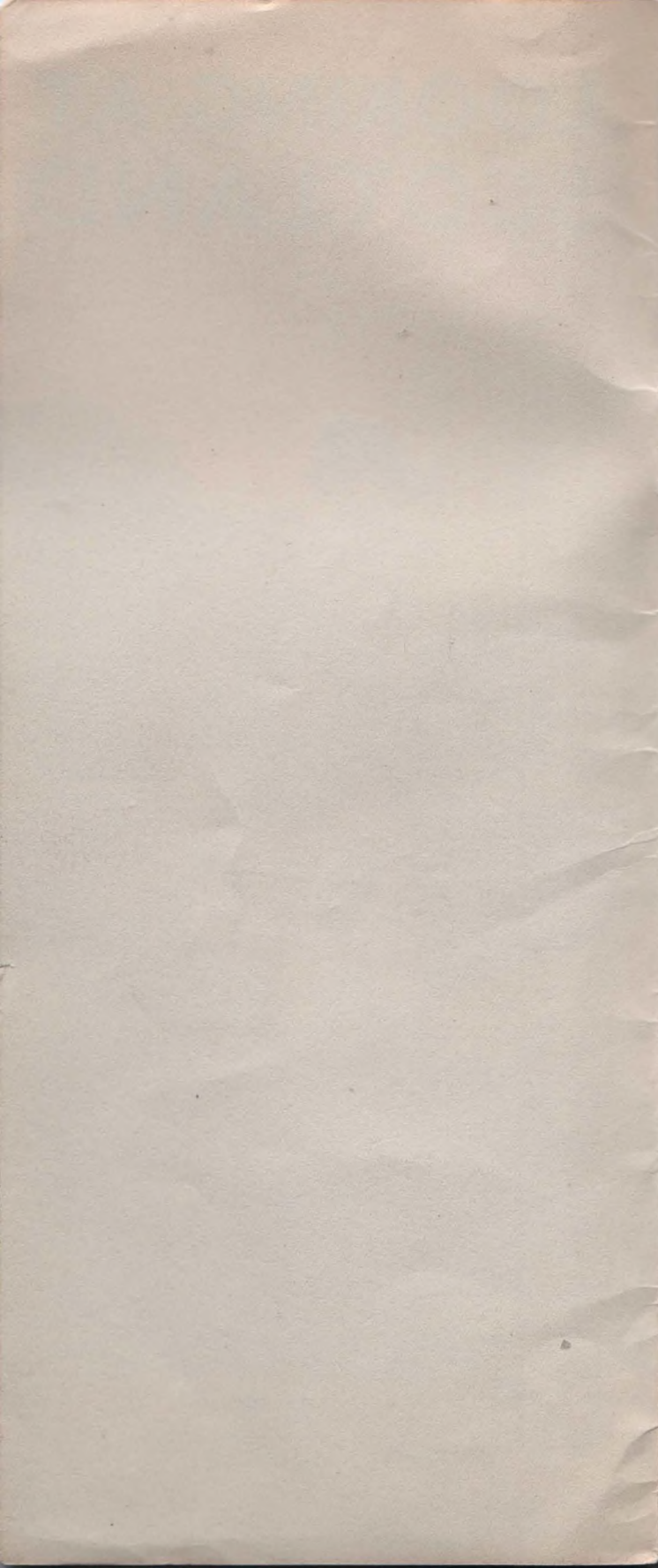


LOOKING AT SCOTLAND



RTH EASTERN
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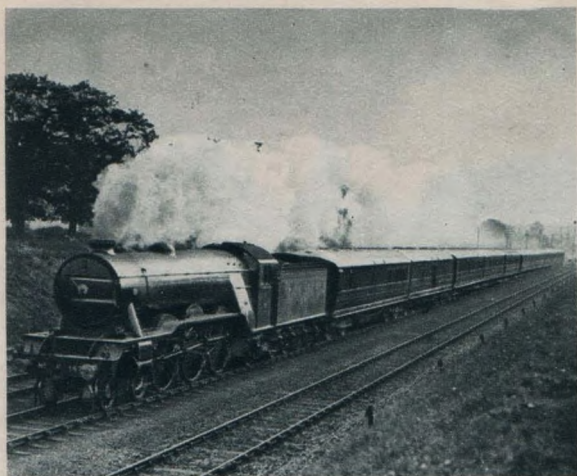


Looking at Scotland

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THE "FLYING SCOTSMAN"

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Looking at Scotland

LAND OF HISTORY AND ROMANCE

NO more fitting introduction to "Bonnie Scotland" can be obtained than by travelling from London (King's Cross Station) by the world-famous "Flying Scotsman," which accomplishes the journey to Edinburgh, a distance of 393 miles, in $8\frac{1}{4}$ hours. The journey in itself, through the typical English countryside, and past old-world towns and famous cathedrals, is full of interest. As the train draws near the border, the Northumbrian Coast comes into view, and Holy Island with its Abbey and Castle, is seen on the verge of sea and shore. Then comes the ancient border town of Berwick-on-Tweed with its old-world memories, both gay and tragic. Berwick is an excellent centre from which to visit the whole of the Border country, including the Coast line, the river Tweed and the Cheviot Hills.



PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH

EDINBURGH—THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL

THE visitor to Edinburgh, as he leaves the palatial North British Hotel adjoining the Waverley Station, feels that he is stepping into a city stately and illustrious beyond most others of his knowledge. A thousand memories from his reading in history or romance crowd upon him at every step. His eye catches at once well-known objects. Rising like an Acropolis above the city, there is the venerable Castle in which is, perhaps, the finest war memorial in Great Britain, containing a Hall of Honour where all the Scottish regiments are mentioned, a shrine with seven stained-glass windows and a casket containing the names of the fallen. Edinburgh has, indeed, been named the "Athens of the North," an analogy which is strengthened by the Doric columns visible on Calton Hill. And now his eye recognises the familiar spire of the famous Scott memorial, fronting Princes Street and surrounded by the delightful Princes Street Gardens. Not far away are statue memorials to other distinguished citizens—Livingstone, Allan Ramsay, "Christopher North," and Dr. Guthrie among them



HOLYROOD PALACE

—and beyond the East Gardens are the Royal Institution and the National Gallery.

Returning to the eastern end of Princes Street we reach the General Post Office and Calton Hill, with its imitation Parthenon, Observatory and Nelson Monument. From Calton Hill, as from Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crag and Castle Hill, a splendid panoramic view of the city is gained. Every visitor should see Edinburgh in this way from above, as the beauty of old Dunedin is scarcely realised by a laborious tramping from one public building of interest to another.

HOLYROOD

COMING down the Calton Hill we may observe the famous Royal High School, with its Greek architecture, and opposite, the Burns Monument. We then pass on to Holyrood, the Royal Palace, which is so closely linked with all the history and romance of Scotland—with Mary Queen of Scots and Bonnie Prince Charlie. From the Palace and Abbey we climb one of the most famous and historic thoroughfares in the world, along the Cannongate, High Street, and Lawnmarket to Castle Hill, haunted with the shades of John Knox,



EDINBURGH CASTLE

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

Prince Charlie, Montrose, Argyll and Robert Burns. At the foot of the High Street is the ancient house in which Knox lived and died. Higher up stand the Parliament House and St. Giles Cathedral, where Jenny Geddes, in the middle of the seventeenth century, hurled her "cutty stool," still preserved in the Royal Institution, at the liturgical Dean and brought down prelacy, if not the Dean himself. Here preached the great Scottish reformer.

It is impossible even to enumerate the historic names which meet one at every step. The Tron Church, the Grassmarket, notorious for its executions and the Porteous Riots, the Kirk o' Fields, where Darnley met his death, and endless others. The steep Castle Hill must, of course, be climbed to the Castle, with its ancient St. Margaret's Chapel, the remains of the old Royal Palace and Scottish regalia, the long retrospect over Scottish history it affords, and the glorious prospect over the famous city as it stands to-day. There is much to be seen southwards along George IV Bridge, most interesting being the Greyfriars Church where the Solemn League and Covenant was signed, and in whose churchyard sleep many covenanting martyrs.



IN PITTENCRIEFF PARK, DUNFERMLINE

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The surroundings of Edinburgh are delightful—Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, the King's hunting park at Holyrood, the Royal Botanical Gardens, the Zoological Park, Blackford Hill and the Braid Hills with their incomparable golf links.

ROYAL DUNFERMLINE

HAVING exhausted all there is to see of note in Edinburgh, we shall be well rewarded by paying a visit to Dunfermline, sixteen miles distant, crossing *en route* the world-famed Forth Bridge, which stands as the greatest triumph of engineering genius and skill.

The royal and ancient City of Dunfermline has for centuries enjoyed more than a national fame. Early in the national history it became the birth-place and the burial-place of royalty. The Canmore Tower, in which Malcolm and Margaret lived, may be regarded as the birth-place of the British Royal family.

A little to the west of the Canmore Tower stand the Palace ruins. It is doubtful if there is a finer architectural group in Scotland than is presented by the Palace ruins and the Abbey buildings—the long range of the Refectory, and the tower and spire of the nave



MELROSE ABBEY

rising up behind. These, taken in conjunction with the picturesque Pittencrieff Glen, make up a scene worth going far to view.

The Abbey has been named "The Scottish Westminster." This appellation it fully merits, for beneath its pavement slabs lie the remains of many of Scotland's greatest kings and queens, besides those of many a noble family—names which figure conspicuously in the history of their country. Most prominent among these names is that, of course, of King Robert the Bruce, who achieved national independence. The tomb of the Bruce is the most sacred and interesting spot of all. Underneath the beautiful and finely carved pulpit will be found the memorial brass to the great patriot king :—

"The Lamb watching over the sleep of the Lion,
Religion enthroned on the Tomb of the Bruce."

THE LAND OF SCOTT

ALL lovers of Scott will naturally wish to visit MELROSE, about four miles from Galashiels.

