

Following in the Footsteps of Sir Walter Scott



Following in the Footsteps of Sir Walter Scott: Eighteen Days in Scotland

Lingwei Meng

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For

Prof. Dr. Barbara Schaff

Dr. Kirsten Sandrock

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Introduction

People visited Scotland for a variety of reasons. Some travelled for business or education, some for a conference or company group meeting, and others exclusively for pleasure. I visited Scotland mainly because of Sir Walter Scott, “the man who invented a nation”.¹ I read his poems, novels, short stories, plays and miscellaneous works, which lured me into his legendary country, as Anderson Christian wrote in 1847:

I was at home on Scotland’s mountains, and familiar with its deep lakes, lonely paths, and ancient castles. Walter Scott’s genius’ had wafted me thither: Walter Scott’s beneficent hand had extended me to the spiritual bread and Wine, so that I forgot the earthly. ²

Eighteen days in Scotland enabled me to visit his ancient castles, deep lakes, lonely paths, Gothic houses and rocky cairns. I find Sir Walter Scott’s influence is still ubiquitous as the case in the nineteenth century. Making a tour of Scotland in 1853, the American tourists Harriet Elisabeth Beecher Stowe wrote: “almost every name we hear spoken along the railroad, every stream we passed, every point we looked at, recalled some line of Sir Walter Scott’s poetry, or some even of history.” ³ I have the same experience as her. Another reason of my visit is Scottish hospitality. I still remember how Edward Waverley was entertained by Baron Bradwardine and Fergus Mac-Ivor in *Waverley*, and how Vanbeest Brown was saved by Meg Merrilies in *Guy Mannering*. I had also an experience of Scottish hospitality. I still remember my first visit to Scotland in 2013. When I lost my way in Edinburgh, a lady came to lead me to a bus and bought a ticket for me since I did not have small change. In 2013, an article in *The Telegraph* wrote about Scottish hospitality and considered Scots as the most hospital in UK.⁴ I can not agree with the author more. Scottish picturesque landscape and hospitality have become important factors in attracting tourists like me. I draw a conclusion from my stay in Scotland: Scotland is a country full of mythological places which are worth the exploration in a lifetime.

¹ Kelly, Stuart. *Scott-land: the Man who Invented a Nation*. Edinburgh: Polygon, 2010.

² Andersen, Hans Christian. *The two Baronesses*. London: Richard Bentley, 1848. Vol. 1:VI.

³ Stowe, Harriet Beecher, 1811-1896. *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*. Boston: Phillips, Sampson and company, 1854. P. 128.

⁴ <http://www.telegraph.co.uk/travel/news/Stingy-Scots-actually-most-hospitable-in-UK-study-finds/>

First Day: Callaner

Thursday August 4, 2016 Callander

Dear Prof. Dr. Barbara Schaff,

I am happy to tell you that I arrived at Callander safe and sound. Like a nineteenth century tourist who would like to write to his or her family at home, I am now writing to you at the pretty town Callander. I visited Scotland earlier than planned, because I want to leave more time to read books in the National Library of Scotland. I need to read at least 20 books there.

I started my journey with a backpack in the early morning from Göttingen, and I took my flight at Hannover Airport. My flight took off at 10.55 am, and the plane would fly to Edinburgh Airport via Copenhagen. When the crew announced that we were flying over Berwick-upon-Tweed, my heart was throbbing. I knew I was entering this legendary country. When the plane was descending, I was able to view a picturesque landscape from the window. The magnificent and entrancing scenery intoxicated me!

When the landing sound pulled me out of my intoxication, I understood I arrived at Edinburgh. My smart phone showed that it was 14:55. I lost no time to find a bus which could carry me to Callander. But to my disappointment, there was no direct bus line from Edinburgh Airport to the town. A driver suggested that I could find a bus from the Dunfermline Bus station. When I was on the bus from the airport to Dunfermline, I met a middle-aged lady, who told me she learnt about Scott at school. When I finally arrived at the Dunfermline Bus station, it was almost 18.00, and sadly, I missed the last bus. I had no choice but to get a taxi. The taxi driver's name was John MacGuire who was about fifty years old. Since I was concerned about the local response to Sir Walter Scott. I pretended to know nothing and asked him about Scott. The man was an interesting person and he talked about Robert Burns and Scott lively and humorously. But he thought Robert Burns was more popular than Scott, because Robert Burns wrote about the common people. He was in favor of Scottish independence and wanted the UK to remain in the EU. He was proud of his national heroes like Wallace. He asked me whether I watched some Scottish movies. I answered in the affirmative, and I told him I watched some like *The Brave Heart*, *Burke and Hare Murders* and *Rob Roy*. He felt it was a shame that the scenery of the movie *Rob Roy* was taken from Ireland not from Scotland. He was happy to know that I was interested in Scottish culture. He pointed to me the Wallace Monument and the Stirling Castle on the way. My talk with him was enjoyable, which made me forget my fatigue. When we arrived at the Stirling Bus Station, I was reluctant to bid farewell to him. I paid £ 30 for the 25-mile journey, and added £ 3 as tip.

A few minutes later, my bus came, and I got on the bus. Another one hour found myself at Callander. I reserved a room at the Dreadnought Hotel, which costs 45 pounds per night. When I arrived at the hotel, it was already 20.00. I am fatigued and will sleep soon after my writing to you. I will start my journey in Scotland tomorrow, and will tell you about my travel experience in subsequent letters.

Second Day: Rob Roy's Grave and Ledard Waterfall

Friday August 5, 2016 Callander

Dear Prof. Dr. Barbara Schaff,

Today I visited Rob Roy's Grave at the Balquhider Parish Church (Fig.1) and Ledard Waterfall (Fig.3) right behind the Ledard Farm. Before I came to Scotland, I reread some Scott's novels: *Rob Roy*, *Waverley*, and *The Heart of the Midlothian*. Literary tourism is always magic. The more you read, the stronger desire you have to visit the places described in the works.

To visit Rob Roy's Grave is a part of my Scottish tour. Due to the lack of demand, there was no direct line from Callander to Rob Roy's Grave. It's true few people would like to take bus for travel, since modern roads and driving car made things easy. I had to take a bus from Callander to the Kingshouse Hotel (bus stop), and then walked there. The road for the bus is along Loch Lubnaig and Loch Voil, which reminded me of the pass of the Fiery Cross described in *The Lady of the Lake*. The scenery is breathtaking when you saw the range of hills and heard the murmur of a stream. I thought I was in a primitive land if I didn't see the modern vehicles pass by me. On the bus, I met an old man who lived in Balquhider. He knew about the works of Sir Walter Scott and told me that his works made Loch Katrine popular. When I arrived at the Kingshouse Hotel (bus stop), I had to take a walk there. It's forty-minute walk to Rob Roy's Grave from the bus stop. I was the only pedestrian on the way, though some cars passed by me. A walking tour of Balquhider was also enjoyable as you can slow down and often see the spectacular mountain ranges and fertile valleys. I thought there would be many visitors to Rob Roy's Grave, but when I arrived there at about 10:30, I just saw four visitors there and all of them arrived by car. Later some ten came successively. I guess there were no more than 30 visitors in the morning. I saw Rob Roy's family grave-Rob Roy's in the middle and his wife's is next to his on the left, and his son's on the right. There is nothing distinguishing about Rob Roy's grave except that there was a broadsword carved on the rough slab of slate. In the graveyard, I heard a lady told her companion that she had read Scott's novel *Rob Roy*.



Fig. 1, Rob Roy's Grave, photograph taken on 05.08.2016.

On my way back, I met a Scottish national bard (Fig.2) at the bus stop. He had two plaits and wore kilt. His portmanteau contains plaid and, I guess, musical instruments as well. His belongings and cap are very dirty. I thought he was a beggar in the first sight. Scottish bards usually appeared in the poems. In *The Lady of the Lake*, the bard Old Allan-bane sang to Ellen in Elle's Isle. I am curious about their life, and he told me it was a sacred job to sing for his nation. Talking about his country, he was enthusiastic in and proud of Scottish landscape with fairy tales. He sang in presence of me while playing with his drum with a faint voice. He was intoxicated with his song with his eyes closed during the whole performance. He also took the same bus with me to Callander. On the bus, he pointed the pass of Leny to me. The pass is a fiery-cross scene in the *Lady of the Lake*, but now it was hidden and not accessible



Fig. 2: A Scottish Bard, photograph taken on 05.08.2016

In the afternoon I visited Ledard Waterfall, which was located on the north side of Loch Ard, just behind the Ledard Farm. When approaching Aberfoil, I thought I was in Rob roy's country. Frank and Bailie repaired to Aberfoil on their way to meet Rob Roy. When Loch Ard came in sight, the skirmish between Helen MacGregor's and the king's troops came to my mind. It took me about 10 minutes to the cascade from Loch Ard. I had a strong desire to visit Loch Ard, because it was a romantic site where Flora sang to Waverley. Approaching the site, "there was a solidarity which spread an awe over the spirits amounting almost to fear." In the site, I read a passage from *Waverley*:

At a short turning, the path, which had for some furlongs lost sight of the brook, suddenly placed Waverley in front of a romantic waterfall. It was not so remarkable for

either its great height or quantity of water, as for the beautiful accompaniments which made the spot interesting. After a broken cataract of about twenty feet, the stream was received in a large natural basin filled to the brim with water, which, where the bubbles of the fall subsided, was so exquisitely clear, that although it was of great depth, the eye could discern each pebble at the bottom. Eddying round this reservoir, the brook found its way as if over a broken part of the ledge, and formed a second fall, which seemed to seek the very abyss; then wheeling out beneath from among the smooth dark rocks, which it had polished for ages, it wandered down the glen forming the stream up which Waverley had just ascended.

The cascade corresponded exactly with the scene of *Waverley*. I was the only visitor in the afternoon. This site was rarely visited in the 19th century, because it was a little far from Callander. Nowadays there are still not so many visitors, because fewer people read his works. I met a man who lives by the waterfall, and he told me the cascade is very famous just because Scott described it in *Rob Roy* and *Waverley*. I felt I was in a fairyland. The mists arose from the range of mountains, the ducks floated on the surface of Loch Ard, the sheep grazed on the Ledard Farm, and all these made a lively picture.



Fig.3, Ledard Waterfall, photograph taken on 05.08.2016.

I am going to follow in the footsteps of James Fitz-James to meet an Ellen in Loch Katrine and the Trossachs tomorrow. Nowadays there is no bus in this area, but I can use Demand Responsive Transport (DRT) service, which offers a taxi-type service at a bus fare. I made my applications online 24 hours previous to my travel. The taxi-type bus will pick me up at a set time and conveyed me to the appointed place. This afternoon I used this service, and it was really good. It just costed me 12 pounds for a 38-mile return journey from the Dreadnought Hotel to Ledard Farm, and I was the only passenger. I will write to you about my journey in the next days.

Third Day: Loch Katrine - Inversnaid - Glasgow Cathedral

Saturday August 5, 2016 Edinburgh Airport

Prof. Dr. Barbara Schaff,

Today I followed in the footsteps of James Fitz-James, and visited Loch Katrine and the Tossachs. When I found some words to describe the scenery, the words of the the English tourist Jabez Marrant came to my mind: “The scenery is so magnificent and entrancing, and combines such varying features of grandeur and beauty that we can only rescue ourselves from mental bewilderment by reverting to the lines of Scott”.

I thought I traveled around the clock, and the prescribed cab and steamer routes did not allow me to visit more places. I started from Callander, and the driver sent me to the Trossachs Pier, which costed £4.0. I passed Bochastle, Coitolangle Ford, Loch Venachar, Lanrick Mead and Clachan of Duncraggan. The fast speed of the Taxi- type bus just allowed me to have a glimpse of these sites, and I thought it was enough. When I was passing these sites, my mind was occupied by James Fitz-James’s gallant grey and the fiery cross. Finally I reached the Trossachs Pier at 9.20. The steamer professed to start at 10:30, and I still had some minutes to walk around. I came to a gift shop. Behind the gift shop were two steamers *SS Sir Walter Scott* and *Lady of the Lake* which sailed on Loch Katrine. I was going to take *SS Sir Walter Scott* (Fig. 1) for my cruise. The shop sold all kinds of gifts, ranging from books to toys. It sold the latest edition of *The Lady of the Lake*, *Waverley* and *The Underground City* (written by Jules Verne). I thought it was a crime without taking a gift home in such a romantic place. I bought two magnets, a pen and *The Underground City*, and the whole amounted to £18.0. The shop owners told me the images (*SS Sir Walter Scott* and *Lady of the Lake*) on the magnets were designed by themselves. I will send one of the magnets and the pen to you. In order to Board the steamer, I had to walk through a corridor. I saw many posters on the borders of the corridor, which were about Rob Roy and Sir Walter of Scott. There were about fifty tourists who were going to take this steamer (it could accommodate 245 tourists).



