#### Movit Amphion lapides canendo

# THE NEW AMPHION

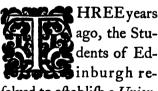
Being the Book of the Edinburgh University Union Fancy Fair, in which are contained sundry artistick, instructive, and diverting matters, all now made publick for the first time.



Imprinted at the University Press by T. & A. Constable, Printers to Her Majesty the Queen. 1886.



The Preface to the Kindly Reader describing the occasion of this Book.



ago, the Students of Ed-

folved to establish a Union. Their aim was to create

for themselves a College life fuch as the Students

of

The resolve of

Students.

Their

aim.

the

## To the Reader.

of other countries have always valued as the most precious among academic traditions, and to restore to the great University of Edinburgh fomething of the common fellowship which was shared by the Students of 300 years ago under the roof of the old Town's College. But the buildings of the new University, unlike those of the old College, have no place for aught but lecture-rooms and laboratories; and so the first

step

To the Reader Rep was to build a Students' House. The Tercentenary Festival in 1884 was an auspision offeretb : cious moment for putting forth an effort to compass this defire; and, accordand is ingly, the newly contaken. stituted Students' Reprefentative Council appealed to the friends of the University for help. Their response was loyal. A Committee was formed, with the Chancellor at its head, to aid the Students. For two years this Committe**e** 

To the Reader. mittee has laboured; but during that time it has loft Of two sad losses. the help of two to whom the Union will owe much -an illustrious and beloved Principal, and a Lord Provost of the City who excelled even the traditions of his office in devotion to the College and the interests of its Students. Much still remained to Much remaineth be done when the Fancy unaccom-Fair, which is the occasion plished. of this book, was undertaken. The Committee had

#### To the Reader. had done little more than clear the foundations; and they fighed for a new AMPHION fuch as he who raised the walls of Thebes by the music of his lyre. Following a classic precedent, they have turned for help to To the the ladies of Scotland. fair ladie for aid. And just as the ancient Athenians, in time of stress, were helped by their women to build the city walls, fo the Students of Edinburgh will be beholden for their Union

X	To the Reader.
Some poor words of gratitude.	Union to the labour of countless fair hands which placed stone on stone.  To those who so generously have fent gifts of story and of song, as well as to the artists who have given of their handiwork, we tender now the thanks of suture members of the Union.

mon. ROBT. FITZROY BELL, JAMES AVON CLYDE, Joint Honorary Secretaries of the Edinburgh University Union Committee.

EDINBURGH, St. Andrew's DAY, 1886.







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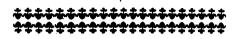
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#### SPRING SONG.

Dance, yellows and whites and reds!

Lead your gay orgy,—leaves,
ftalks, heads,

After with the wind in the tulip-beds!

There's funshine: scarcely a wind at all Disturbs starved grass and daisies small On a certain mound by a churchyard wall

Daifies and grass be my heart's bedfellows

On the mound wind spares and funshine mellows—

Dance you, reds and whites and yellows!

ROBERT BROWNING.

#### MAY-SONG.

Come, dearest, 'tis fin to be mourning to-day,

In the feast of the Spring and the lusty May.

The hour of sharp forrow a faithful heart shareth.

But joy is the every-day face that life weareth:

Give a tear to the past, but deny it the power

To drag like a chain on the march of the hour;

Let thy heart beat with pulfe of glad welcome to-day

In the feast of the Spring and the lusty May.

Come

Come, drink the fresh breezes; no more you will find

The bluftering north, and the biting east wind.

The land is green, and the hedge is fprouting,

The merry angler is gone a-trouting.

Come, brush the brown brae, come track the bright stream,

Wash forrow away in the sun's blithe beam,

Nor let thy leal heart be a traitor to-day In the feast of the Spring and the lusty May!

The loch is full, and the river is strong,
The burnie comes merrily trotting
along;

With cowflip and primrofe the bank is blooming,

The growth of the forest the breeze is perfuming;

The

The far blue hills wear patches of snow, Where the star-eyed flowret peeps up from below;

The birds are lilting their light love-lay

For the feast of the Spring and the lusty

May!

I'll weave thee a wreath of anemone white,

The type of thy beauty, fo graceful and light,

The type of the virtues I prize from thy teaching,

To glow without glare, and persuade without preaching,

I'll fhow thee the buds from the low wood burft.

And tell how these taught me to love thee first;

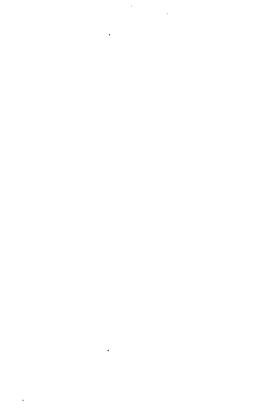
For life is reborn and exultant to-day,

And fadness is fin in the feast of the May!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Χαίρετε πάντοτε. - PAULUS.







#### THE DOG:

MEANT to call this paper | The Au-'Other men's Dogs,' by way of faving a shred of plaineth:

my own character, and pretending that I merely hate le chien d'autrui. But truth is too strong for me, and I frankly admit that I detest the whole race of hounds, odora canum vis, as the Roman poet very justly styles them. this matter I am with the Prophet whom the fanaticism of our fathers called Mahound -very inappropriately.

thor ex-

poor

### 6 The Dog.

poor Indian may deem what he pleases about his 'equal sky,' but neither Skyes nor any other curs will be admitted into the Paradise of Mahomet. Perhaps I might be more the secret tolerant of dogs if they were of bis lack not in a conspiracy to destroy of tolerand blast my character. 'Difance. trust,' says Mr. Tupper, or Mr. Edwin Arnold, or some other Eastern sage, 'the man who is disliked by dogs.' I am that man, and probably am therefore distrusted. I am not conscious to myself of a

disposition more than usually treacherous; but it is a fact that dogs think they have found me out. They don't care for me. They don't wag their tails at me when I say, 'Poor old fellow, then!' as I am ashamed to

to confess I sometimes do. They force me into a cringing conciliatory attitude—make me wag my tail as it were—to gain their goodwill, and then they don't give it me. There is no reciprocity here. Their behaviour naturally causes me to be regarded in fociety, which goes about with dogs much, as a fuspicious customer. If dogs Of dogs really are 'the best judges of as judges character,' I tremble to think of the what mine must be. No one charaster. who is thus fet at naught can be expected to be fond of the canine race. If 'Love me, love my dog' be a truthful proverb, then, like the Dutchman defended by the biographer of Mrs. Aphra Behn, I am incapable of the tender and gallant passion. I don't love

the Euclid of the affections. he who is unequal to loving a dog, is unequal to loving its mistress,' I am an out-cast from the hearts of the best and fairest portions of our fallen race. Fortunately, they don't all like dogs. I have not fuccumbed with-The auout a struggle to hatred of the thor bath dog. Ariven to He prayeth best who loveth best overcome All things both great and small, his hatand I once made an effort red: to love a dog, or at least to keep one. I thought it best and wifest to begin with a very little one, a toy terrier, black and tan. There was fo little of him that I thought the prohibition against keeping dogs in college hardly applied. I wore





wore him as a kind of buttonhole in the breast of my coat, his head peeping out, and I believe the Warden, who was short-fighted, thought he was a gardenia. He didn't smell at all like a rare exotic, however. Goodness knows that I struggled hard to love that dog, but love is like faith, and refuses to be forced. He was a nervous little brute (Gelert, I called him), and would not fleep anywhere except on my bed, being afraid, I believe, of ghosts. Finally but with I gave him away, and his end is 'wrop up' like the 'buths' of James Yellowplush, in a 'mistry.'

My later relations with dogs have been alien and hostile. They 'come between me and the

out success.

His later relations to dogs.

least they interfere with my purest affections. My dearest friends, my nearest kindred, have been men and women who kept dogs, and who, therefore, have been estranged from me. Dogs are the tomb of affections .

the skies,' like Oriana, or at

I have had playmates, I have had companions; All have been the prey of dandies and fox-terriers-All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

should be a proof of excellence I can't imagine), doubtless the

best

Take the example of one of Anecdote

of the celethe very best of men, Sir brated Sir Walter Scott. Once he was W. Scott. expected to dine with a friend; doubtless 'the oldest lamp was lit' (though why age in a lamp

best wine was drawn, and many good men and fair women were expecting to enjoy the fociety of Sir Walter. He never arrived, but he fent a message to say that he had lost a friend by death, and could not come. The friend was a bull-terrier named Camp, and for this he disappointed mere human beings. The abfurd but edifying part of the story is, that Scott has been praised for this conduct, which shows how deeply dogs have demoralised the human heart, and ruined all honourable instincts. This is merely one illustration out of myriads. Who has not fuffered thus? I take a walk with a friend,-a poet, philosopher, and sportsman, and we are deep in a discussion about

about profody, or the Infinite, or Lohmann's bowling, when fuddenly he becomes inattentive and distraught. Then he stops, whistles, shouts, and displays all the symptoms of derangement. He has loft his dog! The brute, so famous for its fidelity, has deferted him. led away by love, or war, or the passion of the chase. As to the manifold and unspeakable annoyances caused by Aphrodite, when she sways the hearts of hounds, it were too painful to speak in detail. 'Happy is he who knows them not.' Dogs (like music) are the bane of conversation. Does any man like to fee young ladies making an idol of a decrepit fox-terrier, and fetting the brute on a pedestal too

too high, in my opinion, even for a baby?

The felf-confciousness and Touching vanity of dogs might disgust the vanity even a minor poet. I have of dogs. known a collie-certainly a very handsome collie-pass his days in contemplating his own image in a glass. I know a Dandie which actually makes eyes, being conscious that he possesses these organs very large, brown, and decorative.

Who has not seen a dog Of their morally corrupt a family? - malign inreducing them to the flaves fluence on of his impulses. Tip wants the family. to take a walk; Tip wants to go out of the door; then he wants to come in again; then he appears at the window and scratches; then he fancies the most comfortable arm-chair, and

#### The Dog.

I 4

and oufts a jaded and middleaged man of letters. acquainted with a dog so eager for excitement and display, that he roams from room to room, making every one open the door for him till he finds what he confiders the best fociety in the house. Then he fits down on the fender, and uses the most shocking and abrupt language when any one treads on his toes. which, of course, frequently occurs. His yells refemble a railway steam whistle carried to the highest power. course he expects all the legs of grouse, and whatever else

of grouse, and whatever else is going, and he whines and yelps till he gets what he wants. There is not one of the seven deadly sins of which this dog is not habitually guilty, and I am unaware of a fingle redeeming feature in his repulsive character. Yet he is adored by the people he owns, with an affection which they do not bestow on one whom I confider eminently more deferving.

It will be faid by the friends The auof the dog, that this picture thor meetis drawn in too gloomy eth the colours. If I could, like charge of Shelley, dip my pencil in exaggerathe gloom of earthquake and tion. eclipse, I should consider these highly suitable vehicles for a study of the unclean I shall be told that The true animal. he has redeeming features; that he is 'faithful,' for example. Well, he knows when he is well off, but the 'fidelity' is

charaster of the dog exposed.

is really all on the fide of poor despised Man. It needs a great deal of fidelity in Man to cling as he does to the dog, licking, as it were. the paw (the muddy paw) which tramples him. Ther he is 'brave.' Try a dog with a ghost, or anything which, in his degrading superstition he takes for a ghost and see him howl in an ecstasy of terror. Why, one ha known dogs to die of a ghost which merely turned a man' hair white, or perhaps did no even affect him so much a that. They tell us of Gelert Llewellyn's hound, which wa thought so much of for killing the serpent (it should be ferpent, but the corrupt myt says a wolf) instead of biting th





the baby. But, in the first place, the conduct of Llewellyn himself, who knew the brute, shows what he thought the dog capable of:

'Hell-hound, by thee my child's devoured,'

The frantic father cried. with very natural impatience, and, as we know, he acted on his first impulse. Now 'first impulses are generally good,' and I would be the last to blame Llewellyn. But every one should know that the whole flory, out of which fo much capital has been made for the dog, is a Hindoo myth. It was originally told beside the shores of Indus, not about a dog at all, but about a Mongoose. Now Mongeese do kill serpents-it is meat and drink to

them :

them; but I never heard of a dog that tackled cobras, even supposing cobras to flourish in Wales, which is absurd. The wolf is a more plausible interpretation. So much for Gelert. The other legendary animals, the St. Bernard dogs, and the dog of Montargis, I dismiss as fabulous.

uating circumstances can be pleaded for dogs.

No exten-

Any circumstances of a palliatory and extenuating character which affect the dog, would here be mentioned, if I could think of them. Ouida is fond of dogs, and Lord Byron preferred their virtues to those of his fellowmen. But was Lord Byron. my brethren, a judge of virtue? As to the conduct of dogs at night, when they bay the moon, and keep men women

women awake, I could write feveral chapters of a comminatory character. But perhaps to have murdered fleep, like Macbeth, is one of the minor defects of the flattered, pampered, and overrated hound, whom fo many perfons worship with all the blind credulity of the Dog tribe of Indians.

Andrew Lang.

### \*\*\*\*\*\*

#### Α

### CHRISTMAS CAROL

J.

I' was the Christmas Eve;
The homeless wind did grieve
Around the desolate moorland, blind
with snow;

When at my wattle door— Shelter how frail and poor!

I heard the found of weeping—very low;
And peering forth into the wild

And dreary night—lo! on the threshold stood a child.

His tiny feet were bare, The snow was in his hair. The fnow was on his fluttering raggedness. 'Pity a little one

Out in the storm alone,'

He feebly murmured in his fore diffress. Within my arms I gathered him, And bore with foothing words into my

chamber dim.

III.

And as I bore him in, There came the filvery din Of bells, far-chiming through the fitful blore.

And from his pallid brow A fweet light feemed to flow, And from his tattered garment wintry

frore:

While from hiseyes a look there came Of love, that thrilled like fire through all my trembling frame.

#### 22 A Christmas Carol.

ıv.

I laid him on my bed,
And water brought and bread—

The last scant remnant of my hermit fare,—
Whereof he took, and slept;

While by his fide I kept

Dark vigil,—all my spirit bowed in prayer,

Towards the dawning of the morn Whereon our bleffed Lord and Saviour, Christ, was born.

v.

But, hungred and a-cold, Ere half my beads were told

The gentle boon of fleep to me was given:

And in a folemn dream

I saw the wondrous gleam

Of that strange star high in the Eastern heaven,

That led the Magi on their way, What time the King of Kings within the manger lay.

VI.

I faw the Angel throng,
Heard too the Heavenly fong
Beside the shepherds in the fields by night,
And eager ran with them
To where in Beshlehem

We found the Holy Babe in swaddlings white:

And, kneeling in the facred place,

I faw—and wept to fee—in His my

wanderer's face!

VII.

But they were tears of blifs.—

And bending low to kiss
In loving awe the rosy-tender feet—
The vision passed; and—strange!
What means this mystic change
On all that doth my rapt observance
meet?

A blazing Yule-log on the hearth Fills my late darksome cell with light and warmth and mirth!

#### A Christmas Carol.

viii.

Upon my table bare A golden chalice fair

24

Shone brimmed with wine; a golden paten held

Bread broken; a pale Rood Beside them shadowy stood;

And from the piteous wounds the warm

I turned to rouse my sleeping one; But vacant stood the bed—and I was all

IX.

I fank upon my knees,
While once more on the breeze

The Christmas bells came sounding joyously;

And on a scroll o'erhead

Written in light I read

The legend: 'Thou hast done it unto ME!'

And I forgot my fins and cares, For then I knew He had been with me unawares.

25

x.
And from that hour to this

My fire unquenched is;
By daily use unminished, on the board
Still stand the bread and wine;
And this poor cote of mine,
Yet radiant from the presence of the

Lord,
Is a rich temple, where I bide
Fearless His angel's summons,—His,
whate'er betide

Noël Paton, Christmas Eve, 1882.





### A Greek Gem.

REEK music, though it

A characteristic of Greek

was fimple or even rude, yet had this musical in- advantage over the best of fruments; ours, that it was produced from instruments which in themfelves were agreeable to look upon, not to fay beautiful in form. It required from the player no attitude or action that was not true to the natural

> movements of the body. Indeed it may be said to have fostered the graceful action of

> > body

body and limb. Thus there was affociated with it a triple congruity of fimple melody, instruments of beautiful form, and grace of action in the player. No wonder if Greek artists, ever observant of the finer movements of the human figure, often found inspiration for a defign on a painted vafe or an engraved gem among fcenes of music, where in modern times imagination as conshrinks from the dismal aspect trasted of the instruments and the con- with those tortions of the players. The of the flute was, I believe, the only instrument which excited any aversion. Athena is said to have tried it, and, in difgust at her swollen cheeks, cast it to the ground.

The refined fimplicity of the

moderns.

# 28 A Greek Gem.

fitting theme for gems.