It is impossible to give a description of Melrose Abbey. Every window, pier, arch, cloister, doorhead and buttress of this exquisite example of Gothic architecture is a study



ABBOTSFORD

in itself. The stone carving is unequalled for beauty of design and delicacy of execution. A short distance from Melrose is Abbotsford, where Sir Walter Scott spent the declining years of his life. It is a favourite resort for his admirers (and who would not willingly be numbered among them), as it contains much to interest the visitor, and brings him into closer communion with that great personality which animates the pages of the Waverley novels. The house is a quaint growth of imagination. Here is a gateway from Linlithgow, there a portal and door from the famous Old Tolbooth of Edinburgh, a roof from Roslin, oak carvings from Dunfermline, and so on. The study contains the "Wizard's" writing desk, his arm-chair, and a few portraits. The armoury, which contains the treasures of Abbotsford, is a miniature museum. At Abbotsford, Sir Walter died on September 21st, 1832.

The simplest way to visit Dryburgh is to motor from Melrose. The run of four miles is through beautiful landscape. Dryburgh Abbey is an exceedingly fine and picturesque old ruin, visited year by year by devoted bands of pilgrims, who come to pay honour to the dust of Sir Walter Scott; for here, in



GOLF LINKS, ST. ANDREWS

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the beautiful St. Mary's Aisle, "he sleeps with his fathers."

LINLITHGOW

ANOTHER fascinating excursion from Edinburgh is that to the charming and quiet little town of Linlithgow. Among all the royal residences in Scotland the Palace of Linlithgow, for beauty of situation and grace of architecture, is incomparable. Standing on a bank overlooking a beautiful loch, it is celebrated as the birth-place of Mary Queen of Scots.

The palace now stands roofless above the small loch, in which it is mirrored, lightly by day—with heavy shadows by night.

FIFESHIRE AND FORFARSHIRE

EDINBURGH forms a convenient centre from which to visit many notable places, and foremost amongst them is, perhaps, ST. ANDREWS. This fashionable watering-place, justly called "The Golf Metropolis," year by year increases in popularity, and draws its visitors from all parts of the world. Being at one time the ecclesiastical capital of Scotland, its history



PERTH

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

is interwoven with that of Scotland. Associations with the name of Scotland's patron saint are bound up in the story handed down from the IVth Century, when St. Regulus, carrying with him the bones of St. Andrew, is said to have been wrecked on the coast and to have found refuge in a cave, still pointed out to visitors.

The Cathedral was founded in 1159, and the University is the oldest in Scotland. St. Andrews is the Mecca of Golf, and its links are the best in the country. It possesses a number of courses, and no golfer's education is complete until he has played a round on the world-famous old course. The ground is undulating, and affords plenty of hazards for the player.

Another fine old place is the Royal Borough of PERTH, beautifully situated on the Tay, and backed in solemn majesty by the Grampian Hills. Here was fought the famous battle between the clans Qubele and Chatton, described with realistic grandeur in Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth"—and here, too, Knox preached his Reformation sermon, destined to have an all-reaching effect on the future religious practices of the people. The river is spanned by two fine bridges, and along



DUNDEE

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its banks are two magnificent public parks.

DUNDEE, the third city in Scotland for population, has a history to match any. All of it cannot be set down here, but from early times the town was the scene of revelry and strife. The Castle, on the site of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, in High Street, was once a place of strength, and during the Wars of Succession was taken again and again by the English, the town on each occasion suffering the extremities of fire and sword. The Howff, or ancient city burying-ground, was a gift to the burgh by Mary Queen of Scots. Dudhope Castle, still standing in the higher part of the town, was the seat of the Scrimgeours, in Wallace's time the Constables of Dundee, and Standard-bearers of Scotland. James V, James VI, and Mary Queen of Scots, have been entertained within these walls, and Charles II came galloping to the gate on his short-lived enterprise known as the Start. Here, too, the famous Claverhouse was lying in 1689, when he heard that General Mackay was marching to surprise him, and forthwith started off and began the campaign that ended at Killiecrankie. Among the present sights of the city the chief are the fine University College.



GEORGE SQUARE, GLASGOW

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

the Albert Institute, and the Wishart Gate, from which George Wishart, the martyr, preached in time of plague.

GLASGOW

A **S**PLENDID service of luxuriously appointed express trains, with restaurant cars, is run at frequent intervals between the Waverley Station, Edinburgh, and the western metropolis—Glasgow.

It is a city of stately buildings. Its Cathedral, University, Art Galleries, and City Chambers, are each noble creations; its private mansions and terraces, mile beyond mile to west and south, are as dignified as they are substantial; its streets are regular and well built; and its spacious shops, warehouses, and picture theatres, are in many cases palaces of fine taste, luxury and real art.

THE FIRTH OF CLYDE AND THE TROSSACHS

G **L**ASGOW is the natural starting place for any or all of the famous beauty spots on the Clyde. A train from Queen Street Station takes us to Craigendoran Pier, from whence the steamers sail for the various



ROTHESAY

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

watering places on the Firth, and its lochs.