Fig.1, SS Sir Walter Scott, photograph taken on 06.08. 2016

After embarking on the steamer, my heart was throbbing, and the grandeur and beauty of the scenery awoke me to the highest admiration. No pen can describe the majestic scenery which I had now before me, and what opened upon me far surpassed my fancied sketch. The scenery of Loch Katrine, to use Sarah Hazlitt's words, "affords every five minutes new and impressive views of the most wild and stupendous grandeur...it was sultry, with heavy thunder clouds; involving the tops of many of the mountains in mist, and a deep purple haze: other. Partly touched by the sun; and some, on which its beams shone with full splendor." Approaching Ellen's isle (Fig.2), the guide gave a live broadcast, and still associated the isle with *The Lady of the Lake*, which attracted the attention of the tourists, and most of the tourists lost no time in taking photographs. Passing the isle, I "picture Ellen gliding down a glen, Roderick Dhu scaling a rock yonder, and King James riding gallantly along". It is only when I was on the Loch that I started to understand why Scott was able to write such a intoxicating and lovely poem. As the steamer sailed further, the scenery tended to be dramatic with rolling hills and mist. A thick mist arose from Ben Lomond, the ranged mountains stood in awe, the waves broke and spread their waters swiftly over the shore, and the grey mountains and green trees were in contrast. These varying features produced a picturesque effect!



Fig. 2, Ellen's Isle, photograph taken on 06.08. 2016

After hour's voyage, our steamer arrived at Stronachlachar pier, where passengers disembarked from and embarked on the steamer. I was about to go to Inversnaid from this pier. There were about 50 passengers who were waiting for this steamer. Pretty soon I found there were three coaches which conveyed some 200 passengers from Loch Lomond. All of the passengers from the coaches were to embark on *SS Sir Walter Scott*. Thirty minutes later, my cab conveyed me to the Inversnaid pier. On my way to the pier, I dropped out from the cab, in order to go to Rob Roy's View. There was nothing in the Rob Roy's view except a boarder with introduction and a piece of land. Actually the modern road to Rob Roy's view damaged the romance. I also searched

for Rob Roy's Cave but in vain. I was the only visitor in Rob Roy's view and felt a little bit scared in such a wild and solitary area, therefore, dashed away. When I came to the Inversnaid Pier, my mind was occupied by Wordsworth's 1803 visit to the region. It was in this region that Wordsworth met a highland girl, and this encounter inspired him to write a poem *To a Highland Girl*. I cannot help quoting some lines:

Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head:
And these grey rocks; that household lawn;
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay; a quiet road

It is only when you came to the site that you can understand the beauty of the poem.

Thirty minutes later, a ferry sent me to Tarbet Pier, where I took a coach to Glasgow. The journey to Glasgow was not pleasant. I knew that the scenery along Loch Lomond was beautiful, and thought I would have a good view through the window. Unfortunately, the hedgeregrows obstructed my view and I saw nothing. Worst of all, there was a traffic jam due to the construction. It was one hour later than planned when my coach got to Glasgow. Glasgow was a commercial city, the people here seemed very busy. I would rather say I preferred Edinburgh to Glasgow, because Edinburgh teemed with more tales of horror and romance, which fired my imagination. It was my purpose to search the places associated with Scott in Glasgow. I lost no time to visit George Square, the Saltmarket, the Tolbooth Steeple, the site of the old college garden, Glasgow Cathedral.

When I came to George Square, I saw many public statues. The Statue of Sir Walter Scott was in the centre of the square. I remember a nineteenth century tourist who has noticed the plaid was on the wrong shoulder of Scott. The tourist had an acute observation. Usually the plaids were on the left shoulder, but Scott's was on the right. Seeing a collection of stock images in George Eyre-Todd's *The Highland Clans of Scotland*, you will also find how the chieftains were dressed in the right way. Maybe the designer thought Scott did not belong to the Highland and made the mistake on purpose. After visiting George Square, I came to the Saltmarket in the hope of tracing Francis Osbaldistone's visit to the residence of Baillie Nicol Jarvie, a canny merchant. Baillie Nicol Jarvie was an enduring creation, and this countryman impressed many readers. In a visit to Glasgow in the nineteenth century, Queen Victoria was also eager to find the residence, and the magistrate pointed it to the Queen. But nowadays the street was completely different from that in the nineteenth century. What left was the readers' imagination. Going ahead long the Saltmarket, I came to the Tolbooth Steeple. The Steeple was all that remains of the old Tolbooth buildings which were associated with *Rob Roy*. Walking along the High Street, I wanted to find any remains of the old college garden where Rashleigh and Francis Osbaldistone had a duel, but the garden was completely vanished. My last stop was at the Cathedral. I was really impressed by its grandeur of this medieval building. Scott had a glowing account of this cathedral. The narrator and

protagonist Francis Osbaldistone received a warning from the outlaw Rob Roy in the crypt. Although I could not enter the building, I felt satisfied, because I started to understand why Sir Walter was struck by the Cathedral (Fig. 3).



Fig. 3 Glasgow Cathedral, photograph taken on 06.08.2016

After I visited all these places, it was already 20.00. I bought a train ticket to Edinburgh, and I was going to spend the night in the airport. I did not have a reservation of a hotel, because I wanted to save money to visit more places. It was really a crime if I did not see more sights in such a legendary country with romance and wilderness.

Fourth Day: Stirling Castle

Sunday August 7, 2016 Edinburgh

Dear Prof. Dr. Barbara Schaff,

Today I visited Stirling Castle, simply because the castle was the final setting of *The Lady of the Lake*. Rhoderick Dhu, chief of the Clan Alpine, was imprisoned in the cell of the Castle after a combat with Fitz-James at Coilantogle. It was also the setting where the fair Ellen asked pardon for Rhoderick Dhu and her father as well as her sweetheart Malcolm Graeme from the King. I visited the castle with a purpose of finding out the cell and the King's halls.

I purchased a return train ticket at a price of £8.60 at the ticket centre of Edinburgh Waverley. My journey started at 09:33, and the next 51 minutes found myself in the Stirling Railway Station. It took me around thirty minutes to walk to the Castle. The castle is situated atop Castle Hill, and it was not an easy job to get to it. A statue of King Robert the Bruce stood in front of the main entrance. Walking along the walls, the visitors were able to have good views afar. The Castle was of historical and military importance. It was the place where several Scottish kings like the unfortunate Queen Mary of Scots were crowned. Bonnie Prince Charlie was in an attempt to take the castle in the last Jacobite Rising. But I am particularly interested in its association with James V (1512 – 1542) who used to travel in the disguise of a common man.

James V was fond of hunting and adventures, which brought him, sometimes, in danger. Once the king was involved in a fight with a couple of persons at Cramond Bridge, but was saved by a poor farmer. The farmer brought the king to a barn and the king washed his hands. Returning thanks, the king invited the poor man to his castle and gave him a farm he wished to possess. This adventure was told by Scott in *Tales of a Grandfather*. While reading this part, I came to understand that the prototype of Ellen was a man, not a fair lady. Both Ellen and the poor farmer got what they wanted in the King's Palace. I came to the royal buildings and found the hall where the King possibly met the poor man and Ellen. I also came to King's and Queen's bedchambers, and surprised to see a man and a lady who were dressed as a king and a queen, ready to pose for a photograph with visitors (Fig. 1).



Fig 1: “King” and “Queen” in the bedchambers, photograph taken on 07.08.2016

Coming to the Douglas Gardens, I saw a board which reads:

DOUGLAS

GARDENS

Of myths and murders

Tradition has it that after the 8th

Earl of Douglas was murdered

by James II IN 1452, his mutilated body

was flung out of a window

close to this spot...

unfortunately, Douglas Room was not open to the public, and it was a pity that I did not enter the room where the tragedy took place.

When I was in the castle, I always lost my way, because there were many squares and closes, and numerous rooms added to my confusion. Had I not have taken a plan of the castle with me (Fig. 2), I would not have found my location. Hundreds of visitors from different countries always blocked the entrances and rooms. It was impossible for me to speak with the guardians who could not spare some time to talk with visitors. Anyway, I felt satisfied because I visited this castle at least.



Fig 2: Plan of Stirling Castle

Standing in the front square of the castle, I was able to behold the National Wallace Monument (Fig. 3). My first acquaintance with Wallace was from the movie *Braveheart*. The Scots were proud of their national hero who led its people to fight for Scottish independence. I also wished to visit the monument, and to feel and touch history in the place. But I was really exhausted and had to leave Stirling without delay.



Fig 3: The National Wallace Monument, photograph taken on 07.08.2016

Fifth Day: Impression on Edinburgh

Monday August 8, 2016 Edinburgh

Dear Prof. Dr. Barbara Schaff,

Today is my first day in Edinburgh. I want to tell you that I had a good time today. Now it's Edinburgh's festival season, and there are numerous cultural performances to see. The shows are everywhere, as Andrew Bender wrote: "daily performances fill hundreds of venues in virtually every nook and cranny of the medieval city and beyond: grand concert halls and museums to pubs and makeshift tents."⁵ I am not surprised millions of people came for "the world's biggest performance and cultural festivals, including the Festival Fringe, International Festival, Royal Military Tattoo and International Book Festival."⁶ Edinburgh has a tradition for cultural highlights. The intellectual and scientific accomplishments attracting visitors from across Europe thanks to the Scottish Enlightenment intellectual and scientific accomplishments. In the Romantic Era, many tourists like Krystyn Lach Szymra (1790-1866) visited Edinburgh and compared the to "Modern Athens". The tourists in that era met the celebrity, visited historical buildings and attended plays. Scotland always has such talented persons who are good at creating cultural events. When King George IV visited Scotland in 1822, Sir Walter Scott lost no opportunity to arrange a tartan pageant, whose influence was lasting, as Michael Fry writes: "Sir Walter Scott, who staged-managed the junketing, has a sixth sense its tartan pageantry was bound to be splendid...Indeed, the occasion set off a tartan frenzy far into the future."⁷ According to Eric Zuelow⁸, the event attracted tourists from Scotland, England and the Continental European countries. Not surprisingly, now Scotland is attracting the world's attention with its cultural events (Fig. 1).



Fig. 1: Edinburgh Cultural Events, photograph taken on 08.08.2016

⁵<http://www.forbes.com/sites/andrewbender/2013/08/03/your-guide-to-edinburghs-august-festivals/#216a57c714cc>

⁶ Ibid.

⁷ Fry, Michael. *Edinburgh : a History of the City*. London [u.a.] : Macmillan, 2009.

⁸ Zuelow, Eric G.E. "'Kilts Versus Breeches': The Royal Visit, Tourism and Scottish National Memory". *Journeys*.7: 2 (2006): 33–53.

I lived in Warrender Park Road. On my way to the National Library of Scotland, I saw all sorts of acrobatics and guitar shows. I always met students who passed out leaflets and put up posters. You can appreciate their shows without having to pay any money. Besides, I always heard street pipers blast the pipes and saw Scottish people dance jovially to their folk songs. What an forgetful cultural experience!

Although the performances were dazzling, I did not forget my intention of visiting Scotland. I came here with a purpose of reading some books in the National Library of Scotland. When I arrived at the library, I saw the Café servery which reminded my last visit three years ago. At that time, I met Scotland's eminent Scholar Peter Garside thanks to your introduction. I invited him to have a coffee in the café seating area. He was a gentleman always wearing smiles, and my talk with him was enjoyable. When I came to the Visitor Centre, I registered. I have to say all the staff in the library are kind and nice, and they are always ready to help me. I went to the special collection area in the hope of reading some handwriting works of the nineteenth century tourists who visited Scotland. But it was very difficult for me to recognize the manuscripts (Fig. 2).

