the Water of Leith from the Dean Bridge.

VII.

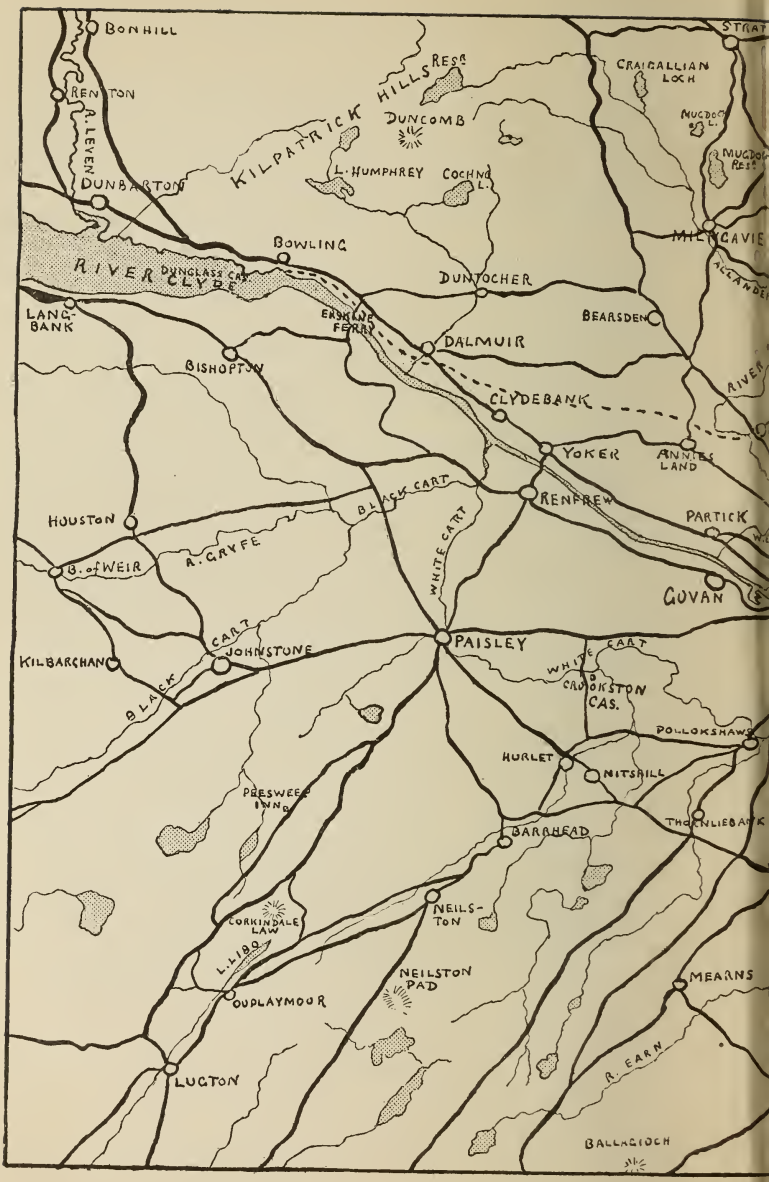
I have dwelt sufficiently on the architectural instances of civic myopia and academic presbyopia in Glasgow: let me now give hearty praise to the University for at least having fortified the finest site in Glasgow against the onset of the tenement battalions which have surged past it over Partickhill, Hyndland, and the scarified regions about Skaterigg; and to the Corporation for having followed the lead of nature at Kelvingrove, and of nature and the old Botanic Gardens Company at Kelvinside. Linked together, as they ought to have been, Kelvingrove Park and the Botanic Gardens would have formed beyond all question the finest public park in the British Isles. Even as it is, Kelvingrove is an almost unique piece of urban gardening, and it is a thousand pities that nature's paramount part in the composition should in one respect have been so badly repaid. Individualism is a good thing in its way, but it has been grossly overdone in Glasgow; the misconstruction of liberty as the right of every man to be as much of a public nuisance as his caprice decides, his interests prompt, and his means permit, has made our city the cemetery of art, and our parks the cemeteries of nature. It is characteristic of this perverted and provincial attitude of mind that we should have spent some £2,250,000

in trying to purify the Clyde, which at its nastiest never did any appreciable harm, and that we should allow careless householders and non-resident manufacturers to go on poisoning the private and public lungs of the city as they please. The smoke-problem—the deliberately discouraging term under which we have shelved indefinitely the simplest and most urgent of our social questions — presents us with one of the queerest paradoxes of materialism.

A has a gas-jet in his single apartment; B is the owner of furnaces and chemical works. A turns on his gas-jet and goes for a walk down Cowcaddens, leaving his wife or child to be asphyxiated. B has his furnaces and stink-pots turned on, and goes fishing in Norway, leaving his fellow-citizens to have their lungs corroded and to die of pneumonia or phthisis. A is haled before a magistrate—before B perhaps, if B can spare time from fishing or pheasant-breeding to perform civic duties,—and is committed to the High Court to be tried for murder: B is made a representative elder, a deputy-lieutenant, a baronet, and a P.C., and dies in the peppermint odour of Presbyterian sanctity, and gets columns of eulogy in the papers. "Ah!" says your sand-blind Socialist, "the hallowed end of gain sanctified the means in B's case; he is shielded by the sacred rights of property." But A's end was gain also—insurance-money, or some such trifle. Also, A destroyed no property to speak of, except a few cubic feet of gas, which his effects probably paid for: B destroyed other people's clothes,

other people's buildings, kept daylight from them and compelled them to use gas or electric light, and never offered or was asked to pay for these things. Where is the moral? There is none. There is only the inference that our social economics are, to say the least of it, a little defective.

Next to the Green, Kelvingrove is the worst sufferer from smoke, but it is also the only one of the Glasgow parks that has a decided spectacular value apart from its trees and plants. The others are merely outlying fields and large gardens saved from immediate destruction and reserved for a lingering death, and it is no disparagement to them to wish that the space they occupy were distributed throughout the city. If it were so distributed; if the smoke-problem were to be brought forward out of the smoke simply as the smoke-question, and to get its quietus in a direct answer; if the heights of new buildings were properly regulated, and poster advertisements dealt with according to a public standard of tidiness equal to the private standard of a self-respecting workman, — we should be astonished at the result. The architectural growth of Glasgow on its dozen hills has been of unsurpassed strength and luxuriance: only a little vigorous weeding and cleaning and thinning-out are required to make our city one of the most beautiful, as it is already one of the most interesting and imposing, in the whole world.


BONHILL
RENTON
A. LEVEN
DUNBARTON
KILPATRICK HILLS
RESR
DUNCOMB
L. HUMPHREY
COCHNO L.
CRAIGALLIAN LOCH
MUCDOCH L.
MUCDOCH RESR
STRAT
MILNGAVIE
ALCANDER
RIVER CLYDE
DUNGLASS CAN.
BOWLING
DUNTOCHER
ERSKINE FERRY
BEARSDEN
LANG-BANK
DALMUIR
BISHOPTON
CLYDEBANK
RIVER
YOKER
ANNIES LAND
RENFREW
BLACK CART
WHITE CART
HOUSTON
PARTICK
B. of WEIR
A. GRYFE
GOVAN
PAISLEY
KILBARCHAN
CART
JOHNSTONE
BLACK
WHITE CART
CAMBORSTON CAS.
POLLOKSHAWS
HURLET
NITSHILL
PEESWEEP INN
THORNLIEBANK
BARRHEAD
CORKINDALE LAW
NEILS-TON
L. LIBO
NEILSTON PAD
MEARNS
DUPLAYMOOR
LUCTON
R. EARN
BALLAGIOCH


CAMPSIE & KILSYTH HILLS
CROW ROAD
CAMPSIE GLEN
KILSYTH
BLAIRSKAITH MOOR
LENNOXTOWN
MILTON
RIVER KELVIN
CUMBERNAULD
TORRANCE
KELVIN
KIRKINTILLOCH
RIVER
LUGGIE WATER
LENZIE
CHRYSTON
SKETCH MAP OF
CLASCOVIA
SCALE: ½ INCH TO A MILE
0 ¼ ½ ¾ 1 2 3
ROADS
RIVERS
CANALS
BISHOPBRIGGS
SPRINGBURN
STEPS
BISHOP LOCH
HOGGANFIELD LOCH
AIRDRIE
COATBRIDGE
SHETTLESTN
BAILLIESTN
THE WHIFFLET
N. CALDER WR.
GLASGOW GREEN
MT. FLORIDA
R. CLYDE
RUTHERGLEN
CATHCART
CAMBUSLANG
BELLSHILL
CATHKIN BRAES
ROTTEN CALDER WR.
BOTHWELL
BOTHWELL CAS.
BOTHWELL BRI.
BLANTYRE
CARMUNNOCK
HAMILTON PALACE
MOTHERWELL
KITTOCH WR.
HIGH BLANTYRE
HAMILTON
R. CLYDE
EAST KILBRIDE
CADZOW CAS.
R. AVON
LARKHALL

GLASGOVIA.

How Glasgow compares with old Jerusalem in compactness it would be difficult to say, but figures are hardly needed to prove that Glasgow is more compactly built together than any other large British city. As a matter of fact, its area is barely equal to that of Birmingham or Edinburgh, and only three-fifths of that of Liverpool. But to those whose recollections of Glasgow go back forty or even twenty years, its present aspect is one of monstrous inflation. Its progress over the eminences of Balmano, Firpark, Garngad, Blythswood, Garnethill, Golfhill, Woodsidehill, Hillhead, Dowanhill, Partickhill, and Mount Florida—to name them in the approximate order of colonisation—had been sedately gradual; and from 1870 to well on in the nineties it consisted chiefly in the imperceptible spreading of shops and tenements over the less choice areas between and around the outmost of these eminences, the crests of which had been secured by villas and better-class terraces. This filling-up process —owing very largely to the short-sightedness of the Corporation, the inherited crowding habits of the

people, and the exorbitant feus demanded and prohibitive architectural conditions imposed by the landed proprietors round the city—would probably have gone on indefinitely, resulting, perhaps, in an application of the sky-scraper principle to tenements, had it not been for the installation of the electric car system in 1901. Since that time the financial expression of the new craving for better houses and fresher air has become more and more effectual in overcoming the scruples of estate-owners. During the last decade the long pent-up population has burst away in all directions. Continuous rows of villas, cottages, and tenements connect the city with outlying towns and villages which, before the cars came, had as distinct and separate an existence as any remote Perthshire clachan ; and alongside the flying columns of the high roads, the main army steals up silently over once lonely hills, and deploys down over marshes and meadows that, only a few months before, were the safe haunts of the heron and the hare. Every day sees the opening of a new suburb, with unheard-of advantages in the way of modern conveniences and easy access, in some quarter whose name had previously been known only to County historians and the Ordnance Survey.

From an altruistic point of view, of course, this opening-out tendency must be regarded as highly satisfactory. Indeed, it can hardly be said to have gone far enough yet in a city where the average density of population is about 70 to the acre, and in some quarters five, eight, and even fourteen times

that number. On the other hand, it is perhaps to be regretted that the city had not managed, consistently with individual well-being, to retain its almost ideal limits of some twenty-five years ago, when a line connecting Whiteinch Station, Maryhill Station, Springburn Cross, Parkhead Cross, Oatlands Ferry, Mount Florida, Queen's Park Gate, and Govan Cross, would have enclosed not only all the urban area of Glasgow, but many a farm, bathing-pool, and picnic resort, and one or two roads lonely enough to be avoided by nervous people after dark. At most of the turning angles of the line, the division between town and country was as sharp as it must have been at the gates of a mediæval city; twenty steps, or less, exchanged the odours of the fried-fish shops and spirit vaults for those of briar and wild thyme, and the cries of coalmen and their blowsy customers for the notes of the shyest woodland birds. Middle-aged pedestrians are not likely to forget, or to cease regretting, the romantically dramatic touch which this swift transition gave to their youthful excursions around Glasgow. The romance was heightened, too, by the sense of a secret and exclusive property in the regions they explored. Hugh Macdonald had few followers: the average member of a trading and working-class community is hopelessly thirled to convention, and wholly incapable of the initiative that pedestrianism demands: and so, while the Kyles of Bute and the Rhine, Ben Nevis and Mont Blanc, Edinburgh, London, and Paris, were cheapened in the

mouths of Glasgow shopkeepers, the more imaginative and enterprising spirits had bowers of beauty kept quiet for them in the folds and valleys of the Cathkin Braes and the Campsie Fells. The bowers have been trampled down, the secret temples rifled and profaned. But the beauty and the mystery have passed inviolate within the veil of memory; and nature has but withdrawn herself a little from the rude mechanic paw, that will have relaxed its defiling touch upon her garments, and crumbled into dust, long before a lineament of her serene and ageless countenance is altered.

II.

Within the imaginary line which we have described, lie all the older and some of the newer suburbs of Glasgow. Generally speaking, the newer ones present no characteristics beyond those arising from the varying incomes of their inhabitants,—except, perhaps, Hyndland, whose pre-eminence in the Births-column of the *Herald*, however, is not due to any occult influence of soil or atmosphere, but simply to the fascination which tiled closes, enamelled woodwork, electric light, overmantels, and wonderful press accommodation exert over the dominant unit of engaged or newly-married couples. Of the older quarters that may still be reckoned as suburbs, Hillhead is the most mellowed and most interesting, Kelvinside the handsomest and most imposing, and Dowanhill the prettiest and freshest. These three are also the most exclusive; ownership of a

self-contained house in any one of them constituting a patent of gentility, while Dowanhill is regarded as the stepping-off place for the Grange and Upper Norwood. Each, however, has its own peculiar distinction: Hillhead derives a faint academic tincture from the contiguity of the University, while the popular voice has thrust upon Kelvinside the honour of having produced a new variant of English, whose principal feature is the reduction of the A, E, and I sounds to a common measure somewhere between ee and eh. "Keelvinsyde," however, has been authoritatively stated by etymologists to be merely the emasculate offspring of an irregular alliance between Hillhead Glasgow and "sodger English." Pollokshields, indeed, might reasonably claim to have cradled it, for a debased form of it is an accessory to the not very brilliant efforts of some of the young people in that opulent and very beautiful suburb to ape the manners, or lack of manners, of the Smart Set. Newlands, and even Giffnock, sound a few feeble notes of it, and its last dying echoes are silenced by the thrushes of Thorntonhall. In Dennistoun it has never ventured to lift its pipe against the robustious grumble of pure-bred Glasgow. The old brigade of shopkeeping and "werrus" Glasgow has drawn up its last entrenchments on the slopes of Golfhill.

In solidity and handsomeness of buildings, the Glasgow suburbs easily excel those of London, Manchester, Liverpool, or Edinburgh. But in general attractiveness their rank is not remarkably high.

Tenements have a pleasing effect in the centre of a city, where they form a deep frame for shop and street lights and the kaleidoscopic movement of traffic. In the suburbs they frame only a detached and monotonous section of life, dwarf the trees, and clash lamentably with the rurality menaced by their raw gable-ends. A discordant and unsettling note, also, is struck by their constant intrusion into the older villa-suburbs; the lingering architectural tragedies of Garngad, Golfhill, and Garnethill are being re-enacted at Ibrox and Partick, and Dowanhill itself is threatened. Even people who are only normally sentimental must harbour resentment against the hideous pink caterpillar that sprawls over ancient pastures, devouring ancestral woodlands and spewing brick and lime, and glares down with blind insatiateness at the wilted garden of some mellow old suburban villa, where the youthful memories of three generations cling like the fading old-fashioned flowers. One trusts that the newer villa suburbs may be permitted to attain a pleasing maturity: at present most of them suffer badly from the summer absenteeism of their owners, which permits of the incongruous setting of held-up stances given over to rank vegetation and miscellaneous filth, and takes the pith out of any efforts either to struggle against or to mitigate the smoke nuisance. The suburban hopes of Glasgow rest chiefly on West Pollokshields, where the huge sums invested in villa property are at least a pledge that the advantages of a magnificent outlook and of comparative freedom

from the overhead cesspool of the city will be preserved for some considerable time.

III.

Among the conversational counters that save the wear and tear of cerebral currency among our friends of South Britain, and permit of the closing down of all their intellectual mintages beyond the number demanded by administrative and publishing requirements, there is one to the effect that the best thing about Glasgow is the ease with which you can get out of it. This pregnant saying, of course, refers merely to the function of our city as a caravanserai on the pilgrim route to the Trossachs, the Kyles of Bute, and the Homes and Haunts of Robert Burns; the necessity of changing trains, and the consequent advisability of making a few minor purchases, being practically all that distinguishes Glasgow in tourist geography from Turin or Bâle. Of the Season Ticket Territory of Glasgow, the tourist recks as little as he does of the local news in the *Herald* he buys at St. Enoch's or the Central Station.

The Glasgow man is apt to gird a little at this cavalier attitude, which seems invidious when one thinks of the attention paid to the far less beautiful and not conspicuously more interesting surroundings of Edinburgh. But for every why there is a wherefore. The romantic aureole of Edinburgh heightens the picturesque and historical values of Roslin Chapel,

Dalkeith Palace, Craigmillar Castle, Rullion Green, and Pinkie: the intrinsically far higher tones of Paisley Abbey, Hamilton Palace, Bothwell Castle, Bothwell Bridge, and Langside, are lowered by the prosaic aura of a city which Mr. Birrell would no doubt class with Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, among his "dim destitute places." Actual physical blight has intensified the mental shadow: the scenic and historic interest of Clydesdale was richest, naturally, in the alluvial tract along the river from Crossford down to Erskine Ferry, and this has been the main path of the coal dragon and the tenement caterpillar, who have smirched and beslimed everything that they have not utterly destroyed. What lies clear of their track on the south-west and north-east can be matched or surpassed around Edinburgh; and the unique features to the south, west, and north-west are overshadowed by the beauties to which, in the tourist apprehension, they form merely the foreground approaches; the Tweed-like loveliness of the Clyde between Stonebyres and Dalserf, by the Falls of Clyde; the Rhine-like stretch between Erskine and Dunbarton, by the Lower Firth; the Campsies and Strathendrick, by the Perthshire Grampians and the "Trossàcks." But we are not English tourists all, and those of us who can worship nature without the Baedeker service-book will find that, by a local interpretation, the gibe of the Cockney bagman about Glasgow is transformed like the intended curse of Baalam.

AT THE BACK O' BALLAGIOCH.

IV.

If the boundaries of Glasgow were declared to be those of the maximum fog-bank of Lower Clydesdale, then, according to the records of the last great visitation—in November, 1909—the city would extend from Stonebyres Fall to the Cloch Lighthouse, and from Thorntonhall north-east to Cumbernauld, and would have an area of about 500 square miles. But the region of actual blight lies well within this area, and does not amount, possibly, to more than 100 square miles. And even within that region, the persistence of nature or the efforts of man have preserved many an oasis that may help one to realise the extent of a tragedy tantamount to the filling-up of the Thames valley, from Staines to Hammersmith, with the reeking hideousness that stretches from Birmingham to Wolverhampton. The indignities that the deflowered body of nature has to suffer at Carmyle and Kenmuir, and indeed in every place where private rights do not afford her a secure mausoleum, impart a touch of grim mockery to the exuberant journalese of Hugh Macdonald. But "still a garden by the water grows" at Cadzow Castle and Hamilton Palace, whose policies, scowled at by Hamilton, Wishaw, Motherwell, and Bellshill, are like sections of Killiecrankie and of Richmond jointed together and thrust into the black country of Lancashire. The once so desirable village of Bothwell has been bitten and blasted by collieries; but Blantyre Priory, close at hand, still forms part of one of the noblest pieces of river scenery in Britain. Except

for the very necessary iron railings round the tree-clumps, Cathkin on a Sunday morning recalls the forest primeval through which the legions of Agricola approached the north-western confines of Roman dominion. Bedlay and Provanhall, haunts of ancient peace, receive as yet only the wind-blown scurf of the spreading wound into which the open sores of Coatbridge, Airdrie, Langloan, and "The Whifflet" have coalesced. The rich sylvan holm of the Cart between Cathcart Castle and Busby has been spared by the urban lava-stream that has obliterated Cathcart and Langside villages. Private munificence has saved Rouken Glen, the city-ward terminus of Christopher North's rambles from the manse of Mearns. Judicious selection of a point of view eliminates the ugly features that threaten the broad "malerisch" qualities of Inchinnan and Erskine. Bowling, the winter bed of Clyde steamboats, remains one of the most temptingly "paintable" of west-country harbours. Private policies separate Bearsden and Garscadden from the city, whose crude pink battalions on the airy brow of Maryhill menace the pastoral beauties of the Kelvin valley, into which they have sent a flying squadron that threatens the romantic loveliness of Bardowie Loch and Castle. Possil March and Cawder Woods are still the haunts of the naturalist and the painter, and the generosity of the captains of Springburn industry has diverted the overflow of the city from Balgray Hill, and permitted the citizens to share with them the noble prospect commanded by the

mansion of Mosesfield. It is to be hoped that the stream may be diverted also from the fine old mansion of Huntershill, which, as the Mount Vernon of our modern political liberties, is equally worthy of our affectionate reverence with the Compiègne of our national independence, Robroyston, two miles to the east. If Wallace laid down his life to save us from England, Thomas Muir staked his to save us from ourselves.

V.

The area over which a perennial Krakatoa of industrialism like Glasgow distributes its unsolicited favours of soot and sulphur is much larger than is generally supposed. In calm summer weather a perceptible dimness extends even beyond the Season Ticket Territory of Lower Clydesdale; and tongues innocent of the Glasgow accent taste the Glasgow atmosphere. It is said that when the wind is in the north-east, the housewives of Brodick have to take in their linen from the washing-green. The prevailing winds being from the south-west, however, the region of open country most affected by the smoke of Glasgow is the one lying to the north-east of the city; the dominion of blight in this direction being limited only by the independent wind currents that play over the Carse of Stirling between the Grampians and the Firth of Forth. To be comparatively so little spoiled by local industries, the country lying between the Kilsyth Hills and the Black Country of Old and New Monkland is, on the whole, singularly unattractive. It varies between

flat black moorland, studded with coal-pits and brick-fields, and low hills of stiff clay, given up to an inferior class of farming. The streams are small, turbid, and sluggish, the trees sparse and stunted, and the general contour of the landscape tame to weariness. There is a want of freshness; it is a land in which it is always afternoon, — a dull afternoon. The life of the city turns involuntarily away from it, like a flower from a dark corner of a garden. Lenzie, its one detached suburb of any size, owes its existence chiefly to an express railway service, and Bishopbriggs and Stepps Road are creations of local convenience. But nature is seldom irredeemably ugly. There are oases in this desert. The glen of Castlecary is a not unworthy background to one of the theatres of Roman enterprise; the Luggie, which inspired our Scottish Keats, David Gray, traverses many a vista of unexplored loveliness before it shudders into view of Kirkintilloch; the Canal is really pretty at some points; and an hour's climb from Kilsyth to the summit of Tomtain or the Meikle Bin takes us out of the soiled pages of a pocket edition of Bridgeton to the frame of a glorious outspread map of Central Scotland.

VI.

It will be news for many people, I fancy, that the area of highest average elevation in Great Britain is the one enclosed by the enormous loop of the Clyde from its source to Ailsa Craig; excluding, of course, the Ayr-

shire plains and the low land along the riverside from Hamilton down to Langbank. This vast undulating upland, whose complex river systems are the veins to the surrounding artery of the river and Firth of Clyde,—which enclose it on all sides save one, like a great moat,—attains its highest point, naturally, at its south-eastern nucleus, where it forms, as it were, a knuckly hand grasping, from its inner side, the handle of the whip or fishing-line formed by the main course of the Clyde from Queensberry to Ballantrae,—as if with intent to smite Arthur's Seat with Ailsa Craig, or to land Arran, like a huge fish, on the slopes of Cheviot. The weltering confusion of these metaphors and similes is resolved into prosaic simplicity on a glance at the Ordnance Survey map, where the mountain billows are seen to sink away north-west, gradually and in diminishing proportion, from the huge roller of the Lowthers (2403 feet), by way of Cairntable, Distincthorn, Dungavel, Ballagioch, and Corkindale Law, to the valley of the Black Cart and the Garnock, the only point at which the upland can be traversed at a lower elevation than 500 feet. West of this valley, the same general features repeat themselves briefly in the undulating descent from Mistilaw and the Hill of Stake to the low line of hills that dips steeply to the old beach of the Clyde between Port-Glasgow and Largs, and whose configuration echoes that of Dechmont and the Cathkins.

The Glasgow region of this upland may be reckoned as bounded by a line drawn along the tops of the

hills from Strathaven to Ballagioch, and thence by Mistilaw to Loch Thom, above Greenock. Above the arable and dairying level,—about 750 feet,—this region consists of smooth hills of shale, gracefully crested here and there, but often lumpish, and covered with dark peat-mosses, or by coarse rank grass fed on by hill sheep. The streams are insignificant, and unrelieved by chasms or cataracts; the lochs are few and drumly; but there is something superbly stimulating in breezy weather, and delightfully soothing in calm weather, about this great springy table-land, where one may wander for hours, and even days, without hearing anything but the cries of sheep or moorland birds, the murmur of hidden burns, or, now and again, the whistle of a distant train whose steam can just be made out in the broad dim valley that blurs the lower slopes of the snow-streaked Grampians, or in a southward vale that spreads out fanwise over the green plains of Ayrshire towards the sandy tracts from which the smoke of Irvine and Stevenston trails upward across the pearly blue of the Lower Firth, to lose itself against the grey-blue mass of Arran. Whether the attractions of the district are enhanced by its Covenanting associations, depends, of course, upon the temperament and upbringing of the pedestrian. But even an Episcopalian will not grudge turning aside to look at the Drumclog monument, or to inspect the Killing-time relics in the farm of which the Howies have been tenants since before the Reformation.

