ST MICHAEL . . . . . AND INVERESK

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St Michael and Inveresk

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St Michael and Inveresk

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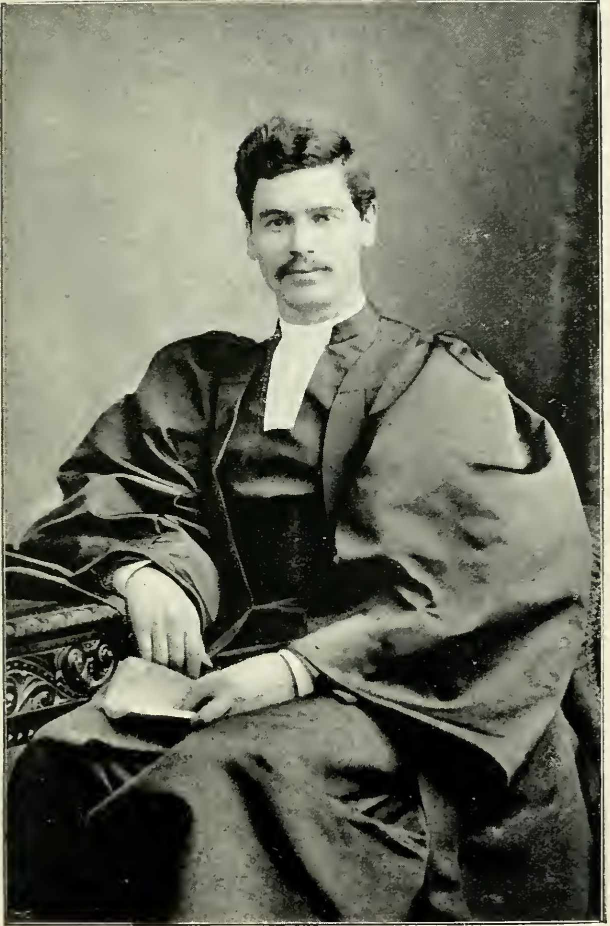
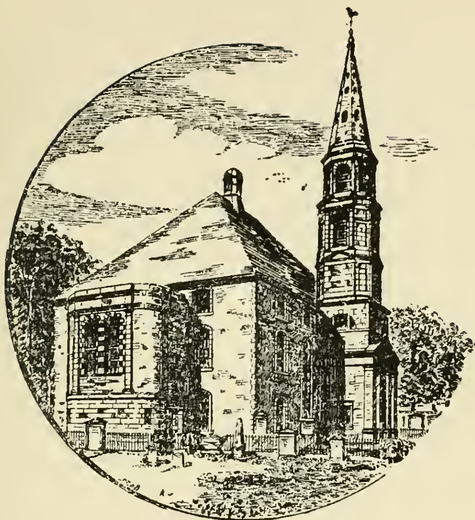
PREFATORY NOTE

THE Editor desires to place on record his thanks to the literary and artistic friends who have so generously shown their interest in the object for which it is published, by contributing to this volume. He wishes also to acknowledge the courtesy of Messrs A. & C. Black, in permitting the sketch of Lord Hailes in *Kay's Portraits* to be made use of by Mr Arthur Percy Dixon, and to thank Messrs Blackwood & Sons, for allowing the reproduction of the portrait of "Jupiter" Carlyle from the Autobiography; Messrs Blackie & Son, Limited, for a like permission in regard to the portrait of Delta; The Spalding Club, for a similar favour in regard to the coloured picture of St Michael from the *Registr. Episcop. Aberdonensis*, Vol. II., which appears in the *Edition de luxe;* and Messrs Brown & Co., of Lanark, and Mr Spence of Musselburgh, for permission to use photographs by them. His thanks are also due to his friend, Mr Alexander Mitchell, Solicitor, Musselburgh, for the view of the Monks' Houses in Inveresk, specially taken.





INTRODUCTION

THIS book is, in some respects, unique in character though not in aim. It is unique in so far as it is a combination of talent, which, it is hardly likely, will ever be brought together again. The writers and artists—some of them of world-wide fame—have had free scope in the choice of their subjects, but most of them, having in view the special object of the book, have dealt with scenes and events closely associated with the Parish. The

book, then, may be described, not as a continuous narrative of events arranged in chronological order, but rather as a series of papers on a variety of subjects, which, although not all connected with the Parish history, are nevertheless brought within its compass for the furtherance of an important parochial object. And while the attainment of this object is the primary reason for its production as a memorial of a local event, it is believed that the historical and biographical details which it relates will have a permanent value to many far beyond the boundaries of the Parish.

The local event referred to is the complete change of the interior, with handsome additions to the exterior of Inveresk Parish Church. To aid this desirable and worthy object, the contributors to this volume have freely given their services, and the result of their kindly efforts promises to make a tangible addition to the funds required.

To many who have never set foot in this historic Parish, the Church at Inveresk is a perfectly familiar object on the landscape. From its prominent site it is known in this part of the Lothians as the "visible kirk." Unfortunately for the reputation of the architect and the ecclesiastical

taste of a by-gone generation, too much of the structure is visible. It is one of the very largest churches in the land, built in the last years of the ministry of Jupiter Carlyle, and is the result of a confusion of ideas about the propriety or fitness of making the House of the Lord beautiful. A few years after it was opened for public worship its bareness was considerably relieved by the erection of a most graceful spire. It is a tradition in the Parish that those who were most closely connected with the building of the new Church being somewhat alarmed at the barn-like shape of their architectural efforts, met with the patron of the living—the then Duke of Buccleuch—and one of them, with an eye to the well-known liberality of his Grace, said —"Don't you think, your Grace, that the Church would be the better of a steeple?" "Yes," replied his Grace, "at each corner." Only one, however, was built, and it stands to-day, pointing the parishioners upwards, and serving as a land-mark to the mariners of the Forth.

The first thing which impresses the visitor to the hill of Inveresk is that the building is strangely out of keeping with its site. The site is perhaps the finest in Scotland. It overlooks a vast stretch of

land and sea. To the north the waters of the Firth roll at our feet, carrying on their bosom the ocean steamer, and dotted with the numberless sails of the fishing boats as they bear to land the merchandise of the sea. Beyond its waters stand out the Lomonds of Fifeshire, with the Grampians of Perthshire striving to peep over their shoulders ; to the west is seen the lion-shaped seat of Arthur, with the growing capital forcing its way down by its side, while in the distance the Ochils stand like giant steeds in their stalls, and the setting sun captures the peak of Ben Ledi in its golden fire ; to the south the sloping Pentlands and the flat Moorfoots attract the eye, with the palace woods of Dalkeith to complete the picture ; to the east the hill of Carberry—where Queen Mary surrendered to the confederate lords—crowned with the ancient keep of Fa'side, guards the approach of friend and foe. In the midst of the valley flows the winding Esk, past the foot of the hill and on through the old town of Musselburgh, to mingle its waters with the Firth outside. Such a variety of scenery, beheld from such a magnificent standpoint, is as impressive as it is memorable.

But the site itself has had a remarkable history.

The Romans, with that keen eye for commanding positions, which was a great secret of their success in warfare, seized upon this spot on which to establish a colonia or municipium. Here, after bringing the natives into submission, they settled themselves and paved a way to what is now the harbour, to receive supplies from across the sea. Their camp stretched from the shores of the Firth away inland to a place near Dalkeith, still called Campend. Many remains of their visit have been found on the hill and in its neighbourhood. Here, too, at a date far removed, Somerset, the Protector of England, planted his cannon on a mound still preserved, to pour his deadly shot upon the Scots as they crossed the old bridge which spans the Esk, on their way to the disastrous field of Pinkie. When victory crowned his arms—

> "Sated with blood, and glad his prey to leave,
> Five hours in hot pursuit and carnage spent,
> In yon green clump, by Inveresk, at eve,
> Proud Somerset, the victor, pitched his tent."

Here, too, came Cromwell, and in Inveresk House, hard by, there is a room still called by his name, from his writing his despatches there. And in more recent times there passed under its shadow

Prince Charlie and his Highland host to the battle of Prestonpans.

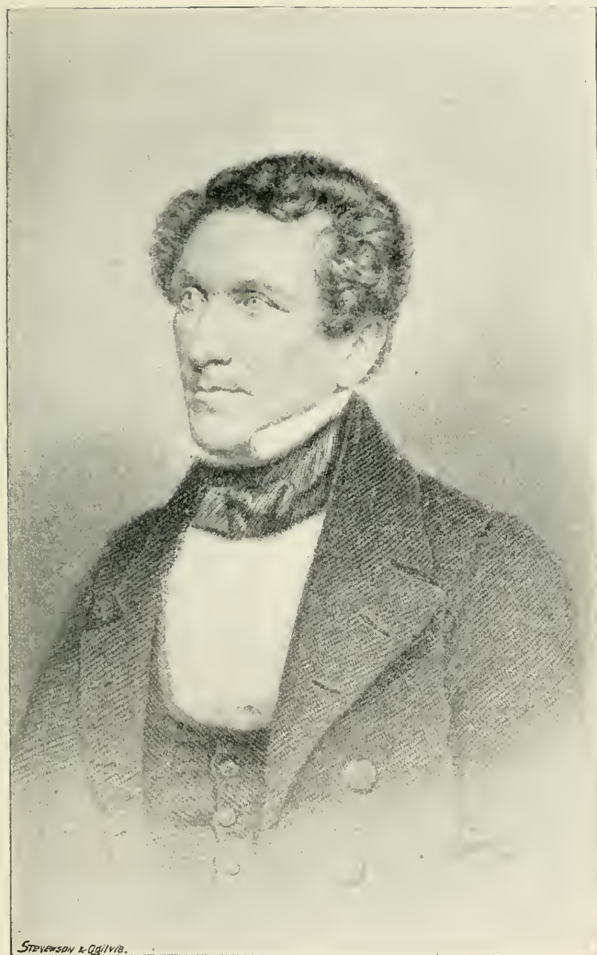
Around and on this spot there clusters a strange and eventful history of arms and warfare. But its religious history is no less remarkable. It has been consecrated as a place of worship since the days of the Romans. On its brow Apollo and Christ have in turn received adoration. Only two churches have occupied this site since the introduction of Christianity—the first, it is supposed, being built out of the ruins of the Roman praetorium. It was dedicated to St Michael, and stood till the beginning of this century, when it was removed to make way for the present more commodious but much less elegant structure. One cannot help expressing regret that this ancient building has entirely disappeared, because, had it been preserved, it would have been prized as one of the earliest examples of ecclesiastical architecture in our land. It is strange that Jupiter Carlyle seems to have acquiesced in its demolition without any apparent show of remonstrance.

Of the literary associations of the Parish something must also be said. It is to be feared that its inhabitants have been more military than

literary in their tastes and inclinations. From their numbers they have sent forth many who have won distinction in the service of their country, both on land and sea. On many a stone in the churchyard there are recorded deeds of daring and renown on the part of the sons of the Parish. The military spirit was no doubt fostered by the presence of a barracks in the outskirts of Musselburgh, which was removed soon after all danger of invasion had been averted by the decisive battle on the plains of Waterloo. So largely did the military spirit predominate in the burgh, and so much did its prosperity depend on the existence of the barracks, that it is said that when it was removed to another place a wit wrote on the wall of the Town-house these words, "A town to let."

But the Parish can lay claim to the possession of a fair proportion of literary celebrities as well. Several of these are dealt with in this book. The valuable autobiography of the Rev. Dr Carlyle reveals a fascinating picture of the intellectual life of his time. The humours attending the production of the "Tragedy of Douglas" bring into view some of the outstanding literary men of

that age. The manse was the haunt of litterateurs of all kinds, and as "Jupiter" has the reputation of being the first minister in the Scottish Kirk to play the game of cards without first seeing that the door was securely barred, one can imagine that their learned disquisitions were sometimes broken in upon by the shuffling of the forbidden books. Time must have passed quickly in those days too, if one may judge from a Latin inscription on an old sun-dial in the manse garden, still bearing the name of Jupiter's predecessor, and which, being translated, is this : "Time flies, swifter than the east wind" (*Tempus fugit ocius Euro*). The successor of Carlyle, Dr Moodie, was famous in his day as a Hebrew and Oriental scholar, and from extensive notes found in the Session Charter-chest, seems to have delivered lectures on the Hebrew language and literature. The Rev. John G. Beveridge, who succeeded him in the ministry, was a man of highly cultivated literary tastes and habits. He was a frequent contributor in his early days to *Chambers' Journal*, as well as being the author of the learned and exhaustive statistical account of the Parish. The ministry of these three men in this Parish extended over



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the long period of a century and a half. Only one has suffered translation to another charge since, which called forth the witty remark from an old parishioner, "that he was the only minister that had left the parish on his ain acco'nt." But it is to David Macbeth Moir, the "Delta" of Blackwood, that the Parish most of all rests its claim for literary distinction. The memory of the "beloved physician" will ever be held in honour and respect in the town of his birth, and the author of "Mansie Waugh" and the charming "Domestic Verses" have won for him a permanent place in the affections of his countrymen. No better estimate of the man and his work could be given than that of his close friend, the late Mr Beveridge: "The name which in modern days has reflected the greatest lustre on this parish is that of David Macbeth Moir, Esq., the distinguished Delta of *Blackwood's Magazine*, who, amidst all the harassing duties of the medical profession, has found time to embody in many chaste and touching strains those high imaginings which visit the mind of genius; as well as to stray into the paths of richest and broadest humour—witness 'Mansie Waugh's' irresistible drollness; whose

laborious history of the art, which he has himself so successfully studied, forms a most valued acquisition to the practitioner; whose songs, in the recent republication of 'Burns' Lyrics,' with music, take a deserved place beside those of the illustrious national minstrel; of whose genius the fruits are to be found scattered over every department of periodical literature; and who with the gifts of genius has none of those defects of character which have too frequently sullied the brightest talents."

This sketch—all too scanty—must not conclude without an expression of thanks to the authors of the various papers in this book, not only for their kindly sympathy and practical help in the attainment of a worthy object, but also because the value of their contributions will cover the demerits and defects of the Introduction.

JAMES SHARP.

MANSE OF INVERESK,
October 1894.

THE PATRON SAINT OF INVERESK

THE

PATRON SAINT OF INVERESK

ST MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL

By the Rev. JAMES COOPER, D.D., Aberdeen

THE ancient dedication of our Parish Church is to St Michael the Archangel, or perhaps rather—for this is the fuller form—to St Michael and All Angels.

It is a dedication common throughout the length and breadth of Christendom. In Scotland it is easy to enumerate a long list of churches which, since the Reformation as well as before it, have been designated in St Michael's honour. The most sumptuous of our mediæval parish churches—now happily undergoing a restoration worthy of its architectural splendour and historic interest—bears the Archangel's name, St Michael's of Linlithgow. So does the tiniest, and the latest, example, we

may say, of "old" Gothic in the country—the curious sepulchral chapel erected in 1705 by Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstown, "the Michael Kirk" near Elgin. So does one of the noblest of our new Gothic churches, St Michael's, Edinburgh. Other examples which readily occur to one are St Michael's, Dumfries, in whose churchyard is the grave of Robert Burns; St Michael's, Crieff; and St Michael's, Dallas—the solitary pre-Reformation church remaining within the bounds of the Presbytery of Forres. There is a parish of Kirkmichael in the Presbytery of Lochmaben, another in the Presbytery of Ayr, a third in the Presbytery of Dunkeld, and a fourth in the Presbytery of Abernethy. The reason of such widespread favour is not far to seek. Whether we regard the Holy Angels as "worshipping spirits"—the priesthood of the upper sanctuary—

> "Who all night long unwearied sing
> High praise to the Eternal King";

or whether we rejoice in the help and guardianship they are "sent forth to minister unto them who shall be heirs of salvation"—the thought of their worship and their love is in a high degree

inspiring. Nor is it only that *we* would fain associate ourselves with them. Their example is commended to us by the Highest of all authorities in the prayer He taught us, "Thy will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven." Then, their humility—the highest of them waiting on little children! (St Matt. xviii. 10). While the help they render us—aid unseen against foes unseen—is in a sphere where we are powerless :—

> "How oft do they their silver bowers leave
> To come to succour us that succour want!
> How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
> The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
> Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
> They for us fight ; they watch and duly ward,
> And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
> And all for love, and nothing for reward!
> O why should heavenly God to men have such regard?"

It is impossible that men who believe this should not delight to acknowledge benefits so great. No wonder that the pioneers of Christianity, few, unarmed, dependent at every step on supernatural assistance, rejoiced as they took possession of the land for Christ, to own by such dedications the angelic help by which they were enabled to make good their ground against the embattled powers of

darkness! Precisely the same feeling has been expressed in our own day by the noble Scottish missionaries who are doing for British Central Africa the work which St Aidan and St Cuthbert did for Northumbria and Lothian of old. "The name we propose to give our church," writes one of them, "is St Michael and All Angels, in record of the truth that the angels of God hold up this very structure of which we speak, as they do the structure of the universe, the structure of society; and that powers more mighty than earth's dominions hold Africa for God."

St Michael is described in Holy Scripture as, under God, the captain of this celestial hierarchy. He is spoken of to the prophet Daniel as the guardian angel of God's people Israel—"the great prince which standeth up for the children of thy people" (Dan. x. 21); and in the Revelation of St John (xii. 7) he appears as the leader of the Holy Angels in that "war in heaven," where they "fought against the dragon and his angels," so that "the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him." Where-

fore the Greeks call St Michael, "The Taxiarch"—the "Leader of Armies," and the Latins hail him

> ". . . . the warrior Primate
> Of celestial hierarchy."

Beautiful is the very thought of him, and of that "blessed obedience and order" of his spotless host, "without which," said the dying Hooker, "peace could not be in heaven, and would that it were so upon earth." Beautifully, too, has the idea been expressed in Christian art. One recalls the radiant figures of St Michael which we owe to Perugino and to Raphael—perhaps most of all that by Guido Reni in his glowing canvas in the Church of the Capuchins at Rome, where St Michael tramples on the vanquished demon, and with a countenance half-scornful, half-pitiful, chains him to the burning rock! Of her monuments of religious art, Scotland was swept bare in the turbulent century, from 1560 to 1660; yet three figures of St Michael, small indeed but full of interest, have managed to escape. His sculptured image holds his place alike at conspicuous Linlithgow and at sequestered Dallas; and there is a simple but very pretty miniature of him in the "Catalogue of Ornaments of the Cathedral of

Aberdeen," 1549: it is figured in the frontispiece of the *Registrum* of that diocese (Vol. II.), published by the Spalding Club in 1845.

But while St Michael and All Angels may fitly be honoured *everywhere*, there were at Inveresk two circumstances which no doubt guided our forefathers in their choice, and rendered it peculiarly appropriate: we refer to the natural character of the site, and to its occupation as a place of idolatrous worship in the pre-Christian period. It is, in the first place, a height: not very lofty, it is true, yet commanding the whole plain between the Pentlands and the Firth. In the second place, from time immemorial, Baal, or Bel, the sun-god, had been worshipped there; and there, latterly, the Roman conquerors had built a temple to one of their divinities. On both accounts alike, the spot was suggestive to our Christian ancestors of St Michael the Archangel. As a messenger from heaven he was naturally conceived of as alighting on the point of earth that is nearest heaven. (So, in "Paradise Lost," Satan, "transformed" in appearance "into an angel of light," descends on Mount Niphates.) A height, as one has said, is "a natural threshold for a Divine arrival." It was

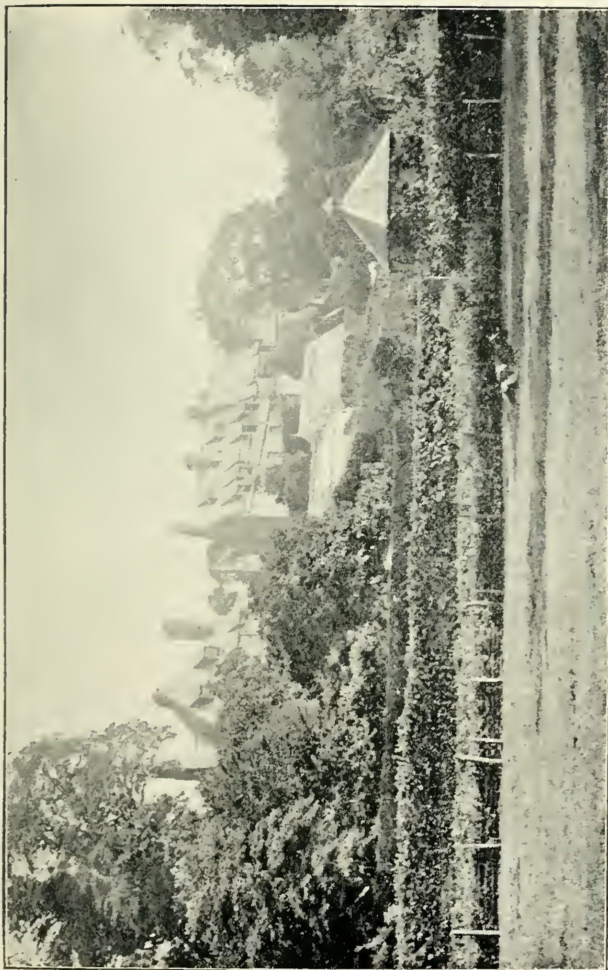
on heights, in the Old Testament—the rocky height of Sinai, the sunnier Mount of Zion—that God Himself descended: it was there that the presence of His attendant angels is recorded. In churches built on hills the early Christians were peculiarly reminded of those great events of old. Their sanctuary might be humble, but it was not poorer in spiritual privilege. God was with them; and with God His angels. "The chariots of God," they sang, "are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: the Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place" (Ps. lxviii. 17). It was with some such thought as this that, all over the Christian world, churches set on rocks and hills were dedicated to St Michael. In Greece there are innumerable examples; and in Italy also: indeed, it was the dedication in honour of St Michael of the shrine on Monte Gargano in Apulia in 493, or of that in 610 on the rock-like "circus" of Hadrian's mausoleum—hence called the Castle of St Angelo—that gave occasion, Alban Butler tells us, to the institution of the Feast of Michaelmas (September 29). We have instances of the same thought, and the same custom thence arising,

in Mont St Michael in Brittany, St Michael's Mount in Cornwall, and Shelig Michael off the west coast of Ireland. Inveresk is a Scottish instance.