The varied routes lie by Helensburgh, to Garelochhead at the top of the Gare Loch; by Ardentinn, up Loch Long to the pleasant resort of Arrochar, or the head of "dark Loch Goil"; by Kilcreggan and Cove, to Kilmun on the Holy Loch, the ancient place of burial of the house of Argyll; by Kirn and Dunoon, to the most popular of Clyde watering places, Rothesay, in Bute. Yet another lies through the unrivalled Kyles or narrows of Bute, by Colintrave and Tignabruaich, to Tarbert and Ardrishaig on Loch Fyne; and then on, if so desired, through the Crinan Canal to Oban and Fort William. There is also the delightful sail through the Kyles, and up Loch Fyne, to Inveraray, a sail which may be varied by the charming detour *via* Dunoon, Loch Eck and Strachur.

For the purpose of this booklet Glasgow is also taken as the starting point for the renowned Trossachs Tour. Edinburgh is, however, an equally suitable alternative, and if the tourist intends to make the tour from Edinburgh *via* the Forth Bridge and Stirling, the order of the description given below should, of course, be reversed.

On arrival at Balloch pier from Glasgow



FORTH BRIDGE

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

the traveller steps from the train to one of the beautiful little loch steamers, and presently is sailing swiftly and smoothly over Loch Lomond, termed by Sir Walter Scott, with an English affectation unusual with him, the "*Queen of Scottish Lakes.*" There is only one "lake" in Scotland, the Lake of Menteith.

On the river bank, opposite the pier, stood old Balloch Castle, one of the fortresses of the Earls of Lennox, and it was hence that the broken-hearted Duchess of Albany sailed over to Inch Murren, the nearest island, to take up her residence in the little fortalice, known as the Lady's Bower, whose ruins may still be seen.

Both shores of the loch are studded now with modern residences. On the right appears the modern Balloch Castle; then Boturich Castle; next, Ross Priory, the residence of Sir Walter Scott's friend, Hector Macdonald; and far off, at the mouth of the Endrick, may be seen Buchanan Castle, the residence of the Duke of Montrose. On the left, Cameron House remains the abode of the Smolletts. Then castle after castle, in stately park-lands along the shore, intimates the change from the old days of fire and foray.



LOCH LOMOND

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

Best known, perhaps, of the memories of these old days is that of the battle of Glen Fruin. The spot is still pointed out in that wild glen, the first to open away on the left, where the Colquhouns were cut to pieces by the Macgregors from the other side of the loch. The Pass of Balmaha, just across the loch, was the gate of the Macgregor country.

Rossdhu has survived the Macgregor and other raids, and still stands among its ancient trees on the shore a mile below Luss. No more lovely spot, perhaps, exists in Scotland, and the sail past it, and the old castle of Galbraith on the inch or island of that name close by, and through the island narrows to Luss, is a sail through Fairyland. On Inchlonaig are still to be seen the yews from which the island takes its name, said to have been planted by Robert the Bruce to furnish bows for the Scottish archers. From Luss the steamer sweeps over to Rowardennan, where the climbers go ashore for Ben Lomond. Here the character of the scenery completely changes. Rugged, cloud-capped peaks rise up on each side, and for the remainder of its length the loch presents a wilder and grander style of beauty. With



LOCH LOMOND AT TARBET

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

Ben Lomond on the right, Ben Vorlich in front, and Ben Vane, Ben Ime, and Ben Arthur coming into sight on the left, the passage up the black waters may well be termed "awesome." From Ben Lomond to Inversnaid the eastern shore of the loch is known as Craig Royston and formed the patrimony of "the bold Rob Roy." Just under the Ben, a cavern among the fallen rocks is known as Rob Roy's Prison. The western shore of the loch, above Tarbet, is the old Macfarlane country ; at Inveruglas a stream descends from the tarn which gave the clan its slogan "Loch Sloy," and the ruins of a Macfarlane stronghold rise on an island in the bay farther on. At Inveruglas may still sometimes be seen the primitive proceeding of calling the ferry by "putting up a smoke." The ferry itself passes the Wallace Isle, where the hero is said to have hidden from his enemies, and plies to Inversnaid, where coaches wait to carry tourists over the hill to Loch Katrine. The steamers sail six miles farther to Ardlui, at the entrance to Glen Falloch. The West Highland Line may be joined here as at Tarbet. Rob Roy's Cave lies a mile beyond Inversnaid, and farther on is the Pulpit Rock, from which the



SUMMIT OF THE COBBLER, ARROCHAR

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minister of Arrochar used to address his open-air congregation.

Going ashore at Inversnaid to join the coach for the Trossachs, we are immediately enchanted by the surroundings. Above Inversnaid, a farmhouse, known as the Garrison, occupies the site of a fort built in 1713 to overawe the clansmen. It stood on Rob Roy's property and so was an insult not to be brooked. Accordingly it was twice surprised and dismantled by Rob himself, and by his nephew. At one time the officer in command was Captain Wolfe, afterwards the conqueror of Quebec. Farther up, on the right, where the Arklet water leaves Loch Arklet, stands the house from which Rob Roy, in the forceful fashion of old clan days, carried off his bride. But the coach runs past Loch Arklet and, passing the head of the road which leads by Loch Chon and Loch Ard to Aberfoyle, in another half-mile descends to Loch Katrine at Stronachlachar.

