

pleasance, or flower garden, is reached by a flight of grey stone steps, shadowed by an overhanging laurel tree. This quiet sheltered place, surrounded on three sides by ivied walls, and on the fourth by a high laurestinus hedge, has a thoroughly Old World air about it. One might well imagine dainty ladies with high powdered hair, and rich brocaded petticoats, moving on the smooth turf, pulling roses and myrtle; and velvet-coated gentlemen with wigs and queue, sauntering on the green paths among the tall shapely laurels. The two old yews that grow near the centre of the pleasance, and are known to the locality as "Adam and Eve," must be many hundreds of years old. They are the pride of the place, and are said to be the finest in the west of Scotland.

Passing out through a door in the ivy, we cross the drive and come to the large garden. It dates from about 1700, and, unlike most Scottish gardens, is not walled, but surrounded by a thorn hedge. The paths are all of grass, and at each of the entrances stand a couple of old yews, similar to "Adam and Eve," though in symmetry and size they are inferior. But the chief feature of the garden is the old sun-dial, a counterpart of which, though differing slightly in shape, stands near the house on the western side. The latter is a column of about ten feet high, and is finished at the top with a beautifully wrought metal vane, crowned with the Scottish thistle, also in metal. The column has about a hundred dial faces upon it, and on one side the date, 1707, and the initials of the same earl and his wife who built the eighteenth-century part of the house. The dial in the garden is much the same in construction, but has a plain stone ball at the top, and stands in a stone basin of water, with clumps of arum lilies growing around it.

There are many more old-world things I would like to touch on, yet hardly dare from dread of being over-tedious; the "lonpin'-on stane" outside the ivied

enclosure, where gallants of old had their horses brought to them to mount; the "Ladies' Gardens" below the bower, four triangular beds, box-edged, where children played at gardening a hundred years ago and more, and planted their initials in box in a corner of each; the cave high up on the rock by the waterfall, where smugglers are said to have concealed the cargoes they landed at high tide by the month of the burn.

Of the curious monument, a few paces up the glen, I give an illustration. It is erected to "John 3rd Earl," who may or may not be buried underneath it—history is silent on this point. The long-winded inscription states that "he lost his Hand and his Health at the Battle of Fontenoy," and in a glowing eulogy declares that he possessed "Exalted Piety and Lofty Sentiments of Religion, which were as singular as that Candour and Modesty which cast a Pleasing Veil over his distinguished Abilities."

A place like Kelburne is incomplete without its ghost, but although sounds "not canny" have sometimes been heard and have threatened a scare, they have generally been traced to owls, bats, rats, or something equally unromantic. The room which I have mentioned as the "Caw's Nest" has occasionally been called Lady Betty's room, and as children we were told a certain vague story of how the hapless lady was done to death in that lonely turret chamber, and might therefore be expected to haunt the tower stair. I can well remember how little we liked to linger on that stair at night, how fast we went if we happened to be alone, and how in the safe daylight we took keen pleasure in hinting at the tradition which was so irresistibly thrilling. But only one Lady Elizabeth ever existed at Kelburne in bygone years. Unfortunately she was never known as "Lady Betty," and authentic records prove that she died elsewhere, peacefully in her bed.