Between the 750 and 250 feet levels of this upland, lies the pastoral district of Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire; in some respects the most charming, as it is beyond question the most healthful, of all the regions round about Glasgow. The soil is for the most part cold and stiff clay, the contours are gentle, the streams are shallow and utterly devoid of "savage" features; the small manufacturing towns—fortunately they are very small and very few—are of true Scottish ugliness; and, with a few exceptions like Kittochside and Mearns, the non-modernised villages have the authentic West Country stamp of sordid slovenliness. But the grass is rich and abundant, and the liberal and tasteful planting of woodlands has not been paid for by the desolating influence of any huge dukery or barony. The economic aspect of the country is pleasingly natural; the small and cosy estates, containing many an exquisite "bit" of river scenery, are set-off by the frequent farms scattered over the hillsides, and the lowing of kine is seldom broken by the crackle of the fowling-piece. I have been east, I have been west; but nowhere have I come across a more delightful walk than the one along the rear slopes of the Cathkins from the Market Hill at East Kilbride to the village of Carmunnock. The restriction of the view by the moorland hills on the south, and by the purplish smoke-cloud of Glasgow and of its singeing hinterland on the north and north-east, is favourable to unpreoccupied enjoyment of the fine foreground and finer middle distance; and these, again,

tune the eye for the grandiose prospect from the crest between Kittochside and Carmunnock. Beyond and above the wooded dip of the Cart valley, ridge after ridge, each fainter and more atmospheric than the one before it, slopes down from the Renfrewshire hills, in varying rhythm of contour, and ripples softly into woodland before it merges into the vague floor of the Clyde valley, at whose extreme north-west corner, beneath the ghostly shapes of the Argyllshire hills, one imagines rather than sees the tip of Dunbarton Rock. This walk and its culminating prospect, however, differ only slightly in degree, and not at all in kind, from the experiences that await the wanderer over any of the pastoral slopes between East Kilbride and Langbank. Christopher North, indeed, would have given the palm to the walk up the Earn from Waterfoot, a Paisley man would give it to the path over the Gleniffer Braes to Neilston, a Kilmacolm man to the cross-country walk from his village to the foot of Mistilaw, a Greenock man to the Sabbath-day's stroll along the "Cut." The impartial stranger had better try them all. They are all well worth trying.

VII.

Of the arable and alluvial land to the south-west of Glasgow,—the plains and lower hills of Renfrewshire,—the average train-traveller to Gourock and Greenock knows about as much as the average P. & O. passenger knows about Arabia. And yet it is a region worth exploring. It contains some of the finest farming

MUGDOCK CASTLE AND LOCH.

land in Scotland, some of the finest trees, one of the finest lowland lakes—Lochwinnoch,—three of the most picturesque of slow-flowing rivers—the two Carts and the Gryfe, — and a village which, until recently, was perhaps the quaintest in Scotland. I shall remember till my dying day that I heard the last of the Kilbarchan weavers—he must have been the last—quoting Shakespeare in a public-house. The hum of the electric car has silenced the click of the last handloom, and the statue of Habbie Simpson stares ruefully down at smart tea-rooms, and shudders at that awful inevitable thing, the pink tenement with the postered gable. It was cruel of Paisley and Johnstone to put forth their paws on this one ewe lamb of the picturesque. In default of a secret language known only to sympathetic lovers of the beautiful, such actions almost impose upon writers a certain reticence regarding the still unrifled beauties contiguous to great manufacturing centres. So I shall say nothing about what lies in the triangle between Renfrew, Kilbarchan, and Langbank; except that those who want to give themselves a new sensation and their friends a surprise should find their way to Inkerman and send post-cards from there. Renfrew cannot be made worse, and might possibly be made better, by being talked about; but what is there to say, except that man is excelling himself there in turning a garden of nature into a Gehenna of industrialism? Elderslie and Johnstone are not much better. As for that nest of singing birds on the flowery banks of the pellucid Cart, who shall

draw out Leviathan with a hook,—especially if he is sticking in Cart mud,—or put Paisley in a paragraph ? What pen can do justice to the view southward,—on a drumly November afternoon, say, —from between the colossal Coats (and hats) statues, with the banks and offices on the right sinking in rapid diminuendo of imposingness towards the vague undergrowth of chimney-stalks, and, on the left, the George A. Clark Town Hall holding its mock-classical nose in the air and standing on tiptoe in the sewer that sneaks stinking away beneath the bridge to caress the walls of Paisley Jail? Paisley, that gave poor Tannahill birth, could not give him appreciation, could not even give him a river to drown himself in: he had to have recourse to the Paisley and Johnstone Canal. But let us not be hard on Paisley. She has one of the loveliest old abbeys in Scotland, of which she recks little; and one of the handsomest modern churches in Britain, of which she is inordinately proud; and on the hill behind and to north of the Coats Church is a residential district of such a quaint, sombre, and soothing mellowness that one fancies oneself in Berwick-on-Tweed or the old New Town of Edinburgh, and, remembering where one really is, marvels at the delay of the tenement-caterpillar. There is the Observatory, too, and the Museum, and an Art Gallery, where the biggest and worst Noel Paton extant—and these superlatives mean something—balances, or over-balances, a remarkable symphony in tile hats and trousers, called "Paisley Cross, 1868," which must be seen to be believed.

VIII.

Superlatives are always dangerous, but I can quite confidently venture the assertion that no other city in the world, of anything like the size of Glasgow, is neighboured by a district so full of pervasive, subtle, and varied charm as the one lying for about six or eight miles on each side of a line drawn from Bearsden to Aberfoyle. Its charm, like that of a certain pale, melancholy, latently passionate type of serious coquette, defies any attempt at analysis : to those who do not instinctively feel it, it can never be explained, and those who do feel it no more need or desire an explanation of it than a connoisseur of wine needs or desires a chemical analysis of his favourite vintages. If one had to give this charm a name, one might be justified in applying to it, in a strict and purified sense, that much abused word, Romance, a term which could best be explained by an adequate description, if that were possible, of western Stirlingshire and the south-west borders of Perthshire. For the beauty of Strathblane, Strathendrick, and Menteith is a hybrid and equivocal beauty, an indistinguishable blending of Highland and Lowland characteristics. A scientist would attribute it simply to the intrusion of volcanic or plutonic influences into a region of clay, alluvium, and slatey rock, and would describe the dominating geological feature as metamorphic. No doubt this is the cardinal explanation of the wealth and variety of vegetation ; of the piquant contrasts between savage chasms and smiling gardens, between thundering cataracts and

gently moving rivers; between bald and wrinkled mountain-slopes, and policies of almost exotic richness; between scowling corries where the thunder sleeps, and emerald meadows where the sunshine rests; between the rugged columns of mountain walls, and fields heavy with corn or peopled by browsing kine; in short, of a compendious beauty which we should describe as miniature, were it not that many of its features would be more than ordinarily impressive, even if they were not set off by contiguous features of a contrasting or complemental kind. But this topographical enhancement is itself heightened by a multitude of adventitious circumstances: by the wonderful west-country atmosphere, in turn a voluminous robe, a gauzy veil, and an enhancing glass to nature's beauty; by the proximity of a great city, near enough to give moral support and mental contrast, but not near enough to annoy the senses with any active hint of its existence; by romantic associations with the Jameses and their hunting barons, with Mary, Queen of Scots, with the Earls of Menteith, with the great Marquis, with Bonnie Dundee, with the Grahams of Gartmore, with Mr. Kirk of Aberfoyle (who wrote the history of the Fairies and passed among them at his death), with Rob Roy, and with a host of other people of importance, remote enough to have left only the romantic aura that hangs about their ruined castles or deserted haunts; and, lastly, by the nearness of Loch Lomond, which, to the wise wanderer about Strathendrick or Cameron Moor, is no mere tourist-track to

English or American deer-forests, or to much-advertised scenery interspersed with expensive hotels; but a magic waterway, a fairy lake, leading on the fancy into the dim enchanted land sentinelled by the great mountains that line the horizon from Ben Ime and the Cobbler to Uam Vaar.

But to attempt to analyse the inimitable charm of this sub-Highland region is like trying to explain away a Turner or a Corot by an enumeration of the pigments employed in painting it. It is a land of subtly-blended half-tones; and it is in the half-tones that the whole charm of life consists. That man is little to be envied in whom the view from Dungoyne or the Stockiemuir awakens only an imperious desire to reach the Trossachs or climb Ben Venue. He is the sort of person who would degrade a stage-fancy by a greenroom introduction, or marry a girl after an acquaintance of three weeks. He is the golden-casket suitor. Verily, he has his reward. But his reward is not to be expressed in the same currency as that of the luxuriously continent wanderer on the Pisgah slopes of the Campsies or Kilpatricks.

To descend from the general analysis to the categorical description of beauties which, in reasonably fine weather, realise and transcend, over and over again, the scenes of James Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," or the visions of the Golden Age that Milton borrowed from the landscape painters of his time, is frankly beyond my powers. A thousand golden memories of Saturday-afternoon walks about Strath-

blane and Strathendrick crowd to the point of my pen, like grain to the neck of a hopper; but my mental machinery is not equal to the task of grinding them down into literary flour. I can only run a few of them at random through my fingers. First there come the three approaches to the heart of the sub-Highland region: By Rob Roy's road over the Stockiemuir, from the crest of which one obtains the most dramatic and alluring view of Loch Lomond, a view which, opening and varying as one turns aside to the Whangie, gives place at last, as one keeps south over the table-land of the Kilpatricks, to the wider glories of the upper Firth, best seen at sunset from the cliffs above Bowling; by Mugdock Castle (a grim lakeside keep transformed into a Tennysonian Castle) over the broom-mantled and loch-gemmed moor, and down into Strathblane, where the earliest cuckoo of the year is heard from the wooded bluffs that overhang the green holm, and the June hyacinths are like blue smoke amid the trees, and the saffron sunlight of autumn evenings is like a translucent Lethe of earthly cares; or by Blairskaith Moor, past the inscrutable dolmens of the Auld Wives' Lift, to the romantic glen of Campsie, through the wild pass of the Crow Road to the majestic Loup of Fintry,—a cataract out of Shelley,—and down by Fintry through the Scottish vale of Tempe, Strathendrick, to hill-seated Balfron, lovely Killearn (a sumptuous opera-box facing the Highland proscenium), and the deep-sunk Pot of Gartness, where the salmon leap all day, and whose hoarse voice, on still nights,

takes up the rumble of the last train, and eddies up the lonely slopes like a vast slow maelstrom of sound, rising and falling with the fitful breeze. These routes, with their exquisite asides,—Cochno, Craigallian Loch (where nature has anticipated the composition of the painter), Baldernock Church and Village, and the wall-like crest of the Campsie and Kilsyth Hills,—are strictly within the zone of Glasgovia : what lies beyond,—the old-world villages of Drymen and Gartocharn, lost in the trailing skirts of Highland beauty,—Gartmore, fast asleep on its hill by the clear deep Forth,—Buchlyvie and Kippen, slumbering secure behind the broad bolster of the Fintry Hills,—the northern gateway of the sub-Highland region, Aberfoyle, a Glasgow suburb in a quaint Swiss setting of cliffs and waterfalls,—belongs, topographically at least, to Scotland at large, and is somewhat out of our province. Yet one may linger in it for a moment to remind or inform the reader that, if his soul is properly in tune, the perfect, inimitable chord of Highland and Lowland beauty,—the soft and yet conquering coda of all this wonderful symphony of loveliness that I have been trying in vain to describe,—will thrill along every fibre of his being when he rows alone, or with his twin-soul, upon the moonlit waters of the Lake of Menteith, where even the Royal romance that clings with the ivy around the ruined priory on the ghostly island will seem an almost superfluous accessory to an incomparable and inexpressible effect.

A GARDEN OF YOUTH.

The Garden of My Heart is not situated in a remote corner of Loamshire, fifteen miles from the nearest railway station. The bees do not hum in it, at least to any great extent; the oratorios of its feathered choristers are apt to be penetrated by sounds of a more potently vibrant order; and a Marvell might lie long enough beneath any of its rather bitten trees before ripe apples dropped about his head,—though not before a warbling angel in blue directed his attention to the bye-laws of this urban Eden, or more insidious monitions suggested an even more urgent reason for moving on.

Yet my Garden has some claims to literary celebration not possessed by the trim secluded haunts of the average gardenist. It is of fairly respectable dimensions, 100 acres or thereby; it includes the lower and fairest portion of a song-famed valley watered by a river both geographically and historically reckonable, and the slopes of two hills that would rank as mountains in Middlesex or Buckinghamshire; and from the summits of these hills it is commanded, on one side, by the overpowering neo-Gothic canopy of a world-

renowned Seat of Learning, and, on the other, by a more imposing range of neo-Renaissance residences than dominates the lush magnificence of any ducal demesne.

The wooden horse of our infancy is older to us than the wooden horse of Troy. I am intellectually aware that Kelvingrove Park, as a park, dates only from the fifties: my inward eye still retains a cinematographic picture of twelve Irish heavy-weights lying along a rope looped round the chimneyhead of a farm (we had got our milk from it) that stood on the site now occupied by the bowling-green in South Woodside Road; and the lowing of homeward-moving kine mingles, in my summer-evening memories of the spot, with the bellowings of shirt-sleeved shop-keepers hirpling in the wake of the wobbling bowl, their gesticulations mocked by fantastically lengthened shadows along the velvet sward. But to us who have rin aboot the braes of Kelvingrove and pu'ed its gowans fine,—when the peeler was not appealing, or when there were any gowans to pull,—the park still appears, as it did then, part of the forest primeval, as integral and inevitable a unit of the sum of things as the sun, the moon, or (to come full circle) the Park Ranger himself.

The Park Ranger! What an image of Cæsarean despotism, of Rhadamanthine implacableness, that ancient of days presented to us! The very limits of his power increased our sense of its absoluteness within these limits. Outside of his jurisdiction, we could talk

lightly and even depreciatingly of him. But to walk into the Park was to pass within the magic circle of a mighty enchanter: we were his, body and soul. Our awe was intensified by the mystic appeal of the nondescript uniform that differentiated him from the ordinary policeman, the mere unit of physical force represented by whose baton seemed as nothing compared with the terrors concealed in that apparently inefficacious cane, a wizard's wand whose mere touch (we thought) would deprive us of sense and motion, and deliver us bound into the hands of a blue-coated minion of the law. Only a few years ago, when I came across a notice in Richmond Park signed "George, Ranger," I involuntarily looked round for a walk to retreat to. I found none; but I was reassured by the human touch in the Christian name. If our Park Ranger was called George, he was careful to conceal the fact, and keep his spell unbroken.

Not even the apprehension of a drunk man, or of a desperate young window-breaker, made a deeper impression on us than the sight,—watched by us from a safe distance,—of the Park Ranger walking to and fro in grave converse with a policeman. What could they be discussing? Weighty questions of park-law, no doubt: how many years' penal servitude a boy ought to get for turning head-over-heels on the grass all the way down from the Cannons to the Lovers' Walk, or (to be academic) what punishment would fit the crime of a boy who should walk into the centre of a flower-bed and put his fingers to his nose at the Park Ranger?

In our optimistic moments,—when the holidays were within measurable distance, or when the world was bathed in the effulgence of a sixpence in our trousers pocket,—we trusted that the official view of penal matters might be tempered by the more humane counsels of the ancients with whom our uniformed deities sometimes deigned to hold conference. Our guilt-stained minds could not mirror the steady limpidity of well-doing with which, as it seemed to us, those Nestors, who talked so loudly among themselves over their newspaper, must have earned the confidences of officialdom. But we trembled for them in their dangerous exaltation. Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad; and from the foot of the throne, as from the throne itself, it is but a step to the scaffold. What if over-strained goodness should relax at a critical moment? What if one of the old men were to contradict the policeman, or climb a tree and make faces at the Park Ranger? Savages as we were, we should have been genuinely afflicted at the spectacle of one of those venerable exemplars falling from virtue, like Lucifer, never to hope again, and being led off ignominiously, with gyves upon his wrist, to Cranstonhill Police Office.

Even in our juvenile comprehensions, the Park seemed curiously microcosmal. The various ranks and functions of society fell into their self-appointed places, and mingled only at their fringes. The pomp of Park Terrace overshadowed the topmost walk between the Cannons and the giant staircase: we gazed with envy, not untinctured with disdain, on the pinky scions of

plutocracy who, lolling in resplendent perambulators, or pulling pettishly at their nurses' hands, condescended to breathe for a few brief hours the same air with us plebeians; and our sense of the fitness of things was offended by any display of amativeness on benches sacred to the studies and reveries of romantic governesses. The appointed grove of the vulgar Venus, we knew, was farther down, at the Lovers' Walk, where, after dark, we found a puzzling and Puck-like pleasure in hovering on the benches, in sniggering little groups, alongside the gloomily absorbed figures whose notions of enjoyment concentrated so inexplicably on a sibilant propinquity. The walks along the Kelvin were, we imagined, specially reserved by day for melancholy persons contemplating suicide, though at night they formed an emergency annexe to the Lovers' Walk, for swains and nymphs whose mutual absorption excluded any sense of the contiguity of the river. Their apprehensions as much as ours were barred and flung back by the sham-Gothic pile that loomed high against the western heavens and gave back a frown of learned solemnity to the heavy stare of Park Terrace,—like Leo III. saluting Charlemagne over the heads of the Roman horde.

Money and Knowledge! They divided the world between them, we knew,—but the Vatican on Gilmorehill seemed at least one degree less inaccessible than the Imperial fastness guarded — appropriately — by the Cannons. One had to be born in Park Terrace (we presumed), but *la carrière ouverte aux talents* was in-

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GILMOREHILL—EVENING.

dicated by the bands of bright young men in trenchers and red gowns, who, their lips parched for the Pierian spring, panted up the Parnassian slopes at the petulant summons of an insistent little bell. Still, at what a price they were purchasing their power! We pictured the pale vigils from which they had risen,—their midnight soarings in the dim dizzy ether of some 25th or 30th Book of Euclid, or through the whirling nebulæ of metaphysics,—and decided that, after all, we would stick to our original intention of being engine-drivers or sea apprentices. Meanwhile, we found relief by mingling in the frankly plebeian throng on the Overnewton clapslaps, where the Partick riveters played football or cricket, or, in the rather indeterminate panoply of the old 6th Lanark, demonstrated their preparedness the blessings they enjoyed to guard. Here, while waiting for a chum who was paying a duty call on an aunt in Sandyford (from whom he had expectations of a donative nature), I read my first and last penny dreadful, which (though I did not dare to say so to the lender) I found deadly dull after Marryat and Defoe,—as dull as the thud of the cricket-ball that, while I was reading, impinged upon the basket-weighted head of a message-boy who was watching a cricket match, bringing him to the ground (but he wasn't much hurt) amid a shower of potatoes and jam-pots: a judgment upon him, I made myself think, for wasting his master's time.

II.

I have many a time wondered what became of the Corporation eagle whose forlorn aspect wrung my youthful bosom when I passed before his cage, opposite the door of the old Kelvingrove Museum. Wordsworth, I fancy, would have made more of him than he did of the eagle of Dunollie, who, after all, could hear the tides singing in the Sound of Lorne, and dream his soul into the sunset over the mountains of Mull. Did he follow the path of my prayers for him, and, breaking the bars of his cage and the poison-drenched canopy of Glasgow smoke, go "sailing with supreme dominion through the azure fields of air?" Or did the kindly wings of Death supplant the weary clipped pinions, and bear back the fiery soul of the aerial monarch to his thunder-girt throne on Ben Wyvis, leaving the poor fretted body as a "stappit bird" on the shelves those keen restless eyes must have searched to the remotest corner when the morning sun streamed from behind him through the polished panes of the Museum? We know that he is free, at all events; but I, for one, cannot say whether the Palæozoic predecessors of the sunbeams that mocked his captivity still lie imprisoned in the mystic slab of Cannel Coal that mocked our curiosity like a crabbed passage in the Old Testament. A thousand times, at least, did I stand before this shapeless Sphinx, attempting to draw forth the secret of beauty or of wonder that I knew must lurk beneath its jetty surface; a thousand times turn from it in despair to the equally inscrutable countenance of the

Museum policeman, and, giving up the riddle, pass through the clicking turnstile and inhale that curious odour, — a clean mustiness, tinctured faintly with chemicals, — that I have ever since associated with Municipality.

Sunset from Greenwich Park or Culloden Moor,— sunset on Morven and the Treshnish Islands, or on the facade of Amiens or Lincoln,—Paris by gaslight, Melrose by moonlight,— are dim in my memory; but open my heart and you will see graven upon it: Edinburgh Castle, in cork; an ancient spinet, with "Do not touch" (the chords of memory echo its furtive janglings); an alligator, in position for forcible feeding; a sunfish, on whom forcible feeding has apparently been tried with success, and who is very pouty and sulky over it; a land crab on an upper shelf, like a yellow spider who has eaten the food of the gods; a Lilliputian carriage, in which Oberon and Titania, dusty with showers of pollen, might have driven off into Flowerland on their second honeymoon, with Puck on the box and Pease-Blossom and Mustard-Seed stealing a ride behind; a canoe made from a tree by the ancient Caledonians of Stobcross, and a canoe made from newspapers by a modern Caledonian,—illustrating the astounding advance of taste and science in these regions during the last 2000 years. We should have yawned ourselves to death in the "stappit bird" section had it not been for the wonderful orrery, which we fondly believed to be the sole extant exemplar of that invention, and, like the waxen images made by witches, to

have a controlling influence on that which it represented. The stupefying effect of the dead fowls was also in some measure corrected by the proximity of some of their grandparents in the line of evolution,—very torpid, but, as might be perceived on prolonged inspection, unmistakably alive. Our morbid fancy, fascinated by the flickering forked tongues and beady unwinking eyes, tried to conjure up the scene that would ensue if a stone from outside, or a sudden collapse of the wooden framework, were to let loose these deadly ophidians on a Presbyterian community. Would the policeman, cut off from retreat to the turnstile, lock himself up in the orrery, and take refuge in the solar system, leaving us to escape by the window; or would he have recourse to the fire-appliances, and extirpate the vipers with whatever it was that was contained in those mysterious grenades? Would the reptiles, supposing they and we escaped, pursue us over Woodsidehill, and, reaching our homes before us, actualise our Christmas nightmares by lying in wait for us in bed till the gas was put out by the parental hand? . . . A lick of alum, good apothecary, to sweeten our imaginations! Alas! where is now that massy Saturnian ring,—the Blarney Stone and Pope's-toe of Kelvingrove,—at which the youth of Glasgow paid styptic rites? As well ask where the tongues that licked it and then licked lips at the sight of the bottled sweeties and the unleavened bread. The unleavened bread must have fallen to dust, like a mummy, when the case was opened. But who ate those sweeties?

Were they laid before Royalty at a Corporation banquet, or distributed among the policemen who had guarded them so faithfully and so long? Methinks they should have been poured out upon the ground, like the water brought to King David,—or into the Kelvin, that, in Jacobean phrase, would have shuddered unwonted sweetness through its tide, and borne a sugared kiss to Father Clyde,—or words to that effect.

As the Nile to the Pyramids, so, in this urban microcosm, was the Kelvin, Nature's supreme effort, to that monument of human ingenuity in time-past, the engines of the Industry. We feared our river more than we loved it. It was with something of awe that we watched its inky waves "kissing with easy swirl (very easy—oily, in fact) the bordering grass," or listened to their sinister sucking under the bridges. At nights, in feverish dreams, we shot (in the newspaper canoe) towards the yellow lip of the Overnewton Niagara, or hung by a crackling branch over the whispering blackness of the Partick dam, which, we learned, had actually drowned someone. It must be owned that on our return from Craigellachie or Rumbling Bridge, the Kelvin seemed to have shrunk somewhat; so much, indeed, that we almost ventured across the slimy sluices of the dam. Also, it was rather humiliating to see a Corporation employee wading from bank to bank where we had imagined a watery abyss. But in the January floods, when a tumbling coffee-coloured sea raged from Kelvinbridge to Partick, drowning the weirs, flooding the Cyprian

groves, and dragging stout trees dead in fight past their puny brothers dying in exile, the Kelvin more than regained our respect, and we wished that our taunting rustic acquaintances were here now to behold a scene that would have intimidated Captain Webb.