At first sight Loch Katrine cannot be said to be specially impressive. Its finest scenery lies at the eastern end. Nevertheless, the dark waters, lying away northward on the left, lead to the famous Glen Gyle, the ancient seat of the chiefs of Macgregor.

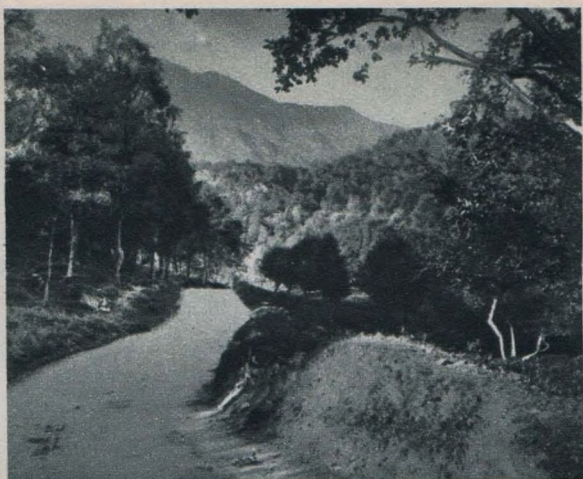


ELLEN'S ISLE, LOCH KATRINE

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

As the steamer sails eastward along Loch Katrine, a glimpse is obtained on the right of the tunnel through which the pure waters are led away, after the manner of the ancient aqueducts of Rome, to sweeten and cleanse the great city of Glasgow. After passing this point a glorious view is obtained of the winding expanse of the loch, with its still, deep coves, bluff bold headlands, fern-covered rocks, and elf-haunted glens ; and presently we find ourselves sailing into the heart of the hills, with Ben A'an on the left, Ben Venue on the right, and the lofty dome of Ben Ledi ahead. On Ben Venue lies hidden the famous Goblin's Cave, and above it the magnificent Pass of Beal-ach-nambo ; the latter was used by the clan freebooters to convey the cattle they had " lifted " in their plundering raids, and the former the place where they concealed them afterwards. As the steamer passes Ellen's Isle, the episode of the poem which has made the spot famous will return to many a tourist's mind.

The Silver Strand of whitened pebbles was submerged by the twelve-foot raising of the loch, but the wooded shore is still enchanting, and at the loch end is the little pier, clinging against the mountain side.



THE TROSSACHS

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

The Pass of the Trossachs is no more than a mile in length, the road threading its way through the narrow defile in the mountain barrier. The Pass is one continuous maze of grey rocks and green woods, lofty precipices and dark ravines, shimmering cliffs and heathery knolls. Amidst all this diversity of form the eye is surprised by the ever-shifting effects of light and shade. Truly, the rugged gorge of the Trossachs is the most famous piece of natural beauty in Scotland.

On leaving the haunted region of the Trossachs, we emerge at the head of lovely Loch Achray. It is quite a miniature loch, but its setting is perfect. In this limited compass are crowded all the principal features of mountain scenery, so that it might almost be said we need go no further, but content ourselves with this comprehensive array of Highland grandeur.

We now take the road to the right to Aberfoyle. This winding road opens up ever-changing vistas of beauty and interest, and commands a magnificent prospect of innumerable lesser hills, besides leading to a convenient returning point for home.

It was the "Wizard of the North" who cast the glamour of romance over Aberfoyle.



OBAN

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

It would be hard to tell what colossal numbers have made their pilgrimage from all the ends of the earth to this village and its delightful surroundings.

At the foot of the Trossachs road we bid farewell to the coach, and take train for our destination—the distance to Glasgow being a little more than 25 miles, and to Edinburgh about 60 miles.

WESTERN HIGHLANDS

ONE can almost scent in the title the fragrance of those grand old moors, those wild mountain passes, where the timid deer stalks in his stately majesty, and where one inhales to the utmost capacity a bracing air unexcelled in any other clime.

To reach the Western Highlands there are luxuriously appointed corridor trains which leave Queen Street Station, Glasgow, for Fort William and Mallaig. Space will not admit of a detailed description of the gorgeous scenery on this route, but perhaps a few rapid sketches will prove sufficient to indicate what is in store for those who make the trip.

Crianlarich will be found an excellent centre for “doing” this particular part of the Perthshire Highlands. There are many



BEN NEVIS

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

beautiful walks in the district from which fine glimpses of scenery can be obtained. It possesses a good golf course, and there is excellent fishing on river or loch. It is also the starting-place for an ascent of Ben More. Further, for those interested in bygone days, the neighbourhood is rich in historic memories as well as legendary lore. From here the tourist can journey westward to Oban, a convenient centre for varied tours. From Crianlarich the journey is continued by Strathfillan, and before reaching the village of Tyndrum, a fine view is obtained of Ben Lui, up the valley to the left. This district has at various dates seen several lead-mining ventures. Tyndrum is a typical clachan of the glens, frequented by mountaineers and lovers of the piscatorial art. From here a tour may be made through the far-famed Glen Lyon, one of the grandest and longest glens in Scotland, stretching right through to Aberfeldy.

