

OTHER MEMORIES, OLD AND NEW.

CHAPTER I.

DIARY-KEEPING — SCHOOL LIFE — A STEPMOTHER — A BARON-
BAILIE—I SAW YOUR GINNELS [GILLS] WORKIN'—BURNS'
ANNIVERSARY—DEAR NEWSPAPERS—FUNERAL AND SOCIAL
CUSTOMS—"ISNA GASCADDEN UNCO GASH?"—CREELING
— BROOSE — EARLY RAILWAYS — ARCHERY — BULLYING
AVENGED—A YOUNG TEACHER—GLASGOW UNIVERSITY AND
PROFESSORS.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES, as a rule, are and ought to be written only by persons who have occupied such prominent positions, or played such a conspicuous part in politics, religion, science, or practical philanthropy, as would serve as an example to others for guidance and imitation, or at least arouse a general interest in the tenor

of the writer's life, in the lights and shadows, the successes and failures, that have marked his path in any of the lines above mentioned. I am not vain enough to think for a moment that I have any such defence to plead for whatever is autobiographical in this volume. I have had no experiences of a historic, heroic, or romantic type to record. I have only some recollections of customs and incidents, some of past, others of modern times, which, simply and intelligibly described, may perhaps be read with a certain amount of interest by kindly disposed readers to whom they are new. They are certainly quite unworthy of such a big and ambitious word as autobiography. Let it be my defence for what may seem to have that character, that, in recording personal reminiscences, it is practically impossible to efface oneself completely. Even "short and simple annals" need a setting of some kind, if their representation is to be approximately effective. With this explanation I commence my narrative.

If it is to be done it must have a beginning. In searching for a start I remembered that when quite a youngster I had commenced a diary. After some rummaging among old papers I found it. It began with very careful, and—if it were not my own—I might say elegant, penmanship, very young writing, and highly estimable sentiments. A great many reasons were given why one should keep a diary. After stating them in detail, the repetition of which I spare the reader, it selects the influence it has on oneself as one of its most valuable results. The diary-keeper takes the most effective way of following up the famous saying “Know thyself.” He takes stock of his springs of action, passes judgment on his motives, and according as he pronounces an approving or condemning verdict he is helped in shaping his course in future. It enables him to compare his present with his past notions of things, and to detect the causes of any changes that may have supervened. This virtuous recording of

conduct and motive is to continue till he "canna be fashed." As he fears that such a time may come, he refrains from giving more arguments in support of diary-keeping, from a feeling that those he has already advanced will give him quite sufficient trouble to refute.

The above is a much boiled-down summary of the introductory chapter of my diary, which received creditable but somewhat intermittent attention for about two years and a half, when the "canna-be-fashed" time arrived. The entries thereafter for more than ten years are discredibly few, and during my life at Cambridge entirely discontinued. A fresh start was made when I became Inspector of Schools, and on the occasion of visits to the Continent and America. This was kept up with only moderate regularity. There are many gaps, the random jottings were not made with any view to publication, and many of them have found a place in the previous volume.

I am compelled to confess that I have got

very little help from glancing at a diary written more than fifty years ago. Many of the incidents hurriedly jotted down as worthy of note then have from lapse of time lost all sharpness of outline, and even the names of many with whom I came in contact, and who long ago entered into the texture of my life, are unrecognised. The impression left is on the whole a melancholy one, inasmuch as the most of my oldest friends have joined the majority. I had a habit of recording the impression made upon me by any one whose acquaintance I made for the first time. It is pleasant to find that generally this first impression was confirmed by subsequent intercourse. On my first meeting with Alexander Smith the poet, I find this note, "A very able and, what is perhaps of greater importance, a remarkably modest and unassuming person." All who knew him intimately, as I afterwards did, will recognise the estimate as accurate. The subjects dealt with are not arranged in

chronological order. This has been departed from where it seemed desirable to place old and new incidents of similar type side by side. Some will seem to have been introduced too soon, others too late, but if they had not been caught as they cropped up they would probably have escaped altogether.

The first event in my life of which I have a distinct recollection was accompanying my two older brothers to school, not as a pupil but to see what school was like. Having at least the average amount of impish restlessness which belongs to five years of age, and, not being a pupil, exempt from the ordinary discipline, I gave the master so much trouble by creeping under the desks, pinching the boys' legs, and running riot generally, that he forbade my return unless I came as a regular pupil, and became subject to discipline and the tawse like others. To this I consented, and my school life began.

Of my first teacher I have few personal recollections. He was a kindly man and an en-

thusiastic mathematician. His knowledge was probably as great as his enthusiasm, but of this I cannot speak definitely. It is told of him that, when paying his addresses to the worthy woman whom he subsequently made his wife, having exhausted the expressions of endearment that usually accompany courtship, he proceeded to exhibit to his sweetheart the beauty and difficulty of the 47th proposition of the first book of Euclid. When he was promoted to another parish school of larger emoluments he was succeeded by Mr Duff, an extremely shy man, a strict but just disciplinarian, and an excellent Latin scholar, on the strength of whose teaching I went direct to the University of Glasgow sufficiently qualified to profit by the professors' lectures. I had for him the greatest respect, which in after years ripened into hearty friendship. He was kind to me when my behaviour allowed him to be so, but he was inflexibly strict when, as was very often the case, my animal spirits and restlessness made punish-

ment of some kind necessary for him and profitable for me. I have no recollection of ever having suffered in the flesh at his hands, but many times in the spirit. Our places in the Latin class were marked every day, and on the summation of these marks depended the prizes. His method of punishing me for misconduct was to cancel the marks of a week or a fortnight according to the heinousness of the offence. Many times had I to bewail the sentence, "Well, Kerr, I find I must cancel all the marks since the last cancelling." He knew, and so did I, that I should have much preferred a good sound thrashing.

It is at once my pleasure and my duty to bear strong testimony to the merits of one whose memory is very dear to me, and who was (can it be believed?) a stepmother. This is a relationship of generally evil savour. Stepmotherly treatment has come to mean the opposite of what is motherly and kind. For this, as for other estimates of character and conduct that

have taken root, it may be presumed that there is more or less substantial reason. The relation of the average woman towards children who are not her own, and, like all children, a source of trouble and anxiety to her, is one from which obviously unpleasantness may readily crop up. Similarly the relation of children to a woman who is not their mother, for whom they have, to begin with, no filial affection, and whose authority over them they are unwilling to recognise, has also in it the seeds of disobedience and strife. The danger of this is very much increased when there is a second family. A woman must be of unusually even balance mentally and morally who can treat her own children and those of another with absolute or even approximate impartiality. To the best of my recollection my stepmother was such a woman. My two elder brothers had the same opinion of her. The youngest of three, I was only eighteen months' old when my mother died. My father remained a widower for five or six years, and

there were six children by the second marriage. I remember no circumstance in which my step-mother treated her own children with undue favour, nor did my brothers and I ever think of her children as anything else than full brothers and sisters. It is a strong proof of her motherly kindness that, though my father was in no way a harsh or unsympathetic man, when I wished for any indulgence in the matter of holidays or pocket-money, it was to my step-mother I made my request. It was by her intercession that my father was coaxed into taking me with him to see that great epoch-making event of the nineteenth century, the Eglinton Tournament, unquestionably the most gorgeous pageant of modern times. There were present representatives from almost every country in Europe, and among them Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor of the French. I remember distinctly the two or three days of a continuous downpour of rain, the tilting of the knights, the shivering of lances, and the unhorsing of riders.

To the best of my recollection the only person in Dalry armed with magisterial authority when I was a boy was Bailie Craig, a very considerable farmer. Why he was called Bailie, and especially Baron-Bailie, which I think was his proper designation, I cannot explain, for the town was not then, nor is it now, a burgh. Neither can I tell what was the extent or character of his authority. I know that he was in some way a terror to evil-doers, and that a threat to be taken before Bailie Craig was a wholesome deterrent to mischievous schoolboys. He had quite a satisfactory sense of his own importance, and liked to be addressed as Bailie. He was popular, and with just such a tendency to corpulence as often accompanies good-nature, of which he had a comfortable share. He had, I think, six sons, all big stalwart fellows. When a stranger saw him accompanied by these sons at kirk or market, and complimented him on his large family, the Bailie would take his breath away by saying that these were not his whole

family, for he had two sisters for each of his sons. What? Twelve daughters? "No," he replied, pleased with the successful mystification, "only two."

I have with similar success mystified some of my friends by saying, what was strictly true, that I had nine children and had never seen one of them, the explanation being that the ninth arrived when I was from home, and had that morning got a telegram announcing the fact. I feel bound to add that I borrowed the joke from a friend whose experience had been the same as mine.

I am quite aware that the foregoing paragraph has no business here, and is sixty years earlier than its proper place, but being suggested by what precedes it, if it were not introduced here it would perhaps have been forgotten.

The Bailie was not a teetotaller, but a temperate man, who had a rational appreciation of a glass of good whisky in season. On one occasion he was out with some friends on a longish

excursion for which it was necessary to provide some creature comforts. A flask of whisky was handed to the Bailie, who put it to his lips (there was no wine-glass), and after a hearty swig handed it back with its contents conspicuously reduced. "Faith, Bailie," said one of his friends, "you have got your own share of that at any rate."

"Oh," he replied, "I just had one mouthful."

"Ah, Bailie, ye may say what ye like, but I saw your ginnels [gills] workin'."

This recalls another Dalry worthy, who was a member of the Burns Club to which, after I reached manhood, I belonged. A. B., which must do duty for his initials, was a most intelligent, well-read man, and a very fervent admirer of Burns. Habitually a temperate man, he put no restraint upon himself on the night of Burns' anniversary, but rode with loosened rein. I remember leaving the hotel with him when the meeting was over. His movement homeward was not direct, but serpentine and

unsteady, which, however, did not prevent his saying to me, "Oor Jean will be weel pleased this nicht. It's the first time I ever gaed hame from Burns' anniversary sober."

I think I am correct in saying that till well towards the middle of the nineteenth century there was only one private gig in the parish, and that it belonged to a farmer who was a member of one of the small dissenting sects—Anti-burgher or Auld Licht—whose chapel was in Kilwinning, and thus involved a drive of from ten to twelve miles every Sunday.

At this time newspapers cost 4½d., and it was common for several families to join in the expense and have their reading of them in turns. I remember an old man whose turn had come, asking his neighbour, who lived thirty or forty yards off, if there were any good murders in the paper, and on being told there were none, replying, "Oh, then, never heed about the paper, I'm thrang the day."

In comparing the beginning with the end of

the nineteenth century there are few features more outstanding than the enormously wider distribution of newspapers, and the constantly increasing production of cheap literature, much of it good, much worthless or bad. A large proportion of it is meant merely to kill time, which it does effectually, but, what is worse, it kills all desire for true literary culture.

Corn and wheat crops were invariably cut with the sickle, and at harvest-time crowds of Irishmen appeared with their sickles wrapped up in straw under their arms. Scythes were used only for grass and hay. Reaping-machines were unknown. When harvest was over the Irishmen returned to their distressful island.

The open-air smoker had to depend on flint, steel, and tinder or paper that had been steeped in a solution of saltpetre for a light to his pipe. With these materials practically every smoker was provided. Lucifer matches were not yet invented. I remember the surprise with which as a boy I first saw a match lit. It was put

between the folds of a piece of sandpaper and drawn out briskly. In the manufacture of matches there have been many improvements, not the least being the rejection of brimstone with its objectionable odour. In France, where matches are a source of enormous revenue, the brimstone, strangely enough, is still retained.

With respect to funerals, customs have undergone many changes. In country districts thirty years ago refreshments in the form of whisky or wine and cake were provided almost invariably if the family of the deceased were in fairly comfortable circumstances, and the custom has not yet died out. In the Highlands especially there is no object for which more earnest efforts are made than for the entertainment of mourners. A deficiency in the supply of whisky would be a mark of disrespect, and almost a crime. There is little doubt that these entertainments were very similar to the Irish wakes, commencing with grief and ending often in debauchery and jollity. It is only in this way that one can ex-

plain a saying I have often heard in Ayrshire, "If you are kind enough to do this for me, I'll dance at your dredgie," the meaning being, "I'll do as much for you," or "I shall be much obliged to you." But those who used the saying were probably ignorant of its origin and real meaning—viz., that dredgie is corrupted from *dirge*, which again is shortened from *dirige*, the first word of the anthem in the Latin service for the dead.

Another custom which exists still, or did till lately, is the "kistin' of the corpse." The night before the funeral relations and intimate friends meet to transfer the body from the bier or "strauchtin' brod" to the coffin. In towns and populous centres this has probably fallen into disuse.

It was also the custom till lately for relations to wear large crape bows on their hats and bands of white cotton or muslin on the sleeves of their coats at the wrist, which were called "weepers." In country districts this is perhaps still the fashion. A story is told of one of the legateses

when returning by rail to Glasgow after the funeral of the millionaire Mr Ferguson. He had a very large crape bow on his hat and broad weepers, and was sitting with lowered head apparently in deep grief. He had, however, put on his hat with the bow in front instead of behind. A lady seeing him thus distraught with grief thought it right to remind him that his hat was wrongly put on, which she did in the most sympathetic way. The mourner raised his head promptly and replied almost angrily, "A man who has got a legacy of £30,000 can surely wear his hat any way he chooses."

The habit of supplying black kid gloves to the mourners has largely been discontinued, but not more than twelve years ago I was the recipient of such a gift.

In domestic matters also there have been many changes during the century. I remember when a pound of loaf-sugar cost 8d., and sometimes 10d. Tea, meal, and flour also were consider-

ably dearer at the beginning than at the end of the century. Dinner was usually about one, tea about five or six o'clock, and supper about nine. Supper was on the whole the most social meal, and was free from the stiffness and ceremony which are now marked features when friends are being entertained. Its aim was homely rather than ceremonial. The extent to which indulgence in liquor was carried depended then as now on the characters of host and guest. I have no reason to believe that in this respect there is any material change. The first half of my official life in respect of social intercourse was spent mainly among clergymen, lairds, factors, and farmers all over the north of Scotland, the second half mainly in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and I am unable to make any marked distinction between the two periods. In the north a glass of toddy was the usual conclusion of dinner, and was not unfrequently introduced before the ladies retired. In many cases the ladies did not refuse to be helped to half a glass

out of the tumbler of the gentleman who took them in to dinner. I remember shortly after my marriage dining at a manse where my wife was taken in by the clergyman, who was the only male occupant of the manse. Living constantly in the atmosphere of wife, sisters, and daughters, he was accustomed to have compliance with all his proposals. Filling my wife's glass he gracefully passed it to her. She had never tasted toddy, and thanked him, saying she could not take it. He would take no denial, and with quiet but irresistible pressure gained his point, and she had her first sip of that popular beverage.

The expression "drunk as a lord" certainly implies undue indulgence on the part of the "upper ten," and is probably more applicable to past than present habits. Of Garscadden House, a few miles from Glasgow, which I occupied for ten years, a story is told and generally believed to be true. A former proprietor, of boundless hospitality, was entertaining a large party of boon companions. The orgie was prolonged far into

the morning, when one of the company, pointing to the laird at the head of the table, said to his neighbour, "Isna Garscadden looking unco gash?" (ghastly).

"He may weel look gash," was the reply, "he has been with his Maker for the last twa hours."

"What! is Garscadden deid?"

"Yes, he's deid; I saw him dee, but I didna like to speak about it for fear of spoilin' gude company."

There is an element of humour in the reply given by a man when asked the character of the entertainment he had had at the house of a friend whose hospitality seems not to have been above suspicion: "Oh, we had a knee-tea, a lang vacance, a sweetie supper, and mighty little to drink."

In my native parish there was a peculiar custom which was regularly kept up during the greater part of the first half of last century. Whether it went as far back as the eighteenth, or what was its origin, or whether it was purely

local, I know not. In a village of some 3000 inhabitants it was not very difficult to know how many people had got married during the year. Hogmanay night or New Year night (I forget which) was the time for celebrating the custom, which was called the "Creeling." The procedure was the following: A crowd of young fellows got possession of a large wicker crate or creel, which they compelled every man who had been married within the year to carry from his own door to the door of the nearest neighbour who had also perpetrated matrimony within the year. If a man was popular, the crate might be empty or have only a few stones in it. If he was generally disliked, the load was increased by more and heavier stones. He was a wise man who submitted peaceably and immediately to the ordeal, for the crowd treated him civilly and only resented disobedience. If he refused to come out and take up his burden he was revisited year after year till he gave in. Very few persisted in their refusal. As the population

was in the course of a few years trebled by the establishment of ironworks and the immigration of miners, the custom gradually disappeared and no one has been creeled for the last fifty years.

A marriage custom, "riding the broose," which, I believe, has since become extinct, was occasionally in my boyhood observed in country districts. As soon as the ceremony was performed (in Scotland at that time always in the home of the bride), there was a race on horse-back by the young men of the party from the bride's house to her new home. The prize for the winner was usually a coloured silk handkerchief. Sometimes the race was on foot. It was probably a survival of a primitive marriage custom when the whole party accompanied the bride and bridegroom home. I saw it once in Ayrshire. On this occasion four or five horsemen competed. Burns alludes to the custom in his address to his auld mare—

"At Brooses thou had ne'er a fellow
For pith and speed."

Another custom, perhaps strictly local, has been extinct for more than fifty years. This was the "Tannel." A few weeks before the last day of July—St Margaret's Fair, of which also no trace remains—a party of boys paraded the town tooting with large bullocks' horns and collecting subscriptions for the purchase of a ton or two of coal. From this a large bonfire or "tannel" was made on the cross, and set fire to on St Margaret's Day morning. It burned, to the best of my recollection, for several days. When it was considerably reduced in size it was a great object of ambition for the bigger boys to take a running leap over it, and the first who succeeded in clearing it was looked up to as a hero. It is supposed to have originated in the bale-fires of the Scandinavians.

The comforts, or rather the discomforts, of railway travelling in the middle of the century, and for a considerable time after, were very different from those of the present day. Third-class carriages were often little different from

cattle-trucks. For a considerable time they were open and had no seats. First- and second-class carriages were covered, and on the top the luggage of the passengers was packed, for there was no luggage-van. The old stage-coach was to a large extent the model for the railway carriage. There was no shelter for the guards (there were usually two), who, exposed to the weather, occupied seats on the top, one on the first and the other on the last carriage of the train. The drivers also had little or no protection against the weather.

Fifty years ago archery was more a favourite pastime than it is now. The Kilwinning Papingo, an archery club of great antiquity, dating as far back as 1462, was till upwards of thirty years ago in full swing. Its last anniversary, the 388th, was celebrated in 1870. Since that time it has fallen into desuetude. The day of shooting for the papingo was quite a gala day in the village. There was a parade and a dance at the cross. A wooden model of

a papingo (popinjay) or parrot was stuck out horizontally from the top of the church steeple at the end of a pole several feet long. The archer who hit it with his arrow and brought it down was captain for the year. For about 150 years the chief prize won by the captain was a silver arrow, which was to become the property of any one who gained it in six successive years. In this none were successful. The winner was bound to affix to the arrow a silver or gold medal. When the papingo competition was discontinued in 1870 it had no fewer than 117 medals attached to it.

There were other archery clubs in some of the neighbouring towns, such as Dalry and Kilbirnie. The best known, next to the Papingo, were the Toxophilites of Irvine, who, under the command of Major Graham of Glenly, as Captain-General, grandfather of General Sir Archibald Hunter, formed the Body-Guard of the Queen of Beauty at the famous Eglinton Tournament in 1839, and in the picturesque

traditional uniform of Robin Hood made a brave show, and in marching order were very martial and imposing. For their services on that historic occasion the Earl of Eglinton presented them with a gold belt set with precious stones, which cost, it was said, £200. For this and other prizes there was an annual competition. The belt was the chief one, the winner of which was captain-general for the year, and wore the belt. All these clubs have disappeared for more than thirty years. The silver arrow and 117 medals of the time-honoured Papingo and the Toxophilites' belt are no doubt in safe keeping.