The sunlit forests from which these writhing, mutely appealing limbs had been torn and carried down into the heart of a huge sunless city were not so remote from the workaday world as the Park itself seemed, and was, on any week-day forenoon. The ploughmen and shepherds and foresters away up there on the Campsie and Kilsyth Hills were active and acknowledged parts of the economic scheme of things: a fastidious and inconsequent society had done with those garrulous pensioners who chattered in chorus with the birds over their heads; and had flung aside, if it had ever required, those gaunt unshaven men,—if men they could be called that seemed only shadows,—who lounged listlessly on benches, gazing with lustreless eyes at the ground, or at a day-old newspaper they had picked up somewhere. We did not see, consciously see, those derelicts, but our boyish hearts were chilled for a moment by the aura of sodden, unpicturesque tragedy, —unwept save by wives and children in the dim theatre of some "back-land,"—that they carried with them; and we shivered as if some one had walked over our graves,—as indeed some of us ourselves may have done; for this Garden of Youth is also a cemetery of human hopes. But the shadow on our hearts was but as the shadow of a little June cloud on a mountain burn. The sun burst out again, the Bells of Youth took up their chime, and we speeled joyfully up to the "Cannons," to play kee-hoy round the guns beside which Russian

gunners had died, and climb up the stays of the flag-staff till failing strength or nerve, or a short sharp "burrill" from behind a distant shrubbery, brought us down to earth with shaking limbs, skinned palms, and almost singed knee-breeches. Yet, ere we scampered off, we had realised the hope and width of life as unconsciously as we had, a few minutes before, scented its tragedy. We had passed up from the oubliette of our estate to its watch-tower. Our pulses quickened to the merry clatter of the shipyards, down amid the valley smoke; the masts and funnel of an outgoing steamer, shouldering her way among the tenements, took our minds'-eye down past the Cloch and Ailsa Craig, and out to the Atlantic and the Spanish Main; and, leaping from the misty green ridge of Bellahouston to the dark undulating skyline of the Renfrewshire uplands, our southward fancy outpaced the white trail of a "wild train rushing in the hills," and passed beyond its English terminus to Paris, Naples, Suez, and Singapore. To the dim north-western sentinel of the scene we accorded no salute, if we were even conscious of his round-shouldered existence; though Dungoyne was to mean as much more to us than Mont Blanc, as Kelvingrove Park than the Champs Elysées. We had to see the world first, and taste our freedom, before the Park became sufficiently micro-cosmal. A prison may become a palace,—but not until the prisoner is given the key of it. As the Spanish proverb says, "It is easy to walk when one leads the horse."

THE CITY WALK.

In a hammock of hypothetical law slung over the abyss of necessity between the adamant hooks of an unthinkable finite and an unthinkable infinite (or, if you prefer so to figure it, on a swing-bridge whose portals of birth and death look out upon inaccessible nothingness),—rocked by Uncle Paradox and lullabied by Nurse Poesy,—with his cheek upon the cool white pillow of faith, and his half-shut eyes reflecting the opalescence of his cloud-canopy of mystery,—lies the Heir of all the Ages. Science and philosophy hack in vain all day at the ropes of his hammock; they reeve themselves anew overnight from moonbeams and the golden tissue of morning dreams. And Dr. Criticism, while doing his best to keep Nurse Poesy from singing herself hoarse or out of tune, finds it expedient not to meddle too much with her immemorial themes.

In a fantastic scheme of things like ours, criticism discovers the limits of its function in regulating the paper and token currency of poetry; it may not alter, and thereupon finds it futile to assay, the elemental notions and prepossessions that form, so to speak, the metallic basis of that currency. Like the axioms

of Euclid or the rules of football, love, anger, patriotism, kisses, partings, sunsets, moonrises,—the young mother bending over her sleeping first-born,—the brave man wrestling with the storms of fate,—and the other million "elementals" that are the "Stoff" of poetry,—must be taken by the literary critic at their accepted emotional value, if literary criticism is not to degenerate into a mere tumid excrescence upon moral philosophy.

Among these "elementals" might almost be reckoned, by this time, the fascination which bridges, and particularly bridges over rivers in cities, have exerted over mankind since the invention of the stone arch. It would take us down to the plane of the trite to enumerate more than three of the components of that fascination: The sensation of aloofness in centrality that one has when standing on a city bridge; the concrete symbolising, by the fluid but sempiternal force beneath us, of the life whose human manifestations, apparently stable but in reality evanescent, it penetrates and cuts in two; the microcosmal mingling and crossing of the noisy but temporary torrents from those unabiding cliff-walls of hewn stone, on an unabiding structure swung across an ever-pulsing artery between the eternal hills and the eternal sea.

The fascination of bridges, at all events, is reflected in the extent to which they figure in history, homily, and poetry. Horatius and Wallace saved Latium and Scotland on bridges. It was by the image of a bridge older and more infirm than the unrestored Auld

Brig of Ayr, that that lay-preacher and bellettrist, Mr. Addison,—who, in defiance of sartorial history, presents himself to our imagination in black tail-coat and trousers, semi-clerical soft hat, and a waiter-tie,—gloomily illustrated the insecurity of human life. And the functions of Satan's airy structure in "Paradise Lost," and of the Fifth Proposition in Euclid, would seem to be combinedly expressed in the designation of a certain popular card-game.

Poets, like blind mendicants, have an inveterate habit of standing on bridges. Three of them do it so characteristically as to tempt the mental photographer. With Byron, of course, it had to be Venice, and the Bridge of Sighs; a dramatic juxtaposition had to be pointed out with the Byronic flourish, and ruined by the Byronic syntax,—"A palace and a prison on each hand"; a thousand years their cloudy wings had to expand around him, a Republic to dispose its dying glories effectively about the pensively brooding form of this exiled patrician, like the trophies of the chase around the Landseer portraits of his vacantly staring peers at home. The rural economy of a British country-side must be sacrificed to their lack of imagination; the excess of his must batten upon the corpses of empires. His price in blood the world paid in advance, the cash balance remains as income-tax; their price subsists as a fixed charge upon their admiring compatriots. But whether as sportsman or as poet, the British nobleman is as costly as a Meg Dods dainty. Homely materials furnished forth the most esteemed

dishes of Longfellow, but they had to be selected and arranged in accordance with the most orthodox romanticism. It had to be a bridge at midnight, with the clocks striking the hour (a pleonasm that savours somewhat of the witness-box), and with a full-blown and blushing moon rising over the city behind the dark church-tower, just at the right angle to make her bright reflection in the river seem to the poet like a golden goblet falling and sinking into the sea. The greatest poet of the three was the least dependent on historical frills or melodramatic scene-shifting. Everyday London, caught in the unconscious nudity of a bright September dawn, was the model for one of the most marmoreal sonnets in the English language. The greatest poetry is the least local, the most capable of universal application. If Byron could make no more of London than a "mighty mass of brick and smoke and shipping," with "a fool's cap on a fool's head," what would he have made of a custom-house and a Presbyterian church "on each hand" of Jamaica Bridge, the deepening of the Clyde, and a century of steam navigation? As much, probably, as Longfellow would have made of the view from Jamaica Bridge without a harvest moon behind the Abbotsford Parish Church tower, the glow of the Clyde ironworks, and the sonorous chiming of midnight from the Tron Steeple.

I wish I could have rounded off that paragraph by saying that Wordsworth's sonnet might have been composed upon Jamaica Bridge at sunrise on a Fair Sunday. But truth is more precious than literary

symmetry. No other of earth's famous rivers wears at any point so mean and neglected an aspect as the Clyde between Jamaica Bridge and Carmyle. Measured by this melancholy ditch and its frowsy urban edging, the mind of Glasgow sinks below the Leeds and Huddersfield level, and a hasty judgment might perceive here the sordid workings of a spirit so directly and deliberately antithetic to that of Venetian marine ritual that it assumes the sinister saliency of Manichean evil-worship. But though we have a traditional respect for the Devil, and gave the old gentleman a sort of naturalisation when he became an émigré from the Continent, we have never carried self-effacement so far as to accord him an organised communal worship. So positive a cult would have manifested itself everywhere in a Carthaginian grandiosity that our separate and unorganised worships of the Devil in our own egos approach only in the fortuitous concentration of our Black Countries. What one sees between the Jamaica and Rutherglen Bridges is merely a negative and partial result of the Word of Calvinistic ego-worship become flesh in commercial *laisser-faire*,—in that materialistic anarchy, plus the policeman, which usurps the name of utilitarianism.

Even in Scotland, however, ego-worship must express itself in the individual worship of beauty as well as in the public toleration of ugliness. When he has left the factory, and got a bath and a rag of a clean blue shirt from Neptune, Clutha is admitted to intimacy with bourgeois drawing-rooms and swagger

hotels. He has private shrines in plenty along the Cowal and Renfrewshire shores, and an exclusive Venetian ritual in the Clyde Fortnight. And the precedence given to river purification over the infinitely more urgent matter of smoke-prevention, shows that private sentiment concerning him has begun to move upstream and condense into communal action. Now that, by relieving our drudge of the duties of scavenger, we have deprived ourselves of any excuse for turning our classic countenance away from him and presenting him only with the patched frowsiness of our civic hindquarters, we may begin shamefacedly and by degrees to confer a few of the privileges of citizenship upon our only wealth-bringer. Before the century is out, who knows but we may have honoured his clean skin with a clean collar and tie of gardened quays, and a comely city suit of public buildings and handsome shops, and made him a companion of our urban recreations? Even now, we are beginning to wish we had not so gratuitously, not to say wantonly, diminished our prospective pleasure in his society by penning him up between two ugly railway bridges.

The lower of these railway bridges, which is also the uglier and huger, shuts off with tragic definiteness what would naturally have been the most picturesque feature of Jamaica Bridge, the Glasgow Bridge of to-day. Our regrets on this account are not rendered appreciably less poignant by the consideration that the centre of harbour activity is slipping down out of sight of the Broomielaw, or by the hope that we may

catch it up again on the proposed new bridge at Finnieston. But even before the Caledonian Railway bestrode the Clyde and shut the scene, no poet, except perhaps Alexander Smith,—and the river stanza of his colossal "Glasgow" is of very vague locale,—ever stood on Jamaica Bridge to any lasting poetical issue; and the scenic deprivation enforces concentration upon that "detestable commerce" which Campbell declares "meets you at every turn in Glasgow" and which, conversely, prevents us from meeting Glasgow at any Popean turn in Campbell's forcible-feeble poems. Campbell must have been an extremely refined person. He would have been too refined for Carthage, where the Barca family were wholesale drysalters; for Venice, whose senators were shipbuilders and shipowners; or for quattrocento Florence, with Lorenzo di Medici in business as a glorified pawnbroker. "Detestable commerce" indeed! "Detestable green!" "Detestable granite!" "Detestable B flat minor!" Departed spirits of the mighty dead,—Turner, Michael Angelo, Beethoven, Balzac,—oh! once again to sense's cause return, and pulverise the kid-gloved coxcombs who vend such silly exclusory stuff! To whimper over the intractability of contemporary material; to grumble at the present age because it is not more poetical than the poet and does not supply photographic models ready-posed; to turn away in languid despair from the roaring loom of the actual to the ragbags of history and the stage wardrobe of classical cast-offs,—is to miss the bardic function and write oneself down an impotent, fumbling

dilettante. To one who has fought in the arena of commerce, and brought his soul through alive, Campbell's dandified attitude is as maddening as the nosing airs of the civeted envoy were to the perspiring Hotspur.

Here on Jamaica Bridge, at any rate, at four or five on a summer afternoon, are the movement, the colour, the noise, of that detestable commerce which afflicted poor Campbell. Here is the palette he threw aside unused; here are the eggs and currants and flavourings for lack of which his verse became as thin and wersh as nursery saps. Here are the Iron Gates through which the double Danube of Glasgow's trade surges north and south, sounding a sustained but vibrant chord whose bass is the thick, impeded, side-thunderings of heavy lorries; whose alto the surface-flow of the central stream of cars; whose tenor the quick nervous rattle of light vehicles from sideward streets towards the neck of the indrawing gorge; whose treble the scream of car wires, the whistles and shouts of drivers, and the high-pitched talk of foot passengers endeavouring to carry on conversation amid the din. All this has been seized and sorted by that passive drudge, the ear, long before that fickle and roving servant, the eye, has fixed upon a course to steer through the welter of visual impressions. Chance rather than choice decides: the midway cars, offering nothing of interest in detail, are left as a kaleidoscopic fringe or background to the imposingly endless procession of the city's Service Corps; whose strenuous

pace,—the drooping heads of the horses nodding to the rhythm of their straining muscles,—suggests a hungry-eyed garrison of beleaguered citizens drumming with knife-handles on Dennistoun or Kelvinside tables, or a growling Blunderbore sharpening his teeth on the walls of his beetling fastness on Garnethill. This painful sensation of high pressure is relieved by a glance at the intermittently expectorating carters, who loll and smoke on their jolting divans with fatalistic nonchalance, eyeing the panting barrow-porters beneath the horses' noses with the same large, non-seeing indifference that the captain of a liner bestows upon barges and lighters squattering out of his way. The lorry-freights, high-piled or compactly ponderous, constitute an abridged object-lesson in commercial economics. The vast complexities of currency and exchange are here cancelled down to simple barter. Northward go Canadian wheat, New Zealand mutton, Spanish ore, Danish butter, Siberian eggs, and hens from Ireland, craning out of their crates for a last blinking view of the world: southward, across this great granite counter, rings the price of these, or the wherewithal for their exploitation, in the shape of iron tubes, steel girders, rails, boilers, sewing-machines, calendars, Bibles, and Very Fine Old Scotch Whisky. And along the pavement ripples the human foam of this day-long stream of commerce; with an occasional piece of flotsam, gaunt, mildewed, straggle-bearded, drink-paralysed, eddying slowly towards the mudbank of the poorhouse or the sink-hole

of the grave. With all its turbulence, this roaring tide-race cannot keep in suspension its concentrated insolubles of human misery. Life here, in its strident dissonance of sordid and mutually inimical purposes, its congested and unharmonised typicalness of all the forces of unrest, is too disquieting and oppressive,—too suggestive of cosmic apoplexies, and of the flaming yells of disembowelled suns that have found infinite space too small for their ambitious orbits,— to yield pleasure on more than a few minutes' contemplation. Let us get up out of the Iron Gates into one of the nearest and fullest of its head-waters. Let us take a stroll down the Docks.

The south side of the river by preference; for in the Cornish sloops and Welsh schooners and French barques in Kingston Dock, one may read in the original some of the earliest extant pages in the history of ocean navigation; and the Dock itself is the muddy protoplasm of Glasgow's greatness as a shipping port. It begins, indeed, to have an air of the antique; and those greeny-white old wind-jammers, with their battered figure-heads (soused in all the Seven Seas), quaintly carved poop-rails, and cottage-like deck-cabins (with flowers in the square windows, perhaps, a cat in the doorway, and a dog yelping from among the buckets and chimneys on the roof), have the pathetic appearance of easy-going old merchants elbowed-out and ruined by the tight-lipped young apostles of "pools" and loose-leaf ledgers, and come down to keeping tobacconists' shops or selling super-

fluous tea on commission. And as the old-time merchant, with his picturesque benevolence and rectitude, is preserved in school reading-books, for the pious misleading of the foredoomed desk-slaves of his tight-lipped supplanter; so those unremuneratively beautiful old hookers will soon be found only in Vere Foster's drawing-books, put there for the consideration of young ladies whose notions of the marine picturesque hover between the two poles of commercial inutility, —between the decrepit schooner stranded on the right front of the ruined castle, and the palatial liner that carries Harold and his fortunes to the East Indies. Glasgow, though it builds, does not harbour those floating hotels whose rosewood cabins command fares of £100 per head of American pork-packer or American pork-packer's pro-Consular son-in-law. But though the megalomaniac may snort, and the Vere Foster sentimentalist may sniff, a thoughtful mind will perceive the actual and representative picturesque in the grimy, blunt-nosed colliers that stand up sturdily to the black avalanches of the General Terminus Quay; and in the monstrous floating boxes of steel,— with straight blue funnels, and derricks like the forest of lances in the "Surrender of Breda,"—from which the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind is discharged upon the wharves of the Queen's Dock. If the sentimentalist wants a deserving subject for his tears, he may find it in a gallant old collier, whose yacht bow and clipper lines testify to her forty years of beneficent life, in process of dismantlement for use as a coal-hulk in

the Hebrides. And in the general aspect of the river, he may find consolation for a partial and transitory decline in the marine picturesque. Immortally immanent beauty vindicates and reveals itself in the glittering vista of busy and rippling water, the soft gleam of the evening sun upon the painted sides of distant liners, and the alluring withdrawal of the river into the rosy mists that veil the first bend towards the upper Firth. The view over the river,—of clean symmetrical terraces, splashed with greenery, disengaging themselves from the sheds and funnels and warehouses of the foreground, and forming a base for the fretted tower of the University, rose-grey in the level light,—calls us north-westward; and so, passing through the sylvan shades of Dowanhill, and wondering why its inhabitants should flee with such unanimity from that desirable suburb when it is at its loveliest, we reach our tenement-home along with those who have come by car with their noses in the evening paper; and, greatly contented with ourselves, sit down to "our" tea.

AMBITIONS.

One Sunday afternoon, last summer, as I was galumphing gaily along a woodland path, sniffing the caller air, and thinking either of nothing at all (like the Jolly Young Waterman) or of the price of filleted fish,—I can't exactly recollect which,—I lifted up my eyes and read the following notice: — "Bannislaw Estate. Trespassers will be ——" whether burned alive or invited to dinner there was no saying, for the rest was long ago up some trespasser's chimney. "Bannislaw?" I muttered to myself, rather than to a rabbit who, with his back to me, was "fondling his own harmless face" at the foot of the tree on which the notice was nailed. "Bannislaw?" I leaned gracefully against a fence, took off my hat, and ran my taper fingers through my wavy hair,—tugging gently at some deep-buried roots of association that had held the name in my memory. Of course Queen Mary had dismounted here for a glass of milk on that memorable spiral tour of hers from Langside to Dundrennan; and a righteous rustic, down at the burn there, had menaced her with a reaping-hook and a verse out of Habakkuk. But these associations, though they con-

ferred distinction, did not make for distinctiveness. Was it something about the Covenanters or the Jacobites? Did the godly Mr. Welsh pronounce a horrid doom, swiftly fulfilled, upon a Bannislaw kitchen-maid who had giggled or ganted at his perspiratory ministrations? Had a blushing daughter of the house begged, not in vain, for permission to "pree the mou'" of the Young Chevalier? Or was the name only associated vaguely with vaguely scanned records of meritorious performances in the way of small-bird shooting? No; it was something nearer and dearer still; something quite personal. At last I remembered. "Why, G. B.'s uncle was butler here."

Now G. B. was a school-chum of mine,—for two whole sessions. For we had sat upon the self-same form, comrades in the Parthian warfare with the forces of compulsory education,—the heroes and ensamples of the class in the matters of mutual prompting, adroit copying, and chivalrous lying. Together both, ere the high lawns of Woodsidehill appeared under the bleary eyelids of the fog, we drove afield, and both together ran what time the shipyards wound their breakfast horns; for ere the school-bell rang it behoved us to make a profitable exchange of our evening toil; G. B. being a mathematician but no linguist, and I a goat at ciphering but rather a don at French. Since then I have only seen G. B. from afar off, for he has ascended up into the social heaven in a chariot of petrol, and I am out of the field of his goggles. I suppose he would

be as astonished at my remembering anything about his uncle as J. H. would be at my recalling the circumstance that his father, who was a restaurateur, added chutney to his other condiments at the request of his customers. "They like it, you know," quoth J. H. "It's real Indian." I seem to hear him saying it. He had blue eyes, a dimpled chin, curly hair, and a mildly Roman nose; two years at an English public school would have made him one of Mrs. Hemans' "noble boys." Nature had meant him for a Cyril or an Eric: his Christian name (if one can so describe it) was Jacob. I remember his wounded look when a snub-nosed boy from Partick, — whose speech and manners lent colour to the suspicion that his father was a foreman joiner,—bluntly asserted that chutney was simply semi-masticated mango and owed its condimental qualities to the betel nut, or bhang, which the natives of India chewed along with it. None of us gave any actual credence to this disgusting calumny; nevertheless, it certainly tended to mitigate our envy of J. H. Nor did G. B.'s licorish descriptions of his between-stairs guzzlings at Bannislaw really excite our envy half so much as T. R.'s account of a Canadian trip along with his father, during which they had crossed several lakes and rivers in train-steamers,— steamers with trains on board! — a combination of itinerary joys that made the magic carpets and flying horses of the "Arabian Nights" appear very second-rate. T. R.'s Canadian experiences, however, exhaled into the vapid region of history when H. D. got a

year's season-ticket between Glasgow and Carstairs. Hitherto H. D. had been a very commonplace person; something of a swotter he was, and very little of a fighter; but when he swaggered into the class-room at ten o'clock, redolent of locomotives, and piped out "Train late, Sir," or "Engine off the line," our hearts made obeisance to him like the eleven sheaves in Joseph's dream.

II.

The more highly organised we are, the more completely do our lives summarise the successive phases of evolution. The lowest types among us are the atavistic and the artificial: the stunted plant, and the plant in which the elemental root has withered: the man who has not advanced, and the man who has forgotten whence he came: the automatic slave of instinct, and the imitative slave of "the proper thing." Fancy is only the topical and cliquish banter that plays along the ranks of humanity from wing to wing: the secret telegraphic service between the various posts of the army, keeping the headquarters staff of poets and philosophers in close sympathetic touch with the rearguard of primitiveness, and preserving the solidarity of the whole heterogeneous movement, is what is called imagination. If the frequency and persistence of the messages are any test of the importance of the various posts, and of the length of time during which they have been held, then the nomadic and hut-dwelling phases must have been the longest

and most important in the history of mankind. For the ambitions that accompany and survive all others in the mind of a fairly imaginative boy,—the ends to which his "vocation," as he may pompously style his bread-work (putting the best face possible on a bad job), is only the disagreeable but indispensable means,—are to travel about the world and potter about a backyard. Even his vices, he may persuade himself as he develops them, are merely palliative and make-shift revenges upon destiny for defeated aspirations. Shut up from the orchards and moorlands and broad oceans of life, he will rifle his prison for the forbidden conserves of eroticism, intrigue with fortune in the night-club or on the stock exchange, and fill the vertiginous reveries of drunkenness with fantastically corrupted visions of the inheritance of which destiny has defrauded him. "Like a dog, he hunts in dreams"—poor dog, that has never plied his "function of the woodland," nor known anything but the kennel and the leash!

His pristine conception of his inheritance was charmingly simple. He asked no angel's wing, no seraph's fire; he dreamt not of marble halls or Indian bowers; his soul hungered not for honey-dew, nor thirsted for the milk of Paradise.

> "Yet simple Nature to his hope had given,
> Behind the cloud-top't hill, an humbler Heaven,"—

to wit:—A lonely little log-cabin, built by himself and his chum Robert, as remote as possible from a school, a church, a dancing academy, or a police station,

but just within the scope of a baker's van, and furnished with a good supply of carpenter's tools, lethal weapons, buried specie, billies and pannikins, and bound volumes of the B.O.P.; close by, a little amber stream, available for canoe traffic from the point, half-a-mile up, of its loud emergence from the dense pine-forest that veiled all but the snowy summits of a mountain range, and widening out, half-a-mile down, into a lonely little estuary, cliff-encircled, with a stout little row-and-sail boat, the Jimmie and Robert (doing credit to her god-parents and owners by her excellence as a provision-carrier), drawn snugly up on the white sand, near the brushwood-concealed entrance of an emergency-cave, furnished with dried fern, two blankets, two pistols, two selected volumes of the B.O.P., one dark lantern, and a locker-full of mutton pies and bottled ginger-beer; beyond the estuary, a broad firth furrowed by liner traffic, with faint suggestions, from the farther shore, of limited-mail trains crashing under bridges and flaming like meteors through the night. Such were the anticipations that Jimmie and Robert summoned up to the session of sweet silent thought, what time the mathematical poser flew unheeded over their heads and they sauntered dreaming to the foot of the class; such the bracing and sexless Eden in which, untroubled by paternal hintings as to school-reports and the choice of a profession, or by maternal monitions regarding change of underclothing or the state of one's ears, they proposed to idle away the ageless seasons in a blissfully industrious

brown-study, varied and fostered, when things grew stale, by occasional voyages to the South Sea Islands, explorations in Central Africa or up the river, or an occasional run to town to see the pantomime and, incidentally, enquire how their relatives were getting along.

All this, of course, was to be when Jimmie and Robert had made their fortunes and retired from business, which they reckoned on doing by thirty-five; binding themselves together meanwhile by a solemn oath against the destroyer of primitive delights and the divider of boyish companions. The fortunes, alas! are still to make, and the oath has been forsworn. Thirty-five has found Jimmie wheeling a perambulator in Hyndland, and mumping to morning service in the lee of a picture hat, with a red-edged Hymnary under his arm; and Robert is a salesman in a Chicago store, and does the "chores" at home while his wife lies in bed or goes to the Vaudeville theatre with the lady over the way. But they have had their boyish dreams, over which even the gods have no power. They have loitered for hours at great railway termini, watching the shunting in a blissful maze which brightened to ecstasy when the two big engines came wheezing and creaking with excess of strength in from their sheds and were harnessed to the London express, panting and grumbling to each other, and pawing the rails impatiently with their quivering driving-wheels. They have envied but scarcely noticed the passengers, and envied and closely scanned the busy guard, though

WATERFOOT, Near Busby.

pitying him a little for having to spend the journey among a lot of uninteresting luggage. But the gods of their worship have been the engine-drivers. They have followed every movement of these fortunate mechanics as they turned off or on a valve, or pulled a lever, or wiped their hands with waste as they watched for the signal. And when the whistles have sounded, and the engines, after tut-tutting angrily once or twice at the slipping rails, have set their shoulders to it with deep, chesty barks of grim resolution, the driver of the front engine, proudly erect amid a hissing cloud of exhaust steam, has seemed like Jove ascending to Olympus. When their souls have returned reluctantly from a perilous poise on the engine foot-plate, the boys have gone down to the Queen's Dock and sent them off to work the telegraph on the towering bridge of an out-going Indian liner, licking her funnel with an angry tongue of steam as she bellowed at the perspiring harbour-master and the straining tugs. Then, with the glamour still upon them,—like an amateur pianist sitting down at his hire-purchase cottage-grand on his return from a Paderewski concert, — they have had a pennyworth of travel on a Clutha or the underground railway (travelling first with third tickets, very likely), and walked silently home in great content, two hours late for tea. *"O Jeunesse aux jours du ciel bleu!"*

III.

