

Illustrated Interviews.

No. IX.—PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

THERE is probably no name better known in the world of literature and learning, and certainly no figure more familiar in the streets of the Scotch capital, than John Stuart Blackie. There is always much combined curiosity and speculation regarding the life and habits of the man who has won fame within the limits of his own room and the surroundings of his family circle. It is from a distinctly homely point of view that I would talk about Professor Blackie. I spent some time with him in Edinburgh, and the sum and total of his characteristics seemed to be the very personification of refined culture, hearty and

honest opinion, and unadulterated merriment. He will quote Plato one moment, dilate on the severity of the Scottish Sabbath the next, and then with lightning rapidity burst forth into singing an old Scotch ballad that sets one's heart beating considerably above the regulation rate. He shook hands with me, and then commenced to sing. He told me of his career, and sandwiched between his anecdotes snatches of song and pithy quotations; and so it went on all through the day. If he is worried for a sentence, or troubled for a rhyme, he walks about the room humming. "I am a motive animal," he says. Sometimes he will sit down at the piano in the drawing-room at night, and the music tempts



From a Photo. by]

PROFESSOR BLACKIE IN HIS STUDY.

[Elliot & Fry.]

the Muse. Again, when rhymes are rare, he will make an excursion into the heart of some glorious glen, or try the mountain path, and on his return he brings a poem with him, which is immediately transferred to paper. And this, be it remembered, is the doings of one of the fathers of Scotland, who will enter upon his eighty-third birthday in July.

I found him sitting at his table in one of his studies. The table is just by the window looking into the garden. He wore a long blue coat, picturesquely fastened round the waist with a red silk sash. He had on a very broad linen collar, with a long black cravat, loosely tied, negligently

αληθείαν εὐ' ἀγάπην

THE PROFESSOR'S MOTTO.

hanging down. On his head was a fine broad-brimmed Panama straw hat, an excellent assistance to the retention of good sight; he has never worn a pair of spectacles in his life. Strange to say, too, until the morning of my visit, he has needed no medical advice for over thirty years. He is patriarchal in appearance, with classical features, and long pure white hair which reaches to his shoulders. He has all the

vitality of a young man. A trip alone to Constantinople at the age of eighty-two is a good record. He attributes his robust health to the fact that he has always worked and lived, read and thought, on a system. He rises at 7.30 and breakfasts. The morning is occupied in work and correspondence. The open air claims him every day for two hours before dinner, and Morpheus for an hour after the midday meal. No hard

work after nine. Unless he lectures or other engagement, the evening finds him playing a game of backgammon with his wife, and he opens the door of his bed-room as the clock is chiming twelve. System governs every hour of the day, and two unapproachable mottoes guide every moment of his life. You cannot receive a letter from Professor Blackie without finding his motto penned in Greek characters in his own handwriting in the left-hand corner of the envelope. He puts it in the corner of every envelope he finds about the place, his servants' included. "Adopt it," he says, "and it will turn earth into heaven, it will revolutionise society in the twinkling of an eye." His motto is, "Speak the truth in love" (Ephes. iv. 15), and he points out that the Greek verb means *acting* as well as speaking. The second motto is, *χαλεπὰ τὰ καλά*, "All noble things are difficult to do."

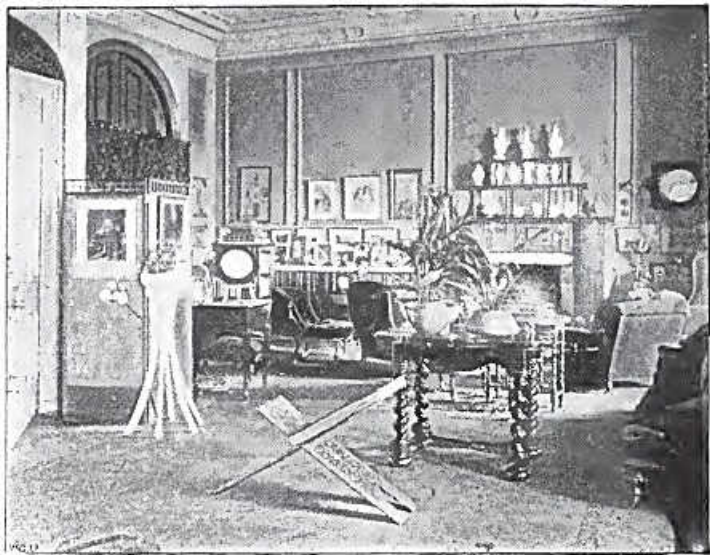
We went from room to room. The drawing-room is a beautiful apartment. The walls are of quiet blue, picked out in gold, in harmony with the crimson plush curtains which hang at the windows, and the green plush furniture. The fireplace is massive and striking. It is of Indian workmanship, exquisitely carved—as, indeed, are all the fireplaces throughout the house, for it was formerly occupied by Sir William Hunter, an Indian magnate. The photos are countless, and are everywhere.