Music

scenes a

was the lefs likely to escape ancient gem engravers, since working, as they did, in beauful, costly, and imperishable materials, they were bound, for the sake of appropriateness, if nothing else, to look for

fubjects as imperishably true to

the music scenes in daily life

nature, as transparent in sentiment, and as choice in lines and forms. No doubt there were many other fources of inspiration open to the engrav-But it so happens, that Of two very fine perhaps the very finest of the Greek Greek gems now in existence, are two which represent scenes gems: of this kind. On each is a feated figure bending over a lyre, and touching its strings. The one is engraved on car-

> nelian, and is in the British Museum;





Museum: the other, on rock crystal, belongs to an English lady, Miss Cockerell. I may of a third class with them, though it is -whereinferior in style, the gem which of this forms the subject of this paper. present It is engraved on a thin flice of treatife. pale chalcedony, and has lately been acquired for the British Museum.

On it a young lady fits read- Its theme ing from a manuscript, her lyre explained. resting on a cippus before her. The lyre would not be there except to give us to understand that it is a fong that she is reading over to herfelf. The fong more than pleases her, or fhe would not hold and regard it so attentively. She has even allowed her dress to slip down a little from her shoulder. Her age, and her gracefulness

### A Greek Gem.

30

of costume and bearing, tell that the theme of the song is love. We may be sure it is no tragic phase of the passion such as inspired the sine poem of Musaeus, and the far siner rendering of the same subject in the Bride of Abydos.

As on that night of stormy water, When Love, who sent, forgot to save The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.

Athenian

Quaere—
"Epos the artist, or has been faintly scratched with a diamond splinter on the cippus under the lyre, by some later hand, like the remark of a scholiast on the margin of a manuscript. But I am warned against too readily accepting this interpretation, by the sact that Eros was the name of an

Athenian sculptor, and may also have been the name of a gem engraver. It would not be without parallel for an engraver to put his name on a gem without the customary addition as to authorship; and if the letters had been in keeping with the workmanship of the gem, there would have been some temptation to add Eros to the lift of ancient engravers. But they are not fo, either in form or execution. They are Greek letters of the type familiar in Roman times; and if they were placed on the gem to record the name of the engraver, it was not himself who fo placed them. During the 17th century it was a not uncommon practice to add to a gem the name of some engraver,

it mould

appear

theme.

graver, or other artist mentioned in ancient literature. however, has only lately become known, through the finding of a statue by him at Olympia. Altogether there is most to be said for our first Epos the interpretation,—that the word had been added to indicate the theme of the fong. Directly, it would be the name of the God

> was the subject of the song. The lower part of the gem has unfortunately been broken away, and the beauty of the

> of Love inscribed on a cippus to his honour. Indirectly, the presence of a cippus, so inscribed, would tell that Love

defign thereby impaired. The style is that of Greek art in the 4th century B.C., with its very low relief, its tender fentiment.

ment, its refined type of figure, and its careful treatment of drapery. Such figures may be feen on painted vafes of that date, seated and reading from a manuscript, on which sometimes the letters are legible, and not mere marks as on this gem. It should be noticed with how little of actual workmanship the Greek engraver attained his end in this case. The lines are few : there is not much modelling of forms. He had worked out his image beforehand, so as to fave all possible labour of hand, confistently with its expressing itself clearly.

A. S. MURRAY.

# 

### IN THULE.

A LL in a windy dawn of June,
Our boat rocked on the reftless
Sound,

It feemed as though, from rhyme and rune.

Some Norland spirit sang, around, Waking the music of the caves With harp-strings of the stricken waves.

We passed into the tangled voe,

And climbed the steep, brine-crusted

coast;

And, far beyond, we marked the flow
And fury of the foam-blenched rooft.
But, while the blue fea fumed and rolled,
We walked through fweet marsh-marigold.





We heard the gull wail overhead,
We heard the plover on the hill,
And further, over marsh and mead,
We heard the jubilant throb and thrill
Of lark on lark, that rose and fang
Till every cloud with gladness rang.

The wind fell, and the fea lay blue,—
As blue as heaven,—nor wave, nor foam,

Save where a changing whiteness grew
Round some sheer cliff, or far, dim
holm.
Our island law in that wide light

Our island lay, in that wide light, An atom in the infinite.

We climbed by wild hill roads, that led
From green vales, to the storm-bleached
crest

Of flopes that, all in filence, spread
To heaven a world of glorious rest,
Where angel feet might, spotless, fall,
And God to man be all in all.

Blue

Blue firth, green breadths of shoaling fea,

The wild-eyed creatures of the hill, Cloud shadows that sweep down and slee, Far slung at the broad south wind's will,

An awful fummit, sheer and hoar, And falling foam for evermore.

What dreadful dawn of storm and fire
Has moulded Chaos into thee,
Island that fills my heart's defire,
Land of unwritten history?
The grey sea-eagle trims her nest;
The past is folded into rest.

There is no found of meaner things,
There is no whisper of the earth,
Save the sweet voice of infant springs
That babble of their stainless birth;
And, over all, the haunting call
Of plangent seas that roll and fall.

DAVID J. MACKENZIE.



#### MIMNERMUS.

A<sup>T</sup> funfall, in the foft Ionian air,
The heights of Tmolus burned in
waning fire,

And fad Mimnermus, on a temple stair, Leaned on his lyre.

Below, he heard the river murmuring
Between the oleanders. Far away,
The fea, beneath white stars of evening,
Empurpled lay.

A red rose kissed his cheek; his fondling hand

Closed dreamily upon the golden shell, And, sweetly, on the drowsy meadow-land, His singing sell. As buds amid the bloffom-burdened fpring

Wake, break, and catch the smile that fills the sky,

We, in the wonder of our wakening, Knowing not why,

'Laugh, love,—one little fummer, while our life

Hangs on the fleeting tenure of a breath,

And one Fate brings Old Age's maiming knife,

And one brings Death.'

Even as he fang, the marble step was stained

ftained
With crimfon from the broken-hearted
flower,—

Slow as he ceased, the light of evening waned

From tree and tower.

David J. MacKenzie.



# AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

N the afternoon of a day in the early winter or late autumn

—that is, in the beginning of November—Mrs. Drummond went into her own house in one of those losty piles of handsome houses which are the pride of Edinburgh. I do not venture to say what name it bore, for these streets of

palaces

Mrs.
Drummond goes
bome.

#### An Anxious Moment. 40 palaces are so much alike, that the unaccustomed eye, however awed by the folemn maffes of their hewn stones, has diffi-Concern-

culty in identifying them. Mr. ing the houses of Ruskin, talking a great deal of Edinthat nonfense of his, which is burgb. by times divine, has fomewhere defignated Moray Place and its neighbours by the title of 'prisons of souls.' I think, though that may be abfurd, that their feverity and regularity is extremely alarming in the dimness of a winter afternoon, when the day has begun to wane, but the lights have not appeared either within or without. It is not quite apparent

even to myself, why I should take this opportunity of faying fo; for certainly Mrs. Drummond did not think her tall, dark,

dark, grey house, in all its Denelaboration of cold uniformity, mark's no a prison of the soul. She was prison to aware of the bright rooms those who within, the windows that looked think not over that wonderful landscape, fo. which Fitz-Eustace saw (much better) from the hills of Braid, the Firth lying low in the great valley underneath, and the foft background, against a grey horizon, of the rounded hills of Fife. And the was aware of all those fascinations of individual life—the books, the pictures, the memories which make a house, whether it be a palace or a cottage, into a home. She went in, a cheerful woman, not without cares, yet with the brightest side of life fufficiently uppermost to keep her heart light. Her daughters

## An Anxious Moment.

had not returned from their holiday visits here and there, but it was currently reported in the house that the mother liked, from time to time, to find herself alone with papa and Edward, and have the whole charge of these elder children of the family in her hands. Her husband, she knew, would come in about five, and drink a cup of tea, in the cheerful light of the blazing fire which he loved, and tell her all that had gone on during the daywhat he had been doing more or less, and what was being faid in the Parliament-house, or at the club; all those pieces of news which the men pick up, and which a woman likes to have told her in the cheerful twilight, by the light of the pleasant pleasant fire. Edward, perhaps, might come in even earlier, with his contribution of news-news about himself and what he was doing; which, after all, was more interesting than political movements or revolutions. So there she was, a cheerful woman, going in to her delightful firefide.

Something in the look of The Simmons, the butler, was the frange first thing that disturbed her: look of and yet it can scarcely be said | Simmons that it disturbed her. She saw the he was big with fome im- butler. portant event; but, knowing Simmons as well as she did, she did not feel that this was necessarily a momentous matter.

Perhaps it only meant another baby in the Simmons nursery,

> aware was expected;

which she was

### An Anxious Moment. expected; or perhaps, that he

weekly bills; or that Cook, with whom Mr. Simmons was not on terms of amity, had gone too far in respect to the dripping. She perceived the fact accordingly with as much amusement as curiofity, expecting the usual request, 'If I might have twothree words with you, mem,' with which Simmons began all fuch complaints. But her expectations were not carried Simmons, though he was evidently big with speech, faid nothing, furprifing and

had found out a mistake in the

His furalmost alarming his mistress by prising reticence. his reticence. She lingered a little, looking at the cards of some vifitors who had called in her absence, in reality to give him time to explain himself, but

but Simmons still faid nothing. Then another circumstance ftruck Mrs. Drummond's attention. The door of the library was flightly, very flightly, ajar, and within the opening there was a flutter, as if some one was waiting infide-a little flightly suppressed flutter-fomething which, without any real demonstration, conveyed to a woman's quick eye the idea of fome other woman lurking or watching within.

The library door.

'Is anything wrong?' fhe faid, turning fuddenly upon the butler, and taking him by furprife.

Simmons fell back a step, as if he had been attacked, and answered, 'Wrong, mem?—no, I'm not sure that anything's wrong.'

She

An Anxious Moment. 46 She pointed to the door of

> the library, and asked, Who is there?' in a more impera-

tive tone. 'Weel, mem-I would not Simmons take upon me to fay who they explains. are. It 's—it 's two—leddies.' 'Why didn't you tell me at once?' faid Mrs. Drummond, relieved. 'Do I know them?

visitors.

there, and not up-stairs? I suppose there is nothing to make a mystery about.' 'Weel, mem,' faid Simmons, rubbing his hands in a deprecating manner, 'I would not take upon me to fay. They've no name, or at least they gave me none. I'm dubious if they Mysterious are the kind of leddies-you would be likely to know.' 'What do you mean?' said

Mrs.

-And why did you take them

Mrs. Drummond sharply: and then she proceeded, with a little laugh, 'I had better see for myself at least. You can bring in the lamp, it is getting so dark. They will be after some subscription or other,' she said, and turned to go to the library, where the objects of her inquiry were.

Simmons put out his hand to stop his mistress. He cleared his throat. For once it was evident he was reluctant to speak. 'Mem—,' he said, 'if you will bide a moment. They're—not for you, if I must say it. They never asked for you.'

'For whom did they ask,

then?' faid Mrs. Drummond—
'for your master? But that makes
no difference; bring the lamp—'
'Mem,

'Mem, if you would bide

a moment.' Simmons had put his hand upon her cloak to reftrain her. 'They're waiting for Mr. Edward—and awfu' anxious to fee him. It was for Mr. Edward they

asked.'
Mrs. Drummond stopped short, with her face towards the library door. She said only 'Oh!' with a curious gasp, as if her breath had stopped short too—and then she turned at once, and went upstairs as quickly as if she had

been purfued, not drawing breath till she found herself looking at her own face in the

Touching great mirror over the drawing-room mantelpiece. It is a strange impulse, but not so unreasonable as it appears:

when

when you have no other eyes to look into, to ask what is the meaning of a new event, sometimes there is a little information to be got by looking into your own. She saw her own face rifing opposite to her, pale and contracted with fudden alarm. Ah, yes! though it was only her own face, it told her fomething; it told her of fecret anxiety, which wanted only a touch like this to burft into flame, and of a haunting dread that had been in her mind through all the peacefulness of her life. She was a woman who had known many rough places in the path of existence in earlier days; and timorous human nature, never quite cured of that old heathen dread that the gods are envious of the happiness

happiness of man, had by times awoke within her. with

a cry of fright, attending when trouble should reappear. And was this the reappearance she had dreaded? Had it come again? It is a sad thing for a human Some recreature to have his or her fleEtions on imagina-(and rather her than his) imagination spoiled in their tions Some people can Spoiled youth. never be perfuaded to antiin youtb. cipate evil. They believe by nature that the fick will always get well, and the wrong always be righted. Things have gone well with them hitherto, and it is natural to expect they will do fo to the end. But there are others who have feen ghosts in their earlier days, and who keep on expecting life again even at their happiest—to whom it seems natural that things should turn out badly—and happiness appears a mere exemption never to be calculated upon from surrounding and inevitable evil. Great love is sadly prone to this latter form. The Italian poet, Leopardi, says that Love and Death are born together, since Love makes the thought of parting unendurable, and can only be safe

in the perfection of a common end. Mrs. Drummond stood

and looked at herfelf with a

feeling that the inevitable had

come; her heart fank within

her to the very depths. She

Mrs. Drummond's dread.

be

faw the curves come about her eyes, and the lines to her mouth, which had feemed to

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be all fmoothed out by years of happiness, and yet were there all the time; and into her heart there came a great anguish, the greatest of all the pangs of motherhood. Were all the dreadful experiences of the past to be renewed in her boy? Were they to be repeated in her boy?—he whose young life had been her pride and her joy-her first-born, her son, the prop of the house, the delight of her heart. Edward! everything that was tender, dear, delightful, hopeful, excellent, was in his name; and was that to drop into the invisible depths too 2 You will fay that

You will fay that fo fimple a fact as that two ladies were waiting to fee her fon fon was no reason for this pain; and that was what, after a while, she began to say to herself. She said to herself She that if there had been anything reasonetb wrong in it they would never with herhave come to inquire for him felf. at his home; that, after all, perhaps they were ladies feeking subscriptions, feminine knights-errant, who never mind whom they ask for, or what they do, fo long as they get their lists filled. Two !- Some

that of itself showed there safety in could be no harm; and she numbers. began to upbraid herself for a bad-minded woman, thinking evil where no evil was. All this, and a great deal more, went through her mind and calmed her, subduing her excitement, but without taking

away

away the deeper anxiety that lay below—for, on the other hand, what could ladies want with Edward, to come and vifit him ?--ladies with whom his mother was unacquainted. And what did Simmons mean by being dubious whether they were the kind of ladies she was likely to know? The kind of ladies! There was but one kind of ladies, so far as Mrs. Drummond knew-ladies whom any other lady, if she were the Queen, might know. Thus she was driven about from one fet of thoughts to another, the one calming, the

another, the one calming, the other exciting her fears; and fank down on the fofa at last without thinking of taking off her bonnet, bewildered, forgetting everything except this combat which

which went on within her. The afternoon was gradually darkening; the firelight, becoming every moment of more importance, dancing on the walls, reflected in every bright furface, making the room more and more into a centre of everything that was comfortable and bright-except where fat that dark figure, her mantle falling in heavy folds that gave forth no reflection, her veil dropping over her face. She started. however, when Simmons came | Simmons up to look to the fire, per- looks to ceiving with uneafiness that the fire. it was not the fire Simmons was thinking of, but that his curiofity was much excited, and his mind fet on finding this mystery out.

'Oh,

'Oh,' she said, with a little start as he appeared, 'I am lazy; I have not taken off my bonnet-Is it time for tea?'

'It's not four o'clock,' said Simmons, with an implied reproach; 'I just came to look after my fire.'

Simmons was very willing to allow that the house belonged to his master; but he said 'my fire,' and 'my plate,' and 'my table,' with a certain profesfional appropriation. And he poked the faid fire deliberately, and added coals to the blaze,

His profe stonal appropriations. though there was no need

> pay any attention to this waste. 'Has Mr. Edward come in yet?' she said.

> for them. Mrs. Drummond was not in a state of mind to

'No, mem, he's not come in.'

'And

'And are the-ladies

waiting?'
'Yes, mem, they're still waiting,' Simmons said.

Mrs. Drummond got up and walked to the other end of the room, putting something down and taking something up, as if quite at her ease; but she did

She

jauntily, 'What kind of people are they, Simmons, these friends of Mr. Edward's?—are they old or young?'
'Well, mem,' said Simmons, 'they're both—one's old, and one's young.'
'Oh!' said Mrs. Drummond

faid, after a moment, quite

not deceive Simmons.

again, feeling another arrow go into her heart. 'And what did you mean,' she said, after a moment, 'by telling me that

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they were not the kind of ladies I was likely to know?'
"Well, mem,' faid Simmons again, 'they are fcarcely what you would call leddies at a'. It's just an honest woman and

her daughter.'
'An honest woman and her daughter!'

'Just that, mem; but what the young gentleman may have to do with the like of them is what I cannot tell.'

'I think I will fee them myself, Simmons. It may be fomebody who—it may be—I think, as Mr. Edward has not come in, I will go down and fee them myself.'

Oracular

'I would not advife it, mem,' faid Simmons, 'and neither would I go against you, if that's what you think. Young men

are a thought camstairy—they fometimes don't like their friends to interfere-but, on the ither hand---'

'I was not asking your advice, Simmons,' the lady faid; then her heart smote her a little, for the man, she was fure, meant very kindly. 'Let me know,' she said, 'please, as soon as Mr. Edward comes in.'

