

such weather, for the arrival of a party sufficiently large to be admitted. He made some, to us, irrelevant reply, and disappeared. Thereat, my companion gave the bell a second, most determined, ring, and declared, if she could find a match, she would light the fire ready in the fire-place, at which unusual provident provision for the comfort of somebody, I confess, I wondered; but the arrival of more visitors happily stayed her in time. Soon after, an attendant appeared, and as he was about to conduct us, through a small entry, to a staircase, I asked:

"Shall we not need to take our umbrellas with us, as I presume it is roofless?"

"Of course," said my friend, "as it is a ruin."

The man looked somewhat bewildered, but, with the usual taciturnity of English servants, simply said "no," pronouncing it "now." We ascended to a small room, in the center of which was a table, with an arm chair before it, and although the room contained other unmistakable evidences of more modern occupation than the abbey we supposed ourselves to be in, we were too wedded to our first idea, to receive any other for the moment.

"And this was his chair," said a fat and very unsentimental lady, seating herself in it, with most reverential aspect, as the others stood grouped around.

"What old father of the church, monk or abbot, dead and gone and buried years ago," said I to myself, "is so remembered and so venerated? Not more emotion could be testified, were we in the cell of the venerable Bede, himself, of Jarrow."

Dazed, I glanced around, and then, for the first time, dawned upon me that we were—where? At Abbotsford—in the very study of the great novelist, who was called, at the time he first occupied

it, "The Great Unknown;" and where he prepared for, and achieved, the greatest pecuniary success in the literary world, making, by a single work, his £5,000, his £10,000 and his £12,000. Fancy! as the English say. In the residence of a gentleman, to which we were admitted through courtesy (and our own shillings). The awakening was astounding, and the humiliation at the blunders we had committed, overwhelming. We had obtained no glimpse of the place in approaching it, neither had we in leaving, so that our only idea of the exterior of Abbotsford is from the photographs we bought. Tourists, that is, unheralded ones, are not now permitted to approach by the front, and only reach the place, as did we, from the back entrance. Of course we did not see, as we had hoped to do, the hall paneled with richly-carved oak from the palace of Dunfermline.

The study communicates with the library, and, in addition to the small writing table and plain arm-chair, used by the great author, has, upon three sides, a light gallery, which opens to a private staircase, by which he could descend from his bed-room unobserved. From this, we entered a small closet, containing, under a glass case, the last suit he ever wore—a green coat, plaid waistcoat, gray plaid trowsers and a white hat. Near these are his walking shoes and boots.

The library, the largest apartment, has an elegant roof of carved oak, with two busts in it—one of Scott, by Chantry; the other of Wordsworth—also a full-length portrait of Sir Walter's son, in the hussar uniform, with his horse. The chairs and cabinet are of ebony, presented by George IV. The collection of books, many of them rare and valuable, amounted, it is said, to twenty thousand volumes; but the most of them have been either sold or removed. The dining room is a very handsome apart-