

long, clear twilight we sped on, still by the sea.

Past Broughty Ferry, where the broken carriages of the wreck were beached during our schooldays, whilst we eagerly watched the débris left by every wave in hope of finding

for over twenty miles, but the blue heather of the Grampians is plainly visible and the farmers' fields look like gardens in their perfect tillage. Behind us we can descry the hills above Thrum, whilst plainly to be seen is the Grand Old Man's Scotch home—a

tide. From this point to Aberdeen the rocks are truly terrible, and have earned for the coast the name of 'iron bound.' At one point we seemed to be directly over a boiling, surging sea, churned into foam between these chasms of rock. The fisher-huts are perched upon the ledges, and are an interesting sight.

Still another fine bridge, but this time over the River Dee, and we entered the Granite City. Shining and glittering, fair and clean, and beautiful always as if newly washed. The mica-schist in the granite gives it a glittering appearance, very effective in sunlight, but very dazzling for unaccustomed eyes, whilst its granite blocks under foot seem harder than granite anywhere else.

With all their 'canniness,' the lieges of 'Bon Accord' (their city motto) are enterprising enough, witness the many fine buildings and the Dee Embankment. The River Dee used to twine and twist on its way to the sea, and as in autumn it generally comes down in 'spate,' flooding and destroying much property, the city fathers set about the almost Herculean task of straightening the river by making a new channel. In this they were most successful, and the land gained has added greatly to the commercial prosperity of the town.

Being September, the streets and hotels were filled with tourists and sportsmen, for Aberdeen is a great starting-point for the moors and shooting-lodges. Here we saw few 'furbelows'—thick stockings, rough tweeds, tartans and tailor-made costumes



VICTORIA BRIDGE, ABERDEEN.

something belonging to the dead. Hats, muffs, cloaks, handkerchief—hundreds of articles were recovered from the sea and treasured by the bereaved.

Past more and more and more sandy links, alive with golfers, until far out to sea the clear revolving light on the Bell Rock (built by Robert Louis Stevenson's father) shone out, a welcome sight to mariners. How different was it in those days of Ralph the Rover, so finely sung by the poet Southey.

At Arbroath we passed the night, and saw the sun rise over the sea, and breakfasted upon the famed anchoritic haddocks. We went afterward to see some of those wonderful fisher-folk, and recalled that here Sir Walter Scott located several of the scenes of his 'Antiquary' and 'Waverley.' What a magnificent pile of stately ruins is Arbroath Abbey! One must needs wish that the zeal of the Scotch reformers might have spared the abbey of that

'Pious Abbot of Aberbrothock  
Who placed the bell on the Inchcape  
rock—'

an abbey dedicated to the famed Thomas à Becket.

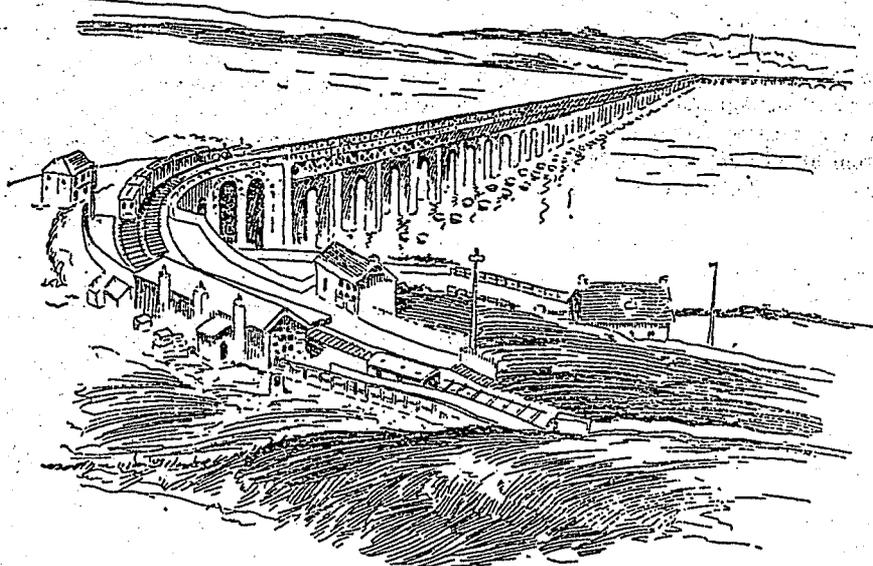
Round that terrible wild coast we hurry past many a ruined castle, and then our third great bridge is crossed at the Montrose Basin. Here we see a fine suspension bridge, but small and insignificant in comparison with our Brooklyn Bridge, and not available for railway traffic.

