

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

A DESCRIPTIVE VISIT TO THE
TOMB OF WALTER SCOTT.Dryburgh Abbey is in Sweet old Monastic
Seclusion—its Surroundings Beautifully
Described—The Charitable Behavior of
Those who Have Charge.Summer, with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade.
—Burns.
The mighty minstrel breathes no longer,
Mid mouldering ruins low he lies.
—Wordsworth.

The night should not be dreamless,
Spent amid such scenes, nor should our
dreams be tame. But we are glad to see a
cloudless sun shining again on this lovely
valley, and to betake ourself to Dry-
burgh, the last resort of pilgrims to the
shrines hallowed by the Minstrel of the
North. The Abbey lies on the tweed, in a
romantic solitude, and from it Melrose is
four miles away. You go with the Eildon
hills on your right, following the course of
the river, until they are left behind. You
travel by classic paths, seeing on your left
the Cowden knowes, fragrant of song, and
Bemerside, till you go "down a steep and
woody lane, and suddenly come out at a
wide bend of the river, where on your side,
the gravel brought down by the flood's
spreads a considerable strand, and the lofty
banks all round on the other are finely
wooded." How variously lovely is this
Tweed along all its course! Perhaps it is
the most beautiful of Scottish rivers. A
bridge crosses it at this point, and beyond,
at its opposite end out of the clustering
trees the top of a little dome is peeping.
"It is a temple of the Muses, where
the nine sisters are represented conse-
crating Thomson the poet. One
thinks instinctively of Burns in this
connection and of his staras written for the
coronation of Thomson's bust at Ednam.
"Aloft, at some distance in a wood, you
dearly a gigantic figure of stone; and this,
on enquiry, you find to be William Wal-
lace, who, I believe, was never here, any
more than Thomson. It was intended for
Burns, but as the block was got out of
the opposite side of the river, close to where
you land from the ferryboat, the fantastic
old fellow (the whimsical of Buchanan to
whom Dryburgh then belonged), took it
into his head that, as it was so large a
block it should be Wallace!"

The pilgrim crosses the ferry; and being
landed, ascends by a lane, to find a gate-
way through which he is admitted to the
grounds containing the abbey. This is
after the fashion of a castle gateway,—
"with round stone pillars, with lantern
summits and the cross displayed on each
—a sort of poor parody on the gateway at
Abbotsford." Through this you are admit-
ted to an old and large orchard, which was
by the singular proprietor dedicated to
"his best of parents," as an inscription
over the gate informs us.

Of this last and fitting resting place of
one who loved the antique and venerable
in his life, William Howitt gives the best
description we have met with, and to it we
now invite the reader's attention.

"Dryburgh is a sweet old monastic
seclusion. Here, lying deep below the sur-
rounding country, the river sweeps on be-
tween high, rocky banks, overhung with
that fine growth of trees which no river
presents in more beauty, abundance and
luxuriance. A hush prevails over the spot,
which tells you that some ancient sanctity
is there. You feel that there is some hidden
glory of religious art and piety somewhere
about, though you do not see it. As you
advance, it is up a long lane overhung with
old ash trees. There are some primitive-
looking cottages, also over-shadowed by
great trees. There are crofts, with thick,
tall hedges, and cattle lying in them with
a sybaritic luxury of indolence. You are
still, as you proceed, surrounded by an
ocean of foliage, and ancient stems; and a
dream-like feeling of past ages seems to
pervade not only the air but the ground. I
do not know how it is, but I think it must
be by a mesmeric influence that the monks
and the holy dreamers of old have left on
the spots which they inhabited their
peculiar character. You could not construct
such a place now, taking the most favorable
materials for it. Take a low, sequestered
spot, full of old timber, and cottages, and
old grey walls; and employ all the art that
you could, to give it a monastic character—
it would be in vain. You would feel it
at once; the mind would not admit
it to be genuine. No, the old
monastic spots are full of the old
monastic spirit. The very ground, and
the rich old turf, are saturated with it.
Dig up the soil, it has a monastery look.
It is flat, and black and crumbling. The
trees are actual monks themselves. They
stand and dream of the Middle Ages.
With the present age and things they
have no feelings, no sympathies. They
keep a perpetual vigil, and the sound of
anthems has entered into their very sub-
stance. They are solemn piles of the con-

dened silence of ages, of eloistered nus-
ings; and the very whisperings of their
leaves seemed to be muttered aves and
ora pro nobis.