A mile beyond Tyndrum we cross the boundary between Perthshire and Argyllshire at an elevation of over a thousand feet, and, forging ahead, Crannoch Wood is reached, a remnant of the Forest of Caledonia. Out from the wood, Gorton Station is passed, and Ben Nevis, the king of Scottish



FORT AUGUSTUS

[J. Valentine

mountains, with its crown of snow, looms in the distance, and the desolate Moor of Rannoch is approached. This moor is the great plateau of Scotland, an infinite solitude, encircled by hills that rise dim on the hazy horizon. It is one of the finest grouse moors in Scotland.

At Corrour Station we take leave of Rannoch Moor, and it is not long before changes in the scenic aspect begin to declare themselves. The line now descends towards the Spean Valley, and in a short time we come alongside Loch Trieg, on our left, a wild and striking sheet of water. The huge towering mountains which overhang it, especially on the west side, rise sheer from the surface of the loch.

From Spean Bridge there is a branch line, *via* Invergarry, to Fort Augustus at the Southern end of Loch Ness.

Fort Augustus is one of the chain of forts, the other links of which are Fort William and Fort George, that were built for the billeting of troops sent into the Highlands in the early part of the 18th century to keep the Highland rivers in check. Fort George is the only one of the three now in use as a military depot. Fort Augustus is beautifully situated overlooking Loch Ness. It is a favourite resort of anglers, and there is a



FORT WILLIAM

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

good golf course near. A steamer service connects with Inverness. The leading sights of interest in the vicinity are the famous Falls of Foyers, Glen Moriston, and Glen Urquhart and Castle.

Returning to the main line, we continue our journey from Spean Bridge to Fort William. Here the climate is delightful and the views of the mountains across the loch, and up Loch Eil and away in the direction of the Great Glen, are inspiring. Its roads, north, south, east, and west, run by mountain, sea, and glen, through regions storied with romance. And in summer the little town itself is a gay and social place. Golf and tennis may be enjoyed by devotees, as well as boating and bathing.

The pre-eminent attraction of Fort William is, however, Ben Nevis, the monarch of British mountains. The ascent is recommended, and although the observatory on the summit is closed, the climber will be amply repaid for the exertion involved. With favourable atmospheric conditions the view from the top is as sublime as it is comprehensive. Next to Ben Nevis, Fort William has special claim on tourists through its being one of the gateways to the Caledonian



GLENCOE

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

Canal, and an ideal centre for pleasure trips. Further, every visitor should arrange to see Glencoe, which is widely and justly famed for its wild, weird, impressive grandeur. It is at once the most desolate and magnificent glen in Scotland. At the foot of the glen lies the scene of the dastardly massacre of Macdonalds, which for ever will cast a dark stain on the memory of King William III.

From Fort William to Mallaig is some of the grandest and most romantic scenery in Scotland.

Mallaig, being a regular calling-place for the West Coast Steamers, is a convenient centre from which excursions can be made to any part of the North-West Highlands, or the Hebrides. From here the pleasure boats make their trips amongst matchless scenery to Loch Nevis, Loch Hourn, Glenelg, and Kyle of Lochalsh, on the mainland, and across the sea to Skye, Lewis, and the neighbouring Isles. Staffa, Iona and Tiree are also within reach.

The Isle of Skye, with all its treasure of the picturesque and the romantic, hails us to cross the narrow channel, and no matter where we elect to land, at Armadale, Loch Scavaig, Broadford, or Portree, there is not a dull bit the whole way.



ABERDEEN

ABERDEENSHIRE AND THE MORAY FIRTH

THE best centre from which to visit this interesting stretch of country is the famous "Granite City" of Aberdeen, between the mouths of the rivers Dee and Don, whence convenient railway lines, supplemented by motor-coach facilities, radiate in all directions. Few districts in Scotland offer a greater diversity of scenery and interest, for here are Highland glen and Lowland haugh, mountain, moor and meadow, brawling torrent and placid tarn.

In spite of its popular *soubriquet*, granite is by no means Aberdeen's only title to fame. It is a leading port and fishing centre, a thriving manufacturing town, and a famous home of the humanities. There is good sea bathing along two miles of silver strand, sea-fishing and fishing in the lower reaches of the Dee, boating in river and bay, and several good golf courses in the vicinity. Within the stately white city are many walks of interest, and included among these should be a visit to the bustling scene of the Fish Market, where as much as 700 tons of fish are often landed and sold in a day.



