

tical. I comforted myself in my despondency, by looking over at the old stone piers underneath, which were indisputably the same. We drove now through beautiful grounds, and alighted at an elegant mansion, which in former days belonged to Lockhart, the son-in-law of Scott. It was in this house that *Old Mortality* was written.

As I was weary, the party left me here, while they went on to see the Duke of Hamilton's grounds. Our kind hostess showed me into a small study, where she said *Old Mortality* was written. The window commanded a beautiful view of many of the localities described. Scott was as particular to consult for accuracy in his local descriptions as if he had been writing a guide-book.

He was in the habit of noting down in his memorandum-book even names and characteristics of the wildflowers and grasses that grew about the place. When a friend once remarked to him that he should have supposed his imagination could have supplied such trifles, he made an answer that is worth remembering by every artist,—that no imagination could long support its freshness which was not nourished by a constant and minute observation of nature.



## EDITORIAL.

The summer heat so oppressive in our cities, offers a reasonable excuse for our wishing to have a change, and the facilities for travelling are increasing so rapidly, that almost every one can avail himself of them at least for a short time. In the present age so much is to be learned, and kept in mind, it becomes a kind of duty for all to move about some. Besides in travelling we come in contact with character, form new associations, and call upon memory to "lengthen her cords and strengthen her stakes."

We felt happy to get away from the dusty city, and look out upon a scene unbounded, save by the imaginary boundary of the horizon, and it was inspiring to see the evidences of so much manly energy and skill as continually presented themselves to our view during our journey up the St. Lawrence. Pleasing as this was for a time, and rich as it made us in happy remembrances of kind friends as well as lovely scenery, we gladly found ourselves back in our cozy little sanctum ready to devote ourselves to our labors with fresh zeal. And sure we are that life and labor with all their earnest realities will become doubly interesting to us from the accessions of thought gathered from the varied scenes we beheld during our little trip. We are happy to express our thanks to the kind friend who presided so efficiently at the editorial table during our absence; the September number which came out under her supervision abounds in excellent matter.

The "Gap of Dunloe," written by Mrs. Hayward, for the *Maple Leaf*, promises to be deeply interesting. The description of mountain scenery is given with a delicate appreciation of beauty that indicates the eye of an artist.