"This feeling lies all over Dryburgh like
a living trance; and the arrangement of
these odd Buchans for admitting you to
the tomb of Scott enable you to see the
most of it. You perceive a guide post,
and this tells you to go on to the house
where the keys are kept. You descend a
long lane amid these old trees and crofts
and arrive at a gate and lodge, which
seem the entrance to some gentleman's
grounds. Here probably you see too a
gentleman's carriage waiting, and present
yourself to go in. But you are told that,
though this is the place, you must not
enter there. You must go on still further
to the house where the keys are kept. At
length you find yourself at the bottom
of another stretch of lane, and
here you stop, for the simple reason that
you can go no further you have arrived at
the bank of the river. Necessarily then
looking about you, you see on one side a
gate in a tall wall, which looks into an or-
chard and on the other a cottage in a gar-
den. On this cottage there is a board
bearing this long-sought-after inscription,
—'The Abbey Keys Kept Here'; you knock
and ask if you can see the Abbey; and a
very careless 'Yes,' assures that you can.
The people appointed to show the ruins
and Scott's grave are become notorious for
their boorish uncivil behavior. It would
seem as if the owner of the place had or-
dered them to make it as unpleasant to
visitors as possible; a thing very impolitic
in them, for they are making a fortune by
it. Indeed Scott is the grand benefactor
of all the neighborhood,—Dryburgh,
Melrose, and Abbotsford. At Abbotsford
and Melrose they are civil, at Dryburgh
the very reverse. They seem as though
they would make you feel that it was a
favor to be admitted to the grounds of
Lord Buchan; and you are pointed away
at the gate of exit with a manner which
to say,—'There!—begone!'

"The woman of the cottage was already
showing a party; and her sister, just as
sulky, ungracious, a sort of body as you
could meet with, was my guide. The gate
in the wall was thrown open, and she said,
'You must go across the grass there.' I
saw a track across the grass, and obedi-
ently pursued it; but it was some time be-
fore I could see anything but a very large
orchard of young trees, and I began to
suppose this another Pomarium dedicated
by old Lord Buchan to his parents, and to
wish him and his Pomaria under the care
of a certain old gentleman; but, anon!—
the ruins of the abbey began to tower
magnificently above the trees, and I for-
got the planter of orchards and his un-
gracious guides. The ruins are certainly
very fine, and finely relieved by the tall
rich trees which have sprung up in and
around them. The interior of the church
is now greenward, and two rows of cedars
grow where formerly stood the pillars of
the aisles. The cloisters and south tran-
sept are more entire, and display much
fine workmanship. There is a window
aloft, I think in the south transept, pecu-
liarly lovely. It is formed of, I believe,
five stars cut in stone so that the open
centre within them forms a rose. The
light seen through this window gives it a
beautiful effect. There is the old chapter-
house also entire, with an earthen floor
and a circle drawn in the centre, where the
bodies of the founder and his lady are said
to lie. But even here the old lord has
been with his absurdities; and at one end
by the window, stands a fantastic statue of
Locke, reading in an open book, and point-
ing to his own forehead with his finger.
The damp of the place has blackened and
mildewed this figure, and it is hoped will
speedily eat it quite up. What has Locke
to do with the chapter house of a set of
ancient friars?

The grave of Scott, for tomb he has not
yet got, [marble slabs now mark his resting
place, and that of other members of his
household buried beside him,] is a beauti-
ful fragment of the ruined pile, the lady
aisle. The square from one pillar of the
aisle to the next, which in many churches,
as in the Melrose, formed a confessional,
forms here a burial place. It is that of
the Scotts of Haliburton, from whom Scott
descended; and that was probably one
reason why he chose this place, though its
monastic beauty and associations were, no
doubt, the main causes. The fragment
consists of two arches' length, and the ad-
joining one is the family burial place of
the Erskines. The whole, with its tier of
small Norman Sarcophagi arches above, forms
in fact, a glorious tomb, much resem-
bling one of the chapel tombs in Winches-
ter; and the trees about it are dispersed by
nature and art so as to give it the utmost pic-
turesque effect. It is a mausoleum well befit-
ting the author of The Lay of the Last Min-
strel and though many wonder that he should
have chosen to be interred in another man's

ground and property, yet, independent of
all such considerations, we must say that
it would be difficult to select a spot more
in keeping with Scott's character, genius,
and feelings.

