CHAPTER XVI.

AMUSING ANSWERS FROM TRAINING COLLEGES AND HIGHER GRADE SCHOOLS—"A WHILE AT EVERY CLASS"—"LASH HIM"—DUCK AND HEN—"NAKED AND NOT ASHAMED"—LEECHES—FRENCH AND GERMAN BLUNDERS.

FOR a number of years I spent a week or two in Glasgow in connection with Training College examinations. The somewhat dreary work of revising papers of candidates for admission to the colleges and for teachers' certificates was occasionally relieved by deliciously ludicrous answers. I have notes of many of them, a few of which may bear being recorded.

Twenty years ago the examination papers had the questions printed on the margin, with ample space opposite for the written answers. A paper on school management proved a very hard nut to crack for a poor lad from one of the Western Isles.

One question was, "Draw up a specimen of a time-table for a school of 120 scholars conducted

by one teacher and two pupil-teachers." To do this properly, having regard to the different branches to be taught, the time due to each, and the proper employment of the three members of the staff during the four or five school hours, twenty minutes or half an hour would not be an unreasonable allowance. Poor Norman's duty was to quote the number of the question, and write the answer on the ample space opposite. A time-table was something entirely new to him, and he felt he had not much to say. He thought, however, that he might as well fill up the space appointed, and accordingly wrote out, quite unnecessarily, in a good bold hand, the heading of the question, "Specimen of a time-table, &c. . . . two pupil-teachers," and below it the answer, "A while at every class," and not a word more.

The next question was, "Explain what is meant by education, instruction, and teaching as distinguished from each other." This was dealt with in the same way, and the answer, short and comprehensive, was, "Education is to give us the knowledge of everything in this world and the world to come."

The third question which he attempted to answer was, "Give four or five practical rules for

the guidance of a teacher with reference to punishment"; and the answer, "First lash him, then take off the trousers, then make him stand on a stool in the presence of the scholars, then put him out of the school." It is perhaps unnecessary to remark that the *him* is not, though it seems to be, the teacher who was to be subjected to this very drastic guidance.

A paper on religious knowledge had as one of its questions, "Explain as you would to a class the meaning of one or two of the following sentences." Half-a-dozen or so were quoted, one of which was, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." This was chosen by the same Highland student, who wrote, "This just means that the evil committed at the present day is quite sufficient without any more."

Another Highland lad, in answer to the question as to the benefits to be derived from sensible teaching of grammar, wrote, "In grammar the benefit which I would expect to derive from it is, that they would come to speak the English language proper, and that they would come to know the way to parse, and correcting each other even when children would be at play. Grammar will make him to avoid mispronounciations [*sic*] of words, the proper sounds of the different letters

and words, and the proper methot [*sic*] of conjoining words into sentences."

On the question of punishment, he wrote, "When the child would come late to school, I make him to go to the bottom of the class, and to allow all the class to moke [*sic*] him, and to explain to him that he was doing a great loss to himself. I would expect that this would cure him a little in coming earlier."

In a paper on domestic economy, one of the questions suggested a comparison between the duck and the hen. One girl described the duck most accurately, its shape, size, food, habits, &c., ending with a remark quite correct in itself, but for which she unfortunately attempted to give a reason. "The duck has an awkward waddling gait, because its hind-legs are longer than its fore ones." I thought from the otherwise perfect accuracy of her description that she had unconsciously made a slip, and that, probably fagged out at the end of a long examination, had mixed up in her account of the duck the longer hind-legs of the hare. But she went on to describe the hen with similar accuracy, and ended with the remark, "The hen has not an awkward waddling gait, because it has only two legs." It was clearly her deliberate opinion that the duck had four.

On the same paper there was a question, "Give reasons for avoiding extreme neatness and extreme slovenliness in dress." After a few very sensible remarks she wound up by saying, "It is a great sin to waste much time or money upon dress. Our first parents were naked and were not ashamed." She was doubtless quite unconscious of the logical consequence of her answer.

Another girl in giving a recipe for the making of Scottish broth got on beautifully up to a certain point in respect of quantity, quality, and time required by the several ingredients. She then finished by writing, "A few leeches may now be added if onions can't be had," evidently suspecting a vulgarity of savour about leeks which change of spelling might remove.

In dealing with answers to examination papers the examiner is much more apt to note absurdities for their piquancy, than to record the unobtrusive merit of sound attainment. A good full-blooded blunder has a distinct conversational value in being usually short and quotable, and always amusing. The produce of a healthy brain and hard work has none of these qualities, and is passed over unrecorded. While I have mentioned the foregoing, and still have others worth recording, it would be grossly unfair to represent them

as typical of the education given in Training Colleges, or as a measure of the mental calibre of the students generally. The university lists afford clear proofs of their industry and ability, and the professors in the Arts Faculty give hearty testimony as to their being a valuable element in the various classes, by their steady and successful application, and by the distinctions they have gained.

The following amusing blunders in French are selections from papers written by Training College students and pupils in higher class schools:—

"Je reçus à son adresse un coup d'épée dans la poitrine."

One writes, "I received in his house a letter in poetry."

Another, "I received his address on the back of his photograph."

"Montrez moi le chemin qui conduit à la ville."

"Show me the chemise that was made in the city."

"C'est lui qui mangeait mes confitures."

"It was he who managed my comforts."

"J'ai beau me défendre."

"I have a gentleman to protect me."

"C'est égal. Des qu'ils furent loin, je sortis de ma cachette."

"All the same, as furious as a lion I sorted my hatchet."

"A nos chagrins réels c'est une utile trêve."

"To our giddy reels this is a useful respite."

"Oublier les glaces de son âge."

(1) "Obliged to wear glasses by age."

(2) "Skating on the ice of his time."

When the fleet of Cortes arrived at Mexico a crowd came to see it "attiré par les spectacles," which was translated "dressed in their spectacles."

Four different versions were given of "I shall blow my nose." (1) "Je wiperai mon nez." (2) "Je blouerai mon nez." (3) "Je venterai mon nez." (4) "Je sifflerai mon nez."

To the question, "What is the difference in meaning between *seul* before, and after, a substantive?" the answer was, "*Seul* before, alone; after, drunk." Obviously a mistake for *soûl*.

One boy says, "Racine was the greatest tragedy-writer of the nineteenth century."

Parchemin is derived from "*par* = bye, and *chemin* = road, a side-road."

The following are German mistakes:—

Comparison of *voll:* "positive, *voll;* comparative, *über;* no superlative. Example, das Glas ist voll; das Glas ist über."

