

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

(Written for THE COURIER by C. Y. Smith.)

June 28, Stirling Scotland. "Do you think this is the right road to the castle, C. Y.?" "Guess it is, Frank. He said take the narrow street to the right leading up the hill, you will probably find it full of children." As we proceeded I remarked to Frank, "He was right about the children. Did you ever see so many? Look out you don't step on some of them."

If Scotland has no other redeeming quality, she is to be congratulated on her children. Their name is legion. Healthy and strong and with a ruddy glow fairly blooming on their cheeks that is most promising. It is a characteristic of the Scotch that one first notices.

After we reached the top of the hill we entered a large open space in the centre of which stands a large bronze statue of Robert Bruce. On the campus to the right a company of Scotch soldiers were drawn up in battle array, presenting a novel sight to us in their highland costume. We pass under the gate under the portcullis and stand within the walls of Stirling castle.

The castle, now a military stronghold, is situated on the high precipitous bluff with but a narrow road as its only possible access.

The view from the parapet with full range of the surrounding country is one never to be effaced from memory; one of almost unparalleled historic interest and natural beauty. It is very impressive, a broad expanse magnificent in its distance and peaceful in its attitude.

Before us lie twelve sanguinary battle fields, scenes of bitter strife between the English and the Scots. The river Forth now slowly meanders on undisturbed by the clang and noise of battle. A bare flag pole stands as a lonely sentinel day and night through storm and sunshine on the peaceful battle field of Bannockburn. Some distance to the north may be seen "Heading Hill," where in 1424 the Earl of Lenox, his two sons, and the Duke of Albany, were beheaded. To the northeast rises the lofty Wallace monument where Sir William Wallace, the Scottish patriot, led his forces on in the famous battle of Stirling.

Stirling was for many centuries the seat of the Scottish kings. In Roman times a fort was established on the nearly inaccessible height where the castle now stands and in later years it became the residence of the Scottish royalty. It was occupied by Wallace, Bruce, Balolil, David II and James II, III, IV, V, VI. In what is now called the Douglas room, James II was murdered and his lifeless body thrown from the window down the ragged bluff below.

James V was here crowned and also Mary Queen of Scots. James VI was crowned in the church of the town on which occasion the coronation sermon was preached by John Knox. We leave these scenes of strife with reluctance.

June 29. The train carries us on to Edinburgh. A ride is taken to Calton hill and on our return we visit St. Giles Cathedral where Jenny Geddes threw a stool at the head of the dean. Whether she hit him or not is not recorded. In the early protestant period its pulpit was occupied by John Knox. The house of John Knox and his grave in a paved street are places of interest. The Tron church where Annie Laurie was married two hundred and fifty years ago is seen. Edinburgh Castle is situated on a precipitous ledge 380 feet in height, and has held for centuries a leading place in Scottish history.

Crossing a draw bridge we pass beneath gate ways with portcullises along a paved roadway spanned at the upper end by a prison. Reaching the summit by a flight of steps we are in command of a magnificent view of the city and its environs for many miles. As we stand in admiration of what lies before us the time ball at the top of Nelson's monument on Calton Hill falls,

and boom! goes the cannon on the parapet of the castle. 'Tis one o'clock. The unfinished colonnade near the monument was intended to be a copy of the Parthenon at Athens, but because of the heavy expense the project was abandoned. Near us by the side of a pile of huge cannon balls is the large old fashioned piece of ordnance "Mons Meg" the pride of the Scottish people; An immense cannon which figures conspicuously in Scottish history. After removal to Woolwich in 175. by order of the Board of Ordnance when England and Scotland were united, it was returned to Edinburgh castle to be caressed by the loyal Scot and to remain forever a monument of antiquity.

Holyrood palace was the home of Mary Queen of Scots. We are shown into the tapestry room, Lord Darnley's the picture gallery and Queen Mary's apartments. The bed, the hangings, the fringes and tassels worn by time are said to be those of the queen and remain nearly as when the room was last occupied by her. Adjoining is the little private apartment in which Rizzi was torn from Queen Mary's arms and slain with a dagger in the hands of Douglas.

The chapel where Charles I, James II, III, IV were crowned, and where Queen Mary and Lord Darnley were married is now a ruin; a relic of the past. The royal tomb which contained the bodies of David II, James II, Lord Darnley and a host of others is now robbed of its treasures and nothing remains but the place and its memories.

June 30. To Melrose. On the banks of the Tweed about three miles west from Melrose stands the mansion of Sir Walter Scott; Abbotsford, "a romance in stone and lime." The architecture follows no rule of style, its oddity made prominent by its castellated turrets and irregular projecting windows. The house is built of blue whinstone with sandstone doorways and is highly decorated with stones carved with armorial bearings and pious inscriptions inserted at random.

The interior as submitted to the eye of the public is full of curiosities. The walls of the armory are completely covered with guns, pistols, swords and Roman spears, collected from various sources.

Sir Walter's study contains his writing table and his favorite leather covered arm chair. Here are seen his last country dress and various costumes he wore as a member of the Celtic society, Yeomanry corps. The study communicates with a capacious library with windows overlooking the Tweed, and surrounded with book cases containing about 20,000 volumes; works upon Scottish antiquities and superstitions.

Sir Walter was buried on September 6, 1832 amid the beautiful ruins of Dryburgh Abbey. This old abbey is situated some five or six miles from Abbotsford and was founded about 1144 on the right of a Druid temple. It is the most delightful old ruin in all England, possessing a greater charm than Melrose. The walls are covered with ivy. Masses of foliage overhang the ruined arches, and the freshness of nature beautifully blends with the decaying remains of ancient art.

Melrose abbey was founded 1136 and when finished in 1146 was dedicated to the Virgin Mary with great pomp and solemnity peculiar to that period. It became the residence of a community of monks of Cistercian order, which rapidly grew into a strong combination extending through every country in Europe.

But in the course of history the monastery of Melrose suffered greatly in the religious contentions in reference to territorial rights of the different churches, and further in claims of opulent monks to special privileges. In 1545 the abbey was ransacked by the Earl of Hartford and after passing through various vicissitudes it was utterly demolished by the Scots in their reformation. It so remains to-day but time has dealt most kindly with this shattered pile and nature has bestowed its gifts upon and around it with a lavish hand. The walls and broken columns decorated with wreaths of flowers

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