While these clubs were in existence, competition for prizes and interchange of civilities were of frequent occurrence. I have a very distinct and jubilant recollection of an incident in connection with one of these competitions when I was about fourteen years of age. One of my schoolmates, considerably older and taller than myself, took a wicked delight in bullying me on every occasion. When he could prevent

me from joining in any of the school games he did so, and was ever ready with a cuff or a kick, which I had not the courage to return. I don't think I was deficient in backbone in my dealings with boys of my own size and age, but I certainly feared and as certainly hated this boy M. At these archery competitions there was a long bench between the targets for the accommodation of spectators. It had no back, and on a fine day in June, when the sun was bright and the ground dry, it was thought good fun to go behind one of your friends and lay him down on the grass. On this occasion this was done to me, and on looking to see who had done it, I saw M. behind me. Believing that it was he who had gently pulled me over, I was delighted to find that for the first time in my life he was good-natured enough to play with me. I resolved to show him how fully I was prepared to bury the hatchet and establish friendly relations with him. As soon, therefore, as I saw him seated on the bench, I

got behind him and with the most laudable of motives laid him playfully on his back. My terror and disappointment may be imagined when he sprang to his feet in a fearful rage, and with a great deal of bad language said he would give me a licking. I defended myself in a spiritless way by saying that I had just done to him what he had done to me. He denied that he had pulled me over, whereupon another boy came forward and said that he had done it, and then had hidden behind M.'s back. Thoroughly cowed, I said I was very sorry for the mistake I had made. Not satisfied with this apology, he still threatened to give me a licking. Meanwhile there was a gathering of onlookers expecting to see the usual bullying, and among them my eldest brother, who was one of the archers, and others whose good opinion I valued. I felt I had done all I could by way of apology. A strong sense of injury sent a thrill through my whole body (I can vividly recall it now), making me clench my fists with

a do-or-die sensation I had never before experienced, and on M. repeating that he had a good mind to thrash me I squared up and told him to "Come on." Utterly taken aback by my offering to show fight, he said there were too many looking on, but if I would come into the next field he would give me what I deserved. My courage was "screwed to the sticking-point." If I had done wrong it was from a mistake and with the best of motives. I had apologised and my apology was refused. The recollection of many bullyings was vivid. I am not sure that I shouldn't at that moment have stood up to Tom Sayers or other hero of pugilistic fame. So into the next field we went, accompanied by a large gallery. He took off his jacket, I buttoned mine, and we "set to." It was a very tough tussle for a considerable time, blood flowed pretty freely from both noses, victory inclining now to one side and now to the other. But

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just,"

and in the end I had the best of it, belabouring him till in prize-ring language he "threw up the sponge." I don't think I ever had or ever will have such a feeling of absolute exultation as in giving M. a sound thrashing. I had avenged the memory of much bullying, and felt sure that it would never be repeated. It never was. That fight did me good.

I remained at school till I was between fourteen and fifteen years of age, and had almost closed with proposals for apprenticeship in the office of a civil engineer in Glasgow, when an unexpected occurrence gave what proved to be a permanent direction to my life. The narrative has no savour of romance about it, but is perhaps sufficiently unusual to be worthy of being recorded as a personal experience. At this time, in the early 'forties, the Glasgow and South-Western Railway was being built. The teacher of an adventure school in my native parish was offered a clerkship by one of the contractors, who required his services at once.

I was then a well-grown lad, almost as tall as I am now, and the dux of the parish school. The teacher required some one to take charge of the school at once, and asked my father to allow me to do so temporarily, till a permanent teacher could be found. My father consented, and so did I, rather pleased at passing at once from the chrysalis condition to that of the fully developed butterfly; from being a pupil in one school to become the teacher of another before I was fifteen years of age. The school flourished under me. I liked the work, and the attendance steadily increased. The fees were regularly paid, and secured for a lad of my age a very satisfactory income. At my request my father became my banker. This continued for three years, during which, having decided to go to the university, I had kept alive and probably added to the Latin I had got from Mr Duff. I attended Glasgow University for four years, placing a substitute in my school during the college sessions and returning to it in summer and autumn.

I cannot conceive of any class more thoroughly under control than the Latin class of my college days under the management of Professor William Ramsay, uncle of the present distinguished occupant of the Humanity chair, nor of any man of whom the student just commencing university life had a more wholesome fear combined with profound respect than the same professor. Methodical to an extent that could not be surpassed, with an eye that took in at a glance the whole area of the classroom, and an ear that instantly detected any sound inconsistent with perfect discipline, he conducted the class with a skill as nearly approaching perfection as could be looked for in a world of necessarily imperfect effort. An accurate record was kept of the number of times each student was called up for examination. In a class of about 200 that number was necessarily small, and a student called up to-day might think himself safe for two or three weeks. He had better take care. The Professor took careful note of such calcula-

tions, and the same student was probably made to toe the line in the course of another day or two, much to his surprise, and not seldom to his dismay and discomfiture. A student whose calculation had miscarried and who had not done his work might either say "non paratus," which the Professor received with a subdued but significant cough which clearly meant "I thought as much," or he might attempt to struggle through his translation as best he might. I remember one occasion on which a student took the latter course, and tried to make something out of a difficult passage of Tacitus. He was allowed to blunder on hopelessly for a considerable time, and at last came to a dead halt.

"Mr B.," said the Professor, "did you prepare this at home before coming to the class this morning?"

"No, sir."

"And did you for a moment suppose that any one of your ability and limited knowledge of

Latin had the remotest chance of translating Tacitus *ad aperturam*? Sit down, sir."

When a student had been absent from a meeting of the class a note explaining the absence was strictly insisted on. These notes took very various forms. A not uncommon one was that he was indisposed, and was repeated several times by a lad of apparently rude health but indifferent industry. "You are frequently indisposed, Mr R. Indisposition has many forms. Please speak to me at the end of the hour."

A student gave as his excuse for absence that he had been misled by his watch and had reached the classroom door just as the janitor had shut it, adding that he had remained there the whole hour. The Professor said he was satisfied with the explanation, and knew that Mr S. was an industrious student, but he must get his watch repaired. He did not see, however, that his remaining outside mended matters, as he knew the janitor dared not open it. It would have been better to go home or to the reading-room.

I cannot give a better idea of the wholesome fear with which I regarded Professor Ramsay than by stating the following fact. A good many years after I had left Glasgow, and by this time enjoyed his personal friendship, I happened to be in the neighbourhood of the university and thought I should like to see how far he retained his old vigour. I went into the classroom and took a back seat. His health had somewhat broken down, but the incisive and methodical management of his class was unchanged, and recalled vividly my former experience as a student. Several students were called up for examination, and their performance was duly noted as usual. The next name he selected was (unfortunately for my peace of mind) Joannes Kirkwood, which till the name was fully pronounced seemed so like the Joannes Kerr of former days that I was conscious of a momentary shiver as if I had been called on to proceed with the translation.

Not less respected but less feared was Lush-

ington, Professor of Greek, a man of splendid scholarship—

“Wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower”—

of which unfortunately, either from shyness or modesty, he has left little written record. He was senior classic at Cambridge in a year in which the first three were all as worthy as the average holder of that high distinction.

With all his learning he was a man of almost childlike simplicity. After the university was transferred from the High Street to its palatial buildings on Gilmorehill, a friend asked what he thought of the new structure. His answer was that in his old classroom in the old college in High Street there was a little drawer on the left hand of his chair which he had found very useful as a place in which he used to put exercises of special merit, and that there was no such drawer in the new buildings. He said he missed this little drawer very much. This exhausted his criticism of the new structure as compared with the old.

Dr Buchanan, Professor of Logic and Rhetoric, was a man of different type. He had a considerable amount of dry humour, a keen insight into character, and great skill in dealing with it. His lectures were excellent in respect of clearness, arrangement, and literary style, and he was a very skilful examiner. He was in full sympathy with the hard-working student, but flippancy and do-nothingness came under the lash of his caustic humour. A considerable number who were not taking the full Arts curriculum attended his class, some of whom were indifferently attentive. One of those was Mr S., who in bearing and dress was a distinct "swell." He was always dressed to perfection in a smart frock-coat and irreproachable kid gloves, swaggered a good deal, and evidently regarded himself as of different clay from the clownish boors who thought it their duty to take elaborate notes of the lectures. This had not escaped the Professor's notice, as was seen when one day he called him up for examination.

S. rose to his feet and faced the Professor with quite a jaunty air, as if the whole thing were a good joke.

"Mr S.," said the Professor, "our prelections for the last two weeks have been on the syllogism. Will you be good enough to name the different kinds?" A long pause, and no answer from S. "You cannot name the different kinds, Mr S.?" said the Professor blandly. "You can at any rate tell me what a syllogism is?" Still no answer, and a longer pause, S.'s face meanwhile taking a tinge of incipient redness. "The word has been explained very fully in my prelection of last week. I am sure you can tell me what a syllogism is."

"No, sir," said S.

"I am sorry and disappointed. I have repeated the definition so often and given so many examples by way of illustration, that I thought every student could have answered that question at once. I must then give you a simpler question. What is a proposition, Mr S.? I

am sure you can answer that question," said the Professor, alternately placing his pencil to his lip and making it stand upright on his desk (a custom he had), while with the blindest look and most exemplary patience he waited for an answer. "I am sure you can."

"No, sir," said S.

A half-suppressed titter was now going round the class, and S.'s face was very red.

"Well, Mr S., I must give you yet one other chance, with the easiest question I can frame. What is a term?" Now came a pause longer than any of the others, followed by "The word 'term' was carefully explained, and occurs in almost every lecture since the beginning of the session. Do you really not know what a term is?"

"No, sir."

"Very naughty, Mr S.; very, very naughty! You may sit down. You really must pay some more attention to your lessons."

Towards the end of the session every student

in the Logic class was obliged to write one of what were called the long essays. The subjects were, for choice, a descriptive essay, an original tale, or a poetical effusion. I forget the fourth subject. Students who had a turn for versification sometimes chose the third subject. The essays were read by the Professor at home, and the merits and demerits of a certain number were discussed by him in the presence of the class every morning. A very good student named Peacock attempted this higher flight. The Professor in commenting upon the essay said it was in many respects a highly creditable essay, showing wide and careful reading and generally good taste, but he was compelled in spite of these merits to say that the Peacock was no bird of song.

Professor Buchanan was a man of very retiring habits, and lived, especially during the university vacation of six months, the life of a hermit. It was commonly said that he was a hater of the softer sex. This may or may not be true, but

it is at any rate certain that he left his chair and the world without getting entangled in the bonds of matrimony. His custom was, as soon as the session was over, to withdraw from the "madding crowd" to the sea-coast somewhere near Dunoon, and rusticate in comparative solitude till his duties in the university recalled him to Glasgow in the beginning of winter. One day while he was taking a solitary walk in the neighbourhood of Dunoon a former student came across his path. Prompted by a feeling of respect for his old professor, and probably not aware of his preference for solitude, he took off his hat and said, "How do you do, Professor Buchanan?"

"I thank you," he replied, "but I don't think I have the pleasure of knowing you."

"Oh! my name is Norman M'Callum, and I was a student in your class in" (naming the year).

"Ah, yes," he replied; "I was sure I did not know you. Good-bye." This probably meant that he had not been a distinguished student,

but the kindness and respect which led the poor fellow to address him deserved something better than the rather trying rebuff with which it was met.

Professor Buchanan was succeeded by Professor Veitch, and Professor Lushington by Professor Jebb. In connection with them one anecdote was current, for the accuracy of which I cannot vouch, but if it is not true it is at any rate a clever invention, and perhaps worthy of being recorded. Veitch was Professor of Logic and Rhetoric. His classroom was immediately above the Greek classroom. In treating of rhetoric his lectures sometimes ended with an eloquent peroration. On such occasions the applause of the students was of course exceedingly hearty, and once so very hearty as to cause a bit of plaster to fall from the ceiling into the Greek classroom, whereupon Jebb (now Sir Richard) is reported to have said, "I'm afraid our 'premises' will scarcely support my friend Veitch's 'conclusions.'"

CHAPTER II.

TUTORING AND STUDIES IN EDINBURGH—NATURAL PHILOSOPHY CHAIR IN ST ANDREWS—DIVINITY HALL—A DISAPPOINTMENT—TEMPTED TO GO TO CAMBRIDGE—TAKEN IN BY "SCOTTIE"—CAMBRIDGE FRIENDS—INSOMNIA—SPEAKING IN CHURCH—ACTORS AND SINGERS—LIFE IN CAMBRIDGE—CURLING.

IN 1852 I was asked to become tutor to the son of Mr Pringle of Whytbank, and for four years spent three delightful summer months at Yair, on the banks of Tweed. Young Mr Pringle, now dead, was a singularly reticent and self-centred lad. During the four years while I was his tutor I knew him perhaps as intimately as any friend he had, but I failed, as all others did, in my attempts to gain a real knowledge of his feelings, motives, and springs of action.

He lived in a world of his own, and became less companionable as he grew older. His father and mother were the most kindly, open-hearted, generous couple I have ever met.

I had still the class of Natural Philosophy to take in order to qualify for graduation. Mr and Mrs Pringle suggested that, instead of returning to Glasgow, I should take that class in Edinburgh University, and continue to be tutor to their son at the Academy. To this I agreed. I was very lucky in getting other Academy pupils for tuition, and among others the present head of the publishing firm of W. Blackwood & Sons, and two sons of Archibald MacNeill, one of whom was a competitor with R. B. Finlay (now Sir Robert Finlay, Attorney-General) for the class medal in the Academy. Up to this time Duncan MacNeill had been only a good second to Finlay, but in one of the years, when I was his tutor, he gained the medal, to the great delight of his father and mother. At this time there arose a com-

bination of incidents which threatened to have an ending at once ludicrous and disastrous. In that year I was equal first prizeman with another student in one of the divisions of the Natural Philosophy class, and coincidently with this there was a vacancy in the chair of Natural Philosophy in St Andrews through the resignation or death (I forget which) of Professor Fischer. Mr MacNeill was a man of very warm sympathies. Impelled by delight at his son's success, owing, as he thought, to my tuition, he proposed that I should offer myself as a candidate for the St Andrews vacancy. He said that he was intimate with Sir Hugh Playfair, who was at that time practically all-powerful in university matters, and could secure the appointment for me. I treated the proposal as ludicrous, and assured him that I was totally incompetent for such a position; that, though I had read mathematics and natural philosophy with success up to a certain limited extent, my bent was classics and not mathematics. He

would have it that I was far too modest (I did not know then, and I do not know now, that modesty is unduly characteristic of me); that the classes in St Andrews were small and not difficult to manage, and that I would find myself perfectly competent. Notwithstanding my strongest remonstrances he resolved that he would ask Sir Hugh to come to Edinburgh and have an interview with me. I begged him not to do so, but he stuck to his purpose and brought Sir Hugh to meet me. I had little difficulty in convincing him that the proposal was entirely out of the question, and that I was as unfit to fill the chair in question properly as to take command of the Channel Fleet. I thus escaped what would have been a calamity for St Andrews and misery for myself.

In the meantime I remained in Edinburgh, and on the advice of a clergyman, for whom I had a respect and even affection second only to that which I felt for my father, I entered the Divinity Hall with a view to becoming a

minister of the Church of Scotland. I did not at any time feel strongly drawn to this as my life-work, and, left to myself, I should have made a different choice. I had a feeling that none should choose the Church as a profession who did not take a deep interest in the work which a minister has to do, and who had not a reasonable conviction that he could do it heartily and with efficiency. It would be a gross abuse of language to characterise my attitude as one of enthusiasm; but had my leanings been much stronger than they were, they could scarcely have survived the absolute dreariness of the Divinity lectures, which were probably full of learning, but were certainly models of the driest of dry sermons, and to me utterly destitute of interest. Nor was I alone in this estimate. The majority of the students surreptitiously read books, many of them yellow-backed novels, during the lectures, and only one or two ever dreamt of taking down a note. The teaching of Hebrew was the merest farce.

Church History was on a higher level and fairly interesting, and Biblical Criticism was distinctly stimulative. I admit that I took little interest in the work of the Divinity Hall, but I do not think I was much, if any, worse than the majority of my fellow-students, or that I have misrepresented the general character of the instruction. That I might not entirely lose my time, and with an undefined intention of possibly taking to medical studies, I attended the classes of Anatomy and Chemistry during the two years of my attendance in the Divinity Hall.

I have had few disappointments in my life, and in many ways have had more than an average share of good luck. I have, however, to record one vexation which occurred during my first year of attendance at the Divinity classes. As I have said, I did not feel that going into the Church was what I was inclined to choose as my life-work. At this time an Oxford friend told me of a vacant Bible Clerk-

ship in Magdalen Hall, Oxford,¹ worth £100 a year during the undergraduate course, for which he advised me to apply. I took his advice and competed for the vacancy. There were several candidates. A day or two after the examination the Master of the College wrote saying that I was the successful candidate, and asking my age. I was delighted with my success, but on receiving my reply he wrote expressing his great regret that I was slightly above the age to which the competition was limited, and that he was obliged to give the appointment to a candidate whose merits nearly equalled mine.

When I was not attending university lectures my time was fully occupied with private pupils of various types—some preparing for the Indian Civil Service, some preparing to enter Cambridge or Oxford, some attending the Edinburgh Academy.

It is trite but true, that changes in one's career pregnant with important issues arise in

¹ Now a College, Hertford, if I am not mistaken.

ways most unexpected. I was dining with one of my pupils who was preparing for Oxford, and met there G., a Cambridge graduate, to whom my pupil had been speaking about me apparently in favourable terms. He asked me why I did not think of going to Cambridge. I replied that I could not afford it, that I was one of a family of nine, and that though my father was able to give me a Cambridge education, he could not do so without giving me a larger share than would fall to my brothers and sisters. To this G. replied that if the account he had got of me was correct it would not cost me very much; that there were in almost every college exhibitions and money prizes which would go a long way to meet my expenses. I got from him some idea of the probable expenditure for three years, and said I would think over the matter. I was strongly inclined to go, but I resolved that if I did, I should do so at my own cost and without risk to any one. Having had as many private pupils as I could undertake, I had laid past

some money. I called on a friend and told him that I had been advised to go to Cambridge, and meant to do so at my own cost if possible. I explained to him by what means I hoped to succeed in this: that I proposed to insure my life, and assign the policy to him as security for any advances he might make to me up to that amount; that all I asked was that he should have sufficient faith in me to believe that I would pay the annual premium punctually, and so secure him against all loss whether success or failure was the result. He agreed at once, and by next post my name was on the Trinity books as an intending entrant. I at first thought of making the above proposal to my father, but fearing that he might dissuade me from taking what might seem to him a rash step, and, having resolved to go, I chose to clench the matter in the way mentioned and to escape the charge of disobedience. In this unexpected way I was lost to the Church of Scotland. The loss was not great, for I never felt that I had any chance of

being a burning and a shining light in the pulpit. On the advice, however, of the clerical friend to whom I have already referred, I subsequently completed my Divinity course, but went no further, and have never worn the bands indicative of ordination to the ministry except once, when having gained an oration prize in Trinity, I had to declaim my essay in chapel arrayed in that small tag of clerical millinery.

The only other occasion on which, with no intention on my part, I masqueraded as a clergyman arose when I was spending a few days in Dornoch Hotel in Sutherlandshire, where I received a letter addressed to the Rev. John Kerr from the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge. The misnomer is to be explained by the fact that the majority of English inspectors of schools were then clergymen, and it was assumed that the same was the case in Scotland. I had no difficulty in excusing the mistake, if indeed an excuse was necessary, on finding, with delight only equalled by my surprise, that it contained a

cheque for a hundred guineas, accompanied by the intimation that I had gained the Burney prize for 1860, open to all Cambridge graduates of not more than three years' standing. I need scarcely add that the Dornoch Hotel, both on its own merits, which were great, and from its being associated with this unexpected piece of good luck, is a very pleasant memory.

It turned out that G.'s estimate of my expenditure at Cambridge was correct. I required to call on my friend for only a part of what he agreed to advance. Within a year after I graduated that sum was repaid and my insurance policy returned to me.