"Im Glanze der Abendsonne," "In the shadow of the moon."

In describing a religious man the sentence "denn er fürchtete den Hernn," was translated "for he frightened the gentleman."

Another translated "Sein Weib und seine Kinder sind in Armuth gerathen," by "His wife and his children are residing in Yarmouth."

Goethe is described as "A great German. He died last century, and wrote 'Faust up to date,' and some other little things."

CHAPTER XVII.

BEFORE 1872 MANY PARISH SCHOOLMASTERS IN THE NORTH WERE DIVINITY STUDENTS — AN OCCASIONAL HITCH — ONE TROUBLESOME — PRAYED FOR FOUR TIMES IN ONE DAY— RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION — HOMELY ESTIMATE OF MARY AND MARTHA—MINISTER AND TEACHER GENERALLY GOOD FRIENDS—ONE EXCEPTION—RELATION OF SCHOOL BOARD TO TEACHER OF MORE BUSINESS BUT LESS SYMPATHETIC TYPE THAN BEFORE—APPARENTLY LESS INTEREST ON THE PART OF PARENTS—AN AMATEUR SUTHERLAND EXAMINER.

BEFORE the passing of the Act of 1872 it was very common, especially in Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray, and even farther north, to find in charge of parish schools certificated teachers who were divinity students. These, in order to attend the short divinity session, appointed substitutes to take charge of their schools in their absence. Up to this time the minister of the parish was almost invariably the correspondent for the school. When the inspection fell within the currency of the session, the correspondent on receiving intimation of my visit wrote at once to the

teacher that he might be present on the day appointed. An inspector had no direct means of knowing of the temporary absence of the teacher if he found him at his post when the visit was made. Hitches, however, sometimes occurred through postal or other irregularities, and the absence of the teacher involved forfeiture of grant. This, I think, happened only twice in my experience. In one case the correspondent had addressed his letter to Aberdeen instead of Old Aberdeen, and the teacher did not get it in time to return to take charge of the school. It was a day of heavy snow, and I was strongly urged to name another day, and to give as a reason that snowstorm prevented me from reaching the school. The obvious reply to this was, "But I am here, and have reached the school." The grant was of course refused. In the other case the correspondent honestly accepted the inevitable. He had neglected to write to the absent teacher, and the grant here also was forfeited.

I had much more trouble in connection with a school in a remote corner of Ross-shire. It was small and very elementary. The correspondent was the minister, a most unreasonable ill-tempered man, continually quarrelling with his teachers, who often remained with him only

a few months. He was very far from being truthful, and as far from being abstinent in the matter of liquor. His English style was exceedingly confused and his penmanship atrocious. On one occasion, owing to frequent changes of teacher, I found the school in a wretched condition in almost every respect. The registers were badly kept, and none of the conditions on which the payment of grants depends were satisfied. When the grant was refused he wrote to the Department, complaining that I had not examined the school sufficiently, that I had passed over the Greek and the Hebrew, &c. There was no Greek in the school, nor, so far as I know, is Hebrew taught in any school in Scotland. This letter was sent to me for my remarks, and, on its return to the Department, passed into the hands of one of the examiners, an exceedingly mild, gentlemanly fellow, most painstaking and conscientious, but weak in analysing character, and with not much sense of humour. After struggling laboriously but in vain with the confused Gaelic-English, the almost illegible writing, and the reference to the overlooked Hebrew, he sent the document to Sir Francis Sandford, noting on it, "It is very difficult to make out what this correspondent means." Sir Francis,

with characteristic quickness, wrote in reply, "It is clear from his letter that the man is not *quite right*, and, living as he does in the remote north, has probably a small still in his parish."

Up to 1872 religious as well as secular instruction came under the supervision of the inspector. As a rule — though there were some exceptions—the ministers, who had up till then been correspondents for schools, welcomed the spread of Government inspection, and, wherever possible, chose for the traditional examination by the Presbytery the day intimated by me for the annual inspection, and shared with me the examination in religious knowledge. On one of these occasions the Rev. Mr Arklay of Inverkeillor told me a previous experience of his when the Presbytery were examining a school in a fishing village. It is perhaps worth relating as showing the normally very sparing use of soap and water by the children of fisher-folk. He was as usual opening the school with prayer, when the door opened, and an urchin with a face evidently fresh from the wash-tub appeared, and caused one of the pupils to exclaim in the middle of the prayer, "Lord Almichty, there's Jock White wi' his face *washed!*"

Many very worthy ministers were much exercised

about the dreadful results that were sure to follow the passing of Lord Young's Act, which removed examination in religious knowledge from supervision by the Education Department. Use and wont in teaching religion, they said, would not be maintained, and there would be an inevitable relapse into godlessness and heathendom. The correspondent for an excellent parish school in Aberdeenshire held this view. I ventured to say that I thought his fears were exaggerated and almost groundless; that use and wont would be generally maintained, and that, besides, I thought he attached more importance to the character of religious knowledge (as usually given) than it deserved; that, in the majority of cases, the so-called religious knowledge was rather Bible geography and Bible history than such teaching as inculcates the practice of Christian principles and the moulding of Christian character. He thought I was mistaken. So we agreed to test it to a certain extent in the very good school which I was about to examine. When the highest class was brought up I commenced an examination on the Shorter Catechism. Effectual calling, justification, sanctification, repentance unto life, &c., were repeated with scarcely a mistake. I then took up the Commandments, asking what commandment

says we must obey our father and mother? This was correctly answered. What commandment says we must not tell lies? There was a pause for a short time, and then one boy said the tenth, another the third. The oldest boy, not less than sixteen years of age and dux of the class, began to smile at these answers. I thought he knew the correct one, and asked him not to speak till I had gone round the class. Failing to get another answer, I turned to him and said, "Now, my lad, what do you say?" He replied, "There's none." The minister was surprised and shocked. I thought I scored.

The answer reminded me of the Jew to whom some one remarked that the Jewish weakness in respect of veracity was probably due to Moses' having merely forbidden the bearing of false witness, but not general falsehood, and who replied, "Yes, we stood a good deal from Moses, but we would not have stood that."

