

**OUR COACHING
TRIP, BRIGHTON TO
INVERNESS**

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Our coaching trip, Brighton to Inverness by Andrew Carnegie

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ANDREW CARNEGIE

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OUR
COACHING TRIP

BRIGHTON TO INVERNESS

BY
ANDREW CARNEGIE.

—
(PRIVATE CIRCULATION)
—

NEW YORK.

1882.

"Ah, that such beauty cannot be portrayed
By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill,
But is the property of him alone
Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,
And in his mind recorded it with love."

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TO MY BROTHER

AND TRUSTY ASSOCIATES,

WHO TOILED AT HOME THAT I MIGHT REALIZE THE HAPPIEST

DREAM OF MY LIFE, THIS RECORD, LIKE "ROUND THE

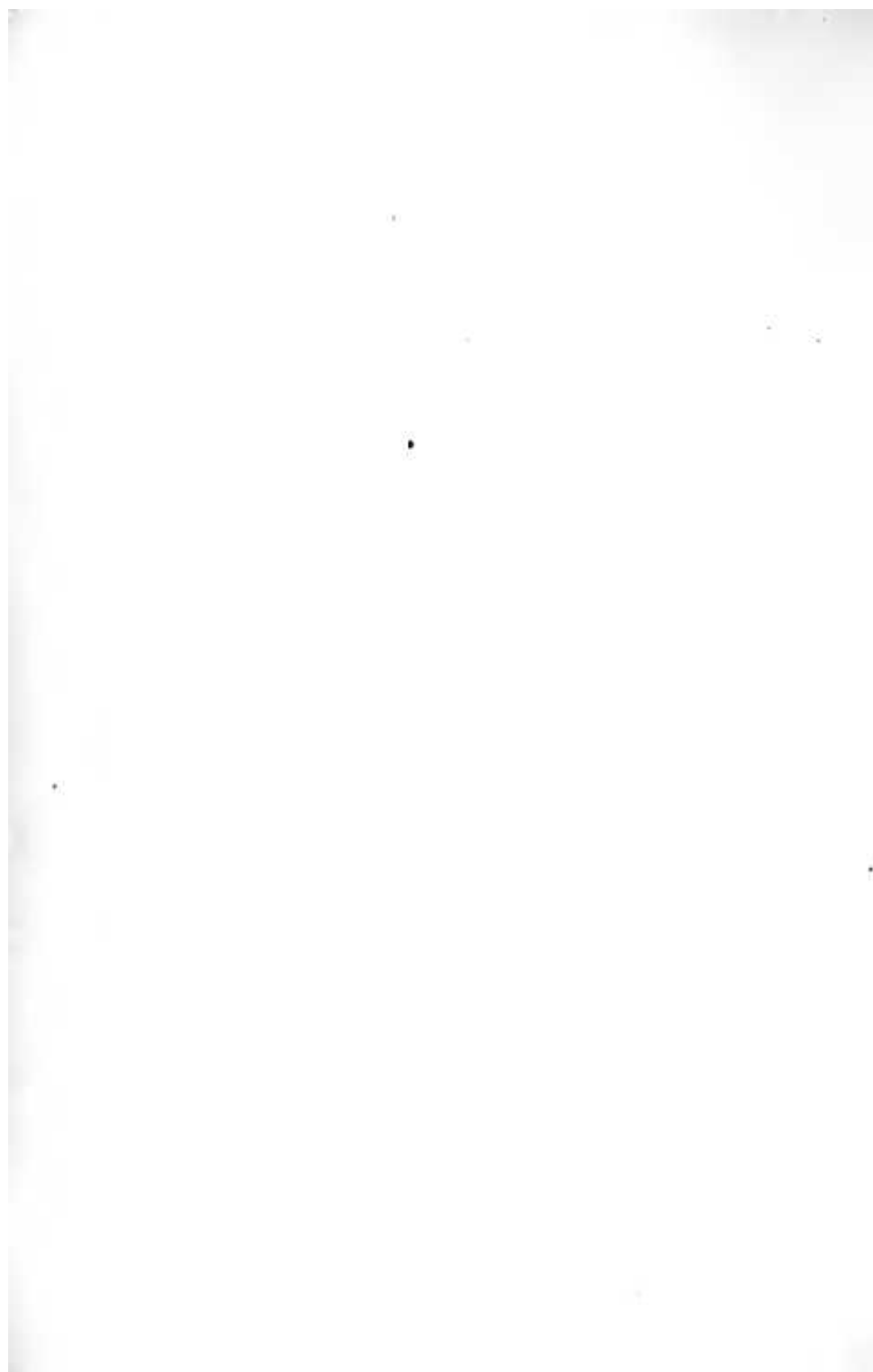
WORLD," IS ALSO AFFECTIONATELY

INSCRIBED BY THE

GRATEFUL AUTHOR.

New York, March 10, 1882.

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OUR COACHING TRIP.

BANG ! click ! once more the desk closes and the key turns ! Not " Round the World " again, but " Ho for England, for England ! " is the cry, and " Scotland's hills and Scotland's dales and Scotland's vales for me."

Long enough ago to permit us to sing,

" For we are boys, merry, merry boys,"

and the world lay all before us where to choose, Dod, Vandy, Harry, and I walked through Southern England with knapsacks on our backs. What pranks we played ! Those were the happy days when we heard the chimes at midnight and laughed Sir Prudence out of countenance. " Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale ? " Nay, verily, Sir Gray Beard, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too ! Then indeed

" The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion ; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite ; a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye."

It was during this pedestrian excursion that I announced that some day, when my "ships came home," I should drive a party of my dearest friends from Brighton to Inverness. Black's "Adventures of a Phaeton" came not long after this to prove that another Scot had divined how idyllic the journey could be made. It was something of an air-castle—of a dream—those far-off days, but see how it has come to pass!

The world, in my opinion, is all wrong on the subject of air-castles. People are forever complaining that their *châteaux en Espagne* are never realized. But the trouble is with them—they fail to recognize them when they come. "To-day," says Carlyle, "is a king in disguise," and most people are in possession of their air-castles, but lack the trick to see't.