She fat down again to wait. 'An honest woman and her daughter!' Mrs. Drummond knew very well what Simmons He meant a person meant. who had no pretentions to be a lady-a woman of a humbler class—a decent, poor woman, with her girl. What could fuch a person have to say to Edward? There was only one The one thing that she could have to ſav.

thing pos-Able.

love (oh, heaven!) with the daughter's pretty face, and, perhaps-who can tell?-have asked her to marry him. Women believe devoutly that there is no folly a young man will not do when there is a pretty face in question. Sometimes they err in that, as in other ways; but, among all the scepticisms of the time, on this point there are no sceptics. They were engaged, perhaps-Edward-my boy-and this girl! 'This creature!' the angry mother had almost said; but she was of a fair and just mind, and fhe stopped herself. What did fhe know about the girl? The girl might be a good girl, and the mother a woman wife and prudent, who did not mean to throw

He must have fallen in

throw her daughter away. had no right to take up an evil opinion either of the mother or the daughter. Many a wiser man than Edward had been beguiled in this same way-oh, many a wifer man!-and the mother, no doubt, had come to fee after him, to keep him up to the mark, to find out if he was well enough off, perhaps to fix the day! 'Oh!' the mother said in her heart, clenching her hands and starting to her feet; and then, with her bonnet still on, and her veil shadowing her face, she ran down-stairs hastily, determined at least to see for herself what manner of people they were who were thus about to take possession of her boy. The library door

open

quite closed; a small chink

espials.

was left, through which she divined some one was eagerly watching, startled by every She went quickly found. up to it, and pushed the door open, and went in. In the imperfect light she saw the two figures starting a little back, and disturbed at the fight of her-one, a very decent woman, in a large Paisley shawl, a large bonnet of a bygone fashion, and an umbrella in her hand: the other, a great deal younger, a mere girl, but folid in her figure, like her mother, built for all life's strong uses, not like a delicate young lady. They feemed very much furprifed at the fight of her, retiring a little into the

the shadows of the room. Scotch women of their class do not curtfy to their social superiors: they are not trained to such reverences; but they made her a rustic bow, and the mother said, 'I hope I see ye weel, ma'am,' in a soft and friendly tone.

'You are waiting for—some one?' said Mrs. Drummond, herself more diffident than they.

'Yes, mem. I was waiting, if possible, for a word with Mr. Edward,' the mother said.

'And what did you want with Edward?—Oh, not if you are unwilling to tell me! But I am his mother, and I could tell him anything—whatever you wish to fay.'

The two ftrangers looked at each other, and then at her.

The

and the mother replied, after a pause, in an embarrassed tone,
'You know nothing about us, mem—maybe you have never heard of us—and you wouldna understand.'
'Oh, I can understand most things—after a while—when

The girl shook her head slightly,

I try, Mrs. Drummond faid with a little hard laugh, feeling that the fituation was too much for her, and that in another moment she would break down and cry. They consulted each other again by

a look.

'Mem,' faid the decent woman, 'I hope you'll no' take it amis: but you dinna ken us, and we dinna ken you, and I would rather bide a moment and see the young

gentleman.

gentleman, if we're no' in onybody's way.'

Mrs. Drummond was very angry. She felt herfelf quiver with rage and mifery, but what could she say? She withdrew as quietly as possible out of Drumthe room, and left it to them. She would have liked to call Simmons, and direct him to turn them out, but the bondage of nature and circumstances was upon her. She could not act contrary to her own character, and to all the habits of her being. She withdrew us quickly as she could, feeling hat everything was against er - even her prejudices gainst discourtesy, and the recessity she lay under of onfidering other people and heir feelings. Sometimes it

would

Exit Mrs. mond. and would be a great relief to be able to throw off that crust of civilifation and good manners.

and return to the frankness of the savage. Now and then indeed very well-bred people are able to do this: but Mrs. Drummond was not of that kind. She went up-stairs again full of misery and indignation; and, before she reached the top, heard the found of the hall door opening, and the light, alert step of Edward coming in. Then came the voice of Simmons, giving her fon the information of who awaited him. She could hear in the air the found of Edward's exclamation of furprise, and then she heard the door of the library open and close. What a moment that was!

She

enter Edward.

She stood at the door of her drawing-room listening to any far-off found, that might indicate what was going on. Prefently, before she could have imagined it to be possible, there was a noise again of quick opening and shutting of doors-the hall door clofing loudly. Had they gone already?—had he gone with them?—what had happened? Mrs. Drummond hurried to the window, to look out. But next moment the found of a flying footstep caught her ear, and Edward himself, pale as a ghost, and in breathlefs haste, burst into the room.

'Mother, where are you?'

Anxious as she was, and with cause, as she seared, to be not Rebind

the arras.

A demand

#### An Anxious Moment.

not only anxious but indignant, it was with a certain sense of shame that Mrs. Drummond appeared from out the lace

curtains that veiled the window.

To feem even to have been prying upon him, watching who it was who had just left him, brought a blush over her -a quick heat of discomsiture

and embarrassment. 'What is it, Edward?' she said, faltering, half avoiding his eye.

'Mother, have you any money?' he said; 'give me what you can, for heaven's fake at once. I have nothing o my own to speak of, and

must have it. I can't wait Mother, I've no time to answe any questions-give me who you can, and let me go.'

her with consternation. She

looked at him for a moment,
pale with terror and diffres.
But even here she could not
disobey her instincts. She
took her purse slowly out of
her pocket, always looking at
him with eyes full of trouble.

'Money?' she said, with a

trembling voice.

'Oh, mother, don't ftop me to ask questions. I've no time to lose. If you care for my comfort and peace—if you don't want me to die of remorse and misery—mother, for God's sake!—I don't know what I'm saying—I'm in great

distress,' cried the lad, tears forcing themselves to his eyes.
'Money is the least of it: give me what you can, and don't the least of it.

ask me-oh, don't ask me. I'll tell you another time.' Mrs. Drummond could not speak; her heart seemed to be broken in two. What did he want money for?—where was he going ?-who were the women who had brought him into this excitement and trouble ?-all these questions tore her with sharp fangs like harpies; but on the other hand was her fon's young face, full of anguish, breathless with haste, and that anxiety which she could not understand. Slowly she put out her hand to his, and gave him, without looking at it, the purse, which was

fuch a fmall matter—the trust, which was fuch a great one—trust which was not confidence, which was full of pain and doubt,

what she was doing might be for Edward's harm and not good. But otherwise she could not act, whatever the penalty might be.

He never stopped to thank

doubt, and a fick terror that

He never stopped to thank her—even to look at her—but turned and dashed down-stairs, and out of the house without a word said.

#### II.

Twenty-four hours had passed of the most extreme and miserable anxiety. Edward dined out that night, and did not return till late. Mrs.

Drummond did not venture to change any of the habits of her life, or to show her anxiety in any visible way. She

She said nothing to his father,

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who vaguely perceived his wife's pre-occupation, but was not fufficiently roused to put any questions on the subject. Something made him fay at dinner that Edward was going out too much-that it could not be good for his studies: which was rather a reflection thrown immediately into his mind from his wife's than any original observation of his own. But he asked no questions about his fon, and the mother faid nothing, exerting herself to talk as usual, to go calmly to rest as usual, without showing the trouble she was For, perhaps, it was nothing after all-perhaps it could all be explained; and

why should his father be dis-

turbed

turbed and made unhappy by fomething which was nothing? So the bore it as best she could. which is the woman's special burden in this world, and covered up the storm of conflicting thoughts, that whirl of quickening anxieties in her own mind, with an outward aspect of quietness and calm ordinary life and speechwhich by moments became so intolerable to her that if she A safety could for any reason have valve rebroken out in shrieks and quired; passion, or in weeping and fobbing, or even in domestic storm, it would have been an unspeakable relief. But none but proof the servants would do any- vokingly thing to give her that opening. absent. They were all exceptionally on

their good behaviour. Simmons

indeed

#### An Anxious Moment 74 indeed kept his eye on her as if he knew all about it, and was her accomplice in deceiv-

Leadenfooted Time.

ing the master of the house; but Simmons was the last person upon whom she could burst forth. After the weary evening was over, she lay awake in the dark and filence till she heard the welcome

click of the door at midnight, and heard her fon's light foot skim up the long staircase. At all events, he was safe in the nest for that whatever to-morrow might bring. But the morning brought no further enlightenment: Edward, who was generally late, was punctilious to a moment that day, breakfasted along with his father, left

Untoward punetuality. the fuch good time for his lecture! which was a thing that pleafed

her much on ordinary occafions, but not to-day. For not a word could pass in the father's presence, who knew nothing. Mrs. Drummond went out about her usual occupations in a kind of desperation in the short sunshine of the wintry morning. The fun was red, shining through a frosty mist, which was not disheartening, like the heavy air of London, but cheerful and full of poetic effects: and the cold was just enough to make the passengers move quickly about the streets and give a keener aspect to the business and movement with which the air was full. Mrs. Drummond

# 76 An Anxious Moment. The fad Drummond did all her domestic

business that day with activity

mechanic

exercise. far greater than her usualwalking about, keeping in constant movement, deadening a Like dull the gnawing of the narcotics. anxiety in her heart. But as numbing the came out of one of the pain. shops, where she had gone to feek fome special delicacy which Edward was fond of (she felt easier when she was catering specially for him, as if he had been ill and required double confideration in that

catering specially for him, as if he had been ill and required double consideration in that way), a strange thing happened to her. She saw Edward himself pass, walking rather slowly with his head bent, looking neither to the right nor to the lest, absorbed in something, in his own thoughts. The sight of him was strange to his mother,

mother, as if some one had fruck her. She stifled the little cry that came to her lips, with a Scotswoman's strong dislike to demonstration of any kind, but paused on the pavement, looking after him with an impulse which she could not restrain nor obey. To follow him - her fon! - to watch him, herself unseen-to Seeing, betray the awful doubt, the unseen. foul-mastering fear, that was in her, and yet not to betray them-to go stealthily after him like a thief, like a fpy!-all the dishonour of it, the stealthiness, the suspiciousness, the meanness of spying, flashed into her mind. She blushed from head to foot, a hot wave of shame and self-contempt passing over her, and then-she went

Drummond follows.

the heart. She ran over to herfelf all the evil that was in it, and then she did it, as so many of us do, but few with fo good an excuse. Her heart began to beat louder and louder as she followed her boy, ashamed of it, pulling down her veil over her face, as if that light film of lace could hide her, either from him or from herself. Edward walked more slowly than usual, or she could not have kept up with him: and yet she felt as if she could have kept up with even a winged paffenger, so hasty and breathless with the speed of going was her loud-beating heart.

blame her who do not know

art. Edward walked away towards wards the west, over the Dean Bridge, into the open country -a long, long way, passing so rows of comfortable houses, and the towers of the great hospital, and the alien cypresses, which have no right to watch in their classical and heathen gloom over cheerful Christian graves. Thoughts of this kind, wild and far apart from her all-absorbing object, flew across her mind as she walked along-Edward always in fight, going flowly, never looking round. He must have feen her had he looked round. Sometimes she thought he was going to turn, and trembled; but he never did so—he walked straight on, reflectively, as if he were thinking of fomething—he

who usually skimmed the ground

Beyond the Dean Bridge.

Still
onward
winds the
dreary
way.

with

80

with a foot fo light. The flow plodding of his pace struck her anew like an additional blow. It increased all her fears of harm, and yet it touched her fo, going to her heart. Gay Edward, the boy who was like the Squire in Chaucer-'Singing he was or floyting alle the day,' as she had said of him a hundred times, but now fo thoughtful, hanging his head, going along pondering, pondering all the way. What was he thinking of with fuch a heavy heart? What was it that took the spring from his footstep? And where was he going?-to the woman of last night she knew instinctively: but whyand what were they to him? The woman was an honest

was written all

over

woman-it

The

decent

woman's

cottage.

over her; a decent woman, as Simmons faid. And that flow reflective step was not the step of a lover. Why was he going there?—what had they to do with him? These questions floated about her, rang in her ears, sounded over and over again, into the very recesses of her heart, but no answer came. At last they came all to a

ftop with a fudden clang and shock. He had come to the house. It was a little house; no more than a cottage. Mrs. Drummond saw at a glance that is could be a supported to the same and the

that it could belong to no one but the visitor of last night. It was like her, as a house (especially in the country) gets like its possessor—the windows bright and clean, with little muslin curtains tight across The door is opened
—and
fbut.

whole being feemed to be arrested as the door opened and shut, and Edward disappeared. She stood still, and, what was more, her heart stood still, and all her beating pulses feemed to stop for the moment. She selt a moment's brief strange suspension of life as she stood there, scarcely breathing.

Thus all things had come to an end. Her spying, her stealthy following, her outrage upon the honour and candour of

life

world even in November. Mrs. Drummond saw all this with one look, and then her life stopped here. She could go no further-what was she to do?

There was nobody but An awkherself upon the road; a little | ward prefurther on was the lodge gate dicament. of a house in which people whom she knew lived-any one of whom might come out and discover her; a little further was a cluster of cottages, a fort of little hamlet -but here nothing. She flood, and leaned upon a garden wall, that skirted the road, and felt without shrinking the cold dew drop upon her from the branches that overhung it. What was she to do? She could not go back again in fecret, and leave the mystery unsolved, after she had shamed herfelf

herself to her own knowledge in this attempt to find it out. Time goes flow in moments

Time travels in divers paces.

like this, and it goes fast. Each individual instant is like a year, but the whole together, nothing, a moment's space. Mrs. Drummond thought she had not

The door is opened.

more than a minute against that wall, leaning looking across a bit of open space, on the other side, at the cottage, which stood withdrawn a little from the road at a right angle, when the door opened again audibly, with a found that disturbed the soft, humid filence, and startled her out of all command of herself. She saw as through a mist her fon appear, accompanied by the visitor of last night, whose apron was at her eyes, and who had had evidently been crying; behind her appeared shadow of the girl looking over her shoulder. They were bidding Edward goodbye. The air was fo still that the spectator could hear what they were faying. 'God bless you, fir,' the honest woman faid. 'Oh, don't fay that!' said Edward, 'say you forgive

me all the anxiety I have caused you-but you will when you have him home to-night.' 'God bless you,' was repeated A parting again, this time by two voices, blessing; and then the door was closed. and Mrs. Drummond, shutting her eyes, heard her fon coming and a towards her. What could she dreaded do? If she had turned and approach. fled, he would have feen and

recognised her all the same.

She

She leant all her weight against the wall, feeling her limbs quiver under her, and the light go from her eyes. She did not seem to breathe, counting the steps as they came towards her. Nearer they came, and nearer - then stopped; and Mrs. Drummond, hurriedly opening her eyes, heard him call 'Mother!' in a voice of consternation, and faw him dimly with a mist about him, through which he appeared to her young, severe, terrible, like St. George with his spear.

'Mother! how have you come here?'

She got back her breath, and answered him in a gasp, 'After you, Edward.'

'Mother—you followed—'

She bowed her head, and closed her eyes again, seeling as if the young warrior had transfixed her with that spear—the spear of truth and earnest purpose. Oh, yes!—not to be mistaken!—going through and through her; but oh, with what a smart of joy!

'Edward! I am struck to the earth with shame. I came after you like a spy—'

He had a right, if he chose, to turn the spear in the wound and she was willing. Everything was sweet now she had seen that light in his eyes.

Instead of that, she felt his arm around her in a moment. Oh, mother! how anxious you have been. I see it all now. I have left you in distress, only thinking of the other—without

#### 88 An Anxious Moment.

a word of explanation. I fee it now. You were a bit of myself—it did not seem to matter; but forgive me—I see it now—forgive me, mother dear!'
'Forgive you!' she said; 'is

there anything your mother needs to be asked to forgive

you, Edward? And you were quite right; I am yourself—I ought to have divined.' The moment she had faid this, throwing her head high in proud confidence, she suddenly clasped his arm with both her hands, and said, in a low beseeching tone, 'What is it, what is it, Edward? Oh, tell me, my own boy!'

'I am to blame all the same, mother,' Edward said; and as

they walked, she clinging to his arm, he told her the story.

Now

An Anxious Moment. 89 Now Edward had not been one of those young men who have never given his parents any anxiety fince the day they were born, of whom one hears fometimes. Happy are the parents who have fuch fons! Appearances may be against Charatter them, but character is stronger versus apthan appearances. But Ed- pearances. ward was not one of these. He had done nothing very wrong, but he had been careless, blown about by different winds. And this was why his mother had plunged at once into fuch mortal terror concerning him-fearing she knew not what. Edward began to Edward tell her his flory, with her arm | tells bis drawn through his, and his fory. hand clasping it: for thefe careless boys have their compenfating

### 90 An Anxious Moment. penfating qualities, and are

more humble-minded than those who know themselves

above fuspicion. He told her that he had been dining at the Castle on the night before that day of trouble, as she knew. 'But you didn't know how late I was I was so late that I couldn't get out without bringing Seton into trouble. You know how strict they are, mother. What was I to do?if I had stayed there all night, as they wanted me, I don't know what you and my father would have faid. I made up my mind directly to come down the rock.' 'Edward! you might have killed yourself!' 'No fear! I've scrambled

about the Craigs too often for

that

that; but when I got down almost to the bottom, there was the fergeant with his party relieving the guard. I lay low, but they had seen me. What was I to do?-I've been in a lot of scrapes before, you know, mother-

'Oh, yes,' she said, shaking

her head, 'I know.' Careless Edward—careless still, with all his trouble-gave a broken laugh at the thought. 'Somebody was passing down below-I caught fight of him by the lamplight. I gave a whistle, and faid, "Charlie, lend us a hand." He looked up, and gave one fpring, and stood by at the dykefide to help me down. And I don't know how we got mixed up, mother -I could not tell you-I've tried

The sequel to a dinner at the Caftle.