From a Photo. by

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.]



From a Photo. by

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.]

Lord Shaftesbury, Professor Faraday, John Bright, and Charles Kingsley. There are a number of pictures of the Professor himself; two just at the far end of the room are productions of the old black-paper-and-scissors process, and very cleverly are they cut.

On a small easel stands a medallion, in a plush frame, by Mrs. D. O. Hill, a sister of Sir Noel Paton, who executed the Livingstone statue in Prince's-street.

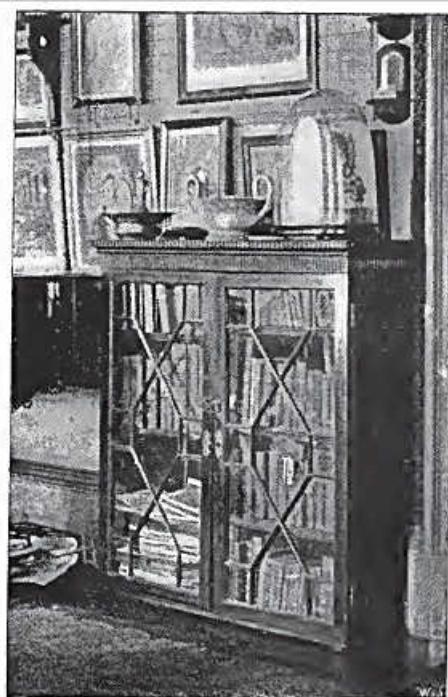
Many are the por-

traits of cats and dogs, for Mrs. Blackie is very fond of these domestic pets. An excellent picture of Goethe, at the age of thirty, is pointed out to me. The room, too, is rich in old china, some of which belonged to Wordsworth and Lord Byron.

A bowl, once the property of the late Dr. Chalmers, stands on a cabinet near the door. This little rosewood receptacle contains a wealth of interest. It has on its shelves a copy of every work which the Professor has written. As each new work is issued so it is added. The cabinet is called "The Shrine." Amongst the water-colour paintings is a small text painted in the midst of autumn leaves and blackberries. It is only a simple effort, and does not measure six inches square. Yet when Ruskin saw it he exclaimed, "That's the finest picture in Edinburgh."

"Yet," said Professor Blackie, as we crossed to the window and looked out upon the Corstorphine Hill, with its grand fir trees, and strained our eyes to catch a view of the distant hills of Fife—"yet Ruskin, who was a man of deep and intense feelings, would lift you up in delightful imagination as easily as he would drop you again to the ordinary level of life. Ruskin was a small edition of Carlyle—but he was a delicate and dainty edition. I will talk of Carlyle by and by. Well, some forty years ago, I was walking with Ruskin down Prince's-

Here is the late Cardinal Newman—a precious reminiscence of the day when he was created Cardinal, at which ceremony Professor Blackie was present. Here again are Gladstone, John Morley, the late Count von Moltke, the German Emperor, Sir John Millais—every one autographed. Here, too, is an excellent portrait of Browning, with an inscription on the back—"This testifies that I have spent a delightful morning through the goodness of dear Blackie. May the pleasure be conferred on me at no distant time. May, 1885." Here is a portrait of Miss Mary Anderson. Fifteen years ago the Professor wrote to Miss Jennie Lee that "the stage had more influence than the pulpit"—hence many theatrical reminiscences are visible about the house. Look in this small volume, and you will find a couple of New Year's cards from Henry Irving. A small album on a table close at hand is highly valued by its owner. It contains simple *cartes de visite* of some of the most eminent men of the century. The first place is given to the late Cardinal Manning—he has penned his autograph—and then in quick succession come the features and signatures of such men as Sir David Brewster, Sir J. Noel Paton—with a child on his shoulders, a little one who is now Dr. Noel Paton, the physiologist—the late Dean Ramsay, Dr. Guthrie, Sir J. Y. Simpson—who discovered chloroform—Norman McLeod, the Duke of Argyll,



