

While standing here we counted sixty-one lakes that hold the water that forms the four rivers, three of them flow into the Salt Lake through these different passes in the Wasatch mountains. Just think of it! three rivers that head within four miles of each other, running in almost opposite directions, meandering for many miles to every point of the compass, and at last coming together again in the Great Salt Lake.

Standing here one cannot but look with delight on these beautiful lakes that nature has made for the use of man, surrounded with forests so thick that the sun hardly ever penetrates them, and filled, or partly so, with clear snow water filtered by flowing through the rock from the mountain sides of those towering grand mountain peaks. To stand here and behold the great works of nature makes one loath to leave it and go down where bickerings and the strife of man exist. Here there is no fight over silver, no debts to pay or collect; no heartless Shylock to take the last cow from the widow for a paltry sum that the husband owed before his death; no lawsuits; no rustling for provisions for tomorrow. All is peaceful and grand, and beautiful. Just why some fore had not come up here and utilized these lakes heretofore as storage reservoirs to store the water that now runs to waste is more than I can see. As it is never to late to do good, this is being done now. We have taken up, surveyed and mapped sixty-two lakes to hold the water for the summer of drouth. Then the dams are all in, there will be all the water to irrigate all the land now lying idle in seven counties, namely, Summit, Utah, Salt Lake, Wasatch, Morgan, Weber and Davis, besides furnishing all the water that Ogden, Salt Lake, Lehi, American Fork, and Pleasant Grove require.

The local artists should come up here ere going to Europe for scenery. The man that has lost all heart should come up here and if this beautiful scenery will not cure him, he can throw himself off this mountain and die a romantic death.

H. J. FAUST.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

AYR, Scotland, Aug. 26, 1893.

In that broad and measureless sense in which the poet of the people knits his personality adorably into the hearts of an entire nation, all of grand old Scotia is truly the "Land of Burns." In a closer geographical respect, where both personality and genius have been all-pervading, and have left on every hand some memory of association and enduring reminder of the bard's actual presence, there are, provincially, distinctively two "Burns' Lands" in Bonnie Scotland.

These are Ayrshire, on the Firth of Clyde, and Dumfriesshire, on the Solway Firth, adjoining counties of Southwestern Scotland. From the top of Merrick Mountain in the northern part of Kirkcudbrightshire, which wedges a strip of glorious hill country up to the north between the two former shires, to which I have tramped to wander down the Doon from its very source, the sight can traverse the entire breadth of both the Ayrshire Land of Burns and the Land of Burns of Dumfriesshire. There is not another scene in all the world more fraught with glowing natural beauty;

not another one more mournfully sweet and tender in gentle and pathetic memories.

To the eye the panorama of all the lovely land in which the brief life of the bard was passed is practically complete. To the mind all the vast host of his poetic creations; the penury, struggle, glory and despair, from birth to death, are here massed with overwhelming impressiveness. To the west is Ayrshire, at first, by the birth-spot near Ayr, sunny and low beside the sea. Then, following the vale of the Doon, it comes all the way to your feet, in gentle uplands, then in rugged hills and shadowy burns, and finally in the huge mountains and savage glens. Passing over into Dumfriesshire, the mountains spread into broad, luxurious vales. One, where the murmuring Nith winds to the Solway, is a dream of opulence and rest. Then as the spires of old Dumfries town blend with the ragged Solway edge, "hoary Criffel" looms threateningly. At last a glint of blue shows where is Brow Well, from which the poet, close to death, was carried back to the little Dumfries cottage and his loyal Jean; and like a tiny dazzling cone of white is seen the dome of the huge mausoleum where old Scotia's dearest bard is at rest in eternal peace.

The two shires and their very topography—the western sea and its soft shores, the vales, the uplands, the midshire rugged heights, the sweet valley where the bard's most fecund and his happiest hours were passed at Ellisland beside the Nith, the lowering mountain again, the glint of the sea and a nation's grave—powerfully suggest the two epochs of Burns' eventful life. Ayrshire saw his youthtide; his feverish, fervent early struggles Dumfriesshire gave the only blessed calm he knew; the sad and desperate later days; and yet it was in Dumfriesshire that the great heart grew still. Ayrshire glories in his birthplace, scenes of his youth, the unfolding of his genius, the first acknowledgment of his fame. Dumfriesshire is glorified by his riper fame, his better accomplishment, even by the pathos of his later days, and by the precious heritage of cherishing his mortal remains.