#### 92 An Anxious Moment.

tried to make it out, but I can't do it. The only thing I know was, that I got fafe home, and Charlie fell into their hands.'

'Who is Charlie?' she asked.
'Charlie Muir—and that

was his mother that came to tell me—I never heard what had happened till then. She did not hear herfelf till the afternoon, and the state she had been in!—worse than you—for

fome of my careless ways; but fhe thought, knowing what a straight, steady fellow he was she thought he was killed, all that night and half the day:

you would have thought it

mother, think!'
'Oh, my boy!' cried Mrs.
Drummond, preffing his arm;

been thinking of that decent anxious woman!-who had been in moment trouble far greater than her own. 'I rushed up to the place at once, and they let me fee him. He had not faid a word about me-trust him for that; but he had faid he was only passing, and had never been on the rock at all: and the men all knew fomebody had been on the rock. I could do very little with your money, after all. I brought it back, or the most of it,' said Edward. 'I tipped a man or two to be good to him; and then I went

to Seton, who was ready, of course, to take his share of the blame. But the man I wanted was Colonel Wedderburn, and

him

The batb paffed.

#### An Anxious Moment. 94 him we could not find. Charlie is to be brought up at two o'clock, and Seton was to try and nail the Colonel at one, to get him to interfere. And I thought I would go in the meantime, to tell Mrs.

Did you hear her God-bleffing me?-when she ought to have done the other thing! And I'm not half so sure, as I said I was,' Edward cried, shaking his head. 'But yes, I am! They'll have to lock me up instead of him. He shall not be punished for me.'

Muir that it would all be right.

'How did they know to anxious come to you, Edward?' his mother asked, with some lingermoment all but reing suspicion still in her tone. turneth. 'He told them I was his

kind friend, and that I would

help

The

help them. Fancy! when it was all for me he was there—but not a word of that did Charlie fay. I'd like you to know him. They're poor, and he's not what you call a gentleman, mother. Gentleman! he might be a prince,' Edward cried.

'If he was a king he could be no better than a gentleman. But I think he must be that—in his heart,' said Mrs. Drummond. 'Edward, I am dreadfully tired—though I've no such reason as that good woman. Get a cab as soon as you can see one, and I'll go with you to Colonel Wedderburn. If he does not listen to you wild lads, he will listen to me.'

They had ftill to walk a long way, however, before the welcome is to be brought up at two o'clock, and Seton was to try and nail the Colonel at one, to get him to interfere. And I thought I would go

in the meantime, to tell Mrs. Muir that it would all be right. Did you hear her God-bleffing me?-when she ought to have done the other thing! And I'm not half so sure, as I said I was,' Edward cried, shaking his head. 'But yes, I am! They'll have to lock me up instead of him. He shall not be punished for me.' 'How did they know to come to you, Edward?' his mother asked, with some lingering suspicion still in her tone. 'He told them I was his kind friend, and that I would

help

The
anxious
moment
all but re-

turneth.

An Anxious Maria elp them. Fancy! when it as all for the he was there -but not a word of that did narlie fay. I'd like you to low him. They're power. Hæc olim, d he's not what you call a etc. ntleman, nother. Gentlen! he might be a prince, 'If he was a king he comise no better the it I think he must be the his hear, faid Mrs. Dans nd. 'Edward, I are income ly tired time I've and h realog a the great accessor. it a cab as force as reasonable one, ad [1] to make your Colord Vancana dos as idea de pos maio li, le vil lies and They be seen as § 179, barrel

# yelcome cab came in fight A lucky cabman. welcome cab came in fight The fame cab made a littl fortune out of the cafe tha afternoon. It drove up and down from the Caftle, an waited about while everybod was interviewed, and the ftor told over and over. Every

thing ended finally in the mo innocent way. Young Seto had his leave stopped, an Edward spent his mother money in paying the fin inflicted as the penalty of th escapade; and Muir, wh had fo nearly been the scape goat, and who in his depresse condition, after being locke up for two nights, looked de plorable enough, was conveye home triumphant by Edward as much delighted and happ in his friend's virtue as if h

himfel

himself had never been to blame at all. Neither of them was much the worse for the incident, which made the most capital story in all their College Societies, and circulated through the class-rooms, for weeks afterwards—nay, if there had been a Union at that moment, it would no doubt have run through all its brotherhoods—how Charlie

Muir, the steadiest of good fellows, was locked up instead of Ned Drummond — the

greatest joke!

Hæc olim, etc.

The two mothers imiled too, after a time, at the thought of how their hearts were racked, and all the dreadful images that had peopled the filence on that terrible night; but such moments are too ferious

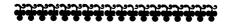
ended.

is well

women, even when all is well that ends well, as this did. But that is one of the mysteries, more profound than Greek philosophy, which it is so hard and difficult to make the young men know.

M.O.W. OLIPHANT.





#### BURNS.

BROTHER of Homer, Nature's darling child,

Best prophet of this dainty-cultured age, When men by far-sought fancies grandly spoiled

Find Truth's fair face in thy untutored page;

Thy home-spun words let silken dames dispraise,

And book-learned wits thy ploughman's phrase despise,

There lives a power in thy fresh bickering lays

That kins thee with the best that star the skies.

 $\mathbf{T}$ hy

Thy fong is like the purple-vefted Ben, Rooted in granite, round whose shoulders sweep

Salubrious airs, and lucid fountains leap Joyful into the warm green-winding glen, Where rushing rivers pour their roaring tide,

And grand old pine trees toss their branchy pride.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Χαίρειν μετά χαιρόντων, καὶ κλαίειν μετά κλαιόντων.—ΡΑυιυς.



#### 

## TO A FAIR LADY

Who wished she had been born a Man,

A car there was would be a tiger,
For it was plain to fee
Tigers both stronger are and bigger
Than any cat may be.

So the cat prayed to Jove; and Jove, Who cooks all kinds of dishes, Sent wingèd Hermes from above To do what pussy wishes.

The cat became a tiger; but
Had scarcely reared his head,
When through the jungle a slant shot
Laid mighty pussy dead!

Let

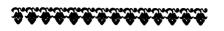
#### 102 To a Fair Lady.

Let cats learn wisdom, and abide
In their own skin securely:
The bigger beast oft serves to guide
The marksman's ball more surely!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

' Αληθεύων έν άγάπη. - Paulus.





#### DRESS.

To Miss E. P.

M AIDEN, I love thee not,—or rather not Thy drefs, fo loudly red, fo grandly gay;

Such gorgeous trappings fling a splendid blot

On thy mild nature's virginal display. Take blue convolvulus, or speedwell blue,

Mingled with lilies white, which poets

Or from you kies filch their cerulean hue, To match the summer sweetness of thine eyes.

Nature abhors ill-forted mixtures; fo Compose thy garb as thy fair mould we see;

Not

#### Dress.

104

Not all birds may be eagles; and the show

That lights dark-eyed fultanas blindeth thee.

Be wife: and match thy vesture with thy foul

And those twin lucid orbs, to make one tuneful whole.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

'Εν τῷ συμμέτρω τὸ καλόν.—Ριατο.





# THE SCOTCH STUDENT'S DREAM.

T.

From William Sawbones, Esq., M.D., D.Sc., F.A.L.S.E., (Fellow of all the Learned Societies of Europe), to the Secretary, Senatus of the University of Edinburgh.

51 MORAY PLACE, Edinburgh, June 4, 1890.

DEAR SIR,—Yours to hand which I should have answered sooner

Student's Dream. o6 fooner but for a confultation ld in with Sir William Gull, which ademiesteem. took me to London. I accept with pleasure the Senatus's offer of an examinership in Materia Medica, not for the honour (which I do not need), nor for the remuneration (which is a mere bagatelle), but because my alma mater has a claim upon her fon.-Yours in hafte, W. SAWBONES. II. From W. SAWBONES, M.D., &c., &c., to Messes. M-cm-LL-N & Co., Publishers, London. repute DEAR SIRS,—Seeing that fo many eminent Scientists are bor. calling for a cheap edition of my book, I do not know that one

one can well refuse them. I leave all the arrangements to you. Please announce that all the proceeds from the People's Edition (is it the twelfth or the fifteenth?) will

go to the Edinburgh Infirmary.

Yours truly,

As generous as great.

W. SAWBONES.

#### III.

From John Gilmour, Private Secretary to W. Sawbones, M.D., &c., &c., to Her Majesty the Queen.

MADAM, — Mr. Sawbones requests me to acknowledge receipt of your favour of the 13th, and to respectfully decline the honour of knight-

hood which your Majesty

He refufeth royal recognition of his merit.

proposes to confer upon him.
Mr.

#### Student's Dream. 108 after the Mr. Sawbones, like

fasbion of bis countryman. Carlyle.

countryman Carlyle, is a man of the people, and has his own valuation for empty honours. He begs me to flate that he takes your communication in the spirit in which it was apparently meant, and wishes your Majesty well. At the

advanced character of Mr. Sawbones's views are matter You have permission to make what use you please of this MADAM.

same time he is surprised at its tenour, feeing that the

of public notoriety. letter .- I remain. Your humble Servant, JOHN GILMOUR.

#### IV.

From W. SAWBONES, M.D., &c., &c., to LADY FANNY LISLE, Tully Castle, Perthshire.

a cigar, the moment your back was turned'? Surely you know me better. I shall not fay where I preserve it as a relic of the happiest evening of my life. I hope Lord with Lisle did not scold you very maidens of much when you got home? You were not more than an hour late.

Have just sent off the flowers, which I hope you will like. Did I tell you that it has rained here ever fince your departure - the angels

weeping

DEAR LADY FANNY, -Do Triumyou really think that I 'flung | phant in away the glove like the end of love;

> the noblest station.

#### Student's Dream.

weeping because you have gone away. The old address will always find me.

My kindest regards to your

My kindest regards to your sister, Lady Gertrude. Dare I send to yourself the message that trembles on my lips?—Believe me, dear Lady Fanny, yours most truly,

W. SAWBONES.

V.

From W. Sawbones, M.D., &c., &c., to the Professor of Anatomy, Edinburgh University.

lis scienfic preminence.

10

MY DEAR TURNER,—If your experiment is still a failure, bring your instruments round to me, and I'll set you right.—Yours. W. S.

VI.

#### VI.

From W. SAWBONES, M.D., &c., &c., to the Professor of ENGLISH LITERATURE, University of Edinburgh.

My DEAR MASSON,—Come round to-morrow, and take a chop at fix. If Tennyson has belles not gone, bring him with you. lettres. -As ever. W.S.

#### VII.

NOTICE on the Door of W. Sawbones's residence, 51 Moray Place.

Please address all communications for the next fortnight-'Care of Lord Rosebery,

Dalmeny.' (Signed) W. SAWBONES.

A portion of the

He attaineth to political importance.

#### VIII

From W. Sawbones, M.D., & &c., to Lady Fanny List care of the Gardener's Lody Tully Castle. (To be call for.)

The heart
doth prodigally
lend the
tongue
vows.

MY OWN LITTLE ONE,course I am true to you. Ho could you alarm your fwe little felf with fuch a question You have been misinform about Mrs. de Gray. I assu you I only danced with h twice, and the fecond tir because I could not get out it. Oh, my precious, as if cared to have any partner b my jealous, unreasonable, love little lassie of Tully Cast Sometimes I catch myse fmiling at all the rest of yo fex, trying to pass themselv off as women, as if there were more than one woman in the world! My pet's letter made me so happy. I live for another to-morrow.

Give Gertrude my love (just a tiny bit of it). You know it is all yours to parcel out as you like. Good-night, darling.

—Ever your WILLIAM.

#### IX.

From W. SAWBONES, M.D., &c., &c., Testimonial in favour of the Professor of Physiology in the University of Edinburgh, Candidate for an Honorary Chair in the University of Paris.

I HAVE had exceptional opportunity of judging of the merits of Mr. Rutherford, and

Displayeth a kindly encouragement of
rising
merit.

have much pleasure in recommending him to your favourable confideration. As a professor he has gained my esteem by his conscientious discharge of his duties. For the last two years he has been a frequent visitor at my house, where an informal Physiological Society meets weekly, and on these occasions I have been favourably struck, not less by the originality of his fuggestions, than by his readiness to seize a point when it has been explained to him. He has also proved of much service in affisting me with my scientific investigations. Mr. Rutherford is a man in whose career I take a warm interest.

W. SAWBONES.

X.

From W. Sawbones, M.D., &c.,
&c., to the Earl of Lisle,

Tully Castle, Perthshire.

My Lord,—I am much furprifed by the tenour of your

ask my intentions with regard to your daughter, Lady Fanny. I reply that I have no intentions whatever. I regard your daughter, my Lord, with feelings of esteem, and I can only say, that no one regrets more than I do, the unhappy attachment which you say she has conceived for me.

I may go further, my Lord, and affert that, though this is

not by any means the first case

Lordship's communication. You

Only too eligible.

of the kind, I never regretted one

### 116 Student's Dream one more. Affure Lady Fanny of my continued admiration, and point out to her that a

man like myself is hardly justified in making one woman happy at the expense of so many others. My Lord, I can put my hand upon my heart, and fay, with all honesty, that I never faid or wrote one word to your unhappy daughter

that went beyond the expreffion of fentiments of the most ordinarily friendly character .remain, my Lord, your obedient Servant, W. SAWBONES, thro' J. GILMOUR.

XI.

### XI.

From W. SAWBONES, M.D., &c., &c., to the Provost of Dundee. (Telegram.)

Much gratified to hear that the Dundee Town Council have agreed to erect a statue to me in my native town. Fear am unworthy of the

### XII.

honour.

### (THE AWAKENING.)

From R. Sawyer, Medical Student, Edinburgh, to W. Sawbones, Medical Student, on a visit to his parents at Dundee. (Post-card.)

28th July, 1886. Both plucked again.

J. M. BARRIE.

Awaketh
and difcerneth
the truth.

### A FAIR BARGAIN.

What wad ye gie for a wife, laddie;
What wad ye gie for a wife?

'Gien it was yersel' an' nae ither, lassie,

I wad gie my verra life!'

- 'What guid wad that do me, laddie? Set me to bury the deid!'
- 'I wad gie ye filler an' claes, lassie, An' the whitest o' a' white breid.'
- 'Troth, I hae fic at hame, laddie! .

  An' I wadna, whether or no!'
- 'Tell me then what ye wad hae, lassie, Or I'll tak my slick an' go!—





Or hear til me, ance for a', lassie!
 What wad ye gie yersel'
 For the laddie abune a' laddies,

The verra mirracle?'

- 'Ye hae answert yer ain cry, laddie, But ony ringin' o' bell! For that same laddie o' laddies I wad just gie mysel'.'
- 'An' fic a laddie o' laddies
  I reckon wad get ye cheap!'
  - 'Oh, na; fic a laddie o' laddies Wad pay mair nor ony—a heap!

  - 'But I'd feek neither claes nor filler, Coo, nor corn, nor hoofe!'
  - 'Oot wi't, lass! or we'll differ: Ye couldna live like a moose!'

### 120 A Fair Bargain.

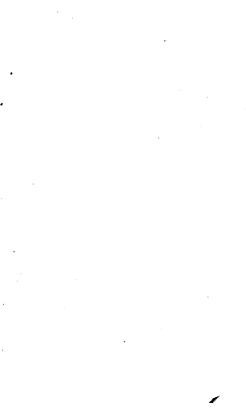
'Gien ye were that laddie o' laddies, Ye wadna need me to tell! He wad gie't like a thouchtles lassie, Thinkin' naething o' himsel'!'

'What ye are after, laffie,
For my life I canna tell!'

'Ye're no ower gleg, I dout, laddie! What wad he gie but himfel'!'

GEORGE MAC DONALD.







It seems likely to rain., he said, have you an umbrella?



# The Philosopher and

The Butterflies.

HE scene was in a garden, on a fine summer morning, The scene.

fummer morning, brilliant with flants of funshine, yet chequered with clouds fignificant of more than a remote possibility of rain. All the animal world was aftir. Birds flitted or hopped from spray to spray; Butterslies eddied around flowers, within, or upon which Bees were bustling;

Ants and Earwigs ran nimbly about on the mould: Member of the Universal Knowledge Society perambu-

U. K. S. set fortb.

The pur-

lated the gravel path. The Universal Knowledge pose of the Society, be it understood, exists for the diffemination, and not for the acquisition of knowledge. Our Philosopher, therefore, did not occupy himself with considering whether in that miniature world, with its countless varieties of animal and vegetable being, fomething might not be found with which he was himself unacquainted, but, like the honey-freighted bee, rather fought an opportunity of disburdening himself of his stores of information, than of adding to them. But who was

was to profit by his communicativeness? The noisy birds could not hear themselves fpeak, much less him; he shrewdly distrusted his ability to command the attention of the busy Bees; and even a Member of the Universal Knowledge Society may well be at a loss for a suitable address to an Earwig. At length he determined to accost a Butterfly who, after fipping the juice of a flower, remained perched indolently upon it, apparently undecided whither to direct his flight.