With what interest, after all the years
that have intervened since this gentle-heart-
ed man was laid here, the pilgrim still comes
to look at the woodland ruins, and the
turt that wraps him in that long slumber,
within their enclosure. He looks between
the iron railings and notes where the Min-
strel lies, with the grave of his mother on
the right and that of his wife on the left.
That mantle of green turf which nature
loves to weave over the lowliest of her
children is denied him under the arches of
this old ruin. But the soft blue sky and
starry light, come here and the sweet
whispers of the leaves, and the distant
monody of the river. Through all the
long days of summer the sun has his proud
way, and the spring brings her freshening
influence to the tomb, and there the birds
make jubilee. Here is the place of his
rest, in sight of the play-place of his youth-
and where his youth-time would often rove,
weaving coronal of song, more lasting than
the vernal garlands of these groves. These
arches, amid which he lies, were peopled
by his fancy:

"There is a Nun in Dryburgh bower
Ne'er looks upon the sun
There is a Monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none."

[NOTE.—John Gibson Lockhart, Scott's
son-in-law and biographer,—who died at
Abbotsford, Nov. 25th, 1859,—was buried
near the great Minstrel within the enclo-
sure at Dryburgh. PASTOR FELIX.

THE SUWANEE RIVER.

Historical Sketch of the River of Song
and Its Tales.

Leslie's Weekly tells this tale of the Su-
wanee river, the river of song: Just how a
river, a narrow little sand bottomed, blue-
watered river, that plays so small a part in
the map of the United States as does the
Suwanee, could ever have become so fam-
ous in this wide world, does seem strange
to one when he comes to think of it, all be-
cause of a mere song. But, after all, it has
a charm all its own, and the average visitor
will find, when he once falls into its spell,
that it will linger with him with surprising
tenacity, and grow upon him like the shad-
ow of some mysterious fascination. No
doubt there was some such inspiration be-
hind the lines:

Way down upon de Suwanee ribber,
Far, far away;
Dar's whar my heart am turnin' ebber,
Dar's whar de old folks stay.

—Fe that as it may, no such ideal picture
book songs as this are ever heard on the
Suwanee river in real life, unless it be,
now and then, when some resident of this
section chooses to hum a few lines of this
same song in a spirit much the same as
that of the deacon in church who says
"Amen" when the preacher has finished
the morning prayer—simply agreeing to
what the author of this immortal song has
written.

But there are songs along Suwanee river
that are characteristic and unique in all their
plaintive melody, pathos and humor. The
negroes who are found at work along the
river, either on the little boats that haul
timber up and down from the mills or
phosphate from the mines, or out in the
lumber camps and fields along the river
bank, seem to be all given to song. They
go about their work in the morning with a
song and sing all the live-long day, croon-

YOUR
BABY'S SKIN
NEEDS"BABY'S
OWN
SOAP"NONE BETTER
FOR
DELICATE SKINSThe Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs.
Montreal.Colds Chaps Colic
Coughs Chafing Croup
Catarrh Chilblains Cramps

Are ills to which all flesh is heir. You can relieve and speedily cure all of these by the free
use of our old reliable Anodyne. Generation after generation have used it with entire satis-
faction, and handed down the knowledge of its worth to their children as a valuable inheri-
tance. Could a remedy have existed for eighty years except that it possesses great merit for
family use? It was originated to cure all ailments attended with inflammation; such as
asthma, abscesses, bites, burns, bruises, bronchitis, all forms of sore throat, earache, head-
ache, la grippe, lame back, mumps, muscular soreness, neuralgia, scalds, stings, sprains,
stiff joints, toothache, tonsillitis and whooping cough. The great vital and muscle nerve.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

It soothes every ache, every bruise, every cramp, every irritation, every lameness, every
swelling everywhere. It is for INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL use. It was originated
in 1810, by Dr. A. Johnson, an old Family Physician. Every Mother should have it in the house.

"Best Liver Pill Made."
Parsons' Pills

Positively cure Biliousness and Sick Headache, Liver
and bowel complaints. They expel all impurities
from the blood. Delicate women find relief from
using them. Price 25c; five 50c. Sold everywhere.

Use Johnson's Liniment for catarrh. I had
tried almost everything recommended for
catarrh, but find Johnson's Anodyne Liniment
far superior to any. I use it as you direct.
J. E. WHIPPLE, South Wingham, Vt.

Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free.
Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle.
All Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Sleep,
Sound and
RefreshinVisits the nursing
mother and her
child if she takes

INDIAN WOMAN'S BALM

ing some plaintive air in a monotonous
fashion, or else joining in a chorus where
there are several of them, and making the
woods around fairly reverberate with the
echoes of their camp meeting hymns, such
as this:

Jes' look over yonder whar I sec—
Angels bid me ter come.—
See two angels callin' at me—
Angies bid me ter come.
Rise an' shine, mourner,
Rise an' shine, mourner,
Rise an' shine, mourner,
Rise an' shine, mourner,
Fur de angels bid me ter come!