From a Photo. by "THE SHRINE." [Elliott & Fry.

street, and he was looking up at the old town which rises high before you.

"When I walk along this grand street," he said, "I am always glad when I come to the cross streets, for then I look from the works of man to the works of God."

"This remark no doubt was justified by the general tameness and monotony of the street architecture not only in Edinburgh, but in London, at the time when the new town of Edinburgh was built.

"But," said I, "have you no eye for those palatial structures which are now rising all along the street to vary the monotony of the original three-storied houses?"

"No," said he, "I hate high houses."

"Why?" said I.

"Because," said he, "they are bad for people with rheumatic legs!"

"Either this was a joke, or it showed a certain confusion of the ethical and the æsthetical which sometimes seems to mar the soundness of his judgment in matters of art."

We were standing at the window, and for a moment, before going through the other rooms of the house, Professor Blackie remembered something regarding some of

the men whose portraits we had just glanced at. There was Dr. Guthrie.

"He was an intimate friend of mine," said the kindly Professor; "a splendid humorist, and a true Scotchman. He overflowed with humour. One Sunday he had been up at Inverness assisting at the Sacrament. On the Monday there was a meeting, and the Doctor happened to be particularly merry. There was one man in the front seat who eyed the Doctor with great gravity, and as he gave out joke after joke, his face became graver still. When the meeting was all over, he went up to Guthrie with a fearfully solemn face, and said, 'Ah! Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Guthrie, if it hadn't been for the grace of God ye might have been a splendid comic actor!'"

I was now looking at John Bright.

"I lived at Oban in the summer season," continued Professor Blackie, "and John Bright lodged at Taynuilt. It was one day when sitting in John Bright's chair at the inn that I wrote the two sonnets to him." And he reads out with fine dramatic effect the two beautiful poems which are familiar to all students of his works.

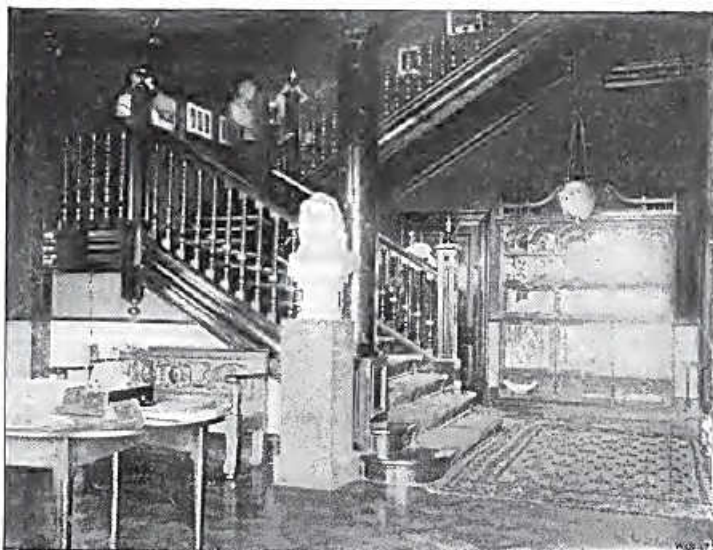
"Ah! that portrait is of Norman MacLeod. He told me a capital story once, which well illustrates the severity with which the Scotch people regard the Sabbath. The church in Skye is some fifteen or twenty miles from the parish, and one bright and glorious summer day a grave old elder and a young man of happier inclinations set out to walk this distance. As it was Sunday, they walked on for some miles either without speaking a word to each other. At last the younger man *had* to speak.

"It's a verra fine day," he observed quietly.