'It feems likely to rain,' A collohe faid; 'have you an umbrella?

The Butterfly looked curiously at him, but returned no answer.

quy;

'I do not ask,' refumed the Philosopher, 'as one who should imply that the probability of even a complete saturation ought to appal a ratiocinative being, endowed with wisdom and virtue. I rather designed to direct your attention to the inquiry whether these attributes are, in fact, rightly predicable of Butterslies.'

Still no answer.

which is somewhat one-sided at first.

of Butterflies.'
Still no answer.
'An impression obtains among our own species,' continued the Philosopher, 'that you Butterflies are deficient in foresight and providence, to a remarkable, I might almost say, a culpable degree. Pardon me if I add that this suspicion is to some extent confirmed by my finding

you destitute of protection against imbriserous inclemency, under atmospheric conditions whose contingent humidity should be obvious to a being endowed with the most ordinary allotment of meteorological prevision.'

The Buttersty still left all

the talk to the Philosopher.

This was just what the latter defired.

'I greatly fear,' he continued, 'that the omission to which I have reluctantly adverted is, to a certain extent, typically characteristic of the entire political and social economy of the lepidopterous order. It has even been stated, though the circumstance appears scarcely credible, that your system of life does not include

## 126 The Philosopher and

include the accumulation of adequate resources against the inevitable exigencies of Winter.'

The 'What is Winter?' asked

the Butterfly, and flew off without awaiting an answer.

The Philosopher remained for a moment speechless, whether from amazement at the Butterfly's nescience, or disgust at his ill-breeding. Recovering himself immedi-

ately, he shouted after the fugitive—

'Frivolous animal! It is this levity,' continued he, addressing a group of butterslies who had gradually assembled in the air, attracted by the conversation, 'It is this satal levity that constrains me to wholly despair of the future of

you

perfishently remain at your

present depressed level! That you should not immediately enter upon a process of selfdevelopment! Look at the The Bee Bee! How did she acquire as an her sting, think you? Why example. cannot you store up honey as the does? 'We cannot build cells,' suggested a Butterfly. 'And how did the Bee learn, do you suppose, unless by imbuing her mind with the elementary principles of mathematics? Know that time has been when the Bee was as incapable of architectural construction as yourselves, Ex bumili when both you and she alike potens. were indifcriminable particles of primary protoplasm. suppose

### The Philosopher and

128

suppose you know what that is.) One has in process of time exalted itself to the cognition of mathematical truth, while the other-Pshaw! Now, really, my friends, I must beg you to take my observations in good part. I do not imply, of course, that any endeavour of yours in the direction I have indicated could benefit any of you personally, or any of your posterity for numberless generations. But I really do confider that, after a while, its effects would be very observable-that in twenty millions of years or fo, provided no geological cataclyfm fupervened, you Butterflies, with your innate genius for mimicry, might be conformed, in all material respects, to to the hymenopterous model, or perhaps carry out the principle of development into novel and unheard-of directions. You should derive much encouragement from the beginning you have made already.'

'How a beginning?' inquired a Butterfly.

'I am alluding to your larval constitution as Caterpillars,' returned the Philofopher. 'Your advance upon that humiliating condition is, I admit, remarkable. I only wonder that it should not have proceeded much further; with fuch capacity for development, it is incomprehenfible that you should so long have remained stationary. You ought to be all Toads by this time, at the very least.'

٠I

# 1 30 The Philosopher and 'I beg your pardon,' civilly

interposed the Butterfly. 'To

wbat condition were you pleased to allude?' 'To that of a Caterpillar,' rejoined the Philosopher. 'Caterpillar!' echoed the The But-Butterfly, and 'Caterpillar' terflies retittered all his volatile compudiate panions, till the air feemed their anbroken into little filvery waves cestry. of fairy laughter. 'Caterpillar! he positively thinks we were once Caterpillars! He! he! he! 'Do you actually mean to fay you don't know that?" responded the Philosopher. scandalised at the irreverence of the infects, but inwardly

> rejoicing at the prospect of a controversy in which he could

not be worsted.

'We

'We know nothing of the fort,' rejoined a Butterfly.

'Can you possibly be plunged into such utter oblivion of your embryonic antecedents?'

'We do not understand you. All we know is that we have always been Butterslies.'

'Sir,' said a large dull-looking Butterfly, with one wing in tatters, crawling from under a cabbage, and limping by reason of the deficiency of feveral legs, 'let me entreat you not to deduce our fcientific status from the inconfiderate affertions of the unthinking vulgar. I am proud to affure you that our race comprises many philosophical reasoners,-mostly, indeed, such as have been difabled by accidental injuries from joining in

Philofophers among the Butterflies.

the

the amusements of the reft. The Origin of our Species has always occupied a diftinguished place in their investigations. on feveral occasions engaged the attention of our profoundest thinkers for not less than two consecutive minutes. There is hardly a quadruped on the land, a bird in the air, or a fish in the water, to which it has not been ascribed by fome one at fome time; but never, I am rejoiced to say, has any Butterfly ever dreamed of attributing it to the obnoxious thing to which you have so unaccountably made reference.'

'We should rather think not, chorussed all the Butterslies.

'Look here,' faid the Philo fopher, picking up and exhibit in ing a large hairy Caterpillar of very unprepoffeffing appearance. 'Look here, what do you call this?'

'An abnormal organisation,' said the scientific Butterfly.

'A nasty beast,' said the others.

'Heavens!' exclaimed the Philosopher, 'the obtuseness and arrogance of these creatures! No, my poor friend,' continued he, addressing the Caterpillar, 'distain you as they may, and unpromising as your aspect certainly is at present, the time is at hand when you will prank it with the gayest of them all.'

'I cry you mercy,' rejoined the Caterpillar fomewhat croffly, 'but I was digesting a gooseberry leaf when you listed me in that abrupt manner, and I did not quite follow your remarks. Did I understand you to mention my name in connection with those flutterers?' 'I said the time would arrive

'I faid the time would arrive when you would be even as they.'
'I!' exclaimed the Cater-

pillar, 'I retrograde to the level of a Butterfly! Is not the Ideal of Creation imperfonated in me already?'

'I was not aware of that, replied the Philosopher, 'although,' he added in a conciliatory tone, 'far be it from me to deny you the possession o many interesting qualities.'

'You probably refer to my agility?' fuggested the Cater pillar, 'or perhaps to my absterniousness.'

Gaterbillar the measure of all things. 'I was not referring to either,'
returned the Philosopher.
'To my utility to mankind?'

'Not by any manner of means.'

'To what then?'

'Well, if you must know, the best thing about you appears to me to be the prospect you enjoy of ultimately becoming a

enjoy of ultimately becoming a Butterfly.'

The Caterpillar erected himfelf upon his tail, and looked fternly at the Philosopher. The Philosopher's countenance fell

Philosopher's countenance fell.

A thrush, darting from an adjacent tree, seized the oppor-

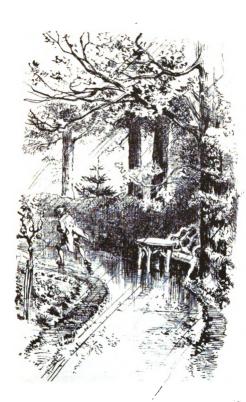
the fame moment, the shower prognosticated by the sage, burst forth, scattering the Butterslies in all directions, drenching the Philosopher,

tunity and the insect, and bore the latter away in his bill. At The Philosopher.

Philosopher, whose foresight had not assumed the shape of an umbrella, and spoiling his new hat. But he had ample consolution in the superiority of his head. And the Caterpillar was right too, for after all he never did become a Buttersly.

RICHARD GARNETT.







## \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

### SELKIRK

and

### The Yarrow.

And Princes Street with all its fashion,
The light that fell was warm and sweet
And full of summer's softest passion.
The huge black engine thundered on
Along its gleaming way so narrow;
The ringing wheels beneath my feet
Sang, 'Ho! for Selkirk and the
Yarrow.'

On either fide upon the fields

The fresh young corn was sweetly growing,

And poppies waving in the wind, In all their red delight were blowing. While

### 138 Selkirk and the Yarrow.

While nearer on the floping bank,
The broom its brightest tints did
borrow,

But still I heard the engine's fong,—
'Ho! ho! for Selkirk and the Yarrow!'

The trees stood deep in ample shadows;
And silver where the sunshine fell
The streams went tinkling through
the meadows.
The white clouds trailing in the sky
Stood still a moment in their winging,

To hear beneath the glorious lark Shake all the spaces with his finging.

The hedges wore their sweetest green,

But still above all fights and founds,
The carriage with its sleepy swaying,
The roar and grind of wheel on rail,
The whistle for each signal playing,—

Above

### Selkirk and the Yarrow. 139

Above them all I heard this fong
Rife from our ringing way fo narrow,
'Ho, ho, for Galashiels, and then
To Selkirk and the haunted Yarrow!'

By woods and meadows rich to see, And banks where wilding flowers did scatter

Their ever fimple hues, we saw
The windings of the Gala Water.
And further on, the classic Tweed
Became its stately rushing marrow,

But still the song within my ear Was'Ho, for Selkirk and the Yarrow!

Far down within the woods we faw—
A fingle peep, then all was over—
The Camelot, in whose facred halls
Romance's fairy spirits hover,
And tip with light the Eildon Hills,
Until in fancy all the glory
Becomes a fun to lend each peak

The magic of the Wizard's story.

And

### 140 Selkirk and the Yarrow.

And I shall look on Yarrow stream,
Shall listen to its tender slowing,
Shall sit and dream by Newark Tower,
And drink the silence upward growing;
Shall think of songs sung long ago,
Old legends born of love and sorrow,
Shall live one day within the past,
And dream of Selkirk and the Yarrow.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.









### From

### **YARROW**

to

### Edinburgh College

When the Century was young.



John Scott, am Master of the Olde Cartwright Dule (Dole),

familiarly named the Olde Dule, an ancient Puritan Foundation. It was endowed

in honour of Thomas Cartwright

T'be
author
introduceth
bimself.

wright-Margaret Professor of

ancient
Foundation: the
origin,

Divinity at Cambridge in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who, for the bold fetting forth of his principles, fuffered hardship and imprisonment. He found refuge on the Continent, where he became the friend of grave scholars and divines; and of him Beza, the all-tactful, the erudite, the witty, wrote: 'I think the fun doth not fee a more learned man.' To the Olde Dule other bequests have fallen in, notably that of 'The Pleasaunce Field, and the two fair orchards bordering on the king's highway, which goeth to Chelfea.' This ground is now all covered with streets and houses. It was bequeathed by a contemporary and compatriot of George Heriot, the founder of

of the Hospital in Edinburgh, on condition that, other matters being equal, the Master or Warden of the Dule should be a Scotsman. By this bequest, in these later days the revenue of the Dule has benefited greatly. It is not unwealthy: it gives modest pensions, with and or without residence, to 'fix purposes olde Scholars to whom the thereof. World hath been fadde;' and it possesses a school not unfamed in the varied history of Nonconformity, and especially favoured by pupils of Scottish parentage

in London. I have grown very old at my work within its walls, and every day it becomes

more plain to me that, though I live with the present generation, I am not of it. affifiant and fucceffor has relieved

## 144 When the Century

the
author's
present
way of
life.

Touching

ever in my own library—the inmost recess of the series of book-rooms which belong to the Foundation. This room is warm-hearthed, low-roosed, black-beamed, deep-windowed, heavy-doored, and oak-panelled in the places where books are not; these spaces are sew. My books are all shelved within hand-reach. Of a surety it was a Philistine—an enemy to thought and to learning—

relieved me of the heavier

duties, and I fit now more than

Thoughts
of an
autobiography.

who invented high book-ranges.

Every man should be measured for his own book-height, as he is for his own clothes. Some thoughts have come to me as to writing an autobiography, but it will never be completed.

There is no call of duty to urge

to

to it, and the fear-perhaps the morbid fear-of the over-use of the word 'I' hinders me. This is an age of committees and commissions, of editorials, present and of partnerships, presumably even in ideas, and consequently there is a decay of individuality bips. of character, and of thought.

Though not in the fense that Tennyson meant it, it is true of the times that 'The individual withers, and the world is more and more.' There is something both of cowardice and presumption in the everlasting WE. Literary felf-confcioufress has engendered a disease of moral autophobia, for 'I' s the one word that humanity as in common with Godhead evealed-the 'I Am that I Am' f the burning bush in Horeb.

The an age of partnerA leavetaking.

I was interrupted here by one of our boys, who came up to bid me good-bye. leaves on what is now practically a travelling scholarship, but was originally ftyled 'a fufficiency for one year's residence at Geneva, Leyden, or fuch other Univerfity beyond the fea, where, in the honest opinion of the Trusters, the science of sound divinity is taught in Latin tongue.' It is needless to fay that felection on either point has narrowed itself in these days into a grim impossi-Under the difficulty, the Trusters remitted to the Warden to give a found word of caution at leave-takingwhich word I hasted to say thus:

Some precepts at parting. thus:-- 'Keep your eyes open, my lad, on the book of the world, as well as on the world of books. Keep your life pure. Keep the thought of Heaven in your heart, and a bit of home beside it. God bless you-good-bye.' parted at the lower staircase, and as I came back to my room, it feemed to me, fomehow, as if I had parted from myself in my far-off youth, for with one of these touches of unaccountable resemblance, the eyes seemed those of one whom I had 'loved long fince and loft a while."

Go to, it is very hard work to be idle. Let me do fomething. I will write fomewhat of my far-off youth and the old old times. Let me not hurt the feelings of the living by being untender to the memory of the dead. I can keep the Ego in shadow, and my nephew and executor, the new Master, shall be charged not to publish unless he see good cause.

#### Yarrow.

'For I was reared among the hills, Within a Border home.'

There are memory pictures on the canvas of every man's life that Time's 'effacing fingers' cannot touch. The dark shadows of the years that have no record in them—we have all such years—throw certain days into marked relief—give, in fact, powerful Rembrandt effects of light in

darkness

darkness, foft with wiftful pleasure, or lurid with pained remorfe. Every detail is etched in. Like the nightworkers, busy before the vast furnaces in our black, brave, Iron Land, not a hand under the glare can be moved or an eye upturned unnoted or unfeen.

the glare can be moved or an eye upturned unnoted or unfeen.

The years of the century When When I left home to become a ftudent in the Edinburgh Old College. The day that had looked fo far off—and so pleasant when a far off

Edinburgh Old College. The was King. day that had looked so far off—and so pleasant when a far off—when I was a boy at school was to dawn to-morrow. My box was away (we called it a Prepara-

was to dawn to-morrow. My box was away (we called it a 'kift' in Yarrow); it was made by the wright down at Philiphaugh, and it possessed a fecret 'shottle' to hold my money,

#### When the Century

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money, warranted to defy the coin-feeking instincts of the keenest thief in Edinburgh. The Borders thought lightly of the morality of large towns—once upon a time the case was entirely reversed. I had seen this kist, packed by my mother's hand, sent off in a cart to Selkirk, to be in time for the weekly ingoing of the Edinburgh carrier.

Unless when face to face with the exigencies of snow-storms—in which emergency all the fire of their hard-fighting and hard-riding ancestors comes to the front,—life on the pastoral farms of Yarrow falls on the most placid and the most pleasant of lines. But that day, to all at Shielhope, wore on to evening

evening in every phase of unrest-the very dogs did not lie down, but fat on their haunches wondering, waitingeagerly waiting—for the usual fummons to fympathife and help. The 'Reading' came; the paraphrase, 'O, God of Bethel,' was fung (there were still the thin brown feparate books for the paraphrases in use with us in Yarrow), my father giving out the line in the reverend stately Scottish chant. I hear yet the found of tears, in his usually firm voice, as he prays in the old words of the patriarch-'The Angel that delivered me from all evil, bless the lad: from the utmost bound of the everlasting hills let blessings be on his head, and on the crown of the head of him that is

On the eve of departure. I awaken as if from a dream. I look over the large household kneeling, in the warm light of the great kitchen peat fire: the thought that this

will be here to-morrow night, and the next night, and on and on, and that I shall be abfent, drifts into my heart with a pang; but I note, too, that Luathie, the old collie, has, at last, risen from his place, and is licking my father's hand. The The morning came—a author beautiful morning in late *lettetb* autumn. The fimple fareout on his wells are spoken; there was iourney. little of effusiveness in old Border manners. 'I am glad ve are ridin', laddie,' said my mother; and, as she spoke, she passed

that touch of a mother's hand? 'Ay, mother, and hoo mony will be fettin' oot on foot the day!' was all the answer that speech ventured upon. father was to accompany me to Selkirk to give instructions concerning the bringing back of my horse, and, as he said, to fettle me into the journey. We rode away. There was a flight frost on the ground. It had been a late harvest, and a fore one to the arable farmer, but that morning it seemed as if the repentant fun was bent on flooding a double radiance of light on hill and stream; and every bush, tree, and meadow swathed in network of filver goffamer, looked quietly

What true for does not know

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quietly up as if rejoicing in his beams. We met no man, and we heard no found fave the click-click of our horse's feet, till we

'Paffed where Newark's stately tower Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower,' when a robin broke the still-

ness of the morning, and poured

forth his foul in fong. It feemed as if the filence was pleased, and the solitary place made glad. Involuntarily we both

paused, and I turned and

looked back. It was not as the 'Dowie Dens' that I was leaving the familiar fields,

but as the 'bonny howms o' Yarrow,' and Robin's fong was the voice of hopefulness and cheer. I would note,-and if

I stray at times from the highway of my life-story, the gentle reader must pardon the wanderings of an old man, who has ever had a longing for byeways and shaded paths,-I would like to note here that old ballad and recent fong, ancient minstrel and modern poet, dwell on this peculiarity of fong richness in the birds of Yarrow. To this day, when returning a comparative stranger, this feature has ever been one of pleasurable and contented surprise. To me the notes of the fouthern nightingale do not equal those of the lark in the upper valleys near St. Mary's Loch. It is this sky-lark's song 'far up in the downy cloud,' above Blackhouse, on the Douglas Burn-

Song richness in the birds of Yarrow.