Though here to wander by the Doon, to which the mind unconsciously reverts at mention of the poet's name, while pilgriming among the countless shrines created by his living presence in these two shires, and looking down along the flaming shaft of light that links his genius and world-girding human love and magnanimity to the fadeless immortality of his name, I cannot but feel that the scenes which most breathe to the beholder the spirit of ineffable pathos and tenderness belong to the second epoch of his life, and lie along the Nith instead of clustering about "the banks and braes o' bonnie Doon." True, from where you may stand here with me on Merrick's heights the Ayrshire shrines, almost within the limit of vision, are rich and countless. You may not discern each one with the naked eye, but you can plainly see where all may be found in a short day's journey.

The spires of Ayr seem almost beneath your feet. Just outside the rim of verdure shutting in the city, where a faint curling line of misty purple outlines the sinuous course of the Doon as it nears the sea, are the low-roofed thatched cottage where Burns was born, beside the splendid seat of Roselle, on the little

farm of seven acres which was rented by the poet's father, and the spot where the Gypsy had foretold, as the father was riding in haste for the doctor, that

We'll a' be proud of Robin.

Not a half mile distant can be described the rotting bell-tower of "Alloway's Auld Haunted Kirk." All about are the scenes of "Tam o' Shanter," and near on a slight eminence can be seen the white, colonnaded shafts of the great Burns monument. But a few miles north-east in a pleasant champaign country, now dotted by thriving villages, and threaded with emerald lines of hedge, coppice and plantations, are Tarbolton and Mauchline, but four miles apart.

At the former was laid the scene of "Death and Dr. Hornbrook," and it was here that the pathetic parting of Burns and his Highland Mary occurred. You can see the square tower of Mauchline Castle, whose owner, Gavin Hamilton, became Burns' patron, and will know that at this village was "Johnnie Dow's house, and still remains unaltered the public house of "Poosie Nansie," scene of the "Jolly Beggars," while over there but a mile and a half west of Mauchline is the noted farm of Mossiel, once conducted with such ruinous heroism by the poet and his brother, Gilbert. It was here that the "Cotter's Saturday Night" and others of Burns' greatest poems were written, and where the poet, after preparing to fly to Jamaica and suddenly being called by Dr. Blacklock to Edinburgh, from which he had returned in triumph, was clasped in his poor old mother's embrace while her ecstatic lips could only utter the cry, Oh, Robert! Robert?"

These and countless other interesting with many tender identifications of bard and place or object are yours when wandering in or near the vale of the Doon. They are all fine and good, and worth coming a long way to enjoy, but I do not think any or all of them take hold of the heart as does the spell which broods on the other side of these mountains in the Dumfriesshire land of Burns. Perhaps it is your own attitude and sentiment. Perhaps in the Doon country the suggestiveness of the youthful, vigorous, impulsively riotous earlier years, of the plowman poet, when he himself sang of the

"Rakish art of Rob Mossiel,"

haunts you like hints of hovering shadows. Perhaps, too, it is the occasional shock to your own reverence that now and then comes from the holiday sort of levity in thousands from all lands who come and poke about and go, as though there was a certain kind of prurient gratification in fine remarks on the sacred episodes of Highland Mary, and gentle, loyal Jean, and on finding where immortal poet soul was sent among the human harmonies in the dark recess of the Ayr cottage—forgetting that the Master in the lowly manger came.

So if you know all the strange story and double picture, you instinctively turn from the vague buffoonery casual pilgrims interpret in the first part, to the later and better part where the strong, fine tread of poet and man first truly set in; to the scenes where few irreverent pilgrims come; and here, at the utmost source of the bonnie Doon, with misting eyes you look over into Nith-vale past old Dumfries town to the roaring Solway tides and seem to know, as of a