

as a seat of learning, was at the lowest pitch of miserable neglect and decay.

Modern St. Andrews dates from 1842, when Major Playfair, whose name is significant, "begged and bullied and wheedled" away the filth and ruinous neglect, which bade fair, it is said, to entomb St. Andrews as completely as the lava did Herculaneum and Pompeii of old. He was knighted by Queen Victoria, in 1856, for the immense good he had achieved in St. Andrews, as well as for military service in India. The provost and his doings are proverbial, and the results are that St. Andrews is now the Scarborough, the fashionable seaside of Scotland, possessing all the good requisites for a summer retreat. It has its famous links, where "the noble and healthful game of golf" is extensively practised. Its commodious club house, containing billiard and reading rooms, bathing places for ladies, with their golfing green, croquet ground in the castle yard, archery within the college grounds, and picturesque ruins and nice scenery for sketching. Provost Playfair died in 1861, and his name will continue to be associated with the city that has so greatly benefited by his labors. St. Andrews resembles a continental city, and its buildings of hewn gray stone, obtainable near the town, are very handsome and ornamental. It is rare to find in a city of its size so much to please the eye and gratify the taste. Its fine ruins greatly enhance its picturesque effect, to which the bright, scarlet robes and the four-cornered tasseled caps of the university students lend an additional piquant charm. Its fall from the meridian of its ecclesiastical splendor to the ruthless fury of fanaticism, and its restoration to prosperity in the beauty of its semi-antique residences is interesting, but especially so is it in the olden aspect of its literary and historic public buildings.

Of the tower of St. Regulus, tradition relates, that when King Hengist received St. Regulus, who was wrecked here at the end of the fourth century, bearing the relics of St. Andrew with him, he built to him this massive square tower, one hundred and nine feet high, with its spiral stone staircase of one hundred and fifty-four rough steps, in many parts perfectly dark and of most difficult ascent. I can testify to its being the severest "excelsior" of the many I accomplished in Europe. Those who discredit so hoar an antiquity as fifteen hundred years, grant that the tower can not be of more recent date than the ninth or tenth century. Be that as it may, the tower is perfect yet, and the walls of a solidity and thickness sufficient to bid defiance to half a score hundred years or so more. In the face of a cliff between the castle and cathedral, is the cave where St. Regulus first lived, now worn shallow by wind and wave. Last century, they say, the eccentric Lady Buchan adorned it with shells and fitted it up as a retreat, where she entertained her friends. The cathedral was founded in 1150 and was one hundred and fifty years in course of construction. In 1378 a great part was destroyed by fire, and the accident is ascribed to a jackdaw carrying a lighted twig to its nest in the eaves. In 1559 it was sacked and destroyed by the Presbyterian party, under John Knox, who kindled a fire that day that spread far and wide, beyond the jackdaw's flight. Only one of the turrets of the west front is standing, but it is of delicate and elegant workmanship. The ancient oblong windows, with semi-circular arches, and the two turrets of the east gable, are very beautiful. It must have been very large and magnificent, and we are moved in looking upon what remains to exclaim: "Oh, sectarianism! what crimes and follies are committed in thy name!"