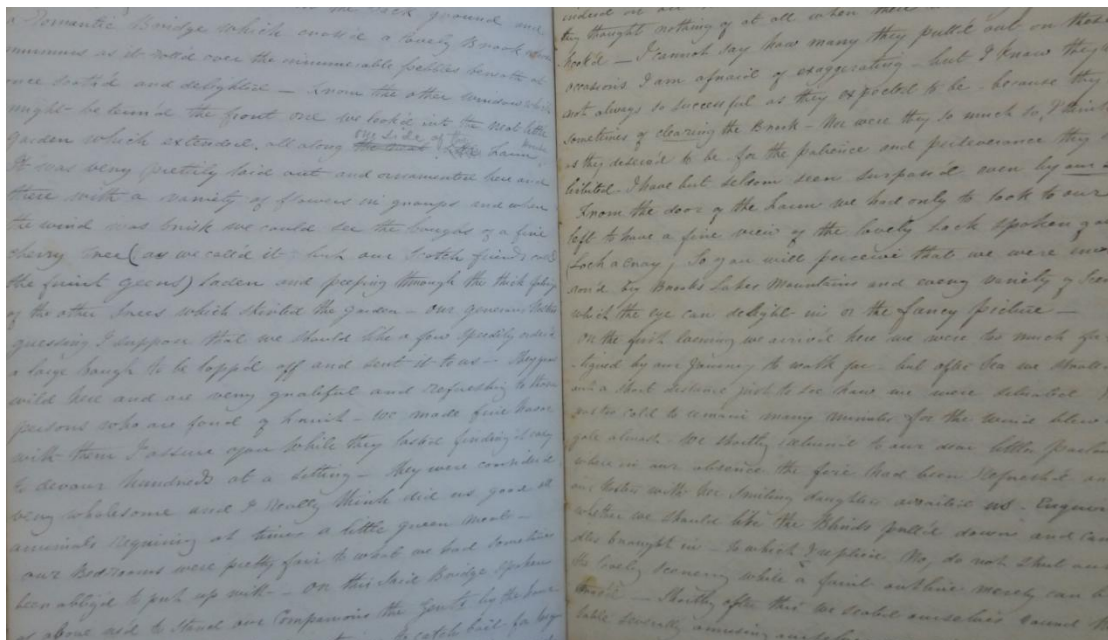


Fig.2: Handwritings of *Substance of a Tour through Scotland*, photograph taken on 08.08.2016

With the librarian's permission, I took photographs of some pages of books:

A tour in Scotland in 1863

MS 29498 Illustrated accounts of trips to France and Scotland 1856

MS 8927 A Tour in Scotland 1842

MS 3529 Journal of a tour through some parts of Scotland 1828

MS 2729 Substance of a Tour through Scotland 1836

MS.9233 Journal of a few days from home in the summer of 1856

MS 2562 Journal in Scotland -August 1870

If you are interested in these books, I am willing to share them with you!

Sixth Day(City Tour): 25 George Square

Tuesday August 9, 2016 Edinburgh

Dear Prof. Dr. Barbara Schaff,

Today I stayed in the National Library all day long. Yesterday I reserved some books online, and I can read them in the General Reading Room today. All of the books are not allowed to take away, and I have to follow a strict procedure when I enter the reading rooms. I read some travel accounts which are not available in Germany, e.g., *The Epistles of Peggy* (1910). More materials enabled me to have a better understanding of Scott's contribution to Scottish tourism industry. On my way to the library, I visited 25 George Square (Fig.1), where Scott lived with his family from 1774 to 1797.



Fig.1: 25 George Square, photograph taken on 09.08.2016

Through the window I could see a marble sculpture of Scott. Actually, I rang the bell in the hope

of seeing Scott's chamber, but there was no response. When I was about to leave I met a man, I guess, aged 60. He told me he lived in 24 George Square. I lost no opportunity to ask about the present owner of 25 George Square. The man told me it was allowed to enter the apartment to see Scott's chamber twenty years ago, but now the apartment is a private residence. I think it should be turned into a tourist sight. With a pity, I left.

Seventh Day: Old Site of Tolbooth and St Giles' Cathedral

Wednesday August 10, 2016 Edinburgh

Dear Prof. Dr. Barbara Schaff,

Today I read Black's and Murray's handbooks of the late nineteenth century editions in the National Library of Scotland, some of which were rare. I intend to make maps which are to show the inclusion of the associations with Scott in different periods. Therefore these books were critically important for me to know the number of the places associated with Scott in the last two decades of the nineteenth century. Actually, I found there were almost no changes in the two guidebooks from the 1880s to the 1890s, mainly because there were almost no new main railway lines added in Scotland since the 1880s. Professor Roy E.H. Mellor divided the development of the British Railway into seven stages: The Generative Stage (until 1830s); Creation of Through Route(1830s-1840s); Completion of the Mainline System (1850s-1870s); Formation of the Secondary and the Tertiary Route (1870s-1914); Consolidation(1890-1914); Contraction (1919-1950); Rejuvenation (1960-1990).⁹ Mellor also used two tables to show the development of the British Railway (Fig.1).

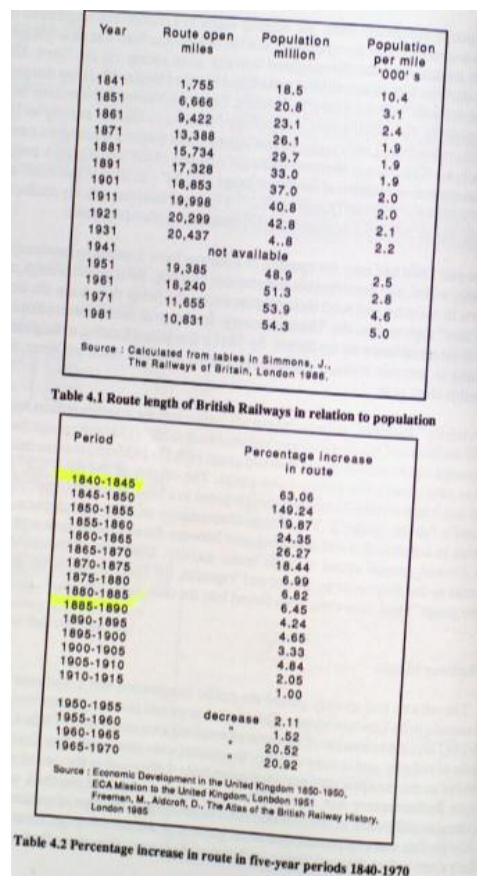


Fig.1: The Development of the British Railway

⁹ Mellor, Roy E. H. *1926-2004* *Railways in Britain: an Historical-Geographical Perspective*. Aberdeen : Department of Geography, University of Aberdeen, 1994. 12-14.

The two tables show that there was not much space for the development of the British Railway since the 1880s. Although the author's study gave a general view of the British Railway development, it was also the case in Scotland. Without too many new lines added, both Black's and Murray's were not able to rearrange new routes and discover more new places along the new lines.

After my reading, I visited the old site of the Tolbooth and St Giles' Cathedral. As can be seen in a plan of Edinburgh (Fig.2), the old Tolbooth was located at the the High Street, the northwest corner of St Giles' Cathedral. The Tolbooth was really a block on the street, and perhaps this was the reason why it was demolished in 1817. Sir Walter Scott obtained the entrance doorway to the Tolbooth's jail, and built it into a side wall of Abbotsford House. While I was at Abbotsford, the tourist guide told me it was not used as a main door, because the door had an association of death. Now there was just a heart-shaped pattern to mark the old site of the Tolbooth Prison (Fig.2). I visited this site because the beginning scenes of Scott's *The Heart of Midlothian* took place there. In the beginning of of the story, Scott described the Porteous Riots which happened in 1736, intimately related to the Tolbooth. Scott's novel made this site famous. In 1859, the French tourist Jules Gabriel Verne (1828-1905) still searched for the Tolbooth¹⁰, but he did not know the Tolbooth was already demolished in 1817.



Fig.2: The Old Tolbooth

¹⁰ Verne, Jules. *Backwards to Britain*. Trans. By Janice Valls-Russell. Edinburgh: Chambers, 1992.

Since the old site of the Old Tolbooth was close to St Giles' Cathedral, I visited the Cathedral. It was Wednesday, I could not enter the Cathedral. But I was enchanted by the architecture of the cathedral. I was impressed by the curving arcades on several levels which gave a spatial effect (Fig.3). I found most of the cathedrals had such a feature, like Glasgow Cathedral and St Andrew's Cathedral, and the feature really gave a picturesque impression. Most of the Cathedrals built in the middle ages have such a Gothic style: "pointed arches, ribbed roofs, large windows and ornate facades."¹¹ Another two architectural styles are baroque and "neoclassical"("romantic"). Baroque architecture was popular from the late 16th century to 18th century, characterized by grandeur and dramatic effect with the use of ovals and circles. In the movement of anti-baroque style, classical design was again valued, and an architecture with such a design was known as having a neoclassical style. Neoclassical style was dominantly accepted from 1750 to 1900, featuring "strong walls, sharp lines and separate 'identities' for each part of a building."¹²



Fig.3: West Door of St Giles' Cathedral, photograph taken on 10.08.2016

¹¹ <http://classroom.synonym.com/difference-between-baroque-romantic-gothic-churches-6429.html>

¹² Ibid.

Eighth Day: A City Tour

Thursday August 11, 2016 Edinburgh

Dear Prof. Dr. Barbara Schaff,

Today I was still in the National Library of Scotland with a purpose of comparing Black's and Murray's guidebooks. After my research, I took a tour of the city. Sir Walter Scott's influence was still ubiquitous. When I was on the Princess Street, I saw the Old Waverley Hotel. At the foot of Salisbury Crags, I saw Jeanie Deans Tryste. The Scott Monument and Waverley Station was known to every visitor in Edinburgh. Actually, Sir Walter Scott's name is used everywhere even today, as a critic writes: "His name and image are everywhere—from Bank of Scotland fivers to the bizarre monument in Edinburgh's city center".¹³ In the Scottish Borders and Callander, I also saw some hotels named after Waverley (Fig. 1). In Glasgow, I saw a bar named after Rhoderick Dhu, a character in *The Lady of the Lake*. In the reception centre of Abbotsford house, a restaurant was named after Edie Ochiltree, a humorous beggar from *The Antiquary*. Sir Walter Scott's name was used in a pub of Edinburgh Airport. Bailie Nicol Jarvie was used by hotel owners in Aberfoyle, and also used by Glenmorangie Distillery as a Scottish whiskey brand. There was a Scottish whiskey brand named after Bailie Nicol Jarvie. Although The Waverley Route disappeared in 1969, but the Sir Walter Scott Way was formed (Fig.2). Sir Walter Scott is on the banknotes and postboxes. The annual Prize for Historical Fiction named after Sir Walter Scott was created in 2010 by the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch.



Fig. 1: The Waverley Hotel at Callander, photograph taken on 05.08.2016

¹³ <https://www.amazon.com/Scott-land-Man-Who-Invented-Nation/dp/1846971799>



Fig.2: Sir Walter Scott Way

In *Scott-Land: The Man Who Invented A Nation* (2010), Stuart Kelly wrote: “Scott haunted my childhood. He was there in statue, monuments, busts and plaques; street-names, road signs and business hoarding; he was out little known region’s most famous son, the omnipresence Great Unknown.” Kelly’s words concisely expressed the popularity of Scott in today’s society.

Ninth Day: Old Site of the Mercat Cross and Lady Stair's Close

Friday August 12, 2016 Edinburgh

Dear Prof. Dr. Barbara Schaff,

Today I spent half day reading books in the National Library of Scotland. In the afternoon, I visited the old site of the city Cross and Lady Stair's Close. Edinburgh is a city full of historical associations. Before I came to Scotland, you sent me a link <http://litlong.edina.ac.uk/visualiser/location/>, which included literary descriptions of Scotland. There were more than 40,712 accounts describing Edinburgh. I could hardly find any place which was not described in Edinburgh. The old city cross had a long history at least from 1365, but it was demolished in 1756. Sir Walter Scott was the person who lamented the demolition in *Marmion*:

Dun Edin's Cross, a Pillar's Stone,
 Rose on a current octagon;
 But now is razed that monument,
 Whence royal edict rang,
 And voice of Scotland's law was sent,
 In glorious trumpet clang.
 O! Be his tomb as lead to lead,
 Upon its dull destroyer's head!
 A minstrel's malison is said.



