



DUNKELD CATHEDRAL, FROM THE RIVER.

with 'two lofty spires, is stately in its simplicity. The great central tower was undermined during the Revolution by Cromwell's soldiers, and, about thirty years later, gave way, crushing the transept in its full.

An old chronicle tells how the Reformers "came riding into Sauet Machar his kirk" and what deeds they did there. The wanton "hewing down of the carved work thereof" and the defacing of what was left with plaster, was surely the very wantonness of destruction. At the taking of Constantinople, when the Turks became masters of St. Sophia—that magnificent church whose glory made its builder, Justinian, exclaim, "I have surpassed thee, O Solomon!"—they covered with whitewash the beautiful walls of gold and mosaics. I mean not to be disrespectful to the Reformers when I say that Scotland can furnish many parallel cases.

A little south of the Cathedral is King's College,\* founded in 1494 by William Elphinstone, Bishop of Aberdeen and Lord Chancellor of Scotland in the reign of James III. It is a stately fabric, built in the form of a square, with cloisters on the south side. Scotland owes its preservation to its spirited principal, who, when the Barons, after devastating the Cathedral, advanced upon the University, armed his men and so well defended it that even the original fittings of the choir are in perfect preservation. The steeple is mantled with a double cross arch, above which is an imperial crown, supported by four stone pillars. In the chapel are the tombs of the founder and of Hector Boethius, the first principal. The crown which, a hundred feet from the ground, surmounts the tower on the west side of the library, is a perfectly unique specimen of architecture. "No other building in Scotland," says Mr. Billings, in his *Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland*, "exhibits the same cloister-like repose as the old college. The architecture is peculiar. In wandering about its precincts, one enters mouldering court-yards, or cloistered-neuks, which more forcibly bring us back to the Scotland of the Stewarts, than they would were they either more ruinous or kept in more distinctly high repair. The great glory of King's College is the woodwork of its chapel. The carving throughout is of the most gorgeous and delicate kind, and it is as clean and sharp as if it were fresh from the knife."

Aberdeen recalls Byron, as Ayrshire, Burns, and the Tweed—and many a place besides—Scott. The Brig of Don, celebrated in the tenth canto of *Don Juan*, is about a mile from Old Aberdeen.

"As 'Auld lang syne' brings Scotland one and all,  
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills and clear streams,

The Dee, the Don, Balgownie's Brig's black wall,  
All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams,  
Of what I then dreamt clothed in their own pall,  
Like Banquo's offspring;—floating past me, seems  
My childhood, in this childishness of mind:  
I care not—'tis a glimpse of 'Auld lang syne.'"

"The Brig of Don," adds the poet in a note, "near the Auld Town of Aberdeen, with its one arch, and black, deep salmon stream below, is in my memory as yesterday. I still remember, though perhaps I may misquote, the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and yet lean over it with childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother's side. The saying as recollected by me, was this—but I have never heard nor seen it since I was nine years of age:—

"'Brig of Balgownie, black's your wa',  
Wi' ae wife's a son, and a mare's ae foal,  
Doon ye shall fa'!'"

The bridge is said to have been built by Robert I., and consists of a single Gothic arch, resting on a rock on each side.

With our tribute to the poet let us close our wanderings of to-day. We ask a cabman to take us to the house in Brand street in which Byron lived when a boy; and he mounts his box, but slowly; we suspect he has never heard of house or poet. But we are wrong. "On ay, meur," he says, when questioned, "but I'm thinkin' ye canna ken what a widdy-fou (gallows-bird) he wuz. Fat fur should onybody gang to see whar he lived. There's some believes (an' I winna say but I may be o' the num'er mysel') that he was naethin mair nor less than a manifestawtion o' Sawtan i' the flesh. Noo, if ye wad like to see a bit o' a poopit that ance belonged to John Kn——"

But one of my fellow-pilgrims commands silence. "Drive on!" she cries.

"To the poopit?" asks Jehu.

"No!" roared my reckless companion. "To the house o' the manifestawtion o' Sawtan i' the flesh!"

A. M. MACLEOD.

MARTELLO TOWER, POINT FREDERICK.—This venerable relic of the old war days had a narrow escape from destruction by fire on the 14th inst.; by strenuous effort was saved before a great deal of damage had been done. The Tower is a well-known land-mark to Kingstonians, and dates back to the early years of the century. The first works on the Point were a breastwork of logs and earth, enclosing a block house, and which was burnt about 1820 and replaced by the Tower shown in our illustration.

## The Flag of England.

KIPLING'S ANSWER TO LONDON "TRUTH."

Winds of the World, give answer! They are whispering to and fro—  
And what should they know of England who only England know?  
The poor little street-bred people that vapour and fume and brag,  
They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp at the English Flag.

The North Wind blew: "From Bergen my steel-shod vanguards go;  
I chase your lazy whalers home from the Disko floe;  
By the Great North Lights above me I work the will of God,  
And the liner splits on the ice field or the Dogger fills with cod

The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long, Arctic night,  
The musk ox knows the standard that flouts the Northern Light;  
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my bergs to dare,  
Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth, for it is there!"

The South Wind sighed: "From the Virgins my midsea course was ta'en  
Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main,  
Where the sea egg flames on the coral and the long backed breakers croon  
Their endless ocean legends to the lazy, locked lagoon.

My basking sunfish know it, and wheeling albatross,  
Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath the Southern Cross.

What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my reefs to dare,  
Ye have but my seas to furrow. Go forth, for it is there!"

The East Wind roared: "From the Kurlies, the Bitter Seas, I come,  
And me men call the Home Wind, for I bring the English home.

Look—look well to your shipping! By the breadth of my mad typhoon  
I swept your close packed Praya and beached your best at Kowloon!

The desert dust hath dimmed it, the flying wild ass knows,  
The scared white leopard winds it across the taintless snows.  
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my sun to dare,

Ye have but my sands to travel. Go forth, for it is there?"

The West Wind called: "In squadrons the thoughtless galleons fly

That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-bred people die.  
They make my might their porter, they make my house their path,

And I loose my neck from their service and overwhelm them all in my wrath.

But whether in calm or wrack wreath, whether by dark or day,

I heave them whole to the conger, or rip their plates away.  
First of the scattered legions, under a shrieking sky,  
Dipping between the rollers, the English Flag goes by.

The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the frozen dews have kissed—

The naked stars have seen it, a fellow star in the mist.

What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my breath to dare.

Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth, for it is there!"

RUDYARD KIPLING.

[The above spirited lines by Rudyard Kipling are in reply to some infamous verses which recently appeared in the radical sheet yclept "Truth" (?). The verses were a disgrace to English literature. The most degraded newspaper in Canada or the United States would not have published such a travesty on national honour.]

## The Anvil Rock, St. Martins, N.B.

On the Bay of Fundy, about 30 miles above St. John, is the village of St. Martins, set in a break in the lofty cliffs. These abound in waterworn caves and curious out-croppings of various strata, with occasional veins of valuable ores. About a mile distant from the village is a fantastic formation styled "The Anvil Rock," from its appearance when approached from the water. To the shore, however, it presents the more remarkable contour of a human head with three distinct faces in profile.

St. Martins, formerly known as Quaco, from an Indian term denoting the home of the seacow, has been famous for the number and success of the ships built and managed there. Some lumbering is yet carried on, but it is now chiefly important as a very pleasant seaside resort and the seat of a large Union Baptist seminary.

\*Marischal College in New Aberdeen, was in 1759 united with King's as one university. The buildings are modern.