People of an uncritically speculative cast of mind, who have happened to hear the novel called a mirror of life, are apt to wonder vaguely why the mirror should be held so persistently at an upward angle,—why the heroes and heroines in contemporary fiction should almost invariably be rich beyond the experience and hopes, if demonstrably not beyond the dreams, of the vast majority of novelists and novel-readers. The disingenuous novelist, if the question is put to him, will reply that it is because the postulate of easy circumstances is necessary to that free interplay of passion and sentiment which is the proper theme of fiction. The conscientious critic will shake his head over this, and declare that the conception of character without occupation or function is like that of subject without object or light without colour; that the accessories of luxury are easier to describe than the economic mechanism of society and its modification of or by individual character; that rich people, on the whole, are more the accessories of their accessories than their chauffeurs and footmen; that free interplay of passions is as unthinkable as free interplay of positive and negative electricity, but is most nearly conditioned by freedom from the accessories of luxury, and closeness to the bedrock of elemental necessities; and that, in short, the average novelist simply follows the line of least resistance in adopting a postulate which relieves him from the necessity of acquiring any deeper knowledge of life than can be gained

from furniture catalogues and the works of other average novelists, and which sets him free for the exploitation of his own crude subjective fancies. While accepting the critic's deliverance as an academic judgment, the cynically frank novelist will dismiss it as mainly irrelevant to the matter in hand. What the average novelist writes for is popularity, and its concomitant, money. He can only gain these by writing what will be acceptable to the greatest possible number of readers. Let the average reader, who put the question, find the answer to it in his own breast. Does the snobbery he occasionally girds at in novels detract from his enjoyment of them as much as his own snobbery would detract from his enjoyment of novels in which the heroes and heroines were as poor as, or poorer than, himself? The novelist has weighed the matter long ago with golden weights, and has discovered that in a nation of snobs the novelist has to be an arch-snob.

But though the average novelist, in order to make £200 a year, must write as if he had been born to a revenue of £2000, no such convention is laid upon him in his capacity of occasional writer. Of all the various species of general literature, the novel and the play are the only ones that do not of necessity reflect the author's actual experience. The most exotic and artificial flower of poetry must have an elemental root in personal history; and the conventions as well as the nature of the essay enforce self-revelation. A painting of a well-known landscape

suggests the topographical point from which the artist has viewed it. It is almost impossible for the most reticent person to write five hundred lines on any homely social topic without letting it be divined whether he has been at a fashionable academy or a board-school, is a University man or self-educated, lives in a villa or a flat, travels first or third, dines at seven or one, plays golf with or without a caddie. My own difficulty, as a life-long pittite, in appreciating the gallery outlook on the play of life, helps me to realise that the difficulty of the boxholder in appreciating my outlook, actual or retrospective, must be proportionately greater; still greater the difficulty of those who have witnessed the play in quite another class of theatre. To the bright and slangy youth from a public-school, who is much too manly and all-on-the-spot to dream, even if his dreams were not already over-discounted, and whose sober wishes ne'er have learned to stray from the path of athletic and military distinction, the visions of the mooning, unathletic town boy must seem as contemptible as those of the traditional rustic youth whose ideal of kingship was to swing on a gate all day and eat fat bacon. As for our friend the "good lad,"—pride and hope of the Scottish nation,—virtuous offspring of loyal gamekeeper or respectable village saddler,—with marked Testament and ministerial certificates packed ready in his trunk alongside letters of recommendation from his father's employer or patrons to leading bankers and India merchants,—these poor old dreams of mine must

be as remote from his reveries, while he pauses at evening amid his bird-nesting or rabbit-trapping to gaze towards his nobler quarry, the defenceless city from which he will one day return to build the biggest villa in Sweetiepokey, as Wordsworthian ecstasies from the morning calculations of a stockbroker, or Wagnerian raptures from the post-prandial trances of a town councillor. But it takes all sorts of ambitions to keep the world moving. Experience is the mother of sympathy. Their dead ambitions are stepping-stones on which men may rise (if men do rise on stepping-stones), not only to higher ambitions, but to a catholic view of ambition in general. To stagger humanity by my lightning dexterity as a bank teller, evoke a raucous roar from the many-bunneted monster by scoring a winning goal for puir auld Scotland's sake, and wield the commercial destinies of our Empire by means of a secretly cultivated boardroom manner and an assiduously practised signature, have been among my own aspirations; and I can quite understand that what was transitional in me might be definitive in others. Imperfection is incident to mortality, however, and I have still to confess to some imperfect sympathies. A reasonably imaginative school-fellow of mine, whose ambition was to be a draper, remains as much of a mystery to me as ever. The question of ambition does not entangle itself with an incurable distaste for tailoring, coal-mining, and cotton-spinning, which are almost exclusively practised by those for whom they have formed inalienable

pendicles to the common estate of sin and misery. The category of congenital occupations includes also, but does not cover, the studiously aimless and often deliberately anti-social functions vulgarly associated with the condition of a "country gentleman." These functions may be best defined, perhaps, as terminal occupations; and the quite feverish desire of many apparently sane people, with no previous conviction against them, to become anarchists within the law, threaten rural life with a railway share, and use their bearer-bonds as letters of marque against the small farmer, encourages a wild hope in my bosom that I too, before I die, may learn to prefer pheasants to peasants, feel the stern joy that sportsmen feel in partridges worthy of their popguns, and lift up my heart to the corporeal Nirvana of Mammonism. But such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it,—without holding my nose. My gorge rises, but not my heart.

Looked at from a boy's point of view, this country-house Nirvana of parvenus, this mock-worship of a tailored and tuneless Pan in the temple of Belial, seems only a stupidly sophisticated realisation, swollen and corrupt, of some quite natural ambitions. The man of the world sees in it the most aggressive manifestation of the most deep-seated and least picturesque of our national vices. Bond Street Leatherstockingism, that has made both city and country life in Britain as wersh as saltless porridge, is nine-tenths simian snobbery, and one-tenth the running-amuck of brutal

ignorance Of love of nature,— of appreciation of her save as an appetiser for hillside lunches,— it shows hardly a trace. For the love of nature connotes a love of the visibly natural order of things, which includes as its first item a visible harmony between nature and man. Nature without man, or with man in a false economic relation to her,—as sultan or slave, not husband,— is like accompaniment without melody, or with discordantly wrong melody. All the branches of the tree of knowledge unite or run parallel at their highest: the economist, the sociologist, the poet, and the artist in us, respond simultaneously to the ineffable symphony of varied tints and outlines, bird and beast notes and rustic speech or song, and woodland and meadow odours humanised with faintly pungent peat-reek, that overflows the forested mountain-wall of a rich Highland valley thick-jewelled with smiling crofts; and our whole intellectual and sentient being is depressed by the crowding-down of the dark silent pine-woods round an overgrown Tudoresque mansion, glutted Cyclops of the vale, staring in stupid solitariness over a shaven riverside lawn, crossed at intervals by a kilted Trust-magnate and a badly knickerbockered ghillie. Mockery of mockeries, when, on a calm autumn night, the hard falsetto of crude cosmopolitan chatter is still for a moment, and, instead of the panting or sugary ballads of Mayfair, the strains of "Crodh Chaillean" float out from the pink-lit drawing-room window over the devastated scene!

"Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."

This devil's-delight of Bond Street Leatherstockingism is what folly makes of a precious opportunity, so precious that it ranks first among the golden dreams of those to whom their country is something more than a trinity of Army, Navy, and Stock Exchange. But, alas !

> "The good want power, but to weep barren tears.
> The powerful goodness want : worse need for them.
> And all best things are thus confused to ill."

"Worse need for them," indeed. The British land-question is only an economic problem; the British landowner is a psychological paradox. An ordinary man is not so much indignant as amazed at those territorial Esaus who barter a crown for a fowling-piece, or are tempted by an extra £500 in shooting-rents to exchange the first place in a Highland county for the 1000th place in Mayfair. Human nature is always human nature, and the most insane actions are conditioned by some effectual and reckonable cause. But an effectual cause is not necessarily a sufficient reason. Setting aside the incalculable elements of patriotism and humanity, and postulating only a healthy endowment of original sin, I am safe in assuming, my dear reader, that neither you nor I, with the chance before us of becoming the Alfred of a countryside, would prefer to remain the Tamburlaine of a covert, or the Chevalier de St. George of a Cheltenham villa. We have too much of Cæsar and Napoleon in us for this *gran rifiuto*. The spirit

of Lucifer might tempt us to wade through slaughter to a throne, if the throne were within our reach and that were the only way of getting to it; but it would also keep us at a safe distance above any desire to scatter pellets and gratuities o'er a frowning land, and read our history in the sporting press.

IV.

The game-preserver may, if he choose, claim mental step-brotherhood with us, on the ground that his *gran rifiuto* and our territorial ambition have a common father in the authentic Leatherstockingism of boyish dreams. But the one child is the cretinous offspring of a dismal *mariage de convenance* with Miss Belial-Mammon, and music-hall ditties have been the lullaby of his fractious slumbers: the other is the comely pledge and first-fruits of a life-long amour with Pallas Athene, and his cradle-visions have been mellowed and deepened by the still sad music of humanity. Moreover, in some cases, as in that of the public-school boy, Leatherstockingism may share the congenital taint of Miss Belial-Mammon, or have been corrupted by premature intercourse with her. But in giving the rein to prejudice, didactic fervour repeats the error of Phaeton, and spreads charred darkness in the attempt to diffuse excess of light. Let us not, by failing to credit him with it, show ourselves lacking in the quality which the public-school boy treasures as the most precious jewel in his inheritance. How the sense of fairplay, of which he loudly claims almost a mono-

poly can become effectual without the sympathetic imagination which he as loudly disclaims, is about as comprehensible as the existence of form without content, or of wisdom without knowledge. But we can be juster to him than he is to himself. We can presume his sense of fairplay so far effectual as to enable him to regard the long long thoughts of the mooning town boy as a compensation for not winning Waterloos on playing-fields, or running the British Empire in Mr. Kipling's stories. Occasionally, also, the dreams do come true, and the moonshine materialises into a warm and breathing Cynthia. Some of my fellow-dreamers are commanding sailing-ships or tramp steamers, some are stealing rides on American freight-trains, or boiling their billies in the Australian bush. On the whole, the sundowners and deadbeats are less disillusioned than the skippers, and we less disillusioned than they. For Cynthia, who is prosaic and exigent, alas! in proportion to her palpability and worldly dower, has discounted her dream-charm to them by more than the kisses she lays upon their opening eyes, or the elusive balm she mingles with their waking breath. To us, whom fortune rather than will has prevented from following her into her secret haunts, and condemned to scenes and pursuits so alien to her essence that she cannot mingle with the light of our common day, she remains a pure and perfect goddess, of moonbeams all compact, like a symphony of Brahms; and at her nightly spell the rose of thought, shedding its overblown and sin-soiled petals, can "shut and be a bud again."

POET AND PAINTER.

Until the beginning of the present century, historians of European civilisation generally introduced their representations of the drama of actual history by a neat little stock prologue-play of European origins, as convenient for the dramatist as it was satisfying to the audience. The rising of the curtain revealed an almost desert Europe, dotted with tiny groups of lake-dwelling aboriginals and pioneering Turanians. On a platform to the right, labelled "Central Asian Plateau," were drawn up a compact body of Aryans, numbered off in three divisions: swarthy and long-headed; medium swarthy and broad-headed; blonde and long-headed; and behind them, on a sort of Ghillies' Hill, were a horde of broad-nosed Slavs and oblique-eyed Turanians. The stage-manager gave the signal. The first division of the Aryans marched down along the Mediterranean shore and became Latins; the second spread along the Alps into France and Britain and became Celts; the third went north along the Baltic and became Teutons; and the Slavs tumbled down across Russia. Then the Turanians rushed down among the Slavs, and both of them pushed upon the Teutons, who in

their turn shoved the Lapps up out of Scandinavia, chased the Celts up the Alps and out into the west of France, swarmed into Britain and chevied the Celts there into Ireland, Wales, Cornwall, and the north-west of Scotland, and finally sent substantial cohorts of colonists into Italy and Spain. Germany, wholly Teutonic, became noted for "energy and steadiness," the absence of the literary faculty and the presence of musical genius among her people being vaguely accounted for by the Teutonic temperament; while the infusion of Latin-Norman and resurging Celtic influences explained the literary talent and high adventurous purpose that electrified and discomposed the "energy and honesty" of Anglo-Saxon Britain.

Anthropology and archæology have irretrievably ruined the symmetry of this engaging composition. The Aryan figment has vanished. The so-called Teutons and Latins have given place to Nordic and Mediterranean (fair and dark) varieties of an aboriginal type; and the so-called Anglo-Saxon is revealed as a very minor element in the welter of Nordics and Mediterraneans that is known as the British people. Most amazing of all, the real Celt, the broad-headed and swarthily inclined European, whom we had regarded as a dispossessed patrician, is really the parvenu of western civilisation, thrusting himself in, from Heaven knows where, along the backbone of Europe. So far from having been driven out to the Atlantic shores by the so-called "Teuton," he was driven back, by the closing in of the Nordic and Medi-

terranean races, into the centre of France and along the Alpine slopes. Being a pertinacious person, he no doubt reached Britain, but it is fairly certain that he was cleared out of it more effectually than any subsequent invader. On the other hand, he consoled himself for his check on the Atlantic seaboard by creeping round up the back of Germany, where he is to-day the dominant ethnical factor in most of the southern provinces. Germany, in short, is not only more Celtic than Britain, which is practically not Celtic at all, but more Celtic than France, where the true Celt is at least a definite and calculable element in the most composite of European populations.

The true Celt, indeed, as he presents himself in Brittany or South Germany, has almost nothing in common, except the love of music, with the volatile and artistic Celt of our imaginations. He is reserved, superstitious, slow-thinking, obstinate almost to dourness, and, when left to himself, content with a rather mean and mindless way of life. Ethnical actuality, in this case, harmonises better with historical actuality than the haphazard deductions of theorists. It would have been too much of a paradox to go on ascribing our success in literature and our failure in music, and our unsteadiness, or at all events unreadiness, in practical affairs, to our descent from the same race to which Germany, I have little doubt, owes the dominant qualities of her Lessings, Klopstocks, Beethovens, Von Moltkes and Helmholtzes.

II.

In spheres then, where it is highly necessary, or absolutely essential, to be wise before the event,—in warfare, science, philosophy and musical architectonics, —Celtic obstinacy and ruminativeness energised by Nordic impetuousness have been infinitely more fruitful than the mere clashing reunion of Nordic and Mediterranean elements. The British reunion, however, gives the short circuit requisite for the effective transmission of the literary impulse, which, on its long passage between German ethnical terminals, is mainly absorbed by scientific preoccupations, diluted by philosophic speculation, or exhausted in the formulation of literary principles; only a thin current of pure lyricism managing to reach expression in true creative literature. A comparison between the German and English literatures since Lessing and Johnson amply justifies the Briton in preferring to do things rather than study how they ought to be done. No Sedans—or only French ones—crown the futile toil of constructing bridges and arranging mobilisations for the misty and unmapped field of the intellectual future: toil worse than futile, since it drains the energy required for the marchings and climbings that form the only practicable plan of campaign.

Still, the rusty pontoons that lie stranded on the Sahara of German literary criticism are worth occasional attention, if only as monuments of misdirected ingenuity, or as instruments for a singularly disinterested and abstract species of mental gymnastics;

and even a modern campaigner may find a useful hint in the faded maps of the æsthetic Moltkes and literary von Roons of the Goethean period. One wishes, at any rate, that the British novelist of last century had given a few nights to Lessing's "Laocoon" and Schiller's "Æsthetik." In grasping the reasons why the snakes are not drawn across the abdomen of the Trojan priest, and why the great artist who portrayed the sacrifice of Iphigenia concealed the face of Agamemnon, he might have become aware of a boundary between the static province of painting and the dynamic province of poetry. By an effort of logic and common sense, he might even have extended this boundary into the new and unsurveyed territory of landscape. Had he done so, he would not have been perpetually conjuring up "the brush of the painter" to "do justice" to scenes which no painter who knew anything about his business would ever dream of attempting. Ruskin tells us somewhere that Turner was the first painter who ever dared to look into the sun. But Turner was Turner: and where are his sunsets now? The fatal example of his Light-Brigade charge at the batteries of the impossible had to go on spoiling canvases, wasting pigments, and ruining reputations until the French painters, and after them the Dutch and the Scotch, taught landscape art to look for and obtain its effects within the limits of the medium employed.

This salutary limitation of the scope of painting was strikingly brought home to me one September

evening, when I was walking with an artist friend on a grass-covered road that runs southward over the eastern slopes of the Cathkin Braes. We had set out from Glasgow in thick enveloping rain, but as we left Burnside the wet grey blanket overhead had begun to lift its dripping western edge on blue-green depths of sky, and our ascent of the hill brow had been solaced with a remarkable view of Glasgow: the moist green light shimmering like a rising tide over the nearer woods and meadows, and surging up against the tenement-cliffs of the southern suburbs, while the spires and chimney-stalks beyond emerged one by one from the fringes of the sulphur-hued skirts of the storm, that trailed northward, voluminous and lurid, from more than halfway up the heavens.

This view, however,—terrestrial in tone and subject,—had left us speech for comment and acclamation: nature was here the theatrical and almost self-conscious artist, descending to human limitations, and as open to appraisement, if not to criticism, as any Royal Academician. The south-westward view from the other slope of the hill, over the rolling moor and pastures of the marches of three counties, ravished us into silence. When the spell was broken, we discovered, to our surprise, that we had each been admiring totally different sets of things. My eyes, free from preoccupations of paint, and at liberty to follow the dynamic, processional, associative, life-mirroring aspects of nature, had been passing in, from its glowing, diaphanous, ever-unfolding petals, to the blazing heart of the great rose-window

of God's temple, from whose ever-opening, never opened portals there seemed to float to my ears a celestially mellowed rendering of the final movements of Beethoven's greatest symphony. The sunset, as I continued to gaze at it, became mobile to fleeting images from Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Rossetti ; and at last my fancy fled with it beyond our coasts, and it became Leopardi's butterfly, with gorgeous painted wings outspread, poised on the edge of the violet of the sea.

My companion had not my multiform second-hand fancy; nor had he Turner's daring. He shook his head at the cloud-Alps, with their million snowy facets, that overhung the dwarfed and darkened hills of earth, far down along the south-west. For him, the soft level light flowing up the eastern slopes, gilding the corn-stacks and ruddying the farm chimneys, was "far too hot." His eyes were for the subdued aquatinted cobalt of the sunset's northern curtain, for the unexpected "qualities" of streams and hay-ricks in shadow, and, chiefly, for a short vista of trees in front, closing in a delicate lattice-work of branches and twigs against a faintly-luminous space of yellow sky. "Think," he exclaimed, "what Mouncey could have made of the tints and shadows of that branch, of the greys and browns of that road, of the convoluted enamel of that reticulated sky-space!"

I saw these beauties too, though it was difficult to worship minor deities under the eyes of the god of light. At all events I understood, as never before, why the painter, as painter, should study only what he

can subdue, in some fashion, to his own ideals of composition and harmony; and why his adoration of the broad, full-toned aspects of nature is best manifested by his wise abstention from the ludicrously impossible. Nature is the art of God; and there is a point in light and colour, and not a very high one, above which man's copying is a piece of puny irreverence.

Preoccupations of paint, however, vanish before the frankly and patently unpaintable. My friend was as free as I to marvel at a broad segment of a rainbow, so short as to be perfectly straight, and with its other tints curiously vanquished by the orange-crimson, that burned softly on the crest of a moorland hill; and we both pictured to ourselves how a Covenanting refugee would have taken it for a pillar of fire to conceal him from the Egyptians of Claverhouse and guide him to some distant Canaan among the moss-hags of Lanarkshire. And Shelley and Keats as well as Corot and Mouncey,—and everything earthly, indeed, if music at its highest be really of earth,—were transcended and forgotten in the crystalline pageant that attended our night march home by Carmunnock. If one looked at the dark tree masses, it was only to be reminded, by the endless variety of their solemn grace and tender mystery, that God was before Whistler or Corot. But to look up! Did Abraham ever see the Milky Way like that,—a great girdle of powdered pearl, sown with a million flashing diamonds of primary fire, drawn full across the blue-black velvet of night's mantle? Along

the dark hem of the horizon flickered now and then an embroidery of wildfire, as if to make up for the here so awesomely palpable sparseness of stellar jewellery below night's girdle. The plainness of her eastern breast seemed the calculated setting for her planetary Koh-i-noor; but as we came north-westward over the hill-crest, we seemed to find the missing gems that the storm had swept down from her western bosom, in the twinkling lights that thickened and powdered along the plain into a milky way that dissolved into the moonrise-glow of the city.

ABOVE THE FOG LINE.

To that vast majority of Britons who are classified as city-dwellers, rural residence in summer is as much a matter of normal experience as—judging from novels and fashionable magazines—wintering on the Riviera or in Egypt. In winter it is an adventure and a revelation, like spending July in Rome or Cairo—or Glasgow. A certain well-known man of affairs in one of our Scottish cities, who is also by way of being an artist—and a successful artist—is said to have declared that the country does not exist after the end of August; that being the date at which he returns to town. For most of us, the country ceases to exist after we have stopped week-ending in it. Even the Saturday or Sunday constitutional, round by Skaterigg and Canniesburn, does not effectually convince us that the country is not in a state of hibernation. The birds have crept to shelter by the time we have reached the canal; the cows are safe and snug in the warm-breathing byres; and the solitary ploughman, as ghostly as his misty background of trees, seems like a superfluous scarecrow moving away disgustedly from the sodden fields of rotting cabbage-

stalks. Rain and darkness soon obliterate the smudged features of the landscape, and to step into the lighted electric car at Killermont is to compress into a few seconds the sensations of a time-expired legionary returning from Castlecary to Rome. As the motor hums below us, and the wire screams above us, and the bell clangs, and the public-houses of Gairbraid Street flash upon us, and the lingering odours of boiled turnips and chemical manures give place to active suggestions of fried fish, the Cimmerian wastes behind us are forgotten in the opening glories of the New City Road and Cowcaddens. And when, an hour later, we light our pipe in the stalls of the Alhambra, or attune our ears to "Leonora, No. III.," and our eyes to the multitudinous dickies of the Scottish Orchestra, the road between Milngavie and Baldernock Kirk seems as remote from human concerns as the road between the pointers of the Great Bear.

Perhaps the best way to realise the country in winter is to spend the nights and the early part of every day in some village far enough from the city to have something approaching a separate economic identity, and yet near enough for the city to be visible as a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. The first thing one realises is that there is quite a lot of daylight in winter, and even of sunshine. If one does not get up before eight, artificial light is unnecessary even in the mornings of a dull Christmas week. Rising at that hour, one is able, on a few mornings of the year, to verify at leisure and in

comfort the utterances of the poets concerning a phenomenon vaguely imagined to be confined to the High Alps and the Isles of Greece. Not long ago I scored out a contemptuous exclamation mark which I had made in Pope's "Odyssey" against the expression, "the purple dawn." The dawn is purple. Also, it is distinct from sunrise; so now I understand why there was such a person as Aurora. I ask not proud philosophy to explain the lowering of the sky tone just before sunrise; I prefer to regard it as one of the inimitable effects of that supreme dramatist, Nature, whom not even Whistler shall persuade me to despise. That flash of the golden sceptre of the god of day, and his triumphant uprising amid his subdued court of clouds, is an eternal wonder. The courtiers approach again at his gracious bidding, and brighten in his effulgence; the pagan in us bends the knee before his majesty, and fills his eastern palace with triumphal harpings and trumpetings from the "gold clouds metropolitan"; what time we shave our Presbyterian chops, that water to the odour of the far-off frying ham. They are true poets, those Indians of Arizona, who baptise their new-born infants by holding them up naked to the rising sun.

After breakfast, on snowy mornings, one feeds the birds from the ground-floor windows. Peeping out from behind the sash-curtains, one learns more about bird-life in half-an-hour than one could learn from books in half a year,—though a properly coloured bird-book applicable to Scotland would be very welcome.