St Michael, however, as we have seen, is not simply a chief messenger of God. He is, in an especial manner, the angelic champion of the faithful in their strife, in God's Name and power, against Satan and his hosts. "Who is like God?" he shouts,—for His very name is a war-cry; and with flame-tipped spear of burning charity he transfixes the writhing serpent. Bear we in mind that, according to Holy Scriptures, idolatry is Satan's "kingdom," and his chief fortress. When, then, a notable triumph had been won over the idols, when a spot where for generations men had "sacrificed to devils, and not to God" (1 Cor. x. 20), had been wrenched from the Evil One, and a church consecrated on it to the Living God, was it not just and fitting that the Blessed Angels and their Captain, who at the Lord's command had helped His servants to their victory, should have some acknowledgment? A common form of such acknowledgment was to dedicate the church thus founded under their

name. We find, accordingly, a large number of the churches of St Michael on sites where formerly stood temples of the false gods. In Egypt, St Michael's Church at Alexandria was the successor, we are told, of a temple which Cleopatra had reared for Saturn—the Moloch of the Bible. In France, at Puy de Velay, a Church of St Michael has occupied since 965 the place of an ancient temple of Mercury. The old church of Inveresk was a case in Scotland. Here, too, those who reared the first Christian sanctuary on the hill recognised that there were more than the idol-priests fighting against the preachers of the Cross: that there were more than its preachers fighting for it. "Michael and his angels fought against the dragon and his angels, and prevailed . . . and the old Serpent, the deceiver, was cast out." The name is an Eben-ezer—a Stone of Help. Is it fair that, by dropping the ancient name, we should obliterate the ancient record? It might well, we venture to think, be a part of the present restoration to revive the ancient dedication, and speak once more of St Michael's, Inveresk.

THE MONKS OF NEWBATTLE AND INVERESK



THE MONKS OF NEWBATTLE AND INVERESK

By Rev. J. C. Carrick, B.D., F.S.A., Newbattle.

THERE are many things to connect the two historical parishes of Inveresk and Newbattle. If the interesting old church of St Michael is the "visible church"—a city set on a hill,—that of Newbattle (or, more properly, Newbottle = new residence, Melrose Abbey being the "old bottle," or old residence, from which the Newbattle monks came) deserves the title of the "invisible church,"—lying deep down in the Esk valley, surrounded on all sides by great woods, and hemmed in on every side by gentle undulating hills. Such were the sites always chosen for their monasteries by the Cistercian monks. Another connection lies in the river Esk,—the South Esk flowing past the old monastery, whose inmates used to love a Thursday's fishing in view of a

Friday's fast,—and which, after uniting with the North Esk below Dalkeith, expends itself at Musselburgh, bearing itself past Delta Moir's monument, and the quaint old-world town which has three mussels and the word "Honesty" for its crest. "The honest toun" is surely not only proud in its possession of "the visible kirk," but also a little bold in its historic utterance,—

> "Musselburgh was a burgh
> When Edinburgh was nane;
> And Musselburgh 'll be a burgh
> When Edinburgh's gane."

Another interesting connection between the two places is in the Roman remains to be found in both. Across the Esk at Newbattle there is built the "Maiden Bridge,"—favourite haunt of artists, undoubtedly built by the Roman soldiers, and the viaduct across which the great road from Newbattle Abbey to the east coast passed. At the east side of this bridge stood the great abbey gates looking east. It was crossed more than once by sovereigns on their way to the famous Cistercian house which even yet covers the ashes of a queen of Scotland. Musselburgh, too, has its Roman bridge, deeply interesting to anti-

quarians. In fact, the whole district lives with memories of the Roman legionaries. The "Roman Camp" above Newbattle can still be traced, and even in names of neighbouring places, such as "Chesters" (= castra = camp), "Dalhousie Chesters," Chesterhill (the old name of Edgehead = the camp hill), &c., the influence can be seen. A chain of Roman camps seems to have run across this whole district. "Jupiter" Carlyle is undoubtedly right in declaring that St Michael's Church, Inveresk, was built on the site of a Roman camp on the hill, and of the very bricks and stones of the older structure. The prætorium is still traceable. Roman remains have frequently been discovered on the hill, and the fact that the church was built on the hill, so far away from Musselburgh, is almost certainly due to the existence of the building materials already there. Probably St Baldred, the apostle of East Lothian, brought Christianity to this district in the sixth century, and the early Saxon monastery of Tyningham, dedicated to St Balther, had diocesan authority over all East Lothian. The chain of camps can be traced from Inveresk Hill to the Roman Camp Hill of Newbattle, thence to "The

Chesters" near Tynehead, and thence to Heriot, on one of the hills of which there are still remains of an extensive camp.

There are some other interesting points of connection between Inveresk and Newbattle. When Archbishop Leighton was incumbent of the latter parish, Mr Colt ministered to the former. Complaining of his "heavy charge" at Musselburgh, Colt received the pleasant and humorous reply from Leighton—"It is too bad to put such a heavy load upon a Colt,"—one of the many grave pleasantries attributed to the saintly divine.

Three battlefields, all disastrous to Scotland, surround Inveresk hill—Pinkie (1547), at the very foot; Carberry (1567), where Mary surrendered to the lords; and Prestonpans (1745), where Colonel Gardiner fell. It has come down by tradition, that when the last of these was being fought, a number of people belonging to Newbattle ran along the ridge of the Roman Camp Hill till they came within sight of the battle, which they followed with eager interest.

There are few belonging to the district who have never heard of "Camp Meg," a sort of witch who lived on the Roman Camp Hill at Newbattle

early in the century, and, dressed in man's clothing and armed with a scythe or a sickle, rode astride her white mare to all the fairs and races in the neighbourhood,—the terror of the district. She was universally regarded as an uncanny person, and lived in absolute solitude in the loneliness of the Camp Hill. A curious sight it must have been to see her riding her white mare at Musselburgh races, as she sometimes did.

A much more intimate connection, however, than any of these, existed between Newbattle and Inveresk; for the abbot and monks of Newbattle Abbey had, amongst their many other possessions, two residences in Inveresk. These were to some extent coast-houses for the fathers, just as Pinkie House was originally built for the abbot and monks of Dunfermline, into whose possession Musselburgh was given by royal charter. This practice of a monastery having an extra or dependent house is quite common still on the Continent. The great St Bernard monastery in the heart of Alpine snows has a dependent house at Martigny, at the head of the rich and beautiful Rhone valley, to which the sick and aged of the

St Bernard monks in the upper house are sent for refreshment and change. But the Newbattle monks had these houses not only for pleasure: they carried on, as we shall see later, an extensive trade in the district, working coal in the near neighbourhood of Inveresk, carting coals from Newbattle, where the monks first discovered and worked the mineral, shipping the coals to other places, exporting and importing various products of the soil, and generally carrying on commerce with the outside world. The two houses of which the abbot and monks were proprietors, are known to-day as Inveresk Lodge and Halkerston Lodge, but these names are comparatively recent. Built in the old Scottish style of architecture, with high pitched roofs and crow-step gables, they have all the appearance of great antiquity and monastic origin. Two shepherds' houses beside them are also monastic.

Inveresk Lodge, the property now of the Wedderburn family, was the residence of General Sir William Hope, Bart., C.B., before he succeeded to the baronetcy of Craighall, his lady being a Wedderburn. It is a commodious house internally, and shows that the early churchmen

had sound ideas of domestic economy and architecture. Like most ancient buildings, there is a diversity of levels in different parts of the house. It is even at the present day, however, a fine residence, and the arrangements of three or four hundred years ago are found to be suitable even for the present generation. There is a large wine-cellar in the house, and the whole air of the building is monastic and mediæval. It reminds one very strongly of the monastery of St Maurice on the banks of the Rhone, a few miles above Bex, which both in internal arrangements and general style and size is very like it,—a curious "cross" between a monastery, properly speaking, and a good, serviceable dwelling-house.

The same is true of Halkerston Lodge, which has one or two dark chambers in it, which, it is believed, were used for the confinement of those guilty of breaches of discipline. A subterranean passage is believed to exist between the two houses.

In the rent-roll of Musselburgh for 1561 the abbot of Newbattle stands chargeable with 20s., probably the feu payable for these two houses. In the same roll the town of Edinburgh figures

for £5, and Haddington for 40s. Blaen's atlas, published about 1600 at Amsterdam, shows the road by the Esk which connected Newbattle with Inveresk, and that the policies of Dalkeith Park only extended to where the north and south Esks meet, near the stables. Here, then, were the two residences of the Newbattle monks—only a small portion of vast possessions which stretched down to Gala water and Peebles, and Monkland in Lanarkshire, and even to the pine-clad slopes of Glenartney.

This part of Midlothian was famous for its wealthy religious houses. The canons regular had Soutra monastery—"the St Bernard's of Midlothian"—built not only to offer a life of peaceful meditation to the religious, but as a shelter in snowstorms and rains to the wearied travellers coming from the south across the bleak moors of the Lammermuir and Moorfoot Hills towards Edinburgh,—a useful hospice then, as, even now, something of the kind might be, as has been proved by many travelling disasters in that very region. Such monastic resting-places were by no means uncommon in our islands. For example, at the barest and most dangerous part of Glenshee there

is still standing the "Spittal of Glenshee"—the hospital or hospice where once a monastery stood, and where weary travellers were housed and fed by the monks. The "Spittal of Glentilt" also recalls a monastic hospice which once stood in that treeless, solitary Highland valley. In Ireland, Lord Morris of Spittal has his title from a similar hospice: in London, Spitalfields recalls the same connection. Soutra Monastery, of which only a small aisle stands, though the whole hillside is marked with mounds and ruins, was wealthy, and had Trinity College, Edinburgh, as a dependency.

Crichton College, beside Crichton Castle, was wealthy. The fine old building still remaining, with its curious carvings of monks laughing, crying, sneering, and winking, is interesting as the last building constructed by the Church before the Reformation; the crash came in 1560, and the church was left half-built. Borthwick is notable, like Crichton, not only for its castle inseparably associated with Queen Mary as its manse is with Dr Robertson, the great Scottish historian, but also for its church, a portion of which remains full of interest and historic charm.

Temple has its beautiful story of the Knights

Templars clinging around its ivy-clustered walls, as the memory of these martial monks lingers in the lovely valley which has its name from men of war who took refuge in this beautiful vale of peace. Mount Lothian, away out on the moors beyond Rosewell and Carrington, has its interesting tale. Roslin College (St Matthew's) is world-famous. Restalrig Abbey (originally a vast place), of which only the chancel remains, the Nether-Bow of Edinburgh having been built of the stones of its nave and transepts after the Reformation, was wealthy beyond many, and had Lasswade as a chapel under it.

Many another rare old abbey dotted this part of Midlothian, and became a centre of civilisation and energy and light. But not only the most wealthy, but the most powerful socially, was the Cistercian Abbey of St Mary, Newbattle; and some account of its works, chiefly in connection with Inveresk and Musselburgh, may interest the reader.

The monks of Newbattle took a great part in the cultivation of the ground, and of fruits, vegetables, crops, and trees. Almost all the rich forests in Midlothian had their beginnings thus.

The Cistercians always planted their abbeys in low-lying places near rivers, and the primeval woods were trained and extended till vast forests covered hill and valley. The one great exception to this is, of course, the "Caledonian Forest," which in pre-Christian, and in early Christian ages covered the great heart of Scotland, and of which traces can still be seen at Rannoch, at Cadzow, and elsewhere. This was the original rugged oak-forest which clothed savage Scotland, and into which the rude Caledonians rushed on the approach of the Roman legions. Now the great forests of Scotland are in many cases made up of imported trees. For example, larch forests cover vast tracts of Perthshire to-day—ten thousand acres in Athole alone; but the first two larches ever introduced into Scotland were brought thither from the Tyrol so recently as 1737, and were nurtured in flower-pots placed in a green-house. These two trees are still growing a little to the west of Dunkeld Cathedral. Birnam Woods, and the other vast forests which clothe Scotland with verdure, are all to be dated within the last six hundred years. The great beech tree in Newbattle—the largest beech tree in Great Britain—is only one of multi-

tudes planted in the Esk valley by the Cistercian monks of Newbattle, one of the principles of whose religious life was that every brother should engage in manual labour. "Blessed is he who plants a tree," was their motto. Doubtless many of the fine trees in and around Inveresk and Musselburgh had monastic origin. The rich forests, as well as the richly cultivated fields of Midlothian, have these men for their fathers and first patrons. Doubtless the monks of Dunfermline, who owned Musselburgh, did much in the same direction. The trees around Pinkie House—originally a country seat of the abbots of Dunfermline—probably owe much to their fostering care, as also the trees round the Inveresk hill to the care of the Newbattle abbots, whose residences still remain under the names of Inveresk Lodge and Halkerston Lodge.

"Delta Moir," the poetic genius of Musselburgh, sings of the natural beauties of the district in these words:—

> "Down from the old oak forests of Dalkeith,
> Where majesty surrounds a ducal home,
> Between fresh pastures gleaming thou dost come,
> Bush, scaur, and rock and hazelly shaw beneath ;

Till, greeting thee from slopes of orchard ground
Towers Inveresk, with its proud villas fair,
Scotland's Montpelier, for salubrious air
And beauteous prospect wide and far renowned.
What else could be, since thou with winding tide
Below dost ripple pleasantly, thy green
And osiered banks outspread, where frequent seen
The browsing heifer shows her dappled side,
And 'mid the bloom-bright furze are oft descried
Anglers, that patient o'er thy mirror lean?"

It was largely owing to the monks that in late years Scotland became so famous for its trees. If Cadzow has its Caledonian oaks, and Fortingall, at the base of Ben Lawers, its yew tree 3000 years old,—centuries before Roman soldiers ventured the Grampians, or Pontius Pilate (of whom tradition declares that he was born there, the son of a Roman general serving in Britain) was born,—the trees of which the monks were directly or indirectly the fathers can be widely traced all over the country. The oaks and yews at Keir, near Stirling, Queen Mary's sycamore at Scone Palace, still standing, and said to have been planted by her, and hard by an oak planted by James VI.; —the last two trees of great Birnam Wood, near Dunkeld, one of them an oak, 18 feet in girth, the other, a sycamore 19½ feet in girth;—the

great beech hedge of Meikleour in Perthshire, 80 feet high, 580 yards long, planted in 1746;—the Newbattle beech, the largest beech in the west of Europe, and the survivor of a magnificent pair which even so late as the middle of the present century adorned the grounds of Newbattle Abbey—can all be traced more or less to monastic influence, culture, and care. Auchmore, a seat of the Marquis of Breadalbane, boasts the Kinnell Vine (Black Hamburg), at the old house of Kinnell, planted in 1832, and now the largest in the world, filling a glass house 170 feet long. It is about fifty years old, and is still in fine bearing condition. It, too, is undoubtedly the child of the monasteries. When Professor Blackie saw this tree he was so affected that he has written, "I made a vow on the spot, whenever I might be troubled with low and vulgar imaginations, to think upon this vine." He also wrote the following:—

LINES TO THE KINNELL VINE, AUCHMORE.

"Come hither all who love to feed your eyes
  On goodly sights, and join your joy with mine,
Beholding, with wide look of glad surprise,
  The many-branching glory of this vine,
Pride of Kinnell! The eye will have its due,
  And God provides rich banquet, amply spread,

From star-lit cope to huge Bens swathed in blue,
And this empurpled growth that overhead
Vaults us with pendent fruit. Oh, I would take
This lordly vine, and hang it for a sign
Even in my front of estimate, and make
Its presence teach me with a voice divine—
Go hence, and in sure memory keep with thee,
To shame all paltry thoughts, this noble tree !"

Scotland, though once far behind England and other lands in arboriculture, through the labours of the monastic orders, became a great home for trees, and the children of what the monks sowed are to-day the wonders of modern forestry.

There can be no doubt whatever that the richness of the agricultural lands around Inveresk and throughout Midlothian, and along the east coast—a fecundity so proverbial that it is believed to be the richest tract of land in Europe—is owing to the agricultural skill of the monastic fathers, who divided their day between the altar and the plough. We reap what they sowed. The monastic village round Newbattle Abbey, which can still be traced, consisted of a long street of cottages for smiths, carpenters, shepherds, &c., and these latter were sent out into all the lands round about to break new ground, and to instruct

the people in the arts of agriculture, gardening, and forestry. The carts made at Newbattle Monastery were in the Middle Ages so famous that they came to be counted in payments, and mentioned in charters and agreements. These carts would often be seen in Musselburgh in the olden days, and would convey coals from the mines at Newbattle to the ports along the east coast.

It has been stated that the well-known and deservedly famous "Musselburgh leek" was originated by the monks. To verify this I have ventured to submit the question to our ablest and best known Scottish gardener and authority, and am indebted to his great courtesy and genial friendliness for the following reply. Mr Malcolm Dunn, gardener to the Duke of Buccleuch, says :—

"It is well known that the ecclesiastical bodies were the great patrons of gardening in the Middle Ages, and laid out gardens near their religious houses, in which the monks and their retainers cultivated, with more or less success, many of the plants, fruits, and vegetables in use at the present time. Of course, since that period great improvement has been wrought on the varieties of fruit and vegetables, but still many of the identical varieties of them cultivated in monkish times are still to be seen in the neighbourhood of ancient ecclesiastical edifices. All this, and much more connected with the subject, is found in gardening literature; but al-

though I have a fairly good collection of books on gardening, I am sorry to say I cannot find anything in them bearing *directly* on *horticulture* as *practised* by the *monks at Newbattle.* I am not aware that there is any record, except oral tradition, of the introduction of the leek to this part of Scotland by the monks of Newbattle ; but it is quite within the bounds of probability. The leek is a native of Switzerland, and it is known to have been cultivated in Britain in the fifteenth century, but it is likely to have been introduced at a much earlier period, and would no doubt be cultivated by the monks at Newbattle in the heyday of their prosperity. From the Abbey gardens it would readily pass into those of the wealthy of the period, and gradually spread through farmer and cottager, till it reached Musselburgh, in the rich, deep soil and mild climate of which it ultimately developed into that famous modern horticultural product, the *Musselburgh Leek.* So far as the name of that leek is concerned with monkish times, it can only be through a long ancestry, beginning in a primitive form of the modern succulent vegetable. The variety now known as the 'Musselburgh Leek' is a selection of the older type of 'Scotch Leek,' and received its name by being largely grown around Musselburgh in private and market gardens. It has been known by that name among gardeners for about sixty years, and is recognised as the hardiest type of leek now in cultivation.

"I am sorry I cannot give you any list from a *safe source* of the fruits and vegetables cultivated by the monks of Newbattle ; but perhaps you might find some mention made of them in old records concerning the Abbey. I have never looked through Newbattle grounds to see if there are any of the old fruit trees that may have come down from monkish times, but such trees exist at or near other monastic sites, such as Jedburgh, Dryburgh, Melrose,(?) New Abbey, Falkland, Lindores, Fife, and several other places ; a notable

instance of which we saw at Pluscardine Priory, in Morayshire, last month, where there is a pear-tree from which it is said the monks gathered fruit."

The mills of Musselburgh were famous, and there can be little doubt that they were begun by the monks for the purpose of grinding the corn grown on their lands. The Dunfermline abbots seem to have had disputes frequently with the vicar of Inveresk (who was, of course, under his diocesan bishop) as to the tithes of fish and mills. Chalmers relates the story of one of these disputes, and the diocesan bishop decreed that "the small tithes and the offerings at the altars of Musselburgh, excepting the fish of every sort, and the tithes of the mills belonging to the monks, were to be given to the vicar, for which he was directed to pay yearly 10 merks."

Newbattle Abbey had three or four mills, and these, likewise, were great sources of profit, and, like the mills of Musselburgh, testified to the practical shrewdness and agricultural energy of the monks. Probably, however, the mills of Musselburgh all belonged to the abbot of Dunfermline, who, by the charter of Malcolm Canmore and Queen Margaret, his queen, was made pro-

prietor,—a charter confirmed by David I., who added as an additional gift, "Great Inveresk," or Musselburgh, "with the mill, the fishing, and the church of Inveresk, its tithes, and the port of Esk-muthe."

The zeal and energy of the Newbattle monks was not, however, confined to agriculture: they were the first coal-workers of Scotland, and are thus the fathers of Britain's commercial greatness. As is well known, they did not sink shafts into the ground, but wrought the coal from the outside, into the face of the hill. Many of these coal-holes can still be traced in the banks of the Esk at Newbattle, the largest being a long cavern known now as "Lord Ancrum's Cave." Father Hay, in his letters, speaks of the curious fact, that the Newbattle monks gave gifts to the poor of "black stones," meaning coal. They worked the coal in this primitive way so successfully, that their trade and interests rapidly extended. They acquired, by royal gift, vast tracts of land in Lanarkshire, the name "Monk-land" being given to their property. It is interesting to know that the vast Black Country of Scotland was first developed by these men, who in time raised churches

all over the Monkland district, drawing the revenues, and appointing the vicars. Indeed, their coal-fields were not confined to Newbattle and Monkland, for in the Newbattle chartulary there is a grant made of a coal mine near Inveresk by Seyer de Quinci, the date of which must be between 1210 and 1219. The following is a translation of this interesting document :—

"To all the sons of the Church of St Mary, Seyr de Quinci, Earl of Wyntoun, greeting : know that I have given and have confirmed by this my charter, to God and the Church of St Mary of Newbottle, and to monks serving God in that place, for an unconditional and perpetual gift, and for the increase of the church, which Robert my father bestowed on the same,—to wit, in the territory of Tranent, the full half of the marsh extending from west to east as far as the river Whitrig, that is to say, that portion which lies nearer to their cultivated land. Further, the Coal Hench and quarry (*carbonarium et quarrarium*) between the aforesaid river Whitrig, and the bounds of Pinkie and Inveresk, and in the ebb and flow of the sea. Therefore I will and direct that no one of my men may have any share either in the pasture or in the Coal Hench, or in the Quarry, which are situated within the bounds of Preston Grange, without the consent or goodwill of the same monks. Before these witnesses, W., Bishop of St Andrews, Ingram of Ballia, Simon de Quinci, Alexander of Seton, and others. And note the seal which this charter has, different from others." William was Bishop of St Andrews in 1202 ; Simon de

Quinci set out for Palestine in 1218, and died there in 1819; hence the date of this charter is approximately fixed from 1202 to 1218.—*Newbattle Chartulary*, p. 53.

