

intercession of St. Columba, says the chronicle, "without loss of life or limb."

The present cathedral was founded in the beginning and completed about the middle of the fifteenth century; so at least says the Abbot of Cambuskenneth, writing the history of the See early in the sixteenth century. Here, however, the styles of architecture point to a greater antiquity than is claimed—a very unusual circumstance. The piers of the nave are Romanesque; the arches, triforium and clerestory, first pointed. The nave, 122 by 62 feet, with aisles 12 feet wide, is roofless, but the choir has been rebuilt and is used as a place of worship. At the west end rises a buttressed tower ninety feet in height and twenty-four feet square, and beside it a small octagonal watch-tower. The buttresses of the nave are surmounted above the church by traceried spiracles. The windows of the aisles are all of different designs. There is a statue of a bishop in his robes, under a crocketed canopy. And among other curiosities preserved in the lobby, is a gigantic statue in armour, which formerly surmounted the grave of the notorious Wolf of Badenock.

At the end of the Cathedral are two of the first larches introduced (in 1737) into Great Britain. And if you are fond of woods—and who is not? you may wander into the grounds of the Duke of Athol, and have your fill of them. Oak, beech, birch, pine, spruce, ash and horsechestnut trees by the million, with twenty-seven millions of larches alone were set out by one of the late Dukes, making about eighty miles of woods and pleasure grounds. A walk in the summer evening on the terraced walk by the river, or through the grounds with their charms of grotto, streams and waterfall, is something not to be lightly forgotten.

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Circling back by Arbroath, for a glimpse of the beautiful ruins of its Abbey—founded by William the Lion in 1178 and dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury—and thence taking our way northward, we come to a region with a language of its own, to wit, *Aberdonic*. The Aberdeenshire dialect is almost as unlike ordinary Scotch as it is unlike good English. Long *u* and *oo* become *ee*; *boots* and *shoes*, which are *buuts* and *shune* in the

south, are *beets* and *sheen* in Aberdeenshire. Short *u* or *e*, is *i*, making *sons*, *sins*. *Wh* is as unpronounceable to the rural Aberdonian as *th* to a Frenchman. *What* is *fat*; whip, *fup*—or perhaps *fuppie*, or *bit fuppie*. Consonants are topped off in every direction, having a wealth of vowel sounds that might suggest Italian—but do not because of something most unmusical in either the voices themselves or the rhythm, or want of rhythm, with which the words are spoken. There used to be an Aberdeenshire Stewardess on one of the steamers plying between Granton and the far north, in which, when I was a child, I journeyed backwards and forwards. It was a journey of horrors; sickness, such as the Atlantic never produces—in me, at least; odors numerous and dreadful as those of Cologne; with sundry stereotyped aggravations such as brandy for the interior and mustard for the exterior. But the crowning horror was the Aberdonice of the stewardess, and to this day my stomach rebels against the dialect.

An English visitor at an Aberdeenshire school, was asked to examine the boys in Scripture history. "What was the ultimate fate of Pharaoh?" he inquired. The boys looked blank. Then the schoolmaster turned the English into Aberdonice. "Jemmy, fat was the himmer en' o' Phawraoh?" "He was drowned i' the Red Sea," said Jemmy promptly.

"Margaret," said a minister, in making a parochial visitation, "I hope you're thoroughly ashamed of your sins." "Ashamed o' ma sins (sons)!" cried Margaret. "Fat fur should I be ashamed o' my sins? Na, na, I'm prood o' them; and gin it werena for thae cutties o' dochters, I might be *ower* prood o' ma sins."