As long as the minister was correspondent for the schools in his parish he was generally present at the examination, and the proceedings were opened and—if he remained to the end of the examination — also closed with prayer. I was usually remembered in these petitions. It was felt, however, that the word "inspector" was

wanting in unction, or at any rate was not exactly a devotional expression. Custom had sanctioned "magistrates and those in authority" as a suitable periphrasis for "provost and bailies," and similarly the undevotional "inspector" was rounded off into "him who has come to visit this seminary of learning," or some such phrase. On one occasion when inspecting in one day two small and very elementary schools in Orkney under the same management, I was at least four times remembered in prayer, twice at the opening and closing of the first school, and twice at the opening and closing of the second. I have said at least four times, but I have an impression, which I hesitate to convert into a positive assertion, that I might with truth say five times, the fifth intervening between the two schools at a modest luncheon of bread and cheese and a glass of whisky in the house of a farmer who was one of the school managers. In the closing prayer at the end of the second school the worthy clergyman made special references to me, praying that I might have grace vouchsafed to me to give a good report of the schools. I need scarcely say that, as one of them was very far from satisfactory, grace did not abound to the extent prayed for.

On another occasion a clergyman who thought himself strong in metaphysics, but was thought by his friends weak in common-sense, accompanied me to the examination of a school of very young children which he opened with prayer, and at once plunged headlong into metaphysical language, among other petitions asking God to "give these children adequate receptivity — that is, make them thoroughly to understand what they are taught."

Very different in style, homelier in language, with a stronger smack of common-sense, though somewhat wanting in reverence, was the note of an Aberdeen teacher still alive, in discussing to his class the characters of Mary and Martha. "As for Mary, I dinna think muckle o' her. She was just a poor fushionless cratur', aye sittin' afore the fire wi' her hands owre ither, reading bookies, when she had better been cookin' her man's denner. And Martha wasna muckle better—aye guddlin' and scrubbin'. It was aye washin'-day wi' her."

And here I feel compelled to say a single word by way of protest against a not uncommon remark that ministers are not good business men, and ought not to be members of school boards. Business qualities in ministers differ as

they do in other men. I know some who are good, and others who are bad, business men. The presbyterial examinations were no doubt sometimes formal and not always very stimulative, but it should not be forgotten that before 1872 ministers were almost the only class who did anything for, or took much interest in, education, and that if they did little (which generally is not true), everybody else did less or nothing.

The relation between minister and teacher was, as a rule, hearty and pleasant, and quite unlike that between the English elementary teacher and his clergyman. I have been told (perhaps incorrectly) that the teacher of an elementary school in England, having occasion to call on the rector or vicar, would not venture to go up to the front, but must resort to the kitchen-door of the rectory. Such a menial-like acknowledgment of inferior social position would neither be expected by the minister nor dreamt of by the Scottish teacher. Oftener than not the teacher was one of the dinner-party at the manse when the inspection was finished. There were, of course, exceptions, but they were rare. Cantankerousness may be found in minister or teacher or both, and in such cases the results

are far from pleasant. In a parish in the north there was a bitter and long-standing quarrel between these two functionaries, arising from the minister's glebe and the teacher's land marching with each other, and the existence of a small piece of debatable territory to which each laid claim. On the merits I had no opinion, but from what I knew of the teacher's selfishness and general obliquity of vision in my official relations with him, I should be more than human if I could resist the impression that he was almost certainly wrong and the minister right. Year after year as I visited the school I had the greatest difficulty in preventing both from repeating over and over their grievances against each other, which, starting from the debatable land as a nucleus, had gathered, from year to year, strength and volume, till every action in the social or political life of each was coloured and disfigured by the very quintessence of uncharitableness. On one visit, when I luckily escaped the recital of wrongs, I asked the minister's man, who was also sexton, if the two were yet good friends. "Freends," he replied, "there'll never be peace in the parish till I get ane o' them aneath my thoombs." One of them has, I understand, reached that

haven of rest, and the other has probably ceased from troubling.

I have an impression, possibly an erroneous one, but it is based on my own experience, that the exchange of the genial fatherly interest taken in the school and schoolmaster by the correspondents of forty years ago, for the more strictly business but less sympathetic attitude of the school board, has been accompanied by a corresponding decrease of interest on the part of parents in the school-life of their children. It was formerly not at all uncommon to find parents present as interested onlookers during the inspection. This custom, which probably had its origin in the presbyterial examination by the minister of the parish and other neighbouring ministers, has, I think, largely fallen into abeyance. In the parish school in which I was educated there was at this annual examination quite a gathering of parents. I found the custom much the same generally in the north of Scotland, and I gave it welcome and encouragement. In connection with this custom I got from a large sheep-farmer in Sutherland an amusing account of a conversation he had heard between two Highlanders on the afternoon of the presbyterial examination day. Each had a daughter of

twelve years of age at the school, but only Duncan had been able to be present at the examination. Norman was otherwise engaged. They happened to meet near the little inn of Rhiconich, the vicinity of which suggested a dram. This was agreed to, as it was a cold raw day. Becoming by degrees confidential with each other, they began to discuss domestic matters, and among others the education of their children.

"I think," says Norman, "the best thing poor men like you and me can do with our small savings is to give it to the education of our children whatefer; and we should give more to the lassies than to the lads."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Duncan. "Why?"

"Well, you see the lads will be able to work with a pick or a spade or a shovel or the like o' that, and make a living for themselves, but the lassies canna do that at all, but if you give them a good education they'll make a good marriage. Och yes, we must give more to the lassies than to the lads."

"Faith, Norman, I darsay you're fery richt there, and I'm sure there's not a man in all Sutherland can throw a stone at me for that.

Our Mary is the cleverest lassie in all Sutherland; there's not a lassie in the Reay country like her. She's a grand scholar our Mary."

"Your Mary?" said Norman.

"Yes, our Mary."

"I'll wager you my Jessie is as clever a lassie as your Mary."

"Your Jessie?"

"Ay, jist my Jessie."

"What will you wager, Norman?"

"Half-a-mutchkin."

"Done," says Duncan.

"But who will examine the lassies?" says Norman.

"Well," said Duncan, "I think you should let me examine them. You see, I have jist been down at the examination of Kinlochbervie school to-day, and the ministers wass there, and the parents wass there, and the ministers wass asking them questions, and the children would be answering them. It wass a grand sight, noble, and I wass there, and as I'll be jist fresh off the irons I think you should let me examine the lassies."

"Fery well, Duncan, you'll examine them."

The girls meanwhile were amusing themselves outside. Norman rang the bell and asked the

servant to send in Jessie. When she appeared Duncan commenced—

"Jessie, your father says you're a grand scholar, and as clever a lassie as our Mary. Now jist tell me this, do you know the meaning of a verrub [verb]?"

"No, I do not," said Jessie.

"That will do for you; just go you away and send in our Mary."