No sounder advice was ever given than that which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Polonius to Laertes, "Neither a borrower nor a lender be." It is, I should think, the general experience, as it has been mine in the majority of cases in which I have been a lender, that regret has been the result. A borrower, I am glad to say, I have never been. To lend money

is oftener than not to lose a friend and make an enemy. But there are cases in which a man may have yielded to a charitable impulse, and find that he has been thoroughly "taken in," and yet have no regret on the subject. An instance occurs to me during my first year at Cambridge. I had been calling on my friend Jack (now Professor Jack of Glasgow) in Peterhouse. Just as I came out, a man asked me in a good broad Scotch accent if I could tell him whether the Master of Peterhouse was a Scotsman. I told him that he was an Irishman, but had been educated in Glasgow. He looked disappointed and made a movement as if going away, adding in a somewhat sad tone, "It was a Scotsman I wanted to see." "Well," I said, "you hear from my tongue that I am a Scotsman. Can I be of any use to you?" He then gave me a simple and apparently guileless account of his position. He had a wife and children lying ill of fever in Ely, and had been obliged to spend all his savings. There was some money in Leith belonging to

himself and a brother jointly, but he could not get possession of his share without seeing his brother in Leith. All he wanted was such a sum as would take him to London that night; that he knew the engineer of the steamer that was to leave London next morning, through whom he would get a free passage to Leith; that there was no third class by the train that night, and that the second-class fare was 8s. or 9s. I was struck by the simple pathos of his story, but with Scottish caution I thought I should like to have Jack's opinion, and I asked him to come out and see the man. After getting a good look at him by the light of the street lamp we concluded that he had a good honest face, and seemed in both dress and manner a respectable artisan. We agreed, on the principle of limited liability, to give him 15s. for his fare to London and food for his voyage. He thanked us heartily but with no suspicious effusiveness, took our address and promised to repay us in a few days on his return from Leith. More than a week passed, and he

did not appear. A day or two thereafter I was having a talk with Mr Macmillan, publisher, when a Trinity Hall student, M., came in and said to Mr Macmillan that he had been "taken in" by a disreputable Scotsman, to which the jocular reply was that there was no such thing as a disreputable Scotsman. "Oh yes," said M., "there is," and he proceeded to prove it. He said that two days before, a respectable-looking man met him on the street and asked to be shown where Trinity Hall was, and where Mr S. had his rooms. His request was complied with, but S. was out (of which fact subsequent events showed that this "anxious inquirer" was perfectly aware), and M. suggested that he should write a note or leave a message which would be given to S. when he came in. He did not write, but gave the same account of his position and wants as above described, and with such effect that M. gave him a sovereign and told S. the sad story, and what he had done towards helping the poor man. "Confound the fellow," said S.,

“on the strength of the same story he got a sovereign from me a fortnight ago.” I then contributed my quota by saying that my friend and I had given him 15s. ten days ago. We there and then vowed reprisals, and succeeded. He was caught and identified, and got a month’s imprisonment. He was well known in Cambridge as “Scottie,” and actually lived by fleecing Scottish freshmen. Much as I condemn indiscriminate charity, I never regretted my lapse into it on this occasion. His story was so simply told, so circumstantial, and so moderately pathetic, except in the genuine pathos attaching to statements believed to be true, that I should have been very unhappy if I had left his appeal unanswered.

On another occasion, being importuned for help towards travelling expenses, I escaped the intended fraud by a device on which I rather plumed myself, though the amount involved was a mere trifle. At Glasgow railway station a respectably dressed young fellow came forward,

named me, and asked how I did, adding, "Perhaps you don't know me." I replied that I did not. He was not surprised at that, but he was sure I knew his father.

"Probably. Who is your father?"

"J. C.," he replied.

"Yes, I knew him, and your grandfather also."

After further conversation, which left no doubt either as to his identity or to a distinct alcoholic flavour from his person, he told me he had just returned from abroad, and was on his way to Dalry; that his funds were at a low ebb; that he had only rs. left, while the railway fare was rs. 10d. Could I lend him a shilling that he might get off by the train, the last that night, as he was anxious to get back to his home and friends after a long absence? I had serious doubt about the truth of his story, but thinking it possible that it might be true, I thought I ought to give him the benefit of the doubt, and said, "Come along then and we shall get you a ticket." At

the booking-office I put down a shilling, saying, "Dalry, third, single," and quietly awaited the production of his shilling. After searching all his pockets he found he had only 3d. Taking up my shilling I turned to him and said, "You have not told me the truth. When a man's funds are reduced so low as yours, he knows quite well whether it is a shilling or threepence that he has in his pocket. You did not mean to go to Dalry." I then left him.

I had the good fortune to get from a friend an introduction to Dr Whewell, Master of Trinity, who showed me great kindness. I was also introduced to Mr Macmillan the publisher, with whom I had many most enjoyable walks and talks. At his table I made the acquaintance of Mrs Oliphant, Professor Masson, the author of 'Tom Brown's School Days,' and others whose names will live in literature. An introduction from him to the brilliant essayist George Brimley led to my acquaintance with W. G. Clark, Public Orator, and Munro of

Lucretius fame. The late Dr Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, had his rooms below mine. Learning that I was not reading with a private tutor he set examination papers for me on many occasions, and revised them with as much care as if I had been his private pupil. All these except Masson have joined the majority, but of Cambridge friends there still remain Dr Butler and Aldis Wright, the Master and Vice-Master of Trinity, and Robert Burn, author of 'Rome and the Campagna,' whose friendship I am proud to say I still enjoy.

After "coaching" for a term or two in Cambridge, I was offered a mastership in Bury St Edmunds Grammar-School, also in an unexpected way. A fellow-student and intimate friend, who came up to the university with a high reputation for scholarship, had like many others found the first taste of academic liberty too luscious to be wholesome; had got into bad odour with the authorities for non-attendance at chapel and other irregularities; and, worse

still, had got so deeply into debt that he was not allowed to take his degree. He applied for a mastership in Bury St Edmunds, but the governors insisted on a degree as essential. The headmaster was most favourably impressed by my friend's bearing, and thought the difficulty might be got over if a fellow-student could be induced to write a letter explaining the absence of a degree. My friend applied to me. I was then an undergraduate, and thought it unlikely that a letter from me would have any weight, but on his urgently pressing me I consented. I quite forget the exact terms of my letter, but in substance it was to the effect that he was a good fellow at heart; had come up fresh from school with no experience in the management of money; had for the first time in his life tasted the sweets of freedom and in boyish fashion somewhat abused it, but in no such disgraceful way as should be a bar to success in after-life; that he was an excellent scholar, and had in him the making of a fine fellow.

As I anticipated, the appeal was unsuccessful. A year and more passed and the subject was entirely forgotten, when I received a letter from the headmaster, whom I had never seen, offering me a mastership, which he was good enough to say he did because of the letter I had written a year before in support of my friend. I accepted the offer, and was somewhat less than a year there when I was appointed Inspector of Schools in Scotland.

To a man in good health (and in this, I am glad to say, I have been singularly lucky), who steers a middle course between dead grind and absolute idleness, life in Cambridge is a most enjoyable one. There, and doubtless also at Oxford, a man reasonably social has exceptional opportunities of forming friendships that last through life. This has been my experience. Though more than forty years have passed since I ceased to be a resident there, I look forward with delight to an occasional visit to friends still left in Cambridge, sadly reduced in

number, but trusty and loyal as of old. Death has taken away many, and among these one by whose recent and lamented death the church, literature, and criticism are poorer—Canon Ainger of the Temple Church, a man of rare accomplishments and the most genial of friends. The professions—law, the church, medicine, and education—are responsible for others, and some have returned from India and Ceylon to enjoy a well-earned leisure, but when we meet the sweet savour of the comradeship of former days gives an undefinable charm to our intercourse; old stories and notable incidents are recalled, and we feel, or should like to feel, that we are almost young again.

In spite, however, of all these pleasant memories, there is one, and only one, small portion of my life that I should not be quite willing to live over again, and that is the four or five months before going in for my degree. Though I was never an idle man, like the Highlander who gave as a reason for returning to his

native island that he had found out "there was no place in the world where one could have so much leisure as in the isle of Skye," I was in no sense a bookworm. I had a fairly wide circle of intellectual friends whose society I enjoyed. With them I often spent an hour or two which, though not wasted, were not utilised in the direction of either Classics, Mathematics, or (needless to add) Philosophy, which last bulked little if at all in the Cambridge curriculum forty odd years ago. The first two years were accordingly spent most agreeably from a social point of view, and in creditably steady but not severe application to examination subjects. In the beginning of my third year I took stock of my work, and felt that, as I intended to read for both the Classical and Mathematical triposes, I had not done so much as I ought; that I had to some extent lost sight of the object I had in view in coming to Cambridge, and that I must (as the phrase goes) keep my nose to the grindstone. I did so with

the result that, after several months, insomnia set in so persistently that my college tutor strongly advised me not to attempt reading for both triposes. I accordingly gave up mathematics. Sleep, "kind nature's sweet restorer," however, paid me only short and intermittent visits, in spite of the employment of every device suggested as likely to have the desired effect. Among other experiments I got the Dean's permission to leave my rooms after the college gates were shut at ten, and walk five or six miles at the top of my speed, and by exhaustion get to sleep. This also failed. One Sunday Bishop Trench was preaching in St Mary's. I went to hear him, and though the sermon was, as I was told, a very eloquent one, I fell sound asleep. Ah, I thought, I have at last found the remedy! I must get one of my intimate friends to read me asleep with a dull sermon, the soporific effect of which is remarkable even on those who cannot plead insomnia. My friend consented, and when he saw that I

was "going off" judiciously lowered his tone, and when he thought I was fairly over he stopped. The very slight noise he made in leaving the room awoke me, and I found that this too had failed. None but those who have suffered from sleeplessness can understand its torture. During the day I was not conscious of being nervous. I took my food much as usual, and did a fair amount of reading, but in a spiritless way and with largely evanescent result. But as soon as my head was laid on the pillow I became restless, tossed and turned from side to side, feeling the immense importance of sleep, while the very effort to get it kept me awake. When the examination week arrived I asked medical advice for the first time in my life, and paid a guinea for a sleeping draught which both failed to make me sleep and stupefied me when awake. But enough of this. I have slept well ever since, and, as I have said, I should gladly live over again all my past life except these four or five miserable months.

Although I had this attack of insomnia at a very unfortunate time, I have usually little difficulty in getting as much sleep as I require. The tendency, indeed, is in the opposite direction. When from fatigue in travelling or exhaustion from other causes I become sleepy, sleep I must in defiance of any effort I can make to keep awake. After a very hard run with the Eglinton foxhounds many years ago, I fell sound asleep between the second and third courses of my dinner. As I was dining alone this was a very small matter. But often in the company of people for whom I had the greatest respect, and towards whom I should have been extremely sorry to exhibit *gaucherie* of any kind, I have, notwithstanding frequent pinchings and changes of position in order to keep awake, got into the border-land of sleep for a few moments, and made inconsequent remarks which had not the slightest connection with the topic that was being discussed. On one occasion I narrowly escaped getting into a serious scrape through

this weakness. I was invited by a lady to spend a few days at a parsonage in the north of England. The lady was a sister of the parson, whom I had never met. I travelled all Saturday night and reached the parsonage early on Sunday morning. I had grave doubts about the propriety of going to morning service in view of the generally soporific effects of a sermon, especially when preceded, as on the present occasion, by an all-night journey. Still, as a guest in the house of a gentleman to whom I was a stranger, common civility seemed to make my presence in church imperative. Apprehensive of what might happen, I carefully avoided the restful corners of the parson's pew, which was close to and immediately in front of the pulpit and in full view of the preacher. I sat bolt upright and kept my eye steadily fixed upon him, resolved to resist to the death the wily advances of Morpheus. It was in vain. After not many minutes I was betrayed into a nod. Changing my position slightly and pinching myself hard,

I assumed a look of intense interest, meant to intimate to the preacher that I was closely following all he said. By-and-by another nod followed, and yet another, which were dealt with in the same way. At last, after a very pronounced nod, in order to assure him that I heard and agreed with all he said, I uttered (just think of it!) a "Yes, quite so," audible to those near me, but fortunately not all over the church. I attempted—unsuccessfully, as it turned out—to cover the utterance by a cough or two. I need hardly say that I nodded no more. My lady friend on leaving the church asked me quizzically if I had not spoken during the sermon. I had no choice but to plead guilty.

My behaviour on this occasion recalls the story told of the Duke of Cambridge (the late Duke's father), who when the parson said, "Let us pray," responded, "Yes, by all means."

This was bad enough, but less blameworthy than the behaviour of a worshipper in a church in Dumbartonshire who deliberately prepared

for a sleep as soon as the text was given out. On one occasion the pulpit was occupied by the minister of a neighbouring parish who had a very loud rough voice, so different from the soft sounds that usually formed his lullaby, that, after a few sentences, he glanced at the preacher with a dissatisfied look, and murmured loud enough to be heard by those near him, "Ay, ye're just rayther lood for me." Down again, however, went his head for another trial. Finding it still hopeless, he muttered reproachfully, "There's naebody could sleep here," and left the church.

I knew well an old plain-spoken lady in Aberdeen who had a habit of thinking aloud. She was present when a sermon was preached against cruelty to animals. The subject was discussed in a great variety of aspects. The last dealt with was vivisection, against which the preacher thundered his strongest denunciations. When the sermon was ended the old lady leant back in her pew and was heard to

say, "It is perhaps all true, but I must confess that I like to eat oysters alive."

Of the actors of fifty years ago I have a distinct recollection of Macready, Mr and Mrs Charles Kean, Helen Faucit, Robson, Matthews, Vandenhoff, and Phelps, the most of them tragedians, and especially excellent in the plays of Shakespeare, which, unfortunately as I think, have been supplanted to too great an extent by comedies clever and amusing, but, it must be added, largely farcical and evanescent. The trend of modern taste is towards what is light, funny, and grotesque, and often with a leaning towards the seamy side of social life. No play of an elevating tendency could "run" for hundreds of successive nights as many modern plays do. Plays of the highest class presented to the public by such actors as Irving, Ellen Terry, Beerbohm Tree, and such companies as they usually bring with them, still draw full houses, and these actors can bear comparison with those of former days. On a much lower

level was Alexander of the Theatre Royal in Glasgow. No man was better known or more laughed at than he. He was a miserable actor, but a good theatrical manager, a great favourite with a Glasgow audience,—not for his acting, but for the amusement he gave them by unhesitatingly taking any *rôle*, young or old, tragic or comic, however ludicrously unfit he might be for doing it justice. He often mistook jeering applause for genuine appreciation. At times he saw its real character, and when he did he had no hesitation in coming to the front of the stage and lecturing the audience for their mock applause. On one occasion when, though an old man, he was playing the part of Romeo to a young Juliet, and, after swallowing the poison, was lying dead, the grotesqueness of the situation evoked from the gods applause which Alick (the name by which he was universally known) felt was meant for mockery. Rising to his feet he came to the front of the stage and said, "You think I can't play Romeo, but I can

play Romeo. I have played it before" (naming some people of distinction), "and I shall play it again." He then lay down and died a second time.

The theatre-going public of Edinburgh in the end of the eighteenth century had the character of being singularly sparing of their applause to even the most distinguished actors. It is said that the famous Mrs Siddons knew this, and resolved to warm into life their traditional coldness by her rendering of a thrilling passage which everywhere else brought down the house. She gave it with all the impassioned force and feeling of which she had such splendid mastery, and from her most outspoken admirer got for her reward, "Ay, that's no sae bad."

Of famous singers I have listened with delight to Jenny Lind, Titiens, Mario, and our own countrymen Wilson and Templeton, and many others. Mario had at the time when I heard him fallen somewhat below his best, but was still charming. When Wilson was being trained for professional singing he sang a love-song with

exquisite quality of voice but with insufficient passion and expression. His teacher told him he must put more feeling into it, and sing as if he were really in love. "Eh, man," he replied, "hoo can I do that and me a marriety man?"

I am convinced, in the experience of a long life, during which, though I have never felt the pinch of poverty, I am not now and have no expectation of being rich, that while wealth is with many the measure of a man's importance, it is not so in the estimation of those whose opinions we value or whose society we wish to cultivate. To know oneself is in some respects difficult. Unless I have signally failed in my pursuit of this knowledge, I may say that I have never aimed at appearing other than I am in this respect, and that I have found my advantage in avoiding pretence of wealth. Very early in my life at Cambridge I had occasion to put this in practice. I made the acquaintance of men whose allowances from wealthy fathers were many

times greater than the means at my disposal. Wine-parties and luxurious breakfasts were much more in evidence forty years ago than they are now. We dined then at 4 instead of at 7 or 7.30 as now. Supper-parties in one's own rooms were accordingly common forms of entertainment. I was invited to one of these in my first term by a student of large means. I accepted, and found a magnificent "spread"—costly dishes, wines of rare vintage, and delicacies of all kinds regardless of expense. It was an exceedingly pleasant party. I told my friend next day how much I had enjoyed it, adding that I was sorry that to return it in kind was entirely beyond my means, and that he must excuse me if in future I should decline a similar invitation: that I could not afford to have a stock of wine, and that I could not rise to a higher level in beverages than sound well-matured Scotch whisky. If, however, he and others like him could accept such humble hospitality and a modest supper in exchange

for the splendour of the previous night, a *modus vivendi* could be found, and I should be very glad. My terms were accepted, with the result that I had as much of the best society in Trinity as was desirable and compatible with reasonable work.

I have followed the same plan in my intercourse with the world outside the university, and have found it work well. As Inspector of Schools all over Scotland I have met many men of great wealth, and am satisfied that to have only a fairly comfortable income is no bar to associating on equal terms with rich men whose good opinion is worth having, and who are really worth knowing. If a man of moderate means makes no pretence to be rich; if he is natural, and has reasonable independence of spirit and good manners, he will not find himself uncomfortable in the society of people whose means are immeasurably larger than his own. I have also come into contact with many men of rank and title, and I do not remember any

instance in which I failed to receive the greatest kindness and consideration. This, I am convinced, depends entirely on a man's maintaining, to the best of his judgment, a happy mean between forwardness and servility. He will avoid the former by feeling that it is a matter not only of good manners but of sensible modesty to pay due respect to people of higher rank than himself; he will avoid the latter by considering that, after all, the person of even the highest rank cannot be more than a gentleman, and that, if he comports himself as such, he is quite sure to be taken at his own valuation, if he has had the good sense not to pitch his estimate too high. A man can, without laying himself open to the charge of self-conceit or forwardness, avoid a "whispering humbleness" and a feeling of being weighed down by a sense of inferiority in the presence of those who are in common parlance called his "betters."

There is nothing which so completely establishes a temporary common ground between

rank and the absence of it as the game of curling, from which I have all my life derived the keenest enjoyment. The combination of chance and skill in the game, the exhilaration of keen crisp air, and the inimitable though unaccented music of the stone as it speeds on its course to make or mar a fine shot, probably account for an amount of enthusiasm and good-natured noise unknown in any other field of sport. What man is there who, after he has acquired fair skill in delivering his stone, would not sacrifice to a day's curling with congenial companions any other amusement? I know no such man.

A good but, for my purpose, a perhaps too well-known anecdote is told of Lord K., who had as a partner an enthusiastic butcher. The skip had just delivered a stone the goal of which meant victory or defeat on the day's play. It was beautifully played but seemed rather weak, and required vigorous sweeping from both Lord K. and the butcher. The latter in his frenzy

sounded every note from the highest to the lowest in the gamut of exhortation—thus, “Soop, Lord K.; soop, my Lord; soop, K.; soop hard, man; soop, ye beggar, soop!”

There are a good many words and phrases used by curlers which are apt to be misunderstood by the uninitiated. I have introduced several Englishmen to the game. One of them was a young officer who did not know that the skip’s order not to “touch a stone” meant that it was not to be swept or interfered with. He was determined to do his duty, which he evidently thought consisted largely in sweeping. A stone was played much too strong on very keen ice, and the young fellow prepared to sweep. “Don’t touch it,” bawled the skip; “don’t touch it!” “Touch it,” he replied, still sweeping for all he was worth—“no, I wouldn’t touch it for the world.”

I took out another English officer to our club about four years ago. In the course of the game he played a stone which stopped beauti-

fully on the tee. On being told that he was a "pat-lid" he thought himself insulted.

Even the majesty of the law is not safe from levelling familiarity in the mouths of curlers. A learned sheriff, who was also a keen curler, was asked by the skip, who was a mason, to play a strong shot so as to remove a dangerous stone. "Do ye see this stane, Sheriff? Weel, gie him sixty days."

A clergyman told me the other day of an incident with one of his congregation on the ice. This man was much addicted to the use of strong language when either he himself or one on his side played a bad shot. The clergyman was displeased with this, and told him that he would not curl with him again unless he abstained from swearing. John said he was sorry and would do his best not to give offence. In the course of the game there were several very bad shots played. The clergyman kept his eye on John, and saw him close his lips with a strong effort several times. When the game

was over the clergyman asked him to come into the manse and have a cup of tea. John replied that he would follow immediately. He then went off a short distance, and was overheard pouring forth a perfect torrent of objurgations on himself in the most profane terms. Having relieved himself in this way he went into the manse and had tea with a mind at rest.

CHAPTER III.

APOLOGIES FOR MISTAKES—BUSINESS AND SENTIMENT INCOMPATIBLE—REPARTEES—THE JUDGE AND THE SHERIFF—POOR SERMONS—TOLL-BARS AND PARSIMONY—A POINTLESS STORY—RAILWAY INCIDENTS—"I'LL FECHT NAE MAIR"—JENNER AND TENNYSON—FORCE SOMETIMES A REMEDY—UNINTELLIGENT TEACHING.

THE best and most accurate among us make occasional mistakes in opinion or action, or both, and the most foolish are those who do not frankly admit and apologise when they have made a slip. They are foolish because they lose enormously thereby. There is a class from whom, on the score of policy or traditional habit, an admission of error will be looked for in vain,—the impeccable editors of newspapers. The tradition is unquestionable, but the wisdom of the policy may even in their case be doubted.

When Mr Wallace (afterwards M.P. for one of the divisions of Edinburgh) was editor of 'The Scotsman,' a newspaper correspondence arose on a Roman Catholic question, on which he took a side. To this Father D. made a vigorous and very clever reply, on which the editor's very short comment, in the form of a foot-note, was, "There is a good deal to be said for Father D.'s letter from his point of view, but he must remember there are other points of view." Shortly after this the editor met the Archbishop at dinner and said, "Your Grace has, I think, a Father D. in your diocese."