Turning inland we lose sight of the sea

stately mansion embowered in trees in the face of the hillside.

We had now joined the west coast route from London to Aberdeen, and at Stonehaven the ever-changing sea is again close by us.

It was at Stonehaven that Sir Walter met



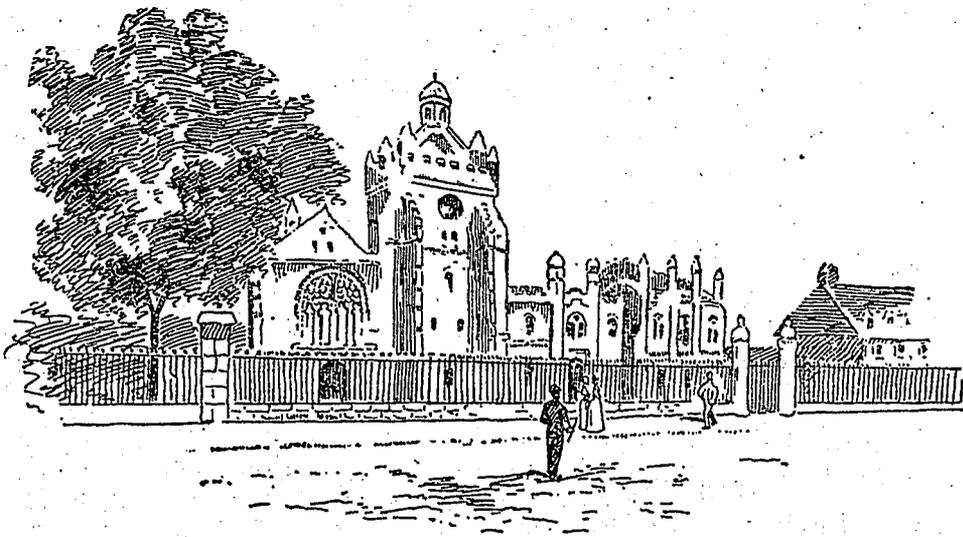
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the old graveyard antiquary whose character is embodied in 'Old Mortality,' and his tales of the Covenanters relate to Dunnottar Castle, standing out in solitary and stately grandeur on a huge rock, surrounded at high

prevailed on men and women, whilst in every hat was a spring of heather, a ptarmigan claw or black cock feather. Every one seemed to express in his person 'To the hills!—to the hills, away!'

The shops were beautiful, and so many bore above their doors the Royal Arms, with the much coveted sign Grocer or Draper 'to the Queen.'

Before leaving the city for a peep at Her Majesty's Highland home at Balmoral, we were fortunate in seeing the famed 'Timmer Market,' one of the last of the fairs of the Middle Ages. The booths are erected in the castle gate, round the old Market Cross and close to the public buildings, and every good city father feels it his duty to pay a visit to the 'Timmer Market,' as he did in his boyhood. Here everything useful and ornamental, possible or impossible, in art is made of wood—hence the name of 'timmer' for 'timber'—and good housewives lay by a stock of useful articles needed for the year, whilst children are treated to dolls, Noah's Arks and toys of every description. Long may the Timmer Market survive; we have only too few of those old customs of our forefathers' days.



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