When Mary appeared Duncan said, "Now, Mary, I have been telling Norman that you're the best scholar in Sutherland. Jist show how clever you are. Do you know the meaning of a verrub [verb]?"

"Yes," in quite a triumphant tone, "it's a noun."

Duncan looks defiantly at Norman and says, "There, now, my friend, what do you think of that? Didn't I tell you she wass the cleverest lassie in the Reay country?"

"Well, I see she is cleverer than my Jessie whatefer. I have lost the half-mutchkin, and we had better send for it now," he added, contentedly ringing the bell.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FARM-SERVANTS TOO OFTEN REGARDED SIMPLY AS AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS—LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT OR OPPORTUNITY FOR SELF-IMPROVEMENT—SAFEGUARDS OF A VIRTUOUS LIFE BROKEN DOWN—FEEING MARKETS—TOO FEW TWO-HORSE FARMS AS OBJECTS OF AMBITION—TOO FEW COTTAGES ON THE FARM FOR MARRIED MEN—AN EXAMPLE WORTHY OF IMITATION—THIS SLACKENING OF KINDLY RELATIONSHIP NOT CONFINED TO FARMERS AND FARM-SERVANTS.

DURING the fourteen years when my district was Aberdeen and the counties north of it, I had many opportunities of observing the social life and manners of farm-servants, or hinds, as they are sometimes called, and of conversing with people who lived among and were interested in them. I was painfully struck by the surroundings amid which their lives were spent, and felt that it was difficult to conceive of any conditions less favourable to the development of sound morality, manly effort, and healthy ambition for social advancement. I am glad to

learn that there has been some improvement during the past quarter of a century, but I know there is still ample room for more. The notes which I quote from my diary, written thirty years ago, will be found to represent to a large extent with approximate accuracy the present state of matters. As a rule, the farm-servant is regarded by his master as a creature from whom a certain amount of work is demanded, but with whose moral and intellectual condition he has, or need have, no concern. A man of strong will and earnest purpose can no doubt fight his way to advancement irrespective of his master's indifference, and some have done so, but the great majority of farm-servants, or servants of any kind, are not of this high type. The majority require opportunity and encouragement. Can it be said that they generally get either the one or the other? How few masters can say that their servants have opportunity for self-improvement by reading if they want it? How much fewer can say they have encouragement? The opportunity is a noisy kitchen with its distractions, or a comfortless bothy in which there is no privacy, or a badly lit sleeping-place in the loft above the stable. Surely more than this is needed and might be supplied. I am far

from saying that the servants are not to blame, but they are not alone to blame in their neglect of self-improvement. The same is to be said of their immorality, but they are the objects of much unthinking abuse.

> "What's done we partly may compute,
> But know not what's resisted."

There is no doubt much illegitimacy — in the circumstances the most inevitable of vices. Men and women are thrown together in the field, joining in work of (for women) a demoralising kind. Every restraint and safeguard of modesty and a virtuous life are broken down by their daily occupation and unchecked intercourse. What but the strongest virtue and very high moral principle (so high as to be beyond hoping for) could pass through such an ordeal unscathed either in fact or in feeling? The married farm-servant is usually a model of conjugal fidelity and self-denial. His wages, say from £30 to £40 per annum, are almost entirely devoted to the support of his wife and family. He spends little on himself, except perhaps for tobacco and a dram at a feeing market. Tipsiness at a feeing market is no proof of much whisky being drunk or much money spent. Living, as a rule, most temper-

ately, scarcely tasting spirits for six months, very little affects them. That they should to any extent transgress the limit of temperance is much to be regretted, but it is a little hard to grudge a man whose whole life is one of unremitting toil the leaven of a holiday, though the leaven be a little coarse. We all require our dough to be leavened somehow, the more harmlessly of course the better. In the environment of the farm-servant charity will find some palliatives. Farmers and others who decry the licence of the feeing market have, in respect of habitual drinking, more to answer for than farm-servants. The tendency towards a restless, roystering, and improvident life is increased by the comparative scarcity of two-horse farms as objects of ambition to the steady and prudent hind. In a country where almost all farms are large, the chance of rising above his position of toil seems to the average man so small that it is powerless to give a wholesome direction to his life and conduct. If, then, the higher pleasure of ambitious and probably successful effort is denied him, it may be expected that he will assert the universal, undeniable, and purely human claim to enjoyment of some kind, and take advantage of that of the feeing market,

as the traditional and only one attainable by those in his position. He *will* have in some form, coarser or finer, the relaxation, the change from toil, the unbending, the sense of freedom from restraint, which all grades of society claim as a right and necessity, and without which life would not be worth living, "flat, stale, and unprofitable." He knows that in a country district two-thirds of the paupers are old farm-servants, and reasons thus: "To lay past a competence for old age is out of the question; no ordinary industry will span the almost unbridgeable gap between farm-service and a farm; the poorhouse sooner or later awaits me. Why make a strenuous effort, to which ordinary weak humanity is not equal, to stave it off for a year or two. It is merely a question of time; let me

'Taste life's glad moments while the wasting taper glows;'

let me pluck a rose while I may, though a prickle lurks behind the leaf; let me taste a little temporary sweetness, though the after-taste may be bitter."

This is no doubt foolish, but in view of the class with whom we are dealing, it is intelligible, and perhaps not entirely inexcusable. It is at any rate essentially human, and not the characteristic

of farm-servants alone. This state of matters is, I believe, more generally true of Banff than of Aberdeen. At the same time, I am told by those who know that unmarried men and women can, by judicious saving, lay past in the course of six or eight years enough to enable them to marry comfortably, and take in hand a two-horse farm.