"Yes," he replied, "and a very able man he is."

"Yes," said Mr Wallace, "he wrote us a letter the other day which we could not answer; but you know, of course, we could not admit this."

The action of Dr Robert Lee, Professor of Biblical Criticism in Edinburgh, was different from this, and incomparably nobler, on an oc-

casion on which he had made a mistake in his treatment of my friend M., a student in his class. The Doctor was eminently fair but of a somewhat hasty temper. My friend was being examined, and was asked to state the various views of eminent theologians as to the interpretation of a very difficult passage, and in doing so said something which the Doctor said was entirely wrong. M. replied that he did not mean that the view he had given was correct, but that it was certainly the view of the theologian whom he had named. The Doctor peremptorily repeated that M. was quite wrong. "With all deference," said M., "I must ask you to excuse me for saying that my account is correct, for I was reading up the subject this morning before I came to this class." The Doctor got angry and said, "I have twice told you that you are wrong, and you dare to maintain you are right. Sit down, sir." M. of course sat down, and felt insulted. He had permission to leave the room every day ten minutes before the end of the hour to keep an engagement

with a private pupil. In going out he (unconsciously, he assured me) slammed the door with some violence. When the class met next day, Dr Lee at once asked M. to stand up. "Mr M.," he said, "I insulted you yesterday publicly in the presence of your fellow-students, and I now as publicly apologise for my rudeness. You were right, and I was wrong. Please come into my room at the end of the hour and let us have a talk." Dr Lee was thenceforward M.'s hearty friend.

I suppose we must accept as correct the dictum of men who have spent their lives in business, that there must be no commingling of business and sentiment; that sentiment is an excellent thing in itself, and plays an important part in many of the affairs of life both personal and national; but in matters of pounds, shillings, and pence, in exchange of commodities, in drafting of contracts, and in all concerns in which a *quid pro quo* is involved, there is not, and ought not to be, any trace of sentiment. The feelings that hover round

home and country and make them sacred have made history all over the world, have nerved the patriot's arm and encouraged the philanthropist's efforts, but they must be kept in their own place. Business is business. It must have been observed, however, that money - making has generally a hardening influence on character. I know many instances to the contrary, but that this is the general tendency is, I think, unquestionable. Both truth and shrewdness were shown by the man who, being asked when he would say a man had acquired a competence, replied, "When he has got a little more than he has already." I remember being one of a dinner-party at which, over our nuts and wine, the subject of money-making was discussed. One of the party remarked that he quite saw the reasonableness of a man heaping up wealth for a definite purpose—providing for a large family, founding a needed charitable institution, acquiring a title, or gratifying any other reasonable ambition ; but that a man should sacrifice his comfort and enjoyment of life in order

to augment immense hoards which he knew he could not, and did not intend to spend on anything or in any way whatever, seemed to him a kind of mental disease, or at any rate an unwholesome, undesirable, and unreasonable mental condition. To this a gentleman, the possessor of a colossal fortune, of which he was himself the architect, replied that his friend forgot the universally recognised fact that one man's meat might be another man's poison ; that sources of enjoyment were so various as to be almost innumerable, and that it was most difficult to draw a line on one side of which the reasonable, and on the other the unreasonable, enjoyments could be definitely marshalled. He said he had an old bachelor friend, a very rich man, with no nearer relations than a nephew. He was of very careful habits, and gave himself none of the luxuries he could so well afford. His friends represented to him the folly of this, adding that his wealth would all go to this scapegrace of a nephew, who would soon squander it. "Ah! well," he re-

plied, "if he has as much pleasure in spending as I have had in making it, he is perfectly welcome."

I have often regretted having failed in my intention of keeping a regular diary, or, if that is too grand a word, a short note of events worth remembering, of conversations with persons worth knowing, and of smart repartees by quick-witted people and amusing blunders by others. I have, I daresay, quite an average memory, but I am certain that I have entirely forgotten far more than I have remembered, while the recollection of many notable incidents is so vague and shadowy that a reproduction of them would be very unsatisfactory.

I am, however, tempted, even at the risk of telling a twice-told tale, to record some of which I have a distinct recollection. Professor Blackie received on some special occasion—Christmas or his birthday—from a lady of genuine piety and practical benevolence a cheese and a volume of Sankey's hymns. The versatile Professor

sent back by the messenger who brought the gifts the following reply:—

“Blessed is she who has done what she could
To make a lean man fat, a bad man good.
For the body cheese, for the soul Sankey,
For both I thank ye.”

Several years ago a French savant paid a visit to Cambridge and was being entertained in King's College. An old friend of mine sat next him, and wishing to find some topic of conversation which would be mutually interesting, pointed to a fine portrait of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe by Herkomer, painted a year or two before. “That,” he said, “is a portrait of Lord Stratford, our foreign representative at the time of the Crimean war, who did such excellent service for his country when your soldiers and ours were fighting side by side against Russia.” “Ah,” said the Frenchman, sadly mixed in his history, and confounding Stratford and Strafford—“Ah yes,” and making

a significant sweep of his arm round his neck, "but you did cut of his head, *voilà tout*."

A Berlin professor on a visit to England was being entertained at Cambridge, and took occasion with very questionable taste and in an offensively bumptious way to pooh-pooh English learning, ending with, "Why, in English you have not even a word corresponding to the German *Gelehrter*." "Oh yes," said my friend, the late Henry Sidgwick, with his well-known stammer, "we have p-p-p-*prig*."

It was in my time, and probably still is, customary for the genuine student after attending a lecture to remain behind and have a talk with the lecturer on any point about which he had some difficulty. After a Greek lecture by W. G. Clark, then Public Orator, an undergraduate, who was known by Mr Clark to be in no sense an inquiring student, remained to ask a question. He had happened to see in the Greek lexicon "*σησάμη*—an eastern leguminous plant." Here was a splendid oppor-

tunity for puzzling the lecturer. A newly born interest was felt in this plant, and this would-be student thirsted for information. Mr Clark, grasping the situation and remembering the "open sesame" of the 'Arabian Nights,' stroked his beard gravely, and said it was a plant well known for its *aperient* qualities.

It is told of Tom Taylor, editor of 'Punch,' that when he was confined to bed by serious illness his wife beguiled the tedium of a sick-bed by reading extracts from a variety of authors. On one occasion a very abstruse poem of Robert Browning's was the subject. After listening for a quarter of an hour he asked his wife if she understood what she had read. "Not one word," she replied. "Then, thank God," said Taylor, "I have not yet lost my judgment."

Within the recollection of many still living there were in Edinburgh two gentlemen of the long robe, a Judge and a Sheriff, the former well known for the depth of his potations, of

which he made no concealment, the latter for his devotion to the solids of nutriment in respect of both quantity and variety. Of this feature in his character he was quite unconscious, and indeed thought his appetite much below average. The landladies of some of the hotels in the north, where he took up his quarters in the discharge of his official duties, were often at their wits' end in responding to his demands. After finishing an enormous breakfast he would send for the landlady and say, "Mrs L., I don't feel quite well this morning. I have a slight touch of indigestion. I shall come in for a slight lunch between one and two o'clock. On being asked what he would like, he would answer that he would leave it to her; he wanted only a small snack of whatever was most convenient for her. But upon this followed a detailed specification of the snack, which might have done duty for an elaborate dinner. Mrs L. listened with consternation, and asked what he wished for dinner. "Would you like soup, Sheriff?"

“Yes. I’m very fond of soup. Let me have a spoonful of clear and perhaps a spoonful of mulligatawny soup.”

Then followed in similar detail his wishes in respect of fish, entrées, joints, dessert, and cheese, ending with, “but I leave it to you, Mrs L. As I have said, I have a slight touch of indigestion. I’m sure you will manage it all very nicely.”

On one occasion the Judge and the Sheriff were in the same hotel, and the Sheriff, after ordering one of these little snacks, turned round to the Judge and said, “It has often been remarked as extraordinary that a man of my build” (he was distinctly corpulent) “can subsist on the very small amount of food that I consume.” To which his lordship, with a merry twinkle, replied, “Why, do you know, Sheriff, precisely the same remark has been made about my drinking.”

A good many years ago I was told an anecdote of Cockburn, afterwards Lord Cockburn, which,

as I have never heard it repeated, is probably not generally known. Before he was raised to the bench he was engaged to defend in the General Assembly a very stupid minister who was threatened with deposition because of his sermons, which were thought to be either unintelligible or heretical, or both. In such trials, or in addressing a jury, Cockburn's success as an advocate was due not to brilliant and fervid pleading, but to his air of sincerity and conviction of the goodness of his cause. His aim was to convince those whom he addressed not that he was a clever, but an earnest, honest man, who was laying before them a plain unvarnished account, of the truth of which he himself had not the slightest doubt. On this occasion he explained away the objectionable passages by maintaining that his client was a man of great original power, a bold manly spirit who despised the conventional expressions with which men of meaner capacity and ignorant of metaphysics were satisfied, and that the faults

with which he was charged constituted the strongest claim to respect and admiration. A member, convinced by his arguments, made up his mind to vote in favour of the minister, and asked Cockburn to introduce him. Pointing in a certain direction, Cockburn said, "Do you see that man with a head like a bull-stirk?" "Yes," he replied. "Well, that's him, and he is the only man in the House that doesn't understand a single word I've been saying."

This minister may have been as incompetent as he was supposed to be, but for stupidity and unredeemed bathos I should be inclined to award the palm to a young preacher to whom I once listened in a Forfarshire church. He had just finished his studies and was licensed—I cannot say qualified—to preach. He chose for his text "Jesus wept." After a few vapid and almost meaningless remarks he said, "Yes, my friends, the law of gravitation has been the cause of much that is important in this world, but it has never done anything so great and

so glorious as when it caused these tears to fall from the eyes of Jesus." I never saw or heard of him again, and do not know that he was ever elected to a church; but it is not uncharitable to hope that a man who reduced Christ's weeping to the operation of the law of gravitation never had the welfare of a parish put under his charge.

The subject of preaching recalls an anecdote perhaps not universally known. A licentiate who had charge of a mission station with a small salary was appointed to the chaplaincy of a jail. On the Sunday previous to demitting his charge, and before he commenced his sermon, he announced the fact, and said that he had three reasons for leaving them. "In the first place," he said, "I leave you because you do not love God, for very few of you come regularly to church; in the second place, you do not love one another, for there have been no marriages among you during the three years I have been your minister; and in the third place, you do

not love me, for you contribute very little to the small income I get. I have nothing more to say on this subject. You will find my text in the fourteenth chapter of St John's Gospel, second verse, 'I go to prepare a place for you.'"

Of another member of the legal profession in Edinburgh upwards of fifty years ago there are sundry anecdotes, so far as I know, unrecorded, or if recorded perhaps not generally known. He was a person of small stature and of by no means imposing appearance. That this was not exactly the description he would have given of himself may be gathered from the following incident. He was fond of riding, and at this time tolls on turnpike roads were not abolished. The lease of toll-bars was periodically, perhaps annually, settled by public roup and often changed hands. Shortly after this roup, when the toll-bar at Jock's Lodge had got a new occupant, the lawyer in question was taking his usual ride in that direction, and found when he came to the bar that, in changing his ordinary for his riding

suit, he had forgotten to take his purse with him. He explained this to the worthy woman in charge, adding that he often rode in this direction and would pay her the next time he passed through. Not knowing him she said, "Na, ye maun pay me the day."

"My good woman," he replied, "how can I pay you when I have not my purse in my pocket? I'll pay you to-morrow."

"Na, ye maun pay me the day."

"My good woman, just take a look at me. Do I look like a person who would cheat you for twopence?"

After deliberately surveying him from head to heel, she replied, "Ay, I'll trouble you for the tippence."

Another incident shows pretty clearly his own estimate of his personal appearance. He happened on one occasion to be the first arrival at a dinner-party, and on being shown into the drawing-room found it, as he thought, empty, and did not see that a young lady, a member

of the family, was in a recess which had not caught his eye. Going up to the large mirror over the mantelpiece, adjusting his tie, and taking an attitude, he soliloquised thus, "Not positively handsome, but d—d genteel."

The toll-bar incident recalls another, well authenticated, in which not a lawyer but a North Country laird was the principal figure. He was known to be very close-fisted, and it will further be seen that the keepers of toll-bars other than the one at Jock's Lodge required to be on their guard. This laird when riding to a town in Aberdeenshire overtook a lady of his acquaintance, also riding. On arriving at the bar the lady found that she had not taken her purse with her. The laird insisted on paying for her. She objected, knowing that he would grudge the small expenditure. He refused to listen to the objection and paid the toll. When they came to the parting of the ways she thanked him, adding that his kindness was quite unnecessary, as she could have paid

for herself the next time she passed that way. "Oh," said the laird, "it doesn't matter much; it was an ill shilling I gied the wife."

The above is an instance of absolute dishonesty and much worse than meanness. There are, however, instances of meanness that make a perilously near approach to dishonesty. One such came lately under my notice. A professor in one of our universities by his will made a relative heir to several thousand pounds, which, having neither wife nor child, he had accumulated during a pretty long life. The deceased was highly respected by a wide circle of friends, some of whom suggested to the legatee that he ought to erect a gravestone to his memory. To this he gave a direct refusal, and the grave remains unmarked by memorial of any kind.

Separated from this by an exceedingly thin line is the case of Thomas Thorp, who left all his means to a distant relative saddled with only one condition—viz., that the legatee should erect a headstone inscribed with his name, and

a verse of poetry. The stone was erected by a local mason, but the poetry was still wanting. The mason happened to have some rhyming faculty, and undertook to supply the needed verse. The legatee, like Mrs John Gilpin, though on duty bent, had a frugal mind, and asked him to make it very short. Next day the poet submitted for approval—

“ Here lies the corp
Of Thomas Thorp.”

The chiselling at so much a letter amounted to more than the legatee anticipated, and he asked him to shorten it. Next day he submitted

Thorp's
Corps,

which was accepted.

Economy takes many different shapes, some of them undignified and even vulgar. A man who had remained unmarried till he was well up in years at last took unto himself a wife. When

asked why, after being so long a bachelor, he had thought of marriage, he replied that he had a great objection to waste of any kind; that though he had done his best to make his servant prepare no more food than he could consume, there was always some left over; that this remainder was given to the pig, and he thought he might as well keep a wife as a pig.

I got from one of my friends an account of a conversation he had with a Highland ghillie, which for confusion of thought, caution against giving offence, and absolute pointlessness, has always seemed to me unique. It is impossible to convey to paper the humour of the man's manner, his hopeless struggles to make the story intelligibly coherent, and the strong Highland accent. The names of places and persons connected with it are suppressed.

My friend was shooting in the Highlands, and while taking lunch in the neighbourhood of a large mansion he asked the ghillie the name of the house.

"Ah yes," he replied, "it will be called P. House."

"Who lives in it?"

"Oh, it will be Mr C. who lives there."

"It is a fine house, and it must be a very old family, I suppose?"

"Oh, jist a muddlin' old family, and it's not so fine a house as K. where Mr L. lives. His house is on an island—yes, jist an island at high water, you know, and it's a fery old family. He'll be living there for eight or nine hundred years: yes, himself and his father before him, you know. Well, Mr C. will be living here and be taking care of his money, and Mr L. will be living at K. in his house on an island, yes, jist an island at high water, yes, for eight or nine hundred years, and he'll be spending his money, but a good man for all that. The other is a good man too. Oh yes, both good men, but dufferent men too. Well, Mr L. will go through all his money, and to get more money he'll let his house on the island, and go away to the East Indies

or the West Indies or somewhere there, and he'll be there for fufy years and more trying to save money ; and Mr C. will be living here. Yes, the one will be living there in the East Indies or the West Indies or somewhere there, ay, for fufy years, and the other will be living here taking care of his money, but they are both good men. Yes, the one will be living there, ay, for fufy years, and the other will be living here and—Well, I don't mind how it goes now, but that's the way of it whatefer."

Railway travelling now and then furnishes amusing experiences. On one of my journeys to London the occupant of the seat opposite was a man who, either from fatigue or over-indulgence, slept almost the whole way from Glasgow. He was awakened from his slumber at all the stations where the tickets were checked, and on every occasion uttered maledictions against the ticket-collector. On reaching the station nearest to London, at which the tickets are taken up, he was again awakened with the

same result, and the ticket was taken from him. Still sleepy, he again lay back in his corner, but suddenly remembering that he had not got back the ticket which had given him so much annoyance, he jumped up and bawled out, "Guard, where's my ticket?" I told him we were near London and that he didn't need it again. "Oh, then," he replied, with great fervour, "thank the Lord for that," and again he slept.

On another occasion a man was punished not too severely for selfishness and lying. A very full train was within a few minutes of starting from Manchester for London. A gentleman had gone the whole length of the train and saw only one vacancy, and it was occupied by a Gladstone bag. In his difficulty he opened the carriage door, and was about to remove the bag, when the passenger on the opposite corner told him that it belonged to a friend who had taken the seat. "Well," said the other, who was evidently a man of experience and grasped

the situation, "the train will start in a minute, and I fear your friend will be too late. At any rate I must go to London by this train, and I shall keep this seat till your friend arrives." He accordingly sat down, taking the bag on his knee. He then took out his watch and said, "There's only half a minute left. I'm afraid your friend will be too late." He then got up and kept looking out anxiously for the belated friend till the whistle sounded. "Hallo," he said, "we're off; your friend has lost the train, but he must not lose his bag," and with that he threw it out on the platform, anticipating the other's ejaculation, "Good God, sir, that was my bag." "What a pity," returned the other blandly, "that you said it was your friend's. I have acted for the best. I thought it a pity that your friend should suffer serious loss."

Even in this levelling age, with its tendency towards smoothing old-world individuality down to a dull monotony, the sayings and doings of the minister's man are not yet extinct. A minister

of the Church of Scotland in one of the Border counties had a man-servant who for a good many years was a most peace-loving, law-abiding creature. This did not continue. One day when John was working on the glebe adjoining the public road, a company of gipsies passed by and gave him so much impertinence that he jumped over the hedge and gave one or two of them a sound drubbing. His success had evidently changed the peaceful current of his blood to such an extent that he scarcely ever went to a fair or feeing-market without coming to blows with somebody. The minister knew this and was sorry for it, but took no steps in the direction of remedy till one day John said something to him which seemed not quite respectful. No notice was taken of it at the time, but a day or two afterwards the minister asked him to meet him in the barn. He then said he had seen the change in his habits, and had heard that he got into quarrels at every market he went to. He added that he had a great liking

for him, and was afraid he might come off second best with some of the Border lads who could use their fists cleverly. He then produced two pairs of boxing-gloves which he had used when he was a lad at college, and proposed that John should put on the one pair and he would put on the other. John was of course horrified at the very idea of trying conclusions with the minister, and consented only after long persuasion. The minister proposed that John should have ten minutes to show how he could strike, and then the minister was to have ten minutes to try how John could defend himself. The gloves were put on most unwillingly, and a few very feeble attempts were made to get a blow home on the minister, who commenced to chaff him by saying that if that was the way he struck out, there were dozens of the Border lads who could double him up in five minutes. "You must hit harder and quicker," he said; "don't be afraid of hurting me. I'll take care of myself." From continued failure and the

minister's provoking laughter, John's temper rose, and he began to slog viciously, but all to no purpose. Every blow was guarded, and at the end of the ten minutes he had not planted one blow on the minister's prominent feature. "Well, John," said the minister, "you have not made much of that. Let me see now how you can defend yourself." With that he landed with his left a straight blow on his nose. Up went John's hands, and the minister's right landed another on his chest. Down went John's hands, and again the minister's left found its way to his nose. This was repeated over and over again, John meanwhile retreating to the wall, and once there the minister continued hammer and tongs, left right, left right, for ten minutes. At last he stopped and said, "Now, John, what do you think of that?" "Faith, minister," he replied, "I'll fecht nae mair."

Charles Jenner, who established the large and well-known emporium in Princes Street, Edinburgh, was a man of great ability, strongly

marked character, and peculiar likes and dislikes. His veneration for Tennyson was a passion. Having got the poet's consent to give a sitting for a portrait bust, he ordered a block of the finest Pentelic marble from Greece and intrusted the execution of the work to Mr Brodie the sculptor. He performed his task with his well-known ability, but the result, though an excellent likeness, did not quite come up to Mr Jenner's ideal of Tennyson's happiest expression. He admitted that it was a work of high art, and did his best to feel satisfied with it, but in vain, and the question was what he should do with it. He said to himself, "When I die and my belongings are sold some confoundedly rich American will buy it. I cannot allow it to be carried off to America as representing the characteristic expression of the great poet. It must be destroyed." Seizing a hammer, he approached the beautiful bust, and was about to deal it a sacrilegious blow and shiver it into atoms, but a glance at its beauty and his feeling

for art stayed his hand. He felt that it was coarse and brutal to deal thus with a thing so exquisite, but Tennyson must not be misrepresented. A carboy of hydrochloric acid was got and emptied into a trough, into which the bust was placed face downmost, to disappear with the gentleness of mild decay. His action throughout indicates a mental condition bordering closely on a kind of insanity, but in his change of purpose there is a strain of poetry with which one cannot help having a certain amount of sympathy.