Fig. 1: Old Site of the Mercat Cross, photograph taken on 12.08.2016

Lady Stair's Close (Fig. 2) is a little bit hidden, and it took me some time to find it.



Fig.2: Lady Stair's Close and the Writers' Museum, photograph taken on 12.08.2016

The history of this close was described concisely in *The Edinburgh Collection: Traditions of Edinburgh, Peter's Letters to his Kinfolk, Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes*. The close was named after the countess of Stair (?-1759), who had two marriages. Her first marriage with Sir James Primrose, 3rd Baronet (c. 1680–1706) was not happy. She was treated badly by her husband, and they lived apart. Her husband went abroad without any news. Actually Sir James Primrose was planning a marriage with a young Dutch girl. As the marriage ceremony was on in a cathedral, Lady Primrose (the countess of Stair)'s brother arrived in time to prevent the ridiculous marriage. Unimaginatively, Lady Primrose watched the event through a fortune-teller' magic mirror in Scotland. Lady Primrose's story was recorded accurately in *The Haunted Homes and Family Traditions of Great Britain' (1897)*:

After such proceedings, it was impossible to think of a reconciliation, and, in future, the ill-assorted couple lived apart. Soon after this escapade, Lord Primrose went abroad, and for a very long while Lady Primrose heard nothing whatever about him. During this lengthy separation a foreign fortune-teller, or necromancer, came to Edinburgh, and, among other accomplishments, professed to be able to inform

anyone of the present condition or position of any other person in whom the applicant was interested, irrespective of their distance. Hearing of the marvels performed by this foreigner, and incited by curiosity, Lady Primrose went, with a lady friend, to his lodgings in the Canongate for the purpose of inquiring about her absent husband.

The two ladies, escorted by their servants, duly reached the place of their quest. Lady Primrose having described the individual in whose fate she was interested, and having expressed her desire to know how he was occupied, was led by the conjuror to a large mirror. Upon looking into it, she perceived distinctly the inside of a church, within which, grouped about the altar, a marriage ceremony appeared to be proceeding. What, however, was Lady Primrose's astonishment when, in the shadowy bridegroom, she recognised her own husband, although the bride's face was entirely strange to her! The magical scene thus wonderfully displayed before her bewildered gaze, she described as not so much like a picture, or the delineation of the pencil, as a living, moving tableau of real life. Whilst Lady Primrose gazed, the whole ceremonial of the marriage appeared to be taking place before her. The necessary arrangements had been made; the priest appeared about to pronounce the preliminary service; he was, apparently, on the point of bidding the bride and bridegroom join hands, when, suddenly, a gentleman, whom the party seemed to have been waiting for some time, and in whom Lady Primrose recognised a brother of her own, then abroad, entered the church, and hurried towards the bridal group. At first the aspect of this person was only that of a friend, who had been invited to the ceremony, and who had arrived late; but when he arrived near the party, the expression of his countenance suddenly altered. He stopped short; his face assumed a wrathful expression; he drew his sword and rushed at the bridegroom, who also drew his weapon. The whole scene then became quite tumultuous and indistinct, and speedily vanished away.¹⁴

Lady Primrose's tale formed the groundwork of Scott's short story *My Aunt Margaret's Mirror*. Walking down the Lady Stair's Close, I found Writers' Museum (Lady Stair's House) which celebrates the lives of three of Scottish most notable authors: Robert Louis Stevenson, Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott. Since I went there in 2013, I did not enter the House this time. In front of the House, I saw a poster informing the literary tours of the city.

¹⁴<http://www.mysteriousbritain.co.uk/scotland/mid-lothian/occult/lady-eleanor-primrose-and-the-conjuror-of-canongate.html>

Tenth Day: St. Andrews

Saturday August 13, 2016 Edinbrugh

Dear Prof. Dr. Barbara Schaff,

I felt happy to tell you that our party visited St Andrews, a town named after a Christian Apostle Saint Andrew. Our coach driver picked us up in front of our living building at 9 o'clock, and another one hour and forty minutes found ourselves in a beach of St. Andrews. On our journey towards St. Andrews, we were impressed by the fantastic view from the Forth Road Bridge. Actually, there are three bridges over the Firth of Forth: Forth Bridge; Forth Road Bridge; Queensferry Crossing. Our coach ran on Forth Road Bridge. From the window of our coach, I could see the Forth Bridge, which was designed for trains and opened in 1890. I could imagine how difficult it was to build such a bridge stretching 2.5 kilometers over the forth. Since it was an impressive feat in engineering, I have no surprise when I knew that it had become UNESCO World Heritage Site. Queensferry Crossing is still under construction, which is supposed to be opened in 2017.

When I was in St. Andrews, I was impressed by the sea view and the history of the town. Legend has it that St. Rule brought the relics of Saint Andrew to this town from Greece around A.D. 370. The northern minstrel Sir Walter Scott sung about this anecdote in *Marmion*:

To faint St. Andrews bound,
Within the ocean-cave to pray,
Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,
From Midnight to the dawn of day,
Sung to the billows' sound

It was a town with fabulous beaches and historic attractions, and the ruins of St. Andrews Cathedral and the Harbour were impressive. Most importantly, the town offered a fantastic sea view, and the sound waves and seagulls is a relaxing sound to me. The enjoyable view and the blue sky and blue sea (Fig.1) reminded me of a beautiful song *Blue Sky, Blue Sea, Blue Me* by the Shadows chords.



Fig. 1: Blue sky and Blue sea, photograph taken on 13.08.2016

I believe that the most-visited attraction in this town is St. Andrews Cathedral. The remains of this medieval church has become a prominent landmark of the town. When I stood in front of the cathedral(Fig.2), my imagination indulged itself in the Middle Ages dominated by Christianity. This christian building was once the largest Catherdral in Scotland, attracting worshipers from across Europe. However, it suffered extensive damage and was left to fall into ruin during the period of the Scottish Reformation.The cathedral itself was a witness to the history of Scotland. Today, there were still many visitors who came, I believe, to learn Scottish history and culture through its ruins. With our tourist guide, I took a walk round the ruins.



Fig. 2: The Ruins of St. Andrews Cathedral, photograph taken on 13.08.2016

After visiting the Cathdral, I walked around the town with another Chinese girls. Like Callander, the town is small but pretty. We had lunch at a restaurant, famous for fish and seafood. I had a drink and fish soup. After that we went to a book store, bought some books. At 14.30, our party met and started visiting some buildings of St. Andrews University. At 15.30 we were back to Edinburgh. I regretted not having visited St. Rule's cave since it was described in *Marmion*.

Eleventh Day: Melrose Abbey - Scott's View - Dryburgh Abbey - Smailholm Tower - Abbotsford

Sunday August 14, 2016 Edinburgh

Dear Prof. Dr. Barbara Schaff,

I could not express my excitement when I want to tell you I visited Scott Country today. Scott Country, in a narrow sense, refers to the Scottish Borders which is closely related to Scott's life. In *The Scott Country* (1911), William Shillinglaw Crockett was in praise of Scott's contribution to the Scottish Borders: "Scott is the greatest guardian of Tweedside, wielding an influence as potent as to-day as when he wandered by its banks and braes."¹⁵ I have to say it is still proper to use Crockett's comment on the relationship between Scott and Today's Scottish Borders. When you enter the Borders, you could still feel the home of romance and song. In *Rambles In Europe, In 1839: With Sketches of Prominent Surgeons, Physicians, Medical Schools, Hospitals, Literary Personages, Scenery, Etc*, William Gibson wrote:

Who, indeed, that has ever pored over the classic and soul-stirring pages of Scott could pass through the towns of Kelso, Jedburgh, and Melrose without having his steps, irresistibly, turned towards the magnificent remains of the monasteries of the same names? Who, indeed, could breathe the atmosphere propinquous to *Abbotsford*, without wishing, instinctively, to behold the literary treasure so bountifully, supplied by the wishes and best of men, to wander through the lofty halls, and consecrated rooms, filled with the choicest relics of ancestral renown, to occupy the chair used, and touch the last garment worn, by the friend and benefactor of the human race, to explore the domain reared...¹⁶

I had a burning desire to visit Scott country as William Gibson. Today my wish is fulfilled. I visited Melrose Abbey, Scott's View, Dryburgh Abbey and Abbotsford House. Unimaginably, this is a single day excursion from Edinburgh.

In the early morning, I started from Edinburgh Waverley by train which called at Shawfair, Eskbank, Newtongrange, Gorebridge, Stow, Galashiels and Tweedbank. In our first visit in 2013, we could not travel by train to Scott Country, because the Waverley Route was just reopened in September 2015. When the Waverley Line was closed in January 1969, John Thomas lamented: "The Waverley Route was dying."¹⁷ If Thomas is still alive, he would have felt happy to see that the line came back to life on Saturday 5 September 2015. On the day when it was reopened, Edgar, a Dandie Dinmont Terrier, was in the ceremony.¹⁸ Dandie Dinmont was a farmer in *Guy Mannering*, and the use of a name from a Waverley novel itself manifested Scott's ongoing influence. I felt lucky and happy when I was on the the Waverley Route like a nineteenth century

¹⁵ Crockett, W. S. 1866-1945. *The Scott Country*. 4th ed. London: A. and C. Black, 1911.

¹⁶ Gibson, William, 1788-1868. *Rambles In Europe, In 1839: With Sketches of Prominent Surgeons, Physicians, Medical Schools, Hospitals, Literary Personages, Scenery, Etc*. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard, 1841. P.131-132.

¹⁷ Thomas, John. *Forgotten Railways: Scotland*. 2nd ed. Newton Abbot: David & Charles, 1981. P.56.

¹⁸ <http://www.railfuture.org.uk/article1584-Waverley-walkies>.

tourist. The return ticket for a 35 mile route was just £ 11.2, and the less than one-hour journey was pleasant.

When I arrived at the Tweedbank station, I intended to take a bus. But I was told by a taxi driver that there was no bus in Scott country. I happened to meet a couple in the station, and felt grateful when they invited me to join them for a free ride to Melrose Abbey, since they called a taxi. They reserved a hotel which was close to Melrose Abbey and they told me they were also going to visit Abbotsford House. I parted with them in front of their hotel and went to the abbey. Although I read a lot about the ruins of the monastery, I could not feel its grandeur of this beautiful Gothic fabric until I saw it in person. This abbey dates back to 1136 when it was founded at the request of King David I of Scotland. Sir Walter Scott suggest the best time to visit the Abbey “by the pale moonlight”:

IF thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.

Most of the nineteenth century tourists, e.g., Thomas Moore(1825), Harriet Beecher Stowe(1853) and Francis Francis(1874), visit the abbey with Scott’s suggestion. However the moon rarely shines in Scotland. Maybe Scott knew this and acknowledged it was fine to see the abbey in the daytime as well. I was afraid I had no time to wait for the moonlight. I took a walk around the abbey, and I was impressed by the eastern window with its exquisite carvings(see fig.2). Scott had a glowing account of this window:

The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy’s hand
’Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.

I stood by this window and closed my eyes, imagining its beauty by the moonlight. Rober Bruce’s heart was also an attraction and I saw many tourists taking photos on the site where the heart was reburied. The shrivelled relic in an ancient casket was discovered during an archaeological dig and found its final resting place on 24 June 1998. There was a marker stone with an image of heart over the spot (see fig. 3).



Fig. 1. Ruins of the Abbey, photograph taken on 14.08.2016

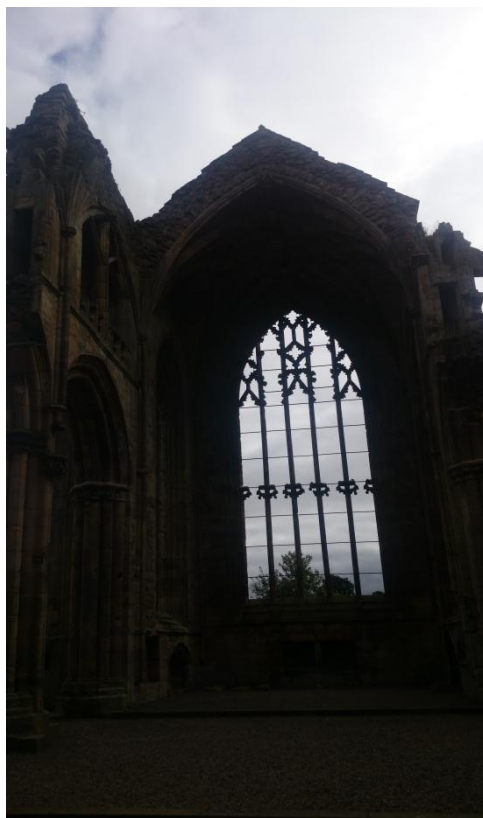


Fig. 2. Eastern Window of the Abbey, photograph taken on 14.08.2016



Fig. 3 Maker Stone over the site of Robert Bruce's heart, photograph taken on 14.08.2016

When my visit to the abbey was over, the custodians reminded me of visiting the burial place of Tom Purdie. Tom Purdie was a wood-forester at Abbotsford, who died on 29th October 1829, aged sixty-two years. Scott buried him in the churchyard of the abbey. There was a modest monument with inscriptions: "In grateful remembrance of the faithful and attached services of twenty-two years, and in sorrow for the loss of a humble but sincere friend; this stone was erected by Sir Walter Scott, Bart., of Abbotsford." Thanks to their help, I was able to find Purdie's monument. The custodians also told me they did not pay attention to this monument at the beginning, but there were tourists who inquired about it, which roused their attention.