In 1531 there was a contract between the abbots of Dunfermline and Newbattle, by which the latter became bound to "drive the coill of Preston Grange to the bounds of Pinkin (Pinkie) and Inveresk."

The Newbattle coal, as well as the coal wrought by the Newbattle monks at the coast, was shipped away to various parts from Eskmuthe, though generally from Port Seton, Morrison's Haven, and other small ports east of Musselburgh.

The coal trade of the Newbattle monks must have been a very vigorous one, for they actually went to the expense of constructing a great road from Newbattle Abbey across country to the coast, which can still be traced in what is known as the "Salter's Road." By this highway the Newbattle coal was taken in carts made by the monks themselves, to the sea, and there shipped. Probably the Newbattle coal was shipped at Musselburgh, while the coals acquired at the pits belonging to the Abbot of Newbattle, between Pinkie and Tranent, were shipped at the smaller ports to the east.

The carts returning from Musselburgh did not come home empty. These old fathers were far too wise to permit unremunerative labour. Consequently they were often filled with mussels and oysters, of both of which they seem to have been very fond. Over and over again round Newbattle Abbey great pits filled with oyster shells have been come upon, and the writer has a considerable number of these in his possession. They could only have come from Musselburgh. The commercial instinct was thus early manifested which in our own day results in cheap foreign fruit,—vessels going out from our British ports with coal to Spain, and returning with copper, which, being heavy and less bulky than the black diamonds, leaves a great space in the hold of the ship, which is filled up with melons, &c., thus making these fruits very cheap. Oysters were the return cargo of the Newbattle carts, besides fish of all kinds for the monks' use, and nets for their gardens. It is remarkable how often in the inland monasteries and churches of Midlothian, the oyster, sea-kail, and star-fish appear as ornaments. In Roslin Church there is quite a study in sea-produce on the pillars and arches.

Another import, too, came through Musselburgh to Newbattle, namely, wine from the Continent, brought by ships from the French ports. The Cistercian order began at Citeaux (hence the name), in the Burgundy district of France, and the wines made by the order became famous.

In the midst of the celebrated vineyards of Romanie, Richebourg, La Tache, &c.—the wines of which were brought into fashion by Louis XIV., for whom they were exclusively prescribed by the royal physician Fagon as a means of restoring his strength—and about seven miles from the chief city of this wine-country and vineyard-garden,—Nuits, a town to-day of some 3000 inhabitants—stand the ruins of the celebrated abbey of Citeaux, which gave the name to one of the most powerful of all the monastic order—the "Citercians," or "Cistercians." The abbey was founded by Robert de Molesme in 1090, and within its walls the great St Bernard assumed the cowl in 1113. This abbey became the mother-house of the Cistercian order all over the world; it gave four Popes to the Roman See, and was the mother of no fewer than 3600 houses of the order. To-day only a few ruins of the

ancient abbey exist, but the vineyards and olive-yards which the monks planted are still famous. The prince of Burgundy wines—"Clos de Vougeot" —is still made from the monastic vineries. The monks never sold it, but made gifts of what they could not use to their friends. The average annual produce of this vineyard is 200 hogsheads, and some 450 vintagers are employed at vintage time. This is the land, too, of "Beaune" wine, the chief wine of the Burgundy district; and the most celebrated wines and vineyards of the world are to be found within a few miles of the old abbey walls. The lands around the ancient Abbey of Citeaux are probably the richest in the world. About a mile south-west of Dijon begins a chain of hills known as the "Côte d'Or"—a wall of hills sheltering innumerable vineyards. In richness of flavour, in all the more delicate qualities of the juice of the grape, the vines of this department of France rank highest of all; so much so, that the old Dukes of Burgundy were designated *Princes des bons vins.* The choicest red wines of the Côte d'Or are the "Clos Vougeot," "Nuits," "Beaune," "Volnay," "Pomard," "Chambertin," "Richebourg," "Romaneé," and "St George." Their beautiful colour

and exquisite flavour and aroma make them valuable beyond all others, and one need hardly wonder that the kings of France coveted this rich Burgundian territory. The development of this industry, the cultivation of this magnificent soil, and the perfecting of the vine, were all the work of the Cistercian monks who made Citeaux their earliest home. They began there the industrial work which became a characteristic of their order in every succeeding age, and all over the world.

The French wines — claret and Burgundy especially—were largely shipped to Scotland, and the Newbattle monks brought these in carts from Musselburgh overland to their monastery, some six miles inland. Doubtless these French wares were highly prized, and served to connect the Cistercian fathers of Newbattle in a very genial way with the fathers of the parent-house at Citeaux. The rich red Burgundy, carried by cart and ship over land and sea, would remind the Newbattle fathers, in days of snowstorm and sleet, when the river would overflow its banks and flood the ancient crypt, still standing, of the brighter skies, the genial vineyards, and warmer airs of sunny France, where their brethren laboured and prayed.

In Newbattle Abbey there is still preserved a very fine bas-relief representing wine-making—a wine-vat, net, ladle, cluster of grapes, and the implements of wine-making—the sculpture as clear and distinct as the day on which it was carved. Even in later days, the French wines thus introduced by the monks, continued to be the wines of Scotland, John Knox himself being partial to good French claret.

Doubtless, too, the old monks of Newbattle often fished their way down the Esk to Musselburgh and the sea. The connection altogether between old Newbottle, "all to the tae side," and "the honest toun" of Musselburgh is deeply interesting, and invested with a large amount of historic charm.

ON SOLWAY SANDS

FROM A PAINTING BY

W. D. M'KAY, R.S.A.

THE HOME-COMING OF FORD BERÊTON

THE HOME-COMING OF FORD BERÊTON

[*Written in* 1883]

By S. R. CROCKETT,

Author of " The Raiders," " The Stickit Minister," &c.

" And it shall come to pass that I will put thee in a clift of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by."

CRISPLY up the frozen road,
Roaming here and there abroad,
Ford Berêton's small feet clatter'd ;
Startling rabbits out of hedges,
Waterfowl from fenny sedges,
Hares along the pasture's edges,
Scapegrace dog and master strode.

Weightier footed than his master,
In the twilight Royal patter'd
O'er the stiff grass grey with frost,
Swinging slow or bounding faster
Like a stalwart canine ghost.

See they cross the fertile fallows,
Now the ice-bound lake-side shallows ;
Soon they enter on the poor lands
Of the burnt and matted heather,
Waste morass, and trackless moorlands,
  Ranging heedlessly together.

What reck they of black horizon,
Or of inky gloom that lies on
All the bleak blue mountain ranges,
As the face of nature changes,
And the land-marks dimmer grow
  With the coming of the snow.

First the broad far-sailing flakes
Fall in silence, slow and heavy:
Then a mirthful dancing bevy
Scuds across the sullen lakelets.
Soon a moaning wind awaking
All the heavy cloud-folds shaking,
Drives the steady stinging flakelets,
Making Ford's cheeks redder grow
  In the turmoil of the snow.

How the pair rejoiced and revelled,
Leapt and barked and laughed and shouted,

Charged abreast and fell back routed,
Clenched and fought and rolled dishevelled
In the snow-drifts to and fro!

"Find the way now, good dog Royal!"
Struggling upward, quoth the boy, all
Sober'd with the ghastly starkness
Of the single spectral birches
In the swiftly growing darkness;
"Seek it, seek it out, good Royal!"
And the great dog, strong and loyal,
Through the snow-wreaths round and round
All about the moorland searches,
With his nose against the ground,
Sought and sought and never found.

In the silence yet more dreary
Boy Berêton's limbs grew weary,
Courage waned with Royal gone;
Wearier grew they till he rested,
Chill and heartless, on a stone
In a covert grim and eery
Deep among the sheltering rocks.

From the pocket on his side
Slow he drew the precious box,

Where his mice had lived together
  In their case of finest wool.
Scarce a week ago one died,
Frost-nipp'd by the icy weather,
And was borne in funeral
From the threshold of the school
To its grave beneath the wall,
With the pomp of mourners all.

As he opens, beaded eyes
O'er the edge a moment rise.
One small hand the mouse doth hold,
With the other, blue and cold,
On its smooth head he caressed it;
For a space forgetful smiled
At the outer darkness wild,
Smiled to see it crouch and nestle
In its cosy bed of wool;
In his bosom heard it rustle,
As he stamped his frozen feet on
Narrow ledge not yet invaded
  By the fast encroaching snows.—

Instantly the gladness faded
As the drifting snow came sweeping,

Heavy wreaths in silence heaping
Sheltered nook and stony seat on.
"Well, at least," quoth Boy Berêton,
"Mousie's warm, though I am cold."

"Now I wonder," with a flicker
Of the old Ford in his eyes,
As he watched the snow come thicker,
"Are the angels warm and rosy
When the snow-storms fill the skies,
As in summer when the sun
Makes their cloud-beds warm and cosy?
And I wonder if they're sleeping
Through this bitter winter weather;
Or aloft their watches keeping,
As the shepherds said of them,
Hosts and hosts of them together,
Singing o'er the lowly stable,
  In that little Bethlehem!"

And the pitying angels slowly
Sang their Christ songs, pure and holy,
As they saw his limbs grow rigid
And his features blue and frigid;

And God hearkened more his wonderings
Than the Starry Chariot's thunderings—
  Shoutings of the Sons of God.—

"Wonder who will come and take us
From the snow, so white and deep?
If it's very hard to die,
Or like going fast asleep,
Only just a little sounder?
Maybe Christ Himself will wake me,
Maybe let His Mary-Mother
Comfort mine, and throw around her
  Arms that nursed Him when a boy.

"And however bad am I,
He would let me be His Lamb,
Rather than with Lazarus lie
On the breast of Abraham!

"Maybe God sends him the grown ones,
While the little lambs, the lone ones,
Go to the Lord Jesus' bosom.
And I wonder if my mousie
Will be sleeping in his housie
  When they find me in the snow?"

Here grew Ford a little drowsy,
Looked one way and then another,
Only saw the snow keep falling,
All his tiny covert walling
  From the world of warmth and home.—

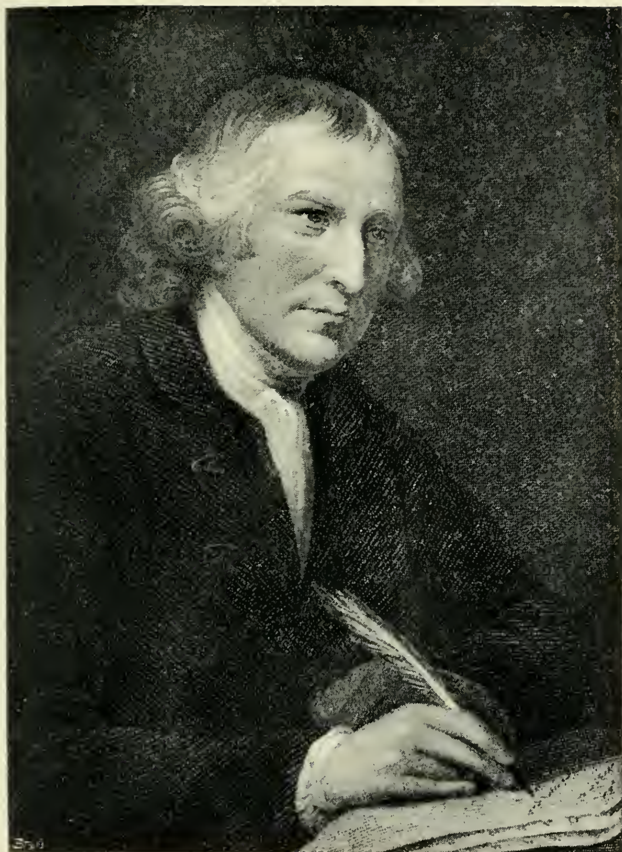
Feebly now the slow words come,
" Good-night, mousie ; good-night, mother ;
Take me, Christ, to Thee to keep—
I'll be warmer when I waken.
Coming, mother—I am coming,"
But 'twas Death, with fingers numbing,
Through the darkness that was coming
  In the sheeted silence deep.—

Distant murmurs, rising, falling,
Barking dogs and shepherds calling ;
Great red Royal far before
Finds the body of his master,
And like one who fears disaster,
To the hearers calling " Faster,"
Sends a great deep-throated roar ;
And the shepherds round and round
Shake the welkin, echoing " FOUND ! "

And at home when they undress'd him
Lo, one frozen hand firm closing
Round the cage deep in his breast—
Inside, mousie warmly dozing!

This the tender little mother,
Bending over to caress him,
Joying in each soft drawn breath,
Heard in silence still as death,
Trying hard, her sobs to smother,
With her face against the wall—
" Mother, mother, please don't wake me,
Dear Lord Christ has come to take me—
Me and mousie, cage and all!"

DR CARLYLE OF INVERESK



DR CARLYLE OF INVERESK

By The Editor.

THE 14th day of December 1756 was a memorable one in the story of the Scottish Capital and in the annals of the Kirk. It was the Augustan Age of our clerical history. Seldom has society numbered so many brilliant scholars in its ranks. And now, on that most famous of first nights, notwithstanding more than the Evangelicals shared Whitefield's view that the site of a playhouse was ground appropriated to Satan, the culture and fashion, the wit and learning of Edinburgh issued from the high houses and narrow closes of the High Street and its *purlieus* into the wintry darkness, and was borne in sedan chairs by sturdy Highlanders to the theatre in the Canongate. "All the literati," we are told, "and most of the judges were there, who, except one or two, had not been in use to attend." Stranger sight

than any, among the audience might be discovered a goodly proportion of the clergy, most of them endeavouring, with a modesty not unknown in later days, to conceal themselves in corners and under the shadow of friendly pillars. One, the most striking figure in that crowded assembly, had no such scruples. He sat in the centre of a little group of fashionables, the cynosure of every eye. The commanding presence, the handsome face, its aquiline nose denoting one born to rule, the flowing locks curling down over the neck, would have attracted attention anywhere. And when, presently, a half-intoxicated rowdy presumed to offer some insult to a lady who sat near the distinguished-looking divine, that portly embodiment of the Church militant made short work of the disturber. An incident that was to add to the sum of his iniquities.

Need it be explained that, on the night in question, the famous tragedy of *Douglas*, from the pen of the Reverend John Home, Minister of Athelstaneford, was being played "for the first time on any stage," or that the Jove-like presence in the auditorium was that of the dramatist's friend, Dr Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk?

The tragedy, now long relegated to the dusty limbo of undisturbed book-shelves and passing dull to our modern taste, excited a *furore* of enthusiasm. "Whaur's your Wullie Shakespeare noo?" was a scarcely exaggerated expression of the exultant verdict pronounced by a patriotic people. The run of the play was, for the place and time, unprecedented, and when the upper and middle classes had become satiated, Carlyle came to its aid with a pamphlet which excited the curiosity of the lower orders, and sent them to pack the theatre for a few nights more.

But a day of reckoning was at hand. If we can imagine the effect that would be produced to the north of the Caledonian Canal by the announcement that the present leader of the Free Church had written a comic opera, that rehearsals had been held at a tavern near the theatre, in which the leading rôles, female as well as male, had been filled by well-known divines, and that one or more prominent clergymen had taken part in a drunken brawl during the performance, we may form a faint idea of the shock and indignation the exaggerated reports occasioned in certain quarters. It was freely alleged that, at

the rehearsals, Carlyle had played Old Norval; Principal Robertson, the celebrated leader of the Moderates and the ablest churchman of his time, Lord Randolph; David Hume, the sceptic philosopher, Glenalvon; and Dr Blair, whose sermons are still read in remote districts by a pious peasantry, Anna; while Lady Randolph had been enacted by Home himself. There is no doubt—we have Carlyle's authority for it—that a number of those mentioned attended rehearsals by the actors. David Hume, Dr Ferguson, and Lord Elibank were certainly there, and it is quite possible the play may have been read over, each taking a part. When feeling in those days ran high, instead of venting itself in letters to the newspapers, it found expression in anonymous doggerel, and soon the streets re-echoed with the fame of the minister of Inveresk.

> "Hid close in a green-room some clergymen lay,
> Good actors themselves, too—*their whole life a play;*
> C—lyle, with a cudgel and genius rare,
> With aspect as stern as a Hessian hussar.
> Derry down, &c."

He it was, naturally, who stood in the forefront of the battle—for Home had relieved *his* Presbytery of further trouble by resigning his charge,

preaching such a farewell sermon as, we are told, brought tears to the eyes of many; yet not quite bidding the Church good-bye, as for many years his familiar form was to be seen in every General Assembly, as representing Campvere. Carlyle it was who had copied and re-copied the play, its author's handwriting being atrocious. In his manse of Inveresk much of it had been written; he had accompanied Home on his rather ludicrous excursion into England to lay *Douglas* before Garrick. It is probable that, more than to Lord Milton, Sir Gilbert Elliot, or Mr Oswald of Dunnikier, to him was due the production in Edinburgh. He, too, had written that ironical argument, "to prove that the Tragedy of *Douglas* ought to be publicly burnt by the Hands of the Hangman," the sarcasm of which must have aggravated his opponents.

A less self-reliant man would have been inclined to bend to the storm. Soon came the announcement that the unfortunate minister of Liberton had been suspended for three weeks, despite his pathetic plea that he had gone to the theatre only once, "and had tried to conceal himself in a corner." But, like Knox, Carlyle never feared

the face of mortal man. His was too strong a personality to be treated after the fashion of the lamb-like incumbent aforesaid, and after passing from Presbytery to Synod, and from Synod to Assembly, the case ended in what was virtually a triumph for him. The libel was found partly proven by the Presbytery, but disapproved by both the higher Courts. These were of opinion that a "brotherly admonition" would have sufficed. He, however, agreed to frequent the theatre no more, and the matter terminated amicably, leaving his position and influence, both inside the Church and out of it, as great, if not greater, than before.

What manner of man, then, was this who, bequeathing to the world nothing more than a sermon or two, a few pamphlets, a stray article, and a fragmentary autobiography, yet produced so profound an impression on his time, that "scarcely a Primate of the proud Church of England could overtop in social position and influence the Presbyterian minister of Inveresk"? We are left to form our opinion of him without a plethora of advisers. The few character sketches that exist were drawn for the most part before the publication of the Autobiography. But for-

tunately we have at first hand, from one of the greatest of Scotsmen, and certainly the greatest delineator of Scottish character that ever lived, a rough but vivid sketch. Sir Walter, who, when a lame, shy boy, had the rare fortune to watch in an Edinburgh drawing-room the glowing eye of Robert Burns, had met also the "Preserver of the Church from fanaticism." "The grandest demi-god I ever saw was Dr Carlyle, minister of Musselburgh, commonly called *Jupiter Carlyle*, from having sat more than once for the king of gods and men to Gavin Hamilton; and a shrewd, clever old carle was he, no doubt, but no more a poet than his precentor." Scott was probably wrong about the sittings, but there is no reason to doubt that, so far as his estimate of character went, his usual insight served him. Burton, indeed, would fain have it that Sir Walter was partly indebted to Carlyle for a couplet in "The Lady of the Lake," and that it was base ingratitude to range his poetic capacity with that of his precentor—a prosaic individual, concerning whom tradition is silent. But the only service Jupiter is known to have rendered to the muse was the discovery of an imperfect copy of Collins' lost ode

on the "Superstitions of the Highlands," the *lacunæ* in which he and Henry Mackenzie filled up between them. A small bundle of manuscript verses in various handwritings was found among his papers; but whether any were his or not is left unsettled. It is, however, unnecessary to carry the discussion further. Carlyle's claim to be remembered does not depend on whether or not he was a poet. The poetic temperament, as it is popularly estimated, he certainly had not, though he was able to appreciate poetry, and lived to recognise and to welcome the dawn of the new poetic era. Scott and Wordsworth had begun their career ere Jupiter passed from the stage, and he was quick to recognise the genius that underlay even the most unpromising of Wordsworth's efforts. "Shrewd and clever," with a gift of sarcasm, he was equally fitted to shine in the councils of the Moderate party and in the General Assembly; while at Court we know that "the elegance of his manners and the dignity of his appearance are said to have excited both surprise and admiration." His mission was to dignify the position and raise the social status of a parish minister; to aid in the introduction into the pulpits of the Kirk of

Scotland of a new elegance and a new eloquence, to bring the National Church into closer touch with the learning and the society of the age. He knew the position occupied by the dignitaries of the Church of England; he had ample opportunities of contrasting the standing and the culture of the clergy on either side of the Border, and he deprecated the tone too often taken by the Scottish clergy.

"I must confess that I do not love to hear this Church called a poor Church, or the poorest Church in Christendom. I doubt very much that, if it were minutely inquired into, this is really the fact. But, independent of that, I dislike the language of whining and complaint. We are rich in the best goods a church can have, the learning, the manners, and the character of its members. There are few branches of literature in which the ministers of this Church have not excelled. There are few subjects of fine writing in which they do not stand foremost in the rank of authors, which is a prouder boast than all the, pomp of the hierarchy." A manly and a characteristic utterance.

It is, however, to the Autobiography we must

turn if we would appreciate the world in which the grand old Moderate played his part. It deals only with the first forty-eight years of his long life. When he had got so far, the pen, much to our loss, dropped from his nerveless fingers, and a few days later he was laid under the shadow of his own church of Inveresk, beside the wife and children who had preceded him.