I was not aware until quite recently that the starling's plumage is as beautiful as the pheasant's, that the female blackbird is brown and blowsy, or that the winter air of Calvinistic Scotland allowed life to such a dainty little feathered flower as the blue-tit. The rotund little robin under the snow-laden hollybush, with the newest thing in winter waistcoats, looks as if he were posing for a mid-Victorian Christmas card; though there is something not quite Victorian about that Lafcadio Hearn-looking dark eye with which he regards you sidewise,— like the agent of the Eden Land Company.

Save for the finches and linnets fluttering from the hedges in search of food, the hill-ward walk by the old road is amid a vast solitude. Not a footprint ruffles the billowy napkin of the fields, rose-tinted and diamond-sown in the sunlight, cold blue in the shadowed hollows, through which the shrunken burns sneak like trails of drumly dish-water. On the edge of the moor a few sheep, dingy against the snow, are jostling each other at a trough into which a serious-faced man is putting hay and cut-up turnips: "hand-feeding is being resorted to." On our way back by the main road we meet a laden cart drawn by a sleepy horse and surmounted by a red-faced, blinking man happed up in coats, mufflers, and oilskins, who looks as if he were returning from an unsuccessful crawl for the South Pole. The Plough and the Pleiades saw him on his milky way at three this morning, and they will see him on it every morning when rain

does not hide him or sickness chain him to his bed. The halfpenny morning paper that protrudes from his coat-pocket, and that he will doze over at the kitchen fire between the evening milking and bed-time, will have formed his sole intellectual nourishment for the day. On Sunday, it will be supplemented by its weekly edition, in which the essence of terrestrial iniquity during seven days is distilled and diluted for Presbyterian consumption; by the local weekly, whose specialties are church gatherings, minor misdemeanours, mortuary verse (at advertisement rates), and the Catch-my-pal movement; and, if there is a son or servant available as locum tenens on the milk-cart, by a dose of cauld morality or tepid evangelicalism in the church of his fathers, where the locusts and wild honey of the Songs of Zion are only an appetiser to the cheap treacle of English Victorian hymnaries. Dust is gathering upon the Big Ha' Bible, once his father's pride, and the repository of all that has lent dignity to Scottish peasant life since the Reformation: faded from his soul is the spiritual pageant of fanatical ecstasy that succeeded the visible pageantry of the "auld religion"; faded, or fading fast, the faint gleam of sober intellectualism and homely romance that Burns and Scott and the brothers Chambers shed for a few decades on Scottish hearths. Boston and Rutherford, the Waverley Novels, and the Ettrick Shepherd's Tales, enjoy a deeper sleep on his shelves at home than their purchasers in the churchyard. It is doubtful if he could quote a verse from the Psalms or a line from

Burns, or dance a country dance, or hum any Scotch tunes but those of Harry Lauder's songs. He has views on the Crippen case, however, on cow guarantees, and on Canadian farming; and he thinks Britain ought to build more ships against Germany. What Burns or Crabbe or even George Douglas Brown would have made of him it is impossible to imagine. But over a "wee hauf" he is a decent enough being, though a little dull. I think Cecil Rhodes would have approved of him.

Of one thing I am certain. When I get my small holding I will not go in for dairy-farming. I shall smile encouragement to my cabbages, smoke the green fly away from my tomatoes, and collect the tributes of such a Parlement of Fowles as I saw assembled recently, fully 300 strong, in a richly savoury farmyard. Not a tail quivered, not a wing flapped. The silence was ominous. Were they going to abolish the Upper House of ducks and geese that gaped superciliously from the sappiest regions of the midden? A door opened, manna rained from a huge bowl,—and dignity vanished in a tumultuous assertion of the first law of nature.

It is only people with no colour sense, or whose eyes do not travel farther than the nearest hedge, who imagine that green is the dominant note of colour in Scottish scenery. It asserts itself a good deal in May and June, and mingles to some extent with the pinky bluishness of July and August; but for the most of the year, and especially in winter, the ruling

tone is purple. That is, if the sun shines; when he does not, it is almost as difficult after October to find colour in the country as in town. On bright frosty forenoons, colour starts up in the most unexpected places: every brick in every chimney-stalk and gable has a tint of its own, door and window posts glare out in crude primary pigments, the warm grey of old stone houses is the ground to a delicate granulation of moss green, and the eye follows the whole chromatic diapason along the thorn hedge.

On such a forenoon, last winter, I stood for half an hour, silent as a stone, gazing into a sheltered corner of a roadside wood, into which the sunlight was flowing like the tide into an estuary. The background was the hedge of a cottage garden, and from the other side of the cottage came the laughter of children at play. On a fallen branch sat a rooster and three of his wives, clucking softly for sheer cosiness. A few feet away, a little rabbit, his grey-green fur barely distinguishable from a log beside him, was snatching forty winks under the hedge. When the children were louder than usual, or one of the siesta party fluttered a wing or gaped, he would throw back his ears and open his near eye in a deprecatory and slightly apprehensive manner. The noise of the children ceased; the feathered group settled into a sound slumber; the half-frozen river down behind the cottage became audible: in his sunlit cosy corner the little rabbit was fast asleep. My back was warm; I felt drowsy, and sat down to rest on a mossy

THE CART AT POLNOON.

stone marked "Glasgow 10 . . ." Two hours later, amid the fulminations of detonators, I was entering into a horror of great darkness,—darkness not only palpable but aggressive,—darkness that froze and stung and nipped and choked, like some horrible octopus undreamt of by Victor Hugo or Mr. Frank Bullen,—darkness that—but have Dante and Zola been reborn in me, that I should attempt to describe a Glasgow fog ?

II.

Like the prodigal brother or troublesome guest, the snow generally manages to melt our hearts just before it melts away itself. Its unearthly beauty on the eve of the first great thaw, when the marmoreal world is flushed with the purple wine of a glowing and cloudless sunset, makes one almost regret the passing of winter. Nature seems like Giorgione's Venus, or like Galatea shuddering into rosy life at the ardent kiss of Pygmalion. But Galatea has awakened at once to passion and to degradation. In the grey Presbyterian light of next morning, with the cosmetic enamel all spotted and cracked by the night's rain, she is an obscene and unsightly trollop, and taste and decency call aloud for the overdue February bath and the light-green underclothing of April. Between these, alas! is to come the dust-bath of March, and we shall be lucky indeed if February has not played her usual trick of pushing March forward into April, and April into May, and May

out of the calendar altogether. I rather think it is April, however, that is squeezed out in Scotland, and that May has to take up April's work and give some of her own over to June. But it is futile to try to tell off the ragged regiment of the Scottish spring months.

Now, on the fallow fields, the dirty white of the snow has given place to the dirty green of gas lime. Now, on the upland pastures, earth's bosom, stripped of its winter garment, has a sallow and exhausted look, though in the hollows there is a faint hint of verdant freshness. Now the streams, carrying away the dust and dirt gathered by the snow, are mere turbid sewers. Now the milky mothers, dazed and languid after their wintering in the steamy byre, hobble out from the farmyard on mild mornings, and blink feebly at the feeble sun, and nose tentatively at the sodden grass. Now the raucous seagulls, fluttering and poising in the dark wake of the two-horse-power vessel sturdily helmed by Jock the plooman, fish frantically for worms and grubs. Now the smale fowles turn up their beaks at bread-crumbs, and on nature's table partake of live macaroni and vermicelli in the manner of Leporello. Now on the iron horse-head the wheel revolves, and the sappy midden, pride of the farmer's heart, gives up its amber-reaming treasures. Now, in the fields, those grim Geneva ministers of rooks assemble in hoarse-voiced synod, and discuss the fragrant spoils of urban ashpits, and pursue their investigations into

the recesses of obsolete syrup-tins and of the cenotaphs of Paysandu ox-tongues. Now, on a fine Sunday morning, what time the guidwife washes the breakfast dishes, ere yet the querulous clang of the church bell awakens the echoes of the misty vale, the rural inhabitant, in shirt-sleeves, and with clay pipe in mouth, and faithful whippet or mongrel at his side, strolls round to the "back o' the hoose" to see what winter has left him of a garden; and spits meditatively into the pigsty. Now the woods, scentless so long, give forth faintly pungent smells of resin and of green growth, and the odour of the stirring earth awakens vague regrets and hopes and longings in the breast of the urban wanderer. Now blankets are washed and vents swept, and the thrush tries over a note or two, and the whistle of the house-painter is heard in the land.

I read Mr. Belloc's "Path to Rome" not long ago, and for the first time in my life I felt a desire to see Switzerland. But if I can't see it as Mr. Belloc saw it, I prefer not to see it at all. What most impressed me in his book was his Pisgah experience on the Weissenstein: the "promise of unexpected lights" amid the trees on the forward ridge; the cascade of woods towards the far-stretching plain; and, up and away on the edge of the world, glittering "as though with the armour of the immortal armies of Heaven," "peak and field and needle of intense ice, remote, remote from the world." I get the same sort of promise every morning on a certain main road that runs

southward from our village towards ridge upon ridge of feathery woodland, the highest and farthest lit with the silver light of faery lands forlorn. I cycled over these ridges one day, and found no Alps or Eldorado, but the dreariest stretch of muddy road leading to the dreariest of dreary West Country villages. It served me right for my prurient inquisitiveness. One should never walk or cycle into unexplored territory unless one can go on indefinitely and re-create one's visions.

But if nature is apt to be Octavia by day, she is sure to be Cleopatra after sunset. If you would realise the loveliness of night, go out on a lonely road when it is clear and moonless, and lie down on a bank and study the star groups through a field-glass. Diamonds and sapphires, rubies and emeralds, burning and flashing with primary radiance, crowd in strings and clusters into the field of vision. How is it astronomers do not go mad with the beauty of this "faint eternal eventide of gems?" I suppose they do go mad and then come sane again. I prefer to remain at the half-mad stage of the amateur who can do little more than pick out the greater constellations and name off their component stars. Strange, how we cling to these legends and signs of Orion, Aries, Canopus, and the rest, that, save for the survival of their nomenclature, are to scientific astronomy what the Mass is to Kant's "Kritik of Pure Reason." We owe the Greeks more than we can tell for their poetic humanisation of the heavens,—for this barrier-reef of friendly terrestrial

tradition interposed between the unadventurous mind and the vertiginous waves of infinitude. The heavens declare the glory of God; but now that God has become mathematics, it is well they should still declare also the glory that was Greece,—the glory of man. Could we, in certain moods,—the moods mythology and Romanism were devised to comfort,—endure the sight of stars barren of associative tradition, and numbered off, say, by American astronomers? They would be as "horrid" to us as the Alps and the Grampians were to our forefathers before Rousseau and Byron, Scott and Shelley, had conjured up the spirits of mountain romance. They would be less to us, indeed; for their hundreds of light-years convey no sensible impression of height and distance, but only shock and stun us, as if the touch of our shower-bath valve had brought down Niagara upon us, or the whole force of a thunderbolt had passed into our hand-battery. If you want to experience the vertigo of space, look steadily up at the full moon when she is tottering at her zenith amid flying cirrus. When she leaves a fleecy continent, and spins wildly across a blue-black Atlantic of emptiness, the mind reels with her, and the hands reach out involuntarily for something that is rooted in the solid if too palpably spinning earth. No wonder mankind shut their eyes so long to the obvious indications of the earth's sphericity! A flat earth would have been so much more soothing,—and in many ways so much more interesting. We are the victims and prisoners of Newton's law.

Fire, hail, cloud, wind, and snow made my first winter in the country the most interesting and uncomfortable season I had ever experienced. I had it on the authority of the lamplighter,—who, like Tobit's young man, takes his dog with him on his rounds (was the young man's dog called Toby?) — that it lightened exceedingly every night during three weeks; and at three one morning I was surprised by a shout and bellow of thunder that made me drop "Mademoiselle de Maupin" and take up "Tom Jones." I found Fielding almost as much of a tonic as the long walk I had had a day or two before, in one of the worst gales of the winter. I was on the high wooded side of a valley, and the rumble of the wind below was like the tumbling and breaking of huge confused waves, and the noise in the trees overhead like the rush and carry of a heavy sea along a ship's side. The Norse blood in me—I presume there is some—surged and bounded with the storm; my muscles stiffened like the fir-boles, and I sang and shouted like Harold Härfager out for mischief on the North Sea . . . For a moment the clouds tore open, low down in the west, and a wild yellow light flew over the straining and beaten backs of the pine-woods. Then the gap closed, and daylight with it; and the Black Brunswickers of the storm galloped up howling and shrieking from the horizon, with wildfire flashing in their eyes, and pierced the crouching, groaning forests with levelled lances of hail. And I, who had had enough of the Viking business, turned up my coat collar and ran

before the wind to the village inn, in which, beside a roasting fire, a bovine groom was discussing a quart of beer and the private affairs of his employer with a sententious ploughman. "The Twa Dogs," I murmured to myself. But it was no more like it than chalk is to cheese.

BACK TO THE LAND.

"We know what we are, but know not what we may be," as poor Ophelia says. Four months ago,—nay, not four,—I had as much idea of becoming a gardener as Ophelia's poor papa had of becoming a fishmonger. There is an obvious comment on that statement, of course; but if the man who goes over a nine-hole course in 70 calls himself a golfer, and if the term yachtsman be applied to a lethargic individual in a peaked cap and white trousers, who smokes a cigar and watches another man steering his yacht, there can be no reason—but to elaborate the point would only divert our minds from contemplation of the portentous truth expressed in the Oriental saying that "You never know your luck till the number goes up." I am so profoundly impressed by the inexhaustible versatility of destiny, that I should only be moderately surprised to find myself, within the next few years, talking golf, reading Miss Corelli's novels, taking banjo lessons, or, in a flagrantly appropriate hat, confronting the public from the columns of an evening paper, as the President of the Sweetiepokey Bowling Club.

Considering the remarkable activity of European

thought during the last 2,500 years, I suppose it must have occurred to some one by this time that at least two-thirds of proverbial philosophy is made up of more or less elaborate excuses for laziness. The majority of them are quite superfluous: their purposes were comprehensively anticipated long ago by the languid Mussulman who, in the intervals of masticating the dates that fell into his mouth from the tree in whose shade he lay, managed to breathe forth these immortal words:—"Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end." If he had choked on a date-stone, he might have considered—briefly—the inadvisability of eating stone fruit in a recumbent posture. But it is impossible to conceive of any manifestation of the most torpid existence so simple and mechanical that it would not be paralysed at its motive source by this sublimely idiotic injunction. Our own life is beyond the power though within the scope of its indictment; but it most directly invalidates the purpose of matrimony as set forth in the Anglican rubric. Perhaps this is the chief reason why humanity have tacitly declared it a counsel of perfection and have condescended upon minor and particular excuses for doing nothing. It has not only been disregarded but implicitly contradicted by western nations, and Britain has substituted for it the sublime policy of "muddling through." It was certainly not regarded by me,—it was as far from my thoughts as musical comedy or the cube root of 2,—when I sauntered out in the April sunshine and listlessly surveyed a weedy

and exposed strip of stony soil,—if soil it could be called that was only builder's rubbish strewn over a sandstone bluff.

Whistling lightly in response to a thrush who was shouting at me from his spring lodgings over the way, I brought out a trowel, balanced it airily on my finger, and then began to toy with the weeds, intending, if I intended anything, to amuse myself for a few minutes before lunch. The minutes passed. The thrush sang on, but he sang in solo. Mr. Roosevelt shot three lions and a rhinoceros, and Kermit took three photographs. Mr. Chesterton evolved five paradoxes. Mr. Carnegie gifted two half-organs and a library. There were two revolutions in Central America. Halley's Comet travelled 100,000 miles, and a whistle from down the valley announced that the local train had succeeded in travelling one. It rained twice, I think, and hailed once, I know; some said it thundered. I toyed, a thought earnestly, with my 50,000th weed. There has fallen a splendid tear—surely not perspiration! I have a faraway consciousness of a human voice. I straighten my back, not without difficulty, and look across a sunlit walk which, when I last saw it, was in deep shadow. I am informed that lunch has been delayed forty minutes, and that I have been called five times. Staggering to my feet, I consult my presentation ironclad, and find I have been in a posture of profound devotion on my native soil for two hours and a half.

Next morning I settle down to the usual routine

of a conscientious bookworm. But the news of the world seems curiously irrelevant and remote, and my mental thews decline to stiffen up to their daily wrestle with Dante Alighieri. Tobacco has lost its sedative virtue. I obey the call of the thrush, and go out. As my eye travels casually up the half-weeded garden, I divine in a flash the cause of my unsettledness, and what the thrush was calling me for. He is Nature's janitor, ringing me out to resume the study of the first page of her grammar that I have incautiously opened. There lies the page, bristling with roots; and my next-door neighbour is watching me. A spirit in my feet leads me to the toolhouse. I hang my jacket on a clothes-pole, kneel down with my face to the East, like a devout Hajji who has lost his carpet, and, soberly and almost grimly, plunge the trowel into the margin of the green-flecked soil. Nothing I see in nature for two hours but wriggling festoons of worms (as if this had been the burying-place of the Medusa family and their hair had acquired a chorean instead of a petrific virtue underground), and earth-sunk fibres that seem to form part of a direct telegraphic service with the Antipodes. Lunch is announced: this time a messenger is sent. As I pick sections of Scottish territority off my clothes and out of my nails, and arrest a beetle who is making his clammy way up my leg, I realise the full significance of my Jameson Raid of the day before.

What follows why recall?—how I delved and raked, turned over new sods, and delved and raked again;

worked-in the manure that the merchant thereof had considerately tossed over the railing into the front lawn; sowed the right seed at the wrong time, and the wrong seed at the right time, putting in altogether as much as would have kept the Botanic Gardens blooming for a year; how, in short, I ploughed and sowed and reaped and mowed and was a farmer's boy to myself at an average wage,—to reckon by results, and without deduction of seed,—of about a penny an hour.

The field operations over, and the forces of law and order established, my active functions are mainly confined to keeping down the guerilla warfare of weeds. What is wanted now is a short period of self-government. I am trying to break myself of the habit of reviewing my troops three times a day; it must embarrass and intimidate the young recruits to be glared at by the general when they are just getting into their green uniforms and learning to shoot. "Please go away," they seem to plead; "it's bad enough to have to stand the hot shafts of the sun, and the cold arrows of the rain, without your digging your gimlet eyes into us. How would you like if our big brothers, the trees, put their heads in at your window to see what you were having for breakfast, or leaned down to feel your muscles or hear you construe a book of Virgil? If you had read Carpenter's 'Vegetable Physiology' you would know we weren't mushrooms or gourds. Come back in a week and we'll be glad to see you."

What I shall see in a week or a month will not seem, even to myself, commensurate with the kinetic energy I have expended, and the amount of extra food I have absorbed, since the first weed fell to my trowel. But I have gained much. I have experienced the soothing and yet vivifying effect of close contact with this "nature" of which bookish people prate so much and know so little. The good smell of the wet earth and of the bruised turnip leaves is a wholesome corrective to the "odour of poisonous brass and metal sick" that our palate takes from modern industrial life; it gives one a tranquillising assurance that when all the iron and coal and tin in the world have rusted and burned and evaporated away, the earth will still go on bringing forth fruits after her kind, and man, clasped once more to her bosom, will be cured of the fevers that have racked his nerves since the days of Tubal Cain.

THE WHANGIE.

A glass of native wine at the Half-way House, inexpressibly grateful after a seven miles' walk on hilly roads in the clinging warmth of a fine September afternoon, has washed away the Glasgow sulphur from our palate. Our feet, beginning to forget the pack-drill march of the pavements, move briskly to the quickstep of the rising pulse. But we are still seeing grey and thinking civically.

All at once, raising our eyes from the dusty back of a perspiring frog who is pantingly meditating a trek across the arid desert of the highway, we are confronted by one of those compositions with which nature mocks the efforts of a Turner or a Segantini. Within the dark ogival frame formed by the meeting of the pines and larches over the road, lies a picture of bluish-purple mountains, with delicate white plumes of cirrus streaming out over the azure from their imperious heads, and a great liquid sapphire lying in the dull green plain at their feet. Here, but suffused with living light, and set off by the warm shades of the heather, is that ethereal blueness of distance we have so often marvelled at in the backgrounds of Italian

painters; nature, as so often happens, in the same moment vindicating and eclipsing art. Seeing blue and purple now,—thinking no longer in standing orders, but in Shelleyan strophe and antistrophe,—we press up quickly to the frame, and pass within the picture.

Not alone, however. A deep approaching hum, like that of a Brobdingnagian bee rushing out in angry response to a runaway knock at his St. Paul's Cathedral of a hive, is pointed by such sounds as those with which Blunderbore may have expressed his disapproval of overdone Englishman. The hum deepens to a roar, rises to a scream, and falls in rapid chromatic diminuendo to a whine as the 60 h.p. Panhard, to escape which we have jumped on to the roadside grass, flies down the long switchback descent of the Stockiemuir Road, and, after several diminished reappearances on forward crests, vanishes with a moan, like a despairing mad thing, into the Finnich woods.

The air is filled with choking dust, which, scattered upon the hedges by the wind-wake of the car, makes them look as if a volcanic cloud had passed along the hillside. The delicate thymy and resinous odours are overpowered by the indescribable stink, pungent yet sickly, of crude naphtha. The charm of the road is broken. We feel like Hyperion entering his desecrated palace:—

> "Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths
> Of incense breathed aloft from sacred hills,
> Instead of sweets, his ample palate took
> Savour of poisonous brass and metal sick."

And so, instead of going on to the next milestone, the orthodox point of departure for the Whangie, we leap down from the road embankment into the coarse grass of the quaking moor, and strike south-westward along the base of Auchineden Hill.

If America was half as difficult to find as the Whangie, Columbus certainly deserves all the credit he has got. As a geographical achievement, however, his detection of America has been vastly overrated. He had only to sail on, and still sail on, and then go on sailing; America was sure to turn up, since the first land that did turn up was to be America. As a matter of fact, he thought it was India. The Whangie is not to be discovered in any such haphazard fashion. The search must be conducted on the rigid principles of surveying laid down in Poe's "Golden Bug." The starting point is

> "a pine
> Rock-rooted, stretched athwart the vacancy,"

somewhere on the north-east shoulder of Auchineden, from which a strict course must be laid towards the western curve of the half-embedded plum-pudding of Duncomb. Even then, the search is not at all unlikely to end in a fiasco. Columbus only discovered Cuba, a baby America: the explorer of the Kilpatricks is apt to be put off with a baby Whangie, the peculiarity of which is that its discovery almost invariably precludes that of the great, the real Whangie. We possess a bump of locality which has enabled us to find our way from Cheyne Walk to the Zoo without reference to

a policeman, and even to penetrate the purlieus of Polmadie; yet we confess that our first three attempts to find the Whangie resulted in unmitigated and humiliating failure. It was not, indeed, until after we had joined a Whangie Club, whose excursions were conducted by a professional surveyor, armed with compass, sextant and theodolite, that we were able to start on a solitary quest with any reasonable assurance of success.

If we had the excuse of age and the impunity of eminence, we should give way to garrulousness on the subject of the Whangie Club, which on two Sundays in the year mystified the milk-boys and discomposed the early-communicants of the west-end by striding out of the city in knickerbockers and "bunnets," each member laden with his portion of the day's commissariat; and whose footsore but triumphant return painted a pallid wonder on the faces of the swains and maidens of the electric-lit "crawl." Divine ordinances, we hasten to assure our Sabbatarian friends, were not neglected. When lunch was over, kettles and pans burnished and put away in their secret cupboard under a shelving rock, and the upper and lower registers of the senses appeased by the majestic vista of Loch Lomond and the soothing fumes of golden bar, the chasm of the Whangie echoed to the militant strains of "Now Israel," or the plaintive numbers of "Coleshill"; the spirits of our Covenanting fathers rose from every stone, and the dreaming eye scanned the skyline for the plumes and pennants of General Graham's life-guards.

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall, I read somewhere,—or perhaps I merely dreamt,—of a ruddy young army officer, with shaven neck, nicely soaped hair, and very decided notions about Fiscal Reform and land taxes, who, after listening vaguely to a discussion that had sprung up at a garden-party between two degenerate persons as to the comparative merits of Keats and Shelley, condescended to enquire—"Er—ah—by the way—ah—what *are* Keats?" The reader who is not personally familiar with the topography of the Clyde valley might with equal pertinence enquire at this point—"What *is* the Whangie?"

To ask the question is to confess ignorance of the writings of Hugh Macdonald, keenest of picturesque itinerants, most ardent of Glasgow's civic patriots. To give the right scientific answer would be to out-Geikie Geikie. Our lay intelligence can supply only a crude and hypothetical illustration. Place a slab of cast iron over a ridge of highly tempered steel; apply sufficient downward pressure to both ends of the slab to open a gap at the point of greatest lateral strain, directly over the ridge: the cast iron slab is the trap rock, the steel ridge a submerged summit of Plutonic formation, the pressure is supplied by ice or deposited strata, and the gap is the Whangie, the minute correspondences between the saliences and depressions of whose smooth black sides,—like the frettings in primitive hide-money or in the old indentures of apprenticeship, or the rivets of the fateful ring in Dryden's "Don Sebastian,"—are not to be accounted for by any sub-

sequent agency of erosion. Geologically, the Whangie, — which is about 100 yards long, 60 feet deep, and three feet wide,—is an almost exact replica, on a scale of about a third or less, of the awful chasm through which the Devon shudders at Rumbling Bridge; the absence of frightsome grandeur and of sylvan decoration being æsthetically made up for by the unique position of the Whangie on a bare hillside, and by the vast prospect of Loch Lomond, glittering broad around its feathered, dark-green islands, and glooming livid as it narrows in among the rugged tiers of the Argyllshire mountains, where the thunder broods, and the mists are born and die, and the last snows of April lie waiting for the first snows of October, and the evening light lingers long after lochs and islands are lost in the shadow of the Luss hills. The total effect is infinitely more satisfying than that of the Finnich glen, down there among the trees, a mile or so along the Drymen Road; where the absence of topographic prospect is not compensated for by the sylvan and river features that enforce an invidious comparison with Rumbling Bridge. But Finnich Glen, as the only thing of its kind nearer than the Falls of Clyde, is at least worth an extra half-hour's walk.

