

private dwellings, and Board of Health, such ; but I am inclined to ce, rebellion will have nerations untold. somewhat longer than I a short time longer, so

the majority of you a Burns, and a Scott, me. Having one fine few days at the Wind- ropelled me over the e than rapid rate soon ee the old Abbey, of description in his lay u now a magnificent en how grand it must t. I must continue my ng." Away the iron ng the banks of the u the poetry of Burns, the abode of Scotia's es, famous in the time sight of the Firth of

in Athens, I except not most, and when I say would like to reside convince you of how beauty and grandeur. Queen Mary's room egalia of Scotland's e, Scott's and other note.

er me speak of all I

saw in Scotland, "but it can't be did," suffice it to say that among others, I visited Linlithgow, the favorite resort of the Stuarts, the field of Bannock-burn, wherein "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," was in Stirling Castle, saw the Douglas room, and the Wallace monument on the Abbey Craig, now approaching I am glad to say completion.

I was in Dumbarton, smoky and busy Glasgow, and picturesque Ayr, where I saw the Wallace Tower and the "Twa Brigs," and sat in the room wherein the Bard says,

"The nicht drave on wi sangs and clatter,
And ay the ale was growing better."

There sat myself down gently in the old arm chairs of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny, and drank in moderation mind, out of that old cup, the contents of which at one time, we are informed, so completely turned poor Tam's brain.

I was in the Immortal Burns' native cottage, and I saw the very spot where, as he says,

—"A blast o' Janwar' win,
Blew hansel in on Robin."

Visited Alloway Kirk, saw the grave of the father of Robin and that of Souter Johnny, the great Bard's monument, a temple of classic beauty, Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny, looking as natural as life, and the Auld Brig o' Doon, whereon

"The Carlin clautht her by the rump,
And left puir Maggie scarce a stump."

On the auld Brig, recently restored, I, like thousands of others, admirers of the poet, rudely inscribed my name on it, and should either of you ever visit there you will find it on the *tenth* stone which surmounts the right hand wall *ganging* north; and now having satisfied myself by visiting old Scotia, I have to tell you truthfully, well may it be called *Bonnie*, for its scenery is grand, picturesque and sublime, the blooming heather covering the mountain tops as with a purple mantle, and that I am not at all surprised at Sandy's intense love and admiration for his *bonnie* Scotland.