In those pages we are transported to an age that seems very far off now. The glamour of days gone by is over it. You meet there the sort of men and women Sir Walter and his disciple Stevenson have made familiar. Bonnie Prince Charlie holds revel once more in the long gallery of Holyrood: once more the London taverns ring with shouts over the butchery of Culloden. King George sits playing cards with Princess Amelia; and Carlyle, staunch Hanoverian as he is, can be heard to sigh over the dulness of the Court, though he hardly ventures to contrast it with the departed glories of the Stewarts. We are no sooner told of the birth and early years of the writer in the Manse of Prestonpans, than we are introduced to society such as in these prosaic days is not to be met outside the world

of fiction. There is the patron who believed that St John had written the Apocalypse at Morrison's Haven; the famous gambler, Colonel Charteris, who had the reputation of a wizard; my Lady Grange, daughter of that Chiesly of Dalry, who shot President Lockhart in the dark at the head of a close in the Lawnmarket, for finding against him in an arbitration; Lord Grange himself, who, being wearied of his virago of a wife, had her kidnapped from his house in Edinburgh, and carried to distant St Kilda, whence she was removed to Harris to elude discovery, and where she died in 1745, before the agitation became sufficiently pronounced. There, too, is Colonel Gardiner, whose supposed marvellous conversion, and the vision that occasioned it, was the theme of awe-struck tradition for many a year. You see with Carlyle's eyes the scene in the Tolbooth Church when Robertson escaped, in the circumstances made familiar in "The Heart of Midlothian." With him and his fellow-pupils you watch from the window in the Grassmarket, considerately engaged by his tutor, the execution of Wilson, and the events that led to the Porteous Mob; one lad, displaced by the party,

falling a victim to the murderous volley fired by order of Captain Porteous. You read how, on the night the obnoxious commander of the City Guard was hanged by the infuriated people, Carlyle, at Prestonpans, dreamt he saw the whole scene, and was so impressed that he rose early, to find that several horsemen, winged with the news, had shouted as they rode wildly east, that the Tolbooth had been stormed, and Porteous hanged on a dyer's tree at two o'clock that morning.

The years he spent at the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow laid the foundation of his future eminence. He speedily found his way into the best society, and had the good fortune to number among his college friends some who were later to be leaders of thought. There, too, he became proficient in dancing, which, with card playing and golf, appear to have formed his chief amusements. After passing in review the respective merits of the Army, Law, and Medicine as professions, he was persuaded, chiefly by the influence of his grandfather, who, like his father, was a minister, to enter the Church. Then, suddenly, the quiet of existence was broken by the news that came from Moidart. Ere the

country realised what had happened, the Highland army had burst like an angry torrent from the hills, and hopes were high that "the king had come to his ain again." Carlyle gives a vivid picture of the time when one-third of the men and two-thirds of the women lost their hearts to Bonnie Prince Charlie: when the Hanoverian volunteers made their ludicrous march to the Grassmarket, with their courage in their boots, to discover the better part of valour. From the steeple of Prestonpans Church he watched the movements of the hostile forces, though it was his father, and not he, who witnessed in the grey of the morning the wild and victorious charge of the clans, and saw Sir John Cope's flight into an immortality of inextinguishable laughter. Twice, after that, he was present at Holyrood when the Prince came out from the palace of his ancestors to review his army. He notes his dark red hair and black eyes, his regular features already overcast by the shadow of prophetic melancholy.

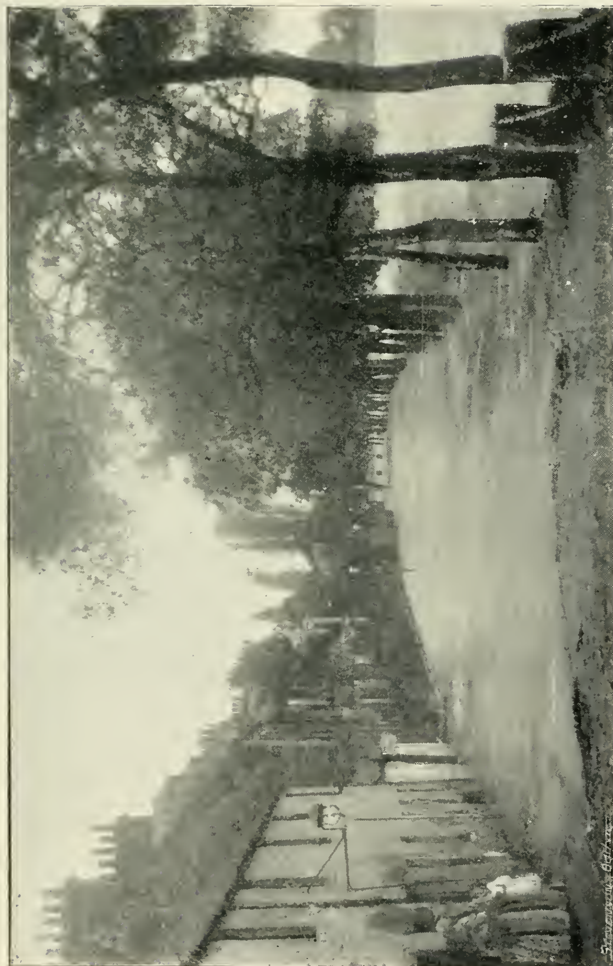
We need not follow Carlyle to Holland, nor further tell of his varied adventures—are they not written for all time in the Autobiography? Nor

how, refusing the living of Cockburnspath, he was presented to the Church with which his name is indissolubly associated. Settled there, a brilliant intellectual procession passes through his pages,—David Hume, Adam Smith, Adam Ferguson, Dr Robertson, Dr Blair, Tobias Smollet. Who was there of note he did not intimately know, or read like an open scroll? What nights must those have been in the old manse at Inveresk—*noctes ambrosianæ* of an earlier age! With Lord Bute, the Duke of Argyll, and other magnates and statesmen, he was on more or less familiar terms, and was chosen by the Church when it required a friend at Court. How he got the clergy exempted from the notorious house and window tax is well-known, and if the matter of augmentation of stipend proved a failure, it may be said that none but he could have succeeded. He had his reverses, like all men, as when, after being elected to the clerkship of the General Assembly by 145 votes to 142, the progress of a scrutiny led to his abandoning the contest: but with the consolation that, had he cared to renew the struggle, victory would almost certainly have been his. The one sin of omission, or commission, which we find it

difficult to pardon, was his participation, active or passive, in the act of vandalism that ruthlessly removed old St Michael's Church. Surely Sir Walter was justified in his opinion. Had Jupiter been more a poet than his precentor, the age-worn shrine, hallowed by the memories of so many centuries, where, in the days when the ancient faith was still the faith of Scotland, the monks chanted and the incense rose in clouds before the High Altar, while the people bent in adoring awe, would yet have crowned the hill, though the growing population necessitated a supplementary place of worship in the town itself. Perhaps, struggling, as his biographer says, with growing years and infirmities, he was more readily swayed by the opinion of others. However that may be, he was never to minister in the new building. He had hoped to gratify his people by opening it on the first Sunday of August 1805—"were it only with a brief prayer." But it was decreed otherwise, and on the 25th of that month, the most remarkable man in Scotland of his century, take him all in all, ended his career. Of him it may, in conclusion, be said, that he is famous not so much for what he did as for what he was. His influence on the

Church was felt long after he had passed away, and his share in the establishment of that settled order, which brought peace and prosperity to the Kirk for half a century, would alone entitle him to the gratitude of Scotsmen. Times have changed, and in the Church new forces, of which Dr Carlyle little dreamt, are making themselves felt. On the position he would have taken towards them it is useless to speculate. Enough that he served his Church and his country well in his day and generation, and that his influence was, on the whole, on the side of the angels.

AN ESKSIDE IDYLL



AN ESKSIDE IDYLL

By Annie S. Swan (Mrs Burnett Smith)

I.

After a Lammas spate the river was in high flood. It was nine o'clock at night, and the harvest moon was up, its weird white light falling full on the brown torrent, as it rushed on, wild, resistless, raging, bearing everything before it to the sea.

Behind a low straggling hedge that topped the bank of the river, where it sloped unusually high, two figures stood together in the bright moonlight which shone upon them clear and visible, revealing every feature.

They were young, and they were lovers, and they stood there to say good-bye. It was a lonely spot, not a dwelling in sight, though the gleaming lights of the little town were visible in the distance, and not very far away the old kirk, land-mark for miles around, stood out in sharp

outline against the vivid clearness of the sky. The air, being cleared by the storm, was fresh, and sweet, and fine, laden with the smell of new grass, and wholesome potatoes, and growing corn, —yellowing, though late, for the sickle. There was a farm-house at the other side of the hay-field where they stood, but it was hidden by sheltering trees, and they were safe from observation as if they had been in a desert island. Not that it mattered, or that they cared; they were properly engaged, with the full consent and approval of their immediate relatives and everybody who knew them. So far there had been nothing at all exciting or novel about their romance, though it was naturally the most engrossing of all romances to themselves. Nor was there anything specially striking about their appearance. They possessed none of these extraordinary attractions common to the heroes and heroines of romance. Yet they were a goodly pair: he well-formed, strong, manly, and judging from outward appearance, self-reliant; she bonnie and fresh and wholesome, strong of mind and of body, fitted to be a happy, cheerful wife, and the glad mother of children. Both she hoped to be some day,

but not yet—her lover was going across the seas to seek the fortune he would share with her, and she remained behind to take up the woman's portion, which, being interpreted, is "watch and pray."

They stood very close together, and her head was against his shoulder—her face looked very grave, and her eyes were troubled.

"Archie," she said presently, "I have a presentiment, a horrid one, I have had it all day. Don't let's stand looking at that water. It makes me shiver. It's so relentless, look how it carries everything before it. I don't think it is a good omen to see the river like that the night you are going away."

"Oh Elsie, nonsense, to me it seems rather a good omen, it's the tide of my fortune; look, nothing will stand before it. I'll come back a rich man in no time, and then, where will all your fears be?"

"Come back true and good as you go away, Archie," she said, with a little quiver in her voice. "It's not riches I want. I wish you were not going away."

"But America isn't the end of the world. Why,

look how many come and go every year as easily as you and I run up from Musselburgh to Edinburgh. I never thought you were so silly, Elsie, upon my word, I didn't."

Through his cheerful banter there was a note of deep tenderness born of his great love for her. She was dearer to him than anything on earth. The love had grown between them since the days when they ran together to the village school, and picked the daisies and the wild roses on the river's bank. Fortune had hitherto been somewhat against Archie Leslie, though he was well-doing, clever, and industrious. He was the only son of his mother, a widow, who idolised him, and had done her best to spoil him. He had been taught no trade or profession, and his salary as a clerk, now his mother and her annuity were gone, was insufficient to keep him, and made the prospect of his marriage with Elsie very remote indeed. So he had decided to follow the great tide of emigration then flowing from our shores, and entertained, as so many have done, glowing visions of the fame and fortune awaiting him over sea in the far lands, so enchanting in the distance, so prosaic and disappointing in reality. And now their part-

ing had come, and the heart of Elsie Harden was heavy within her, rather with a prevision of trouble ahead than the pain of parting, though that was hard enough to bear.

"You'll be true to me, Elsie, and write often," he said for the hundredth time. "Mind I'll have nothing but your letters to cheer me, and the hope of coming back."

"I won't forget, Archie," she answered quietly, and looked up to the sky studded with the stars of promise, as if seeking there some hope greater than she had for the uncertain future. "It will be easier for me to be true than for you," she said presently. "You see, I am here with everything to remind me of you, while you are going among everything that is new, that can tempt you to forget me and old Eskside; but you won't, will you, Archie?"

Archie's protestations were vehement and sincere, and he could not refrain from a reproach because she seemed so little to trust him. She could not tell him that her quick woman's intuition had detected in him of late a certain weakness of character—an instability, born of his very goodness of heart and easy disposition, which occasioned

her, now he was going away where his strength was bound to be hardly proved, the greatest anxiety and concern. A woman is slow to admit such a flaw in the man she loves, nor will she permit others to suggest its existence. But in her secret heart she grieves over it, and, if she be a good woman, prays that its weakening influence may be counteracted by some incentive to noble effort. It was this vague fear that gave the bitter edge to that sad parting; and when he left her at last, by her own request, to cross the field alone to the house, her tears fell fast. Her home was an old farmhouse, grey and picturesque, where the Hardens had lived, father and son, in straight descent for generations. It was unpretentious, but truly a home, without and within; the very ivy, which touched her face as she stood a moment leaning against it, as if seeking strength from its patient clinging, seemed to her like a friend. As she stood the town clock rang ten, and just then the door was opened by the gentle house mother, upon whose faithful heart her daughter's sorrow lay. She was one whom you would expect to see in such a house—a quiet, unpretentious, motherly woman, with a touch of

ladyhood mingling with the homeliness born of her daily toil.

"Are ye there, bairn?" she asked softly, and her voice had that soothing quality peculiar to the motherly woman, married or single, all the world over.

"Yes, mother."

"Is Archie away, lassie?"

"Yes, mother."

"Come in, an' up the stair; father understands; he will not speir ye to the readin'. It's your first trial, Elsie. God grant ye may know none mair bitter."

She gave her a little clap on the shoulder as they stood together under the low porch, and smiled a bit tearfully down into her face. More demonstrative people might have said more, but that little touch, that downward look, its very repression suggesting strong undercurrents, made Elsie know, what indeed she had never doubted, that her mother sympathised with her to the full. She stole quietly upstairs, and by-and-bye, sitting by the open window, from which she could see the Lammas flood rushing downward to the sea, she heard the full tones of her father's voice as he prayed, and she knew that, though he might

not name her by name, he would be praying for her in his heart, and the thought comforted her not a little. Yet were these but the beginnings of sorrow for Elsie Harden.

II.

THERE was consternation at kirk and market, and but one theme in every mouth one Sabbath day, six months after Archie Leslie had gone away. For Robert Harden, tenant in Ingleside, an elder in the kirk, a man whom all respected and many loved, had been found drowned in the river, his body in a deep pool under the hedges that skirted his own wheat field. How he came by his end no man could tell, though many hinted at the cause. Especially was it talked of, with much head shaking and dubious whispering, when it transpired that he had left his affairs in a frightful confusion, and that when everything was "redd up," if such were possible, to convert such chaos into order, there would be absolutely nothing left for wife or child. In fact, though everything were sold up, everybody would not get their own. It was a fine morsel for the gossip-mongers, and served as a tit-bit for afternoon teas for weeks.

Of course everybody was sympathetic to the two lone women, so awfully stricken, and who rather held themselves aloof, and would talk of their desolation to none save the good minister, who was their friend in need, and whose heart many private and personal sorrows had made very large and tender and sympathetic. Behold them sitting by their sad hearth in the cheerless February gloaming, discussing ways and means, and vainly endeavouring to find a way out of their troubles.

The shock had set its seal on both, making the elder woman, who had suffered the sudden rending of the sweet tie of a lifetime, wan and grey and old, with a kind of meek questioning in her eyes, which seemed to say for the first time that she doubted the goodness of God. From Elsie all trace of girlishness had fled, and she was now a woman, with the responsibility of her frail mother on her shoulders, and a heart which said that no more suffering must touch her; and yet so full and bitter had been the cup, that a few more drops could scarcely hurt.

"I've got my mind quite made up, mother, and Mr Kennedy quite approves; you will trust me, won't you?"

Her mother looked at her half in wonder, and the wistfulness of a passing flickering smile was on her face. "I have only you, bairn; ye are everything to me; what for would I no trust you?"

"Well, because I don't know much," she said, with a gasping little sob, as she knelt beside the slender black-robed figure; "but I'll work, mother dear, to make our little home, and God will help me to succeed."

"Ay, for sure, if He has not forgotten the house of Harden, Elsie: may I be forgiven the unworthy thocht." The pathos of her words, and the manner of her speech were such as break the heart. A lifetime's unquestioning faith in the wise ruling of a merciful God was shaken to the very foundations. The waters, like Esk's Lammas flood, had passed over that stricken soul, and she had as yet found no dry land.

"Oh no, He has not; we will understand better by-and-bye," said the brave girl, trying to give the comfort she sorely needed herself. "And now, mother, listen to my plan. Where do you think I have been all the afternoon?"

Mrs Harden shook her head.

"I've been out taking a house and making all

my arrangements, and everything is settled, if only you will say I have done right."

"Well, bairn, and what is it ye have done?"

"I've taken John Ingram's cottage at the water-side, and he says he needs no voucher for the rent. It has four rooms in it, mother; and the biggest one I'll have for my schoolroom, and I've got the promise of seven bairns already—Mrs Ingram's two little girls, and the Lochside bairns, and two from the High Street; and you'll keep house, won't you, motherie, and 'mak meat' for the school-marm,—and then, you know, it's only for a bit, till Archie comes home or sends for us to go to him."

A brighter look came upon the widow's face, and she laid her hand fondly on the girl's fair head, and her lips moved once more in prayer, which had a note of thanksgiving in it. Much had been taken, but something precious remained. She began to question interestedly about the new project, and was amazed at the care and decision and forethought exhibited by the child who had not hitherto known the meaning of care.

"Elsie," she said suddenly, a new thought striking her, "Surely it is a long time since ye heard from Archie."

"It seems a long time, mother, but when he last wrote he was very unsettled, and talking of moving further west. He will write when he gets to his destination, and, of course, he doesn't know yet of our sore trouble."

"It's not to be expected that he should, though there be many busy pens in Musselburgh that would gladly send him the news, especially were it ill news," said Mrs Harden, with a touch of bitter sarcasm, entirely new to her who had aye been so charitable and long-suffering. But experience is a hard teacher, bringing out both bad and good alike in human character. The news from the land across the sea, which buoyant youth clothes with such glorious hope, had not been very satisfactory hitherto. From the first, indeed, there had been something most disappointing in Archie's letters; a vague undercurrent which puzzled Elsie, and made her anxious too. They were affectionate, but he told very little about himself, and that little was not in the frank, open way of yore. It even seemed sometimes to Elsie that he was reproaching himself, and he had written down more than once that he was not worthy of her, and that she ought to marry a better fellow. But,

woman-like, she wrote to him out of the fulness of her loving, trusting heart, and hoped bravely on. The sea of trouble that surrounded Ingleside had occupied most of her thoughts for some weeks, and it was her mother's words which awakened in her anew her vague anxieties, and her longing to know how it was with Archie Leslie. It did not occur to her that he might have proved untrue; the shadow of his silence always present with her was the thought that he was not getting on, and did not care to write when he had nothing hopeful or promising to report. Another fortnight beheld the exodus of the Hardens from the old homestead, and the little unpretentious schoolroom by the waterside was duly opened and patronised by the seven bairns, whose number by-and-bye increased to twelve. Old friends and neighbours were kind to the two desolate women; the bygone lavish hospitality of Ingleside was not all at once forgotten, and, on the whole, mother and daughter were comfortable and modestly prosperous in their little home, and as happy as circumstances would permit. One cloud, however, grew heavier instead of lighter as the grey years rolled on. One more was added to the list of women who wait for the ship

that ne'er comes home, and whose fidelity to a faithless memory robs the eye of its lustre, the cheek of its bloom, the heart of its happy spring.

. . . .

III.

AGAIN the river rolled on in full Lammas flood-tide to the sea. It had been a fine dry summer, and all the corn in these early lands was ingathered before the spate came, so that all were spared the melancholy sight, not uncommon, of stooks dancing in the brown torrent, and low-lying fields of uncut grain submerged. By an evening train from Edinburgh came a bronzed stranger whom none recognised, though he sat in the carriage beside some with whom he had been at school. He looked like a stranger, but he resolved to ask no questions as he stepped from the station, and turned to walk up the river side away from the town.

He seemed curiously moved as he walked, his eye roaming from the swollen Esk to the familiar land-marks on either side, all unchanged, as the day he had left it; the only change was in him. So, after twelve years' absence, Archibald Leslie re-

turned to his native town. Anticipating no change in the one spot of which he had dreamed so long, he walked with quick eager step up the little private road which led to the Hardens' farm, and when he knocked at the familiar door, he prepared himself to be confronted by a kind face—but none came. A smart house-maid, accompaniment of the new age of farming, answered his summons, and appeared surprised when he spoke the name of Harden.

"Hardens have been out of the place for twelve years and more," she answered. "They're all dead but Miss Harden that keeps the school in Mr Ingram's house by the water-side."

She gave him all the information he required in one breath, and he thanked her and went away with a step somewhat unsteady, for the shock was great. Strange, that never in all the years of his exile had he thought of possible changes in Ingleside. He had left them a hale and hearty pair, who had before them every prospect of a green old age.

He had somewhat recovered his calmness of mind when he reached John Ingram's cottage at the water-side: he needed no guiding. Many a

time had he fished the deep pools before that very door. Daylight had gone, and the harvest moon was coming up big and red in the solemn sky, as he swung the little green gate, and trod the gravelled path to the door. Someone was playing the piano within, and he heard voices. Elsie was not alone. He was very white as he put up his hand to the brass knocker, and though his hand trembled he gave no uncertain summons; it was answered immediately by Elsie herself. The light was uncertain on his face, but it shone full on hers, betraying the woful change. She was thirty-four, but grief and toil and the heart sickness of hope deferred had done their relentless work, and she stood before him middle-aged, faded, worn, with nothing to remind him of the old Elsie, but the deep sweet eyes which had once looked into his, faithfully mirroring every loving, trustful thought of a happy heart.

"Elsie," he said huskily, "God forgive me, Elsie, is it you?"

She swayed a little, and the slight colour remaining forsook her face.

"I—I have a pupil—go in there," she said steadily. "I will send her away."

She opened the door of the little parlour, motioned him in, and shut it; then she went back to the schoolroom and dismissed the child, whose lesson was only begun. When she returned to him she was quite calm and self-possessed, presenting the greater contrast to him. He found it hard to control his agitation, his bitter regret.

She spoke first.

"You have come back, to find lots of changes. You could hardly expect to find everything the same after so many years."

She unconsciously emphasised the last words, and he felt their sting. And as he looked at her, feeling the old sweet love which had hallowed his early manhood welling up in his heart, he cursed himself for his cruel folly which made the gulf of years so hard to bridge.

"Are you glad to see me, Elsie?" he asked, and the question made her redden.

"I am not affected one way or other," she replied, quite coldly. "And you have no right to ask what I think or feel. Why have you come at all?" She stood by the table, very straight and proud, and never flinched under his keen look.

"I deserve all you say, but won't you let me try and explain, Elsie?" he said hoarsely. "Don't judge me till you hear my story."

"I judged you long ago. You have passed out of my life. Why should you vex yourself and me with what is past? Leave me to my quiet home, as you have left me so long."

"After I have told my tale. I will gloss over nothing, only lay it before you," he said. "Grant me that, at least, out of pity, for old times' sake."

The allusion angered her, but she suffered it to pass.

"If you will tell it, you will," she said, a trifle wearily; "but remember, my interest in it is but small, and I have work lying to my hands; the work that gets me my daily bread."

