

tune are not now precisely as they came from the soul and the pen of the ardent Jacobite lover.

The portraits of Annie Laurie, preserved at Craigdarroch and Mansfield, seats of her descendants, show her to have been a woman of slender physique, with a peculiarly slight and willowy figure. Upon this was set a head whose profile is as markedly classic as ever was shown upon ancient carving or modern coin. The neck was long, with that graceful swelling from breast to throat so loved of the artists; the chin was almost sharp though roundly pointed; the lips, though closed, were beautifully rounded, full and widely parted at their edges; the nose, and the archings from its bridge, strong, full, and as exquisitely moulded as the most refined Grecian type; the forehead high, wide and straight from the nose-tip; and the eyes large, full and tender; while this remarkable face and head were crowned by a mass of wavy, golden-brown hair. With all her impressive beauty she seems to have been a most commonplace personage, and while capable of awakening sudden and mighty flames in the breasts of ordinary Scottish folk as well as poets, to have been herself devoid of any of those mental or spiritual qualities capable of elevating her character to the realm of romance or heroism. She is known to have placidly enjoyed, as many young women now do before entering matrimony, a very great number of love affairs, all of which seem to have been turgid and rampant on the part of her male admirers, and received and benignantly tolerated on her own, her "promise true" evidently having been rather widely distributed in southwestern Scotland; until warned by advancing years she became the wife of a man with no more poetry in him than a kail-yard wall, but with broad acres and plenty of "siller," Alexander Fergusson, laird of Craigdarroch, Glencairn parish, Dumfriesshire.

The whole region roundabout the scene of his romantic episode between Annie Laurie and Douglas and of the latter's poem is exquisitely beautiful and is wondrously rife with poetic and historic interest. Much of its poetic glamor is of course due to the personality and pen of Burns. Every object you look upon from Dumfries to Craigdarroch has been given almost individuality, life and certainly undying interest from his personal association or the magic of his muse. From the ancient Observatory in the Maxwelltown opposite Dumfries, which must be kept distinct in the mind from Annie Laurie's village birthplace of Maxwelltown, a few miles distant, one can see and feel the tenderness of complete identification. The eye ranges to the east over and beyond fair Annandale; across Kirkcudbrightshire, to the west, to the noble hills skirting Ayr hire; to the north, up dreamland Nithsdale to the far, dim turrets of Drumlanrig Castle; and to the south to the vast expanse of Solway Firth, where, to the right of Nithsmouth, looms graybrowed Criffel; while to its left is caught a gleam of the sands at Brow Well, at whose waters Burns too late struggled to save his life. Thus almost at a glance not only does the bewitching cyclorama give the beholder the entire field of the every-day scenes of the poet's life during his last eight memorable years, but at the same instant comprehension of the three most impressive epochs in his

career of which we can have memory—the home-heaven of Ellisland farm-life, the wretched fight against poverty in the gray old border town beneath us, and that last unavailing struggle at Brow Well, by Solway's shifting sands—all made inexpressibly more impressive by the lofty dome of the silent mausoleum over there in that shadowy kirk-yard, looming before us wherever we may look for the recognition of his old time presence within the fair region roundabout.

There, too, in Bank street in the "Wee Vennel," in whose upper three little rooms the bard and his family lived when Burns was driven from the Ellisland farm by ruinous crops to the more ruinous life of exciseman; the old "Globe Tavern," just as it stood in Burns' time, in which, unhappy as is the fact for contemplation, one seems now almost to hear his thrilling voice, mingled with the laughter of Syme, Maxwell, landlord Hyslop and his wise Meg and their siren barmaid, "Anna of the golden locks," the little close behind the "howf" or tavern, where poor Burns, brain-beclouded and bewildered that bitter January night of 1796, upon the straw and refuse, just at the edge of Shakespeare street, and insensible until the morn, received the child of death that never left him, though he lingered conscious of his fate until the 21st of July following; and there just back of this sad spot on Burns street, in the poet's time Mill street, is the veritable cottage where he lived and died. Every square yard of Dumfries town is aglow with some touching reminder of Burns. And were this not enough to hold heart and mind to the locality, what vivid reminders of Scotch history are here! What kindly cavalcades have passed and repassed, in despair or triumph, the ancient bridge of Devout Devorgilla, built in the middle of the thirteenth century, and still staunch as the rock-beds out of which its stones were hewn! And there near where rises the lofty spire of Greyfriar's Church once stood monastery of Greyfriars in which the avenging hand of Bruce struck the blow which set in march the mighty events leading to Scotland's most glorious greatness and power.