The custodian helped me call a taxi from Galashiels, and I negotiated with the driver about the price. The driver was kind and helped me plan my itinerary. We first came to Scott's View (Fig.4). When I arrived, I saw an old couple overlooking the valley of the River Tweed. The old couple were enthusiastic and volunteered to tell me that the site where I was standing was Scott's favorite resort. It was the right place to see the three shapely summits of the Eildon Hills. It was really beautiful and impressive, and no wonder Sir Walter Scott used to come here. Legend has it that the three piles were initially a uniform cone, but was cleft in three by the wizard Michael Scot. Sir Walter Scott turned the legend into *Lay of the Last Minstrel*:

In these far climes, it was my lot
 To meet the Wond'rous Michael Scott;
 A wizard of such dreaded fame,
 That when, in Salamanca's cave,
 Him listed his magic wand to wave.
 That bells would ring in Notre Dame!
 Some of his skill he taught to me;
 And, Warrior, I could say to thee

The words, that cleft Eildon hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone:
But to speak them were a deadly sin;
And for having but thought them my heart within,
A treble penance must be done.



Fig. 4: Scott's View, photograph taken on 14.08.2016

Our next stop was at Dryburgh Abbey (Fig. 5). The driver waited for me in front of the entrance, and I told him I would be back in 15 minutes. Dryburgh abbey has a long history as Melrose abbey. Both of them were attraction in the Scottish borders. Like Melrose Abbey, the ruins of the Dryburgh abbey were also picturesque. The instruction pasted on the boarder speaks of its past magnificence and grandeur. Though the abbey, today, was lying in ruins, desolate and destroyed, it was still a tourist magnet attracting visitors. Like Venus's missing arms which inspired imagination, what was lost in the abbey invited the tourists to fill in with their imagination.



F.g. 5: Ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, photograph taken on 14.08.2016

My main object was to see Scott's tomb (Fig. 6). Scott's tomb was in the best place in the abbey. He was interred in St. Mary's Aisle on 26th September 1832. St. Mary's Aisle is, as *Black's Picturesque Tourist of Scotland* writes, "the most beautiful and interesting part of the ruin". I thought it was right when Scott chose this spot as his final resting place, because he was fond of ruins. Next to him were the tombs of his wife and eldest son. His son-in-law was also buried here in 1854. It was a pity that the grave sites of his two daughters-Sophia and Anne were not here but in London, and they were almost forgotten. In 2015, A campaign was carried out to restore the neglected graves of his daughters in London. I really hope Scott and his daughters could be reunited in Dryburgh abbey one day. When I was standing by Scott's tomb, I felt awe. The slab of his tomb was as fresh as when he was just buried. I took a walk around the abbey. Since my driver was waiting for me, I have to leave the abbey as soon as possible.

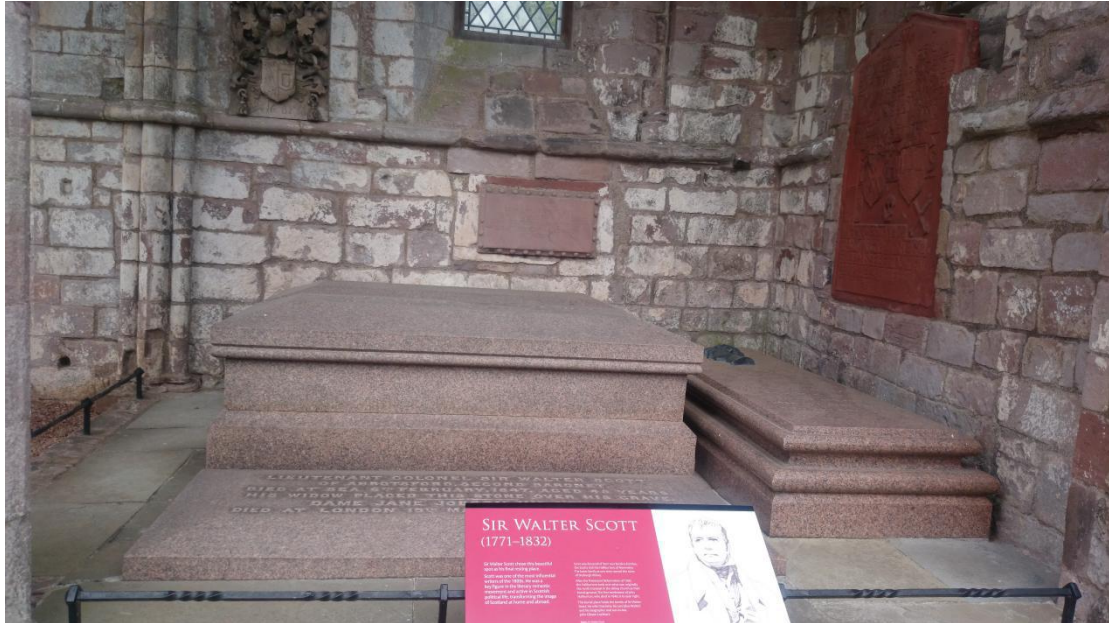


Fig. 6: Scott's tomb, photograph taken on 14.08.2016

After visiting Drybugh Abbey, I was brought by my driver to Smailholm Tower (Fig. 7). The modern transportation allowed tourists to visit this tower easier, and I did not see any pedestrian. There was a small parking place in front of the tower. Smailholm Tower was the residence of Scott's paternal grandfather. Scott spent some of his childhood here as a result of ill-health. I came to this tower, just because I wanted to know how it could provide inspiration for Scott. Scott chose it as a setting for his ballad *The Eve of St John*, and he also described it in his epic poem *Marmion*. When I arrived, I was immediately impressed by its dramatic situation. The tower was placed on the crags with the wild yellow flowers surrounded, and I was in a beautiful picture. I take a walk around the tower and take many photos from different perspectives. The ruins were far more interesting than any other tower I ever saw. I believe each photo is perfect without being manufactured in the Adobe Photoshop. I did not enter the tower, because Scott was inspired by the surroundings not by the interior. Although I had read many descriptions about the tower in guidebooks, but I found no words can describe its beauty and magnificent isolation except the lines from *Marmion*:

It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But even and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green

...



Fig. 7: Smailholm Tower, photograph taken on 14.08.2016

Reading these lines on the site was really enjoyable.

Like many nineteenth tourists who left the best as the last, I left Abbotsford House as my last stop in today's tour. The driver sent me to the house and I offered £32 for the two-hour drive. The drive to Abbotsford, to use Theodor Fontane words, "was a pilgrimage, a duty which I had fulfilled, a step to which my heart had urged me."¹⁹ When I came to the Visitor centre, I felt hungry and went to Ochiltree's Dining for lunch. Edie Ochiltree is a humorous beggar in *Old Mortality*, and his name was used by a restaurant which shows Scott's ongoing influence. Actually, his statue was close to Abbotsford House, but usually neglected by visitors. After refreshed myself, I started my visit.

Today's Abbotsford is quite different from that in the nineteenth century. I happen to see three events which took place at Abbotsford, namely, the Archery Competition²⁰(Fig.8), the Inflatable Fun(Fig. 9), the Birds of Prey Showcase(Fig. 10) and the Gladiator Duels(Fig. 11). The information about the incoming events was on the website <http://www.scottsabbotsford.com/>. I have the impression that Abbotsford was not merely a literary shrine, but also a playground. Today's Abbotsford was a place which weddings and other events could take place. Tourists even were able to book rooms and live in the House. The House was closed for almost two years for restoration, and it was reopened to the public in July 2013. After 2013, the visitor centre received more than 50,000 visitors each year. Before its restoration, the number of the visitors was no more than 30,000 each year. The increasing number should be contributed to the Abbotsford Trust, whose website provided detailed introduction of each room of the House and always releases information about the incoming events, most importantly, encouraged tourist to partake in all kinds of activities.

¹⁹ Fontane, Theodor, 1819-1898. *Beyond the Tweed: a Tour of Scotland in 1858*. London: Libris, 1998. P.223.

²⁰ <http://www.scottsabbotsford.com/whats-on/view/the-abbotsford-arrow>



Fig. 8: Archery Competition, photograph taken on 14.08.2016



Fig. 9: Inflatable Fun, photograph taken on 14.08.2016



Fig. 10: Birds of Prey Showcase, photograph taken on 14.08.2016



Fig. 11: Gladiator Duels, photograph taken on 14.08.2016

There was almost no change in the Visitor centre. But I have to say, Great changes have taken place at the House since we visited the House in August 2013. In the porch, there were introductions in German, French, Italian, Russian, Spanish and even in Chinese. I felt myself genuinely at home. In the Chinese introduction, there was a preface introducing Chinese influence on the House in which it mentioned Chinese wall papers in the drawing room and some Chinese books in the library. In the entrance hall, there were three tourist guides which were ready to help visitors. There were many audio guides and brochures. The modern equipment undoubtedly added charm to the House. One of the tourists guides was an interesting lady. She worked in the house for several months after she resigned from his position as a lawyer. She often mentioned her former job, which was connected with Scott ever worked as a clerk in the court. The lady was

enthusiastic and She answered my questions energetically and I had a pleasant talk with her. In each room, there was a book introducing the items in the room. There were about 1, 000 items with images and introductions. I guess it must have taken a great deal of time for the staff to sort everything out, especially the items in the armoury. The rooms in the House seemed much more spacious than before. I went to each room and examined the items carefully. After my visit, I signed my name in the visitors book. I took a walk around the House and took my leave.

What impressed me much in this visit was the Chinese influence at Abbotsford house. In the library, Scott had collected fourteen books about Chinese dramas and novels and history of English version as well as some travel accounts about China by the European travelers. Some of these books appeared for the first time in the introduction of the House. In the drawing room, I was attracted by the Chinese wall papers with landscape paintings. Scott received these wall papers as a gift in 1822 from his cousin Hugh Scott who worked in British East India Company. Now the Chinese wall papers had become a highlight in the display. There was a computer screen in the drawing room, which could display the flying birds and the dancing flowers from the paintings. In the cover of the latest edition of the guidebook *Abbotsford: the Home of Sir Walter Scott*, it also used Chinese paintings(Fig. 12).