Every word went home; he bit his lip, but having come to lay bare his soul before this woman, he would do it, he said to himself, though it would cost him dear. For this pale, proud, distant woman was a very different person to deal with from the gentle-hearted girl who would find it easy to forgive because she loved.

"Well, Elsie, when I got to that new country I found it very different from what I expected. The

struggle for existence is even fiercer there than here, and I soon spent the little I had seeking for the work I never got, till I was reduced to tramping the country like a common tramp, and so I begged and worked my way by turns to the Far West, till I landed at San Francisco. What little self-respect I possessed I soon lost there. If there is a place on earth that can be compared to hell for wickedness it is San Francisco, and I did not escape. I wish to hide nothing from you, Elsie. It is part of my punishment that I should have to tell you this, though it is easier to bear than to see you looking at me as you look now. I sank down, driven by my desperate straits, to the very depths, from which I was rescued by a woman, whose story I have thought I would like to tell you some day, but it will not be now. Your face would need to wear a different look, for though that woman was not fit, according to the ordinary laws which govern us, to breathe the same air with you, she had a heart—God rest her soul—fit enough for heaven. She took me by the hand, and I—I—there was no other course open to me—I married her. She helped me to a respectable position, and I, cheered and encouraged by her faith in me,

gathered the lost shreds of my manhood about me, and began to look my fellows in the face. For the first time since I left Scotland I tasted the blessed luxury of honest work, honestly paid, and from that day, laying my whole soul to it, I prospered. From porter in a warehouse I rose to the office stool, and so to the head; the thing is mine, Elsie, and I am a rich man."

"And your wife," said Elsie, and her voice had lost its hard, contemptuous tone,—"Where is she?"

"She is dead—three years ago. I never loved her, but she was my constant friend. She saved me, and I did my utmost to make her happy. She died happy, and bade me with her last breath return to Scotland and to you. I told her about you after we began the new life together, the life which made us a self-respecting man and woman; and though she was a poor ignorant being who had stepped aside from the right way, she had the gropings after goodness and purity which are perfected in the noblest womanhood. She was a creature of circumstance, and had she had a chance, would have been one of those who bless all who come in contact with her. She blessed me; and I reverence her memory."

He ceased speaking, and Elsie Harden, her eyes wet, turned her face away. For in a moment the bitterness was gone, and she thanked God that all human nature was not false, as she had dreamed.

"I have come back, Elsie, and God only knows what it is to find you like this. You know all. If you can bridge those bitter years with your heavenly forgiveness, for God's sake do it, and let me have a chance to atone. I can't give you back the truth I have robbed you of; but something remains. I am not wholly bad, Elsie; if you can ask those among whom my lot is cast, they will tell you I try to live honestly and to do such good as I can to those struggling around me. Let me take you from this drudgery."

She shook her head.

"It is not drudgery; it is the work I love, not withheld from me by the people I have known all my days. I believe in you, and I forgive you, but I have nothing left to give you in return for what you offer me. I am old before my time, a trust betrayed has stolen my youth from me. I could not make you happy, because I have still a sore bitter feeling in my heart against you. If only you had written. You misjudged me

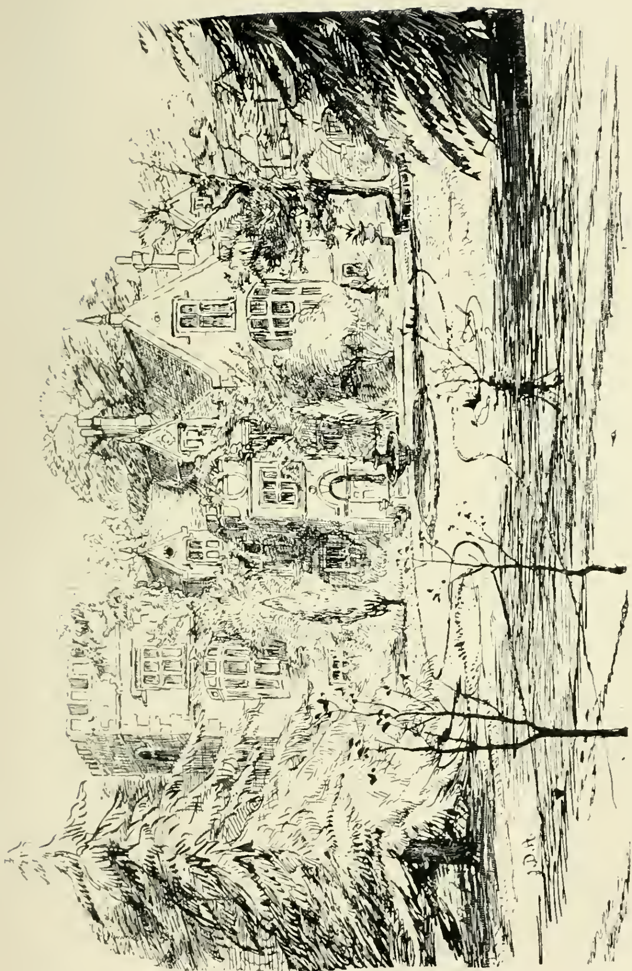
yourself, and laid me open to the bitter reproach a woman finds it so hard to forgive, the reproach of being slighted and deserted. I make no pretension to being a saint, and that bitterness would likely remain."

"It might not; don't send me away, Elsie, give me the benefit of the chance."

She shook her head, and though he pleaded long, she sent him away. Nobody ever knew of that brief visit Archie Leslie paid to his native town; but about six months after there was a nine days' wonder in Musselburgh over the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of Miss Harden. She went away at Easter holiday time, and it was found afterwards that it was no sudden freak that called her away, for everything was settled even to the disposal of her little school. She had outwitted the gossips, and great was the amazement at many breakfast tables one May morning when this announcement appeared in the marriage list of the *Scotsman*:—"At New York, by special license, Archibald Leslie, of Winyard, Leslie & Co., Fanfare Wharf, San Francisco, to Elsie, only child of the late Robert Harden, farmer in Ingleside, Midlothian."

One enterprising person from Midlothian having occasion to visit the far west on business, went out of his way to call upon the pair, and brought back word that the Leslies were great folks in San Francisco, and that Elsie Harden had done well for herself. And he said, too, that he would hardly have recognised her, she looked so bonnie and so young. And when a woman looks like that you may be sure she has solved the problem—Is life worth living? and that she has found the secret of happiness under her own roof-tree. And nobody, even the most censorious, grudged her her good fortune; which showed that she deserved it.

LADY MARGARET OF ESKDALE



LADY MARGARET OF ESKDALE

By R. Menzies Fergusson, M.A.,

Author of "Rambles in the Far North," "My College Days," &c.

IT was a lovely old-fashioned country house before which I stood one warm day in July. The quaint arrangement of the building, with its rich mass of creepers, ivy, and roses, attracted my attention, while the coolness suggested by the shadows of the fine forest trees was pleasantly inviting after a walk in the hot sun. There was a feeling of rest and calm about the old place, with its wide lawn and fantastic flower-plots. As I leant over a field gate meditating upon these things, and wondering who lived there, I noticed a labourer, well up in years, coming towards the spot where I stood. "Awfu' warm," he said, to which I gave a willing assent.

"Ye'll be thinkin' that's a grand hoose, nae doot?"

"Yes," I answered; "could you tell me anything about it or its owners?"

"Tell ye onything aboot it! Losh, man, I ken hapes aboot that hoose, an' a lot o' queer auld stories; an' I kent Lady Margaret weel."

"Who was Lady Margaret?"

"Gin ye'll no ken her, ye maun be a stranger here. But I've juist time to tell ye a bit o' the story."

The labourer sat down upon an old log by the roadside and told his tale, which I give in my own way, without his peculiarities of speech and dialect. The man's face was a study during its recital. The rugged features were flexible, strong, and full of character. What a splendid model, I thought, for a painter! But to proceed to the story of Lady Margaret.

Long ago, when my story-teller was a boy, the house of Beechwood was left to two young ladies, sisters, Margaret and Julia. Their father and mother had both died as the girls were entering the early stage of womanhood, and the young ladies were left alone to enjoy the ancient family residence and an income suitable to their position. Miss Julia, however, did not long survive her

parents, and Margaret was left the sole representative of the old family, whose connection with the parish of Eskdale had been one of centuries. She was a sweet-tempered, handsome woman, and carried her well-shaped figure with such grace that the country folk soon learned to style her Lady Margaret. Her visits among the poor were greatly appreciated, and many a humble household blessed her for the good deeds she did.

At this time a new minister came to the manse—the Rev. John Falconer—full of zeal, and anxious to be of service to his parishioners. In Lady Margaret he found a willing helper in doing those little unostentatious acts of kindness which the poor value, and which they gladly welcome. The gossips of Eskdale began to think of them together, and to make up in their own minds a pretty romance. They expected that ere long Lady Margaret would occupy the manse as the minister's wife; and when that event seemed as far off as ever, they wondered, and felt themselves badly used. They could not understand how the minister should be so kindly attentive to the young lady of Beechwood and nothing to come of it. The years rolled on, and Lady Margaret

went about as usual, a ministering angel, loved by all, and often imposed on by those improvident villagers who took advantage of her bounty. Nor was she without suitors. More than one county gentleman called at Beechwood and offered her a home; but she answered all in the same way—she did not intend to marry. The manse, too, remained without a mistress, and this also was a source of mystery to the country people. Why could not Mr Falconer get a wife? They were not so difficult to find. Many a hint was given to the good man, but he would on such occasions simply shake his head and smile. Folks said there must be some reason for it; and there was.

Forty years passed, and Lady Margaret was an old woman with beautiful silver hair. The minister was grey too, a little eccentric in many of his ways, but always the idol of his flock. People got used to his bachelor state, and ceased to wonder why no wife came to take the place of Betty, the minister's housekeeper. One thing, however, puzzled the local gossips. Every day the minister called upon Lady Margaret. This was one of his eccentricities, the people thought.

At last the news spread that good Lady

Margaret was ill. In one of her visits of mercy she had contracted fever. She grew worse. Everybody was concerned about her. The minister was most attentive, and when the end came he was there to close the eyes of the sweetest woman he had ever known. A crowd of sincere mourners stood round the open grave in the quiet churchyard, and many were the tears shed as the earth closed upon the mortal remains of the good Lady Margaret. Two weeks afterwards Mr Falconer died somewhat suddenly, and was buried in the grave beside her, lamented by all who knew and loved him so well.

Then the puzzle of those two saintly lives became plain. Soon after Mr Falconer became minister of Eskdale, and learned the worth and beauty of the character of Lady Margaret, he had asked her to be his wife. In a moment of unthinking heedlessness she refused his offered hand; and no sooner had he gone than she repented of her harshness. But it was too late. The minister went away grieved, and that night buried the memory of his repulse deep down within his heart. He never asked her again, although he loved her still, and came almost to worship her.

The passing years deepened their mutual affection, and made it more spiritual than before. Thus they each did their duty, waiting for a union not made on earth. As Lady Margaret lay dying, her last request was that their graves should be together. That wish was carried out ; and now the memory of those two Christ-like souls is sweet in the hearts of the old folks of Eskdale.

LORD HAILES

LORD HAILES

By F. P. Walton, LL.B.,

Lecturer on Civil Law in the University of Glasgow

A LITTLE more than a hundred years ago the congregation of Inveresk listened to an eloquent funeral sermon by "Jupiter" Carlyle upon Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes. It was not necessary for the divine to indulge in exaggeration even in a degree quite pardonable at such a time. Dr Carlyle, who knew Lord Hailes very well, could say with complete truth that he was a man worthy to be remembered with affection and respect by his neighbours at Inveresk, as well as by the larger circle in which he had become known as a judge and as an author. He belonged, indeed, to the class—very small in any country and in any age—of patient and laborious scholars. The quiet and secluded lives of such men cause them to be regarded in their

own day as persons of minor importance. But Hailes is more certain to occupy a permanent place in the records of his country than most of the noisy politicians and successful lawyers of his time, and in Inveresk his memory should always be kept green.

Unlike most men of letters, Hailes had not to battle with poverty. He succeeded early in life to a considerable fortune, and the Dalrymples had influence enough to procure his advancement even if his own merits had been less conspicuous. His career was like a prosperous voyage over a summer sea. His father, Sir James Dalrymple of Hailes, auditor of the exchequer, was a grandson of the great Viscount Stair. His mother, Lady Christian Hamilton, was a daughter of Thomas, sixth Earl of Haddington. Of their sixteen children, David, or, as he may conveniently be called by anticipation, Hailes, was the eldest. He was born 28th October 1726. The Dalrymples were strong Whigs and Hanoverians, and young David was sent to Eton.

Prefixed to the third edition of Hailes' Inquiry is a brief anonymous memoir of the author, in

which we read that Hailes was highly esteemed at Eton school, "not only for his proficiency in classical learning, but on account of his good disposition and exemplary behaviour."

Eton left a very strong mark upon Hailes, and in many ways influenced his studies and tastes during his whole life. He acquired there an accurate and scholarly knowledge of Greek and Latin, and a genuine love of classical literature.

Few men nowadays find expression for their sorrows in the felicities of Latin verse-making, and nothing can be more characteristic of Hailes than that he should have celebrated in elegant iambics his first great private grief. This was the death of his wife, Anne Brown, after giving birth to twins, who also died.

> Vidi gemellos, et superbivi parens,
> Fausti decus puerperi ;
> At mox sub uno flebilis vidi parens
> Condi gemellos cespite.
> Te dulcis uxor ! Ut mihi sol occidit,
> Radiante dejectus polo
> Obscura vitae nunc ego per avia
> Heu, solus, ac dubius feror.

The verses are not like a school copy, for there is a touch of real pathos and tenderness in them.

But if Hailes had not been to Eton, it would hardly have occurred to him to write Latin verses at all when staggering under such a blow.

Another way in which Eton influenced Hailes was that he made the acquaintance among his school companions of some future bishops and other prominent churchmen in England. In his later life he kept up a correspondence with many of the leaders of the English Church, and was greatly esteemed by them as a stalwart and learned defender of the faith against the attacks of such doughty assailants as Gibbon and David Hume.

After leaving Eton he went to Utrecht to study the Roman law. The universities of the Low Countries had at that time a great reputation, and it was a very usual thing for a young man who was coming to the Scottish Bar to spend some years attending the prelections of the famous Dutch civilians.

During the last century, when the Court rose at one o'clock, and a great deal of the business was done by written pleadings, even the advocates who were most successful had leisure tc dally in the pleasant fields of literature. We find in the

memoirs of that period many indications that the Parliament House led the taste of Edinburgh society in all matters of literary criticism. And it is easy to understand that the high position which the Bar then enjoyed must have been not a little due to the fact that the advocates had seen more of the world than most of their fellow-citizens. A young man like Hailes who spent some years at a great foreign university, frequented by ardent students from all the countries of Europe, may be relied upon to learn much that is not in his note-books. Unfortunately the keenness of competition leaves no time now for anything but the practical. The stage of preparation at which the young men of Hailes' day went to Utrecht, Leyden, Halle, or Groningen is spent now in a lawyer's office or in haunting the Parliament House. The modern method is more business-like, but one cannot but regret the inevitable divorce between law and literature. Hailes and his fellows brought back from their *Wanderjahre*, minds full of interest for learning and speculation. When they attained the calm dignity of the Bench, they spent their leisure—and they had much—in the

pursuits of letters. Kames, Monboddo, and Hailes, who all sat on the Bench together, were men of genuine learning, and among the most distinguished and voluminous writers of their day. Monboddo had studied civil law for three years at Groningen before becoming an advocate. He was a stout champion of Greek, which was then much neglected in Scotland, and his speculations on the descent of man, and kindred topics, are far in advance of his day. Alexander Boswell, Lord Auchinleck, the father of Johnson's biographer, took a degree at Leyden, and was a sound and diligent scholar and not afraid to engage in a learned argument even with such a redoubtable antagonist as Dr Johnson. In Boswell's "Tour in the Hebrides," the son describes how he took the great doctor to his father's country-house at Auchinleck, full of pride and glory at being able to show the seat of his ancestors, but not a little anxious as to how Dr Johnson, that Tory of Tories and most combative of Episcopalians, would get on with his father, the judge, who was a stout Whig, and a zealous Presbyterian. To the credit of Scotch hospitality, Auchinleck kept clear of ticklish topics as well as he could, but narrowly escaped a rupture

with his guest in consequence of his praise of Cromwell, that "he garr'd kings ken they had a lith in their neck," a tone which seemed flat blasphemy to Johnson. Hailes came back from Utrecht, and was admitted as an advocate on the 23rd February 1748, a very troublous time in Scotland. The death of his father, two years later, placed him in command of an ample fortune. He never became, and perhaps did not desire to become, a busy counsel, but he gradually gained a reputation among his brethren for the possession of sound learning, sobriety of judgment, and unwearied diligence. The qualities of the student had in those days a better field at the Bar than they have now. Some of the best drawers of the written pleadings which were then in fashion lacked the nimbleness, readiness, and combativeness indispensable for success in debate. With time given them to think, they were well enough able to ransack the authorities and to state in writing the arguments for their client. Probably Hailes would have remained all his life in this class, but for the influence of his family and position. No family except one—that of Dundas of Arniston—can show such a record of distin-

guished men at the Bar and on the Bench as the Dalrymples. Hailes' great-grandfather was the famous Viscount Stair, who brought to the law the mind of a philosopher, and was a judge in Scotland under Cromwell, a judge under Charles the Second in 1661, an exile in Holland in 1682, and in 1689 brought back by William III. and made Lord President. Stair's fifth and youngest son, Sir David Dalrymple, Hailes' grandfather, was for nineteen years Lord Advocate.

His eldest brother, Sir John, afterwards Earl of Stair, born in 1648, succeeded Sir George Mackenzie, "bluidy Mackenzie," as Lord Advocate in 1687, was Lord Justice Clerk in 1688, became Lord Advocate again in 1690,—probably the only instance in Scotland of a judge returning to the Bar,—and was obliged to resign that office in 1695, on account of the great unpopularity which his hand in the Massacre of Glencoe had brought upon him.

Yet another of Viscount Stair's sons, Sir Hew Dalrymple of North Berwick, was Dean of Faculty in 1695, and was placed in his father's chair as Lord President in 1698. His son was Hew Dalrymple, Lord Drummore, and his grandson

was David Dalrymple, Lord Westhall, both judges of the Court of Session.

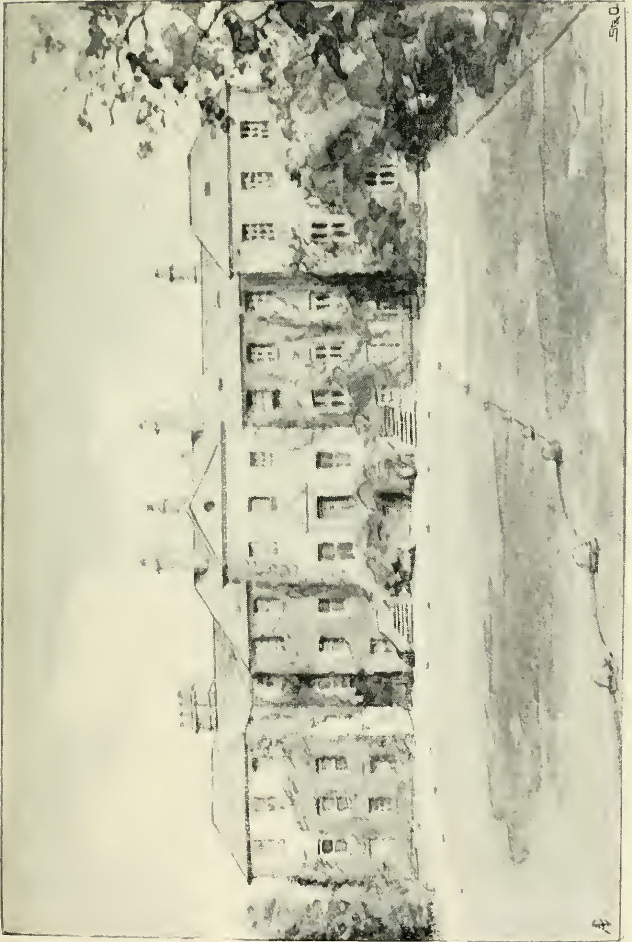
Hailes' own father, as we have seen, was not a judge, but held a legal appointment, that of Auditor of Exchequer. With a pedigree like this it is not surprising that, when he had been eighteen years at the Bar, *i.e.*, in 1766, David Dalrymple was raised to the Bench. He took the title of Lord Hailes, by which he is best known.

He was an excellent judge, patient, learned, courteous, and dignified. The solemnity with which he administered the oath to witnesses seems greatly to have struck the imagination of his contemporaries, for it is mentioned in various places. His chief judicial failing was a somewhat pedantic strictness in matters of form. The contemporary rhyme, called the "Court of Session Garland," which was first brought out by James Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, but was probably the work of several hands, takes off this little weakness of Hailes.

> "'This cause,' cries Hailes, 'to judge I can't pretend,
> For justice, I perceive, wants an *e* at the end.'"

It is said that this is founded on fact, and that Hailes did object seriously to a summons in which

"justice" was thus misspelt. As a judge, Hailes continued to lead a life of study and retirement. He preferred New Hailes to Edinburgh, though his residence in the country prevented his taking much part in the society of the capital. Edinburgh was then more of a literary centre than it can fairly claim to be now, but the dominant tone was not one which was agreeable to Hailes. The fashionable world affected a profound scepticism as the most convenient cloak of a very genuine indifference to religion. The popular work of the day was Gibbon's great history. In the words of Hailes' anonymous biographer, "the book was on every toilette and table almost as soon as published, and the historian was crowned by the taste and fashion of the day." In the age of "Dodo" and "The Heavenly Twins," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" hardly strikes one as the kind of work which would form the topic of drawing-room literary criticism, and one may safely assume that the fair ladies and fine gentlemen who criticised it were not so familiar with its contents as we are with these great works of our time. But Gibbon's popularity was, in part at least, due to his malicious hits and covert sneers at Christianity, in themselves suffi-



cient to win him the admiration of a society in which David Hume was, perhaps, the greatest figure.

