

honour of God, the Blessed Virgin, and Saint Mund: Also for the soul's repose of Marjory his deceased wife: of his wife that now is, and of Celestine his first born son." The Knight was buried in the vault adjoining the church with this inscription over his bier,—*Hic jacet Dominus Duncanus, Dominus le Campbell, Miles de Lochow, 1453.*" Ever since that time, Kilmun has been the burying place of the Argyll family. With the aid of a ladder, and peering through a small hole in the shutter into the dark mausoleum, we were able to distinguish the coffins ranged upon stone shelves which contain the dust of those illustrious barons who, in their respective times, played an important part in the history of Scotland and of the Scottish Kirk. Here lie the ashes of Archibald, the eighth Earl of Argyll, the first victim of prelatric ambition in Scotland, who was beheaded at the market cross in Edinburgh on the 25th of May, 1661, for his noble adherence to the Presbyterian cause. He it was who, on receiving his death sentence said,—“I had the honour to set the crown upon the King's head, and now he hastens me to a better crown than his own;” and whose last words on the scaffold were,—“I could die like a Roman, but choose to die rather as a Christian.” Here, too, was buried his son, the ninth Earl, who was executed at the same place and in the same manner, in June, 1790; also “the beautiful Miss Gunning,” Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, afterwards Duchess of Argyll. The latest interment in this interesting mortuary was that of the present Duke's first wife, Lady Elizabeth Georgina, eldest daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, in 1878. The church-yard contains many old monuments with elaborate heraldic devices and Latin epitaphs. I noticed but one with a Gaelic inscription. The Campbells and Clarkes, the Macphersons, the MacNeils, the MacNeivins and the MacIlvains constitute the majority in this little city of the dead. The oldest date that I could decipher was 1670, though doubtless there are many much older. One stone, recording the death of Duncan Mackellar, was adorned with the emblem of his craft—shears and goose. He had evidently been a tailor by trade. Tradition says that the modern name “Taylor” takes its origin from the fraternity of tailors, who occupy an honourable

place in the ancient order of Scottish Guilds. This old church-yard is protected from vulgar intrusion by a high stone wall and an iron gate secured by lock and key. I shall not tell how we got in. It was not by the gate. Our exit, however, was made in a becoming manner. It so happened that when we were about to take leave of this classic ground, we were confronted by a very angry woman, carrying a bunch of keys, who demanded in broken English how we had got in “without her leave.” The sight of a sixpence, however, softened the warden's heart, and secured for us, not only a decent retreat, but an astonishing amount of civility. The Kirk congregation here is part of the united parish of Dunoon and Kilmun. Why such an arrangement should continue, seeing that the minister of Dunoon has so large a congregation to look after at home, and that several parishes intervene, passes comprehension; but the Kilmun people love to have it so, and to see “the old minister” in the pulpit once in three weeks at the least.

Since my last notices of Dunoon and Rothesay, I have added to my stock of information far more than the limited space at my disposal permits me to record; but I cannot refrain from one or two further extracts from my note-book. Close to Dunoon, on the shore road to Innellan, is the villa and beautiful grounds of *Ard fillayna*. This was for nearly fifty years the property of the well-known Professor Buehanan, and may be styled the creation of his own refined taste. It was a bit of the wilderness when he acquired it; it is now lovely to look upon. He died here, and was buried in the cemetery of Dunoon, where a massive granite slab bears the chaste inscription, dictated by himself,—“M. S. ROBERTI BUCHANAN, A. M., LL. D.; annos per quadraginta Logices et Rhetorices in Universitate Glasguensi Professoris. Natus Feb. 16mo., 1786: Obiit. Mar. 2 do., 1873.” In the parish church-yard, Dunoon, I came upon a large flat stone placed there two hundred and sixty years ago, over the grave of John Cameron, the last Bishop of Dunoon. In the centre of it is carved the triple crown, and around the edges a Latin inscription which tells that he died on the 30th of January, 1626. Immediately behind the church there is a low red-tiled cottage, apparently having room only for a “but