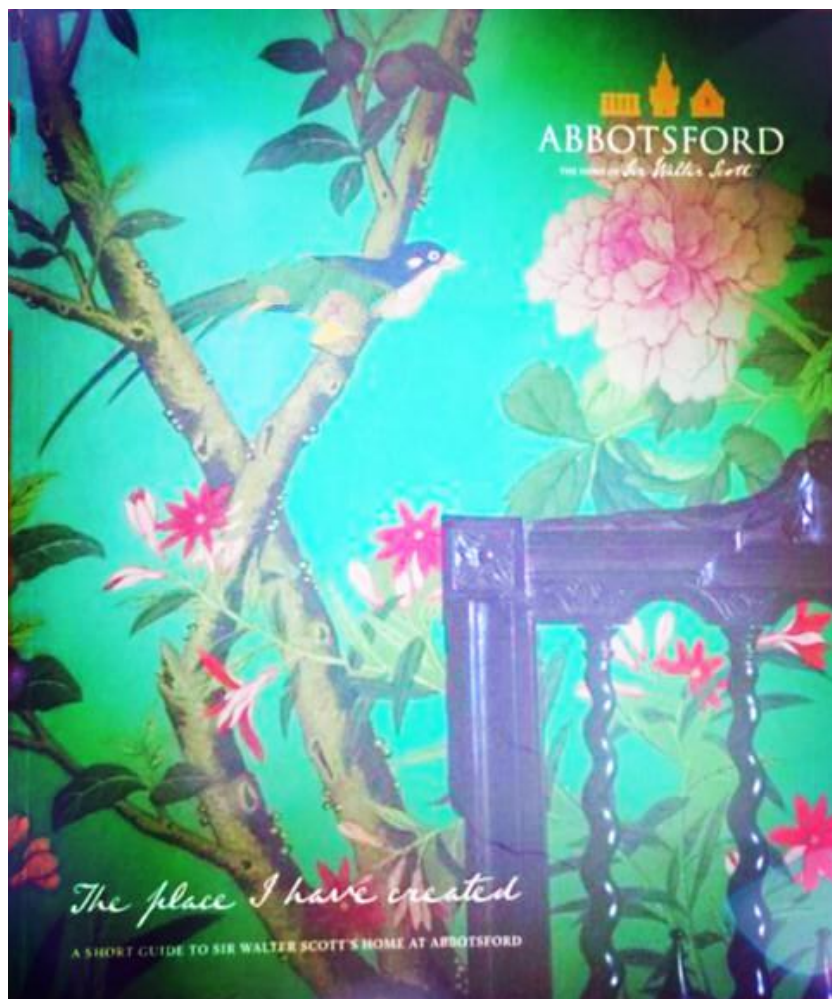


Fig.12: Chinese Wall paper in *Abbotsford: the Home of Sir Walter Scott*

The Abbotsford Trust used Chinese influence in the advocacy, and I guess it was out of at least two considerations. Firstly, Abbotsford was becoming a world class tourist attraction, and it does not only attract tourists from the Europe but also from the Asian countries. To use Chinese influence makes the tourists from the Europe feel fresh, and those from Asian countries feel familiar. Secondly, the use of Chinese influence caters to Chinese visitors. As Chinese middle class is growing, more and more Chinese people are able to travel all over the world. If the nineteenth century saw the growing middle class in the Europe, the 21st century will see the growing Chinese middle class. In *China: Market Statistics* issued in January 2016, it writes: “69.3 million outbound visits China is the world’s most valuable source market for international tourism, worth US\$164.9 billion in 2014.”²¹ According to *Volume and Value Trend 2005 – 2014*²², the number of Chinese visits to Scotland was rising steadily from 8, 000 in 2005 to 33, 000 in 2014. There will be more and more Chinese visitors to Abbotsford in the coming years. The Chinese element at Abotsford will make Chinese feel at home, just like the American flags in some of hotels in loch Lomond and the Trossachs made the nineteenth century tourists from America feel at home.

²¹ http://www.visitscotland.org/pdf/Insights%20CHINA%20Market%20Stats%202015_final.pdf.

²² *Ibid.*, p. 4.

Twelfth Day: A Short Talk with Ian Campbell

Monday August 15, 2016 Edinburgh

Dear Prof. Dr. Barbara Schaff,

I spent a full day in the library. In the evening, I attended a lecture given by Ian Campbell, emeritus Professor of Scottish & Victorian Literature at the University of Edinburgh. He is a gentleman and a scholar. After the lecture, I had a private talk with him. I asked him two questions: 1) Which is more popular nowadays, Robert Burns or Sir Walter Scott? 2) Is Sir Walter Scott still popular today?

Ian Campbell thought Sir Walter Scott was more popular than Robert Burns, and he added that Scott is a world class author. Actually there was a debate between Robert Burns and Scott even since the Nineteenth century. Robert Burns is especially known by his poems like *A Red, Red Rose*, *Tam o' Shanter* and *Auld Lang Syne*. The common people of Scotland tend to believe Burns is more popular, while the Scottish scholars and the tourists from outside Scotland thought differently. In 1853, the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Harriet Elisabeth Beecher Stowe (1811-1896), made a tour of Scotland. When she was invited to a ferryman's cottage in the Tweed, she was concerned about the response to Scott from the local people. The boatman thought that "Scott was not so much a favorite with the people as Burns".²³ The tourists like Stowe must have been surprised by the local's response, as an article in *The Spectator* wrote: "To any one out of Scotland it seems, at first blush, strange to think that Burns has a far firmer hold of his countrymen than Sir Walter Scott."²⁴ Today, the debate is going on. Ian Campbell answered my second question in the affirmative, and he mentioned the Scott Monument and The Waverley Raiwlay Station which capture the minds of the tourists.

My talk with Ian Campbell is enjoyable, and I am looking forward to meeting him again. I can always learn a lot from different scholars in different areas. After our talk, I asked for a signature, and he signed agreeably in the latest edition of *The Underground City* (2015), Which I bought in the gift shop of Loch Katrine. As it happens, A preface was given by Ian Campbell in this edition. Thanks to the organizers of the 2017 Summer School which allowed me to have such an opportunity to meet such a Scotland's eminent scholar.

²³ Stowe, Harriet Beecher, 1811-1896. *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*. Boston: Phillips, Sampson and company, 1854. P. 138.

²⁴ <http://archive.spectator.co.uk/article/19th-august-1871/11/burns-and-sir-walter-scott>

Thirteenth Day: The Honours of Scotland and Mons Meg

Tuesday August 16, 2016 Edinburgh,

Dear Prof. Dr. Barbara Schaff,

I am glad to tell you I visited Edinburgh Castle today. I arrived in front of the castle Early in the morning. I think the castle is the mostly visited place in Scotland. It opens daily from 9.30 am to 6 pm in Summer. Even before its opening time, I found hundreds of visitors lining up to get in, including two groups of no less than 100 Chinese tourists . This castle was a royal residence from 12th century until the 1630s, therefore it was associated with royalty. Royal attractions always become the city's most popular tourist attractions. According to Visit Scotland Org., the number of the visitors to the Royal places is the largest compared to the ones to other places of interest. One reason, I guess, is that the royal places can evoke the memory of the visitors' royal past of their own countries. After the castle was open, I found it was immediately filled with tourists of different nationalities.

My visit to Edinburgh Castle is related to Scott. In Edinburgh Castle, there are two attractions associated with Scott, namely, the Honours of Scotland (Fig.1) and Mons Meg (Fig.2). Since the union between Scotland and England, the Crown, Sword of State, and Sceptre, which represented Scottish independence, was "packed safely into a strongbox in the Crown Room of Edinburgh Castle – locked, barred with double doors, and the key 'lost' for over a hundred years."²⁵ Actually, Sir Walter Scott expressed his wish to discover the Scottish Honours in one of his conversations with the the Prince Regent in 1815. With Scott's efforts, the day of the discovery of the Honours by a commission came, which fell on 5th February, 1808:

He and several of his brother commissioners then revisited the castle, accompanied by by some of the ladies of their families. His daughter Sophia later told me that her father's conversation had worked her feeling up to such a pitch, that when the lid was again removed, she nearly fainted, and drew back from the circle. As she was retiring, she was startled by his voice exclaiming, in a tone of the deepest emotion, "soemthing between anger and despair", as he expressed it, "By G-, No!" ...²⁶

When I entered the Crown Room, I found the small room was crowded by visitors, and two guardians kept a close watch on their behaviours. The Crown, Sword of State, and Sceptre were carefully kept. No photos were allowed to be taken in this room

²⁵ <http://www.educationscotland.gov.uk/scotlandshistory/makingindustrialurban/walterscottfindshonours/index.asp>

²⁶ Lockhart, J. G. 1794-1854. *Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*. Centenary ed. Edinburgh: A & C Black, 1871. Vol.1: 381.

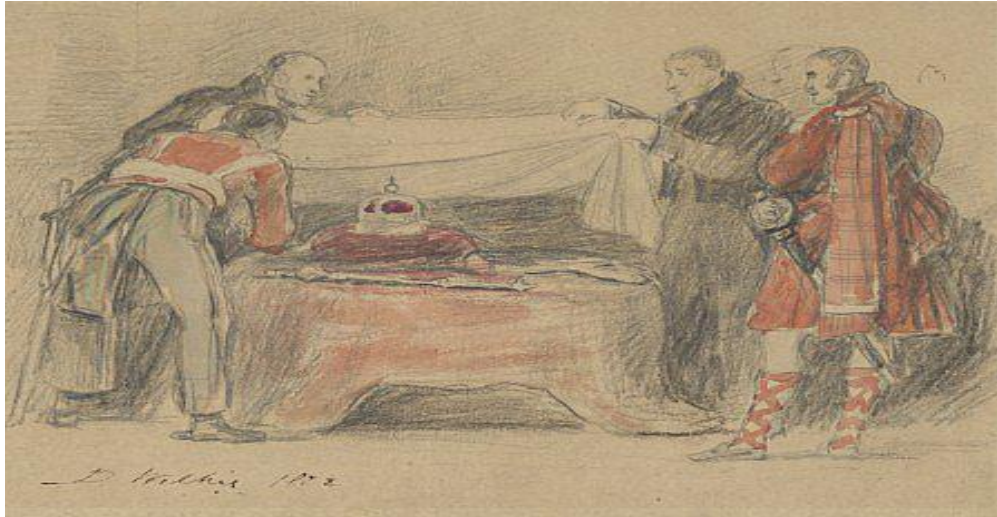


Fig.1: The discovery of the Scottish Regalia, drawn by Sir David Wilkie in 1822

Apart from the Honours of Scotland, the restoration of Mons Meg to Edinburgh Castle had much to do with Scott. The medieval bombard remained in Edinburgh Castle for a long time, but was sent to the Tower of London in 1754. At Scott's insistence, the gun finally came back to Edinburgh Castle in 1829:

... Sir Walter had also a petition of his own. This related to a certain gigantic piece of ordnance, celebrated in the history of the Scottish Jameses under the title *Mons Meg*...when Sir Walter next saw the King, after he had displayed his person on the chief bastion of the old fortress, he lamented the absence of Mons Meg on that occasion in language which his Majesty could not resist...²⁷



Fig.2: Mons Meg, photograph taken on 16.08.2016

²⁷ Lockhart, J. G. 1794-1854. *Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*. Centenary ed. Edinburgh: A & C Black, 1871. Vol.2: 526.

Fourteenth Day: 39 Castle Street - Scott Monument - Palace of Holyroodhouse - St. Anthony's Chapel - Salisbury Crags

Wednesday August 17, 2016 Edinburgh

Dear Prof. Dr. Barbara Schaff,

Today is a busy day for me! My full day schedule contains the visits to 39 Castle Street, Scott Monument, Holyrood Abbey, Authur's Seat, all of which are associated with Scott. W. T. Fyfe's *Edinburgh Under Sir Walter Scott* (1906, 2015) gave detailed information of the places associated with Scott in Edinburgh. It was the right time to read this book before I visited these places. 39 Castle Street (Fig.1) is Sir Walter Scott's home where he lived from 1802 until 1826 when he was bankrupted. "No.39 Castle Street", said W.T.Fyfe, "deserves to be the called the shrine of Scott's memory, having been the scene of his labours..."²⁸ In his journal, Scott Wrote on 15 March 1826:

This morning I leave No. 39 Castle Street for the last time. "The cabin was convenient", and habit had made it agreeable to me. I never reckoned upon a change in this particular so long as I held an office in the Court of Session. In all my former changes of residence it was from good to better; this is retrograding. I leave this house for sale, and I cease to be an Edinburgh citizen, in the sense of being a proprietor, which my father and I have been for sixty years at least. So farewell, poor 39, and may you never harbour worse people than those who now leave you. ...



Fig. 1: 39 Castle Street, photograph taken on 17.08.2016

²⁸ Fyfe, W. S. *Edinburgh Under Sir Walter Scott*. London: Archibald Constable and Company, LTD., 1906.

How sad Sir Walter Scott was on that day! When I arrived at the house, I happened to meet a policeman who passed by me. I asked him what the house was now used for, but he had no idea. Actually I anticipated his response. It is an interesting phenomenon that the locals were not enthusiastic with Scott in comparison to the the tourists from outside Scotland even from the Romantic era.

After visiting 39 Castle Street, I turned to Scott Monument (Fig.2). It is the largest monument in memory of a writer in the world. It has become a landmark of Edinburgh since its inauguration on 15 August 1846. Almost each traveler had left his or her account about this monument in the Victorain period. Nowadays the tourists tended to take photos of the Monument. I met a guy who asked me take photo for him in front of the Monument.