## the home-land of the old Black

the ears of Hogg when he penned that finest of lyrics:— 'Bird of the wilderness, Blithesome and cumberless, Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and

Douglases-that was ringing in

Emblem of happiness,

Bleft is thy dwelling-place;

O to abide in the desert with thee!

lea!

his life he herded there with the father of Willie Laidlaw the author of Lucy's Flittin', each and all our good kindly

For the ten happiest years of

each and all our good kindly neighbours further up Yarrow.

In paffing Newark we passed Foulshiels, where 'the Auld Miller of the Auld Miller of t

Mistres'— the mother of Mungo Park,—also his wife and her bairnies three—were passing the weary days in anxious waiting

The

family

of the

famous

Mungo Park

waiting for tidings from our own African explorer; but long years had to pass before the fore hunger of suspense was to be changed into the certainty of forrow. 'Ride quickly by, John,' said my father; 'I'll look in as I gang back. I hope the auld Mistress winna see us passing, for folk's thochts aye rin back to their ain, and it just looks like yesterday when Mungo went away in to the College like yerfel' the day. It was in echty-nine, if I mind richt, and a fair dour winter it turned oot.' Down we rode past the woods of Bowhill, glowing in the funlight, but telling in their russet | The tale bareness that the year was of the growing old, and foon we trees. reached Selkirk.

The

# The carrier's carts had left the afternoon before, but

the carrier's guidwife—Tibbie Tibbie Elliot-came to the door to E.lliot's fay a kindly word of good good-bye. fpeed. 'The orders about the horse-I see ye are riding, Captain,' said she,-' hae been wi' us mony a day, but last Sabbath, after the skailin' o' the meetin'-house, the Mistress gied me a' the instructions ower again while the cairt was yokin'. And,' continued she, addressing me, 'ye are to gang straight to the Candlemaker Raw, to oor quarters, and Wat himsel' has promised to take ye fafe to Jiddin (Gideon) Johnstone's. The Sinton cairts are away in to the Loudons this morning for the winter coals, and they are giein' a cast to a

looking. And John, lad,' added fhe, looking pawkily at me, 'ye'll hae to speak me fair; 159

advice.

your mother is to leave your letters wi' me on the Sabbath mornins, and I will fee that they are fent fafe. The Postoffice folk are gey gleg, and the Biggar carrier, that pits up The rural alangfide o' Wat, was fair fined Post. last Candlemas. But I have flitched oor Wat's under-waiftcoat back a' oot into parks, ilka ane wi' a buttoned flap. I pit twae three letters into each, and Wat says, what wi' mothers' letters and (weethearts' letters, he's aye weel happit ahint. And mind ye, Maister Tibbie's

John,' she added firmly—I had never been named 'Maister'

before, but I regarded the change as a natural recognition of my new dignity as student-'Mind ye, no that I think ye the ane to dae it-mind ye, never to fend a compleenin' or a wheengin' message hame. The minister says that the eagle shakes up her nest to gar her young anes gang oot to fend for themsel's, and dootless it is a' necessary, and the way o' the world: but, losh me! the first bird that leaves the hame nest is a fair heart baith to them that bides and them that bouns, and far waur when it is the youngest that has to gang first and far. Guidbye.' We left. At Stow my father parted from me. He returned home. and I fet my face to the outer world and my own future.

#### Up Gala Water.

My journey was eventless. I met the Carlisle Royal Mail, fole public conveyance between Edinburgh and that town by way of Selkirk, Hawick, and Langholm. I also met the Kelfo Fly, which in winter ran twice a week, and started from the White Horse Inn in the Canongate. There were three paffengers in the first coach, and only one in the fecond. I met and also passed long trings of carriers' carts, to which, on the Gala Water Carts. roads, both old and new, was then relegated the transport of , the infant manufactures of the Border districts-consisting of linen fully as much as of woollen

Carriers'

len goods. They also carried the overplus of farmyard produce, which naturally gravitated to the capital. Very varied indeed, I may

notice, was the return load of these douce, honest vehicles sagacity itself as regards man, horse, and stowage. To all Scotland not on seaboard, the carrier's cart then was the sole inland importer. I quote

An amusing waybill.

the following from a very homely way-bill—or rather a way-book:—'3 chefts tea (confignees various), a crate of glass, another of pans and kettles, a bride's filver teaspoons, a cask of sherry wine, another of train-oil, a bale of Edinburgh shawls, a hogshead of sugar, 2 wigs, a grate, 2 Leghorn bonnets,' destined

doubtleft

#### was young.

doubtless to extinguish all country-constructed head-gear; and last, but not least important, three parcels of books, with a few weekly newspapers, then, as regards size, and certainly as regarded independent thought, also in their infancy.

The career of a newspaper going up Yarrow in those days, after being read in Selkirk, was a history in itself, from the time that the Mistress of Foulshiels, fitting in the 'kirk cairt,' deposited it in her ample sidepocket,-in order, she avowed, 'to keep folk oot o' temptation till the morn's morning,'-till it came back at the close of the week to Yeben Currie at the fmithy, who, with the view eventual proprietorship, to elected to be the latest reader.

Career of a newspaper in Yarrow.

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As to books, I remember as if it were yesterday the arrival of Sir Walter Scott's first poem, and how it-the Shirra's new book, that glorified our Yarrow-was read aloud, and only finished at midnight. It was in the spring of 1805, the year after the False Alarm, when the Borders were in the full after-glow of patriotism and high-heartedness evoked by that rekindling of the old bale-fires. Even in my journey to College this latter event had its share. I did not stop at any of the inns on Gala Water, but waited till I got to Dalkeith. That town had been, and still

> continued to be, the appointed rendezvous of the Selkirkshire Ycomanry—'The Duke's

Benty-neckit Troop;' and at the Cross that Captain should get his corn, because there he had got his name for having spanned foremost in that swift swinging far morning ride, of which, as a Selkirkshire man, I am proud

was by lamp-light—oil lamps, it is true—but the fight was wonderful to me. I dif-

bridle, and, by civil answers to persistent asking, at length arrived at the comfortable inn of Mrs. Paterson, in the Candlemaker Row. That Mrs. worthy dame was also owner Paterson's

mounted, led Captain by the

of the Jedburgh Coach, Inn.
and, as I came to the door,
was engaged in booking an
infide paffage for Dr. Somerville,

worthy

dame.

### When the Century

ville, the well-known minister and social historian of that parish, who, moved by courtesy, -not perhaps untinctured with the sense of expediencywas standing bare-headed, hat in hand, before her. Of a certainty no Salique law obtained in that inn. I found Concernher afterwards to be an autoing that crat of the very best kind, ruling house and stables, manfervants and woman-fervants -ay, and the stranger within her gates-by virtue of an adaptable manner, a kindly heart, fnell fayings, and a very firm hand. With Charlie Elliot-Wat's fon and chief affistant-I went and saw Captain put up in the long, warm inn stable. I will not

fay that my eyes were exactly

dry

dry as I gave a 'hiddlins' clap to his bonny grey mane. After a fell feint at eating fome food, I fet out with Wat himself for my own new quarters.

#### Barringer's Glose.

My destination in Edinburgh was a house at the foot of Barringer's Close—one of the many closes or lanes on the north fide of the High Street, between the North Bridge and Leith Wynd. neighbourhood of Paterson's Inn in Candlemaker Row has been transformed in the changes caused by the erection of George IV. Bridge, in 1836; and our road that evening was along the Cowgate, and

The Author's destination.

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	up Blackfriars Wynd to the High Street. Wat carried a small lantern, and talked bussily but quietly all the way, mixing warning as to the dangers attending youth in city life with information concerning the antecedents of Jiddin and Janet Johnstone.

Jiddin and Janet, he told Of two comfortme, were elderly folk, and able folk. mair than comfortable as to world's gear. Jiddin originally came from the Hawick airt. As a boy he had shown an early genius for mechanics and

drawing, and his father—a farm grieve-'a very foresichty man.' remarked Wat, 'had bound him prentice to the wrycht trade at Selkirk.' This was an easy matter, as in those days apprentices and unmarried

married journeymen were boarded and lodged by their employers. He had then gone to Edinburgh, and worked with Janet's father - the Deacon of the Wrights-'landlord of his ain house, and others forbye, and a pompous body;-but, losh me, the man was a Deacon!' Jiddin and Janet had drawn up, and, queried Wat, stoutly-'What for no?' The old man, however, was obdurate, and would listen to neither sense nor reason. They had waited fourteen years—'as lang,' said Wat, 'as Jacob waited for Rachel; but fourteen years is a lang time oot o' a body's pilgrimage when you havena a patriarch's lang life to fa' back on.'

As Jacob waited for Rachel.

They

They were married last, and to the middle-aged people was born one daughter. They named her Marion, the bonniest bairn and the gentiest' that Wat had ever feen. 'She had fic truthfu' een-quiet-like, ower thochtfu' for a bairn, and as deep and as blue as a loch far away among the hills.' One day he had asked her what he would fetch her from Selkirk, and she had answered, 'Some red-cheekit gowans.' Wat had fetched her the gowans, and had found her ill, but able to fmile up at him, and clap his big brown hand with her 'wee white feel fingers.' The illness deepened into scarlet fever; the disease seized on the throat, she died. Many weeks later,

A bairn's request;

later, Janet had come with a little pitcher. She wanted and ber fome gowan-roots from the mother's. fame place, 'and,' faid Wat, 'weel I kent what they were for. Ay, ay,' he added, 'that's a' by ten years syne, and the world has gane weel wi' Jiddin Johnstone. He does naething noo but draw, and look after other folk workin'.' 'He cam' oot last simmer wi' the Duke's Chamberlain to Bowhill about some wark, and he stayed wi' us. Charlie and he buffed some hooks and went off to the fishin' thegither. He How fishcame back at nicht jist un- ing can common bricht, that his hand bearten up hadna forgot its cunning — a fisher. and, speakin' o' flee-hooks, it is an everlastin' meeracle to me

hoo fishin' does hearten up a

fisher.

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fisher. Janet, he said, was very weel, but unco quiet. He is brother's bairn to Tibbie, sae she minded that I was to seek an up-pittin for you ower against November; and then she point-blank asked if it

wouldna be as guid for Janet as it would be for you, that ye fuld bide wi' them. He said little at the time, but the next week, when I got back to the town, Janet came ower yince-

like ye to come, as it would be company for Jiddin, and

For their common weal.

that ye could fee at least how things forgathered, to the end o' the year; and I think Tibbie has done a guid turn on the quiet baith to you and to them. I bargained that ye were aye to hae your ain room. room. Jiddin is a wee thing peremptor; but Janet is bias canny, deft-handed, and grand at auld-warld stories, if ye want to crack,—not to fay, for yae moment,' added Wat loyally, that the could fland in oor Tibbie's shoon, to serve and pleasure the public; but ye ken-at least ye'll ken by and by—that there are diversities o' gifts among women, as weel as among apostles. I would say, however, that Janet is jist the kind o' woman to be aboot a hoose, when a man wants to read buiks, and has to make his livin' by it.'

Here we croffed the High Old Edin-Street, and entered Barringer's burgh by Close. When half-way down, | night; the noise of a window opening attracted the attention of my guide,

one of its startling customs.

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guide, who instantly shouted, 'Haud yer hand!' and held up his lantern. 'Folk hae nae richt,'

he explained, 'to fling onything oot afore the beat o' the High Street drum at ten o'clock. If onybody is wilfu' thereoot after that, he maun just take what's flung at him, fo mind and keep elders' hours; for if cleanliness is next to godliness, I am perfectly fure that dirt is next to the deevil. I saw ye wonderin' at my bit bowat as we cam away,' he continued. 'It is true aneuch that the main streets o' the toun are brawly lichtit-nae place in the warld better-but catch Wat Elliot ganging doon yin o' thir closes after dark without a lantern, though I

got into the way o' ufin' it for

for readin' the addresses on parcels. 'Here's the stair-fit,' con-

tinued he, 'it is a newel stair -let me gang first wi' the licht, or ye micht as weel try to climb Minchmoor at midnicht. The hoose is on the fifth story A bouse -a fine hoose when ye are on the yince up intil't. It has the fifth flory. grandest view frae the far end windows. Ye fee the Calton Craigs comin' wi' yae sweep doon to the Nor' Back-and then there's the College Kirk, and Leddy Glenorchy's Kirk, and the Orphan Hospital, and the Trinity Hospital, wi' the auld wifies baskin' oot in the fun in the fimmer-time, wi' their white toy mutches on. And there's Canal Street, where

canal never cam', let alane

the

They flitted a' the flowers and trees away to Leith Walk,

ayont Gayfield, afore my dayand the place is jift a howlin' wilderness—but there's bonny gairdens at the fit o' the close, wi' apple and pear trees in them. Sergeant Gould gies the awkward fquad o' the Volunteers a bit lesson there on the quiet, at the back o' his ain hoose-though deil a bit o' quiet there's aboot it. I heard him, and a' the Nether Bow could hear him, roarin' like a bull o' Bashan. I looket oot o' Janet's kitchen window, and there was the Sergeant, wi' his famous bonfire nose, drillin' -weel, we'll no fay provosts and profesiors-nor even mint at the goons they wear-"Speak

Volunteers on drill.

"Speak not evil o' dignities," fays the apostle,—only they didna feem to ken their richt hand frae their left, nor even what end they were stannin' on. Short men, John, a yaird across Regardthe back, wi' corporations coning certain form, should never take to disqualififodgerin'-but, oh man, that cations for het day they were willin', a martial willin'. Guid as the view oot life. o' the windows is yet, it's

Janet's faither—was aye wild at the buildin' o' the North Brig—let alane the Mound for shuttin' him in frae the west. In his young days he used to see the sun set a' the way up the Nor' Loch. 'It is a clean stair,' continued

Wat, as we progressed in our

ascent,

naething to what it was yince,'
added Wat; 'the Deacon—

neigbbours.

Some very

ascent, 'and they are a' mair than sponsible folk that bide in it. Bailie Smith leeves below, respectable but he enters frae Chalmers' Close on the other fide. Auld "Kinky," the writer, leeves on the tap flat. Folk say he is the best teller o' a story in a' the Parliament Close, and that is no fayin' little, mair ways than yin. Twae auld leddies -real leddies-Leddy Betty Pringle and Miss Mally Murray -flay but and ben, on the same stair-head wi' Jiddin, and are his tenants. My faither used to tell that he rode, as fervin'-man, ahint Miss Mally when she cam' in to Edinburgh the year afore the '45. I whiles bring them in compliments o' muirfool sent frae the Haining, and even frae Arniston itsel'.'

Αt

At the top of the fifth flight of this turnpike stair-similar in construction to the stairs in the peel towers on the Border -Wat at length paused, and tirled at the rifp. The door was opened, and we were pleasantly and quietly welcomed by the master and mistress of the house. To this day I can recall every detail of the apartment into which we entered. I use the word apartment advifedly, for I never could fettle whether it was a kitchen that was a room, or a room that was a kitchen; it suggested the ease and the comforts of both. It was fairly-fized, warm, very light in contrast with the darkness which we had left, faultlessly clean, and gave one the impression

The new quarters.

impression, from its quaint furniture, and its wealth of ship-cabin-like conveniences, that it had been long in the intelligent occupation of ingenious and artiflic handicraftsmen. Some other time I may write about its details, but that night I only watched Janet's face from the light given by the carrier's story. It was a fine face, firm, and not without dignity in the look of the steady, quiet eye—a face which told of forrow and endurance which had ended not in fretfulness, but in a large sympathy with the forrows and, rarer still, with the joys of all around.

The conversation was principally carried on by Jiddin and Wat. The latter, however,

foon

foon rose, for he had business, he said, with Bailie Smith, round in the next close. A pair of wrought-iron gates were to be taken out to the South country, -would Jiddin come with him, and give his suggestions as to carriage? After they left, Janet | The showed me the room that was author is to be mine, faying, 'We kent | shown bis you were to be here the nicht, room. and your mother will be missing you fair at hame. I put on a fire: it feels like a friend in a strange place. - And this is where you fleep,' she added, opening a door; 'the closet only holds a bed-it is what we town's-folk call an "ootshot," but it has a wee hinged window placed high up. You can look up at the stars above the Calton Hill wi' your head upon

upon the pillow; but you had better "reft ye"—ye'll be tired, and the morn's before ye. Guid-nicht.'