"The old elder looked at him, and with a gravity sufficient to silence anybody, replied, 'Yes, it is a fine day; but is this a day to be talking about days?'"

Professor Blackie leaves me for a moment, and as I sit down in a recess by the window I turn over in my mind his own ideas of the observance of the Scotch Sabbath. He says frankly that the good people of the Highlands are too strict—much too strict, though he does not question for a moment the sincerity of their convictions. He believes, as the ancient Greeks did, that the body, which is the temple of the soul, should have as much care bestowed upon its culture as is bestowed on the spiritual part of our

nature. He would have us love physical recreation more, but he would not have us love psychical recreation less. You will find him in his pew on a Sunday, but he has not hesitated to play croquet on the same day. His soul called for devotion, his body for recreation. Only half an hour ago, soon after I had shaken hands with him, he told me an anecdote of himself and the Sabbath. Some years ago he was lecturing in Glas-



From a Photo. by]

THE HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.

gow on a Sunday. His subject was the "Philosophy of Love," and he directed the attention of his hearers to the love-songs of Scotland. In his fervour he burst out singing a Scotch ballad, "Let us go to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie oh!" It had an electrical effect upon his hearers, but oh!

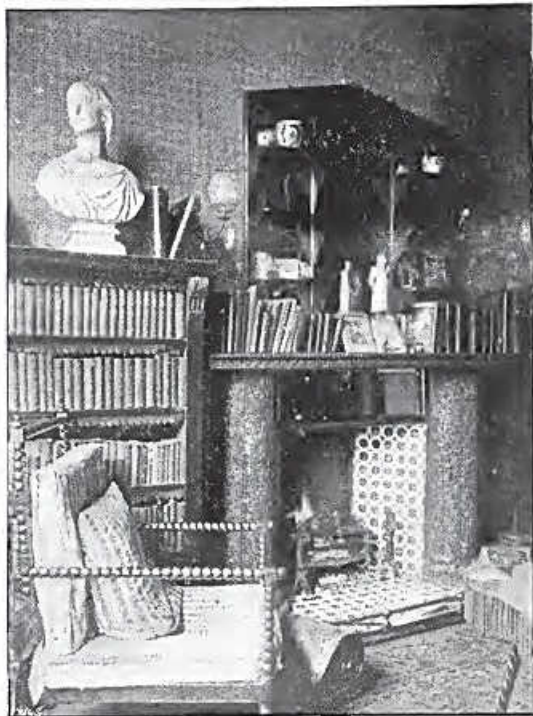
the shock, the terrible shock it occasioned on the morrow! A few days afterwards he received an anonymous caricature of himself. It represents a certain one—shall he be mildly be referred to as Mephistopheles?—carrying off the good Professor on his back at a high rate of speed. It is here reproduced for the first time.



MEPHISTOPHELES TAKES THE PROFESSOR.

"Come along," cries a kindly voice. "I just had to answer a letter. I always answer my own letters, and never use postcards. I always call the letters I receive the four B's—Business, Bletchers, Bothers, and Beggary."

The hall is very fine. The balustrades are of polished oak. Near the fireplace is an old oak cabinet in which is cut "R. B., 1709." A companion cabinet is on the other side. These contain all the letters and papers of Professor Blackie—a biographical store. By the door is a fine oil painting of Mrs. Blackie's father—James Wyld, of Gilston, and here, again, a canvas which chronicles the face of Oliver Cromwell. One of the busts in the hall is that of John Wilson (Christopher North). A fine cabinet is loaded with china, and close by the entrance to the dining-room is a convenient receptacle for walking sticks. I counted them. Professor



From a Photo. by

THE FAVOURITE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.]

Blackie has twenty such aids to pedestrianism.

The dining-room has some excellent reproductions of Van Dyck and Rubens. More old china is neatly set out on an oaken sideboard; the ferns are fresh and green at the window; and above a pair of vases on the mantelpiece—filled with peacocks' feathers, which tells that superstition is not part and parcel of the household—is a grand picture of Professor Blackie standing in a Highland glen with his plaid about his shoulders. It was painted by James Archer, R.S.A.

