

castle with water—its sides, down as far as you can see, festooned with ferns growing out of the crevices. The castle is supposed to have been founded by one of the Norway kings to secure his conquest of the Western Isles. It has stood many a stoutly contested siege since then. It was occupied by Bruce, by Roberts II. and III., and by Cromwell's soldiers. About 200 years ago it was burned by the Earl of Argyll in revenge for losses which he had sustained in his wars with Charles II. Since that time it remained an unsightly pile of rubbish until recently, when the Marquess of Bute, at large outlay, had the debris removed and the ruins "restored" to the beautiful condition in which they now are. His Grace, who is the chief proprietor in Bute, is still a young man, having succeeded his father as third Marquess of Bute in 1848, when only six months old. About the time of his marriage to the Duke of Norfolk's daughter he became a Roman Catholic, but he is very liberal and generous, and deservedly popular. He has done a great deal towards the improvement of Rothesay and its vicinity. His residence at Mountstuart, recently burned, has been rebuilt at a cost of upwards of \$1,250,000. It is a magnificent mansion. Not long since he gave \$225,000 towards the erection of a convocation hall for Glasgow University, which, I believe, cost altogether some \$500,000. Much of his time is given to antiquarian pursuits. He comes of an illustrious family, and has inherited a string of titles that would make an American stand aghast:—Marquess of Bute; Earl of Windsor; Viscount Mountjoy of the Isle of Wight; Baron Mount Stuart; Baron Cardiff; Earl of Dumfries, Viscount Air, and Lord Crichton of Janquhar and Cumnock; a Baronet of Nova Scotia; Hereditary Sheriff and Coroner of the County of Bute, and Keeper of Rothesay Castle, etc., etc. Before leaving the castle I may say that there is attached to it the ruins of a palace ascribed to Robert II., the main feature of which is the grand hall or banqueting room, with its huge fireplace, and the indications of the bedroom above it. The walls of the main enclosure, as well as of the palace, are all honeycombed with secret stairs and passages—useful, doubtless, in times of emergency; and one can still look down into the dungeon beneath the entrance hall—a black-

hole 15x10, with walls 12 feet thick, which, if they could speak, would have some sad tales to tell. The noble House of Bute is said to be descended from the Scottish Kings Robert II and III, both of whom lived and died in Rothesay Castle. The Ducal title seems to have been first conferred in Scotland in 1398, when David Earl of Carrick, eldest son of Robert III. was created Duke of Rothesay in a solemn council held at Scone. It remains in the Royal Family still, the Duke of Rothesay being one of the numerous titles of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

The cemetery adjoining the High Church is scarcely less interesting than the castle. It is about half a mile from the town. The road to it is shaded by a double row of very fine old trees. The church itself is the only unattractive feature of the place. Alongside of it, however, are the beautiful ruins of the choir of the ancient Abbey Church of St. Mary, about 32 feet by 18 feet. Now roofless and mantled with ivy, it bears traces of architectural beauty corresponding to the early time of its erection; and in niches in the walls it contains several recumbent stone effigies of departed worthies. The family vault of the noble house of Bute is in the older part of the churchyard, where there are many curious monuments and epitaphs, most of which, however, have now become illegible. One of these, still bearing the name of "Wallace," marks the resting place of a descendant of the great Scottish hero and patriot. I was particularly struck with the number of monuments to officers in the British army and navy, showing that from this neighbourhood many must have gone forth to fight the battles of their country; and also to the memory of civilians who had lived the most part of their lives in foreign countries, contributing through commercial channels to their country's prestige. Here was one "sacred to the memory of a young sailor who was drowned with his commander, brother officers and 140 of the crew in the wreck of H.M.S. "Prince," totally lost in a violent tempest off Balaclava, 14th November, 1854." On the base of a beautiful runic cross, erected to the memory of a daughter of 28 years, one could read the depth of parental affection in the pathetic inscription:—"O for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still!" One arrests the