How their rich, mellow voices do melt
away in the distance as they join in this
sweet old air, and now the plaintive strain
seems to die away upon the sighing waters
of the famed river! And when they get to
the chorus how they swing round at their
work and bare down upon the loud pedal
of their voices and throw the genuine old
jubilee vigor of camp meeting into the
song. If they are cutting logs for the saw
mill night at hand they are apt to swing
their axes in full time with the measure of
the song, and thus give it all the more in-
terest and peculiar charm.

One of the lively 'jig songs' that are
often heard in the lumber and phosphate
camps along the Suwanee river runs some-
thing like this.

Jaybird up the sugar tree,
Sparrow on de ground,
Jaybird shake de sugar down,
Sparrow pass hit aroun'.

Shoo, ladies, shoo,
Shoo, ladies, shoo,
Shoo, ladies, shoo my gal,
I'm coun' for Sugar Hill.

Five cents is my pocket change,
Ten cents is my bill;
It times don't git no bettah heah
I'm boun' for Sugar Hill.

The music to this song is much in the
fashion of the common negro songs, liv-
ely yet full of pathos and plaintive melody.
There is that in all negro songs that is
plaintive, even their most exasperating
foot-shaking and soul-stirring 'jig songs'.
True, typical negro songs rarely ever show
any particular effort at preparation. They
seem to just boil right out of the darkey's
heart and soul, and it by chance they man-
age to get a fairly good jingle or rhyme to
them, it is by no special poetical painstaking
on the part of the author, and, in fact,
is of but little consequence to him.

Such are the songs that one hears on
the Suwanee river, in these modern days of
progress and material development.

THE TIPPING QUESTION.

How it is Practiced at Home and Abroad
and the Need for a Reform.

The question of 'tipping' seems small
enough in detail, but rather important when
exaggerated.

A woman who spent last winter in one of
the most sumptuous of New York hotels
says she invariably gave a quarter to her
waiter at breakfast and luncheon, those
being meals taken alone. At dinner time
she was joined by her husband, who always
handed the waiter fifty cents.

The latter sum seemed to evenly fill the
man's idea of what was due him, and his
'Thank you, sir,' was bland and gracious,
but the lady's modest quarters always
found their grave in the black waistcoat
pocket with no expression of gratitude
from the recipient's face which wore a
meaning look as of one who says: 'Women
are mean, an' never knows 'ow to do the
right thing by a man; but one 'as to put
up with 'em.'

It is only in reckless, good-natured
America that optional fees are so much
larger than they ought to be. A dollar,
which is a common enough sum for a man
to give at dinner in a fashionable restaur-
ant, would make a French waiter stare, al-

though he would have the presence of mind
to pocket it quickly.

In Paris there is an unwritten scale
which apporions 5 per cent on the amount
of a customer's bill as a tip. Thus, a
person ordering a dinner that costs \$2
would, on setting his bill, add ten cents for
the attendant.

It is time we had either a legal or in-
formal rule governing tips in this country,
and it is to be hoped that some rich per-
sons will help on the reform.

It will never be done by those whose
means are really small enough to feel the
tax, for it is one of the errors of the im-
pecunious to feel obliged to show as much
liberality as a millionaire, even if, like the
guest in 'Charley's Aunt,' he has to bor-
row half a dollar from the butler with
which to tip him.—Illustrated American.

WONDERFUL.

Piles Cured in 3 to 6 Nights—Itching, Burning Skin
Diseases Relieved in One Day.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all
cases of itching piles in from three to six
nights. One application brings comfort.
For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless.
Also cures tetter, salt rheum, eczema,
barbers' itch, and all eruptions of the skin.
Relieves in a day. 35 cents.

Vinnie—'Minnie will never marry until
she meets her ideal.' Vietta—'What is
her ideal?' Vinnie—'A man who will
propose.'

SILVERWARE
OF THE
HIGHEST GRADE.
THE QUESTION
'WILL IT WEAR?'
NEED NEVER BE ASKED
IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE
TRADE MARK
1847 ROGERS BROS.
AS THIS IN ITSELF
GUARANTEES THE QUALITY.
BESURE THE PREFIX
1847.
IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE.
THESE GOODS HAVE
STOOD THE TEST
FOR
HALF A CENTURY.
NEARLY
SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

DR. CHASE'S
KIDNEY-
LIVER
PILLS
CURE
BACK-ACHE
ONE PILL A DOSE—25c A BOX