Leaving the dining-room, one passes on the stairs which lead to the trio of studies, reproductions of the old masters, pictures of Lady Martin, Sir Walter Scott, an old-time print of Burns in an Edinburgh drawing-room, and a portrait of Carlyle.

"Are the songs of Burns as popular as ever?" I asked.

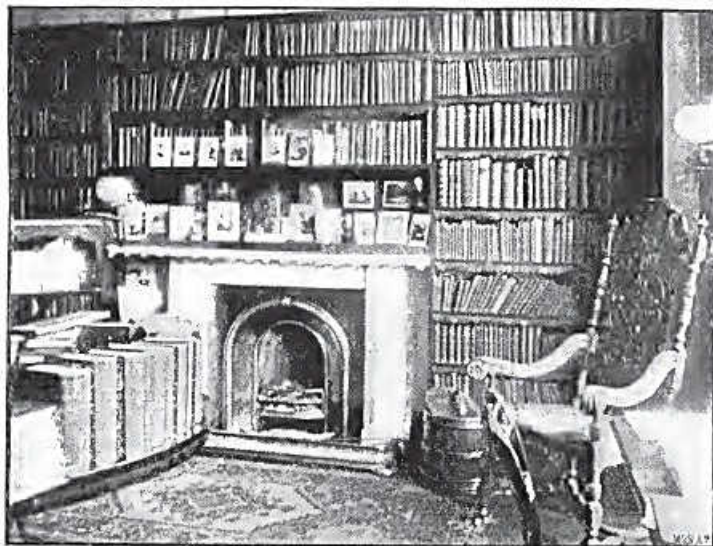
"No, Scotch songs are not so popular," was the reply. "Burns is popular with the masses. I find it very difficult to get ladies in the upper circles to sing Scotch songs. The upper classes are corrupted in this

direction. Corruption begins at the top—I say that as a philosopher. We are becoming less and less Scotch, and more and more Anglicised. Why, it is hard to get a servant girl to speak real Scotch. Scotch songs! Compare your English and German songs with the songs of the Highlands. The Scotch beat them hollow for variety and character. Every Scotch song is a picture and a drama, a dramatic scene with natural scenery."

We had reached the studies; there are really three of them, and, together with other books about the place, they contain some seven thousand volumes, comprising the best modern Greek library in Britain. Each of these three corners is interesting. One of them is used by Dr. Stodart Walker, a nephew of Professor Blackie; for Professor Blackie has no children, and Dr. Walker lives and learns with him. In this room are capital photos of Professor Grainger Stewart (the Queen's physician in Scotland), Professor Rutherford, and Dr. R. J. A. Berry, Mr. Morley, Mr. Ruskin, and others.

The study which is more particularly used by the Professor is separated from the drawing-room by folding doors, from which hang great curtains. There is little in it save books, but one notes a bust of Mrs. Dobell, a great beauty, the wife of the poet; a bust as a young man and a statuette of a later period of Professor Blackie; and one of Goethe on the mantelboard, with portraits of Mr. Cunliffe Brooks, Mr. H. C. Reid, J.P., and Mrs. Blackie surrounding it, and a very successful painting of the Professor by Mr. J. H. Lorimer, R.S.A. Then a cosy chair was pointed out to me by the fire, and I sat down and listened.

"I was born at Glasgow in July, 1809," said Professor Blackie, walking about the room, "and at the age of three went to Aberdeen. My father was a Border man, a Kelso lad, and was the first agent for the Commercial Bank of Scotland in Aberdeen, where it started in 1811. I went to school at Aberdeen—Aberdonians have produced the best Latin scholars in Scotland. I have to admit to being twice flogged by my father. One chastising was for telling a lie. My aunt insisted on pouring down my throat some



From a Photo. by

THE LIBRARY.

[Ellis & Fry.]

broth which I did not like. I didn't go to school, but went and sulkily hid myself. I said that I had been to school. I was flogged. The second occasion was for calling a servant girl names. I was flogged for that, and quite right too.