The name Whangie, like many another primitive name in non-Celtic or only half-Celtic Britain, is a bother to etymologists. Two Gaelic authorities whom I have consulted can think of no derivation nearer than the Gaelic *cumhainge*, narrowness — from the

adjective *cumhang*, narrow, cognate with the Welsh *cyfyng*, which has the same meaning. In old maps of the district the name is spelt *Wanzie*,— pronounced Wanyie. This palatal *n* seems to throw out the Gaelic derivation a little. But Mr. Henry Bradley has recently demonstrated the absurdity of the attempt to explain unidentifiable place-names in Britain by reference to the modern Celtic tongues, which probably bear only the same relation to the old British language as Italian and French do to Latin, or Latin and Greek to Sanskrit. Our ignorance of the pre-Celtic tongues at least supplies room for a theory that the name Wanzie, or Wanyie, if it was so pronounced, may be a transitional or corrupted form of the old British word from which the Gaelic *cumhainge* and its Welsh cognate were both derived.

While we are engaged in the formulation of this epoch-making hypothesis, we become suddenly aware of the lengthening shadows along the hillside, on which there has fallen that strange, mellow, subduing light of the setting sun, which, if it were to endure throughout a whole day, would, one somehow feels, banish violence and sordidness from the world, and make poet-philosophers of all mankind. This sweetly pensive mood of nature, for whose poetical expression we search our memory in vain, is voiced by the long tremulous note of the curlew. There, somewhere among the rank rushes of the darkening morass, is the poet of the hour, unconscious, inimitable, and unknown. His song deepens the pensiveness to oppressive sadness. Soli-

tude lays her cold grey hand upon our shoulder: we spring to our feet with a shiver, and depart.

Glancing sometimes at the round left shoulder of Duncomb, our only steering-point, we race, stumble, climb, and pant over the lumpish uplands towards the shores of Clyde.

> "So eagerly the fiend,
> O'er bog, or steep, through straight, rough, dense, or rare,
> With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
> And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies."

At length, having narrowly escaped drowning in a huge inkpot of a mountain tarn, we find the track that leads downwards into the world, and, a mere aching jelly of humanity, pause on the edge of a westward-facing precipice to place the tiny cup of our senses beneath the Niagara of a perfect sunset. The Firth is a floor of grained and luminous gold; a steamer shooting out from Prince's Pier is followed by fanlike flashes of unsufferable light; the hills dream in a rosy haze, and the farther peaks melt and blend into the upper, the unspeakable gold. . . .

Thus, in tentative involuntary struggles, do we hold up the little chalice of our soul; glad at length, after half-an-hour's gazing, to let it turn over and be drowned in loveliness,—to be washed up again on the shores of man's world, there, up the river, where, as the opposing sunset dies, the thickening curtain of night is fringed with the watch-fires of the outmost fortress of European civilisation. For the towns that lie behind us are but its temporary bivouacs and

outposts ; and behind them is the great Hunnic horde of waves, clamouring wolf-like for the land they press forward to devour. And over them is their Attila, the great north-west wind, fiercer and fleeter than his complaining slaves; leaping the mountains, furrowing and frothing the lochs, ploughing the glens, and, from this last barrier where we stand, throwing his viewless billows full upon the shores of man's achievements, to break in visible foam of sleet and hail, and roar and shriek and eddy through the creeks and inlets of urban thoroughfares.

The wind moans down the pass behind us; the stars quiver with the first frost of the year. There are warm lights down along the dark river: one of them is the window of the cosy little bar, bright with measures of burnished copper, of a snug hotel where they can give you ham and eggs and toast. And that red light beside it is the railway station.

THE LOUP OF FINTRY.

The world is a much more beautiful place than is generally supposed. Like Gulliver with the Brobdingnagians, or Rousseau with his Venetian *fille de joie*, we make too much of the trifling blotches and eruptions on the fair body of nature. If we had not been told where to look for them we should hardly ever be conscious of their existence. Some years ago I cycled north and south through Artois and Picardy, by different roads, without ever becoming aware that I was traversing the Black Country of France. What I saw seemed to me to realise the most idyllic nature-pieces of George Sand or René Bazin. Zola, I learned later, had exploited the region in "Germinal." Ignorance of that fact had constituted my bliss.

On the other hand, "he that is down need fear no fall," whereas the profundity of ignorant bliss is the measure of a sudden shock of disillusionment. Cycling from Dieppe to Rouen, over one of the loveliest tablelands in Northern France,—my mind filled with the day's impressions of dark poplared vistas leading to sunlit chateaux, of wayside pictures à la Millet, sheep, cloaked shepherd, lark, vesper-bells and all,—my eyes straining forward for the first sign of approach to

that river of rivers, the Seine,—I slowed down on the wooded edge of a deep valley to taste the *apéritif* of anticipation. A yellow, volcanic smoke amid the trees below, an acrid sensation in the nostrils, aroused vague misgivings,—which condensed into disgust as I free-wheeled down a sharp slope into the oozy main street, lined with gaping chemical works and with hovels less frowsy than their squatting tenants, of a town whose name I have at last succeeded in forgetting.

Not otherwise would be the experience and sensations of an unwarned foreigner who should approach the Glazert valley by the woodland path from Torrance over the eastern slopes of Blairskaith Muir. The sylvan walk; the dappled rampart of the Campsies, seen between the tree-trunks; the stimulating curiosity,—old as the days of Cortez, Alaric, Abraham,—as to what lay in the forward valley; the last few breathless steps to the dip of the ridge,—and then—Pfui! Had Alaric peered over the Alps at such a scene, the greatest of historians might have been left without a subject. One cannot imagine a Goth so Gothic that the sight of a Lennoxtown would not have sent him shuddering back to his Pomeranian wastes.

Lennoxtown, however, did not send me shuddering back, for the simple reason that, knowing it of old, I had gone by rail from Glasgow to the station beyond, Campsie Glen, a place well-known to the operative classes of our city, but seldom visited by those whom fashion condemns to spend their leisure on bare Peebles-shire uplands or on remote, much-advertised

sand-spits by the North Sea. I am far from lamenting the modern craze for bleakness. I would rather encourage it. It has been a windfall to many a distressed landowner, who has derived a sudden access of revenue from the acres whose barrenness his ancestors cursed; and to landscape-hunters like myself, who may roam for days, unelbowed by plutocrats, and disturbed only by the occasional hum of a passing motor (on its way to the sand or snow-line), amid the most lusciously beautiful of British inland scenery.

As it was mid-week, I was unelbowed either by snob or mob; Saturday being the day on which, through the extraordinary tolerance of the proprietor, the members of city Bible-classes make vocal these groves with a chaste but energetic revival of Daphnean rites. A congenital necrological tendency drew me to the ruins of the little church where Archbishop Beaton of Glasgow once officiated as parish priest; and I mused over the tomb of the Covenanting martyrs, thanking Heaven (for I had an ancestor on the right side at Prestonpans) that they were securely buried. I could find no such lapidary assurance concerning the corporeal dust of Bell of Antermony, the Chinese traveller; but no doubt it is as safe and undisturbed here as the dust on his literary corpus in the Mitchell Library; and if you seek his monument, glance at the pedestal of Gibbon's. I wonder what Beaton or the martyrs would have thought of the hebdomadary picnics in Campsie Glen. It would have been good for us to hear Beaton on Bible-classes, or Boick on Swings.

Neither Boick nor Beaton, I fear,—nor even Bell,—would have given a thought to the Glen itself, which on this May morning was roofed over with that vivid green luminousness which defies both brush and pen. Everything was green,—the water, the ground, the light, one's very hands. The undergrowth is curiously lush, and there is a rank, acrid smell that suggests West African forests and does not tempt one to linger. Besides, I was bound for the Loup of Fintry. So, having climbed the rock-face on the probable origin of whose name only a Sterne would care or dare to speculate, and sweetened my imagination by a morning pipe in a deep grotto that has the whole stream of the Glazert for a living window, I panted, breathless as this sentence, up the steep grassy side of the glen to a point on the Crow Road at which, in my Shelley days, the evening prospect over the undulating southern lowlands invariably brought "Alastor" to my lips:—

> "Lo! where the pass expands
> Its stony jaws, the abrupt mountain breaks,
> And seems with its accumulated crags,
> To overhang the world: for wide expand,
> Beneath the wan stars and descending moon,
> Islanded seas, blue mountains, mighty streams,
> Dim tracts and vast, robed in the lustrous gloom
> Of leaden-coloured even, and fiery hills
> Mingling their flames with twilight, on the verge
> Of the remote horizon."

The city is not seen from this point, though its proximity is suggested by a curious thickness, a sort of perpetual dusk, over the Blairskaith table-land.

CRAIGALLIAN LOCH.

One has to climb up the gateposts of the pass to the top of the mountain wall to experience that dramatic effect of contrast which is to be obtained elsewhere in equal intensity only on the western bluffs of the Roman Campagna, and on the ridge that the Styrian Alps thrust out into the very suburbs of Vienna. There, in the south, within that cloud of smoke, and in the shadow, when they can throw one, of those stalks and spires (exclamation-marks of worry and despair along the soiled lower margin of the fair scroll of Heaven), tin shells, packed with shrapnel of human souls, are whizzing along streets where men jostle one another for space, and between houses where the heirs of all the ages sleep thirteen to a room. There, northwards from the coarse grass at our feet, roll illimitable billows of moorland, dark-green and lonely as the long combers of the South Atlantic; with only a stray sheep poised like a petrel on a rock-foamed crest, or a distant tiny farm-house sinking into a shadowed trough, like a dismasted schooner blown south out of her reckoning.

Returning to the road higher up than I had left it, I found myself within the gates of the pass, shut in with solitude. To ears vexed for days by the multitudinous sound-waves of a city, the apparent immobility of the air was at first almost painful. Stillness seemed a positive and aggressive thing; Johnson, I felt sure, had not visited the Hebrides when he carped at Dryden's "A horrid silence first invades the ear." But the stun soon passed. The tympanum,

drawing out to a higher tension, became thrillingly vibrant to the bleat of a lamb, the trill of a curlew, and the recurrent hissing of waterfalls; giving as high a total value to these sounds as it ever did to the blare of an orchestra or the roar of a street. The ear, indeed, rather than the eye was busy during this part of the journey. The scenery of the Crow Road is not actively inspiring. The eye strained after saliency. The shepherd's hut, halfway, rose to the proportions of a posting-inn; a solitary pedlar, with his oilskin-covered box on his back, assumed the importance of an army on the march; and the pillared hill on the left front, which marked the approach to Fintry, filled the vision as if it had been Ailsa Craig.

Fintry,—the descent into which, if it were one foot in fifty steeper, would be impracticable save for a goat,—is beyond all controversy one of the loveliest spots in these islands. Embowered in the rich foliage of its narrow holm, round and amid which the Endrick strays peacefully over a bed of silver-white pebbles,—with shrubberies and terraced gardens shading the transition to the bold and stony upland in which, like beauty in the arms of valour, the fair scene is fittingly set,—it has always seemed to me, as it must have seemed to many travellers, a Scottish realisation of Goldsmith's Sweet Auburn. The manse would tempt one to sign the Athanasian creed. I caught myself wishing I were schoolmaster here; but I remembered the School Board, and recalled the wish, lest peradventure Mephistopheles might rise up before me, in likeness of a shepherd's

dog, and cry "Topp!" But when I reached the quaint mediæval-looking police office, where a benevolent constable and a contented civilian (possibly a prisoner) were sitting smoking in a rustic verandah, I found myself wondering if there was any crime for which I might be condemned to perpetual incarceration in Fintry jail. There was a distillery here once, and a spinning-mill with 20,000 spindles. So the Statistical Account, with quite inexplicable exuberance, informs us. What the inhabitants do now, except let rooms to Glasgow Fair visitors and pick up the crumbs that fall from the landlord's table, I am unable to say. Agriculture, of course, looks as moribund as it does anywhere else in Scotland in these days, when the last thing that it seems to occur to anyone to do with land is to let people cultivate it and live on it.

II.

And now for the Loup. For those who have the use of their limbs, it is easily reached. You cross the Endrick at Fintry by the only bridge, and walk three miles up the valley by a road almost as steep as the one to Campsie. If the weather has been normal,—that is, fearfully wet,—a hissing and roaring down in the bare grassy ravine will apprise you of the nearness of the fall, the foam of whose lips, moreover, is easily seen from the road. In dry weather the fall is disappointing,—only a few streaks of foam straying down the fissures of a rugged tier of rocks. But after heavy

and continuous rains,—when a broad solid column of amber water shoots out, bends, and falls almost unbroken into the black pool ninety feet below,—the Loup of Fintry is one of the finest cataracts in Scotland. Its one defect is its lack of mystery. It does not make one dream o' nights, like that horrible, fascinating death-trap, the Caldron Linn on the Devon. The grass, the shrubs, the sheep, are too idyllic and simple an audience for this great music-drama of nature; they are like a young ladies' boarding-school at a performance of "The Valkyrie." The proscenium, one thinks, should be arched with Scots fir and mountain ash; the auditorium filled with a solemn concourse of pines and larches, deepening the thunder in the darkness of their pillared aisles, and responding with the majesty of immutableness to the glory of fluid, irresistible force.

That majesty and that glory were united, in a measure rare among mankind, in the soul of one who must often have rested here on his way back from hunting or foraging expeditions in the Forest of Menteith to the castle whose ruins, crowning an eminence between the head-waters of the Endrick and the Carron, in the very centre of Scotland, still remain as an enduring though neglected monument of the Guardian of Scotland and his trusty host and friend, John de Graham, who, as every Scottish schoolboy used to know, fell beside his leader in the lost battle of Falkirk, on July 22, 1298.

Not caring to repeat former experiences of the diminuendo of beauty and crescendo of ugliness that

await the traveller on the road down Carronside from John de Graham's castle, I returned to the "fair valley," even Fintry, and employed Borrow's excellent specific for tuning the senses for the second movement of a tramp symphony. The walk down Endrickside, was exquisitely rejuvenating. The earth was trembling and fluttering with life. You could not look at a weed but a wing moved it or a furry something shuffled from under it,—at a flower but a big grumbling fellow of a bee clambered clumsily round it,—at a budding twig but it quivered against the blue with the feathered rapture that had shot from it to another twig. The woods hummed, and cheeped, and stridulated: high on a dizzy treetop the blackbird exalted sat, to that swinging eminence by sheer impudence raised, and cheerfully informed the world that he didn't care a rap for anybody: the trees shook with merriment at him, or swayed with pride of their shimmering green costumes; while the great stately clouds, in the dazzling new white satin dresses the sun had given them, sailed along, in a slow minuet, over the spacious blue floor of the sky. Gloom sat, like a sulking wallflower in an alcove, far back in the sunless corrie of Balglass, and rocked the cradle of the sleeping thunder, that grumbles here when the south-east wind spreads its lurid canopy along the Campsie Fells. . . . And so to Killearn, where I put up at the Black Bull, so that I might saunter out after dark, and divine Loch Lomond by starlight, and listen to the whispering, night-long thunder that rolls up over the Buchanan slopes from the black mysterious vortex of the Pot of Gartness.

MOUNTAIN CORN.

"There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the tops of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon."

Since break of day, the strenuous north-west wind has been busy scouring the sky to ever deeper and ever brighter blueness with wet white fleeces whose earthward wringings, as they pass overhead, lay the dust for the foot-passenger and alternate his douche of sunlight and hill-scented wind with a harmless and refreshing shower-bath of nipping rain. It is a morning of rippling grass and waving woods, of glittering leaves and sparkling streams, of scurrying cloud-shadows along sunny slopes; a morning of remote unsuspected vistas, along unfamiliar valleys gemmed with unidentified waters and blurred with the smoke of vaguely guessed-at towns, to the soft-grey forms of unnamable Grampians, powdered with the year's first snows; one of those late-autumnal mornings, in short, that the Epicurean of the highway waits for as the huntsman waits for a westerly wind and a cloudy sky, or the angler for the second morning after a spate.

On such a morning, a traveller of speculative cast,

to whom the central-south of Scotland is virgin soil, and who has been careful to do no more than whet his curiosity with a glance at a small-scale map, alights from the south-going train at Abington. With its smug shop-buildings and trim pinewood avenues, its overdone and out-of-place air of monocled parasitism, Abington strikes him as a place of feebly factitious Highlandness, an outpost of "N.B." pushed too far out into Scotland, and cut off from its base. Its hectic suggestions of shooting-tenants from Baghdad, Royal deer-drives, and sporadic outbursts of feudal loyalty on the part of ghillies and gamekeepers, are repudiated with stolid contemptuousness by the smooth, sheep-dotted hills, and by the pastoral monotony of the valley above and below the village. A four-mile tramp over a wooded hill and up the side of the Duneaton Water brings the traveller to the Culross of curling-stones, Crawfordjohn, a sadly crumbled little cenotaph of Scottish rural life. The view up the Duneaton valley is uninvitingly gloomy and lumpish: the traveller goes down to the left and out of the village; crosses the river by a bridge which spans a peculiarly deep reach of chocolate-coloured water; and, following the unfenced road, turns up a little side-valley. The hills on the right look easy walking: he leaves the road, climbs to the summit of the ridge, and moves due south, as he can tell by the sun, along the top of what looks like a huge railway-embankment, left unfinished to nature by Titanic engineers. Peeweets scream over his head and disappear into the deep valley on his left, whose

bottom is hidden by the bulge of the ridge on which he is walking; the curlew's melancholy trill comes up from the sour dark marsh at the head of a valley that sinks away into dimness on his right. He passes above the heads of three of these side-valleys, whose acrid desolation is deepened by contrast with the soft luminous blueness of distant mountains: the granite mountains of Galloway, as the traveller guesses from their position and shape.

Then, all of a sudden, emerges the head of the scarce-seen valley on the left, with which his march has been parallel: a broad valley-head, joining, apparently, with the heads of two or more other valleys to form the tumbled table-land that rolls like a Cape Horn sea between the ridge on which he is walking and the elephantine mountain-mass (like a huge sofa-back upholstered in reddish purple) that stretches from north-east to south-west across the whole line of his forward vision. This valley-head is not sour, or brown, or marshy; it is green with cultivated grass and yellowed with late-gathered hay, and vocal with sheep and kine; and a little within the nearest angle of the fertile triangle are the first white houses of what seems, amid the encompassing desolation, a great mountain city, a Scottish Bogota or Quito, set about with trees and gardens, and broadening towards the top of the plateau and narrowing again towards a grove of noble beeches at its crest.

Closer inspection reduces the white city to a clean, well-built, and, as Scotch villages go, not too straggling

village of about 800 inhabitants; a day or two's stay, and a rummage in the village library, make Leadhills a definite entity, historical, economic, and social, in the mind of the traveller. "In Clydesdale," says Hector Boethius, "are the gold-mines, and diamonds, rubies, and hyacinths, discovered in the time of James IV." The diamonds and rubies are still to discover, and pansies have so far been the nearest approach to "hyacinths"; but "God's Treasure House in Scotland" had begun to be rifled long before the Stewarts were thought of. The Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh contains Caledonian ornaments some of which were almost certainly made of Elvan or Glengonar gold. The period of systematic gold-mining, however, was from 1502, when a nugget worth £100 was unearthed, to about 1620, when Atkinson, the Edinburgh goldsmith, abandoned his fruitless quest. A German contractor about the beginning of this period, and the English "projector," Bevis Bulmer, towards the end of it, are said to have each extracted nearly £100,000 worth of gold from the Lowthers, and the scars of these and older researches are still visible along the hillsides. The Leadhills region, also, supplied the gold for the Scottish Regalia now in Edinburgh Castle, and for the presents of the Stewart kings to their foreign brides and to foreign ambassadors.

It is locally believed that if the superior's royalty were commuted to a moderate percentage of net profits, gold-washing and crushing in Clydesdale would pay. But the real gold of the Lowthers is the galena, which

has been worked almost continuously since before 1264, when an entry of 42/- appears in the accounts of the Sheriff of Lanarkshire for conveyance of lead from Crawford to Ruglen. It was worked at the beginning of the seventeenth century by James Foulis, an Edinburgh goldsmith, who had recently become proprietor of Leadhills. Foulis was succeeded in the estate by his son-in-law, Sir Thomas Hope, King's Advocate, the founder of the Hopetoun family, by whom, or under licence from whom, the lead mines have since been worked. About 1810, some 1400 tons, of an average value of £45,000, were annually produced by the old Scotch Mine and Leadhills Companies. Towards the middle of the century, disputes among rival companies, and between the companies and the miners, resulted in the practical abandonment of the village. Prosperity began to return with the advent of the present Company, which, since its reconstruction, by careful management and the introduction of electrical machinery, has beaten the best output-records of the old companies, and has yielded its shareholders dividends of from 25 to 65 per cent.

The magnitude of these dividends, naturally, is ascribed by some of the miners chiefly to the failure of their wages to keep pace with the standard of living or with wages elsewhere. In an ordinary community, this economic anomaly would have righted itself by a movement of population. But ownership of their houses, and a tenacious love of home which visitors are apt to interpret as lack of initiative, keep the miners rooted to the soil as firmly as their ancestors

were fettered to it by feudal laws; and the company would have been more instead of less than human had it refrained from profiting to the full by the perpetual glut in the local labour-market. The low scale of the Leadhills wages, by the way, illustrates an ill-explained phenomenon in industrial economics: they are almost exactly what, say, coalminers' wages would be on deduction of what coalminers spend on house-rent, whippets, drink, football-matches, and music-halls. Lack of opportunity or taste for these luxuries has kept the villagers substantially what they were in Allan Ramsay's day. The Macmillanites and Antiburghers have been succeeded by the Plymouth Brethren, and the Martyrs' psalm by the soul-animating strains of Ira. D. Sankey; and the hidden treasures of the library are neglected for the more accessible penny-novelette. Also, there is a Brass Band, which Mr. Richard Cameron would have considered carnal; and dancing, for which Mr. Cameron could not have devised a fitter punishment than the necessity to indulge it in a low-roofed hall twenty feet by ten. But for the rest, simple, kindly, sober, and placid, the people realise an almost idyllic picture of rural existence; and they have a gentleness of voice and demeanour which one does not associate with Scottish rusticity, and which goes far to win the sympathy and affection of the visitor,—and of the gods, to judge from the pathetic records of the churchyard, which show scarcely an age over sixty. Since the closing of the smelting-works in Glengonar, however, the dangers of lead-working have been

narrowed down, as regards human beings, to the risk of pulmonary damage from the fine particles of hard rock in mine explosions; and, as the cattle and sheep are tethered at a safe distance from infection, the only direct sufferers from lead-poisoning are errant dogs and cats and hens, which contract a curious epileptic malady through drinking overflow water from the mines, or picking on the roads at scraps of food that have been touched by the miners' feet.

II.

To that pronely conventional class of persons (of whom industrial Scotland seems to contain a quite unnecessarily large number) who have made over whatever initiative they may ever have possessed to railway and steamship companies, and who are wheeled and swung about the world, like so much cattle or wheat, in the trucks or crane-buckets of mechanical progress,—only the cattle or wheat does not take any credit for its passivity or call it commonsense,—our traveller's détour over the hills from Abington will have seemed as insane as Tartarin's first Alpine ascent did to the stultified diners in the Rigi-Culm Hotel. For Leadhills, in the favourite phrase of our ovine friends, is "connected with the outer world" by a light railway from Elvanfoot station on the Caledonian main line. Considering that it holds the British record for height, this five-miles of mountain railway is singularly destitute of scenic interest; the Elvan valley, through which it runs, being perhaps the most mono-

tonously peaceful of all the grassy ravines that insinuate themselves into this pastoral and cliffless range of the Lowthers. Nevertheless, the railway anticipates that natural desire which even the least enterprising of us feel at times, as we walk or are driven through the lower valleys, to travel up the side of some tributary stream, turn the corner of the bluff that hides all but a scant mile of its sinuous course, and get away up into the heart of those hills that taunt us with their frowning cloud-mysteries, or tempt us with their smiles of remote ethereal sunshine. This desire, within recent years, has attained a pathetic poignancy in those for whom the opening lines of a favourite Scottish psalm have taken on a very urgent personal application; and we may lift up our hands and bless the railway engineers who have brought the aid of the hills within the easy reach of sufferers.