Another feature of Edinburgh life which displeased Hailes was the hard drinking which prevailed. In this the lawyers were more conspicuous than any other class. Judges, advocates, agents, clerks, vied with each other in the amount of claret which they could consume without interfering with their legal duties. The consultations were commonly held in the taverns near the Courts, and were protracted until the most unbusinesslike hours. Some of the most successful of Hailes' contemporaries, *e.g.*, Robert Macqueen, who became Lord Justice-Clerk Braxfield, delighted in the rough familiarity of these resorts, and owed their success in no small degree to their reputation as boon companions.

Hailes was not a man of this kind. The whole atmosphere of such places stifled him. The vulgarity, indecency, and drunkenness, or at least hard drinking, which in no way shocked Macqueen, were utterly repugnant to Hailes. So he retired to his New Hailes, and spent his life between the Court and his library. The number of works

which he produced is astonishing. Forty-three are enumerated by Sheriff Mackay in his article on Hailes in the "Dictionary of National Biography." But of course most of them were of minor importance, — translations, short essays, memoirs, and the like. Hailes' favourite studies were the history of the early Christian Church and the history of Scotland, and his works nearly all centre round one or other of these branches of learning. The one which gained him the greatest fame in his lifetime was a reply to Gibbon. It bears the cumbrous title, "An Inquiry into the Secondary Causes which Mr Gibbon has assigned for the Rapid Growth of Christianity."

The passages in Gibbon's great work in which he discusses the rise and progress of Christianity, had very naturally given great offence to those who were not imbued with the sceptical spirit. One of the strongest arguments for the truth of Christianity rested then, as it must always rest, on the wonderful rapidity with which the Christian faith took possession of the civilised world. With an affectation of reverence, Gibbon admits that this must be ascribed first to "the convincing evidence of the doctrine itself, and to the ruling

providence of its great Author." Having made this concession, the historian says, "It may be permitted to inquire what were the secondary causes which brought about the rapid spread of Christianity." He then proceeds with much ingenuity to suggest natural causes, quite apart from the inherent truth or reasonableness of Christianity, which might account for its success.

Lord Hailes' answer in the Inquiry is a work of very elaborate and painstaking study, and exposes Gibbon's unfairness with considerable success. It won Hailes much honour both in Scotland and in England, and made him regarded as one of the bulwarks of Christianity against the attacks of the sceptics. Hailes' anonymous biographer says with much grimness—"Some probably wish that the excellent author had treated his subject with more ardour, that he had interested his readers by representing its consequence as well as its truth; that he had dwelt on the dangers and guilt of Mr Gibbon's hypocrisy and misrepresentations, and had warned the world against his pernicious and criminal arts. But Lord Hailes uniformly preserves the coolness and dignity of the judge in all his works, and those who infer from his dispas-

sionate style that the argument is not of ineffable moment, *will find themselves ere long most wofully and eternally mistaken.*"

Gibbon made no reply to Hailes, and it is hardly doubtful that it would not have been possible for him to defend himself with success against the charge of having treated the Christians unfairly. In his Memoirs, which were published after his death, he refers to some of his critics, and mentions the Inquiry in these terms — "The profession and rank of Sir David Dalrymple has given a more decent colour to his style. But he scrutinised each separate passage of the two chapters with the dry minuteness of a special pleader, and as he was always solicitous to make, he may sometimes have succeeded in finding, a flaw." Although the Inquiry was in its day a work of great reputation, and still deserves the attention of the learned, it cannot be said that it continues to enjoy any great popularity. It is not to be found "on every toilette and table." But as Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" is no longer among the books of the day, the fashionable world does not need to be protected against the peril of being misled by it. As for the genuine student of history, he may not read

Hailes' Inquiry, but in his reading of Gibbon he will not fail to notice the crafty and malicious side attacks made by the great historian, and will make allowance for this in his estimate of one or two of the least satisfactory chapters in Gibbon.

The most important of Hailes' works is, without doubt, his "Annals of Scotland." This is a history of Scotland from the accession of Malcolm Canmore in 1057, to the death of David II. in 1370, but it differs in very important respects from the style of an ordinary history. Hailes put down under each year the chief events, and gave at the foot of the page references to the primary authority for the statement, generally quoting the passage from the chronicler or other early writer. The story is told in the baldest way, quite unlike the rhetorical style of Robertson or Gibbon. Dr Johnson called their works "painted histories," comparing them in this respect unfavourably with Hailes' dry and lawyer-like narrative. I am not in the least able to express an opinion on the accuracy of Hailes' Annals, but the best judges seem to be unanimous in ascribing to them this quality. They have been constantly referred to by all subsequent writers on that period, and if Hailes had

written nothing else he would still be entitled to the gratitude and esteem of his fellow-countrymen.

In such peaceful and useful labours the life of Hailes passed away. He was twice married, each time to the daughter of a fellow-judge. His first wife was Anne Brown, daughter of Lord Coalston, on whose death he wrote the epitaph given above. She left one daughter, who succeeded to the estate, but died unmarried. Hailes' second wife, who survived him, was Helen Fergusson, daughter of Sir James Fergusson, Bart., of Kilkerran. His title on the Bench was Lord Kilkerran. By his second marriage, also, Hailes had one daughter. She married her cousin, James Fergusson. Their grandsons are Sir Charles Dalrymple, the present lord of New Hailes, and his brother, Sir James Fergusson. Hailes became more and more of a recluse as he grew older. He took no exercise, unless one may call by that name his daily drive from New Hailes to the Parliament House during session time. "Predisposed by corpulence and by the form of his body, which was short-necked," says his biographer, he was seized with apoplexy when about to step out of his carriage at New

Hailes, and died a few days later, on the 29th of November 1792, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. There is an excellent portrait of him in Kay's Portraits, which shows us a stout, good-tempered, placid, and sagacious-looking face, with something in its solidity which reminds us of an Elizabethan worthy.

IN MEMORY
OF A HOUSEHOLD PET

By Isabella Fyvie Mayo

A LITTLE life which used to watch and wait
With dumb caress, passed from the mid-
night room—
Amid a sound of sobbing in the gloom—
On through the awful and mysterious gate
That bounds our earthly ways. Where is it now,
So kind and patient? In His tender hand
Who takes the fallen bird. We understand
No more. Nor need we vex our souls with "how?"
And "why?" and "when?" This little simple
thing
Gave love and won it. Can a saint or king
Do more? It comforted a lonely heart,
And with her love wrapped round its little ghost,
Surely it steals among the heavenly host,
And claims its right to learn an angel's part!

WELCOME
R. Johnston

THE LETTER C

AN INCIDENT OF THE EPILDRUM BAZAAR

By Brown Paterson,

Author of "The Minister's Ward," "The Front Door Key," "Mrs MacIntosh, &c., &c.

IT all came out of the Epildrum bazaar, though certainly the promoters of that enterprise never anticipated that the events I am about to record would be among the results of their efforts. The bazaar was started for the benefit of the Epildrum Cottage Hospital, and no idea of settling Edith Bennet and Walter Nivison in life was in the minds of anybody; but, as every one knows, "Great things out of small things spring," and whether we consider the bazaar or Walter's wedding the greater thing on that occasion, the fact remains that the one was certainly the chief obtaining cause of the other. People in Epildrum were divided as to which was the more important event of the year; and, where Epildrum was undecided,

it is not for the present humble historian to offer any opinion.

Now matrimony, it may be observed, is not a particularly uncommon thing. From the earliest times it has been the practice of man to marry, and the most serious exhortations of their elders never deterred a single couple from being linked together for life if they had any inclination that way. Therefore, at first sight, the union of these two young people in Epildrum may not appear anything very much out of the ordinary. Yet there were one or two odd circumstances about it nevertheless. To begin with, Walter Nivison of the Bank was a young man with a justly high opinion of himself. He was distinctly an individual of the Higher Culture, who not only took out the "Fors Clavigera" in numbers when it appeared, but read it. He also made a pilgrimage yearly to London to see Burne Jones' latest pictures, and was personally acquainted with M——s, the great art critic. He had strong views about the proper thing in furniture, and the drawing-room at the Bank was, as one enthusiastic young lady declared, "a perfect dream." Old china, sage green curtains, and Oriental gimcracks of the most correct description, all

proclaimed their owner to be a man of taste; the chairs were of the oddest shapes, and, instead of the rosewood damask covered couch that was the emblem of respectability in all the other houses in Epildrum, Walter Nivison had a great cushion spread right over the entire length of one end of his sitting room, and called it his "dewan." More than that, it was whispered in Epildrum that Walter's bedroom ewers were all furnished with two handles, like the vases used by the ancients. Nannie Dundas, his old housekeeper, said so at anyrate, but the inhabitants of Epildrum hardly credited the report. That any sane man should wash out of "twa-hanl't joogs" was really too much for them to believe. However, everybody agreed that Mr Nivison had extraordinarily good taste, and it was quite recognised in the village that such a rare young man could hardly be expected to be smitten by the charms of any ordinary Epildrum damsel. Not but what there were some bonnie girls in the little town. Maggie Tulloch, the doctor's eldest daughter, had as rosy cheeks and dark eyes as any man need wish to look at; but then rosy cheeks did not fit in with Mr Nivison's ideal of female loveliness. And Janet Anderson, at the Nether-

howe Farm, though considered very handsome by some, was as ignorant of the higher culture as a Hottentot, albeit she had the sharpest tongue in all the country side. The same might have been said of all the other various young ladies with whom Walter's name had been coupled by the Epildrum gossips at different times, and, in fact, it began to be assumed that the manager of the Bank was likely enough to remain a bachelor to the end of his days. He rather thought so himself often, and did not know that he was altogether sorry. A wife might be a good thing in some ways, but where would he find the woman who would reverence his Persian jars, and look graceful reclining on his "dewan"?

Certainly he never expected to discover her in Edith Bennet, a girl whom he had known all his life, and whom he privately denominated "the thread paper," from her lanky appearance. Edith was not exactly a native of Epildrum, but she had lived there ever since she was a tiny child with her grandparents, the old minister and his wife. Few people considered this young girl good-looking: her mouth was a trifle large, and her brow was too high for beauty, and it was only

one or two keener observers than the rest who noticed the intelligence that lay in her clear brown eyes, or the sweetness of her ready smile. Walter Nivison was not one of those shrewd folk. He enjoyed her society, it is true, and a good deal of his leisure time was spent in the Manse parlour, instructing the worthy inmates thereof in the true ideas of high art. As the evening went on, both the good minister and his spouse were apt to nod rather inappropriately in the midst of the discourse, but Edith's attention rarely flagged. Consequently, Walter had a good-natured liking for her, and he lent her some of his books now and then, as a mark of his favour, but as for making her his wife, such an idea never entered his head for a moment. Thus the time passed till Walter was two and thirty, and Edith Bennet was twenty-four, and the year of the Epildrum bazaar came round. Walter threw himself with great spirit into the bazaar. It was just the very opportunity he had long wished for to teach the benighted natives of the village what "taste" meant. He became honorary secretary to the Committee, and undertook the entire arrangement of the whole affair. There was to be a "Street in Old Verona,"

and the honorary secretary ransacked his Shakespeare for hints on costume; all old-fashioned notions in pink and white calico were strictly tabooed. Mr Nivison himself drew out the designs for the decoration of the stalls, and went a journey to London to select the materials from Liberty's. Never was such a bazaar heard of as this was to be. Every article sent in was severely inspected by the head of affairs, and whatever offended was ruthlessly consigned to what he termed the "Monstrosity Stall." In vain the horrified old ladies of Epildrum scolded as they learned that their much-prized antimacassars and patchwork pin-cushions were thus treated with contumely. Walter would have none of their crude crochet productions presented in the front rank, and his air of knowledge and authority was such that he bore down all opposition. Even the younger generation were fain to bow to his decrees, and stood his lordly criticism of their art needlework with a humility that was truly gratifying. It was a glorious time for the young bank-manager, and the other men in the town, who sneered at the Higher Culture among themselves occasionally, as rude, unelevated minds will,

found themselves for once completely snuffed out.

Now, Walter had conceived a thoroughly poetical idea for the opening ceremony. Seven young ladies in Grecian costume, *à la* Alma Tadema's pictures, wreathed in flowers, and standing in a background of marble pillars and terra cotta and gold draperies, were to sing an ode composed by himself to Esculapius, and each maiden having sung one verse in turn as a solo, was to display high above her head a large letter, together making up the word "Welcome," while the concluding strains were given out by all the seven in chorus. This, Walter firmly believed, would create an effect hitherto undreamt of at a bazaar, and he spent hours, when he should have been working at his business, over his poetry. When the ode was completed, the next thing was to get the maidens, and though far more than seven were found in Epildrum who were willing to take part, few were considered by the author competent for the function they were to perform. Great are the difficulties of those who strive after the Ideal, and Walter was almost in despair. However, by dint of perseverance, he finally got six girls of graduated heights

and fairly good-looking to represent respectively W, E, L, and O, M, E, but nowhere could he hit upon any damsel worthy to stand in the middle and bear aloft the letter C. For you must understand Walter's conception was that the seven maidens should form, as it were, an arch, of which the centre should be at once the tallest and the fairest of all. And where in Epildrum was there such a girl, at once beautiful, graceful, and with a voice? *Tall* girls there were in plenty, but Walter shuddered at their false notes and rustic gestures. At the very last moment the whole arrangement seemed likely to come to nothing for want of the fit and proper person to represent the letter C. As Walter mourned to Edith, it was enough to drive any cultured man into his grave to see the lack of grace in the women of the present day. Edith sympathised very much with his difficulties, and it was wonderful how thoroughly she entered into the position, and how often her quiet hints were of service to him in all the smaller matters of detail. Still she could not solve the problem of the letter C.

"I want," said Walter, "a girl of about the same height as yourself, who can carry

the emblem with ease, and not as if she were deformed."

"Wouldn't Janet Anderson do?" suggested Edith.

"Janet Anderson! She would like it, I daresay, but it would simply make the whole thing a fiasco the moment she opened her mouth."

"How would *I* look?" inquired Edith, with a sudden flush of her cheeks.

Walter frowned. "This is not a joke," he replied curtly. "I thought you wanted to help me, Miss Bennet." Evidently he had not the slightest notion that she could be supposed eligible for a moment, and Edith smiled quietly to herself when he was gone.

However, Janet Anderson it was who was finally chosen, though every time the Ode was rehearsed the stage manager was the more put out. Miss Anderson was worse than uncultured. She scoffed at high art, and even dared to inform the author of the Ode that she considered it rubbish, laughing all the while so merrily that Walter's glum face grew glummer at the sound.

"Man," exclaimed this plain-spoken damsel, "ye dinna mean to say ye think such stuff as *this*

poetry? Hoots, Mr Nivison, Nature never meant *you* for a poet, though I always will say ye've spoilt a rale gude draper. Keep to ye're china an' silks, but leave the poetry to better men, Mr Walter."

Walter muttered something, and shot a look at her that should have withered her up, but Janet only shrugged her shoulders. "He's jist eaten up wi' pride and self-conceit," she remarked afterwards to the doctor's daughter, who had been selected to stand for the letter W. "But *I* know what will cure him."

"What?" asked Maggie, but Janet only tossed her auburn curls.

"Wait, and you'll see," she replied oracularly.

The time wore on, and the opening day of the bazaar dawned. Walter had hardly been in bed all night, he had been so busy finishing up the arrangements. Seven balloons were ready to go off, and seven guns were loaded to be fired as soon as the Royal Duke, who was to honour the town by opening the bazaar, declared that ceremony performed, and all the seven maidens were primed with the Ode, which was to be discharged simultaneously, as it were, with the guns. Walter's

heart thrilled as he prepared to go down town to the marquee.

Everything looked lovely; the stalls were artistic beyond this writer's power to describe, and all the ladies who were to serve were dressed exactly as Walter himself had prescribed. The men and women in Old Verona walked about the street of their ancient town as to the manner born; every face was wreathed in smiles, and congratulations poured in from all sides on the proud designer of the show. For one brief moment Walter tasted such joy as Columbus felt when he first descried the island of San Salvador. He, too, was a great discoverer, and had revealed to the ignorant inhabitants of Epildrum the existence of the new world of culture. The delight was, however, short. At the upper end of the tent were a group of excited girls gathered round Janet Anderson, and Walter, after one quick glance, guessed some hitch had occurred. Consternation was visible in the faces of every one of the seven maidens as he approached.

"Oh, Mr Nivison, the Ode's burnt!" cried Maggie Tulloch, almost in tears. "And there's not one of us can say our verses without the paper."

"Burnt!" gasped Walter, glaring at Janet, whom he instinctively felt was the cause of this unexpected catastrophe. "Not all the copies."

"Every one," replied Janet, coolly. "It's my fault, Mr Nivison. I threw them in the kitchen fire just before startin', thinkin' they were a lot of waste paper. I had rolled them in a bit of newspaper, ye see, last night, and in my hurry I jist made the mistake."

Walter's face paled. He heard the cheers of the crowd outside, and knew the procession convoying the Duke from the railway station was already on its way to the marquee. To say he was enraged is a mild description of his sensations; but he was a gentleman, though an extremely conceited one, so he held in his anger, and merely asked, in a voice preternaturally calm and precise, "Perhaps, then, Miss Anderson, since this—this accident has happened, you will be kind enough to suggest what is to be done next? There is no time now to write even a single new copy. Could you not sing them from memory?" he asked, appealing to the others. "I could prompt you, you know."

But with a strange unanimity of stupidity, every

one of the maidens in Greek costume declared they were quite unequal to such an effort. "I never could remember anything off the book all my days," sobbed Maggie Tulloch, from the depths of her pocket-handkerchief. "I would die sooner," said another young lady energetically, and as all the other five expressed similar sentiments, it was evident no help could be expected from them—in that way at least.

"I wonder you didn't each look better after your own copies, then," Walter observed sharply. "It was madness to put them all in the hands of——" He had nearly said "of a fool," but he checked himself in time, and concluded, "of one person."

"Janet made us," cried the girls in indignant chorus. "She promised to take care of them all, and bring them for us to-day."

"Awell, Mr Nivison," briskly interposed Miss Janet, who took the matter very lightly, considering she was the guilty party, "It's little use cryin' owre spilt milk. The verses are gone, and that's an end o' *them*, but things are maybe no so bad as ye think. We hae a real poet in Epildrum" (it might be fancy, but Walter imagined Miss Janet put a

very slight emphasis on the adjective), "though I daresay ye didna know it, and she has written some bonnie verses, just in your own idea like. If she would let us sing them instead of yours, I'll warrant the fine folk will be just as well pleased. I have them here," she added, pulling a sheet of manuscript out of her pocket.

"I did not know YOU were a poet," observed Walter stiffly.

"*Me* a poet! I hope I'm no that daft," replied the incorrigible Miss Janet. "But I know the right stuff when I see it, and this"——

But what Janet was going to say was never said, for at this instant, Edith Bennet, who had been standing a little behind the group, sprang forward and tried to snatch the paper out of her hand.

"Give me that, Janet," she exclaimed, blushing scarlet, "I never said you could show it to any one."

"Softly, softly, my woman," replied Miss Janet, holding her back. "We'll settle that after. It's your verses or none that are goin' to be sung this day. Here are all the grandees comin'," she continued, pointing to the door, where indeed the

provost with a lady on his arm was just entering, "quick, girls, into your places." And without giving either Walter or Edith time for another word, Janet whisked the Grecian maidens into position, pushed the paper into Maggie Tulloch's hand, and took her own place in the centre, with the letter C held near enough her face to hide the look of triumph she could no longer repress. The magnates came up on the platform, and the opening ceremony proceeded. The Duke paid many compliments in his speech to the artistic powers of the gentleman who had superintended the arrangements of the fête, but for once Walter Nivison's ears were deaf to his own praises, they were tingling too much already. The seven guns went off, and Maggie Tulloch's clear voice struck up the first verse of Edith Bennet's ode. To the ordinary public, perhaps, one ode was much the same as the other, but Walter in an instant recognised that Janet Anderson was right. This was poetry indeed, compared with which his own stilted, limping lines were as night to day. He covered his face with his hands, and reddened to the roots of his hair, as he remembered how arrogantly he had lectured the girl who wrote

these verses, and how conceitedly he had crowed to her over his own rudimentary efforts. What an ass he had been! How he had scoffed at the idea of her even taking part in this day's doings; she who was so much better fitted than himself in some ways. What could she think of him?

The ode was sung, and was loudly applauded, the Grecian maidens laid their letters, which were rather a burden to hold, aside, and mingled with the other sellers and buyers at the stalls; but Walter still sat in his corner brooding over his own folly. Suddenly a light hand was laid on his shoulder. He looked up, and saw Edith Bennet, with her face full of sympathy, standing by his side.

"I am so sorry, Mr Walter," she said timidly. "It must have been a great disappointment to you that your beautiful verses were destroyed. I don't know how Janet could have been so careless."

"They were no great loss," answered Walter, honestly. "Your own were a thousand times better, Edith."

"Oh no, Mr Nivison," protested Edith, "you must never say that. I only thought your idea

was such a good one, I would like to try and write something about it myself, and Janet Anderson found out I had done it one day last week when she was at the manse. How she got hold of the paper to-day, I can't imagine." She flushed once more as she spoke, and Walter, looking at her with eyes suddenly enlightened, wondered why it was he had never seen before how beautiful Edith Bennet's face became when she blushed.

"Edith," he said, taking her hand, "I have been an ass and a prig, but if you will forgive me now, I'll try and not be so ever again. You will teach me better things, I know."

"How could I ever teach *you* anything?" asked Edith, with a light laugh, but the tears were in her eyes as she spoke. Strange as it may appear, Edith was truly fond of this foolish young man, and though she was not ignorant of his shortcomings, she was much more tender-hearted than Miss Anderson. Consequently, when they had escaped from the marquee, now a scene hateful to Walter, she soon succeeded in soothing his wounded feelings, and even prevailed upon him

to revisit the fête at the conclusion of their walk that afternoon.

As for Miss Janet, she speedily discovered the absence of the two poets from the scene, and smiled to herself. In a pause of business she gathered the other Grecian maidens around her, and thus addressed them: "Ye all did first-rate, my bairns, and Maggie here is a born play-actor. Her sobs were grand; but ye all did well, and it'll no be your fault if there's no a weddin' at the manse. We've opened the eyes o' yon young man, and taken him down a peg or so at the same time; the whilk," concluded Miss Janet quaintly, "will no do Mr Walter Nivison ony great ill."