Look around you! see Vandy, for instance. When we were thus doing Merrie England on foot, he with a very modest letter of credit stowed away in a belt round his sacred person—for Vandy it was who always carried the bag (and a faithful treasurer and a careful one too—good boy, Vandy!); he was a poor student then, and you should have heard him philosophize and lord it over us two, who had been somewhat fortunate in rolling mills and were devoted to business. "Great Cæsar! boys, if I ever get fifteen hundred dollars a year income!" (This was the fortune I was vaguely figured up to be worth under ordinary conditions.) "Great Cæsar! boys"—and here the fist would come down on the hard deal table, spilling a few drops of beer—"fifteen hundred dollars a year! Catch me working any more

like a slave, as you and Harry do!" Well, well, Vandy's air-castle was fifteen hundred dollars a year, yet see him now when thousands roll in upon him every month. Hard at it still—and see the goddess laughing in her sleeve at the good joke on Vandy. He has his air-castle, but doesn't recognize the structure.

There is Miss Fashion. How fascinating she was when she descanted on her air-castle—then a pretty cottage with white and red roses clustering beside the door and twining over it in a true-lovers' knot, symbolizing the lover's ideal of mutual help and dependence—the white upon the red. No large establishment for her, nor many servants! One horse (I admit it was always to be a big one), and an elegant little vehicle; plenty of garden and enough of pin-money. On this point there was never to be the slightest doubt, so that she could really get the best magazines and one new book every month—any one she chose. A young hard-working husband, without too much income, so that she might experience the pleasure of planning to make their little go far. Behold her now! her husband a millionaire, a brown-stone front, half a dozen horses, a country place, and a box at the opera! But, bless your heart! she is as unconscious of the arrival of her castle as she is that years creep upon her apace.

The Goddess Fortune, my friends, rarely fails to give to mortals all they pray for and more, but how she must stand amazed at the blindness of her idolaters who continue to offer up their prayers at her shrine wholly unconscious that their first requests have been granted. It takes Fortune a little time to