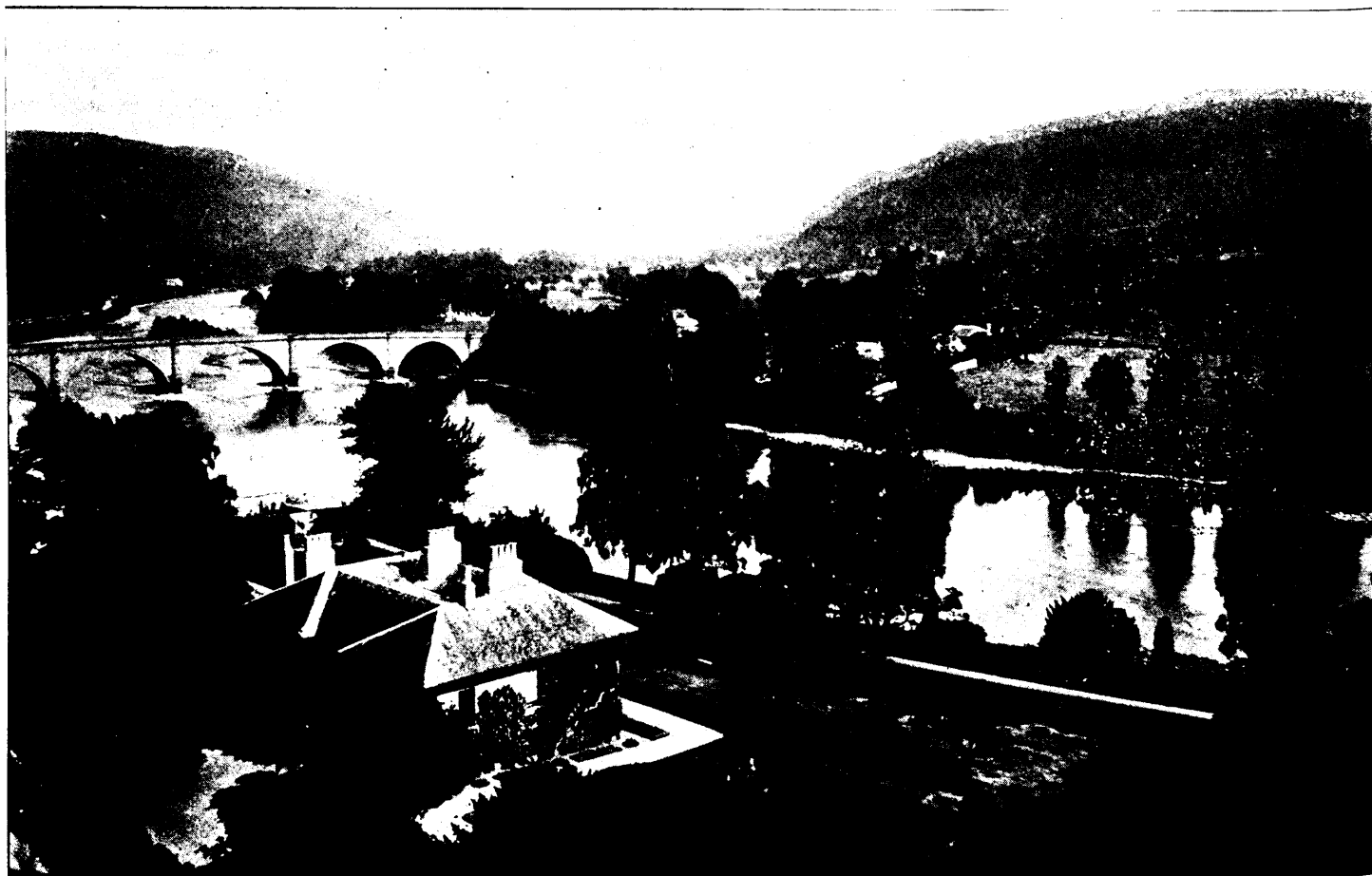
"Fat fur" (what for) or "Fat" seems to begin half the questions asked. We arrived at a time when fair weather had been publicly prayed for (I cannot imagine that rain has ever to be prayed for in Scotland.) "What did I tell ye, Dawvidina, 'ooman?" triumphantly says one gossip to another, pointing to the heavens where the blue is certainly appearing. "What did I tell ye un?" asks Dawvidina drily. "That the Lord hears prayer."

"Ay," says Dawvidina "but he taks his time. The prayers was offert on Sabbath last, and this is

no' bit Teesday; so it culdna be that." "Fat fur no," retorts gossip number one, "whin it was the auld doactor hissel that prayed?"

"Fat fur?" you and I may well ask, O, fellow pilgrim, as wandering through the old Cathedral and university city, we come to the noble Gothic pile of St. Machar's, mutilated, like all the other ancient holy places in Scotland, by the zeal of the Reformers. The Bishopric of Aberdeen is older than the Conquest. In 1004, Malcolm II founded a See at Mortlach in Banffshire, in memory of a great victory over the Danes. David I transferred the seat of it to Aberdeen, and in 1153 a new charter was granted by Malcolm IV to the then Bishop. The Cathedral of St. Machar was begun in 1366. "The dean and chapter—Barbour, the venerable poet of the Bruce, being one of the dignitaries—taxed themselves for the fabric in sixty pounds annually for ten years; the Bishopric surrendered certain revenues, which were worth probably about twice that sum, and the Pope in 1380 made a liberal grant of indulgences to all the faithful who should stretch forth a helping arm to the work. But all these appliances availed only to raise the foundation of the nave a few feet above ground. Forty years passed before Bishop Henry Leighton (1422-1440) reared the two western towers, completed the nave, and founded the northern transept. His successor, Bishop Lindsay, paved and roofed the edifice, and it was glazed by Bishop Spiers. The pious Elphinstone—one of those prelates who, in their munificent acts and their laborious and saintly lives, showed to the Scottish church in her corruption and decay the glorious image of her youth—built the great central tower and wooden spire, provided the great bells and covered the roofs of the nave, aisles and transepts with lead. Bishop Gavin Dunbar—a meet successor to Elphinstone—built the southern transept, and gave to the nave the flat ceiling of panelled oak which still remains with its eight and forty shields, glittering with the heraldries of the Pope, the Emperor, St. Margaret, the kings and princes of Christendom, the bishops and the earls of Scotland."

The choir seems never to have been finished, and of the transept only the foundations remain, but the nave is nearly perfect, and its west front



VIEW FROM CATHEDRAL TOWER, DUNKELD.