A little later in the day Mr Nivison approached Miss Janet, and made one or two purchases in a diffident manner quite new to him.

"I am obliged to you, Miss Anderson," he remarked, his face growing rather red as he spoke, "for your lesson to-day. I am not ungrateful, I assure you."

"Awell," she returned, "it's no everybody wad say as much; but ye'll mind that I was the letter 'C,' and 'C' stands for Candour, and maybe," she

added, with a mischievous glance to where Edith was standing, not far off, "'C' sometimes stands for Consolation as well."

"He'll no forget the letter C in a hurry," she observed to Maggie Tulloch, as Walter rejoined Edith; "but if I'm no greatly mistaken, it has given him a wife."

PAIN AND A CHILDHEART

By the Rev. T. H. Chapman, B.D., Aldershot

"As a little child."

A CHILD was born, and God gave gifts of joy and song. As years went on, the world's beauty was disclosed. Sweet were the play and love of the children ; sweet were the gentle breezes, the rustling leaves of the forest ; sweet the sheen and ripple of waters ; sweet even the storm's fury, the rush and the din of wind and wave. Glad, indeed, was life.

Men of furrowed brow did speak of pain ; but their words the child understood not, and still it sang.

But men were woe-begone, and women sobbed with heartbreak. They said in their misery, "Be thou sad with us, thou little child, and cease thy song."

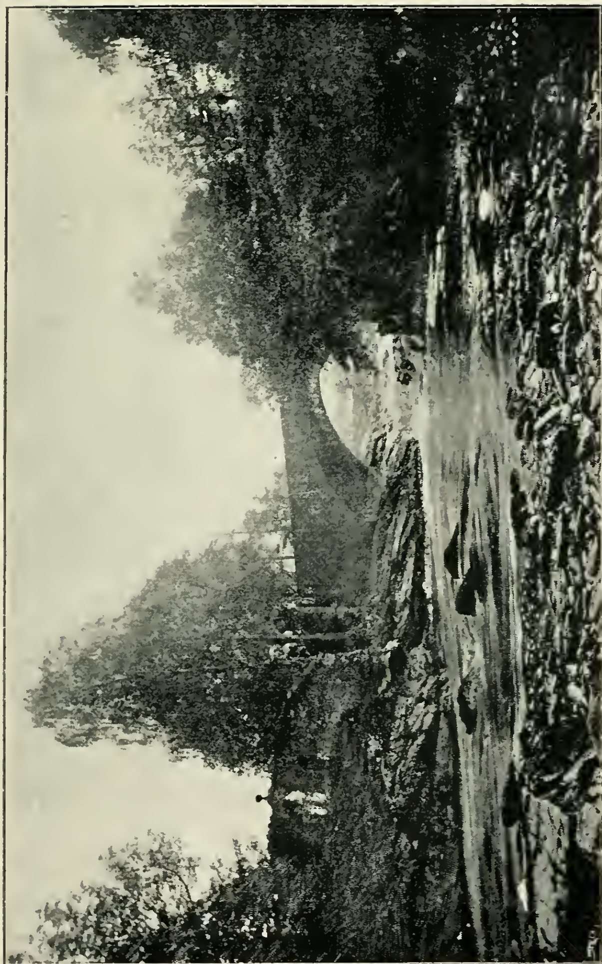
But the child said, "Nay, I shall sing, and my song shall soothe your pain."

Yet they did insist ; and he in very piteousness shrank back, and cried, " Your grief has touched my being. Ah ! let me be ; I can no other. Joy is in my heart, and I must sing."

But pain made one more trial. A melody which another's presence gives became a dirge of loss. Darkness swept heavily o'er the world, and blurred, then hid, its wondrous beauty. Passion scathed the soul ; and life, in truth, was bitterness. The childish voice was stilled at last.

And must one say, then, that misery is so great, and pain so deep, as that joy and sweet song, its first-born, must die. Ah, no ! no, no. Once more the melodies awoke ; echoes came from far off lands, and again the child made quiet reply :— " Sing I must, O pain. For God, despite you, has given me His gladness. He bids me sing as the birds sing ; even until death. He bids me gladden men's hearts, as His sun gladdens the earth." And so the child sang on.

M'NAB'S FLOW



M'NAB'S FLOW

By Sydney Wyatt,

Author of "Down by the Sea," &c.

A BROAD river in the Scottish Highlands, tumbling for about quarter of a mile amid rocks and boulders. Eddying pools where trout lie hidden; and whirlpools amid narrow gullies here and there; but, to the eye looking up stream, nothing but a staircase of foam.

At the foot of the rapid the river is split in two by a rocky island of considerable size. A bridge, with two large arches, crosses the stream at this point, the centre pier resting on the island. A little gateway in the parapet of the bridge on the side nearest the falls gives access to a rocky staircase by which visitors can descend to the island if they have a mind. As the view of the river is very fine from that point, visitors frequently avail themselves of the privilege. Indeed, on a summer's day, that particular promontory

of moss-grown rock is seldom without its crowd of artists, vying with each other in their efforts to reproduce on canvas the charm of the changing water.

If, on the other hand, the visitor does not leave the bridge, but looks over it from a point a few feet to the right of the gateway, a new feature of the scene becomes visible; for, on that side of the island, the channel suddenly contracts itself into a shallow gorge, which gathers the waters together, and forces them uphill, so to speak, only to take a headlong plunge into a pool which lies beneath, dark, silent, and terrible. From time immemorial that pool has been known to dwellers in those parts as M'Nab's Flow. Why it got that name is a story by itself: this tale is of more modern times.

The century was about to turn into its sixties—that is to say, the Indian Mutiny was just over—when Hamish M'Kay sauntered into the village of Auchmore, with his clothes tied in a red handkerchief, and slung over his shoulder by the crook of an oaken stick. Railways had not then invaded the solitudes of Glen Falloch; and, therefore, in Auchmore, which lay on the left bank of

the river exactly opposite M'Nab's island, strange faces were rare.

For that reason the villagers took no chance visitor on trust. When one arrived, it behoved all the inhabitants of the place to discover as speedily as possible whence and why he had come. If his business proved to be legitimate—that is to say, if it was buying or selling, or something equally within the range of their daily activities—they accepted him as a man and a brother. The mere tourist they looked upon with suspicion. They were as unconscious of the glorious scenery amid which they lived as they were of the air they breathed. Like the air, it formed part of their environment. It gave a colouring, a body, to their character; but it never struck them as a thing that anyone could want to see. Hence any holiday-maker or other person who came to the village to do nothing, and did it successfully, was looked upon as a man about whom there was something wrong; and the villagers were divided in their minds as to whether lunacy or crime was at the bottom of his stay.

In Hamish M'Kay, however, the dwellers in Auchmore found they had more than a curiosity:

they had a problem. His name was Gaelic enough, and he spoke that tongue with fluency; but his English had not the Highland accent, and, when he was excited, he swore unholy oaths in an unknown tongue.

He sought lodgings, and found them in the cottage of old Kirsty Cameron, who waited on him with fear and trembling. He kept himself to himself, however, and the papers which proved him to be a Queen's pensioner; and the villagers' curiosity remained unsatisfied. Those who noticed him hirpling about with the aid of a stick, crooning weird songs, and talking vehemently to himself, shook their heads sagely, and hinted that he was an idiot. But one day Hamish drew his pension money, and sat down in the village inn with it to drink raw spirits. When at last the landlord put him outside, he rolled heavily homewards singing a ditty which made pious elders and members of the Kirk turn white with horror, and the young men chuckle with unsanctified glee. About half-way up the one street which constituted the village, a few of the more boisterous spirits came out to enjoy the sport. One of them ventured to interfere with Hamish, and received

for his pains a blow that laid him senseless. Then the ears of every man and woman within hearing distance were made to tingle, for Hamish stood over the prostrate body of his tormentor, and cursed volubly in Hindustani for the space of half-an-hour. Ever after that the villagers made way for Hamish, while mothers by the fireside on dark nights would tell their children in awestruck whispers that he was a victim of demoniac possession.

The truth was that Hamish had been badly clouted about the head during a hand to hand engagement with a regiment of mutinous sepoys. Indeed, he would have been food for jackals if his Colonel had not hacked his way into the thick of the scrimmage and saved the unlucky private, even at the risk of his own life. After that Hamish was slightly crazed in his wits; and, though he had still considerable fight in him, and would have done his best to get killed in obedience to his Colonel's orders, Her Majesty's Government thought it wiser to send him home on a retiring allowance, paid at stated intervals. Then he made his way back to his native Highlands, for the mountains drew him. He struck Auchmore by accident

on his line of march, and settled down in it, because there he knew no man and no man knew him.

By and by the villagers had another sensation. Hamish left Kirsty Cameron's cottage, and established himself on M'Nab's Island. Kirsty bruited it abroad that he had accused her of trying to poison him; but Hamish went his own way, and made no remarks on the subject. It was summer time, and dry; and he built himself a wattled hut of spruce fir and birch twigs to sleep in. After that the villagers saw something in the nature of a cottage rise on the far end of the island. It was but a rude shanty, for it was his own workmanship; but it was his castle, and the villagers knew better by this time than to molest him. When it was finished he built a wall round it which any military observer would have recognised as a rude attempt at fortification. It was a half-savage life he led; for he only mixed with his fellows when he wanted to buy victuals, or when pay-day came round and he had a wild orgie at the inn. His hair grew white, and his shoulders took on the stoop of age, and he became more morose and irritable day by day, till all, save

the very boldest of the villagers, feared to meet him. Yet in his heart there was one soft spot, and accident touched it.

He had been to the village for some oatmeal. On his return he caught a glimpse of something scarlet at the foot of one of the sloe-bushes with which the island abounded. He steadied his bleared eyes to look at it, and cautiously crept nearer. What he saw was a little girl lying fast asleep. Her clothing was of the scantiest. A tattered frock, made apparently from what in palmier days had been a red flannel petticoat, was all that the tiny creature had on, but a smile of infinite content played about her face as she lay with closed eyelids beneath the September sun.

Hamish stood and looked on, with an emotion unfelt hitherto tugging at his heart. As he looked, the child's eyes opened, and her lips parted in a vague terror at the sight of the old man bending over her.

Neither spoke for a full minute. Then the little thing held up her hands with a pleading gesture, "You no beat me?" she said.

Strange thoughts were working in the half-crazed brain; but not a word could the lips utter. At

last, moved by an impulse he only half understood, Hamish slowly raised his hands to the breast of his coat, and tremblingly unfastened a silver medal hanging there. It was an ornament he always wore, and it contrasted strangely with his faded clothes. It was the one token left of the days when his Colonel had taken a pride in him as the smartest man in the regiment. With a hand that shook, Hamish held out the glittering silver trinket to the child. Her face lit up, and she sprang towards it with a cry of, "Pretty! oh, so pretty!"

It was a treasure the old man would have yielded into no other human keeping; yet he gave it up to the child without a murmur, and watched her with an awestruck joy as she kissed it, and, with the air of a grave woman, laid it against her ragged frock to see how it became her.

"Fere does iss place go to?" she said at length.

"Come and see," said the old man gently; and she took his outstretched finger.

As Hamish felt the soft pressure of the little hand on his, and looked on the fairy-like creature toddling by his side, a desire rose up in his wild Celtic heart to have just that child to live with

him and be his very own. He knew not who she was, nor whence she had come; but he craftily led her to his hut by a secluded pathway amid trees and thick undergrowth.

When they reached the hut, Hamish sat down on a rough trestle, and perched the girl on his knee. She nestled up to him, and said enquiringly, "You no my Dadda?"

"No," said the old man. "Who is your Dadda?"

"My Dadda far, far away," the little thing answered, wistfully. "Naughty man take me, beat me—look!" and she bared her arm, and pointed to an ugly bruise above the elbow.

"Then stay with me, and let me be your Dadda," Hamish cried, eagerly. "I'll not beat you."

"Yes, me stay with you. You's good to little Ellie;" and the child nestled closer.

Hamish bent his head, and with quivering lips kissed the little creature that had so strangely come into his life for him to love.

"Me's hungry," said the child, in the matter-of-fact tone of perfect confidence; and Hamish bethought him of a can of new milk that was standing on a shelf.

There was much talk in the village when the child was seen in Hamish's company; but, as she belonged to none of the villagers, the wonder lasted no longer than the proverbial nine days. One woman, indeed, averred that she had seen the child hanging about the heels of an evil-looking man who had passed through the village, begging; but, as Hamish volunteered no information, and no one dared to ask it, the village had to be content with surmise. By degrees it ceased to surmise at all, and came simply to accept "Hamish M'Kay's Bairn" as a fact.

Yet the woman who thought she recognised Ellie was right. The child had been stolen by the man for the sake of her clothes. His wife and he had then tramped about with her for some days, begging, and using the child's pretty face to draw ill-deserved charity from the houses at which they called. Soon, however, they tired of her whining; and, when they reached Auchmore, the man took the child with him alone, and conveniently lost her in the neighbourhood of the bridge. Little did the heartless wretches know how near they came to adding murder to their theft.

The gateway at the side of the bridge was

open, and down the rocky steps the child crept in delighted surprise. For the moment, hunger and blows were forgotten. Beneath her lay the green grass and the flowers, and she revelled in freedom. But nearer and nearer the baby feet drew to the water's edge, and nearer and nearer to the awful chasm of M'Nab's Flow.

Under the archway of the bridge there ran a narrow ledge of rock, barely two feet wide, which formed the sole means of communication between that end of the island to which the gateway gave access, and the lower and larger end upon which Hamish had built his hut. It was a way along which few cared to venture; for under the archway the roar of the cataract was deafening, and it needed steady nerves to carry one past it in safety. To the end of that rocky ledge little Ellie came in her wanderings; and for a time she stood there watching the black swirl of the water as it gathered itself together for its awful leap. The roar and rush of the Flow frightened her at first; but she saw a cluster of ripe rowan berries bobbing in the sunlight at the other end of the passage, and the temptation to gather them overcame her fear, and the little feet set out on

the perilous journey. How she escaped with her life no one knows; but she reached the other end at last; and there, on the level grass, she played and gathered flowers, till she sat down, wearied, and fell asleep.

The inn lost a good customer in Hamish after he found the child. He needed all his money now to see that she did not want. A new room was added to the cottage; and, though Hamish still remained a terror to the villagers, to Ellie no woman could have been more kind.

Yet a day came which forced him to recognise his dependence on his fellows after all. It was in the winter time, about fifteen months after Ellie had come to brighten and cheer him, and she fell ill. She woke in the morning, fretful and languid, and with her merry laugh all gone. The old man noticed how listless and dull she was; and all afternoon he sat by the fire nursing her in his arms. But, when night came, and her brow burned like a live coal, and she wandered in her talk, a great fear smote him, and he went down to the banks of the river and shouted across to the villagers for help. Then he paused a while; but no answering voice was heard above the roar

of the waters, and he was at his wits' end, for he feared to leave the child alone lest some harm should befall her. He waited, straining his ears in the darkness, and at length he heard the blessed sound of a horse's hoofs upon the bridge. He shouted again, and a voice answered. It was the voice of the village doctor—the man of all men who was most needed just then. He was young, with no great skill, and almost as poor as many of his patients; but he had a warm heart, and no fear: so, when Hamish told him that the child was ill, he tethered his horse in a safe place, then leapt over the wall, and alighted on the grass at the old man's feet. Together the two men turned to the cottage. They found Ellie in a raging fever.

"I'll go home and get some medicine for her," said the doctor, after he had felt her pulse.

So Hamish lit an old lantern to light him on his way, for it was a very dark night. It was no trifle to drop from the parapet of the bridge to that side of the island, yet it was possible. Return that way was not possible; therefore Hamish had to lead the doctor under the archway, and along the rocky ledge where a slip of the foot meant

instant death, and up by the steps to the gateway on the other side.

Under the bridge the doctor paused to look down into the inky flood. "What an awful place!" he said. "How deep will that pool be?"

"There's never been bottom found to it yet," replied Hamish.

"Is that so? A man might be lost there, and no one be a bit the wiser," said the doctor as he moved on. "There's my watch," he added, as they parted in the gateway. "Meet me here with your lantern in ten minutes' time."

Hamish slipped back to the hut to see whether Ellie was all safe. She was moaning, and very restless. He waited, with the watch in his hand, and the minutes seemed like hours. Then he made all the haste he could back to the bridge. The doctor was better than his word, for he was there, waiting; and soon the two men were back at Ellie's bedside.

The doctor stayed some time, and saw that the draught he gave eased her somewhat. At last he left; and the rest of the weary hours Hamish watched alone. Towards midnight the sky cleared, and Hamish marked the creeping time by the pro-

cession of the stars, as, through the low window, he saw them sink one by one behind the square, snow-clad shoulder of Ben Lawers.

Hamish did not go back to bed that night, nor for many nights thereafter. The doctor told him when the crisis might be expected, and promised to see it passed with him ; but the night came, and the doctor was called suddenly to a patient at a distance, and Hamish had to keep the vigil by himself.

Ellie had been tossing on her bed, and moaning fitfully ; but, with the turn of the night, there seemed to come a change, and a stillness that might be felt. The monotone of the river seemed far away, and in the hut the old man hardly dared to breathe. The candle was guttering in its socket as he shaded it with a trembling hand, and approached the bed. The flush had died out of Ellie's face, and she was very quiet. The candle flared up suddenly, and went out.

Then it seemed as if the old man's endurance cracked. He sank back helpless into his chair; and the tears rolled unhindered down the furrows of his cheeks. When the doctor called, shortly

after daybreak, he found both the old man and the child fast asleep.

After that Ellie's strength increased day by day, and soon she was herself again. Hamish and the doctor had been knit together by her illness, however. To the rest of the villagers, Hamish was as morose as ever; but the doctor he loved, and for the doctor he would have died. As for Ellie, he was more bound up with her than ever. She was as the very apple of his eye to him, his soul's soul.

There came a time, however, when the death that had threatened was eclipsed by a more urgent fear.

Late one afternoon in the following autumn, a handsomely appointed carriage and pair drove into Auchmore, and stopped at the village inn. A few minutes later, any person who might have happened to look into the best room there would have seen the occupant of the carriage, Sir Archibald Graeme, engaged in a confidential talk with the village constable.

"From that moment," the eavesdropper would have heard the knight say, "all trace of the child was lost. But, about a week ago, word was

brought to me that a tramp, dying at Glasgow, in the Infirmary there, had confessed to the doctor that he had stolen a child from my house some two years since, and had subsequently deserted it near this village. Now, what I want to know is this, Was there a child found here about that time—alive, or dead?" The speaker stood proudly erect in spite of his years, and his bearing was firm; but all his force of will could not prevent a slight tremor in his voice as it sank at the last word—"dead."

The constable made no reply for a time. He was endeavouring to master the situation, and gazed in meditative solemnity at his boots. He was a stolid lowlander: and, when at length some idea of what was required of him had percolated into his understanding, he looked up, and said, "Dae ye want to ken the noo?"

"Certainly. At once, if you can tell me. If not, as soon as possible," replied the stranger, with ill-concealed impatience.

"Weel, I'll dae the best I can. I've no been sae vera lang here mysel'; but I'll speir, and syne I'll let ye ken," said the constable, as he slowly backed out of the room, feeling very red in the

face, and upsetting a chair in the process ; and Sir Archibald remained to pace the room in feverish impatience until the man's return.

Malcolm M'Diarmid, the landlord, was very much in evidence as the policeman descended the stairs. A carriage and pair did not stop at his door every day, as Auchmore did not lie on the way to anywhere in particular ; and the fact that the first request of the occupant of the carriage should have been for an interview with the village policeman gave a keener edge to his curiosity. And it so happened that John Thompson, the policeman in question, was nowise displeased to see Malcolm about. He had been instructed to make inquiries on a particular subject ; and Malcolm was as likely a man to know about it as any.

"It's a ferry fine tay, Mr Thompson," said the landlord obsequiously.

"Ay ; it's no sae waur for the time of year," was the cautious reply.

"Would you step into the parlour, and have a glass of whisky, Mr Thompson ? Your ferry welcome, whatever."

"Oh, thank ye ; but I think no. No the day."

"Now, I'm sure you'd petter, Mr Thompson. It's a cold morning, moreover."

"Atweel, then, gin ye will hae't, I'll jist tak' a sup wi' ye to keep the cauld oot."

So the two men sat down, and for a few minutes they sipped in silence. It was the policeman who broke it.

"Hoo lang hae ye been landlord here, Ma'-colm?"

"She'll have been here for five or six years, whatever."

There was another pause, during which John scraped the soles of his boots uneasily upon the sanded floor. Then, with his mind slowly working round the problem, he went on, "D'ye mind o' a bairn bein' found aboot this time twa years?"

"Is the gentleman seeking a pairn, Mr Thompson?" said the landlord in an eager whisper, craning his neck across the table in the irrepressible itch of his mind for a confidence.

"Ay. It's his dochter's wean he's seekin'. She was stown the September afore last by a bit gangrel body o' a beggar wife. She and her man trampit aboot wi' the bairn for a bit; and syne they drappit it doon here aboots, and left it."

"Will it pe Hamish M'Kay's pairn, Mr Thompson?" suggested the innkeeper.

"It micht," the constable assented, but without enthusiasm. He did not relish the prospect of having to speak to Hamish on a matter so difficult, though he did not want to admit it.

"Ye'll no be seein' Hamish the day, d'ye think, Ma'colm?" he said at last in a tentative way.

"I don't think she'll see her to-tay, Mr Thompson, whatever." The innkeeper liked to know where the chestnuts were, but he was shrewd enough to object to pulling them out of the fire for other people.

"Ye see, I doot Hamish wudna tell me onything aboot the bairn. No that I'm feared to spier at him, but I'm feared that he wudna tell."

"Oh, yes, I know that, whatever. You're as prave a man as there is in Auchmore, moreover," assented the innkeeper in his oiliest manner. Then there was another pause, during which the constable's boots once more scraped the sand for want of more active employment. At length he rose.

"Weel, I maun be gaun," he said.

Just then the doctor rode past post haste to attend a case far away among the hills.

"Would the toctor not know about Hamish's pairn?" said the innkeeper, to whom the sight of the well-known figure on horseback had given the idea.