"As a boy I was always antagonistic to school fights—pugilism had no fascination for me. I well remember a lad, over some small squabble, saying to me, 'Will you fight me?' 'No,' I replied; 'but I'll knock you down,' and immediately did it with great applause. I went to college at twelve. I won a scholarship there for Latin, but as the gift was intended for poor people I resigned it. My principal pastime in those days was golf, which we used to play on the Aberdeen links. I remained at college until I was fifteen, when I went to Edinburgh, where I was for two years attending a special class under Professor John Wilson;" and in those days, Professor Blackie told me, he was working out his moral life. This disturbed his studies, as he gave his whole thoughts to devotional meditation. When it came to the distribution of prizes John Wilson told him that he could not give him one, for he had only written a single essay, although it was a remarkably good one. On learning this young Blackie burst into tears.

"At the age of twenty," he continued, "I went to Germany and on to Rome, where I devoted myself to the study of the

languages. Here, too, I met many of the world's greatest men. And so the days passed by until once more I returned to the old country, and in 1834 was called to the Scottish Bar. But I was not a success, and I really used to sing a song at my own expense when out at parties, which asked all benevolent people to give a poor starving lawyer a fee."

Crossing to a desk, Professor Blackie searched through a number of old papers, and at last came across a long sheet of foolscap, the ink on which was yellow with age. It was written fifty-eight years ago! It was the original manuscript of the song he wrote himself, and, save for the time occupied in learning it, that slip of paper had not seen the light of day for all these years. The words are reproduced for the first time in these pages. His favourite Scotch ballad to-day, and one he often sings, is "Jenny Geddes."

GIVE A FEE.

(A NEW SONG FOR YOUNG BARRISTERS.)

[Air: *Buy a Broom*]

O LISTEN, of Scotch and of Civil Law Doctors all,
Solicitors, Agents, Accountants, to me!
O listen, of strifes and of law-suits concoctors all,
And give to a poor starving lawyer a fee!
Give a fee! give a fee! give a fee!
O give to a poor starving lawyer a fee!

Ei Du mein lieber first fee! mein first fee! mein
first fee!

O when wilt thou tinkle so sweet to my ear?



From a] PROFESSOR BLACKIE AT THIRTY-FIVE. (Photograph.)

Weeks I wait, months I wait, years all in vain I
wait,
Ei Du mein lieber first fee, when wilt thou
appear?

The soldier and sailor they dash on and splash on,
And, sure of their pay, scour the land and the sea;
But we peak and pine here,
and long, long years pass
on.

Before our eyes blink at our
first guinea fee,
Give a fee, &c.

The Church is an Eden of
violets and roses,
The Bishop its Adam from
drudgery free;
The big burly priest on his
soft down reposes,
While we still must fag on,
and cry, "Give a fee!"
Give a fee, &c.

The quack he sells wholesale
his pills universal,
And straight waxes richer
than sagest M.D.,
But we still must con o'er the
same dull rehearsal,
And leave one or two old
stagers for to pocket the
fee!

Give a fee, &c.

Some men who can worship
the star that's ascendant,

One speech from the hustings whips up to the sky;
But I, who in all things am most independent—
Except in my purse—in the mud here I lie.
Give a fee, &c.

Here sit I, all frozen; my youth's glowing visions
See-saw, like a Chinese Joss, or a Turkish Cadi.
I seek for no learning beyond the Decisions,
And my soul's proud ideal is a bright guinea fee.
Give a fee, &c.

My cheeks they are yellow, my hair it is grey, sir;
Mine eyes are deep sunk in my head, as you see;
I feel life's sear Autumn when scarce past its May,
sir,

And still I am waiting my first guinea fee!
Give a fee! give a fee! give a fee!
O force me no longer to cry, "Give a fee!"
1834.

"Finally," he said, "at the age of thirty,
I found my talents for the bar were small,
so I gave it up. In 1841 I was appointed
to the newly-formed chair of Latin Literature
in Marischal College, Aberdeen." The world
knows his work and his successful efforts to
better the condition of his fellow-creatures
too well for the subject to call for lengthy
remark here. His books are extensively read,
the two which have had the largest sale being
"Self-Culture" and "Life of Burns." His
metrical translation of Goethe's "Faust"
was done in four months; his "Homer and
the Iliad," which occasioned much research,
took altogether ten years to complete, but
was only worked at as a summer recreation.
One of the triumphs of his life was that of
founding the Celtic Chair in the University
of Edinburgh. Here is the story:—



THE PROFESSOR IN A KILT.