UNION TERRACE GARDENS, ABERDEEN [Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

The chief architectural glories of Aberdeen are to be seen in the twin colleges forming the University—King's College, founded with the approval of James IV by Bishop Elphinstone in 1494, and Marischal College, converted from a monastery of Grey Friars assigned by James VI to George Keith, Earl Marischal, in 1593. The buildings of Marischal College are modern, and form the largest granite edifice in the world. Amid the quiet academic seclusion of the Old Town, King's College still retains its famous crowned tower and ancient chapel, with the finest carved oak-work in Scotland. Hard by, on a wooded steep, overhanging a beautiful bend of the Don, stands the fine old Cathedral of St. Machar, a rugged granite torso, of which the oldest part in red sandstone dates back to the 14th century.

By walking along the magnificent esplanade which skirts the coast to the mouth of the Don, and following the course of that river, a visit may be made to the Brig o' Balgownie, said to be the oldest bridge in Scotland, and dating from about 1320. It spans the Don with a single high-pointed arch, 57 feet wide, where the river emerges from a dark narrow gorge. The Dee also



BRIG O' BALGOWNIE

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

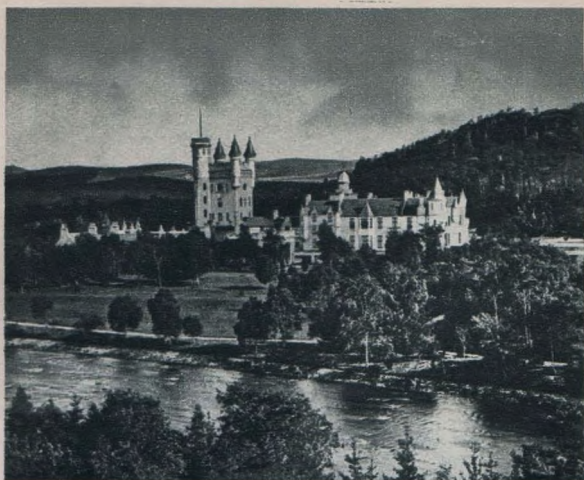
has its ancient bridge, a stately seven-arched structure completed in 1525.

About eight miles from Peterhead lies the little coast town of Cruden. It is a delightful old-world little place, maintaining in character and spirit many of the finest traditions of the early hardy Scotsmen. There is, however, an excellent hotel with golf links attached, owned and managed by the London and North Eastern Railway.

Along the Deeside is the stately Castle of Balmoral—the Highland home of royalty, since Queen Victoria inaugurated the custom in September, 1848. Thousands of visitors of all classes, from every clime, visit here from year to year. When Royalty are not in residence it is possible to gain permission to see the beautiful grounds and historic rooms.

From Elgin to Inverness the whole fair strath is strewn with names which call up thoughts of Shakespeare and Macbeth.

There is a singular softness and charm of atmosphere which, along with astonishing variety and loveliness of scenery, and the wealth of storied memories and traditions embellishing every nook and corner of the countryside, has formed of late so powerful an attraction to the bright and pleasant



BALMORAL CASTLE

[J. Valentine

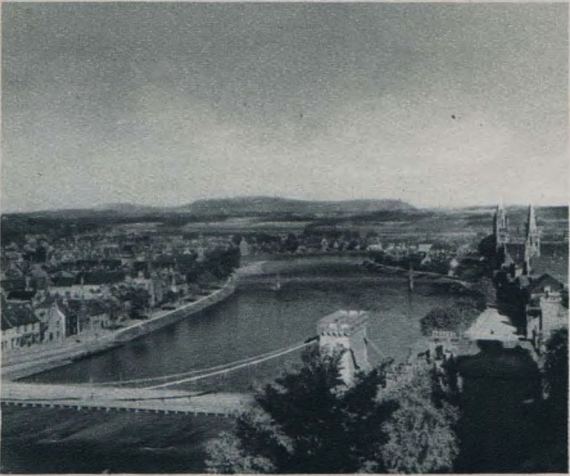
little towns of the Moray Firth Coast.

The veritable murder of a Scottish king, on which Shakespeare actually founded his tale of "Macbeth," took place in the castle of Forres.

The stronghold itself, probably built of timber, has long disappeared, but, as one crosses the clear waters of the Morset, and ascends from the railway station into the town, one can picture, on the high mound above, the scenes of this and more than one other grim tragedy of the past.

Indeed there are many memories of fire, foray and bloodshed, which lend a keen human interest to the little northern town of Forres. To-day its character is peaceful enough, and in its quiet back streets it is difficult to imagine days when the burgher had to turn from loom and anvil and lapstone, to fight for wife and home, against some sudden raid—and to be brought back presently, mud-fouled and bloody-clouted, to his long, long sleep.

Below Forres, at the Findhorn Mouth, the vast waste of the Culbin shifting sands covers field and village and mansion, and lays bare in its drifted spaces many a strange unlooked-for relic of the life of these centuries ago. Brodie Castle lies a few miles to



INVERNESS

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

the east, while to the south, Darnaway Forest and the Altyne Woods surround the historic homes of two of the most ancient families of the North—Moray and Comyn.