Pilgrimage from Dumfries, a distance of but twelve miles to Craigdarroch, the home of Annie Laurie from the time of her marriage to Alexander Fergusson in 1799, until her death, in 1761, at the age of seventy-nine years, you cross the "new brig" to the west, and are at once among the braes of the Dumfries Maxwelltown. The shore-side of this ancient hamlet remind you of scores of other sleepy "auld clachans of Scotland," but the streets upon the gentle heights are full of tree-embowered villas, and have a sleepy, sunshiny look of comfort and content. Once out upon the highway—the ancient coach-road between Dumfries and Glasgow—it winds over brae and hill, through dale and dingle, over beck and burn, through shadowy avenues and patches of sunshine, past deserted clachans and now silent old inns of call, with the songs of streams and birds ever in your ears, a long and winsome way. When past the outlying village habitations, you will see down there to the right the picturesque ruins of Lincluden Abbey, but a few moments' walk from the highway, as beautifully situated as those of Dryburgh on the Tweed, where repose the remains of

Sir Walter Scott. Beneath the shadows of its majestic walls lies Margaret, daughter of King Robert III of Scotland. The fine old bridge near by at which you tarry—for there is a pretty scene of sheep-shearing going on beneath the shade of the willows just about—crosses the river Cluden, a small and tuneful stream. It bounds merrily along through copse and between emerald haughs below, sweeps around the ancient abbey walls, and entering the Nith broadens into a deep pool or linn. Hence linn-Cluden, "the Cluden pool," and the name of the grand old monastic pile, Lincluden Abbey, which towers at its edge above.

If you proceeded five miles further on this highway you would reach Ellisland, on the west bank of the Nith, for many years the farm-home of Burns, but turning to the left you enter a lovely region, and in half an hour's walk come to Irongray Church beside Cairn water. Here you will tarry for a little, for within its grass-grown church yard you will find the grave of "Jeannie Deans," immortalized in "Heart of Midlothian," and the inscription on the tablestone was written by Scott himself. It is now but a short and a sunny distance to the real Maxwelltown of Douglas' verse, to Moniaive and Craigdarroch, a collection of country seats and hamlets, most interesting from their age, beauty of environment and absence of all the modern fashionings which the railways have brought to many other equally ancient Scottish towns. On your way at moss grown old Dunscore, you come upon another reminder of the bloody days in the tomb of Sir Robert Grierson, whose memory is loathed like "popery" by every descendant of the Covenanters.

Midway between Dunscore and Moniaive is still more ancient Glencairn, for more than a thousand years the site of the parish church. It was at Glencairn church that Annie Laurie was baptized. The entire region is one of the most beautiful in Scotland, and full of relics of general wealth and power. A hundred hills, many crowned by the still noble ruins of massive square keeps, are in view; scores of misty, opulent dales and glens greet the eye; and wellkept farms and dreamful olden hamlets are interspersed with splendid seats of lairds and country gentry. It was in such a spot, whose countless verdure-covered "braes" might well prompt poetic fervor were not the inspiration of love behind, that Douglas wooed and won and lost, and that Annie Laurie chose to contentedly remain the honored wife of a country gentleman, rather than share the fortunes of a poet's and a political adventurer's doubtful career.

The old manor house of Maxwelltown is gone, but many relics of the heroine of the song are religiously preserved in the neighborhood. Craigdarroch, her home during married life and widowhood, for she survived her husband, Alexander Fergusson, and became the lady bountiful of Nithsdale, is a noble mansion upon the Fergusson estates, but a short distance from her birthplace, now owned by Captain R. Cutlar Fergusson, great, great grandson of Annie Laurie. As Mrs. Fergusson, she had entire supervision of the construction of the present Craigdarroch House, as well as the extensive Georgian pleasure grounds in the rear of the mansion.