There are circumstances in which the maxim "Force is no remedy" is a fallacy. I have not often had occasion to put it into practice, but there have been cases in my experience where to use, or threaten to use it has done good service: cases in which I felt that I could be angry and sin not, and where a distinct hint at personal castigation was not only not vulgar, but consistent with self-respect and eminently salutary.

For several years as Inspector of Schools in the north of Scotland, before railways had reached that latitude, I did my travelling to a large extent on horseback. One evening, after several days of long journeys, I was riding in Ross-shire at a gentle trot on my willing but somewhat jaded steed, when I was overtaken by a party in a dogcart driven at a rattling pace. They pulled up and challenged me to a race. I refused civilly, adding that my horse had had a long journey and was very tired. The driver of the dogcart, a respectably dressed young fellow, made some disparaging remarks on my mount and drove off. A little farther on they stopped till I overtook them, when the proposal of a race was repeated. I gave the same answer, and trotted on to get rid of them. Before long they came up and passed me with some jeering remarks of which I took no notice. This passing and repassing was repeated several times in the course of the next three or four miles, each time accompanied by comments on my horse as in-

sulting as they were undeserved. I still took no notice of them, but I cannot say my "blood kept on its wont and tempered flood." At last they drove off, and I saw no more of them till in passing a roadside inn I saw the dogcart at the door, and the driver who had taken the leading part in the annoyance standing at the horse's head. He was commencing in much the same strain. I dismounted at once, and handing my bridle to a boy, went up to him and said, "For the last half-hour you have been trying to irritate me by insulting remarks, and you have succeeded. Now that we are face to face on the level, have you the pluck to repeat any of your impudence? No, I thought as much. If there was a policeman in this neighbourhood I should hand you over to him. There is perhaps none in this country district. So just let me say that I am going to get into my saddle again, and that if you utter one single word of an insulting character I shall jump off and do my best to give you as much as will improve

your behaviour in future. Now I mean what I have said. If you doubt it, just try." He did not try, and I had no more trouble with him.

The Revised Code of education which was introduced in 1862 made provision for nothing but reading, writing, and arithmetic in their barest forms. There was no suggestion about intelligence, grammar, geography, or history. Though its application to Scotland was only tentative and formal, it had unquestionably a deadening effect on intelligence in the hands of a mechanical teacher. I had many proofs of this during the ten years of its existence. Though explanation of the reading lesson was not demanded, it was not neglected in schools of average efficiency. In some it was neglected. The following is an example. The lesson was one giving an account of a clever dog which had rescued a child from drowning. It was said that the dog was caressed by the parents of the child. I asked what was the meaning of caressed, and the answer came at once, "Made

of fond led." On referring to the list of words at the top of the lesson I found the explanation given was, "made of, fondled." Wishing to find out if any child in the class had got a glimmering of the meaning I went from top to bottom, and got from every child nothing but "made of fond led," pronounced as four words, to which they attached no meaning whatever. The teacher was surprised that I was not satisfied with the intelligence of the teaching.

Professor Menzies, for a number of years visitor of the Dick Bequest schools in Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray, often complained of the barbarous pronunciation of men of whose teaching in other respects he approved. To one of these he recommended the purchase of a pronouncing dictionary. The advice was taken, and the dictionary faithfully used with some amount of success. On a subsequent visit by the Professor a boy in the reading lesson came upon the word *good*, to which he gave the usual pronunciation. "*Gud*, ye block-

head," said the master, who turned to the Professor and said, "I don't know how often I have told this class how to pronounce that word, and this boy has gone wrong again."

"But," said the Professor, "I think the boy is quite right."

"Oh no, it's *gud*."

"Why do you say so?"

"The dictionary is my authority," and producing the book, which gave evidence of having been well thumbed, he pointed triumphantly to "good—*gud*, . . . *put*, *pull*, *push*." The teacher reasoned correctly, the only mistake being that in his habitual pronunciation of these three words, which were given as guides, he sounded the vowel *u* as in *cut*, *hull*, *plush*.

People with quick tempers and strong likes and dislikes are often betrayed into giving more violent expressions to their feelings than is consistent with the judicious moderation with which faults should be corrected. In their haste, also, what they say sometimes takes an awkward shape

and expresses much more than they really mean. There is a good example of this in the case of an old teacher in Banffshire who had a great objection to his pupils being over-dressed. In the days when crinoline was the rage, a girl came to school with a very extensive one, which much exceeded the space between the desk and the form on which she had to sit. The teacher seeing this said to her, "Gang awa' hame and tak' aff thae girds [hoops], and come back to the school as God made ye."

The range of an inspector's duties was then, and for twelve years afterwards, considerably different from what it is now. Religious knowledge was one of the subjects of examination till the passing of the Bill of 1872, and as a rule did not mean more than the committing to memory of the Shorter Catechism and selections from the metrical version of the Psalms and Paraphrases, too often without explanation of any kind, and sometimes with the added cruelty of Scripture proofs of the doctrines con-

tained in the Catechism, the doctrines themselves being neither understood nor explained. This was made evident when the test of writing out the answers was applied. In the answer to the question involving the statement that Christ "continueth to be God and man in two distinct natures and one person," oftener than not the absolutely unmeaning version was *into* instead of *in two*. Every inspector then and in former days could furnish abundant examples of this unintelligent and cruel exercise, by which, no doubt, the memory was cultivated, but at a most extravagant cost.

A rapid conversion to orthodoxy is recorded of an old teacher who, in examining his pupils on their knowledge of a very simple manual—the Mother's Catechism—asked a boy if God had a beginning. "No," said the boy. "Will he have an end?" "Yes," he replied. This was followed instantly by a buffet on the side of the head. "Will he have an end noo?" "No," said the boy, and the master was satisfied.

CHAPTER IV.

PRACTICAL JOKES—AN ILL-TIMED "PAS DE DEUX"—PSYCHICAL
MANIFESTATIONS—A TRIP TO AMERICA—SMOKING-ROOM
DEBATES—A CRUEL HOAX—EDUCATION IN ONTARIO AND
MANITOBA—THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—A COWBOY—
CANADIANS AND AMERICANS COMPARED—AMERICAN NEWS-
PAPERS.

EARLY in my career as Inspector I was storm-stayed for two or three days in Banffshire. Snow lay from three to four feet deep. The railway was completely blocked, and driving by any wheeled conveyance was impossible. I had most comfortable quarters in a hospitable manse, and had many rubbers at whist with the worthy minister and his excellent wife and family, all well skilled in the game. The time passed most pleasantly, the only drawback being that my work was falling behind. Believing that in the milder climate of

Morayshire (Elgin was then my headquarters) I should find it possible to overtake inspections already intimated, I hired two horses, one to be ridden by myself and the other by a man who knew the country thoroughly, and could guide me by pathless places if necessary. The journey to Elgin was completed, but not without very great difficulty. In writing to thank the good folks of the manse for their hospitality, I enclosed a doggerel parody on "Excelsior," of which the refrain was "To Morayshire." It was an utterly worthless production, making humorous references of a personal kind to some of the incidents of my enforced idleness at the manse, and meant only for the eyes of my host and hostess. I had rooms in the house of the proprietor of 'The Elgin Courant,' to whom, as being an intimate friend, I read the parody. Finding it on my table, he successfully perpetrated a practical joke, which, until it was explained, made me, I think, more angry than I had ever been in my life. He put my parody in

type, and in one copy of 'The Courant' for that week printed it in full and attached my name to it. This copy was left on my table. When I saw it my indignation knew no bounds. The unpardonable liberty the proprietor of 'The Courant' had taken with what did not belong to him, the indignation of my host and hostess at the manse, the certainty that I should be laughed at by all my friends for being apparently proud of such a miserable piece of doggerel,—all combined to make me very angry. I went straight to his room to have it out with him, and found him with two of his friends whom (as I learnt afterwards) he had invited to see how I should take it. Their presence did not prevent me from using very vigorous language about what he had done. After enjoying my rage for some time, he told me how and why he had done it, and that the parody was printed only on the single copy left on my table. I admitted that the hoax was successful and harmless, and peace was restored.

This practical joke recalls another, in which a

London policeman was the victim. His anger was probably not so evanescent as mine. One of my friends had occupied the box-seat on an omnibus during a long drive, and had put the driver into good humour by giving him a cigar. As we drove through a quiet and very fashionable square he saw a policeman leaning over the area railing of a fine house and talking to Mary Ann. It was a sweltering hot day. The driver said to my friend, "Would you like to see a bit of fun, sir?" "Yes," he replied. Whereupon with a cut of his whip he put the horses into a brisk gallop, then pulling them up sharp directly behind the policeman's back he bawled out, "Policeman ! Policeman !" Bobby turned round instantly from his talk with Mary Ann and said, "Well, sir ?"

"Delightful weather for your occupation, policeman," said Jehu, and drove off at a rattling pace. All the outside passengers joined Mary Ann in a hearty laugh. Bobby didn't.

The most disagreeable of all hoaxes are perhaps those which a man plays upon himself, and for

which no one but himself is to blame. There are no circumstances in which one feels, and perhaps looks, so foolish as when in playful mood and in supposed safety he lays his wonted dignity aside, and like a boy demonstrates his belief in the Horatian maxim, "*Dulce est desipere in loco.*" I have always had a pretty wide acquaintance with the professors in all the four Scottish universities. The attitude of the professor towards the student is, as a rule, to

" Assume the god,
Affect the nod,
And seem to shake the spheres,"

or at any rate a staid dignity of demeanour separated by infinity of distance from anything savouring of frivolity or boyish escapade and capering. In a short walking tour with one of these staid gentlemen we were on our way to Ben Nevis, which we proposed to climb. It was a glorious autumn day, with not a cloud in the sky. We had been walking for several days, and were in excellent health and spirits. As we looked at

the towering Ben we were reminded of the saying of a Swiss guide who had some years before accompanied us, and pointing to the peak we were about to climb said, "Nous serons gais là haut." As we approached the hotel at the base of the Ben an Italian *piffero* was playing in front of it. His strains were not high class, but sufficiently inspiring to tempt the professor and me to execute a short *pas de deux*. I say *short* advisedly, for round the corner of the road the inevitable student, one in the professor's own class, came in sight. Our airy skipping ceased, but we did not feel that we had seriously disgraced ourselves, nor did the *piffero* lose his tip.

Among the numerous professors whose intimacy I have enjoyed, two stand out in bold relief as possessing a faculty as rare as it is delightful. A professor may have a thorough mastery of his subject, and be able in his lecture-room and from an academic point of view to treat it with the lucidity necessary to instruct,

and the enthusiasm to stimulate his students, and yet be unable to convey to a layman imperfectly acquainted with technical methods and phraseology a clear comprehension of the subject under discussion. I have two friends, one a medical, the other a geological professor, who possess in an unusual degree the faculty of successfully meeting the lay point of view. What is remarkable is that, while by the use of popular language and happy illustration they arouse interest and make information permanent, the treatment is throughout essentially scientific. A walk or a talk with such men is a source of genuine enjoyment. I have little doubt that were I to apply to them for an explanation of fulfilled dreams, psychical manifestations, and the mysteries of hypnotism and electro-biology, I should get either a satisfactory solution, or a proof on strictly scientific lines that no explanation is possible.

I have not paid serious attention to psychical manifestations and theories connected therewith,

but it was my fortune on returning from a trip to America in 1884 to have on my left hand at meals a Dublin professor who had very strong opinions on things psychical, and lost no opportunity of airing them. On my right I had Colonel D., a man of charming manners and great intelligence. Like myself he knew nothing about psychical questions, but he listened, as I did, with exemplary patience, and I fear somewhat simulated interest, to the professor's very remarkable and almost incredible accounts of the occult influence of mind upon mind without intermediary connection of any kind. Colonel D. said he was entirely ignorant of psychical matters, but there was a personal experience of his own, for the truth of which he could vouch, and for which he had never been able to find an explanation. He would confine himself strictly to facts and leave the explanation to others. The facts were these. His regiment was quartered at (naming the place), I forget where. His brother officers and he were at breakfast, when one of

them came in late and looking haggard. They asked what was the matter. He said he had had a most horrible dream, and could not shake off the impression it had made upon him. On being pressed to tell it, he said that in his dream he looked into a deep pit, at the bottom of which was a coffin with his name on the lid, and below it a date of year, month, and day. For convenience let us say May 17, 1880. His friends were successful in restoring him to his usual spirits by treating it as a case of nightmare and of no significance. During the following year he left the regiment and went on a sporting tour to Canada. When May 17, 1880, came round, as his brother officers were at dinner, one of them remembered the circumstance of the nightmare, and said, "This is the day that our friend" (naming him) "was to die; I have no doubt he is well and hearty; let us drink his health." They did so, but the next Canadian mail brought news of his having been shot accidentally on May 17, 1880, not by his own gun,

but by that of one of his companions. Colonel D. ended his narrative by saying that if he had died from illness caused by brooding over his dream, or committed suicide, there would have been nothing mysterious. Being shot accidentally by a friend was either a most marvellous coincidence or a psychical puzzle.

The professor was not prepared to give an explanation, but he made a careful note of the case.

Some of his opinions on the subject of psychical science seemed to me very remarkable. He said that he felt pretty certain that the question of the authenticity of the Gospel narrative will be ultimately fought on the basis of Christ's power in impressing on the minds of people appearances in place of realities. He said that he himself had made three people believe they had dined heartily on a piece of paper which he represented to them as being bread-and-butter. Hence the feeding of the five thousand on five loaves and two fishes!

Spiritualism and psychical phenomena have within late years been sufficiently in evidence to receive attention, and be thought worthy of inquiry by men of eminent ability and sound judgment. I am quite unable to express any opinion on the subject, but fifty years ago there was an ism or an ology (I do not call it a science), called electro-biology, in which many believed and regarded as some branch of mesmerism. I cannot say to what extent it differs from or is identical with hypnotism, but it is beyond question that a mental condition can be produced under which the person operated upon is deprived of voluntary action, and is completely in the power of the operator. The subject of the operation stares fixedly on a speck in the middle of a disc till he "goes off." With some this happens in a few minutes, with others it does not happen at all. It is many years since I made the experiment with a lad whom I knew intimately, and of whose truthfulness I had not a shadow of doubt. I had no difficulty in making

him believe any strong asseveration I made. I showed him a lozenge and asked what it was. He replied that it was a lozenge. On my asserting strongly that it was a sovereign, he gave in and admitted that it was a sovereign. I made him take hold of a chair, and told him he could not let go his hold of it, and he couldn't. I defied him to tell me his name, and he couldn't. I made him shiver with cold, and pant with excessive heat, simply by asserting that he was cold or hot. It is right to add that his answers, as to what certain objects were when first presented to him, were quite correct, and it was only when overborne by my strong contradiction that he changed his opinion and made the most ludicrous admissions. I do not attempt any explanation, I simply state the facts.

I have most pleasant recollections of the trip to America in 1884 as a member of the British Association on their visit to Canada. A large proportion of the passengers on board of the *Sardinian* were members of that Association, all

intelligent, many of them highly cultured, and, out as they were on what may, I hope, without offence be described as an annual picnic, in which to some extent science, and to a much larger extent pleasure, were the objects of pursuit, exceptionally disposed to be genial and companionable. For the first day or two the smoking-room was simply a rendezvous for a pipe or cigar over which was spread a large amount of miscellaneous talk and anecdote. Politics of course cropped up, and with them the development of a good deal of heat, once or twice almost reaching the burning point. The Franchise Bill and Redistribution, Salisbury and Gladstone, figured largely, and met from one side and the other alternate eulogy and condemnation. The most conspicuous politicians were H. and L., the former a roughish Tory of the deepest blue, the latter a pronounced but cultured Radical. Both were fairly fluent, and each found in the other a foeman worthy of his steel. By-and-by others contrived to get a word in edgewise, anon

others, till the *mêlée* became general, and it was found necessary to appoint a chairman for future debates. This honour was assigned to H. The discussions then took regular shape, the orders of the chairman were obeyed, and in this way the "Sardinian Parliament" was duly constituted. Every man had his proper parliamentary title from the county or town from which he hailed. There were members for Yorkshire, Greenwich, Cambridge, Wales, Scotland, Brandon, Liverpool, &c. Two men of somewhat horsey leanings were members for Newmarket. It was not necessary to assign separate Newmarket constituencies for them, as they took no part but monosyllabic ones in the debates. They discussed abundant tobacco, brandy-and-soda, but not to an intemperate extent. The speeches were delivered sometimes sitting, sometimes standing. It was found, however, that the stand for decanter and glasses suspended from the ceiling somewhat concealed the face of the speaker, and a sitting posture became the rule. The debates usually com-

menced at ten, the subject being specified the previous night, and continued till 11.30, when the smoking-room and bar were shut up.

It is perhaps rash to say that there is nothing new under the sun. It is at any rate true that there are some things thought new which are not. On August 7, 1884, there was discussed in the "Sardinian Parliament" above described a question which at this moment is stirring to its depths the mind of every politician in the British Empire. The motion that "one-sided free trade is injurious to the British Empire" was, after a hot discussion, carried by a majority of 6 to 4. Mr Chamberlain may therefore keep up his spirits.

Among other subjects of debate were tithes and Church property, the suitability of graduates for emigration to the Colonies, the opening of museums and theatres on Sunday. On this last, the decision by a large majority was that museums should, but theatres should not, be open on Sunday.

We had on board between thirty and forty of Dr Barnardo's boys going out to situations in Canada. The smoking-room parliament proposed to have a concert by the boys and games for them with prizes, the funds being supplied by contributions at the concert, which was very fairly successful. The athletic sports and games came off without a hitch, and prizes to the amount of £11 were distributed among the boys. A member of the smoking-room party who was not a special favourite, and had been unpleasantly fussy in organising the games, was made the subject of an almost cruel hoax. Some one who did not like him got hold of his pipe and tobacco-pouch by stealth and made them up into a very neat parcel. He then got the oldest of the Barnardo boys coached up to present to the fussy person a grateful address for his services in organising the games, and to ask his acceptance of the contents of this small parcel as an expression of thanks from the Barnardo boys. The fussy person was highly gratified, accepted the

gift, and made quite a touching little speech in reply. When on opening the parcel, which he had thought, no doubt, contained something expressive of the gratitude of these interesting reclaimed waifs to whom he had feelingly given fatherly counsel as to their future lives, he found only his own pipe and pouch, he saw that he had been hoaxed, and was only half successful in affecting to regard it as a good joke. The boy, I believe, was no party to the hoax.

The British Association in conjunction with the Canadian Committee had arranged pleasure trips of various kinds and in many directions. A considerable party of the *Sardinian* passengers, of whom I was one, chose a trip to the Rocky Mountains, in the course of which we stopped at a good many places—Toronto, Hamilton, Niagara, Owen Sound, Port Arthur (on Lake Superior), Winnipeg, &c.

I made careful notes of the provision for education in Ontario. It is probable that during the course of nineteen years there have been im-

portant changes, but at that time the provision seemed to me sensible and satisfactory. There were ninety counties in the province, and each county was divided into school districts. The province had a Minister of Education, who was a member of Parliament. Education was free, a merely nominal fee being charged at High Schools, of which there were three or four in each county, and to which admission was got by competition among the pupils of the common schools. Where Catholics were numerous enough to have a school of their own, they were allowed to have it, but were obliged to support it by rates levied by themselves, while they were exempted from payment of the general school rate. When the establishment of a High School was sanctioned, the Government made to it an annual payment of 900 dollars, and a further amount depending on results of examination. The county was taxed for its support, and only pupils from outside the county paid fees.

In Manitoba the arrangements were somewhat

different. The province was divided into townships of six miles square. No child was to have more than three miles to walk. There were 1280 acres set apart for education in each township, the revenue from which went into a common fund in order that poor districts might fare as well as the rich ones. The Education Board consisted of 21 members,—12 Protestant, 9 Catholic,—each sect managing its own schools. In Winnipeg, the capital, there were three colleges—Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Roman Catholic—forming one university, working most harmoniously, and quite unlike ordinary Christians.

What changes may have occurred since then I know not. That they have been great may be gathered from the fact that thirty years ago Winnipeg was a village of 300 to 400 inhabitants, and in twenty years grew into a city of over 30,000.