So far, unmarried men and women have been mainly spoken of. What is the position of married farm-servants? It varies much, according as there are or are not a sufficient number of cottages on the farms where they are serving. Where the number is insufficient, the married servants can see their wives and families only once in a fortnight or three weeks. Where two are kept, one goes to his family, living in a neighbouring village, it may be, several miles distant, on the one Saturday, and returns on Sunday night to be ready for his work on Monday morning. The other does the same next Saturday. This is a miserable severing of family ties, and a blotting out of almost all the poor hind has to raise him above the level of the animals among whom he spends his life. Under such a system what influence can a man exercise over his children? What pleasure can he have in either his conjugal or paternal re-

lationship? Surely a man ought to live with his wife and family whenever such an arrangement is possible. It may be insuperably inconvenient for the soldier or sailor. It is not so for the farm-servant. No man will say that he ought not to marry. Granting this, there is surely something woefully wrong or wanting in a system which compels a man to lodge his wife and family four or five miles from the scene of his labour, if they might live with him, and, by their daily intercourse with him, elevate his humanity. Can it be said that it is unreasonable or impossible that the workers on a farm should have cottages somewhere on the farm? Would it be more expensive? It does not on the face of it seem so. The hind pays a rent for a house in a neighbouring village. Why may not the proprietor become his landlord at the same rate? If this arrangement were made, the farm-servant would come under the civilising and hallowing influence of a fireside and family hearth. While the proprietors would thus not lose interest on their outlay for buildings, would not the farmer directly, and he indirectly, gain by such an arrangement? It is well known that servants change from farm to farm in the most unattached way. Why should they not? They

are waifs and strays, without "hoose, ha', or hame," and one farm is as much a homestead as another. Would not the reverse be the case, if under any master they found that they had the comfort of home life with wife and family, goods and chattels, around them? The want of attachment, at present almost universal, between master and servant would thus be remedied. There would be a community of interest that would tend to the good of both. The servant would identify himself more with his master, would feel his own interest more or less co-ordinate with his, and there would be a gradual but steady advance in the humanity of a class who, as married men, show themselves capable of admirable self-denial on behalf of wife and children, and the up-growth of a body of men respectable and respected, with an increase of the mellowing civilisation and virtues which are essentially home-bred.

Surely the class of men who, on the meagre income above mentioned, contrive to support wives and families in the neighbouring villages, are worthy of more consideration than they receive under the present system. Besides, children brought up with their parents on the farm would probably grow up with tastes for agricul-

ture, instead of leanings towards either nothing or the vice and idleness of villages. I am told that proprietors are beginning to find from painful experience that an insufficient number of two-horse farms and cottages for farm-servants is a mistaken policy.

The difference in the relationship of the farm-servant to his master at present, and what it was fifty years ago, is very great, and much to be deplored. This is due partly to facility of locomotion by railway, but much more to the gradual decay of community of interest between employer and employed. Formerly changes were the exception, not the rule. Now men and women remove from one farm to another often for no reason but love of change. Formerly, a rumour that a servant was leaving his situation produced quite an excitement in the country parish, followed by such questions as, "Why is he leaving and where is he going?" It was also usual for the servant to ask from his minister a certificate of character. The precentor on Sunday immediately before the blessing was pronounced intimated in a loud voice that A B or C D was leaving the parish and wished to have a certificate of moral character, adding, "If any person has anything to say against him, noo's the time."

Not only has this public form been discontinued, but it is probably very seldom that any desire is shown for such certification.

I know some ministers who take a warm interest in the condition of farm-servants, but a much larger number fail to show such living, quickening, and human interest as almost invariably meets with a more or less hearty response from even the most reckless and indifferent. I know a parish in the north where the bothy system is the rule, and in which, a few years ago, during the minister's absence on the score of ill-health, an assistant had charge of the parish for six months. He saw and pitied the poor hinds, who, as a rule, bulked no more largely in their masters' estimation than a plough, or reaping-machine, or other farm implement. He visited them in their bothies, smoked a friendly pipe with them, talked on subjects of a practical kind in which they took an interest—the possibility and advantage of thrift as a means of improving their social condition, and, in the case of married men, advancing the interests of their families—all this from a sympathetically human, rather than an aggressively clerical, standpoint. He had for his reward that, by the end of his six months' temporary assistantship, almost every

hind in the parish was a regular attendant at church. Surely his example is worthy of imitation.

This slackening of the old kindly relationship between master and servant is not confined to farmers and farm-servants. We seldom hear now of volunteered remarks from servants to a master or mistress which were formerly allowed, and which were not marks of forwardness, but of a homely familiarity in no sense aggressive or inconsistent with the greatest respect. Servants were not so much a class apart as they are now. An instance of which I was an earwitness occurs to me. The janitor of a public institution, a man well known and much respected, was often employed as waiter at private dinner-parties. On one occasion when the lady on my left hand declined to have any of the chartreuse which he was handing round, he thinking, perhaps correctly, that her refusal was due more to observance of feminine propriety than to dislike of the beverage, fell back on his experience as a waiter, and said in a low kindly tone, "It's quite allowable, Mrs M., it's quite allowable."

One can with difficulty imagine that now there could be such pactions between masters and servants as are said to have existed formerly

about alternately keeping sober with a view to safe driving home from dinner-parties. On one occasion when it was the servant's turn to "keep straight" he had found the good cheer of the kitchen too tempting. Feeling this, he went to his master in the dining-room and whispered into his ear, "Laird, ye had better tak' care; it's a' bye wi' me the nicht." Another laird who was in the habit of dining not wisely but too well had often profited by his servant's help in taking him from the conveyance and placing him safely in the lobby of his house. One night when this assistance was more than ordinarily beneficial the laird said, "Man, Robert, ye're a gude auld soul, and that horse has been a gude servant too. When you and that auld horse dees, dod! I'll stuff ye baith."

Of similar type is the conduct of the frugal-minded butler who, when waiting at table on the occasion of a large dinner-party, set down a plate of roast beef before his master with a bang, and said in a loud voice, "Ye maun tak' that yersel'. I canna get a customer for't."

Equally frugal, but more politic, was another butler who, on a similar occasion, whispered confidentially into the ear of his mistress, "Press the jeelies, mem; they winna keep."

The relation between another butler and his master, an irascible old gentleman, who was very exacting on everything connected with dinner, was not of the same friendly give-and-take type. On the occasion of a dinner-party in his own house, he expected a service of fish after the soup, but was offered a meat-entrée. Enraged at this, he asked his wife what had become of the fish. Being a considerable distance from him at the other end of the table, she did not hear the question, and he bawled a second time in a very loud voice, "Where's the fish?" Here the butler took up speech, and said that the fishmonger had omitted to send fish. Whereupon the angry man, turning upon the butler with a large amount of very bad language, said, "Ay, sir, if ye're going to tak pairt in the conversation, ye had better just bring a chair and sit in."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ACADEMY OF OLD DEER—SIR GEORGE REID, PAUL CHALMERS, ROBERTSON SMITH, SIR DAVID GILL—LARGE DINNER-PARTIES A SOCIAL MISTAKE.