But, for its own peculiar glory, nothing in Scotland surpasses the scenery of the great river gorge through which the Findhorn comes down. In that deep gorge, with its forest splendours, its roaring torrents, and its unplumbed pools—with some heroic or pathetic tale lending pregnant human interest to every crag and chasm and perilous foothold—the American visitor might spend a week of days as amid the magic enchantments of a fairy world.

SPECIAL ROUND TOURS

IN order to assist Americans in seeing the principal places of interest in Great Britain, in a minimum of time, the British Railways have combined in preparing a series of no less than 196 round tours at reduced fares.

A pamphlet giving particulars of the Tours over the London & North Eastern Railway can be obtained from the Principal Steamship and Tourist Agents, or from the L.N.E.R. Offices shewn on page 31.

Further Information

A companion to this booklet is one entitled "Looking at England," describing in detail the attractions of that country. A copy will be supplied free, and further assistance in planning your tour gladly given on application to:—

H. J. KETCHAM,
General Agent,
London & North Eastern Railway,
311, Fifth Avenue (at 32nd Street),
New York.

Telephone : Caledonia 3234.

Cable Address : "Chelmsford, New York."

or Principal Steamship and Tourist
Agencies.

On arrival in England or Scotland you are invited to call at the following L.N.E.R. Inquiry Offices, where further information may readily be obtained:—

LONDON :

71, Regent Street, W.1.
59, Piccadilly, W.1.
285, Oxford Street, W.1.

LIVERPOOL :

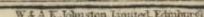
Tower Building, Water Street.

GLASGOW :

37, West George Street.

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Scale of English Miles

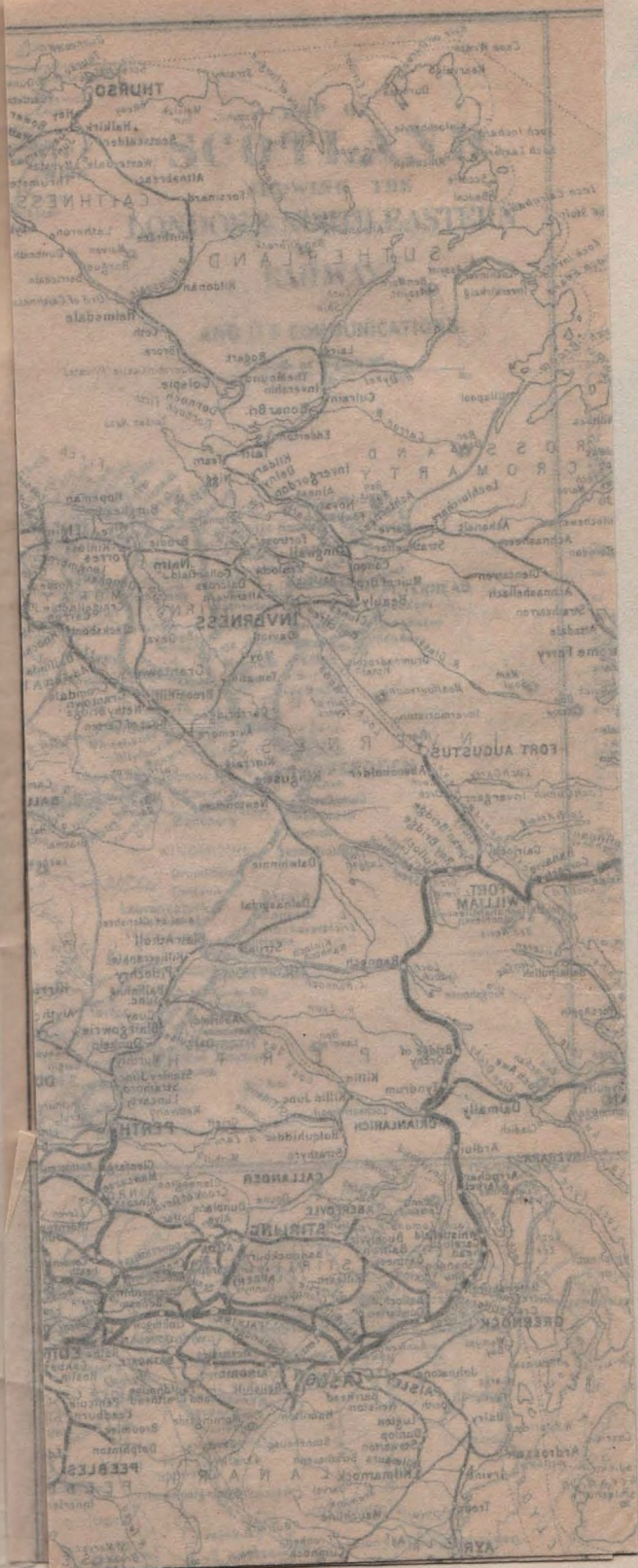


MAP OF
SCOTLAND
SHOWING THE
LONDON & NORTH EASTERN
RAILWAY

AND ITS COMMUNICATIONS.

Scale of English Miles





LOOKING AT SCOTLAND



LONDON & NORTH
RAIL