At Laggan, which is a few miles from the summit of the Rockies, on the Canadian Pacific

Railway, three of us started on a walking and fishing expedition, accompanied by the hotel-keeper's son, Bob, as our guide. He was about fourteen years of age, a most amusing and talkative "cuss," an accomplished boaster, and unblushingly regardless of truth. He was equipped with his six-shooter and belt of cartridges. There was scarcely anything in the way of sport in which he did not lay claim to extensive and successful experience. He said he had shot the previous year a great many young buffaloes when he was in Dakota, and was thoroughly posted up in theories as to the best way of dealing with grizzly and other bears. Panthers, he thought, were mean beasts. He had caught countless baskets of trout, and killed no end of partridges, which were so tame that it was simply waste to spend powder and shot on them. The fish in the lake were, he said, just terribly thick. The result, however, squared with our previous experience of such belauded lakes. He got but one small trout,

and with amazing fertility of invention discovered that he had forgotten to take some raw beef with him, which, he said, was the best bait, but he guessed he could get plenty of grasshoppers, which were just as good. He succeeded in catching only one grasshopper, and suddenly remembered that black flies were better than grasshoppers. This was suggested by seeing one alight on the sleeve of my coat, which he killed. "By thunder!" he said, "I'll go catch some black flies." He didn't, and our fishing was a failure. He was, however, on the whole good fun. He chattered continuously, and had an opinion on everything from the killing of rattlesnakes to the cooking of partridges, which latter he declared were best stuffed. If he were attacked by a grizzly, he would as soon have a knife in his hand as a six-shooter. "I guess," he said, "I would wait till he came close up and then I'd fix him with a knife just behind the foreleg, which would reach his heart." He only stopped short of killing Red Indians, but

he had scared them once or twice. On our way back from the lake we met a native, whose account of the neighbourhood was in ludicrous contrast with the boy's. He said he had lived in the district for three years and had been all over the woods, but had never seen a bear. Bob's account of partridges met with the same merciless contradiction. To this he listened unabashed, his only comment being, "I guess, sir, you either live with your eyes shut or you have not been prowling about in the locations where I have been."

After spending the day in view of the grandest range of snow-capped hills we had ever seen, holding in their hollows huge glaciers from which a continuous snow-like stream rolled down head-long, we returned to our wooden hotel thoroughly satisfied with the day's excursion. It was admitted even by one of the party whose *nil admirari* attitude had often been the subject of remark, and who in a gentle monotone of complaint claimed and made a free use of the

Englishman's right to grumble, that it was worth the discomfort to which we had been subjected. On being asked to specify the discomfort, he detailed the morning's breakfast—tin cans for tea-cups, tin plates, two-pronged steel forks, knives whose handles turned round, and, to complete all, steak so tough that it might have been part of the venerable mother of the earliest papal bull. Whether this description of the steak was original or a quotation I cannot say, but it was approximately correct.

Next morning we started on our return journey to Montreal. We now traversed in the light of a glorious morning about a hundred miles which on our outward journey we had passed in darkness. No description can give any idea of the grandeur of the panorama of the Rockies — of their vastness, ruggedness, and continuousness, with only such gigantic breaks as brought their proportions into prominence. Every minute brought a new peak into sight, or gave a new view of one already seen. A glimpse of what

seemed a small glacier was almost suddenly developed into a veritable *mer de glace*. For boldness and sharpness of isolated peaks I have seen nothing like them in Switzerland. Sometimes a number stand forth like outposts from the towering peak behind, each in itself a stupendous mass, and, taken as a series, overpoweringly grand. By-and-by comes a huge gap and dark gully, losing itself away in the hollow of the hills.

At Calgary a young Englishman about eighteen years of age, only son, he told me, of Colonel N., came into the car. He had come out the previous April to join a ranch belonging to Colonel S., and had been riding from Idaho for three months—800 miles—driving 1500 cattle in company with other fifteen cowboys. He was a plucky dare-devil young fellow, rigged out in the leather breeches (shaps), belt, &c., which all cowboys wear. His six-shooter had been stolen from him, and he had only its case and cartridge-pouch left. Till last night, when he went into

a shop and slept below the counter, he had not been in a bed for three months. He said he had lost all his pride since he became a cowboy. He was evidently of gentle birth, and quite a gentleman in speech and bearing, though intercourse with cowboys had given him the command of a very emphatic vocabulary. He had had a row with his boss, and was now going to the ranch. He gave a lively account of the rudeness of cowboy life, of which he was tired. He had six or seven miles to walk from the station at which he was to leave the train. He knew the ranch was somewhere south, and he hoped to catch the trail. If he didn't he would sleep out, and hoped to get food somewhere. I asked if he would take part of my lunch. He at first said No; but on being pressed he accepted it.

Before dismissing Canada and the United States, of both of which I saw a great deal and of which much more might be said, if it were worth saying, it is perhaps not out of

place to contrast the Canadian and Yankee officials one meets with in hotels and railway travelling. The former I found kindly, civil, and often courteous; the latter are, as a rule, civil and no more. Obliging or courteous they cannot be called. A question is answered promptly and clearly, but in a tone which means, "Now I have done my duty; expect no more. Courtesy does not pay me, and you have no right to expect it. You have got your answer. Be content with that."

In the typical American citizen there is something aggressive in the clean-shaven cheek and upper lip and short wiry beard that almost forbids interchange of views on indifferent topics for the mere purpose of keeping the conversational ball tossing; a look not pronounced enough to prevent one from speaking should there be real necessity, but not provocative of talk for the simple purpose of civility. There are, of course, many exceptions. On the other hand, perhaps no nation honours more fully

with hearty hospitality an introduction from a common friend. Both phases of character can be explained. The sons of settlers have inherited, and later settlers have acquired, the feeling of go-aheadness consequent on their occupation of a country of great possibilities and inexhaustible range, for success in which strict attention to number one, hard work, and untiring energy are essential. Hence the apparent hard-shell element. But many, perhaps most, and at any rate the best type of Americans, have a very kindly feeling towards people from the "old country," and are ready with abundant and genuine hospitality.

It is impossible to speak with approbation of the general tone of the American newspaper. Sensation, exaggeration, and rowdyish grotesqueness are too often their leading characteristics. Their aim is to amuse, not to edify. Such a paragraph as the following, which I copied from a popular newspaper, would from its grimness, whether based on fact or fancy, find a place

nowhere else than in America. "Tom wished to have some fun with the calf. He got a rope, tied one end round the calf's neck, the other round his own. Tom had his fun. Funeral to-morrow at 2 o'clock." Notices in places of public amusement are quaint and sometimes clever—such as, "Visitors are requested not to spit on the floor. Gentlemen don't." The manager of another saloon tried to improve on this by, "Those who expect to rate as gentlemen will not expectorate on the floor."

Some American anecdotes are very good. The following has a distinctively Transatlantic flavour: A citizen of Chicago was in New York on business, and had occasion to send home a telegram, for which he was charged two dollars. He complained of this as being an excessive charge, adding that in Chicago he could send a telegram of the same length to hell and get back a reply for a dollar and a half. "Oh yes," said the clerk; "that is quite intelligible, for that would be all within the city limits."

CHAPTER V.

ALLEGED EARLY RECOLLECTIONS HOW FAR TRUSTWORTHY—
LACK OF THE SENSE OF HUMOUR IN MEN OF EMINENT
ABILITY—MR GLADSTONE AND MR WALLACE—HAYDN AND
SCOTTISH PSALMODY—CHANGED ATTITUDE TOWARDS RE-
LIGIOUS OBSERVANCE—LARGELY A QUESTION OF LOCALITY
—GREATER FREEDOM OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT—SPEECHES
IN LAST GENERAL ASSEMBLY—FENCING THE TABLES—A
FORFARSHIRE PRECENTOR—AN ESTIMATE OF SHORT SER-
MONS—PRINCIPAL ROBERTSON OF EDINBURGH AND HIS
ELDER—A PLAIN-SPOKEN OLD LADY—SERMONS OF VARIOUS
KINDS.

THERE are few things that are given as matters of personal experience so little worthy of trust as the recollection of things seen, done, and said by children at a marvellously early age. My mother died when I was less than two years of age. I used to say, and I thoroughly believed it, that I remembered standing at the bottom of the staircase crying when the coffin

was being carried out. I have not the slightest doubt that this was the recollection, not of personal experience, but of what I had heard described as my behaviour at the time. There are many incredible recollections that admit of the same explanation. The astounding feats reported of and believed by Mr Gladstone are probably to be accounted for in this way. Such was, at any rate, the opinion of a gentleman in whose company that eminent statesman recounted some of his very early memories. This gentleman had the courage to go one better than Mr Gladstone, and by its absurdity indicate disbelief of their being personal recollections. He admitted that the instances mentioned were very remarkable, but fell far short of those of a certain Chief-Justice, who remembered that when he was only six months old, and lying in his cradle, he saw the nurse open a cupboard surreptitiously and help herself to a glass of brandy. Whereupon he said to himself, "As soon as I

can speak, shan't I tell my mother!" It is a striking evidence of the great statesman's lack of humour that he did not see the object of the made-up story, but in the gravest tones remarked, "The thing is absolutely impossible."

It is no disparagement of the genius of one of the most brilliant—perhaps the most brilliant—public men of the nineteenth century, to say that he lacked the saving sense of humour, and was unduly impatient of political defeat. His love of power and sensitiveness on the loss of it were shown in the course of an after-dinner conversation with the late Mr Wallace, who had been once a Scottish clergyman, next a Professor of Church History, anon editor of 'The Scotsman,' and lastly M.P. for one of the divisions of Edinburgh. Mr Gladstone, with perhaps questionable taste, said to Mr Wallace, "I suppose you have definitely given up your position as a clergyman?" "Yes," said Mr Wallace, naturally annoyed at being reminded

of his chequered career; "like yourself, Mr Gladstone, I am now an ex-minister." The smartness and humour of this reply would by most have been thought a palliative of its off-hand persiflage, and by a man with a sense of humour have been even appreciated. Mr Gladstone, on the contrary, was grievously offended.

Another humorous rejoinder is put to the credit of Mr Wallace. A friend who had been in Rome during the carnival remarked to him that he was much struck by the fact that, amid all the fun, frolic, and buffoonery of that season, when the whole populace ran riot under cover of masks concealing individual acts of folly, he had not seen a single case of intoxication. "Yes," replied Mr Wallace, "it is strange. Imagine even Dr ——" (a clergyman of most correct life, but often his antagonist in Church matters) "with a mask and a flask!"

A more striking instance of the absence of a sense of humour than those recorded of Mr

Gladstone came to my knowledge lately. A man of distinctly superior ability had occasion to call on a friend whose house was at the top of a pretty steep ascent. It was in winter, and the roads were slippery with ice, and made driving difficult. On arriving at his friend's house he said to him with considerable effusion, "Well, I have to-day found a singularly honest cab-driver. The streets are very slippery; but he was so careful and drove so skilfully up that hill that, though I knew the fare was a shilling, I felt bound to give him a shilling and a penny. The honest man thanked me, and was going away; but when he saw I had given him too much he came back and said his fare was only a shilling, and gave me back the penny."

The changes which science has to record in connection with material subjects during the course of the last fifty or fifty-five years, such as modes and rates of travelling, the practical annihilation of time and space, and the number-

less other applications of electricity in adding to the conveniences of life, are scarcely more remarkable than the changes in the attitude and modes of thought of most people with respect to observance and sentiment in religious matters. This remark applies more to Scotland than England.

When I was a boy the man who took a walk with his wife and family, to enjoy the fresh air on a Sunday afternoon or evening, was thought to do a very questionable thing, and set a bad example. No music of any kind was tolerated, except the singing of psalms and hymns (and hymns were by many "suspect" as being "human") in church or at family worship, which was sometimes like that which made Haydn, on hearing the singing of a Presbyterian congregation, exclaim, "Ach, Gott is merciful!"

Only a few years ago one of my clerical friends was conducting the service in a Highland parish, and gave out a paraphrase to be

sung. The beadle walked gently up to the pulpit and whispered to him, "We don't sing anything here but the Psalms of David."

"Very well," he replied—(he had a spice of dry humour)—"instead of that paraphrase let us sing the 67th Psalm, 'Lord, bless and pity us.'"

It is right, however, to add that in Glasgow, and doubtless elsewhere, before organs were introduced, there were churches with trained choirs, with whom the congregation joined heartily in the singing. In such cases the volume of tone of a large congregation accustomed to sing, and led by a trained choir, had an inspiring and, I am inclined to add, a religious effect which the singing that usually accompanies an organ would fail to produce. I think it is safe to say that fifty-five years ago there was no Presbyterian church in Scotland in which there was instrumental music of any kind.

When I was about eighteen I spent a few days

with some Episcopalian friends, and I distinctly remember the horror with which I heard for the first time in my life on a Sunday some chords struck on the piano, and a lady commence singing. It was a sacred piece, "Lord, remember David." I had great difficulty in believing that I was the guest of eminently respectable and even religious people. All this is entirely changed. Except in very outlying districts it is, I should think, quite the exception to find a church in which there is not either an organ or a harmonium. Nor are the changes confined to outward form and traditional custom. The extreme narrowness of the genuine Calvinist has almost disappeared. I remember many years ago discussing the question of election, as it affected infants, with a worthy kind-hearted old man of the strictest sect, who held the strongest opinions about original sin and its influence on the destiny of all.

I said to him, "Let us take the case of a child who has been only two or three days in the world, through whose mind a conscious thought has

never passed, and who has never performed a conscious action. Do you think it conceivable that that child could be consigned to everlasting perdition ? ”

“ Most certainly,” he replied, with a peremptoriness and gusto which might be taken to mean “ And serve it right.”

It is something in times nearer our own to get a Highland minister who is famous for his orthodoxy to say, in discussing the same question, “ I wudna just like to say that it wud be unjust of God to punish helpless infants, but there is maybe some way of getting out of the difficulty.”

The difference in opinion and practice as to Sabbath observance between the orthodox Scotsman and the equally orthodox Lutheran of Norway is interesting. Two of my friends who had for many years a fishing lease in Norway, and had come to know many of the peasantry in their neighbourhood, offered prizes for a competition in athletic exercises—rowing, running, jumping, &c. The offer was accepted, and my friends

asked the clergyman of the parish to preside and present the prizes. On his consenting they asked what day would suit him best. He replied that Sunday afternoon would be the most suitable; that the people would have been at church in the forenoon and would have the afternoon free to enjoy themselves. My friends said they had no objection to this, but they thought he as a clergyman might think it improper on Sunday, to which the reply was, "Oh, we are not Jews." This represents the attitude of a people who are recognised as distinctly religious. The Norwegian fisherman does no fishing from six o'clock on Saturday evening till the same hour on Sunday evening. Sabbath observance is therefore a question of locality.

Though not pertinent to this subject, it is worthy of remark that during a month's sojourn in Norway I saw only one beggar. She was an old woman who came up to me holding her hand to her cheek as if in pain, and moving her lips to indicate smoking. I did not understand what

she said, but the interpretation of the pantomime was not difficult. She had toothache, and a pipe would dull the pain. The appeal was of course irresistible. She shook hands, which is the Norwegian form of "Thank you."

But putting aside the uneducated and narrow orthodoxy about the respective value of faith and works as affecting future destiny, of which we have an example in the man who, being asked on his deathbed if he was prepared for the imminent change, replied, "Oh yes, I have hated gude warks a' my days," the freedom granted to private judgment on religious questions is immeasurably greater than it was half a century ago. Had Macleod Campbell of Row come upon the scene fifty, or Robertson Smith twenty years later than they did, the former would not have been deposed from his church, nor the latter removed from his professor's chair. Earnest and able men, leaders and ornaments of the Church, are allowed to speak disparagingly and with no bated breath of the Confession of Faith

as in many respects an obsolete document, and are not hunted down as heretics. Who, fifty or even twenty years ago, could with impunity have declared, as was done last year in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, that the Confession contained statements which had been disproved by advancing knowlege; that the reasons for dissatisfaction with it as an infallible guide were too many to be gone into; that the account of the creation of the world and of man, as being for the glory of God, was incomprehensible and contradictory, and gave false ideas of the divine motive in creation; that on reading the Confession people found a theory of human nature and corruption which exhibited creation as a failure; that the doctrine of men being brought into being and consigned, by an arbitrary will not actuated by moral ideas, in countless multitudes to an eternal hell all for God's glory, was a monstrous travesty of divinity and omnipotence? The finding of the General Assembly was that "the Confession of Faith is to

be regarded as an infallible rule of faith and worship only in so far as it accords with the Holy Scriptures interpreted by the Holy Spirit"—a qualification which may be construed in looser or more rigid sense depending on the personal equation of the signatory. Who is to decide what is the proper interpretation by the Holy Spirit? Can it mean anything else than that every man may regard his own interpretation as that of the Holy Spirit? There does not seem to be any check on the individual view of interpretation by the Holy Spirit, except the decision of the General Assembly on such cases as may come before it—a decision which may vary from time to time according as it is composed of men of broader or narrower conceptions. It seems almost as unsatisfactory as the answer of the man who, in discussing the origin of evil, had to face the argument that, if God made everything, He must have made the devil also, to which his answer was, "Weel, God canna have been very thrang that day."

In connection with the Communion service in Presbyterian churches there used to be a function called the "fencing of the tables," which was often managed in what seemed to me an injudicious and almost cruel way. In case it should be necessary to explain what is meant by fencing the tables, I may say that it consists of an address to those who propose to take the communion, dwelling upon the solemnity of the rite, the state of mind, character, and conduct in which it should be approached, and the consequences of eating and drinking unworthily. I am not concerned to say that such an address is unnecessary, but it is surely undesirable to postpone it till the intending communicants have taken their places at the table, as I have frequently seen done. What is left to any one who attaches importance to a possibly comminatory address, and on self-examination feels that he falls short of what is required of a worthy communicant, but to rise from the table, and so make a public confession of his unworthiness?

The proper time for fencing the tables is clearly the Sunday previous or at a preparatory service. This, I understand, is now the usual custom.

In a church in the south of Scotland the precentor had a fine voice, of which he was very proud. He was not pleased when the congregation joined in the singing to such an extent as to drown his voice. There were some ladies in the church who sang well. When they were more in evidence than he liked, he contrived, by introducing one or two grace notes, to change the tune with which he had started into another in order to silence them. This caused some dissatisfaction, and in addition to this the taste for organs was growing, and it was at length decided that an organ must be got. The minister was deputed to call on the precentor and break the news to him as gently as possible. He undertook the task unwillingly, knowing that he had a tough customer to deal with. After some conversation on ordinary topics he approached the subject very cautiously,

alluded to the growing taste for organs and the advanced age of the precentor, and ended by saying that some of the congregation, while they had great respect for him, were not very well pleased with the singing. "Ay," replied the precentor, "I have been hearing that they had the same complaint to make about the preaching." The minister was thus choked off and changed the subject. The introduction of the organ was indefinitely postponed.

This recalls a precentor in Forfarshire who had no mean idea of his own ability, and was always ready to relate some of his experiences, one of which is the following in his broad Forfar Scotch. Being asked if he had sung much in concerts, he replied, "Weel, I never sang at a concert but aince. I was sittin' at my wab ae day—ye ken I'm a weaver—and a man gies a chap at the door. I opened the door to him and he spiers if Mister G. lives here, and I says to him, 'My name's William G., I'm but a poor man wi' a muckle wife and a sma' faimily,

but that's my name.' He then said he was thinkin' aboot giein' a concert in the toon, and the folk tellt him that I was a grand singer, and if he could get me to help him he would hae a fu' hoose. 'Weel,' says I, 'Mister—but what's your name?' He said his name was Carter. 'Weel, Mr Carter,' says I, 'I've sung lang, and I'm no fleyed to sing, and I'm weel likit, but I never sang at a concert in my life, but if ye think I could do ye ony gude, faith ye'se get me.' Weel, when the nicht o' the concert cam roon, afore I gaed to the hall I thocht I wad be nane the waur o' a dram. It wasna that I was fleyed to sing, for I had sung lang, but to sing at a concert was new to me. So I took a glass o' whusky. I'll no say but I maybe had twa. Ay, I had twa, and it's just possible I had three. Weel, off I goes to the hall, and there was Mr Carter in a wee room just beside the hall. I keekit into the hall, and there it was chokefu' o' my freens that had come to hear me sing at a concert. Weel, Mr Carter

gaed on the platform, and gied them a fine boo afore he began, and then he sang, and faith, sir, he sang weel. And noo it was my time to gang on the thing, and I gied them a boo just like he did, and began a fine auld sang, that I have sung a hunder times—

“‘ Ah, my laddie, ye maun let me gang,
I’ll be killed for stayin’ out sae lang;
My mutch ye hae toosle’t a’.”