Of all the pleasant memories — and they are many—connected with my fourteen years' residence in Aberdeen, none exceed—I am not sure that any equal—in sweetness of savour the annual meetings, in the manse of Old Deer, of ten or twelve men of congenial tastes, who, without written constitution or formality of any kind, gravitated to that manse in the happy valley once a-year, under the influence of such a community of taste in art, literature, and social questions as made intercourse delightful, the interchange of opinion stimulative, and the evening's experience one of the brightest spots of the year. From the large element of art, practical or critical, represented by its members, the association — if one may dignify so small a thing by so grand a name

—was christened "the Academy of Old Deer." No one knows who suggested the name, but it was tacitly accepted as appropriate.

I am sure I may mention the names of that genial coterie without giving offence to those who are still with us, or to the friends of those who have gone over to the majority. They were our host, the Rev. James Peter, and his brother, the Rev. George Peter of Kemnay, both excellent parish ministers, of strong artistic leanings, and true-hearted friends, beloved by all who knew them; Mr (now Sir George) Reid and his brother, A. D. Reid, the gifted and lamented George Paul Chalmers, James Cadenhead, all eminent in the world of art; Professor Robertson Smith, too early called away, whose brilliancy of intellect requires no comment; John F. White, LL.D., a critical and cultured student of art, full of deep sympathy with it in every form, and an appreciation of it reached by few who are not themselves artists; Dr Gavin of Strichen, an admirable specimen of the rural Gideon Gray, a man of wide reading, cultivated taste, dignity of bearing, and large heart; Dr Cooper, a hard-headed, kindly, and, on occasion, caustic country doctor; Mr (now Sir David) Gill, K.C.B., the eminent astronomer at the Cape; and lastly myself. Sir George

and A. D. Reid, Sir David Gill, Mr White, Mr Cadenhead, and myself are the only survivors of that happy company.

After a dinner admirably served, and characterised in every respect by chastened taste and refinement, we settled down to such a comfortable, all-round talk *de omni re scibili et quibusdam aliis*, as is possible with eight or ten, but scarcely possible with a much larger number. It may be supposed that in such a company there was no lack of topics for discussion. It was understood, but without written enactment, that any one who chose to contribute anything in the shape of jingle would get a willing and attentive hearing. There was no meeting which was not enlivened by contributions in which rhyme and humour were creditably represented. It was supposed that our host had kept minutes of our proceedings, and that copies were preserved of at least some of the verses, which, all more or less humorous, and produced without high aim, effort, or the slightest view to permanence, were simple recognitions of the Horatian *dulce est desipere in loco*, and a pleasing variety amid graver topics. Among his papers none were found. One of the members, however, who has kept a copy of a song, has placed it at my disposal.

1.

"'Twas aff the coast near Peterhead,
In an equinoctial gale,
Five fishermen they hooked a cod
As big as an Arctic whale, brave boys,
With a fal, lal, &c.

2.

O then said ane until anither,
'We'll ne'er win back to shore,
For sic a cod for size and strength
We've never seen afore, brave boys,'
With, &c.

3.

Then the cod put up his heid and leuch,
'Ye'll no think me on-ceevil,
But or I consent to gang on board
I'll see you at the deevil, brave boys,'
With, &c.

4.

Then he took the line atween his teeth,
An' he flapped his michty tail,
An' aff he swam wi' the boat in tow
Like an engine on the rail, brave boys,
With, &c.

5.

But he soon grew tired and scant o' breath,
An' the sweat ran doun his nose;
So roun' he turned to the fishers an' said,
'I'll hae to gie in—I suppose, brave boys,
With, &c.

6.

'But tell me first—an' dinna think
It's rude o' me to speir—
What ye intend to do wi' me?'
'Ye're to gang to the Manse o' Deer! brave boy,'
With, &c.

7.

'An' gin I gang, what sort o' folks
Are they I'm like to meet?
I'm carefu' o' my company,
An' it's *me* they're gaun to eat! brave boys,'
With, &c.

8.

'O! there's White and Kerr and other men
Hae sworn on you to dine,—
They're frae the toon o' Aiberdeen.'
Says the cod, 'Haul in your line, brave boys,'
With, &c.

9.

'That Maister White! I mind him weel,
Wi' guid reason to do so,
For he heuket me in Gamrie Bay
Some saven years ago, brave boys,
With, &c.

10.

'An' for the lave, since they're Aiberdeen,
They maun be worthy men,
An' I wud sooner be eaten by them
Than by ony folk I ken, brave boys,
With, &c.

11.

'Ye should hae tauld me this at first;
I'd hae come o' my ain accord,
An' saved ye a' this weary wark,
So gie's a hoist on board, brave boys,'
With, &c.

12.

Then they hauled him in aboard the boat,
In a creel they did him pack,
An' they sent him aff to Manse o' Deer
On Betty Simpson's back, brave boys,
With, &c."

The literature of the nineteenth century has lost nothing by the disappearance of the rest, but their preservation would have been, by those of us still above ground, much valued as a record of some "winged words," much happy laughter, and delightful intercourse.

Apropos of such a company as I have tried to describe, I have often thought it a pity that the leaders of fashion in dinner-giving, whose means and hospitality are above suspicion, have not set an example of limiting to eight or ten the size of a dinner-party. With that number *bonâ-fide* social intercourse is possible, with twice that number practically impossible. Which of us has not felt, over and over again, that the

typical urban assemblage, in which upwards of twenty sit down to dinner, though a convenient way of paying off debts, is really a travesty of society, if by society is meant social intercourse? Even when the guests are well chosen in respect of tastes, intimacy, and general characteristics, the number is unwieldy. Oftener than not we feel that we have dined not with our host and hostess but with our right and left-hand neighbours, to whom we may or may not have been introduced, and with whom we may or may not have much in common. If the conditions of introduction and community of tastes are satisfied the result is enjoyable, but our real dinner companions are still only those on our right and left hands. A conversation cannot be conveniently bawled out across the table, nor can we with comfort or civility crane our necks up and down its length in order to talk with possibly dear but distant friends. Then, as to studious elaboration of courses in respect of both number and quality, there are probably few who have not felt that a reduction in the number would have been quite satisfactory and much better for us. After spending in this way an hour and a half or so in refusing or consenting to have injury done to our digestion the ladies leave the room,

and the gentlemen have a cigarette or two over a glass of wine. The drawing-room is reached in time to hear, it may be, a song or some piano-playing. Then follow "good-night" and a shaking of hands with the host and hostess, with whom we have probably exchanged only a few commonplace remarks, ending with "What a delightful evening we have spent!"

If this is a tolerably fair account of a typical big dinner-party, can it be said that either host or guest is to be congratulated on the result?