Leadhills, however, though its elevation of 1500 feet above sea level, with the correspondingly low precipitation-point of moisture, makes it an ideal summer resort for incipient chest-cases, is perhaps a little deficient in what doctors call general therapeutic influences. For the invalid whose excursions are limited to a few hundred yards' walk "on the level," the architectural attractions of the village, not excepting those of the old Hopetoun mansion transformed into a combined church and manse, are hardly an adequate relief to the tedium of imprisonment among those stolid, round-shouldered, rain-darkened hills. Even the reminders, by the Library and the Symington monument,

that this lost little village produced the harbinger of the Romantic movement in British poetry, and the pioneer of steam navigation, soon begin to pall as themes for daylong reflection. At evening's close, also, the village murmur is sadly wanting in those cosy farm sounds that soothe the evenings of lowland exile. Instead of comfy cluckings, friendly barkings, contented lowings, sleepy bird-notes, and rustic daffings at the darkening gate, the wide-open windows let in the dissonant blare of the "baun," the clang of the curfew, and the muffled wails and choking shrieks of American organs; with ever and anon the bubbling cry of some strong-lunged Plymouth Brother in the street below, or down at the "town-foot," or over the valley; for the raucous Brethren parade the village like waits, calling sinners from tea to repentance. And when the last P.B. has shouted himself hoarse, and gone home to venture on the sleep from which he has reminded his hearers that some of them may never wake, the ground-bass that nature has supplied to all this human cacophony begins to assert itself, and, rising on a crescendo of moans and whistlings, is soon filling the hollows of the hills with a continuous Straussian climax of howls and shrieks and apoplectic bellowings.

For the strong and healthy, to whom the descending valleys are open gateways to the "outer world," and the encircling mountain walls easy coigns of vantage, Leadhills possesses some real and unique attractions. An interesting day awaits the visitor whose credentials

permit him to inspect the well-appointed mines and fine lead-washing plant, and the smelting works over at Wanlockhead, where the fairy spectacle of the creaming silver leaves words and even fancy far behind. Wanlockhead, the "little sister" of Leadhills, with its thatched portmanteaux of cottages, whose serrated tin chimneys a sparrow could reach at one hop from the almost vertical heather-slopes behind, looks like the last of the swept-away Highland villages, blown south here and grown out of all knowledge in its new soil. From Wanlockhead one may walk down the Mennock Pass——but I am beginning to crib from the guide-book. No guide-book can give any idea of the exhilaration with which, on a fine autumn morning, one steps forth from one's bedroom on to this penthouse roof of Strathclyde, and, with pulses tingling to the moor-flavoured ozone of the Atlantic, soars rather than walks up the heather-thatched main roof of the Lowthers, from whose broad ridge a single sweep of the eye can take in the Perthshire Grampians, the Arran peaks, and Criffel, with the Solway shimmering at its base. The bluff southern gable of the mountain roof hides all but the distant and lower stretches of lovely Nithsdale, and a desire to see over the edge draws us south-westward along the coping, and across, by the narrow saddle between the Enterkin and Mennock Passes, to the top of Thirlestane Hill, from which we look full across at the Galloway mountains, along their northern flanks (if it is afternoon) to the flashing waters of the upper Nith, and, best of all, down at

the rich meadows and woodlands of Durisdeer. It is a prosaic spirit that that name will not tempt down the Enterkin,—and a wise spirit that will resist the temptation. Let us keep virgin the Durisdeer of our minds: our steps yonder would only trample down another bower of ballad romance.

IMPRESSIONS OF GALLOWAY.

Topographically, Galloway includes all of Scotland between the Nith and the Irish Channel, south of a line drawn from Dumfries to Carsphairn and thence to Cairnryan. Of its territorial history, — the Anglian invasion that drove its ancient Kymro-Brython and Pictish inhabitants west from the Nith and cut them off from their congeners in Cumbria and Strathclyde; the Gaelic irruptions from Ireland; the successful struggles of Robert the Bruce to re-weave this racial remnant into the political texture of the new Scotland; and its partition into the Sheriffdom and Stewartry represented to-day by the counties of Wigtown and Kirkcudbright,— I have neither skill nor space to speak. Besides, are not all these things, and many more, written in the Statistical Accounts and in Sir Herbert Maxwell's History? At least, I have read them there; and if, beyond a pleasurable recollection of Sir Herbert's unhistorically limpid style, I retain nothing save the particulars of a few inimitably cold-blooded murders and supremely diabolical witch-burnings, I cannot forget that for fully five minutes my mind contained

the pedigree of the Balliols, and the system of tillage prevalent a century ago in the parish of Kirkmabreck.

Ethnographically, Galloway would seem to have retreated westward of the Dee. The Anglian wave has poured over the shoulder of Criffel. So far as ethnology has anything definite to say on the subject, the burnt-red hair, high cheek-bones, and calmly savage eyes of the gamins whom Mr. Hornel has caught in his magic webs of colour are unmistakably Pictish or Kymro-Brythonic. But the M'Haffies and M'Dowells (pronounced Madoalls) are as infrequent in Kirkcudbright as in Dumfries, and one has to travel as far west as Glenluce to taste the full flavour of that bastard patois,—nasally languid, yet gutturally loud,—at once stridently insistent and studiously slipshod,—which the Gallovidians share with the natives of County Down, and which has supplied the groundwork of that weird linguistic harmony known as the Glasgow Accent.

The American misadventures of Dickens and Mr. Kipling are a sufficient warning against weaving social generalisations from the casual experiences of a few weeks. Also, I am minded to return into Galloway. But, "wer't my neck-verse at Hairibee," I could not declare that the Gallovidians strike me as a specially interesting people. Their slow-wittedness and narrow outlook contrast curiously with, say, the alert intelligence and insatiate curiosity of Aberdonians. Perhaps the comparison is a little unfair. Intellect is a slow plant. Education in the north-eastern counties has

been almost universal for close on three centuries: Galloway, whatever it may have been in the days of Rutherford and the Wigtown martyrs, appears to have fallen back in the eighteenth century to something like savagery. Besides, the slavery of the modern dairy farm is not conducive to cerebral activity. But, so far as it cannot be explained by historical causes, the comparative poverty of the region in ballad literature and in leaders of thought seems to point to an inherent mental supineness which it may take centuries to overcome. Kind hearts are more than ballads or brochures, however. Candide and Cacambo did not find in Eldorado a more simple, warm-hearted, hospitable folk than the Galloway farmers and peasants. The sight even of my old hotel-bills makes me blush for my supercilious criticisms; the subconscious nucleus of which may have been, I confess, the chagrin I experienced when, having hastened pierward to see what "Pepper's Ghost" or "The Pirate's Lair" could do for a splitting headache caused by the bovine splendours of Stranraer Cattle Show, I found that the intellectual pharmacopœia of the district contained nothing better than swing-boats and shooting-galleries.

Scenically,—and this is the important, the only noteworthy aspect of Galloway so far as the visitor is concerned,—the region divides itself into the areas of which the dominant features are, respectively, Criffel and Cairnsmuir, the Merricks and Rhinns, and the Bays of Wigtown and of Luce.

Criffel, an inquisitive Merrick which has stolen south

to the seaward edge of a jutting angle of carseland, has the distinction of being the most prominent mountain in the British Isles. But Criffel,—which spies on the intimate doings of the neighbour kingdom as far south as St. Bees, is on familiar terms with the Cheviots, Skiddaw, and Snaefell, has a nodding acquaintance with Slieve Donard, and stares up Nithsdale at the grim hump-back of Lanarkshire,—Criffel sees its dearest things about the lowest of its 1800 feet. Not Lincluden, with its silver streams, its incomparable sylvan and pastoral prospects, — not Dumfries, with its majestic river, spacious Whitesands, pathetic bardic memories, and braw new banks and kirks,—can match in storied interest the ruins of Devorgoil's noble minster, or in beauty the long-drawn aisle of lofty sycamores that leads into the village of New Abbey. So much the guide-book may tell us. The deepest impression in my own mind is of the emerald floors, laced with diamond threads of rivulets, of a series of little Arcadian straths that run southward from below the wooded cliffs along which the west-going train pants stertorously up out of Nithsdale on to the moorish table-lands of Kirkgunzeon and Killywhan.

"Ur of the Chaldees," I murmured, wondering how many passengers a day joined in the sibilant sub-conscious chorus, and were disappointed, like myself, by the shy prettiness of a stream whose exotic name suggests something bituminous, saurian, and muddily vast. But the next shoulder, a short one and a sharp,

brings us in face of the scraped hogback of the great Cairnsmuir, and full into the rich and fragrant heart of lovely Galloway,—into the valley of the Dee.

I love every pure river, admire every swift one. But affection and admiration do not constitute passion. A dash of fear is required, and the bewitching variety of dress. The Dee is pure as a cairngorm, swift as a swallow; it can drown a man anywhere between Loch Ken and Kirkcudbright; and its valley, with that of its Missouri, the Ken, is a complete abstract of British scenery. The Glenkens are pure Perthshire, minus the monster hotels and egregious tweeds of vagrant Cockneydom, and plus a castle which for nationality of style, commanding position, and romantic association, is unequalled by any within the Highland line. The Long Loch is the Norfolk Broads with a Grampian background; Castle Douglas adds the sylvan and feudal features of Warwickshire; and if the Borgue Shore, famous for honey, does not seem quite to realise Devonshire, one has but to go on past Gatehouse of Fleet, with its quaint canalled river and Hebridean-looking estuary, to enter upon the marvellous eighteen miles,—roses, roses, all the way, forests overhead, a clean steep shore below, the rich pastoral slopes of Wigtown over the broad-glittering water, and the purple hills of Minnigaff as an alluring goal,—of that road to Newton-Stewart of whose beauties Carlyle confessed himself unable to give any idea. Nature here, of course, gives evidence of her baleful power, when she is in full dress, to intimidate or shame mankind into sordid

slovenliness. Newton-Stewart, save for its picturesque line of half-submerged houses along the Cree, seemed to me like a dust-heap in a drawing-room; Gatehouse (but I had a bad lunch there) looked horribly like a detached portion of Dalmuir. But all Devonshire, Warwickshire, and Perthshire were fused and transcended in the glory of an evening walk, — rivalling even my memory of a golden sunset from Culloden Moor,—by the old road from Dundrennan (itself a disillusionment) to the fine old town of Kirkcudbright.

I would fain sound the praises of Kirkcudbright. But I cannot trust my fellow-man. I thank whatever gods there be that Scotland still holds one town where the "best people" live in the main streets, treat their houses like Queen Anne silver (and surely an old house is better than an old teapot), respect their own and their neighbours' landmarks, and cultivate old-fashioned flowers in their back-gardens. May all the curses of Bishop Ernulphus light upon the man,—more likely the woman,—who lays a finger upon the hallowed pillars of this Caledonian Pompeii, or breaks its Jacobean and Georgian harmony with a blatant note of mock-Tudorism! I mean to live in Kirkcudbright when I have become famous; but rather than enter a desecrated Eden, or desecrate it myself by adding one jot or tittle to its rounded charm, I would consent to spend the remainder of my days in Skaterigg or Barrachnie. But there is still Anwoth, a hamlet out of a story-book, nestling away in, as far as it can get on its flat carpet of verdure, among the

wooded knolls, one of which expresses, by an exclamation-mark of stone, its perpetual astonishment that this vale of rest should have harboured such a vexed and unhappy soul as that of Samuel Rutherford.

Of the Luce and Wigtown Bays region, where, on a bare grassy hill not far from the town of Glenluce (of murderous memory), I ruminated for three weeks over the regretted glories of eastern Galloway, my impressions are few and vague. Isle of Whithorn, with its Steam Packet Hotel, its tiny warehouses, and its minute suburb,—a fragment of Georgian Edinburgh hanging over the edge of Scotland,—was on the whole more cheerful than the living tomb of Scottish peasanthood that tails lengthily off from picturesqueness into squalor along the windy ridge of the Wigtown Peninsula. But as Dr. Johnson would have reminded me, that man is little to be envied whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Candida Casa; and I found an earnest of St. Ninian's success as a missionary in my entertainment at the Grapes. A silt of retired opulence is settling over the mellow landmarks of Wigtown, whose most conspicuous features are the County Buildings and an imposing bank house. From the suburban dreariness of Stranraer, the bleak expensiveness of Portpatrick, the concentrated frowsiness of Kirkcowan, I was glad enough to return to our hillside cottage, to doze away the afternoons over old favourites in fiction until the level evening light brought the ancient rural pageant of the homeward kine past the garden gate; to which, on nights when

the minute-gun was silent, the light of the Mull of Galloway flashed slowly recurrent over the broad blackness of Luce Bay.

II.

There remains with me another Galloway impression, gathered a year later than any of the foregoing, and at leisure, from the window of my lodgings in the only town in Scotland which I have found to improve upon close acquaintance.

There was nothing particular about the window itself, or about the room behind it. But when the play is good, the spectator does not heed the appurtenances of his opera-box. Possibly my front-box was one of a dozen in all Scotland from which, sitting comfortably in an arm-chair, one could behold a masterpiece of the divine Artist in his capacity both as scene-painter and dramatist.

First, for the scenery. A great poet would begin with the middle distance. Scott's topographical method is safer,—and simpler. The window faced west, across a large tidal river. The side-scenes, placed at the appropriate angle, were, on the right, a venerable tavern whose name recalled the days when steamboats plied from here to Liverpool; on the left, a grassy mound, over whose high trees the outlooks and embrasures of a huge feudal castle grinned impotently at the town they once terrorised. The roadway beneath the window widened clear out to the quay of the tiny harbour, the central feature

of the foreground, where English schooners, and perhaps a small coasting steamer from Glasgow, lay cradled in their slowly twisting reflections, or basked, like alligators, on the mud. From behind the tavern, a main road crossed the broad-brimming river, best ignored in its ebb-tide aspect, by a long cantilever bridge; and the twinkling of wheels traced its alluring track amid the lush meadows beyond, till it disappeared in an umbrageous fold of the opposing hills. Above the bridge the river widened north-westward to a lake, dotted with white specks of swans, and narrowing, between slopes of sylvan richness, to a far-off tributary valley, in which, like a foresight in the V of a rifle, a purple peak aligned the eye with inland mountains, dim in the autumnal heat.

The street below was an intermittent orchestra, concealed, in accordance with Wagnerian canons, by the window-sill. The stage was the harbour quay, occupied mainly by supers in the guise of loafers, tramps, small boys, and investigatory dogs. Save for the curling smoke of his pipe, the sailor sitting on the gunwale of his smack, silhouetted against the water, seemed a part of the painted scene. But enter, O.P., from the "Steam Packet," Jamie and Willie, elderly natives, just returned from Australia, who left home when the chain-ferry still plied and tipsy drivers occasionally drove through its gates into the river on dark nights. The harbour-master emerges from his sentry-box; the smoking sailor disengages himself from the scenery by leaning round to spit. The

brooding stillness is broken by a creaking and a rattling; from behind the castle, a schooner, with brown sails shivering down, drifts up on the tide. A boat puts off for shore with a painter. Fancy gives the concealed orchestra the key of "I am a Pirate King," and sees Paul Jones, with cocked hat and drawn sword, swaggering on to the quay of his native town, while his red-capped myrmidons pillage the "Steam Packet," hang the harbour-master at the yard-arm, and put the county constabulary to the sword. What Willie and Jamie see is the unloading of a cargo of Welsh clay. They find it engrossing enough, for, with a short interval for tea, they watch it until the flaring footlights of an Aunt Sally booth parody the great slow march of the stars through sky and river, and the Strauss-like symphony of the street gives place to the absolute music of a melodeon somewhere in the black shadow of the castle.

Looking out at my suburban window, where the cold fog sneaks in at the crevices, and the street-lamps look like devils'-mops for cleaning the crannies of hell, I wonder whether it is three thousand years, or three months, since I sat in my Galloway opera-box. Ugh! Let me go back to the fire and dream it all over again.


MULL
FIRTH OF LORNE
LOCH AWE
INVERARAY
Ben Vollich
L. KATRINE
Ben Lomond
LOCH LOMOND
JURA
SOUND OF JURA
CRINAN CANAL
Ardrishaig
LOCH FYNE
COWAL
LOCH ECK
HELENSBURGH
DUNOON
GOUROCK
DUMBARTON
GLASGOW
PAISLEY
KNAPDALE
Tarbert
ROTHESAY
WEMYSS BAY
LARGS
Fairlie
KILCHA
KINTYRE
KILBRANNAN SOUND
FARLAND HD.
ARDROSSAN
IRVINE
KILMARNOCK
ARRAN
GOATFELL
BRODICK
TROON
LAMLASH
HOLY ISLE
WHITING BAY
AYR
HEADS OF AYR
CAMPBELTOWN
Pladda
MULL of CANTYRE
SANDA
AILSA CRAIG
GIRVAN
BALLANTRAE
CORSEWALL Pt.
FIRTH OF CLYDE
SCALE IN MILES
DEPTHS MARKED IN FATHOMS

"DOON THE WATTER."

"What can they know of England, who only England know?" So, to the rousing and not too difficult tune of "The Empress of the Waves," sings the chief banjoist of the itinerant troupe of Imperial Minstrels; inspired mainly, the dyspeptic Little Englander in the penny places is quick to insinuate, by a natural desire to provide himself and the P. and O. people in the stalls with a washable excuse for not staying at home and cultivating their gardens. Within limits somewhat narrower than those of the British Empire, however, the rather platitudinal dictum involved in his conundrum can be accepted without suspicion of casuistry. It is axiomatic as regards the relations between cities and their rural settings or marine pendants. "What cities do city-haters hate?" asks Lafcadio Hearn. "Venice, Florence, Milan, Rome, Genoa? — Seville, Granada, Cadiz, Alcantara? — Marseilles, Paris, Rouen?—No,—but Liverpool, Manchester, London; New York, Chicago, Boston"—"and Glasgow," he would certainly have added, had Glasgow been any more to him than Alcantara is to the average Glaswegian; which, judging from Hearn's allusion to

Alexander Smith's "colossal" city poem as "Edinburgh," it probably was not. But in the matter of open-air amusement, even the southern pleasure-cities are not exclusively self-contained, nor are the northern work-cities entirely dependent upon remote and alien resources. Knowledge comes short of her possibilities as a generator of affection if she does not embrace Baiæ with ancient and Tivoli with modern Rome, Fiesole with Florence, Versailles and Fontainebleau with Paris. She misses her noblest function, as exorciser of hate and mitigator of dislike, if she fails to extend her purview of London to the upper Thames, of New York to Long Island, of Berlin to the Havel, of Liverpool to Southport and Chester, and of Glasgow to the Firth of Clyde.

None of the Mediterranean cities, at all events,—for heat or pestilence always prompted a summer exodus from them,—was ever so ideally self-contained as the fair and pleasant little Glasgow of Bailie Nicol Jarvie's day. Biliousness or asthma might drive Edinburgh citizens from their noisome vennels to bathe in the sea at Portobello, take the waters at St. Ronan's, or drink goat's milk on Uam Vaar. The well-housed burghers of the west could get all the caller air they needed, straight from the Cathkins, in their early-evening stroll on Glasgow Green, and could avert the morning-after consequences of a carouse at Anderston by the moonlight "dauner hame" along the beech avenues on the river bank. The tobacco lords who purchased estates round the city did so out of territorial

ambition rather than from any taste for rural life. Their hearts did not follow their commercial interests down to the old harbour at Newark or the new harbour at Greenock; Barbadoes and the James estuary were nearer to them in their personal geography than Rothesay and Loch Long. Then came the American revolution and the rise of the coal and iron industries. Black slavery abroad was superseded as a source of wealth by blackened slavery at home. Brought back to normal focus by the smoke of war that blotted out the American continent, and hooded by the sooty veil that Moloch was drawing over his ghastly work in Lanarkshire, the mental eye of Glasgow at last became conscious of the Firth. That the body should have lagged somewhat is not surprising, when one considers that the "flyboats" took ten hours to fly from the Broomielaw to Greenock, and that even in a fair wind the "packet" usually contrived, by some means of which the secret has been lost, to wile away three days on the passage to Bute. Nevertheless, the comforts of the Saltmarket managed to creep round the end of the Highland Line at Dunbarton Rock and throw up a hygienic outpost at the Helensburgh Baths: whose proprietor, in 1812, strengthened the lines of communication, and incidentally staggered humanity, by launching on the Clyde the first efficient passenger steamer in the world, the famous Comet, which could be guaranteed to keep up a steady five knots an hour, so long as the engines did not stick, or the water "go off the boil."

The really astonishing thing in the history of steam navigation on the Clyde is the rapid progress of those early years. Those who have travelled on Mr. Mac-Brayne's Royal Route will have a much higher opinion of Henry Bell's genius, and of the bravery of his patrons, when they learn that the Comet was sailing to Oban via the Crinan Canal in the year of her launch. By 1814 the Comet was only one of a dozen fuliginous bodies in the local marine firmament. In 1818 Argyll's Bowling Green was echoing the asthmatic snortings and spasmodic chumpings of those extremely ugly little steamers familiar to us in the scenic chiaroscuros of the Turner period. Two years later arrived from England the advance-guard of the great new army of landscape-hunters and fashionable tourists, eager to tear down the veil of romantic Highland mystery whose edge had been raised by the wand of the Wizard of the North. Papa with his bell hat, seegars, and respectable side-whiskers, Mamma with her poke-bonnet, sunshade, and hoops, Amelia with her sketch-block and "Lady of the Lake," Henry with his fishing-rod and Byron's Poems, little Geoffrey and Letitia with their redundance of frilled drawers and their chatter about 'ighland ponies, were conveyed from "that horrid place, Glasgow," to Dunbarton by the Post Boy, and thence by coach to the steamer on "Lock Lomond"; or they rattled on David Napier's steam-carriage from Kilmun to embark on David Napier's Aglaia on Loch Eck. The Cockney irruption, however, heading north-westward, to the real 'ighlands, was only a

cross-current on the main stream of coastal development, which proceeded quietly on its westward and south-westward course; depending mainly, in the meantime, on the natural movement of business between Glasgow and the West Highlands; for the pleasure excursions of the ordinary Glasgow citizen seldom extended beyond Greenock or Helensburgh, or lasted overnight. Even allowing for the trading possibilities of regions not yet sterilised by deer-foresting, and for the volume of trade that was taken over by the railways during the next three decades, the forty steamers plying on the Clyde by 1829 seem hardly accounted for by the number of city merchants who can have followed so soon the example of James Ewing, M.P. for Glasgow, whose "marine villa," erected in 1822, and now known as the Castle House of Dunoon, was the first building of its kind on the Firth below Greenock. Ewing's example must have been extensively followed during the next decade, some date in which, also, marks the real beginning of house-letting on the Clyde, and the decline in the local celebration of Glasgow Fair; for the Roaring Thirties saw as many as sixty steamers staggering down the river on a summer's day, at a speed permitting of a week-end at Dunoon for those who had not to be at their desks by nine sharp on Monday. Week-ending as a prevalent habit dates from the opening of the Greenock Railway in 1841; and the Monday-morning scenes are sung by Andrew Park in a poem (of the Disruption year) which is less interesting as a piece of word-painting than as

an indication of the infection of Glasgow speech and manners, among the would-be smart members of the upper middle-class, with a jejune and second-hand Cockneyism from which we seem since then to have worked ourselves comparatively free. Competition with the railway resulted in racing, explosions, and in a glut of fast steamers (42 were built between 1850 and 1859) of which the owners were providentially rid by the demands of the American Confederates for blockade-runners. By the end of the sixties the owners had come to terms with the railway companies and were subsisting contentedly on the crumbs let fall from their time-tables. Gradual until the nineties, the shrinkage of river traffic from the Broomielaw became almost dramatically rapid when the Caledonian and South-Western Railways began to put on their present fleets. Nowadays, on an ordinary summer weekday, only some six or seven river steamers sail from the city wharves where the panting armadas of the fifties hustled for quay-room. Judging from the recent Eastertide sailings, however, river purification and dear railway fares seem to be becoming effectual in bringing about a welcome recrudescence of holiday traffic from the Broomielaw.

II.

What, briefly, is this Firth of Clyde, along whose hundreds of miles of intricately indented shores Glasgow has sprinkled the villas and cottages of her detached marine suburb?