"I believe ye're richt, Ma'colm. I'll see him when he gets back, and speir," replied the policeman, as he set off for a leisurely saunter down the village street.

So the day wore on, and Sir Archibald waited with all the patience he could muster for the return of the constable with news.

Just after sunset Malcolm caught sight of Hamish walking down the village street. Hamish did not patronise him now as he used to do; therefore Malcolm owed him a grudge. Such an opportunity to pay it off with safety might never occur again: so Malcolm hailed the old man genially from the doorstep.

"How are you, Mr M'Kay; and how's the little girl, moreover?"

Hamish replied in morose monosyllables that they were both well.

"Ah, there's a gentleman upstairs would like to see her, Hamish. He's lost one just her age, whatever. She was stolen about two years ago

at this time. I think the policeman will pe giving you a call to enquire where your pairn came from; and he'll pring her over to see the gentleman; and——"

But the sentence was never finished. The mere hint of separation from his child had been enough for Hamish; and, with a face distorted in an ecstasy of passion, he had sprung at Malcolm to fell him to the ground.

Malcolm had expected as much, however, and slammed the door in Hamish's face with a mocking laugh.

Hamish stood like one distraught. He never stopped to enquire whether the innkeeper's story was true or not. The quick instinct of love told him that it was. At length he turned, and slowly made his way homewards. In his brain there was one thought, and one only; but it was burnt there. They were coming to take away his darling, his Ellie! And his heart was wrung by the awful fear.

Malcolm chuckled over the old man's wrath for a long time, and waited for the policeman to return; but the policeman had been unable to see the doctor, and came not. So the devil took

advantage of the idleness to hatch mischief in Malcolm's head.

He went upstairs to Sir Archibald's room, and knocked. The door was flung open hastily, for Sir Archibald thought it was the constable with news. He turned away with an exclamation of disappointment when he saw that it was only the innkeeper. Malcolm told an insinuating tale, however, and soon gained Sir Archibald's confidence. Yet the story of the old man on the island, and the finding of the child, and the time of her finding, were all told with becoming caution, that Malcolm might bring no blame upon himself if the scent should prove to be a false one. That very caution, however, only made Sir Archibald the more eager; and he ordered Malcolm to take him at once to where Hamish lived.

That was rather more than the innkeeper had bargained for, however. He did not mind standing at a safe distance to see Hamish baited; but he had no stomach for coming to close quarters himself with the old solitary.

"He would kill me, your lordship, I know he would, if I were to lay a hand on his pairn, whatever."

"Is the old man so fond of the child, then?" asked Sir Archibald.

"Ferry fond of her. He'll never let you take her from him. Wait till morning, your honour, and get the constable to go. There'll pe a fight, I'm sure, moreover."

"Ay, he'll fight for her, will he?" cried the knight, with a proud gleam in his eyes. "The old man will be no loser by that. Come, take me to see him at once." And no picture that Malcolm could draw of the danger of attempting to visit Hamish at any time, and especially at night, could move him from his purpose.

"But the Flow, your honour's worship! Think of the Flow!" cried Malcolm at last, in despair. "It's sure death to any man who tries to pass py it at night, and such a dark night as this is, whatever!"

That exhausted Sir Archibald's patience. Seizing Malcolm by the collar, he shook the trembling creature, and finally chucked him out at the door with a shout of, "Get me a lantern, you infernal coward, to show me the way to this Flow you're so afraid of; and, damme, I'll find the old man myself." And Malcolm, limp as a wet rag, obeyed.

Hamish, sick with the fear that was upon him, had hurried back to his hut, and to Ellie. The child was sitting there, in the darkness, waiting for his return, when he broke in at the door with a cry like the wail of a hunted beast.

"What is it, Dadda?" said the child.

For answer, she was caught to his breast, and kissed, and hung over with tearful eyes, till she grew frightened, and began to cry.

That sobered the old man. "We must leave here, my girl," he said, soothing her tenderly. "They're going to take my Ellie from me, where I'll never see her more. You'd rather stay with your old Dadda, wouldn't you, dearie?"

The child crept into his arms again, and kissed him.

Then it seemed as if the dread emergency had brought back all the old man's youth. With nimble fingers he gathered a few things into a bundle, and strapped it to his back. Then he wrapped Ellie carefully in a warm plaid, and took her in his arms; and a wild light came into his eyes, like the light that shines in men's eyes in the rush and stress of battle. His limp vanished, and his bent shoulders seemed to stand erect as

he issued from the hut, and cautiously, noiselessly, made his way towards the bridge.

The night was pitch dark; but Hamish could have threaded his way among the trees blindfold. When within a few yards of the bridge, however, he saw a light upon it, and stopped. Then he heard the creaking of the gateway, and a voice, which he recognised as Malcolm's, saying, "Keep the footpath to the right, your honour, and pe ferry careful when you get under the pridge. Once on the other side, and you can't miss your way. I'd do anything to oplige your lordship, but I daren't come with you, whatever, for the old man would kill me if he saw me. He's tried to do it to-tay already." And then the light disappeared.

Hamish heard, and felt that the moment was come that was to rob him of the child for ever; and he turned at bay. Whispering to Ellie not to move, and to make no noise, he laid her gently on the grass, and crept with the footsteps of a cat to the archway of the bridge. By the side of it he crouched, holding his breath. The man who was coming to rob him of his treasure was coming alone. Hamish could hear the footsteps

at the other side of the bridge drawing nearer and nearer to the archway, and nearer and nearer to that terrible ledge that hung above M'Nab's Flow; and Hamish knew that it needed just one touch from him to cause the man to stumble headlong, and that man would be seen no more until the Day of Judgment.

The light shone on the foaming torrent now, and Hamish could hear, above the roar of the waterfall, to which his ears had long been accustomed, the echo of the stranger's tread under the archway. With nerves strung to their utmost pitch, Hamish flattened himself against the cold stone, and stretched out his hand ready to give the fatal push.

He was waiting there—waiting—waiting—when suddenly from under the bridge there came a shout. Hamish, in his eagerness, had leant too far forward, and had been seen.

"Who goes there?" was what the voice said. The words rang full and clear; and Hamish caught his breath, and sank trembling on the grass. For the cry was a sentry's challenge, and in a moment it had carried him back over long years to a time of drills and hard fighting; and

especially to one great day when he was fighting hand to hand by his leader's side, and in the press of battle he was clouted on the head, and fell, and would have been killed had not the officer, at the risk of his own life, dragged him out and saved him.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend," he answered, with quivering lips.

"Then pass, friend."

And, with his arm at the salute, Hamish went under the archway to meet his old Colonel.

AT SANTA BARBARA

By Fleming José Antonio Bremner

IT was very still among the grey rocks and the short browned grass of the rising ground upon which the Old Mission, with its red-tiled roofs, so responsive to the glorious sunlight of a midsummer noon in Southern California, stood looking down the valley upon the dreamy town, seeming like a tender mother watching the sleep of a beloved child. Far beyond the flat roofs and the glimpses of white walls shining between the dark green of the Australian gum, and the lighter green of the pines, lay stretched the great Pacific, whose waters, like the blue-grey wings of a dove, seemed to hover and clasp an enchanted land. The occasional flash of a white gull's wing as he turned and dived high above the glimmering waters, a single white sail seemingly motionless against the hazy outlines of the Santa Cruz Island, unbroken stillness in the hot sunlight,

broken only now and then by the soothing croon of the doves on the red tiles of the Mission, or the mumble of a bee ambling by like a monk of old, telling o'er his beads as he journeyed on God's work in God's own country. The Fathers had had their mid-day repast, and dreamily dozed in their little rooms up under these cool red tiles, starting only once in a while to murmur an Ave Maria, and to cross themselves when one's thoughts might linger for a moment on the remembrance of the light in some Senorita's eye, seen at the last fiesta, or the thought that, being yet heavy with sleep, he had lightly answered Brother Alfonso as they went together to Matins. It may not be that in the world such thoughts and deeds are sought for and repressed so earnestly, but there are very few there who do not often-times pause and long for that guileless life of these Fathers, who know not riches nor the miseries thereof.

In the Old Mission garden, long ago carved out from the wilderness by the willing efforts of Indian converts, the eschscholtzias stood along the paths worn by the sandals of the studious monks, and answered back to the sun with their flame-coloured blossoms. In the open, the garden lay baked in

the heat, but along the walls, against which the deft and loving hands of the Fathers had trained the green climbing plants and trees, and at the higher end, where an arbour had been formed, and where all the summer long the red and yellow roses clambered and swung, there was shade and coolness. Beyond the wall against which the arbour leaned was a narrow footpath, which leaving the valley about half a mile from the Mission, skirted the walls of the garden and joined the plain again on the sea-ward side, in many places having room only for a sure footed horse between the wall and a deep cañon, down which in the winter time the rains hurled a furious flood.

Above the clustering roses, as if spell-bound by their odour and colour, the humming birds hung motionless: the bees boomed amid the foliage, and a little lizard was sunning himself upon a rock at the entrance, unfearing, and as if unconscious of the girl who was seated in the cool and fragrant shadow. That she was a Spaniard no one could doubt, from the colour in her cheeks and the heavy eye-lashes of her closed eyes. That her thoughts were happy, and yet not unmixedly so, one could well believe from the sight of a

tiny tear which hovered on her eye-lash, and from the smile which ever and again changed her mouth like a rose-bud fluttering towards full life in the sunlight after the rain. An open Mass-book lay on her lap, but the minutes passed, and the rose which lay upon it like a book-mark remained unmoved. She was in deep meditation.

Suddenly there came a change. A great bee, which had become entangled in the luscious blossoms, freed himself, and with a sonorous boom winged his way across the arbour, to the bright sunlight without. The girl opened her dark, large eyes, and her hands instinctively clasped the book on her lap. The little lizard darted to another stone a few paces away, and again sat watchful, glittering, and motionless. A steady, regularly repeated sound, at first faint like the throbbing of a heart, broke insistently upon the mid-noon silence. Louder and nearer it came—the unswerving lope of a Spanish horse ascending the path on the edge of the cañon. Without a pause at the turn where the Mission wall seemed almost a continuation of the cañon itself, unconscious apparently of the stones which his horse's hoofs hurled into the dry river-bed far

below him, the rider continued, until instantly the hoof beats ceased. His trained Spanish horse, at the touch of his master's knees, had stopped in a moment at the back of the arbour, and without a cabriesto or a thong to control him, he remained immovable on the narrow path, while his rider, standing in his stirrups, reached to the top of the wall. In a moment he had scaled it, and before it seemed as if the echo of the hoofs had died away, he stood in the entrance to the arbour.

The girl had risen from her seat in surprise at the sound, and in an instant the rider was beside her, his lips pressed to her extended hand.

"Pepito," was all she said; but her deep eyes bent upon his bowed head were full of unbroken tenderness, with, too, some slight questioning surprise. Fear there was none, for Ines Espinosa came of a race who could love and suffer, but who could never fear.

"Ines de mi alma," murmured the young man, raising his head and standing erect, a head and shoulders above his companion — a hardy-built, brown-faced Saxon, clad in a dark riding suit, whose slashed chaparados showed the long yellow

boots adorned with heavy roweled spurs—"you should indeed wonder at seeing me here now. But I met Juan down in the plaza leading your horse, and he told me you had come in to Vespers."

"Si, mi Pepito, I came indeed to Vespers, and to pray for you to our beloved Mother. Thus I came early and walked up here to this cool place where I might be alone, while Dona Francisca preferred to stay in the church. Surely will our blessed Mother hear my prayers and give you the joy which She gives to all Her sons. Is it not She who has guided your steps hither?"

They both spoke in Spanish, the native language of the girl, the language acquired by preference of the man, who, as many others of his Anglo race settled in Southern California, had ardently adopted the habits and customs of the people. Seldom he spoke in English—indeed there were few he ever met, with whom he could so converse—but even had there been, it would have made little difference. For Ines there was but one language—for Ines, whose warrior forefathers had marched with Cortez to Anahuac, and whose cousins in the old Spain often would wonder, as

they walked in the Prado, whether "Prima Ines" at all resembled them, in that Golden Fairy-land pictured in the word "California."

"Indeed, I believe it so, for I had a singular dream last night, which seems to cling to me yet. Something unseen told me that I should see you to-day, and should never see you again. The first warning is fulfilled; as to the latter, quien sabe? I have to see Juan del Valle before sundown, to arrange about his schooner to go to San Diego to-morrow at dawn. It will be a dangerous journey, but, if God will, we shall be back by Saturday, and we have made many such passages without mishap. But yonder Dona Francisca is coming around the corridor, and I must not be seen by her until next Sunday, when Fray Dominguez will receive me into the Church—for she still believes me a heretic, as I still am, in truth, and would blame you to your father for allowing me to talk to you."

"Oh no, Pepito, you do not judge her rightly. Dona Francisca is well disposed to you, and she will indeed be glad when next Sunday comes, to learn the joyful news."

"Well, I am glad to know that I'm wrong.

And after Sunday I am going to call at Rancho de los Olivos, to see Don Carlos. Can you guess why? No? But Dona Francisca is now under the grape arbour, and I must get to my saddle quickly, or she may discover our secret. To-night at nine o'clock I shall be at the Alameda, on my way to the rancho for some things. Will you see me then for five minutes to wish me Godspeed on my trip?"

No further words were spoken, but the young man was on his knee, and the stately form of the young girl was bent over him, and her lips touched his. In another moment, while the "Vaya con Dios" seemed yet in the air, he had thrown himself over the wall, and the hoofs of his horse were scattering the stones down the cañon from the rocky path descending towards the sea.

Oh, beloved California! Short are your golden dawns till on the tracks of the "flying night" springs up the "sudden sun"—short as the season of love, in truth, too often.

The girl stood still for a few seconds, then passed from the arbour into the scented sunlight without, and slowly walking up the sandy path, joined her dueña, who had paused half-way in the

garden to bind together some of the luxuriant roses as a garland for the altar in the cool little church, whence already could be heard the opening chant of the evening prayer.

The bees hummed in the madreselva ; the lizard sat fixedly staring on a sunny boulder, and only within the arbour, where the scattered petals of a rose lay on the seat and on the ground, was there any remembrance of a meeting which should never be forgotten.

II.

SUPPER was over and the sun had set. Don Carlos Espinosa sat on the porch with his neighbour, Manuel Garcia, who had ridden across the river, ostensibly to talk with him of the Gringoes who had seemed determined to open up the old workings of the San Vicente mine, deserted since the first foreign flag flew in the Bay of Monterey up the coast. But Don Manuel's conversation belied his visit, or had the young pigeons and old wine lessened his suspicions and hatred, and eased his mind ? Let us say, in English, *quien sabe*—that crystallisation of an entire language:

may be of the entire thought of the world—"Who knows?" *Peutêtre!*

"Ines is a strange girl," said her father, throwing away a burned-out cigarette, and lighting a black Mexican puro. "Yes, Garcia, she is like what her mother was, and yet I often think, had Panchita lived, that Ines would have been different. Of late she has been going to the Mission every day, and she moves about half the time as if she were in her sleep. I tell you it is a bad thing when the women go constantly to Church. I don't run down the Church, Garcia, but once they get attached there they get all sorts of notions in their heads of the beauty of Church life, and they want to be Sisters, and all that sort of thing. There's no more of her morning gallops, no more of her shooting or lazoing, and sport. It suits Francisca finely, for *she* has an easy time, and is perfectly contented. Caramba! I wish I saw Ines married. That's the right life for a girl at her age. Why do you laugh, you old solitary? If all the men were like you, and kept an old Indian for a housekeeper, where would all the poor girls go? We'd have to stop raising them, that's all."

Garcia showed his white teeth under his black moustache, and slowly exhaled the cigarette smoke. He was a man about forty, and while rumour whispered dark stories of his intrigues, his life seemed to give them the lie. He owned the large rancho about seven miles from Los Olivos, was a bachelor, with no relatives, and an old Indian, ill-favoured and toothless, kept his house and cursed the peons in hideous gutterals. Don Carlos and he were as unlike as Spaniards could be, and yet they were bosom friends—Don Carlos open-hearted, passionate and haughty, usually saying what he thought and in unmistakable language; while Garcia had always a cringe and a bow for the Fathers, and a curse or a blow for the children or the unlucky peon who might happen to cross his path. In the valley he was dreaded and shunned as much as Don Carlos was loved and imposed upon.

He sat there indolently tilting back his chair and blowing out through his nostrils the blue smoke, his eyes fixed on Don Carlos, who was watching the moon rising behind the peach orchard.

"Bueno! Maybe she has a lover, that she

rides so often that way. Some of these Gringoes who are getting so thick around here, with their short riding trousers and close cropped ponies, may have taken her fancy! Not that one of them would dare approach her, but that old sinner who runs the hotel, and who is helping them in every way, would not be chary to earn a few pesos by intercepting the daughter of Don Carlos and presenting one of them. Then the rest would follow like ants—no?"

"Carajo!" shouted Don Carlos, bringing down his feet from the rail, and driving his huge spurs into the floor with the force. "If I thought he'd done that, I'd ride him down before his own door. No, no, I'd have known that from Ines herself. But let's throw the dice, Garcia. Abajo los Gringos!" and without noticing his companion's eager assent, he shouted, "Juan, bring a table and the dice, and mescal, and tell Dona Francisca to ask my daughter to come out and bring her mandolin. Don Manuel likes music, as well as myself, while we are playing."

Gambling seems inherent in humanity, and the Spaniard is an incorrigible gamester, and yet it is easy to surmise, in wandering through San Fran-

cisco Chinatown, that with civilisation and at least one hideous disease, gambling may have come to Europe and America with the pioneer Chinamen.

The dice were brought, and Juan lighted a lanthorn and hung it over a table on the verandah. Many a time it had been used for the same purpose, and Don Carlos and his guest drew their goat-skin seated chairs up to the table in silence, and began playing. The luck seemed all to Don Carlos in the beginning, and from pesos the bets mounted to double eagles. Juan, with the characteristics of his race, hovered around the verandah, closing windows and chasing off the dogs, while with one eye he watched the game, till at last Garcia, throwing himself back in his chair, exclaimed—

"Is not the Senorita coming to give us some music, and maybe change my luck?" and he would have added more, seeing that the mescal bottle was already all but drained, when Dona Francisca entered from the sala.

"Ines is very tired this evening, Don Carlos," she said, while she bowed very slightly to Garcia, who studiously smiled at her, "and unless you

desire her very urgently, she would rather remain in her room."

"Carajo, vieja," replied Don Carlos, whose five "fours" had just been beaten by the "fives" of Garcia, "it's a pretty time when a Spanish girl will not come down to play for her father, because of a paltry ride of four miles. Tell Ines that I insist on her coming down, and that Garcia is here, and unless she comes down he will have all my cattle and maybe my rancho—ha, ha!" and he threw a "full house" against Garcia's "three of a kind."

Dona Francisca disappeared. The mescal bottle was replenished by the watchful Juan. Don Carlos lost rapidly. Throw and throw went against him, till the tally showed a thousand pesos against him. The mescal bottle was again empty, when Ines appeared in the doorway. The moon, already risen, shone full on her face, and she seemed like a ghost, so pale she was. Garcia paused, on seeing her, in the midst of some evil story, and Don Carlos cried—

"Ines, hijita, this wicked Garcia has won all my money. Come and stand beside me; see whether we cannot fool him. He's talking a lot

about you and these Gringos in the town, and I'll just bet him you against his rancho and the money I've lost to him that——"

"Stop, father, I do love one of them. But he's not a Gringo Americano. He's a Scotchman, and he speaks our language, and he loves our race, and——"

"Enough, girl! You love a foreigner! You, my Ines! Bastante! Garcia! What do you say? You'll take my apuesto, and you'll bet your rancho against my daughter and the money I'm due you? All right! Here you are! Stay here, Ines!" but she had gone, and Garcia's face was like the face of a devil.

"Lost, Madre Santisima! Ines!"

"Yes, you've lost, 'aces' are better than 'sixes,' and the girl and the money are mine, but you might be worse. I'll be proud to marry her. She'll be the wife of a Spaniard, and what more can she want? My mother never loved my father till after he had ridden off with her in front of his saddle for fifty miles through the rocky country between here and San Isidra, torn from the midst of her kinsfolks and friends. You've lost fairly, Espinosa, and now you may know that I have

loved your daughter for years, and that is the reason of my solitariness. Ines or none, and now I have Ines."

"Yes, Garcia, she is yours, for a Spanish girl will never brave the curse of her father. The worst Spaniard is better than the best Gringo, and you are not the worst." And while Garcia rose, and with a Satanic grin moved towards the door, whence Dona Francisca had fled a moment before to her mistress' room, Don Carlos lurched forward and fell fast asleep on the table, with his forehead resting among the dice.

. . . . . .

While the bells of the Mission, four miles off, faintly sounded ten o'clock, a man stood leaning against his horse in the shadow of the Alemeda, whence could be descried the lights of the rancho de los Olivos. The dark figure of a woman was moving towards the hacienda. Dona Francisca had told her tale to the waiting man. Ines, farewell! The Gringos, for whom your father truly sacrificed you, now rule in the rancho where once you were queen, and the Anglo-Saxon race triumphs again over the Latin. Yet the poetry of life is wanting, and all the improvements seem

often to some of these same Ingleses not worth one of those olden days of thriftless, heedless life.

About nine o'clock next morning, Juan del Valle, ascending the cañon path from the sea, to learn why his comrade had failed to keep his tryst at dawn, found his passage barred by a horse at the corner below the Mission arbour. Looking down into the cañon he discovered a fallen body. Glancing up, a hovering vulture shone black against the azure sky. The jutting rock was very perilous at night, the villagers said, and doubtless Don Jose had been hurled from his horse while riding fast, as he always did, so they knew. And yet his seat was so good that even Pedro Sanchez, the toreador, had failed to unhorse him with a riata!

Perhaps he had crossed the Mission wall to gather some roses round the arbour for some senorita, though which one no one could tell, and stepping off in the darkness, had fallen over the cañon? Quien sabe?

And they buried him. And the following week there was a marriage at the Mission. Don Manuel Garcia and his wife went up on the boat to San Francisco for their honeymoon.

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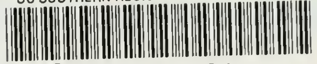

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