Perhaps I should note here that the old Deacon had given to Janet-his only child-all the English education that Edinburgh in the eighteenth century could give to a woman. Sometimes she spoke the Nether Bow vernacular of her childhood; at others she used the English of her girlhood, foftened, however, by a Scottish accent daintily fweet, and the use of expressive Scottish words,—a language which, though mixed, falls foftly on the ear from old lips.

I left all varieties of this mixed tongue in educated Edinburgh; doubtless they may abide there

unto this day.

A mixed vernacular.

### The College.

The next day I matriculated as an Arts student in the University, and joined the class of Professor (Alexander) Christifon in Latin, and in Greek that of Professor Dunbar. At that time the College, as a building, was neither the College of the past, nor yet that of the present day. It was in a state of transition. Part of the quadrangle had been built after the original defign by Adam;\* but on the fouth fide was a

Matriculation.

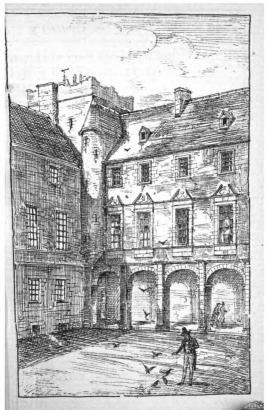
The college buildings of those days.

row of old houses, one story and

<sup>\*</sup> There is in the East Book Room of the Olde Dule a presentation copy of 'The Works in Architecture of R. and J. Adam, London 1773,' inscribed with the names of both Robert and James Adam. Also a framed drawing of the Adelphi Buildings in half

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	half high, with storm windows, which in all probability had seen the day of Principal Rollock. At the very entrance to the quadrangle was the old library, which, beside its stately surroundings, looked like an old country house that had strayed and lost its way. A slock of starlings built their ness among the unfinished pediments, and both professors and students fed them with bits of bread. I used to get corn for them from Charlie Elliot every week when I went to the Candlemaker Row. The birds had grown wise, and knew their feeding-time, and came down then with a swift rush,—  the Strand, which, being the design of both brothers, was named Adelphi in their honour.
	then honour.

much





much the same as the pigeons do at the Guildhall, and in the great square of St. Mark at Venice, to this day.

As to my own feelings, it is usual (in books especially) for a young student, as he enters the University gates, to have lofty aspirations, high resolve, and glowing thoughts as to work and fame in the far-off future. To me these came in certain fashion after a season, and I pity the old age—withered, dust-dried, fossilised-of a man whose youth has never known the light of that vernal land on which no shadow falls,

Where younger heart nurfed larger hopes

Of bounties that the years should bring,—

Nor dreamed of all the care and all the warfaring.'

But

#### When the Century 186 But the first weeks of my

loneliness of Edinburgh Student life.

Of the

utter

life in Edinburgh College chill me yet with a memory of utter loneliness. I did not know a living being within its walls. The massive stone-work numbed my very foul. The filence of the hills I had left was full of voices to me, but the roar of the city, with its crowded life, gazing at me with eyes that always looked past mine, was wordless and dumb. remained, and I did work, for I belonged to a race that had worked on the square, - the fquare! rather on the cube. And yet, many might say (I said it foundly to myfelf) that my lot was favoured. A thrifty fufficiency, as regards money at

least, was mine-not the nar-

row means of others. How narrow

narrow-how very, very narrow I have known those means to be! It would have been better if that firm bargain as to a separate room had been left unspoken, for that room's filence in that quiet house grew almost tangible. In my opinion and remembrance, this possible isolation is the one weak point -the Achilles' heel-in the otherwise bracing system of Scottish College life. Its endurance has made me tender all my days with the lonesome. I remember, even as Moses did when he named his first-born Gershom, that I also have been a stranger in a strange land.

But the weather changed, and brought changes. A fnowstorm set in towards the end of December. The shepherd meteorologists

The weak point in the system.

flakes.

How the

fight

began.

meteorologists of the Borders recognised four kinds of snowflakes - Harefoot, Birdwing, Of Inow-Poppler and Sparevvil. If the first snowstorm of the year was Harefoot, it betokened the storms of an old-fashioned winter. Harefoot flakes had fallen on Edinburgh College all night and all morning, and,

> fnowflakes were coming. I flood that day on the pavement, and was in the act of placing my class-books and Sir Iohn Mandeville's Lands in the 'neuk' of my shepherd's maud, when I saw a stage-coach come in fight, driving heavily. passed the College entrance, when, as if by concerted fignal, while the guard blew a long

though the fun had blinked out, it was evident that more

long, loud, defiant blast on his horn, the outfide passengers delivered a volley of fnowballs into the crowd of fludents who were thronging out of the gate. It was a short-sighted action, for fnowball ammunition on the top of a stage-coach is necessarily limited. Another moment, and the street was darkened by the return charge,-fnowballs from behind, and snowballs in front, fnowballs to the right, and snowballs to the left. The guard's hat went far over the horses' heads, and the head-gear of the coachman and of the passengers followed in various pursuit; the glass windows were broken; vociferating visage, purple of hue, was feen for one moment, to disappear the next,—and ball after

after ball went into the holes of the broken glass with a precision, a swiftness, and a glee, thrilling to the heart of a marksman.

The coachman held to his reins, and it was fortunate the horses had much of the spirit taken out of them with the heavy roads. In a wild way he tried to lash out with his whip: but it was no use. The enemy was everywhere in full pursuit, and the coach of the defiant blast, with its foolish freight, passed the Tron Church bruised, broken, battered and beaten. Joyously we turned back to find that matters had wondroufly developed in our absence, and, as we reached the College, the air feemed almost thick with snowballs.

A battle royal was raging, and

Ł

and this time against mettle Reinforce-— let me say it now — to ments for the full as good as our own. the foe. It was the trades' dinner-hour: and we faw them-apprentices and young journeymen-pouring up from the Grassmarket and the Cowgate, gathering their fnowballs and kneading them as they ran. Hitherto I had been fighting like David in Saul's armour; but to run with my plaid and Sir John Mandeville into Miss Swinton's-a mantua-maker on the South Bridge, who long rejoiced in a good fouth-country connection, -was but the thought and the action of a moment, and then I was back in the thick of it, blood

The battle confifted of charges and

on fire, and every nerve tingling with a new, strange joy.

In the tbick of it.

and counter charges as regards each main body. Once we were driven half-way up the quadrangle, and again we drove the enemy as far back as Hill Place, then in course of erection—every man fighting with his whole heart and foul, and strength and hands. How could it be otherwise? Great Britain at that time was not only challenging all the history of modern nations, she was paling and dwarfing even the deeds of ancient Greece and Rome. Nelson was dead-his Edinburgh monument had been finished that year on the Calton Hill-but the glories of the Nile, and Copenhagen, and Trafalgar were a national in-

heritance. Wellington had but gone to the Peninsula, and

alreadv

ing
Britain's
martial
greatness
in those
days.

Concern-

already Vimiera and Talavera were the earnest of the British army's glory and its leader's future.

How immovably firm was our belief in both! Did not all the churches pray for the fuccess of the British arms, and were not the prayers answered, and did we not return and give God thanks! True, there was no other Samaritan among the nations particularly thankful at that time; but we were honestly grateful, and, in the best way we could, tried to dry the orphan's tear and foothe the widow's woe. The country lived at high war-level, militant and exultant. All this was superadded to the normal instincts for fighting born in man, hence—these snowballs.

#### When the Century 194 In the meantime, as I after-Anxiety wards learned, grave searchings

in the of thought as to my non-appearbousebold. ance had arisen at Barringer's Close. Jiddin had come home behind time, and out of forts; fome of his people had not come in, owing to a 'college snaw-ba' bicker.' 'Maister John will no be in it, furely,' faid Janet tentatively; 'he is ower quiet.' 'What, Janet!' rejoined Jiddin, 'it's ill to fay whae is quiet. When was he in?' 'Aboot eleven o'clock,' answered Janet; 'but he's come o' ower guid folk-' 'Guid folk!' interjected Jiddin. 'Whae fays that the guid and the godly canna fecht? Scottish bluid is

het, and Scottish Border bluid, if onything, is hetter; but wi'a waught o' the Covenant added!

proverb.

Tiddin,

-ay, that fechtin' mixture should be strong, and stour, and dour. It makes a' the difference, Janet, my woman, when a man thinks he has got principle in his fword-arm, or even in his nieves. Onyhow the lad wouldna be the waur o' a bit shakin'. What time was he to be back?' 'He comes in regular after one o'clock,' answered Janet. 'And it is past three noo,' rejoined Jiddin; 'gie me my hat. Surely, hinny,' he added, 'ye dinna think that I'm gaun to fecht at my time o' life, or take to fnaw-ba'in'-get your ain four-hours ready, and I'll fune fend him hame. "If A true ye take other folks' bairns into your bosom, they are sure to creep oot at your elbow,"-That proverb is true,' faid

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Jiddin, as he hastened down the round-about stair.

At the College, meanwhile.

At the College, meanwhile, the fight was waging fast and furious. The merchants and shopkeepersin the district had all put on their shutters, and were peering out at the fight from the little windows above their doors-a curiofity not without danger, for glass was crashing and jingling in all directions. Again and again did our leader, Archie Biggar, filently elected but intuitively acknowledged make heavy onset against Portsburgh Tam; and as often did Portsburgh Tam, loin-girt with farrier leather apron, followed by his motley fquadrons—a phalanx of eager-fet faces at

white heat—repel the affault and return the charge. It was a

very

a drawn battle; and doubtless
would have ended as did that
memorable field, by each fide
claiming the victory—

'Some say that we wan;
Some say that they wan;
And some say that nane wan at a', man,

very Shirra-Muir of bickers-

when, just as darkness was setting in, the Town Guard appeared on the scene.

The city regiment, headed by

Captain Burnet—the greatest captain of the age (he weighed nineteen stone)—was received with a howl of execration from both sides, and swift was the alliance that was made in presence of the common foe.

Archie and Portsburgh Tam

faced each right-about to the

north, and stood side by side.

Showing bow foes may become trusty allies.

Their followers promptly followed;

# lowed; but, just as the first

florm of confederate snowballs fell, I was feized by a firm hand. It was Jiddin. 'Maister John,' faid he, 'you'll jist come hame.' 'The play is a' played oot that has a shadow o' felf-respeck in it. I have stood near ye for the last ten meenutes. I wadna affront ye afore your neebours as lang as it was a fair stand-up fecht, but it's no for your faither's fon and a future minister to mell wi' a Toon's Rat. They never fecht strecht. They dae naething but gie great

> thing but o' takin' prisoners, and wi' them the weakest aye gangs first to the wa'. Look at

clamhewits wi' their poleaxes, as if a human being was a fed ox. They think o' naeat that,' he added. I looked, and certainly faw two ablebodied foldiers carrying away a very small apprentice lad, whose black, tousy, terrier-eyed face had that day been ubiqui-

tous, and who, game to the last, had raised his hand-with a fnowball in it-against the majesty of the Chief Captain. I was resentful, and looked

it; for Jiddin's words grew

stern. 'I am a law-abidin' citizen, Maister John,' he Jiddin faid, 'and while you are under Johnmy roof and randle tree, you fone's maun be the same. Law is counsel. the glory of free men; fules and flaves only are lawless. Janet sent me for you, so come away. There's Professor

Hamilton's chair comin' oot o' the Infirmary gate,' he added

more

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more pleasantly; 'the chairmen are hurrying. We'll slip door. the High Schule Wynd ahint them, and get the licht o' their link, for the roads are like gless.' I followed-not quickly. We found the wynd guarded, and entry barred by one of the town foldiers, who ordered us to turn back, and go by the main street. 'You must let me past,' said the Professor; 'I have to go to Clockmill House—it is an urgent case—an express messenger has followed me here from my house, the South Bridge is crowdedthere's no time to lose. Johnstone,' he continued, 'can you help me here?—I really

must get past.' 'Ye had better let the Doctor by; somebody's fireside is in peril,' said Jiddin to the soldier; 'and ye ken

ye're

An urgent case. ye're breakin' an auld Scottish law in stopping bim. We will gang back if ye like, though I dinna see what for.' Meanwhile, the chairmen edged round the fedan, and prepared to take the situation with a rush. The guard raised the Lochaber axe to hinder; -it fell-fortunately on its flat fide-not on the Professor, or on any of his procession, but-on the broad shoulders of Jiddin Johnstone! In one moment the obnoxious weapon was clattering down the frost-bitten causeway; -in another, the law-abiding citizen had grasped the guardian of the public peace, and thrown him heavily in true Bewcastle style. The Professor expressed the most rapid thanks. 'You are not hurt? no-that is well-

Jiddin's practice differeth from bis precept.

but

# but not the less you have done

to-night this wretched state of matters shall be laid before the Magistrates—and they speak to me of my students! Good-bye, he added; 'meet me in the Exchange Square to-morrow, a little before ten o'clock. Now, Donalds, do your best.' He hurried into his chair, and away went the men, half running, half sliding down the slippy wynd. We followed quickly. 'Jiddin,' I asked as

this for me. Before I fleep

we rounded the corner of Blackfriars Wynd, 'Jiddin, where did ye learn that grand fa'?' 'Lang fyne, when I was young,' was the answer. 'I feucht Rob Rivven (Ruthven) o' Yetholm three different years at the Hawick Common Riding

Riding till I fand it oot; but I never thocht the auld Adam in me would ever make me fecht again or need it more.' 'The

auld Adam,' I echoed; 'the yauld Adam, ye mean, Jiddin!' for nothing delights young manhood more than unexpected power in a trial of physical strength, and there are few elderly men who are not proud to retain the consciousness of the prowefs of their youth. He left me at the head of the close. 'Tell nothing, good or ill, to Janet,' said he; 'I'm gaun round to see Bailie Smith about this business, and I may be late.' Fortunately, I found Janet occupied with household troubles; fome of the chimneystalk gearing had been blown down in the storm. 'Can you

A fortunate misbap.

ftudy

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fludy ben in the kitchen, Maister John?' she asked; 'for naebody can have the heart to fend either tron-man or sclaiter to the roof till after the break o' the storm. Will the spinningwheel no disturb ye? I never speak when Jiddin's thinking.' 'I will like it far better than ben the hoose the now,' I answered. 'My mother spins -they all spin at home. And as to speaking, I will work hard, and then we will have a rest; you will tell me about Mary King's Close, or some o' the Deacon's stories about the Magdalen Chapel-how the body of Argyll was fweeled in linen at the "deid o'nicht," and no one knew till the morning; or how your father faw Prince Charlie ride through the Netherbow Bow Port.' 'That will I,' faid Janet, perfectly fatisfied. 'And wae's me,' fhe added, 'there's puir auld Miss Mally ben the hoose—she danced wi' bim that nicht at Holyrood, and has worn a lock o'his bonnie yellow hair round her neck, in a garland brooch, a' the weary years fin syne.'

I sat down on the Deacon's armed resting-seat, by the side of the wide sire-place, with the conviction that I would stay. This father of Janet's had been a keen antiquarian—an authority as to stories and traditions; a gatherer of quaint sayings and queer proverbs, old ballads, and folk-lore. This literature takes a strange hold on some natures; and to his bequeathed wisdom and chroni-

cles.

The sequel to the snow sight. cles, given in Janet's words, I liftened on and on, all through my student years, and went and looked again and again—and often, at the ancient houses, till the story of the old city became my own.

\*\*Back to Yarrow\*\*

Back to I arrow.

That fnowy evening, 'while

a wild nor'-eafter blew,' many a worthy citizen was brought out from the bosom of his family to bail the delinquents. Next morning Professor Hamilton kept his appointment with Jiddin, and with him came Principal Baird. The obstruction and the assault with the Lochaber axe were described to the authorities in grave colours. The result was that a severe reprimand was given

(in

(in private) to Captain Burnet and the Town Guard. Watch should offend no man' was gracefully quoted from Shakespeare by the Professor; but sorely weighty—and, as the later years showed, not unprophetic-were the words of magisterial rebuke, 'If you and your men, Captain Burnet, dinna mend your ways, it is plain to me in these days o' new-fangled Police Bills that the Auld Toun Guard o' Edinburgh will sune be deid and buried-drinkin' its ain dirgie-and-you will only have yourselves to blame!' This difgrace of the Town Guard helped the cause of the students and the trades' lads. It weakened the opposing evidence, and it has ever been my suspicion that both the Professor and Jiddin aimed

A magisterial rebuke.

## When the Gentury

aimed at this. It was proved incontestably that the stage-coach was the first transgressor; and the original complainer—the infide paffenger of the purple face—did not appear. Under the circumstances all parties

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were dismissed with an admonition. The public admonition was dignified-it was as the voice of Johnson the Dictator, in its allusions to the eye of authority, the well-being of fociety, the paths of virtue, and the outraged dignity of the law. It was a speech kept in memory as good flock, and frequently heard (with flight but fuitable alterations) in court and elsewhere in those days. The after words spoken off the

bench were more noteworthy. 'If,' faid the worthy Bailie,







### YOUTH.

Youth with the frank open face, Youth with the fearless eye, Strength compacted with grace, Brave, and yet modest, and shy, Eager in fearch of the Truth, Staunch to stand by the right, Consident, careless youth, Girding with joy for the fight!

Young again now like you—
Breasting the summer sea,
Brushing the early dew,
Seeking the nestling birds,
Fishing the quiet stream,
Hearing the first low words
Whispered in love's young dream?