It is my duty to confess humbly that in this matter I am neither better nor worse than my neighbours. "*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor.*"

A cook to be thoroughly useful to a great entertainer must be a genius. An Archdeacon famous for recherché dinners found this. He had provided a splendid turbot for a specia occasion, when an unexpected present of another fine turbot arrived. He asked the cook how he could use both. "Please, sir, leave it to me," he replied. At dinner, when one fish, admired by all, was being placed on the table it slipped off, and fell on the floor. The butler coolly (instructed by the cook) called out to the footman, "Robert, bring another turbot!" Which was done.

CHAPTER XX.

"WATCHIE"—ADVICE ON MARRIAGE—PARODY OF TENNYSON'S "BROOK"—BROWNLOW NORTH—A LONG QUOTATION—SPURGEON—A TRIMMING PREACHER—AN AWKWARD ELDER.

On one of my visits to Banffshire I made the acquaintance of a very interesting man, Mr Wernham, factor to the Laird of Troup, and correspondent for a school on the property. I spent the night with him, and in the course of a long talk got from him a sketch of his life simply and effectively told. He had been a soldier, and received his first impulse towards a military career from seeing the Scots Greys ride through his native town, Reading, on their way to Waterloo. He enlisted as a private at the age of eighteen with a determination to get promotion. In ten weeks he got his first step. Before long others followed, due to a combination of good behaviour and good luck, till, within little more than a year, he was on the

Duke of York's list recommended for a commission. I was struck by the shrewdness of his remarks about the secret of success in general, and in the army in particular. He attributed his own success largely to his accidentally hearing two of his superior officers making some remarks in his favour, which gave a spur and fixity of purpose to the ambition with which he had chosen a soldier's life. In course of time he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant riding-master. He had by this time got a wife and family, and, finding his pay inadequate for their maintenance without a pretty severe struggle, he quitted the service and accepted the factorship of Troup. Mrs Wernham was not less interesting than her husband. She had a rare collection of Scotch stories, which she told with admirable taste and skill. One of them I venture to reproduce.

A watchmaker in Banffshire, called, for short, "Watchie," was too much given to tippling, and shortened his life thereby. His wife after two years of widowhood was offered marriage by one of her neighbours, John Steenson, and accepted him. The night before her marriage a friend called to congratulate her, and found her crying.

"Dear me, Mrs Watchie, what are ye greetin' for?"

"Oh, ye ken I'm to be marriet to John Steenson the morn, and I canna forget Watchie the nicht."

"Nonsense! ye needna greet for Watchie. Ye were a better wife to him than he was a man to you. He was a puir daidlin', drinkin' body a' his days."

"Ay, that's true eneuch. He did tak' a wee drap owre muckle, but he wasna a bad body for a' that, and I just canna get him oot o' my heid, when I'm to get marriet to anither man."

"Oh, dinna fash your thoomb about Watchie. Ye hae been twa year a widow, and there's naething to be ashamed o' or sorry for."

"That's true, but I canna help wonderin' what Watchie wud say if he saw me gang cleekin' into heaven on John Steenson's arm."

"Dinna ye bother your heid aboot that. If Watchie is in his auld ordinar' he'll never notice ye."

She followed this up with that of another widow whose grief, apparently of the statutory kind, was perhaps more open to suspicion. The minister called the day after her husband's death to condole with her, and found her sitting in front of a large bowl of porridge. On his

referring to the serious loss she had met with, "Ay," she said, "it's a terrible loss to me. I've just been greetin' a' nicht, and as sune as I finish this wee drap porridge I'm just gaun to begin again."

Of a different and much more buoyant type was the widow who had worn out three husbands. When she told her minister that she was about to be married again, he remarked that she had been very unfortunate in losing her husbands. "Ay," she replied, "did ye ever ken ony body that was sae bothered as I hae been wi' puir deein' craturs o' men?"

The following is a good specimen of the worldly wisdom and pawkiness of an old gentleman in Aberdeenshire. He had retired from the army, and had a party of young officers dining with him. After dinner he said, "Noo, my lads, ye'll be thinkin' aboot marryin' by-and-by, and I wud advise ye to look oot for a lass wi' a puckle siller. I've tried baith ways o't. My first wife had nae siller, but my second had a gude puckle, and I got as muckle ill jaw frae the ane as frae the ither, and the siller was some comfort."

This theory on the subject of marriage reminds me that in a book which I read lately I found the following reference to an old maid: "Her fervour

now as a fanatic was as glowing and aggressive as had been her fervour as a flirt in her unregenerate days. In a word, she was a spiteful old maid, who found a free duct for her bile in the channel of religion." This may be true of many, but I have met with many others of whom it is a gross and cruel caricature. It has fallen to me to number among my valued friends not a few old ladies who have passed unwedded lives without losing an atom of the gentleness, kindliness, and charity of judgment which we regard as the prime attributes and crown of womanhood; ladies who could have been married had they regarded marriage as so many do, as the one goal of life; who in a spirit of self-sacrifice in some cases, and of self-respect in others, have decided that single blessedness was their manifest duty; whose good sense and sterling qualities enabled them to see, without envy or regret, their giddier sisters and friends accept the hand of the first tolerable suitor, and who retained to the last all the sweetness and sunshine of a contented life. No trace of acidity or spitefulness can be detected in the following parody of Tennyson's "Brook" by an old maiden lady, Miss Cruikshank of Fochabers, whom I knew well, and whose cheery talk and sparkling repartee were the admiration of all who knew her.

She died a good many years ago, and must have reached the allotted span of threescore years and ten when she penned the following lines, which strike me as worthy of being recorded. They must not be regarded as in any sense autobiographical, but quizzically descriptive of the typical or hypothetical old maid :—

"With many a care my life's beset,
My charms are growing mellow,
And I have not secured as yet
An eligible fellow.
I sing, I play, and through the dance
I skim like any swallow ;
The neighbours look at me askance,
And say I'm vain and shallow.
I chatter, chatter, as I go,
And some pronounce me clever ;
But men who come are very slow,
And pop the question never.

I gad about and in and out,
My luckless fate bewailing,
And think with secret pain and doubt
Of youth and beauty failing.
There is a youth for whose dear sake
To foreign lands I'd travel ;
I thought he would an offer make
One evening on the gravel.
He spoke in accents soft and low,
But word of love came never.
The men that come are sure to go,
And some take leave for ever.

I strive by many cunning plots
  Their feelings to discover,
And sometimes sweet forget-me-nots
  Present to backward lover.
But though with costly gems from far
  I deck my shining tresses,
And though I sing of love and war,
  And sport becoming dresses,
Yet all in vain this idle show!
  I'll gain their favour never,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I must stick for ever."