Weel, I got on fine till I cam to the end o’ the first three lines, and then—a thing I had never dune in my life—I sticks. Weel, though I stuck, I was nayther fleyed nor flustered, for I kent they a’ kent that I was a gude singer. So I just began at the beginning again and thocht I wud maybe mind mair o’t the second time, but na! When I cam to the same place, dod! I sticks again. So I just lookit roon the hall and says, ‘Faith, my freens, ye’ll get nae mair o’t,’ and I knackit my thoombs and danced off the platform. Dod! I gied them mair fun than Mr Carter did a’ the evening.”

On another occasion he was asked if he used a tuning-fork so as to get the proper pitch. "Na, na," he replied, "nane o' your pitchforks for me. I just sing by the licht o' nature."

"But don't you sometimes pitch the tune too high or too low?"

"Oh ay, a body will mak mistakes noo and then."

"Then you must get into a scrape when you pitch the tune too high?"

"Oh no. Ye see we hae a wheen lasses in the congregation that hae fine hiech skirlin' voices, and when I begin owre hiech, it's no lang afore I ken that it is owre hiech, and when I fin mysel comin' near the hiechest note, I just tak a hoast and a lang spit till the lasses get owre't."

The late Dr Stevenson, for many years minister of Dalry, was an excellent representative of thorough-going orthodoxy. I have seen him lay his hand on the Bible and declare that there was not a verse in it from Genesis to Revelation

from which, if called upon, he would hesitate to preach a sermon. He was an able man, a faithful minister, took a keen interest in education, and did much to promote it. He was, however, too priestly in character, too reserved and careful of his dignity to be generally loved. In his petition in the afternoon prayer for those who wilfully absented themselves from public worship there was a hardness in his tone that savoured much more of stern rebuke for their behaviour, than of earnest and kindly pleading for their restoration to a better frame of mind. Being orthodox, he was, as might be anticipated, very conservative. This feature in his character he exhibited in the winter months to a very trying extent. During the rest of the year there were two services, at eleven and two o'clock, separated by an interval of an hour or more, but when the days were short, as many of his congregation came from considerable distances, it was desirable that they should be able to reach their homes before it was dark. But it was not only desirable but

imperative that they should have two sermons. This was accomplished by having only one meeting, commencing at twelve o'clock, and doing away with the interval. There were then two sermons separated by the singing of a short psalm. It is difficult to conceive of anything more trying than two consecutive sermons by the same preacher at one sederunt. Many a time have I undergone this ordeal, and I am grateful to think that I am alive to tell the tale.

It reminds me of a remark made to me in language more forcible than reverend, by a man in Caithness when speaking of the fondness of the Highlander for abundant preaching, "If they dinna get a sermon of an hour or an hour and a half they dinna care a d——n for't."

It is difficult to account for the swear-word being made a measure of the worth or rather worthlessness of certain things, but as a *façon de parler* it is in very general use, and though apparently unmeaning conveys a perfectly definite sense. It is a well-known tendency of many to

launch out into a discussion of theological questions when they have just crossed the line between sobriety and excess. A man in whom this tendency was strong was in the habit, when in his cups, of calling on his minister to have knotty questions solved. The minister was a man of exemplary patience, but on one occasion when Robert came late at night and argumentatively tipsy, he told him to go home and get a sleep, adding that if he would come back when he was sober he would, as in duty bound, do his best to settle his difficulty. "Man, minister," replied Robert, "when I'm sober I dinna care a d——n for religious conversation."

It is not unusual to fall in with people who have quite an average amount of religious sentiment, but in certain circumstances fail to give practical proof of its existence. Such was the case with a woman who, wishing to cross the Firth of Forth when there was a pretty strong wind blowing, asked the ferryman if he thought it was quite safe. He replied that he thought it

was. "But," she continued, "are ye sure it's quite safe?"

"I think it is," he replied; "I am not afraid to go, and I put my trust in God."

"Ah! if that's the way o't, I'll rayther gang roon' by Stirling brig."

In an Aberdeen village a general merchant who was of a serious turn of mind, and disposed to be instant out of season as well as in season, asked a stranger for whom he was wrapping up a parcel of goods what part of the country he came from. On being told, he asked if the folk there had the fear of God. "I dinna ken," the other replied, "but a gude feck o' them hae a fear o' the deevil."

The question of personal equation in matters of doctrine recalls, not a memory of my own experience, since it belongs to the eighteenth century, but the memory of a possibly hoary anecdote. The Rev. Dr Robertson (afterwards in 1762 Principal of Edinburgh University), while a minister of the Church, did not always see eye

to eye with his elders. With one of them, Mr Sheriffs by name, he had many a tussle over knotty points. The Doctor was unquestionably broad in many of his views, and Mr Sheriffs as certainly narrow. When they had one day met and exchanged inquiries about each other's health, Mr Sheriffs said he was only middling well, having had a painful dream the previous night.

"What was your dream, Mr Sheriffs?"

"I dreamt I was dead," he replied.

"A most disagreeable dream. Can you describe what happened to you?"

"Weel, I saw Peter, and he said, 'Od, is this you, Mr Sheriffs? Is it lang since ye dee'd?' and I said it was just about half an hour since."

"What else did he say?"

"He asked hoo things were 'gettin' on in Edinburgh, and I said they were just gettin' on the auld way. Then he asked me what kirk I had attendit, and I said I attendit your kirk—

Dr Robertson's kirk. 'Robertson!' says Peter. 'What kind o' man is Robertson?' and I said that he was a very clever man. Then says Peter, 'wi' a doubtfu' kind o' look, 'Do ony o' Dr Robertson's folk ever dee?' And I said, 'Hoot, ay, they just dee like other folk.' 'Weel,' says Peter, 'Mr Sheriffs, ye're the only ane o' them that ever cam here.' Noo wasna that awfu', Doctor?—Good morning!"

Forty years ago I knew an old maiden lady in Banffshire, blunt in manner, plain-spoken, and exceedingly ready-witted. She had strong likes and dislikes, and the latter she often took no trouble to conceal. She had no favour for the minister of a neighbouring parish who sometimes occupied the pulpit of the church attended by Miss M. On these occasions she absented herself. The minister, who had no mean idea of his gifts, was not pleased, and called one day and asked the reason of her absence. She replied promptly, "You wudna like to hear the reason."

"Oh," he rejoined, "you and I are old friends, and I'll not take amiss anything you say."

"Weel, if ye wull hae't. When I saw your lang grey beard gang wagging by the window I said to mysel, 'Fowls wi' fine feathers hae nae sang,' and I stayed at hame."

While he pretended to take the retort in good part he was annoyed, and hoped for an opportunity of raising a laugh at her expense in the manse that evening at a dinner-party where Miss M. was one of the company. Choosing a lull in the conversation he said, "Oh, I must tell you of a compliment which Miss M. paid to my beard to-day," and he detailed the conversation. There was a laugh, and he looked at Miss M., hoping to see her somewhat "put out" by her rudeness being divulged. Not a bit! She looked at him cheerily and said, "Weel, doctor, I think it was mair a compliment to your beard nor your brains."

Other instances are not rare in which ministers come off only second best in their en-

counters with sensible quick-witted parishioners, towards whom their demeanour has been injudiciously high-handed. A minister, whose disposition was rather to drive than lead, called on a woman whose attendance at church was not quite so regular as he could have wished.

"I was pleased," he said, "to see you at church yesterday. You have not been very regular lately."

"Oh yes, I was there yesterday. I likit your discourse, and was muckle the better o't."

"I'm glad of that. You'll remember the text, no doubt?"

"No, I've a very bad memory for texts."

"Well, you remember what I said about it, or some of the things I said?"

"No, I canna say that I can just reel aff onything ye said."

"My good woman, you must be a hypocrite to say you were the better for being at the church, and yet you cannot tell me either the text or anything I said about it."

"Do ye see," she replied, pointing to some clothes that were bleaching on the green, "thae claes oot there?"

"Yes," he said.

"Weel, I watered them half an hour since, and there's no a drap o' water to be seen on them noo, but they're a hantle the better o't for a' that."

This recalls the experience of another minister whose sermons were dull and not for edification. Meeting one of his congregation who had been a serious defaulter in respect of attendance, he said, "John, you have not been at church for a long time."

"No, I canna just say whan I was at your kirk. I was gie'en some o' the ither kirks a bit turn."

"But, John, have you never heard that a rolling stone gathers no moss?"

"Ay, but I have heard, too, that a tethered lamb taks a lang while to grow fat."

And yet another. "How did you like my

sermon yesterday?" said a minister to a plain-spoken member of his flock.

"Weel, minister, since ye hae speered, I maun just tell ye that I had three objections to't. In the first place, ye read every word o't; in the second place, ye didna read it weel; and in the third place, it wasna worth readin'."

The following is an instance of a sermon also objectionable in three respects. On the occasion of a parish church living falling vacant, a man of very poor ability preached as a candidate. When disrobing in the vestry he asked the beadle what he thought of the sermon. To this the beadle, who had more than an average amount of both wit and candour, replied that it was a moving, soothing, and satisfying sermon. When asked to explain, he said, "It was moving, because half the folk left before it was finished; it was soothing, because a gude wheen fell soun' asleep; and it was satisfying, because the rest dinna want to hear you again."

These sermons were probably of much the same character as the first attempt of a lad of by no means brilliant parts. The sermon was preached in his native parish, and was listened to with much interest by his fellow-villagers. Feeling certain that its merits would be discussed, he contrived to get near a party as they were leaving the church, and overheard the question, "What did you think of the sermon?" to which the disparaging reply was, "Oh, he wan through."

Perhaps another preaching anecdote may be tolerated. Two lads, one the son of a tailor, and the other the son of a landed proprietor in the same parish, went through their university training side by side. It was arranged that one should preach in the forenoon and the other in the afternoon of the same Sunday. The fathers of both were present at both services. When they met at the church door, the tailor asked the landed proprietor what he thought of the appearance the two lads had made. He

replied that they had both got on well. "Yes," said the tailor, "but I thought my son had a wee bit the advantage in his delivery. You see I had him at the tailoring in the summer time when he wasna at the college, and" (making the motion of a tailor sewing with a pretty long thread) "he had a freer swing wi' his richt hand."

In the church of Selkirk about fifty years ago I heard an able but somewhat eccentric Glasgow minister preach from the text Genesis xxiii. 2, "Sarah died." Adjusting his spectacles, and rubbing his forehead in a way characteristic of him, he repeated the text, "Sarah died, this is all that is said about her, and as a wife and a woman the less the better." The impression left by these words was that he had rather a poor opinion of Sarah, but this was very far from his meaning. He went on to show that it was the highest tribute to her womanliness that she was not talked about; that woman's proper sphere was the domestic one; that there

were doubtless instances now and then of women like Grace Darling performing heroic actions which transmitted their names to posterity, but as a rule, both in former times and now, women who left their own duties and took public action in matters which were in man's province were spoken of unfavourably.

The Rev. Doctor would evidently have sympathised with the farmer's wife who, in speaking of women preachers said, "Whenever I hear any of my hens begin to crow like cocks I just throw their necks."

Anecdotes connected with the Rev. Dr Kidd of Aberdeen are very numerous and well known. Lately I heard of one that was characteristic of him and new to me, and may also be unknown to the reader of these scraps. In a Forfarshire church he chose for his text Isaiah i. 4: "Ah sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil-doers, children that are corrupters." He began by saying that he did not think that the words he had read applied

to all who were now before him, but it would be very strange if they did not apply to some of them. In every congregation there were generally three kinds of people. Some were very good worthy men and women, others were just middling and might be better than they were, but others were actual deevils. He did not intend in this discourse to speak to the first kind, who were already good Christians, and not greatly requiring either advice or censure. The second class would be all the better for some plain speaking, but their case was not so urgent as that of the third class, whom he had spoken of as positive deevils. "To them," he said, "I mean to speak." Then, rolling up the right sleeve of his coat, and stretching out his clenched fist in front of him, he said, "Now, you deevils!"

The contempt which the full-blooded Presbyterian entertains for the elaborate ritual of the High Anglican Church is admirably illustrated by the criticism passed upon it by an old

housekeeper of a Scottish family, one of whose daughters was married in an Episcopal church. She was present at the ceremony, which was a full choral one and of great length. When she was asked what she thought of it, she said simply, "Awfu' fal-lal wark yon!"

There is a touch of quiet humour and gentle reproof in the following: When Professor Pillans was a boy at school he was one day anxious to have his dinner in order to take part in some game. His father was somewhat late in putting in an appearance, and dinner could not be commenced till a blessing was asked. When he at last came in James said, "Give us the grace, father, and let me away."

"Give you grace, James," said the father; "I cannot do that, James, but I'll ask it for you."

CHAPTER VI.

DOMESTIC SERVANTS—A DRUNKEN COOK—ALCOHOLIC ANECDOTAGE—BEN VOIRLICH—A SHOCK TO A TEETOTAL PARTY—FALSE POSITIONS, HOW BROUGHT ABOUT—AN AWKWARD QUESTION—CHILDHOOD'S UNCONSCIOUS SUNSHINE—IS THE BOY FATHER TO THE MAN?—CHOICE OF PROFESSION—PROFESSOR GEORGE WILSON AND HIS MOTHER—LADIES AND LADY NICOTINE—A TRIP TO RUSSIA IN 1897.

It is probably to a large extent true that domestic servants are less satisfactory on the whole than they were fifty years ago, and take less personal interest in the families they serve. Many maintain, and perhaps rightly, that this is due to the generally wider spread of education, the ability to read with tolerable ease, and the abundance of trashy literature to which they have ready and cheap access. It is said that from this they get false notions about their

true position, begin to ape the manners of their employers in dress, become impatient of being found fault with, and on receiving the slightest rebuke throw up their situations. But is it quite certain that the fault is entirely on their side? Are there not many masters and mistresses who do nothing to foster mutual interest between themselves and their servants; who regard servants simply as machines for the performance of certain tasks for which a certain wage is a full equivalent; whose intercourse with them is strictly confined to giving orders? When such is the case it is as unreasonable to expect a growth of personal interest as to expect to gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles. There is in such circumstances nothing in which kindly human interest can take root and grow. Are there not too many masters and mistresses who fail to realise the extent to which their comfort depends on their domestic servants, and what a mess we should be in if they were in a body to strike work? Servants in a well-

managed household are better fed and more comfortably housed than they would be in the homes from which they come, but along with that there is a sense of servitude from morn to noon and from noon to dewy eve, during which they move within a narrow round of duties, perhaps not oppressive, but to a certain extent restrictive of free action, and during the livelong day they must not be beyond earshot of one or other of these irritating bells. Interest begets interest. I have sufficient confidence in human nature to believe that an exhibition of kindly interest by masters and mistresses in the personal welfare of their servants would go far to sweeten the lives of both, and is quite compatible with a distinct differentiation of the relative position of employer and employed. I know households in which the servants identify themselves with the family and where changes are few. I know others where they are frequent. Bad servants must be dealt with according to their demerits.

I have been on the whole fortunate in this respect, but I was once completely taken in by a cook and became a laughing-stock to my family for being so easily bamboozled. I was sitting in the drawing-room one night when the housemaid came rushing up, and said the cook had taken a fit of some kind and was lying unconscious. My wife was from home, but the governess, my daughter, and I hurried downstairs and found the cook unconscious and apparently in a state of collapse. I was then living in the country, and there was no medical man nearer than two miles. I sent for him, but thinking something might be done to restore consciousness before he arrived, the governess and I commenced bathing her forehead, rubbing her hands and arms, applying smelling-salts to her nose, &c., but all to no purpose. She was breathing heavily and lay motionless, only once or twice slightly changing her position. We continued bathing and rubbing for about an hour, when the doctor

arrived. After he had felt her pulse and finished his examination I asked him anxiously what kind of fit it was. "Fit!" he replied, "the woman is dead drunk." We found next morning that she had contrived to pick the lock of the wine-cellar, had taken out a bottle of port and drunk the whole of it. I dismissed the cook and put a patent lock on the cellar, but the governess and I were not allowed to forget our efforts at resuscitation.

This case of my drunken cook leads one almost inevitably to anecdotes about alcohol, which is, unfortunately for our country, a fruitful source of such experiences. A few instances may be tolerated as somewhat amusing.

A priest in Airdrie saw a labourer, whom he knew to be a drunkard, going into a dram-shop, and called out to him, "Macguire, Macguire!" but Macguire paid no attention. The priest waited till he saw him come out of the shop rubbing his mouth with the sleeve of his coat,

and said, "Macguire, why didn't you stop when I called to you?"

"Ach, yer Reverence, I had only enough in my pocket for one glass."

Of much the same type is the story of Biddy, an Irishwoman who often got drunk and was sent to prison. The priest hearing that she was again shut up, went to give her a scolding. He had just finished lunch and was not a total abstainer. "Well, Biddy," he said, "I'm sorry to see you in prison again after your promise of better behaviour."

"Ah, your Reverence, I'm very hard of hearing. Come a little nearer, please."

He went nearer and repeated what he had said.

"Ah, your Reverence, please come nearer still and just spake it into my ear."

He did so, whereupon Biddy exclaimed, "Ah, your Reverence, isn't it your breath that's just divoine this marnin'."

Or to change the nationality. John was an

eminently faithful and trustworthy old clerk in a commercial house in Glasgow. He was also, from one point of view, a temperate man. He never indulged to the extent of being unfit for duty, but three or four small stimulative nips every day were very dear to him. He was very ingenious in the employment of means to conceal his nipping, and thought he was completely successful. His skill in the use of aromatic disinfectants was great, but all his devices were known to his employer and, because of his fidelity, winked at. One day he found that he had not in his pocket any one of his deodorising scents. In his difficulty, as he passed the greengrocery market in the Candleriggs he bought a pennyworth of leeks, chewed one of them, and returned to his desk with his usual gravity and confidence. His employer came in by-and-by, and sniffing the disagreeable odour, which became sensibly stronger as he neared John's desk, he laid before him the long black catalogue of his devices, saying, "John, you are a very good servant, and I

should be sorry to part with you. I'll stand aromatic pills, I'll stand orris-root, I'll stand calamus-root, I'll stand cloves, I'll stand peppermint, but I'll be hanged if I'll stand inguns [onions]!"

In the parish of Forfar there was a farmer who kept his whisky, as many do, in a stock-cask, which was duly replenished as soon as the contents began to trickle slowly, and show that only a few gallons were left. He had a friend, John Forster, who always put in an appearance when the new supply was being transferred from the one cask to the other. The farmer was a bachelor, and his sister kept house for him. She knew from long experience the tendency which both her brother and John had to take more than was good for them, and carefully superintended the transference of the liquor. On one occasion the butcher's cart came to the door, and Margaret had to leave them for a short time. Her back was no sooner turned than the farmer said to John, "It's a shame, John, to muzzle the ox that treadeth out

the corn; tak' a sook, John." Both took a very hearty sook before Margaret came back. Before the operation was finished the "sook" had taken effect on John, who, happening to take a false step, fell flat on the ground. It was a somewhat windy day, and furnished the farmer with the explanation, "Awfu' wind, Marget! awfu' wind! blawn John Forster clean owre."

I suppose there is no one, however cautious he may be, who has not sometimes, as the phrase goes, put his foot in it from not sufficiently considering his surroundings. I cannot personally claim exemption from such mistakes. Some years ago I climbed Ben Voirlich accompanied by my daughter, niece, and several other young ladies. In the ascent we forgathered with another party entirely composed of ladies. It was a beautiful day, and we reached the top all right, but we were there only a short time when we were surrounded by a thick chilling mist. The other party, fearing the combination of mist and darkness, commenced the descent before us, choosing

a path different from that by which they had come up, and, as they believed, a safer one in the circumstances. Before long the mist cleared off, and we made a fairly comfortable descent by the path by which we had come up. I thought it only civil to call in the evening at the house occupied by the other party and ascertain how they had fared. I was glad to learn that they had got back without mishap of any kind. They were guests of a pleasant old gentleman, who invited me to come in and see the ladies. I went in, and we began to talk of the incidents of the day. Among other remarks one of them spoke of the chilling effect of the mist. I agreed with her that it had been very cold, adding that I had made every one of the young ladies of my party take a good substantial dram of undiluted whisky on the top of the hill, as they all felt so cold, and that they had all admitted that it did them good. An imperfectly suppressed "Oh!" and then silence followed this (as I thought) harmless remark. I looked round the company, completely puzzled to

account for a remarkable variety of expressions on their faces. One had a roguishly amused smile, another seemed shocked, a third had a mildly deprecating look, while the gravity of the old gentleman's face baffles description. I felt there was something seriously wrong. Conversation, which up to that time had been lively and interesting, came to a dead halt. After a few commonplace and probably confused remarks, I bade them good night. Next day I learned from one of the young ladies that the old gentleman was a clergyman, and a most uncompromising teetotaller.