What would I give to be

O for the friends I had then,
The walks and the keen debates
Of books and of things and of men,
And cities and churches and states!
O for the visions that grew
From the lore of the ancient days,
And the wonders that burst on our view

Where science was guiding our ways!

Ever-sweet spring of our time,
Searching the world with its roots,
Breaking in leafage of rhyme,
Wrapping in blossom its fruits!

What are the rich and the great
Venal poets have sung?

What is the pride of their state
Compared with the wealth of the young?

Possible triumphs of thought,
Possible splendours of same,
Possible glories that nought
Ever may tarnish with shame:
Possible all unto you,
Hope in the suture hath seen—
Only be manly and true,
And keep the heart pure and clean.
WALTER SMITH.





'IF a' you lads, when you feel the fechtin' fit comin' on, would only gang doon to the auld bed o' the Nor' Loch—the place vin would think had been or-

yin would think had been ordained and drained for the very purpose,—and no stop the trade and traffic o' the toun wi' breakin' the peace, it is lang ere

The Auld Toon and the New Toon callants hae fand it oot—they paik yin another wi' flicks, and they peeble yin another wi' flanes, and take their

ony o' us would ever find faut.

hearts' content o' pleesure there, and naebody but themsels is either the wifer or the waur. But,'he continued, turning from

the late combatants, 'it is a

vouchsafed mercy that things are as weel as they are. Had that wild M'Craw o' a Toun Guard The sage and me-morable words of the worthy Bailie.

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Pleasant days. The Session is ended.	Guard cloured Dr. Hamilton, we could never hae held up oor face afore the world again.' Archie Campbell, the fagacious and famed town officer, gravely shook his head by way of general civic affent to what admitted of no reply.  So it all ended. And now it happened, after that snow-storm, that the Edinburgh days passed pleasantly to me; they bear no special record. The spring came, and the College session ended. I had no place in the regular class honours, but for an essay on 'Cincinnatus' I was awarded a prize; Professor Christison adding some words of special commendation to a description of pastoral hill scenery, which the writer held was the fit home surrounding
-	, Ol

of 'men who would not suffer their native soil to be sullied with the footprints of a foe.' The Professor himself had once been a herd-boy on the Lammermuir Hills. How very large did this prize, and the special words of praise, bulk in the estimation of all the home solds at Shielhope! In Barringer's Close, Janet was pleased, and Jiddin satisfied.

I walked home, as did threetourths of the students at that
time. With me went the
student from Ashkirk, of whom
Tibbie Elliot had spoken that
morning when I left Selkirk.
He and I had soon met when
seeking our respective home
letters at the carrier's. It was
his first year at College as it was
mine, and he became my friend,

Homewards.

> A College friend.

and I was his till College years were left behind. What *that* means in student life let the aged remember, and let the young rejoice in with the joy of youth.

But he left me soon -he fell on the very threshold of a life of usefulness, widening into success, and deepening into true fame. It was my first death-grief. Long years after, when Tennyson's In Memoriam came, I leant my brow upon its pages, and gave thanks that a kindred forrow had found words to express itself in song to those whose thoughts and yearnings and questionings were dumb. But the problem itself remains; it will only find folution in God's own land, where I shall know even as also I am known.

It was the strange semblance of bis eyes, seeming again to look into mine, as I parted from the lad at the foot

Deatb's first call.

of the staircase, that has led me to write of these old days. But there was no thought of death or forrow that glad spring-time, when he and I tramped together joyously down Gala Water. We reached Selkirk in the evening; the next day he went to Ashkirk, and I went home to Shielhope, and heard again the sound of Yarrow.

The found of Yarrow has never left me in all my wanderings, but it comes now—not with its story of Spring, but with the rustle of Autumn leaves, when these are sew—saying that the Summer is past, and the Harvestis ended. I sometimes wonder if the dead hear its voice as they lie in the restful churchyard beneath the shadow of the quiet hills. My people sleep there, and there will I be buried.

ALISON HAY DUNLOP.

Still and ever of Yarrow.



### CARLYLE.



MARLYLE is strong to rouse by a tremendous moral force, and to startle by vivid and striking pictures; but he has neither wisdom to guide those whom he has roused, nor sobriety to tone his pictures down to reality. He is fond of talking about veracity; but he habitually revels in exaggeration, and onefided presentation, which is more than half a lie.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Μηδέν άγαν. - ΒιΑς.

Small was the shop, and plain the fare—You see, we were not flush of dollars; You'd laugh at what we used to wear Before the days of masher collars; Yet true and brave were some of those Who munched their frugal crust at 'Bow's.'

How fcattered now! though they were then,

If light in purse, as light in spirit, But some have passed from mortal ken, And some have seized the palm of merit;

Some wear the thorn, and some the rose, Who munched their frugal crust at 'Bow's.'

And, tested thus by blank and prize,
Fate still will show the same odd jumble

Of likely men that fail to rife

And halting steps that never stumble; "T will be with you, as 't was with those Who munched their frugal crust at 'Bow's.'

Yet not alone is life defigned
Renown to win, or wealth to gather;
There's right to fight for, truth to find,
And work to do for others, rather—
Such were the aims of some of those
Who munched their frugal crust at

Such were the aims of fome of those Who .munched their frugal crust at 'Bow's.'

Unlike, and yet how like withal,

The generations come and vanish!
Forget not, in your stately hall,

The love of ease and ill to banish,
And thus you'll more than rival those
Who munched their frugal crust at
'Bow's.'

**╼**६](\*\_\*)[५**०** 

D.



# Some College Memories.

AM asked to write fomething (it is not specifically stated what) to the profit and glory of my Alma Mater; and the fact is I feem to be in very nearly the same case with those who addressed me, for while I am willing enough to write fomething, I know not to write. Only one point I fee, that if I am to write at all, it should be of the Univerfity

Poscimur.

# 222 College Memories.

University itself and my own days under its shadow; of the things that are still the same and of those that are already changed: such talk, in short, as would pass naturally between a student of to-day and one of yesterday, supposing them to meet and grow considential.

The generations pass away fwiftly enough on the high feas of life; more swiftly still in the little bubbling backwater of the quadrangle; fo that we fee there, on a scale startlingly diminished, the flight of time and the fuccession of I looked for my name the other day in last year's case book of the Speculative. Naturally enough I looked for it near the end; it was not there, nor

yet

yet in the next column, fo that I began to think it had been dropped at press; and when at last I found it, mounted on the shoulders of so many successors, and looking in that posture like the name of a man of ninety, I was conscious of fome of the dignity of years. This kind of dignity of temporal precession is likely, with prolonged life, to become more familiar, possibly less welcome; but I felt it strongly then, it is strongly on me now, and I am the more emboldened to speak with my fuccessors in the tone of a parent and a praiser of things past. For, indeed, that which they attend is but a fallen University; it has doubtless some

remains of good, for human

institutions

# Touching institutions decline by gradual a strange stages; but decline, in spite of

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all feeming embellishments, it feature of University does; and what is perhaps decline. more fingular, began to do fo when I ceased to be a student. Thus, by an odd chance, I had the very last of the very best of Alma Mater; the same thing, I hear (which makes it the more strange) had previously happened to my father; and if they are good and do not die, fomething not at all unfimilar will be found in time to have befallen my fuccessors of to-day. Of the specific points of change, of advantage

in the past, of short-coming in the present, I must own that, on a near examination, they look wondrous cloudy. The chief and far the most lamentable



### AFTER PARTING:

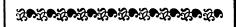
#### TO A FRIEND.

Like one who gleans a bounteous field,

And hears far off the parting wain, To whom the lonely furrows yield Rich armfuls of the golden grain;

So stand I while the sunset dies,
Nor follow with thy feet away,
Till garnered in my memory lies
Each happy word we spoke to-day.

To-morrow on fome neighbour hill
We'll ply the fickle fide by fide;
Till then I loiter, gleaning ftill,
And thou art gone—thy sheaf is tied.
G. B. B.



### 'BOW'S.'

Ys undergrads, for whose sweet sake
We toil, this year of fix-and-eighty,
To rear a pile where you may take
Your otium cum dignitate,
Look not with lofty scorn on those
Who munched their frugal crust at
'Bow's'!

The place is gone, and in its stead

A broad new street sweeps past the

College;

No more its fimple wares are spread
To tempt the searcher after knowledge;
And middle-aged, I fear, are those
Who munched their frugal crust at
'Bow's.'

Small

able change is the absence of entable a certain lean, idle, unpopular student, whose presence was for me the gift and heart of the whole matter; whose changing humours, fine occafional purposes of good, flinching acceptance of evil, shiverings on wet, east-windy, morning journeys up to class, infinite yawnings during lecture and unquenchable gusto in the delights of truantry, made up the funshine and shadow of my college life. You cannot fancy what you missed in missing him; his virtues, I make fure, are inconceivable to his fuccessors, just as they were apparently concealed from his contemporaries, for I was practically alone in the pleafure I had in his fociety. Poor foul,

change for the author.

The ugly Rudent

and bis virtues.

remember how much he was cast down at times, and how life (which had not yet begun) feemed to be already at an end, and hope quite dead, and misfortune and difhonour, like physical presences, dogging him as he went. And it may be worth while to add that these clouds rolled away in their feason, and that all clouds roll away at last, and the troubles of youth in particular are things but of a moment. So this student, whom I have in my eye, took his full share of these concerns and that very largely by his own fault; but he still clung to his fortune, and in the midst of much misconduct, kept on in his own way learning how to work; and at last, to his wonder, escaped out of

of the stage of studentship not openly shamed; leaving behind him the University of Edinburgh shorn of a good deal of its interest for myself. But while he is (in more | Other senses than one) the first regrets. person, he is by no means the only one whom I regret, or whom the students of to-day, if they knew what they had loft, would regret also. They have still Tait, to be surelong may they have him!and they have still Tait's classroom, cupola and all; but think of what a different place it was when this youth of mine (at least on roll days) would be present on the benches, and at the near end | Of the of the platform, Lindsay senior | elder was airing his robust old age. Lindsay:

It is possible my successors may have never even heard of Old Lindsay; but when he went, a link snapped with the last century. He had fomething of a rustic air, sturdy and fresh and plain; he spoke with a ripe east-country accent, which I used to admire; his reminishis remincences were all of journeys on iscences. foot or highways busy with post-chaises-a Scotland before fteam; he had feen the coal fire on the Isle of May, and he regaled me with tales of my own grandfather. Thus he was for me a mirror of things perished; it was only in his memory that I could fee the huge shock of flames of the May beacon stream to leeward. and the watchers, as they fed the fire, lay hold unscorched

١

of the windward bars of the furnace; it was only thus that I could fee my grandfather driving swiftly in a gig along the feaboard road from Pittenweem to Crail, and for all his business hurry, drawing up to fpeak good-humouredly with those he met. And now, in his turn, Lindsay is gone also; inhabits only the memories of other men, till these shall follow him; and figures in my reminiscences as my grandfather figured in his.

To-day, again, they have Professor Butcher, and I hear he has a prodigious deal of Greek; and they have Professor Chrystal, who is a man filled with the mathematics. And doubtless there are set-offs. But they cannot change the late Professor Kelland:

Of the

bis kindli-

retired, and that Professor Kelland is dead. No man's education is complete or truly liberal, who knew not Kelland. There were unutterable lessons in the mere fight of that frail old clerical gentleman, lively as a boy, kind like a fairy godfather, and keeping perfect order in his class by the spell of that very kindness. I have heard him drift into reminifcences in class time, though not for long, and give us glimpfes of old-world life in out-of-the-way English parishes when he was young; thus

playing the same part as Lindsay—the part of the surviving memory, signalling out of the dark backward and abysm of time the images of

perished

fact that Professor Blackie has

perished things. But it was a part that scarce became him: he fomehow lacked the means: for all his filver hair and worn face, he was not truly old; and he had too much of the unrest and petulant fire of youth, and too much invincible innocence of mind, to play the veteran well. The time to measure him best, to taste (in the old phrase) his gracious and bis nature, was when he received gracious his class at home. What a pretty fimplicity would he then show, trying to amuse us like children with toys; and what an engaging nervousness of manner, as fearing that his efforts might not fucceed! Truly he made us all feel like children, and like children embarrassed, but at the same time

nature.

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time filled with fympathy for the conscientious, troubled elder-boy who was working fo hard to entertain us. A theorist has held the view that there is no feature in man fo tell-tale as his spectacles; that the mouth may be compressed and the brow fmoothed artificially, but the sheen of the barnacles is diagnoftic. And truly it must have been thus with Kelland; for as I still fancy I behold him frisking actively about the platform, pointer in hand, that which I feem to fee most clearly is the way his glasses glittered with affection. I never knew but one other man who had (if you will permit the phrase) so kind a spectacle; and that was Doctor Appleton. But the light in

his

his case was tempered and passive; in Kelland's it danced, and changed, and flashed vivacioufly among the students, like a perpetual challenge to goodwill.

I cannot say so much about Of the Professor Blackie, for a good Emeritus reason. Kelland's class I | Professor attended, once even gained Blackie. there a certificate of merit, the only distinction of my University career. But although I am Touching the holder of a certificate of the auattendance in the Professor's thor's atown hand, I cannot remember | tendance to have been present in the at the Greek class above a dozen Greek times. Professor Blackie was class. even kind enough to remark (more than once) while in the very act of writing the document above referred to, that he did not know my face. Indeed,

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I denied myself many opportunities; acting upon an extenfive and highly rational fystem of truantry, which cost me a great deal of trouble to put in exercise—perhaps as much as would have taught me Greek-and sent me forth into the world and the profession of letters with the merest shadow of an education. But they fay it is always a good thing to have taken pains, and that fuccess is its own reward, whatever be its nature; fo that, perhaps, even upon this I should plume myself, that no one ever played the truant with more deliberate care and none ever had more certificates for less education. One consequence, however, of my fystem is that I have much less to say of

of Professor Blackie than I had of Professor Kelland; and as he is still alive, and will long, I hope, continue to be fo, it will not furprife you very much that I have no intention of faying it. Meanwhile, how many others | Of the have gone-[enkin, Hodgson, many and I know not who besides; and others who of that tide of students that used bave gone. to throng the arch and blacken the quadrangle, how many are scattered into the remotest parts of the earth, and how

many more have lain down beside their fathers in their

resting-graves'! And again, how many of these last have of educanot found their way there, all tion.

not found their way there, all too early, through the stress of education! That was one thing, at least, from which my truantry protected me. I am forry

College Memories. forry indeed that I have no

Sordid tragedies in student life.

A moral for these · College Memories'-Another figure recalled.

Greek, but I should be sorrier still if I were dead; nor do I know the name of that branch of knowledge which is worth acquiring at the price of a brain fever. There are many fordid tragedies in the life of the student, above all if he be poor, or drunken, or both; but nothing more moves a wife man's pity than the case of the lad who is in too much hurry to be learned. And fo, for the take of a moral at the end, I will call up one more figure, and have done. student, ambitious of success by that hot, intemperate manner of study that grows fo common, read night

and day for an examination. As he went on, the task became

more





more easy to him, sleep was more easily banished, his brain grew hot and clear and more capacious, the necessary know-

ledge daily fuller and more orderly. It came to the eve of the trial and he watched all night in his high chamber, reviewing what he knew and already secure of success. His window looked eastward, and being (as I faid) high up, and the house itself standing on a hill, commanded a view over dwindling fuburbs to a country horizon. At last my student drew up his blind, and still in quite a jocund humour, looked abroad. Day was breaking, A fad the east was tinging with fory. strange fires, the clouds breaking up for the coming of the

fun; and at the fight, nameless

terror

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terror seized upon his mind. He was sane, his senses were undiffurbed; he faw clearly, and knew what he was seeing, and knew that it was normal: but he could neither bear to fee it nor find strength to look away, and fled in panic from his chamber into the enclosure of the street. the cool air and filence and among the fleeping houses, his strength was renewed. Nothing troubled him but the memory of what had passed and an abject fear of its return. Gallo canente, spes redit, Aegris salus refunditur.

Lapfis fides revertitur,
as they fang of old in Portugal
in the Morning Office. But
to him that good hour of
cockcrow, and the changes of
the

the dawn, had brought panic, and lasting doubt, and such terror as he still shook to think of. He dared not return to his lodging; he could not eat; he fat down, he rose up, he wandered; the city woke about him with its cheerful buftle, the fun climbed overhead; and still he grew but the more absorbed in the distress of his recollection and the fear of his past fear. At the appointed hour, he came to the door of the place of examination; but when he was asked, he had forgotten his name. Seeing him so disordered, they had not the heart to fend him away, but gave him a paper and admitted him, still nameless, to the Hall. Vain kindness. vain efforts. He could only

fit in a still growing horror. writing nothing, ignorant of all, his mind filled with a fingle memory of the breakin day and his own intolerable fear. And that same night he was tossing in a brain fever. People are afraid of war and

wounds and dentists, all with excellent reason; but these are not to be compared with fuch chaotic terrors of the mind as fell on this young man, and made him cover his eyes from the innocent morning. We The moral all have by our bedfides the box of the Merchant Abudah. thank God, securely enough fhut; but when a young man facrifices sleep to labour, let him have a care, for he is playing with the lock.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

applied.