Fig. 2: Scott Monument, photograph taken on 17.08.2016

There is a famous saying in China, “he who has never been to the Great Wall is not a true man.” I think that he who has never climbed the Scott Monument is not a true man. I decided to climb the Scott Monument, though it was a great challenge to me, because I am a man who is afraid of

heights. The tower is 61.11 m high with 287 steps. I paid my entrance fee (a very reasonable £5 per person) and started climbing. The higher I climbed, the narrower the spiral staircases became. It took me about a quarter to reach the highest point of the Monument. Standing on the viewing platform affords an opportunity to have a good look at the city (Fig. 3).



Fig.3: A View of the City from the Scott Monument, rephotograph taken on 17.08.2016.

I am wondering whether I am the first Chinese who arrived at the highest point of the Monument. On my way back, I visited a small museum room of architectural interest within the centre of the first gallery.

After visiting the Scott Monument, I headed for the Palace of Holyroodhouse (Fig.4). I booked a ticket for a combined visit with £16.90: Palace of Holyroodhouse and The Queen's Gallery, Palace of Holyroodhouse.



Fig. 4: Palace of Holyroodhouse, photograph taken on 17.08.2016

My purpose of visiting the Palace was to see the Great Gallery of the Palace and the Queen's supper chamber. In the Great Gallery, Bonnie Prince Charlie held his court in the Jacobite Rising 1745, which was described in *Waverley*. In the Queen's supper chamber, David Rizzo (c. 1533 – 9 March 1566) who was the private secretary of Mary, Queen of Scots (1542-1587) was murdered, and this event was described in Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*.

Entering the Palace, I am impressed by a series of royal apartments. Visitors were not allowed to take photos inside, and what I can bring home is memory. The picture Gallery is spacious with numerous portraits of the kings of Scotland. The Queen's supper chamber was crowded with tourists of different nationalities. Many of them came here, because they learned a lot of the unfortunate Mary through movies like *Mary, Queen of Scots*, Scottish history books or dramas. My first acquaintance with the Queen was from a film, and later I read more about her in Scott's works: *The Abbot* and *Tales of a Grandfather*. Many tourists came to see the rusty colored blood stain of David Rizzo. In a private chamber, I saw the stain. Actually, there was a sign which reads:

The Body of David Rizzo was left here after his murder in Queen Mary's Supper Room, 9th March, 1566.

How horrible it was to read these words. These words brought me back to the deadly night:

On the 9th of March, 1566, six persons had partaken of supper in a small cabinet adjoining to the Queen's bedchamber, and having no entrance save through it. Rizzio was one of the number. About seven in the evening, the gate of the palace were occupied by Morton, with a party of two hundred men; and a select band of the conspirators, headed by Darnley himself, came into the Queen's apartment by a secret staircase...while Queen demanded the purpose of their coming, Rizzio, who saw that his life was aimed at, got behind her...the assassin threw down the table, and seized on the unfortunate object of their vengeance, while Darnley himself took hold of the Queen, and forced Rizzio and her asunder...they dragged him through the bedroom and antechamber, and dispatched him at the head of the staircase, with no less than fifty-six wounds. ²⁹

Now the suite of rooms used by Mary, Queen of Scots has become an eminent feature of the Palace, and the room where Rizzio's body was left was used to evoke terrible memory of the murder.

On my way to hike up to Arthur's Seat, I visited the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel which had a history of at least 590 years. Murray's Handbook informed that it was on this spot that the outlaw George Robertson and Jeanie Dean had a tryst in the story of *The Heart of the Midlothian*.³⁰ The surroundings of the St. Anthony's Chapel were picturesque (Fig.5), and many visitors stood among the ruins, overlooking St Margaret's Loch. The climb on to Arthur's Seat is strenuous but not difficult, since you can choose an easy one of different paths running around the rim of Salisbury Crags. It took me 40 minutes to reach Arthur's Seat. I considered the climb as tests of my persistence and courage. When I finally reached the summit, I thought I passed the tests. The peak afforded an opportunity to have excellent panoramic views of the city (Fig.6). Like many other visitors, I lost no opportunity to take some photos. It was also enjoyable to meet people of different nationalities and get myself engaged in a talk with them. After staying in the

²⁹ Scott, Walter, Sir, 1771-1832. *Tales of a Grandfather: History of Scotland*. Illustrated library ed., with notes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, 1861. 126-127.

³⁰ Later I found Murray's was wrong. George Robertson and Jeanie Dean actually met at Muschat's Cairn which is situated at the eastern end of Holyrood Park.

peak for 15 minutes, I went down the mountain.



Fig.5: St.Anthony's Chapel: photograph taken on 17.08.2016

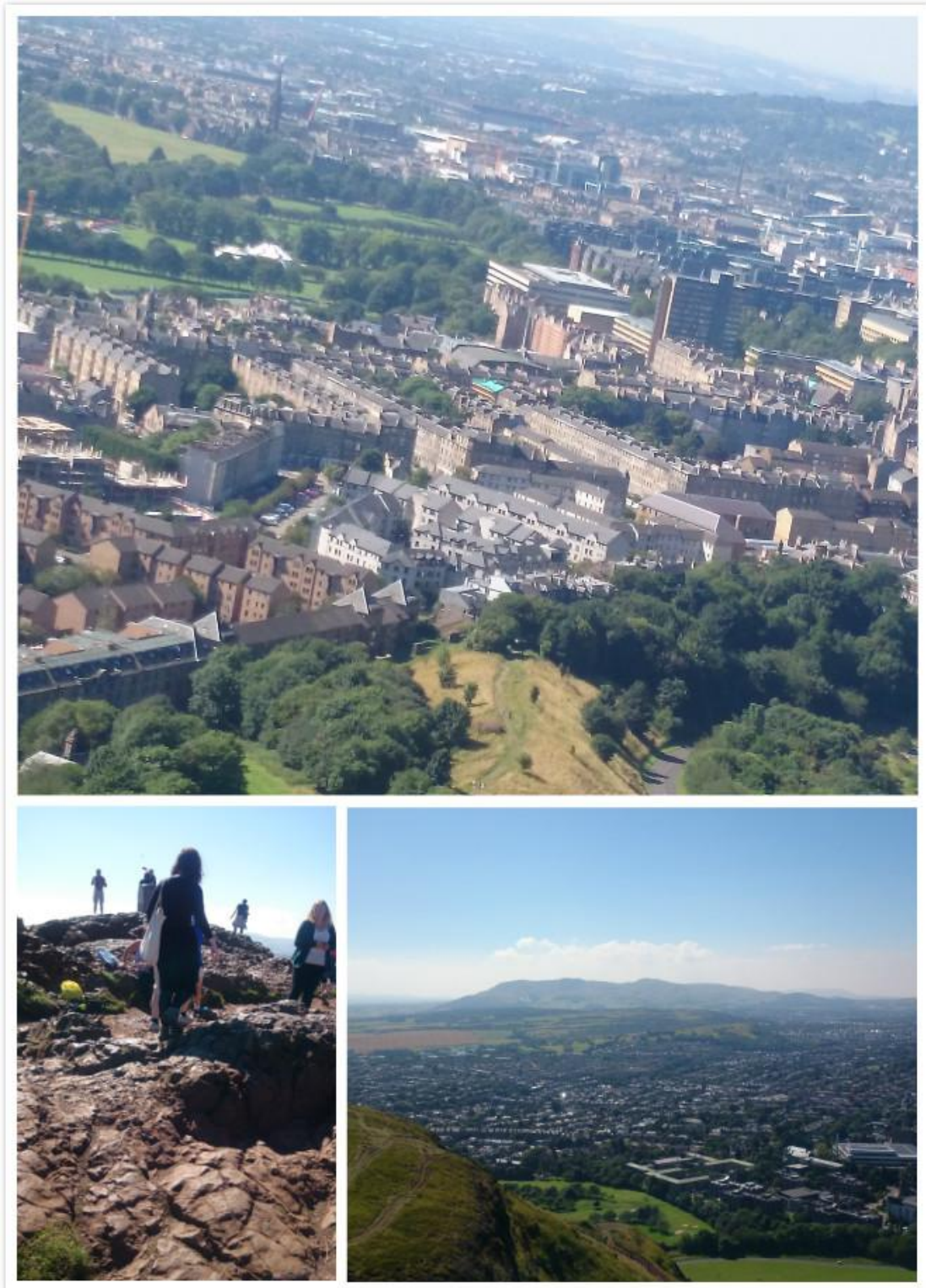


Fig. 6: Arthur's Seat and Views from the Summit, photograph taken on 17.08.2016

I have much interest in Salisbury Crags, because Sir Walter Scott used to set off on a Salisbury Crags Walk after his work. Scott was specially fond of the spot, as he wrote:

If I were to choose a spot from which the rising or setting sun could be seen to the greatest possible advantage, it would be that wild path winding around the foot of the high belt of semicircular rocks, called Salisbury Crags, and marking the verge of the steep descent with slopes down into the glen on the southern side of the city of Edinburgh.³¹



Fig. 8: Salisbury Crags, photograph taken on 17.08.2016

³¹ Scott, Walter, Sir, 1771-1832. *The Heart of Midlothian*. New York: C. Scribner's Sons, 1918. 99.

Fifteenth Day: Dove Cottage - Wordsworth's Grave - Rydal Mount

Thursday August 18, 2016 Edinburgh

Dear Prof. Dr. Barbara Schaff,

I felt happy to tell you that I visited Dove Cottage, Wordsworth's Grave and Rydal Mount in the Lake District. The scenery of the Lake District is as breathtaking as that in Loch Katrine and the Trossachs. The two areas were becoming famous in parallel with the increasing popularity of Sir Walter Scott and Lake School of Poets, particularly William Wordsworth. The two areas were different in their literary associations. Loch Katrine and the Trossachs are associated with *Rob Roy* and the *Lady of the Lake*, while the Grasmere Lake District is associated with *The Daffodils*. Although there are many poets and writers who lived in the Lake District in the early 19th century, none of them was influential as Wordsworth.

My primary motivation to visit the Lake District derives from my early acquaintance with the Romanticism with respect to Poetry. William Wordsworth, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Robert Southey and Thomas Penson De Quincey were frequently mentioned in our English Classes. However, Dorothy Wordsworth, Charles Lamb, Charles Lloyd, Hartley Coleridge, and John Wilson were rarely taught. Our English classes allowed us to know that Sir Walter Scott was a historical novelist and read some of his novels, but failed to draw our attention to his poems. Chinese students know William Wordsworth much better than Sir Walter Scott. Not surprisingly, I met visitors from my country everywhere in the Lake District, but hardly saw a single Chinese in Loch Katrine and the Trossachs.

Another reason urged me to visit the Lake District was that Sir Walter Scott paid a visit to Dove in 1805, which was a return visit in response to Wordsworth's visit to him at Ashiestiel in 1803. Sir Walter Scott brought a "Painting of "Pepper" as a gift to the family for his visit, and slept one night in Dove Cottage. As a part of following the footsteps of Sir Walter Scott, A visit to Dove Cottage was reasonable. My one-day visit falls on August 18th, 2016.

Three days before my visit, I managed to purchase a cheap return ticket from Edinburgh to Oxenholme Lake District, which costed me £ 29.8. There is no direct line from Edinburgh to Windermere, so I had to take another train from Oxenholme Lake District to Windermere where I took a bus to Dove Cottage. The bus routes covered the whole Lake District, and the bus is obtainable every 15 minutes at every station. It took me 30 minutes to Dove Cottage. The day ticket is £ 11.8 if I did not make a mistake. I was confounded to see more than one white cottages, and was not able to distinguish Dove cottage(Fig.1) and others in white. I came to the reception Centre and bought a ticket at the price of £7.25 from a very beautiful salesgirl, who sounded like a total Nightingale. I bought two gift books, and one is William's poetry and another one is Dorothy's diary. I happened to meet a Chinese teacher who came to pick up a group ticket for her 48 pupils. The teacher engaged in a discussion with the manager about the division of her students into three groups. I was told I could meet my tourist guide at 10.00 at the entrance of Dove cottage.