From a Pen-and-ink Sketch by his Brother-in-law.

Men and what to think of them

Don't blame mankind; till Nature go to school,
And learn sometimes to think yourself a fool;
You'd have no birds but Eagles in your ken,
And make all hills as high as Nevil's Ben;
Be wise, nor hope nor fear great things from men,
What Plato says is true and very true,
We are very good and very bad or few.

J. W. Mackie



From a Photo. by

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

"The Highlanders wanted a Celtic Chair of Literature, and I was asked to undertake the task. Now, I am not accustomed to begging. I was told if I didn't beg the thing would go to the wall. Well, I said I would try. During that four years of begging I got a great insight into human nature. In a word, the art of begging is simply this—if you want the Duke you must first get the Duchess. There is more sympathy in women in these matters. When I had got about £5,000 Her Majesty at Inverary Castle subscribed £200. The Princess Louise said to me, 'How do you expect to get the rest of the money?'

"Oh, some way or other, your Royal Highness," I replied.

"But how?" the Princess insisted.

"Faith removes mountains," I replied, and the enthusiastic Professor might have added "Scotch mountains," for it was no easy task to move the pockets of the people ere the £10,000 was obtained, and the Celtic Chair was an accomplished fact. His great fervour of Celtic enthusiasm led to the drawing of a caricature by his brother-in-law, which is shown in the adjoining cut.

Professor Blackie loves the Germans. All the books he has in his library, implying thought and learning, have the names of German writers on their backs. He doesn't care for the French, for the natural reason that he is so fond of the Germans. Neither does he like the

French language—"It is too snippy," he says, "scrappy and polished. French is a polite corruption of Latin, whilst Italian, though a variation of Latin, has much dignity and sweetness about it." He regards the Baron Von Bunsen as the finest type of a human being he ever met, whilst Max Müller is the only German he knows who can write perfectly good English, and has the rare threefold gift of learning, piety, and common sense.

When I left the study, in response to the sound of the gong in the hall, it was not without a half-sheet of notepaper, on which were written a few lines specially for these pages, and entitled "Men, and What to Think of Them."

In the dining-room I met Mrs. Blackie, a woman of great culture and rare kindness. She has been a wifely help to her husband for nearly fifty years, for the morning of their golden wedding will dawn in April. Even to-day when her husband writes her a letter, he calls her "Oke," a Greek word which means "swift." It was a happy quartette at the luncheon table—Professor Blackie and his wife, Dr. Stodart Walker and myself. The Professor's milk was in a glass, keeping warm by the fire, but to-day,—to-day, owing to the presence of "visitors,"—port wine was substituted for the creamy fluid. Such was his repast, with a little Scotch home-made ginger-bread. Delicious!

A word is whispered across the table—"Carlyle!"

"I knew Carlyle intimately," Professor Blackie said, responding to the whispered name, "but I was not one of his out-and-out worshippers at all. His work was to rouse the world; but I was wide awake, and required no rousing. I thought him somewhat despotic and tyrannical; though, mark you, he possessed extraordinary pictorial power, and was a good Scotchman. I admired his genius, and perhaps his bark was worse than his bite. He was hard-hearted, and hated sinners. He called here once just when the great noise was going on about the convicts being underfed. He began talking about them. 'Puir fellows! puir fellows!' he said, 'give them brown soup and a footstool, and kick them to the devil!'"

"Carlyle was a great talker, and he would talk, talk, talk, and never give one a chance to contradict his assertions. I have a habit—one of many years' standing—of going up to London once every year. I do it now. I always called on Carlyle at Chelsea, generally on Sunday evenings. One night I contrived, by starting as soon as I got into the room, to open the conversation, and went on from topic to topic, till they mounted to a dozen; but to none of my themes would my stout old friend give an assenting reply. At last in desperation I shouted out, 'Very well, I think

you've come to 'The Everlasting No,' so you and I can't agree.' Off I went, but we remained good friends for all that.