In the 'Sixties Mr Brownlow North was much in evidence in Banff and Moray, in the latter of which counties he had taken up his permanent residence. Many will remember that he was a man of strong individuality, wide and unusually varied experiences of life, and of very considerable oratorical power. His career had commenced with a very plentiful sowing of wild oats of all kinds, and ended in the perfervid efforts of an eloquent evangelist. As might be expected, widely divergent opinions were held as to his real character as a member of society. Many, on possibly good grounds, doubted, many others had absolute faith in, the genuineness of his conversion and renunciation of all things worldly. In a Banffshire manse where I was passing the night, the subject turned up

and was variously dealt with. Having an imperfect knowledge of his past life, I asked how long he had been a saint, to which the mistress of the manse, an exceedingly shrewd old lady, who spoke Scotch without a savour of vulgarity, replied with characteristic pawky humour, "Nae sae lang's he's been a sinner, ony way."

It is not often that a minister is annoyed at seeing members of his congregation present in church, and it is still rarer to find him openly giving expression to that feeling. It has been my experience once, but only once, to be told by a minister that he was sorry to see me in church. A good many years ago I happened to meet the minister of a church in the North of Scotland immediately after service, when he said, "There were two people in church to-day whom I could have wished absent."

"Who were they?" I asked.

"The sheriff and yourself," he replied.

"Why?"

"Oh, you know quite well."

"Is it because of the sermon?"

"Yes; but you will admit that I managed it very well."

The explanation is that after reading the text he said, "An eminent divine in dealing with this

subject commenced by saying that——" and then followed the whole of a sermon by Robertson of Brighton. He thought, which was really the case, that the sheriff and I would detect the subterfuge, but he had shielded himself from a charge of plagiarism by extending what seemed to be only a short quotation into a complete sermon.

I have three times heard Spurgeon preach, and on each occasion was much struck by the effective homeliness of his illustrations, the directness of his appeals, and his marvellous sympathetic power. His manifest earnestness of purpose bore even the severe strain of his irrepressible sense of humour. The first sermon had for its object wiping off the debt contracted by a Baptist congregation in repairing and enlarging a church. In stating the object of his visit, he said: "I am often asked to preach for purposes similar to this, and am at a loss to account for some congregations getting into difficulties. I cannot decide whether it is owing to their launching their ship in too shallow water, or to their taking on board too much cargo, but I rather think it is due to too shallow water, and that surely ought not to be the case with Baptists."

In the course of his second sermon he referred

to the martyrs of old, to their tenacity of purpose, the persecutions to which they were subjected, the tortures they endured, and their fearlessness of death, ending with, "Yes, there were giants in those days. We have fallen on degenerate times. These martyrs went to the stake and were burned. Catch any doctors of divinity of to-day going to the stake and being burned! No, they won't burn." Then after an effective pause, "But I daresay I am mistaken. They would burn. Many of them, at any rate, are dry enough to burn."

On the third occasion when I heard him preach he complained of the spirit in which many people came to church. "They come," he said, "not to profit by what is good in the sermon, but to criticise and find fault. How different from Ruth when she went to glean in the corn-field! When she had gathered as much as she could carry, she, like a wise woman, plucked off the ears and carried them home, leaving the straw behind her. Quite right, Ruth! Sensible Ruth! I wish people of the present day would follow your example. They don't; they come to church in an irreligious fault-finding spirit, not in search of the nutritious ears, but of the worthless stubble and straw, which alone they carry away with

them. Well, well, there are people who like it; every man to his taste, and much good may it do them."

I knew an old maiden lady in Banffshire, of strong character, and given to correspondingly vigorous expression of opinion when occasion required, who would in one respect at least have been pleased with Mr Spurgeon. On returning from church, where a very weak sermon had been preached by a young nervous clergyman, she was asked what she thought of him. "Oh," she replied, "I like to see a man tak' either the ae side or the ither, but yon cratur' he just whispered his prayers in the lug of the Lord as if he was feared the deevil wud hear him."

Another old lady of similar type had spoken of an acquaintance as being a proud peacock. This came to the ears of the lady so described, who soon after meeting the old lady who had so defamed her, asked if it was true, and got for answer, "Weel, it's waur to tell a lee than say an impudent thing, and it's true. I did ca' ye a peacock."

Outspoken old ladies like this are not rare. A man of very questionable honesty met at a supper-party an old maiden lady whom he disliked and missed no opportunity of irritating.

She had no personal charms, but a sharp faculty for retort. When it came to his turn to propose a toast, he said with a significant gesture in the direction of the old lady, "I give you 'Honest men and bonnie lasses,'" to which she rejoined, "You and me can drink that toast and no be blamed for selfishness or self-conceit, for it has naething to do with either you or me."

I attended service one day in a church on Deeside where, as not unusual in country districts, the collection is taken in "ladles"—little wooden boxes at the end of a long handle, pushed up and down the pews. Deft manipulation of these primitive machines is somewhat difficult. On this occasion the elder was not very successful. At dinner in the manse I adverted to Robert's want of dexterity. The minister replied that he had greatly improved on his first attempt, when he was mercilessly chaffed about his clumsiness as compared with the performance of another elder who had been appointed at the same time. Smarting under the chaff he replied, "Deil thank him for doing better than me. He has been practeesin' for a fortnight with a turnip on the end of a hayfork up and down the trevisses in the stable." A treviss is the partition separating one stall from another.

About the same time I heard the word "treviss" in a different connection. On the day of the Braemar gathering I accepted an invitation to dinner in the hotel. The party was a large one, and among the guests were a good many farmers. One of them, seated opposite to me, after doing ample justice to boiled mutton and beefsteak-pie, proceeded to help himself to apple-tart before his meat-plate was removed. I suggested that the waiter would soon be round to give him a fresh cover, to which he replied, "Oh, I tak a' my meat aff ae plate; there's nae trevisses in my stomach."

Talking with the late Rev. Dr Alison about his trip to Egypt, I got an interesting illustration of catholic sympathy between Dean Stanley and a Mahommedan. Dr Alison had the same dragoman as had formerly accompanied the Dean. He found that the dragoman had unbounded respect for Stanley, and to test the ground of this he said that some people thought the Dean not quite orthodox; to which the reply was, "I do not know, and I do not care, what orthodox means, but I know this, the Dean is a *good man*." Dr Alison on his return mentioned this to the Dean, who replied, "Yes; when I said good-bye to that fine old man, I felt certain that he and I, Mahommedan and Christian, should meet hereafter."