Fig. 1 : Dove Cottage, photograph taken on 18.08.2016

Another Chinese guy, a couple possibly from English speaking country and I formed a group, and we met our tourist guide, a girl about twenty years old. We were led to the Houseplace, downstairs Bedrooms, Kitchen, Stairs, William's Bedroom, Sitting Room, Guest Bedroom and Newspaper Room. I was attracted to the possessions and knickknacks. In the Houseplace, I saw the painting of the Wordsworth's dog Pepper, which was a gift to the family from Scott. In William's Bedroom, I took a photo of his poet laureate certificate. When I came to the guestroom(Fig.2), my mind is occupied by Scott's visit, imaging that how Scott would enjoy the scenery from the window. The sitting rooms, as the guidebook writes, "is most associated with William's poetry", and the couch was possibly referred to in *The Daffodils*:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,

And dances with the daffodils.

The twenty-minute tour allowed me to understand the poet's life in the early 19th century. The cottage is small but well laid out and surprisingly roomy.



Fig. 2 : The Room where Scott slept, photograph taken on 18.08.2016

After my visit, I came to the Wordsworth Museum, which is next door to Dove Cottage. In the Museum, there was a large number of collections, including maps, pictures and objects, manuscripts, paintings, watercolours and portraits. The rich collection enabled the visitors to have a basic understanding of Wordsworth from his birth to death.

After my visit, I walked to Wordsworth's grave at St. Oswald's churchyard (Fig. 3), which was 0.4 mile from Dove Cottage. Wordsworth died at Rydal Mount on the 23rd April 1850, and was buried in the Churchyard. On my way, I saw that some lines of his poem *The Daffodils* was used in front of hotels, restaurants and shops. When I arrived, it took me some time to find his grave, because there was no distinction of his from others. His sister Dorothy Wordsworth, and wife Mary Wordsworth and children Thomas and Dora Wordsworth were also buried in the same churchyard. This is a resting place of a celebrity, and should deserve a privilege in terms of space and design. Had not many visitors taken photos in front of his grave, I would not have found it.

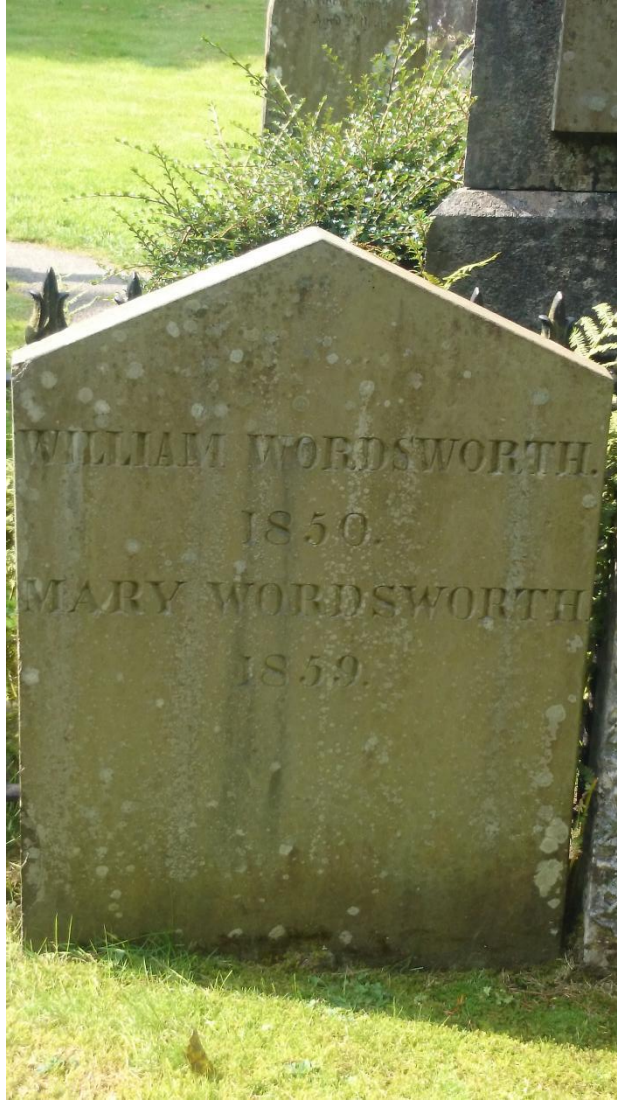


Fig. 3: Wordsworth's Grave, photograph taken on 18.08.2016

When my visit to the Grave was over, it was 13.00, and I took a bus to Rydal Mount House (Fig.4), where Wordsworth and his family lived from 1813 to his death in 1850. After buying a ticket, I entered the house. The tourist guide was a Lady who was ready to answer questions in the parlour. The house still retains a lived-in and family atmosphere, which gave me a false impression that the poet was still alive. I visited the dining room, attic study, the drawing room and library and the family bedrooms. In the library, I was attracted by a decorative scroll on which was a Chinese version of *The Daffodils*. Each window offered a splendid view of ranges of mountains and wildflowers. Compared to Dove Cottage, this house was spacious and sumptuous, equipped with matching units of fitted furniture. After visiting the rooms, I walked under the trees and sat by a stream in the Garden (Fig. 5), and my thoughts returned to the Romantic era and its poets. In China, most romantic poets lived in Tang dynasty (618–907) and wrote numerous poems. For instance, the prominent poet Li Bai (701 – 762) wrote around a thousand poems. The places described by Chinese romantic poets were visited by Japanese tourists, but rarely by the tourists from Europe, mainly because it was not an easy job to understand Chinese poems in the European culture. There is still a great deal of work to do to make Chinese poems known to the world.



Fig. 4: Rydal Mount House inside, photograph taken on 18.08.2016



Fig. 5 : Rydal Mount Garden, photograph taken on 18.08.2016

Sixteenth Day: National Library of Scotland

Friday August 19, 2016 Edinburgh

Dear Prof. Dr. Barbara Schaff,

Today I spent the whole day in the library. I've read almost every edition of Black's and Murray's guidebooks up to now. I felt happy, because I was able to find the first edition of Black's (1840) in the National Library of Scotland. When I first came across *Black's Picturesque Tourist of Scotland*, I am a little confused by the title, to be honest. I can't understand why "Picturesque" was used to modify "Tourist". The guidebook did not give a clear answer before the 1870s, but I find the answer in the 1873 edition:

As the title implies, its chief object is to serve as a guide to the picturesque scenery of Scotland, with which are included the principle towns and places of interest to which there are attached any special historical and legendary associations.

It's clear that the editors wanted to describe the picturesque scenery instead of tourists. But it is still a secret of the cause of making "Picturesque" and "Tourist" go together in the title. My research in the National Library allowed me to read some rare editions of the two guidebooks, which help me to have a holistic understanding of the history of the inclusion of the associations with Scott. Up to now I've read 20 books, most of which were the travel accounts and guidebooks. Tomorrow will be the last day of my stay in Scotland, and I will visit some places which were ignored listed in my plan.

Seventeenth Day: George Heriot's Hospital - Grassmarket - Old College - The Old Site of Jeanie Deans Cottage

Saturday August 20, 2016 Edinburgh

Dear Prof. Dr. Barbara Schaff,

Today is the last day of my stay in Scotland, I lost no opportunity to visit some places which I failed to see in the previous days. I visited George Heriot's Hospital (now the School) (Fig. 1), Grassmarket, Old College, and the old site of Jeanie Deans Cottage.

The Hospital is named after George Heriot, a character in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, but he is a real person in history. George Heriot is a royal goldsmith, who followed James VI and I to London, and led a rich life. When he died in 1624, he left around 25,000 Pound Scots with a will to build a hospital. Since it was a building of historical value, it became a tourist site. In the Nineteenth century, both Murray's Handbook and Black's guidebook included this attraction. I wanted to visit this building, but was told by the guard that it was not open on that day. I can only survey the building outside the gate. With a pity, I left.



Fig. 1: George Heriot's Hospital

After visiting George Heriot's Hospital, I headed for Grassmarket. Grassmarket was known as a place of public executions. Directly above Grassmarket is the picturesque Edinburgh Castle. I visited Grassmarket, mainly because Captain John Porteous (1695-1796), Captain of the City Guard of Edinburgh, was hanged by the public here in April 1736, and the Riots were described

concisely by Scott in the beginning chapters of his novel *The Heart of Midlothian*. Of course, such Scottish movies like *Burke and Hare Murders* also urged me to visit this historic market place. Now it is a busy street, not being shadowed by death. Early in the morning when I arrived, I found two men setting up a stall (Fig.2). Neither of them knew the history of the market place. It seems Scotsmen like them were busy with making money without having time to learn the history of the places where they stood.



Fig. 2: Grassmarket, photograph taken on 20.08.2016

My next stop was at Old College. Some part of Old College is possibly the old site of College Wynd (Fig. 3). College Wynd was once “a cramped, dimly lit alleyway with poor sanitation and little fresh air”³². Sir Walter Scott was born there in such unhealthy conditions on 15 August 1771. I guess, that Scott developed "a severe teething fever which deprived him of the power of his right leg"(Polio)³³ was related to the terrible environment where he lived. A few years later after Scott's birth, College Wynd was demolished to make space for new buildings. Now the exact old site of College Wynd is unknown. In his autobiography, Scott wrote about his birthplace: “I was born, as I believe, on the 15th August 1771, in a house belonging to my father, at the head of the College Wynd. It was pulled down, with others, to make room for the northern front of of the new College.”³⁴ Possibly the old site of College Wynd was a part of Old College. When I was visiting Old College, I felt like that I was a student of Scott's time.

³² <http://www.walterscott.lib.ed.ac.uk/biography/homes.html>.

³³ Collier, William Douglas (1872). *A history of English Literature, in a Series of Biographical Sketches*. Toronto:

J. Campbell. p. 400.

³⁴ Lockhart, J. G. 1794-1854. *Lockhart's Life of Scott*. New York: The Macmillan company, 1914. 4.



Fig. 3: College Wynd and Old College (the picture below was taken on 20.08.2016)

After visiting Old College, I went to search for the old site of Jeanie Deans Cottage. In Scott's *The Heart of the Midlothian*, Jeanie Deans was a heroin, who went down to London with a purpose of appealing to the Queen for her sister's pardon. It was said she and her father lived in this cottage, and the cottage stood until 1965 (fig. 4). Thanks to Bryan Gourlay's description, I was able to find the old site of Jeanie Deans Cottage:

Jeanie Deans' cottage was right on edge of Holyrood Park, high up, overlooking the Queens Drive - at the end of where St Leonards Bank. It used to be between St Leonards Station & Coal Depot and the park. I ran past the cottage many times as a kid, as we marauded about the park, and wouldn't be surprised to find it is still there. I'd like to think it has been preserved. I'll have a look some time. If you go down Park Road at the side of the Commonwealth Pool and, immediately you enter the park, turn left along the path right behind the old

brewery walls, go up the steps at the end. Jeanie Deans' cottage was not very far along on your right. There's been a lot of rebuilding around there, so it's probably very different nowadays. I've a funny feeling, from glancing in that direction, that some of the old buildings are still there.(2006) ³⁵

Gourlay's description itself shows Scott's characters like Jeanie Deans still leave a strong impression on the memory and imagination of the tourists even today.



Fig. 4: Jeanie Deans' Cottage and the Old Site(the picture below was taken on 20.08.2016)

³⁵ http://www.edinphoto.org.uk/0_buildings_g/0_buildings_-_jeanie_deans_cottage_postcard.htm

Eighteenth Day: Abideur

Sunday August 21, 2016 Göttingen

Dear Prof. Dr. Barbara Schaff,

I have to bid farewell to Scotland today. I still feel there is much to explore in this country of deeds and dreams, and the picturesque landscape awakens a different train of thought: “towering mountains, glittering lochs, thick woodland and miles upon miles of golden beaches - Scotland's landscapes really will take your breath away.”³⁶ Scotland is a country worth of repeated visits in a life. Abideur, Scotland! I would like to use James Hogg’s lines to end my journey:

Caledonia! thou land of the mountain and rock,
 Of the ocean, the mist, and the wind-
 Thou land of the torrent, the pine, and the oak,
 Of the roebuck, the hart, and the hind;
 Though bare are thy cliffs, and though barren thy glens,
 Though bleak thy dun islands appear,
 Yet kind are the hearts, and undaunted the clans,
 That roam on these mountains so drear!³⁷

³⁶ <https://www.visitscotland.com/see-do/landscapes-nature/>

³⁷ <http://www.musicanet.org/robokopp/scottish/caledon1.htm>