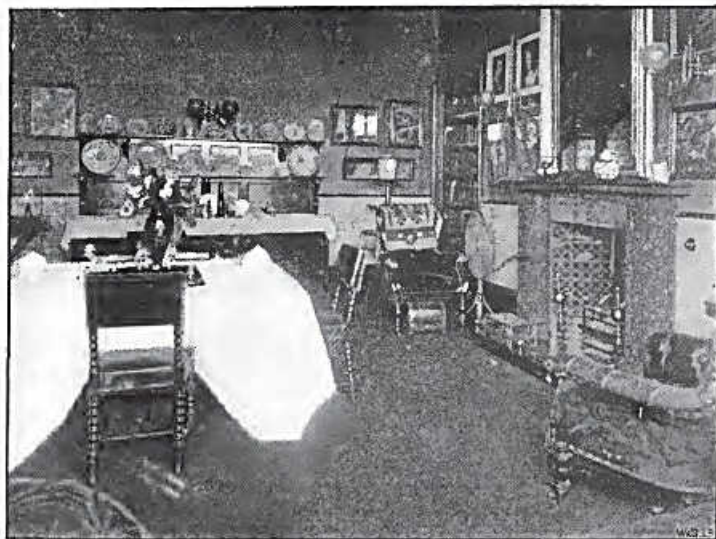
"One night I shook him—yes, shook him. His poor wife used to sit there and never speak. I was in his room on this particular Sunday, and his wife particularly wanted to say something. But there was not the smallest chance. I got up, took hold of him, and giving him a good shaking, cried, 'Let your wife speak, you monster!'; but for all that he wouldn't."

Poor Mrs. Carlyle! She suffered from heart disease. Even when she heard that her husband had made his successful oration as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University she fainted. The circumstances surrounding her death, too, are both painful and tragic. Whilst out in her carriage her little pet dog contrived to get out and was run over. The coachman drove on and on, until at last, receiving no orders, he looked in at the carriage. Whether it was the shock or not will never be known, but his mistress lay there dead.

Carlyle lies buried with his own people at Ecclefechan, whilst his wife rests by the side of her father at Haddington.

Still the name of Carlyle hovers about the dinner table, and Mrs. Blackie contributes her story about him thus:—

"One day," said Mrs. Blackie, "I went to call on Mrs. Carlyle. It was in the afternoon of a very, very hot day. I was just



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

saying goodbye, when it suddenly occurred to me to ask—referring of course to her husband, 'May I see the great man?' Mrs. Carlyle took me down some dark kitchen-stairs, and there, in a corner, with his trousers drawn up to his knees, sat Carlyle on a chair, with his feet and legs in a great tub of cold water!"

If that little luncheon party was responsible for nothing more, it will be memorable for one thing. It was the scene of the denial of the accuracy of probably one of the most famous anecdotes told of any man. Who has not heard the story? Dr. Stodart Walker related it once again. It is to the effect that one day Professor Blackie caused a notice to be written on the black-board of the class-room, stating that "Professor Blackie will not meet his classes to-day." The story continues that a wag of a student, entering soon after, very unkindly rubbed off the letter c. Still furthermore, so runs the anecdote, the Professor himself entered, and seeing the obliteration of the c, immediately proceeded to wipe out the I!

"It's not true! it's not true!" exclaimed Professor Blackie, dramatically, rising from

his chair and striking his fist on the table.



BUST OF PROFESSOR BLACKIE AS A YOUNG MAN.

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Blackie, merrily, "it's just what you would have done," and the Professor crossed to his wife, and putting his arms about her neck, kissed her. Then he cried vigorously, as he looked out at 'the weather,' "It's going to be a beautiful afternoon. I'll go out—I'll go out!" In five minutes the blue dressing-gown with the red silk sash, the Panama straw hat, have been cast aside, and the Professor appears in a black frock coat with his plaid cast round him, and a large broad-brimmed black felt hat on his head. We are standing at the door.

"Oh," says the Professor, light-heartedly, as he selects one of the twenty walking-sticks, "I still do my three or four miles a day. But there were times when I lived at Oban, when I would go off for a fortnight's walk on what I used to call 'The One Shirt Expedition.' Why, there's not a high mountain in Scotland that I have not been to the top of, and I've no doubt but that I could do one now—with a rest by the way." We left the house together.

HARRY HOW.