

pils of Kenilworth, with its memories of Simon de Montfort and John of Gaunt, of Queen Elizabeth, the Earl of Leicester, and Amy Robsart. Every year some 40,000 people pay 6s apiece—£1000, collectively—to roam through the magnificent halls in which Leicester entertained his royal patroness, and which Cromwell's soldiers dismantled and ruined. The

on the so-called "Waverley Route" to Edinburgh. The showrooms are the entrance-hall, with its fine carved oak from Dunfermline Palace; the dining-room, with its family portraits, including one of Sir Walter's great-grandfather, who refused to cut his beard after the execution of Charles I.; the drawing-room, with Raeburn's portrait of Scott;



ABBOTSFORD, THE HOME THAT SIR WALTER SCOTT BUILT FOR HIMSELF ON THE BANKS OF THE TWEED.

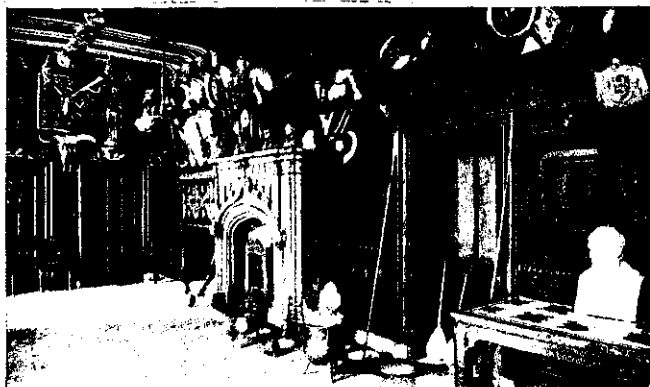
"small octangular chamber" on the second floor of the massive Mervyn's Tower, which Sir Walter Scott's famous romance assigned to Amy Robsart, is surely worth a second fee, though the castle pleasure, overlooked by its windows, has become a prosaic kitchen-garden.

THE HOME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

From Kenilworth Castle it is a natural transition, although a long railway journey, to the home of the author of "Kenil-

the library, the armoury, and the great novelist's study.

The drive from Melrose to Abbotsford will cost the visitor six or eight shillings, and he will pay as much or more for an excursion to Dryburgh Abbey. Here, for another shilling, fee, he may view the spot where the wizard lies buried, in company with Lady Scott, his eldest son, and John Gibson Lockhart, his son-in-law and biographer. His resting-place under the shattered and



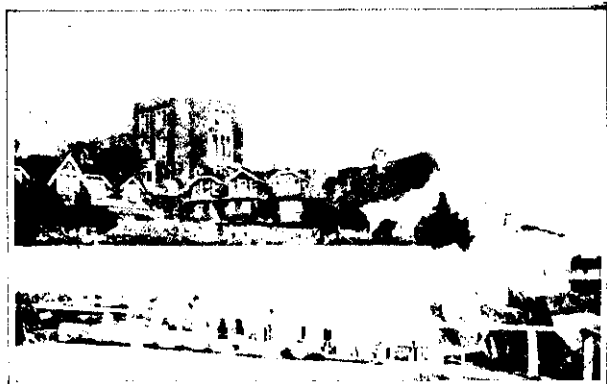
THE ENTRANCE HALL AT ABBOTSFORD, WITH ITS FINE OAK PANNELLING AND ANCIENT ARMOUR.

worth"—Abbotsford, the picturesque mansion that Scott built for himself on the banks of the brawling Tweed. More than 20,000 people paid a shilling apiece, last year, to see the house, which now belongs to the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, a great-granddaughter of the Wizard of the North. Most of them drove from Melrose station, 370 miles from London

ivy-covered walls of St. Mary's Aisle, the most interesting part of the ruined abbey, is a fitting one for the great Scottish master of balladry and romance.

THE LAND OF ROBERT BURNS.

But of all the literary shrines of Scotland, the greatest and most sacred, and the most frequented by pilgrims are



BLEAK HOUSE, AT BROADSTAIRS, CHARLES DICKENS' SEASIDE RESIDENCE ON THE KENTISH COAST.



JOHN MILTON'S COTTAGE AT CHALFONT ST. GILES.

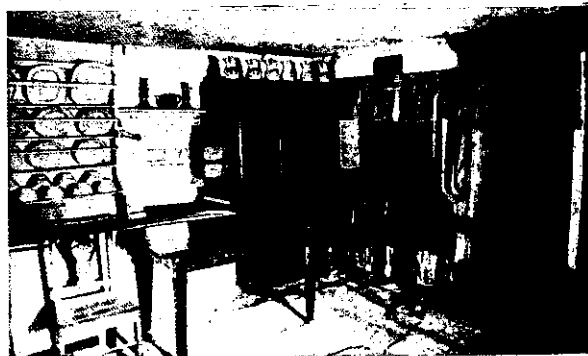
Here the Puritan poet finished "Paradise Lost" and wrote "Paradise Regained."

those hallowed by the memory of Robert Burns.

The traveller from the south comes first to Dumfries, where the peasant poet spent his last year, and where Le died in 1796. Here there are many things that must be seen, usually for a toll varying from threepence to sixpence.

the kitchen and the "spence," or sitting-room. Entering the low, thatched building, we are shown the bunk in which the poet was born, his mother's old spinning-wheel, and some original manuscripts — part of "Tam o' Shanter" among them.

It was a long time before the owner of



THE ROOM IN WHICH ROBERT BURNS WAS BORN ON JANUARY 25, 1759.

There is Burns' house in Bank Street, known by its inscription; there is the house in which he died, in Burns-street, and there is his grave in the churchyard of St. Michael, covered by a mausoleum in the most tasteless of classical styles. The vault contains the remains of his wife, Jean Armour.

But the real "Land of Burns" is far-

this cottage thought of exploiting its association with the ploughman poet; but to-day, although the charge for admission is only twopenny, it yields a considerable revenue. Last year's record showed nearly sixty thousand visitors, of whom 32,037 hailed from Scotland, 13,568 from England, and 5324 from the United States. It is a little incongruous, in



NEWSTEAD ABBEY, NEAR MANS FIELD, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF BYRON.

ther north, with Ayr as its centre. Here we see great traffic made with an honoured name. A couple of miles out, at Alloway, we reach the scenes described in "Tam o' Shanter" and soon stand before the Burns cottage—a humble "biggie" consisting of two apartments only,

view of Burns' convivial proclivities, that a "temperance refreshment room" should now be connected with it.

A few hundred yards from the poet's birthplace is the Burns Arms Inn, where