Geologically, I suppose, the estuary of the Clyde

begins at Dunglass Castle, eleven miles down from Glasgow, and ends eleven miles further down, at the Tail of the Bank, where the westward-flowing stream is lost in the sea-water that fills a submarine series of deep, ice-ploughed trenches running north and south from far up among the Argyllshire mountains to the broad submerged bank that divides the so-called Lower Firth from the Irish Channel. Navigators also have their own scheme of division. But for general purposes, the Firth of Clyde may be said to include all the water enclosed by the shores connecting a line three miles long between Prince's Pier in Renfrewshire and Ardmore Point in Dunbartonshire, with a line thirty-two miles long between Corsewall Point and the Mull of Cantyre. From the former to the latter of these lines, the sailing course is about six miles west and sixty-four miles south-by-west; and from the latitude of the turning-point to the head of the longest of the northward-stretching sea-lochs, about thirty miles. The greatest length of the Firth, from north to south, is thus about a hundred miles; the greatest breadth, from Prestwick west across the open water south of Arran to Campbeltown, being forty-two miles. If Jura were tacked on to the Ross of Mull, and Islay and Colonsay pushed up about ten miles north-by-east, the features of the Clyde would be rivalled on the other side of Cantyre; though the transformed Firth of Lorne would still lack the comparative shelter that the Irish coast gives the Clyde from the worst fury of the south-west gales. The real extent of the Clyde cannot be appre-

hended without addition of the 300 square miles of islands,—Arran, Bute, and the Cumbraes,—in the Lower Firth. But even with its net water area of 1120 square miles,—equal to the superficies of Ayrshire or Staffordshire,—the Firth of Clyde is by far the largest sheet of sheltered or semi-sheltered water in the British Isles. By reason of its glacier-channelling and the rocky nature of most of its shore, it is also the deepest, clearest, and most highly saline. The sea-water that ripples over the Tail of the Bank is practically as pure as that which surges round the lighthouse of Skerryvore. From Greenock to Corsewall Point, the keel of a steamer is never less than 120 feet from the bottom; the great submarine trench from Corrie to above Inveraray (with a slight shallowing above Otter Ferry) has an average depth of nearly 500 feet, and a maximum depth of 650; and a stone cast by a child from the Dog Rock, at the meeting-place of Loch Long and Loch Goil, would sink 350 feet before coming to rest. As a consequence of this depth and clearness, and of the wonderful moist translucence of the West Country atmosphere, the Clyde in fine summer weather attains a deep pearly blueness unknown in any of the shallow and turbid estuaries of the East Coast. The April Mediterranean as seen from the Cornice Road on the Riviera has a rival in the June Clyde as seen from the cornice road between Whiting Bay and Kildonan. Except at the heads of those lochs which are also tributary estuaries, at a few of the glenfoots, and in the great Ayrshire Bight (some forty miles

round) between Farland Head and the Heads of Ayr, the steep grassy hills rise so sharply from the steep pebbly beaches as to leave barely enough flat space for a carriage-road and a single row of villas. One has to sail well up the longer of the northern lochs to come within appreciable distance of mountains over 3000 feet: the hills along the main Firth are anything from 1200 to 2500 feet; and the holystoning of the glaciers on their schistose surfaces has been done so thoroughly, and has been so sparsely relieved by tree-planting, that to those who have just come through the Crinan Canal from the boldly-outlined or variedly tufted shores of Appin and Lochaber, the scenery of the "inside" passage, from Ardrishaig to Greenock, seems tame even to monotony. But in the great granite outcrop of the Lower Firth, and in the obdurate rugosities of the metamorphic schists north of Ardentinny, the glacier-grinding has met with effectual and effective resistance. Arran is like a section of the Bernese Oberland, freed from snow and ice, deep-fringed with verdurous richness, and sunk in the blue sea to within 3000 feet of its highest peaks. And in the thrilling union of sylvan grace with frowning sombreness, Glen Creran and Loch Eil are outrivalled by Glen Finnart and Loch Goil.

III.

It was probably about the middle of the nineties that the Clyde, — the main and typical, the rainy, pebble-beached, and mountain-girded Clyde,—attained

the zenith of its popularity with all sorts and conditions of Glasgow people. Its fame extended even unto Edinburgh; and to breathe the ozone of the west, persons from Moray Place and Drumsheugh Gardens braved the necessary sniff of St. Rollox or Polmadie in direct trains from the Waverley to Craigendoran or Greenock. It is nearly twenty years since the screaming seagulls of Loch Goil were answered by the querulous lispings of Parliament House. Even the clipped cadenzas of Kelvinside are rarely reverberated by the rocks of Portincaple. But the golfing mania which drew all Moray Place back to the congenial bleakness of its ancient haunts by the grey Forth, did not of necessity draw all Kelvinside thither. The microcosmic Clyde was equal to the strange new demand. The desolate dunes of the great Ayrshire Bight, to whose dreariness not even its quantities of sand had been able to reconcile the subconscious æstheticism of adventurous youth, afforded an ideal locale for the unpreoccupied alternations of golf and meals, golf and golf-talk, golf-talk and golf-dreams, that fill the vacations of prosperous middle-age. But the social prestige of the rest of the Clyde, the pebble-shored, boating, non-golfing Clyde, the Clyde of our youth, had received a blow so heavy that the blow which followed soon after, the discovery and exploitation of Glasgovia by means of the electric cars, had no appreciable effect upon the seismic records of house-letting from Kilcreggan to Tarbert. Only the unique beauties of Arran could remain potent without

the adventitious attraction of first-class golf. Frequented almost exclusively by those thirled to them through house-ownership, or by non-golfing plebeians, the shores from Helensburgh to Carradale, and the islands of Bute and Cumbrae, were henceforth to echo only the non-consonant upper and lower registers of Glasgow life.

I love the Clyde, even in its scrannelly diminished concert, diminished as when the violinist of the steamer band leaves the flute and bass-fiddle playing and goes round with the hat; but it is to the fully symphonic Clyde of two or three decades ago that my mind is turning; and I am trying to recollect what the golfer did before he met the golf-stick and when he had to be content with a month at Dunoon or Tighnabruaich. He read a little, I think; and smoked too much, I am sure; and wore a deep-sea cap; and in his measurement of time was perhaps too distrustful of his own watch and too confidently reliant upon the clock in "The Green Man." He also bowled. But he was in general more attentive than now to his duties as husband and father. The morning bathe, the rowing-boat for the month or the lugsail for the week, were family affairs. Did we ever feel so proud of our papa as when, with cigar in mouth,—and mamma, with the latest baby in her arms, tremblingly trustful at his side,—he tied the sheet and confided the fortunes of the family to wind and waves; or so rebellious against him as when he assigned from the stern our places at the oars; or so near the contemplation of parricide as when he

put us "over the head" for the third time? Alas! If the Firth were Lethe to our sins and sorrows,—a Water of Youth, whose touch would charm Time to run back and fetch that age of prodigally dispended gold,—how many times would we not consent to be dipped in its coldest waves!

The dominant note of that virtuous primitiveness which characterised our youthful holidays, and which English pruderies and French flummeries are fast driving from the shores of Clyde, was murmured forth by us, ere ever the steamer was made fast at the quay, in an insistently reiterative plainsong which, rising and falling as we straggled up from the pier, swelled to Handelian fortissimos while the luggage was being unpacked in our lodgings:—"Can we get taking our bare feet, mamma? Mamma, can we get taking—mamma—our bare feet, mamma? Can we get taking—taking—can we get taking—mamma, can we get taking our bare feet? Mamma, we saw Willie Thomson, mamma—and Jeanie M'Bride, mamma—at the pier, mamma—with their bare feet, mamma. Can we get taking ours too, mamma? Say yes, mamma! See, my feet, mamma—and mine, too, mamma—are quite clean, mamma. And its quite dry, mamma—and I saw some nice sand, mamma—and everybody's got their bare feet! (Chorus) Please, can we get taking our bare feet!!" Naturally, the response of authority depended as much upon our remoteness from fashionable centres, and upon the social status conferred by our lodgings, as upon the cogency of the reasons annexed to our

petition. But as a rule we were heard for our much pleading, and dismissed forthwith to savage joys,—to return at tea-time with a new song, whose themes were the exceeding goodness and cheapness of the boats for hire by Mr. J. Macnab, and the expediency of concluding a bargain with him before the Fair Holidays. If this suggestion was coldly received, we could at least elicit a promise of occasional family hires, and of a full consideration of the whole shipping question after the Fair; contenting ourselves, meanwhile, with a strenuous exercise of the facilities which a liberal interpretation of our privileges as to partial nudity gave us for acting as volunteer auxiliaries to Mr. J. Macnab. If rainy weather kept us within bounds, we could reap a quiet harvest of innocent enjoyment from misfortune, by digging for worms in the back-green, damaging the washing-house boiler, plucking forbidden fruit from the gooseberry bushes (rights over the same not being included in our month's rent), or damming up the burn beside the house so that it overflowed into our neighbour's garden. On afternoons when the air over the sea-wall quivered up into the shimmering white blaze that was the Firth, and the wood behind the house was one great sleepy hum, and the buzzing of bees filled the intervals of papa's snores in the heavy-scented garden, a spirit in our (bare) feet led us a mile along the shore to a little sandy cove, where, untroubled by over-the-head compulsions, we could splash furiously waist-deep in the lukewarm water, dry ourselves by racing naked up and

down the grassy dunes, and admire the brawny, hairy-chested men who swam boldly out into the track of the steamers. Sunset, or the gamekeeper, surprised us gathering blaeberries miles up among the hills, and the chimes of Largs were stealing over the darkening Firth before we came in sight of the pierhead light; nevertheless, six o'clock next morning saw us sneaking down to the pier, in demi-toilette, to lend a hand in casting-off the ropes of the early steamers. Unerasable from my mind are the impressions of a crowded ten seconds during which I was dragged towards the edge of Kilmun pier by the stern-rope of the Waverley, which had somehow got entangled round my foot. It would have been black ingratitude in the Waverley to drown me. She was my favourite steamer for that year, because I had come down in her; and I did battle for her with the boy in the next cottage, who had come down in the Benmore.

Boys, I think, are more interested in things than in persons, as being more passive to their fancies. Still, we could not withhold our tribute of magnanimous admiration from the official Lothario of the gangway, resplendent in navy-blue and white linen, not to speak of gold braid and buttons; though in our impish babblings we revenged ourselves upon him for his supercilious treatment of small boys, by placing the very worst construction of which our depraved young minds were capable upon his flirtations with the pierhead girls. From the glittering Mercury of the ticket-office, our eyes ascended seldom, and with awe, to the sedately

imposing Jupiter who thundered inarticulately from the bridge, in the intervals of wielding his twin-lightnings of engine-telegraphs; and who, when travelling over the blue firmament, responded with such grave majesty to the salute of passing deities similarly enthroned, even if (and this we thought peculiarly condescending) they wore bowler hats and Disruption whiskers instead of braided caps and trimmed beards, and had only a knocker at their disposal.

Fascinating in their daily round, the steamers became floating palaces of enchantment on an Evening Cruise. Fortified, to some extent, by a "tightener" of a high tea at home, against the tantalising guff of steak and ham-and-eggs that met us, with the emergent clangour of the steward's bell, as we crossed the warm-throbbing deck, we would make our way below to a snug corner behind a paddle-box, and dream our hedonistic little souls into the sunset-rainbows flashing in the spray. And when music arose with its voluptuous swell, and the thrilling plangencies of harp and violin and clarionet pillowed themselves upon the softened drumming of the paddles, the strains of the "Dorothy Lancers" or the "Stephanie Gavotte" wafted our souls into regions brighter than the sunset and remoter than the lonely planet over the gateway of the Firth in the opaline south. We have heard better and better music since then, and lived music poorer and poorer: all Beethoven and Brahms have done for us (but it is incredibly much) is to re-create these youthful soul-symphonies for a few brief moments, moments poisoned with remorse

and darkened with the shadows of encompassing cares. A premonitory shadow of these shadows seemed to fall upon us for a moment when the music ceased: the paddles sounded drumly and tuneless ; a chill breeze came in from the dark, cold-flashing water, and we turned instinctively to the concentrated lights and greasy warmth of the engine-room. But a whispered shout of admiration overhead sends us tumbling up on deck and clambering up beside the captain's bridge. The bosom of night, that seemed so vast, is more than half engirdled by a broad band of twinkling diamonds, with great warm topazes and rubies pendant at its centre. The pendant gems, revealing themselves as steamers, swing slowly apart as we creep up and make one of them. A fiery snake hisses away up into the darkness, and breaks overhead, with a loud bang, into a hundred fierier snakes, that trail slowly down and vanish one by one, as if blown out by the whispered "A-a-a-h !" that rises from the thousands of upturned pink faces over Rothesay Bay.

IV.

By the generation to which I belong, the Firth of Clyde was divided off according to the degree of prestige which residence on its shores conferred upon us on our return to school. Boys who had not been further down than Cove or Wemyss Bay were either modestly reticent or nervously blatant about their summer experiences; a holiday at Gourock or Helensburgh was voted no holiday at all, and particularly nasty things

were said about the bathing at Rahane and Gareloch-head. The second zone extended from Blairmore to Rothesay, and included Largs, Fairlie, and Millport: a holiday within this area was reckoned a good ordinary brand, nothing either to boast or be ashamed of, though boys who had been at Millport were permitted to lay full stress on the advantages of boating at fourpence an hour. On account of its sands and its supposed distance, the rather alien coast between West Kilbride and Ayr came vaguely next above; Ayr and Ardrossan, however, being ruled out as "only towns." The real third zone was upper Loch Long, with Loch Goil; the fourth, Kilchattan Bay, the Kyles, and Loch Fyne; the highest of all, of course, Arran; the happy holidaymakers from that enchanted island being excelled merely in swagger, and not in any real power of creating envy, by those who had travelled as far south as Ballantrae or Campbeltown, or had brought back authentic Gaelic oaths from Islay or Appin.

Maturer years have modified this crude perspective and discriminated among its details. Helensburgh, with its humid closeness fostering a languid and exotic culture, does not seem to me, in spite of the adorable Alpine vistas of its boulevards, a more desirable place than the Helensburgh of my boyhood. On the other hand, I have realised that Scotland has few lovelier roads than the one from Rosneath to Garelochhead. My eyes have been opened to the superb panorama of firth, mountain, and loch from upper Ashton. But even at the expense of the picture, I prefer to view

it from the beautiful west-end of Greenock, where bourgeois opulence has the mellow dignity of well-preserved age, and receives both pictorial and economic background from the dim industrial Hades into which one tumbles off from the eastern end of a thoroughfare that vies with Edinburgh's George Street. Rothesay, though nine-tenths or more purely parasitic, is a county town, with royal associations, and roots deep in the past: except in July, when the town swells into a starved and stunted Douglas,—a Douglas with the coloured foam of gaiety blown off, and the dingy lees of vulgarity soured by a local potion of stale West Highland cant,—one could hardly imagine a more congenial place for the reveries of retired shopkeepers to stretch themselves cosily upon the historic memories of ten centuries. When the secrets of all hearts are revealed, it will be known why people with no particular interest in marine biology, or in a town with two Provosts, or in boating at fourpence an hour, went to Millport for their holidays; and why anybody but commercial travellers and Paisley people ever breathed the dust of Largs. But the shabbiest birds have the sweetest notes: the chimes of Largs, heard over the moonlit Firth from an Irish steamer, rank next among my travel-impressions to the moonlight carillon of Dunkirk. Kelvinside at its starchiest, and Dennistoun at its fullest-blown,—the one fortressed by a huge modern castle, the other effectively symbolised by the statue of its local saint, the mythical Burns-heroine of grocers' calendars,—glance unseeingly out of the

corners of their eyes at each other across the central Firth. Dunoon being an out-and-out creation of Glasgow, the local bitters there are not strong enough to flatten a cold-drawn urban plebeianism which, on summer nights, begins actually to show a not unattractive "head" in the Castle Gardens. Though a little rococo and artificially over-emphasised by now, the native element in Arran is itself a part of a general picturesqueness over which it has fortunately no power. Pleasantly featureless in themselves, the other towns and villages on the pebble-shored Clyde realise almost to perfection the Glasgow man's ideal of the Firth as a superbly spread-out Glasgow-by-the-sea. There is not one of them, except perhaps Largs, in which I would not consent to spend a lifelong exile on a pension of £500 a year; though if the exile were to the Firth generally, I should choose Greenock and the Gareloch for winter, Rothesay for early and Portincaple for late spring, Lochranza for early and King's Cross for late summer, Hunter's Quay for the Clyde Fortnight,—and, for autumn, a *da capo* of the whole delightful sequence.

V.

Glasgow and the Clyde, as I was informed by the geography class of the Deaf Mutes' school at Kuopio, Finland, are famous for steamship-building. That is our cachet and distinguishing mark in the perspective of the outer world: take it from us, and we are less to Europe than Culross and Crawfordjohn have been

to Scotland since girdles and curling-stones became objects of general manufacture. Now, as we may have divined from our lack of enthusiasm at the launch of a featureless oval tub of red-leaded iron, preposterously high out of the water, the modern steamship does not take on individuality or human interest till she has been engaged for some time in her proper economic functions. The finest of Clyde-built vessels enter upon these functions in regions to which the Clyde is only known vaguely as a cradle of steamships and a nursery of engineers; and few of them ever behold Linthouse and Greenock again, save as a temporary hospital or sanatorium, after their first few weeks of life. In the sole respect in which any of the world's waterways, except perhaps the Thames, can appeal to the travel-nostalgia of Mr. Kipling's personages, the actual rank of the Clyde is even lower than that assigned to it by its tonnage clearances. The three or four days' stay at Liverpool takes all the dramatic value out of the Clyde sailings of the Australian, South American, and Chinese liners, which, as regards the Clyde, are only a superior species of coasters. Except for the summer inrush of American tourists, the purely human interest of our river as a world-port centres with exclusive poignancy upon the nervously cheering thousands of Scots men and women who every week anticipate "economic necessity" by leaving another two or three thousand acres of Scotland available for the raising of fat cattle and the preservation of game. It is as much as anything by way

of relief from the contemplation of maritime developments so unresounding, or so depressingly significant, that the native-bred Glaswegian turns back to his memories of the little patrician main line of the Comet within the parent domain of the steamboat.

> Say then, ye virgins, round the throne divine,
> All-knowing goddesses! immortal nine!
> O say what steamboats, breathing smoke and flame
> And urged by paddles, doon the watter came.
> If Homer's tongue ye taught to name the crews
> And captains of anonymous canoes,—
> An easier theme, in these degenerate days,
> Invokes your aid to my pedestrian lays.
> Man in man's work long since has found eclipse:
> Homer the heroes sang—I sing the ships.

Though I may still reckon myself a comparatively young person, my associations with Clyde steamships probably go back, in a certain sense, further than those of any octogenarian now among us. For in the course of my memorable first long walk, to Bowling and back, somewhere in the early 'eighties,—and how I bragged about those twenty-two miles! — I made acquaintance, on the mud of Bowling Harbour, with the hull of the famous Industry, which was built in 1814, and the second engines of which are now in Kelvingrove Park,— where the engines of the first Comet would have been, had not a snobbishly provincial subservience dictated their removal to London. What became of that old hull I could never learn, nor did I ever meet anyone who cared; but if I had been ten years older when I came across it, I might

have had the pleasure of lending it to the Scottish National Exhibition of 1911. By the time I saw it, the gap between the infantile and post-blockade periods of Clyde steamboats had been bridged for me by a trip from Greenock to Rosneath on the old Balmoral, which was launched about the year of the Disruption under the name of the Lady Brisbane, and which is now, I understand, a coal-hulk at Newry. With her sticky steeple-engines, straight long funnel behind the paddle-boxes, sloping bow, rectangular, sailing-smack stern, and flush decks innocent of anything approaching a deck-saloon, she was (if I remember her rightly) in all but material an authentic representative of the old wooden Clarences and Rothesay Castles that floundered indifferently through river, firth, and open sea in the good old *laisser-faire* days of the Manchester School, before Lloyds' surveyors and factory inspectors had arisen to interfere with the sacred liberty of private contract. We came back from Rosneath, I remember, in the Balmoral's slightly younger consort but practical replica, the Vesta, with whose mature beauties I was to make closer acquaintance during a summer at Kilmun, ere I extinguished with my tears the last smouldering embers of her charred body at Ardnadam Pier in 1888; and when my white hairs turn aside the sword of Truth, I shall tell how I used to see the passengers hanging on the engine-beam to get it over the dead-centre, and, when it whizzed suddenly down, almost following it into the hissing depths of the engine-room.

Long before I made my first trip on the Clyde, however, the Olympic deities of modern shipbuilding had begun to elbow the rheumatic old Titans from their marine domain; and the new era came resplendently before us at Helensburgh Pier, in the shape of the Shandon (née Chancellor No. 2), a two-funnelled, prodigiously broad, prodigiously salooned steamer; less typical of her period, nevertheless, than the substantial, unpretentious Athole, in which I sailed from the Broomielaw for my first long holiday at Rothesay; or than the smart little vessel in which I returned, the Marquis of Bute, which, with Captain M'Lean on the bridge, could do the passage from the Bridge Wharf to Dunoon in less time than any boat has ever taken since. At Rothesay, also, we made friends, among the smaller boats, with the neat little Vivid, the sedate Elaine, the graceful Guinevere, the white-clad, well-groomed Lancelot, the brisk Dandie Dinmont, the business-like Viceroy, the sturdy Benmore (best stayer of the lot), and the Marquis's most dangerous rivals, the dashing little Sultana and the clean-limbed Jeanie Deans. With their funnels in front of the paddle-boxes (how we wondered that builders could ever have placed them otherwise!), their half-saloons, rounded sterns, and trig lines, such vessels contrasted almost cruelly with the hirpling veterans of the old brigade; though the two funnels in front of the paddle-boxes of the Meg Merrilees seemed to us an unwarrantable eccentricity, and the makeshift Adela and Argyle of the Wemyss

Bay service offended us by their indecent protuberance of yellow boiler. English, Continental, and American demands had certainly cleared out the best of the pre-1860 steamers; still, West Highland service has proved the general excellence in build of those that were left; and though children are said, like savages and aristocrats, to have no sentiment, we managed somehow to feel, vaguely, the tragedy of those poor asthmatic old hookers like the Vesta, Balmoral, or more famous flat-bottomed Hero. Brilliant with bunting, vocal with string bands, fragrant with "seegars,"—peg-topped youth at the prow and crino-lined pleasure at the helm,—they had swept the inland seas from Broomielaw to Brodick, and run races with each other out of pure wantonness between Dunoon and Rothesay, to the not unreasonable terror of their passengers and the disinterested delight of watchers on shore. And now, with antiquated engines, leaded decks, and shabby accessories,—mere floating shebeens, carrying the riff-raff of Gallowgate and Cowcaddens to Rothesay and back at sixpence a head,—ignored by the "young, light-hearted masters of the waves," and contumeliously incited to trials of speed by the drivers of bread vans,—they discharged their miserable functions with the resigned dejectedness of broken-winded cab horses, and sighed wheezily for the repose of the scrap heap or the asylum of the Caledonian Canal,—where some of them have lived to learn of the discomfiture of their conquerors, and even of the conquerors of these, by the undistinguishedly splendid, uniformly

efficient railway fleets that drove the Scotia from the route from which she had driven the Bonnie Doon, bound the roving Madge Wildfire, imperious Viceroy, and masterful Marquis to auxiliary service, and left to the high-paddled Edinburgh Castle and sturdily stolid Benmore only the poisoned privileges of the last-to-be-devoured.

The stately magnificence, large, swift, smooth-rustling movement, and far-sweeping foam-train of a fine modern paddle steamer are inimitably expressed in such a name as The Marchioness of Breadalbane. On a still autumn evening, when the warm-lit steamers are gliding in their orbits over the dark spaces of the watery firmament amid the Milky Ways of towns and the cold fixed-stars of piers and beacons, one seizes the significance of planetary names like Mars or Jupiter. And there is not, even in Lancashire or Pennsylvania, a waterway so plebeianised by prosaic uses, so dulled by the blatancies of a muddy-minded materialism along its shores, that it would not crisp and shiver with a romantic thrill, like a factory girl at the first coming of love, at the touch of a prow bearing the name of Waverley or Redgauntlet. But it is impossible to please everybody. There are doubtless those among the older generation of us, who perceive mainly in the railway nomenclatures another instance of the uniforming and decolourising tendencies of modern life; and who would prefer to any systematised appropriateness, however perfect, the picturesque arbitrariness that conferred separate and distinct

individualities upon the Heather Bells, Vulcans, Almas and Brodick Castles of an earlier day. On topographical appropriateness no great stress has ever been laid; possibly because of the confusion that a Goatfell sailing to the Kyles of Bute, or a Ben Donich on the Arran run, might cause among literal-minded persons from over the Atlantic. The well-grounded prejudice that has tolerated only one Robert Burns among the Clyde river-steamers, is not likely to tolerate any other actual personal name of less distinction: among a people more romantic than literary, a John Wilson ("Clyde" Wilson), John Galt, Hugh Macdonald, William Black, or even a Neil Munro, would be almost certain to share the doom meted out to the Shandon when she came back from the Manchester Canal as the Daniel Adamson. Occasionally a little suggestive, perhaps, of the backgreen sentimentalism of that debased modern type of "Scotch" song so dear to the convential heart of the Scottish working-man,—to whom a national music pulsing with the heart-beats of "Katherine Ogie" or "Turn ye to me" is represented solely by the jejune flatfootedness of "My Heather Hills," "The Scottish Blue Bells," or "The Auld Scotch Sangs,"—the names of the Clyde steamboats have been distinguished, on the whole, by a pleasingly vague romanticism essentially characteristic of the Scottish people. There is not one of them that has not spun a golden thread into the fairy labyrinth of juvenile fancy, or become the golden ribbon round a tenderly

cherished packet of memories. But my golden ribbons, if I were to go on untying them, would tease themselves out into a dreary interminable string of futile dithyramb. "*L' art d' ennuyer,*" says Voltaire, "*c' est l' art de tout dire.*" Merely to have named the names of some of these old Clyde favourites, would have been sufficient to reopen the Magic Cave of youthful reminiscence in the heart of many an exile from Strathclyde, and to fill for a few moments the hot and heavy present with the music and the fragrance of Auld Lang Syne.