On another occasion I excited the surprise of a large company, and possibly aroused the indignation of many in a quite unconscious way, and with nothing but the most lamblike simplicity and charity to all mankind in my heart. It happened at a large public dinner in the town of Banff, in the neighbourhood of which Duff House, one of the seats of the Fife family, is situated. In the course of the evening (I forget

what was the occasion of the dinner) I was asked to sing a song. Though my pretensions in this line are very small I consented, and chose for my performance the fine old Jacobite song, "The day our king comes owre the water." The first three verses were listened to with apparently satisfactory appreciation and approval, but a different fate awaited the fourth verse. Imagining that the language of a political controversy as dead as Queen Anne would pass muster without offence, even in a company largely composed of people living almost within a stone-throw of Duff House, I gave vigorous expression to

"A curse on dull and drawlin' Whig,
The whinin', rantin', low deceiver,
Wi' heart sae black and look sae big,
And cantin' tongue o' clishmaclaver."

This came like a bolt from the blue. There was an unmistakable though half-suppressed "Oh!" and just the suspicion of a hiss, which however did not prevent me from finishing the verse,

though it gave me a somewhat low opinion of the servility of the Fife tenantry.

In what a simple way may a man sometimes find himself in a false position! An old friend of mine in the course of a pleasure excursion through the Kyles of Bute met on board of the steamer a man of pleasant address and bearing. London turned up as a subject of conversation. My friend had important official connections with the metropolis, and the other had lived there a long time and knew it well. The result was a somewhat prolonged conversation. When it came to an end, another passenger asked my friend if he knew who the person was to whom he had been talking, and on being told that he did not, he informed him that he was the public executioner (Marwood, I think). My friend was very much taken aback, and tried to give him a wide berth during the rest of the trip. Towards the end of it, however, the hangman, encouraged by the pleasant talk he had had with my friend, invited him

to the saloon and have a drop with him. My friend, having no sympathy with a hangman's *drops*, gave a prompt refusal.

A more harmless but as complete a mistake as to recognition was that of a schoolmaster in Aberdeen, who had been a soldier during the Crimean war. One day as he was crossing from the British to the French encampment, he met three men in the uniform of the Zouaves. Having no doubt that they were Frenchmen, he said with an accent probably not Parisian, "Bon jour, messieurs," to which the seeming Zouaves replied with a distinctly Paisley accent, "Bon jour your grannie." They were three Paisley men who had gone to France to learn silk-weaving, and had joined the French army either voluntarily or under conscription.

The following anecdote, which fell in my way a long time ago, is perhaps not generally known, and may find a place here. Two lads who had been schoolfellows forgathered after a lapse of a number of years. One had gone abroad and

returned a bachelor, the other remained at home and was married. The bachelor went to dine with his married friend. After dinner, when they were left alone, Willie said to Robert, "I'm going to ask you a serious question. Will you promise on soul and conscience to tell me the truth?"

"Yes," Robert replied, "if I can, but it must be a very serious question from the fuss you are making about it."

"Yes, it's a very serious question."

"Well, what is it?"

"It's this, Robert, what do you think of my wife?"

"It is a very awkward question. If I had thought you were going to ask that I would not have promised to answer it. But I promised, and my answer is that she's not bonnie."

Willie did not look well pleased, and Robert, seeing this, continued, "I've put it as mildly as I could. She's not bonnie. In fact she is the very reverse of good-looking."

"That's richt, Robert; I kent ye wud tell me the truth. She is ugly, deevilish ugly, but for a' that she's just the very best wife I could hae got. She's weel tempered, she's a grand manager, she kens my ways, she doesna gossip wi' her neebours, she's just the wife for me, but she's deevilish ugly, ay is she; but it wasna for her outside that I marriet her, it was for her internal qualities."

"Eh man, Willie, could ye no' flype¹ her?"

This reference to a woman's good looks recalls an impertinent retort made by a son to his father who asked him where he was going with a lantern.

"I'm gaun to see my sweetheart," he replied.

"Man," said the father, "when I was coortin' your mother I didna tak a lantern wi' me."

"Ay. Onybody that looks at my mother wud ken that."

It is common to talk of the unconscious sunshine and happiness of childhood, but is it certain that the average child is on the whole

¹ *Flype* is used in only one sense—to turn a stocking inside out.

happier than the average man or woman? We attribute sunshiny happiness to childhood because children are exempt from the solid cares, anxiety, and responsibility which are usually the accompaniments of adolescence and maturity. But is not this because we regard them from our own and not from childhood's point of view? We think if we had as little real cause for annoyance and worry as they, we should be happy indeed; but we forget how easily the brightness of their lives can be clouded over by the breaking of a toy, the refusal of a request, the death of a pet, or any of the thousand and one incidents which, though trivial to us, bulk largely in childhood's view, and are causes of grief which is terribly real while it lasts. Only a few weeks ago I saw on the street a little girl loaded with a number of small parcels, crying as if her heart would break, and surrounded by a crowd. Her cry was almost a shriek, and so painful that I could not help asking her what was the matter. She sobbed so violently that

it was with difficulty I made out that she had lost sixpence of the change she had to take home. So excited was the poor little thing that, even after her loss was made up to her, she continued sobbing as she went off. Her grief probably departed as suddenly as it had come. If any recollection of it remained, it would not be associated with any permanent feeling of sadness.

It is also commonly said that the boy is father to the man. I am quite sure this is not universally, I don't think it is even generally, true. I have known boys who were detestably cruel in the matter of harrying birds' nests, and guilty of most wanton cruelty in torturing and killing the callow brood, grow up into tender-hearted merciful men. I am not speaking of myself in this connection, for though I plead guilty to quite an average amount of impish mischief as a boy, I can say with absolute truth that I never harried a bird's nest or found enjoyment in shying stones at the young birds. There is

a stage in the average boy's life at which (I know not why or when) a change sets in, when the tendency, sometimes brutal, and oftener simply thoughtless, is modified or banished.

In other fields than the treatment of animals I have seen similar transformations of mental and moral attitude, as the transition was made from youth to manhood. I could name a number of men whom I knew intimately in our student days, and whose close friendship I still enjoy, whose subsequent lives were not at all foreshadowed in their demeanour as lads. As youths they were, I have every reason to believe, moral, prudent, and self-respecting, and had quite an adequate regard for the proprieties and amenities of social life. They paid their debts, attended chapel, and were never called up for admonition by the Dean. But they were self-centred and worldly. Nobody could have said that they belonged to what is called the "serious" class. On the contrary, they did not hesitate to indulge in a quiet sneer at the slum type of

missionary and his pursuits. And yet I have known men of this class on reaching manhood cease to be Gallios, develop an earnestness, a self-denial, and a philanthropic interest in the poor, the wretched, and the fallen, as unexpected as it was genuine. The circumstances in which a boy finds himself, the friendships he forms, his associates in workshop or office, the extent to which he feels the necessity of standing on his own legs at the time when, ceasing to be a boy, he begins to think and act like a man, are largely responsible for these changes in character.

There is perhaps no subject which deserves more careful consideration by parents than the tendencies, character, and disposition of their sons when they leave home to begin the battle of life. Guidance and advice as to the path to be chosen should no doubt be given, and reasons for and against certain lines should be judiciously stated, not unduly pressed. But a very important factor in the question is the boy's own choice.

In nine cases out of ten he will do best what he likes best. It is also necessary to consider whether, from what is known of his character, he can be more effectively led or driven; whether considerable freedom of action or stern restraint is more likely to keep him on the right path. With the boy of average balance of character—not one who is spoken of as a “pickle”—I am convinced that considerable freedom of action is the safer course. The late George Wilson, author of ‘The Five Gateways of Knowledge,’ and Professor of Technology in Edinburgh,—a chair, if I am not mistaken, created for him and which died with him,—occurs to me as a case in point. I got an account of the incident from the late Mr Macmillan, already referred to, who, I think, got it from Professor Wilson himself. To the best of my recollection the following is substantially correct. He was the only son of a widowed mother, who came to live in Edinburgh that her son might attend the university and live

at home. After the first few months George's hours of coming home at night became gradually later. Eight o'clock changed to nine, nine to half-past, &c. The mother's heart was somewhat "exercised" at this, but, like a sensible woman, she kept her anxiety to herself. When, however, the hour of return reached ten o'clock, she had a strong and very natural desire to see in what condition George came home. She accordingly told the servants to go to bed and she would herself open the door to him. When he entered and was bidding her good night the smell of tobacco was unquestionable. She uttered no word of reproach, and gave no indication of the discovery she had made. Next night George came home much earlier, not wishing to keep his mother sitting up for him, and going into his room, found on his table a pound of the best tobacco in Edinburgh and a couple of attractive pipes, unaccompanied by any remark spoken or written. The interpretation, however, was not difficult. It could only mean,

"George, if you wish to smoke, smoke at home." He took the advice, and said his mother's judicious laxity had saved him from going to the devil. He knew that his mother would disapprove of his smoking, and to avoid offending her he had got into the habit of accompanying his friends to coffee-rooms and billiard-rooms, and was forming associations of an undesirable kind which might have led to his ruin.

There is current a suspicion—and if it were carefully sifted probably more than a suspicion—that in this country the use of tobacco by the softer sex is on the increase, and this, too, in circles whose respectability is quite beyond question. It is as yet, however, so far from common that if a female poll were taken, an overwhelming majority would pronounce it unladylike. How long this may be the general opinion it is hard to say, but after all it is merely a question of locality. About three years ago I spent eight or ten days in a family of noble rank and high tone

in Denmark, in which all the ladies—a niece of about twenty, a mother of forty, and a grandmother of seventy years of age—joined the gentlemen of the party in cigarettes every day after lunch and dinner. In stating this fact, I must not be held as expressing an opinion as to whether it is desirable that this custom should become insular, as in many places it is Continental. But if I were challenged by a committee of ladies to prove logically why, if men can pay court to my Lady Nicotine without injury to health and with increased enjoyment of life, ladies should be debarred from doing likewise, I should feel that I was in a very tight corner. It is not irrelevant to add that thirty years ago I knew two ladies of quite respectable position and irreproachable character who took snuff freely, but with some attempt at concealment, and others who enjoyed their pipe. About forty years ago the wife of a well-to-do farmer and myself were the only occupants of a public omnibus in Banffshire, when at one of the stages

a commercial traveller came in. Looking to Mrs B., he asked if she had any objection to his smoking. "Oh no," she replied, "I have a cuttie o' my ain in my pocket." Whereupon we all smoked.

I have only once in my life been requested to stop smoking in the street, and that was in a country where practically every one, man and woman alike, smoke anywhere,—in Russia,—but the place and circumstances were peculiar. In my trip to Russia with the Medical Congress in 1897 I paid a visit to the world-renowned fair at Nijni Novgorod. The fair is held for the most part in wooden booths, many of which are filled with merchandise of great value, and for that reason every precaution is taken against fire. I was not aware of this, and was smoking a harmless cigar, when a policeman told me that it was forbidden to smoke in the neighbourhood of the fair.

It is right to add that this was the only interference with personal liberty which I experienced

during a fortnight's sojourn in St Petersburg, Moscow, and Nijni Novgorod. I found that I had come to Russia with a greatly exaggerated notion as to restriction on freedom of action. I quote here some extracts from an account I wrote of my Russian trip.

“It may be that, in order to make things pleasant for the members of the Congress, regulations about passports and taking snapshots with kodaks at public buildings have been somewhat relaxed; but it is nevertheless true that at Peterhof, the Emperor's favourite summer residence, the whole of the grounds, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the palace, are, even when he is there himself, absolutely open to all the world without let or hindrance. You come here and there on a Cossack on horseback, who is as harmless as the ranger of a public park in the freest country in the world. People can walk or drive through them, as I certainly did, without being called in question. The grounds are beautifully kept, and fountains in great numbers

are almost constantly playing for public entertainment. British subjects for many years resident there assure me that, from a social point of view, they enjoy absolute freedom. A man who leaves politics alone can, within the usual limits of an orderly life, do as he likes without provoking censure or comment. But politics are not a factor in the life of the average Russian resident, and there is therefore no reason why he should touch them. Where there is no popular representation a man's political opinions can affect nothing. It is only the revolutionist for whom politics have any meaning, and for him unquestionably the lines here have not fallen in pleasant places. The British merchant knows on what terms he can lead a quiet and profitable life in Russia. If the terms do not please him, he need not remain in the country. If they do, it is clearly his duty to leave politics alone.

“One is struck by the extreme devoutness of the people, as indicated by what meets the eye. I am not called on to say that the Orthodox

Russian is better than any other; but to judge from what meets one at every turn, his whole life is permeated with religion or religious observances. In this respect the Roman Catholic is not in it with an adherent of the Greek Church. The Orthodox Russian in passing a shrine, a church, or an icon never fails to uncover and cross himself three or four times. This is not confined to the uneducated classes, but it is perhaps more conspicuous in them. It is difficult to believe that in many cases this is more than unmeaning or superstitious form. It is not accompanied by greater sobriety than in countries where there is less external observance; but it is only fair to mention as a qualifying element that vodka does not cost one-third as much as Scotch whisky. A friend who lives there informed me that he has seen a man so drunk that he could hardly walk take off his cap, cross himself, and almost lose his balance as he bowed in passing a shrine on the street."

CHAPTER VII.

APPRECIATION OF ART AND WINE OFTEN SECOND-HAND—REVIEWS AND CRITICISM SHOULD BE CONSCIENTIOUS—THE VARYING PERSPECTIVE IN VIEWS OF AGE.

WITHOUT calling in question for a moment the genuineness of appreciation by men of artistic feeling and æsthetic culture for works of high art in painting and sculpture, and admitting that the difference between a good and a bad picture is obvious to the ordinary observer, who is neither by nature nor education artistic, it is unquestionable that a large amount of admiration and rapture expressed by some people is spurious and second-hand. It is also unquestionable that in many cases the enormous sums paid for pictures have their motive not in appreciation of art pure and simple, but in a desire to possess a Raeburn,

a Turner, a Landseer, or a work of other artists of enduring fame. Such investors are often antiquaries or collectors of curios, not necessarily lovers of art. How far the mere name of an artist, irrespective of the merits of a picture, is a most important factor in assessing its value, is shown by the account given me by a friend, who spent a week-end with the owner of one of the finest private collections in Scotland. Many of the pictures had histories which Mr G. narrated in a very interesting way. Among them was Landseer's famous picture of "A distinguished Member of the Humane Society"—a large Newfoundland dog and the child it had rescued from drowning. The following is the account he gave of it.

"This picture," he said, "I bought from A. & Co. at a cost of £2000. After I had it for two or three years, a French artist was my guest for a few days, and going round the gallery as we are now, when he came to this picture he said, 'What a very fine copy!' 'Copy!' I exclaimed;

'it is a genuine Landseer.' 'Oh no,' he replied, 'I assure you it is only a copy, but a very fine copy.' I told him that I got it from A. & Co., and was sure they would not palm off a copy for an original picture. 'But,' said the Frenchman, 'they may have been themselves deceived. I assure you it is only a copy.' I could not remain uncertain about this, and wrote at once to the head of the firm, who replied that he could trace the whole history of the picture if I could give him a week or two. I was in London shortly after this and called on him, when he told me that my friend was right. He then gave me its history, ending with, 'You have had it for' (naming the time), 'and you paid £2000 for it plus 10 per cent commission. The capital sum plus interest for the time you have had it amounts to' (naming the sum). 'I hand you now a cheque for that amount, and I take back the picture.' This was accordingly done. Some time after this I went into a sale of pictures. Among them was this one. The auctioneer said

it was a very fine copy of Landseer's famous picture. The first bid was £10, which gradually rose to £30. It then occurred to me that some poor fellow had probably lost by it, and I bade £50 and got it, and that's the picture."

A friend who had personal knowledge of another purchase which the foregoing suggests, gave me the following account of it. A lady in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh had two vases of Sevres china about which a London dealer had heard. He called and asked to be shown them. After examination he proposed to buy them, and made an offer of £700 for the pair. The lady said she did not wish to part with them; they had come down to her as an heirloom, and she was not in want of money. The dealer left, but returned about a year afterwards and asked to have another look at them. To this the lady had no objection. They were in a cabinet along with other articles of the same description. He remarked that they were not effectively arranged, and asked if she would allow

him to empty the cabinet and rearrange the contents more artistically. To this she also agreed. After the rearrangement he appealed to her if it was not an improvement. She admitted that it was, but pointed out that he had not replaced the vases. "True," he replied, "but you must admit that the cabinet is perfect without them. You really do not need them. I am prepared to offer you £900 for them." The butler, who was standing by, said, "Mistress, £900, that's £45 a-year for twa jugs. Ye had better tak it." The lady bethought her of some charitable institutions in which she was interested, to which £45 a-year would be a most welcome boon, and accepted the offer.

So much for pictures and Sevres china. The professed appreciation of wine is in many cases as imaginary and second-hand. Cultivated taste is not required to distinguish between cheap adulterations of port, claret, gooseberry champagne, and honest sound wines. To pronounce on the comparative merits of fairly high-priced

wines supplied by a respectable firm, and wines of rare vintage and enormous cost, requires the taste and experience of a connoisseur. That there are such connoisseurs I do not deny, but many who claim to be so are nothing of the kind. Of this the following incident is an illustration. I knew intimately a wine merchant, A., who spent his life in the purchase and sale of wines and claimed to be a connoisseur. He naturally wished his friends to be his customers, and was not too well pleased when they went elsewhere, as they sometimes did. He was one of a large dinner-party at the house of B. The claret was from A.'s cellar and was pronounced very good. The conversation for a short time took the direction of wine, which led B. to remark that he had been tempted to invest in a hogshead of light claret at a very low price (which he named), and that he found it exceedingly good at the price.

"It is absolutely impossible," said A., "that it can be tolerable claret at that price."

"It's of course not so good as yours which we have been drinking, but it is good sound wine and quite drinkable," said B.

"Absolutely impossible," said A.

"Would you mind trying it?"

"Well, I don't mind tasting it to please you," with a distinct emphasis on *tasting*.

The claret-decanter happened to be empty at the moment, and B. rang the bell, which was answered by the housemaid. He gave her the key of the cellar and told her to bring up a bottle from a bin which he described. She went downstairs and left the decanter in the pantry. While she was in the cellar the hired waiter found the empty decanter, and, knowing nothing of the order given to the housemaid, naturally concluded that it was sent down to be filled with the same wine as before. He accordingly filled it and took it up to the dining-room.

"Now," said B., who meant no deception, "just take a glass of that and say if it is not quite a tolerable wine,"

A. half-filled his glass, took a sip, and said, "Why, B., you don't mean to say you think that drinkable. It does not deserve the name of claret."

Some others of the company thought it good. While the discussion was going on, in came the housemaid with the bottle of cheap wine. Tableau!

The duties of an Inspector of Schools when faithfully performed are absorbing and unfavourable for much or continuous literary work. My first efforts were of a very humble kind. As a boy of fifteen and till I was upwards of twenty years of age, I purveyed local news for the 'Ayr Advertiser.' I have found time for a number of magazine articles and for reviewing a good many books. I don't know that I am more conscientious than others in giving my estimate of the quality of a book, but I have a very strong feeling that, if a book is to be reviewed, it should be read carefully, and with an honest purpose to find out both its merits and demerits.

To be indifferent about awarding praise or blame seems to me to be little short of a crime. To give, as the result of perfunctory reading, undeserved praise is to mislead the reading public. To condemn without good reason is to give a cowardly stab in the dark, and hurt the feelings of an author who may have given years of faithful work to the production of a book on which his prospects and future success in life may largely depend.

I remember giving in 'Macmillan's Magazine' in 1863 a review of 'Ancient Leaves: Translations and Paraphrases from Poets of Greece and Rome,' by the late D'Arcy Thompson, Professor of Greek in the University of Galway, which, as I learned afterwards, had been most unfairly "cut up" by a contributor to 'The Saturday Review,' who had either not read the book, or had read it with the deliberate purpose of condemning it. My review was not meant as an answer to the savage attack of 'The Saturday Review,' which I had not seen. After a lapse

of exactly forty years I have read again my article, and see no reason for altering the very favourable estimate I had formed of the merits of the book. Mr Thompson felt keenly the unfairness of the other criticism, and the day after the issue of 'Macmillan' dashed off the following lines, which are perhaps worth quoting :—

“ When treacherous foes with unseen squirt
Were showering something worse than dirt,
'Twas like, good Kerr, your manly heart
To strip to buff and take my part.
'Twas yestermorn, just out of bed,
Your kindly criticism I read ;
Brimmed with conceit read on and on
The 'multum pro' the 'paulum con' ;
Read it all through, and murmured, ' Well,
Why, dash it, I must be a swell.'
'Tis true, the man who penned my praise
Means honestly just what he says ;
But still that writer is my friend,
Is, was, and will be to the end.
So while my gratitude I own,
My vanity I needs must tone.
But not alone, good Kerr, to you
My warm acknowledgments are due.

Yours was the arrow, yours the quiver ;
Another of the bow was giver ;
You stood, a Teucer in the field,
But stood behind Macmillan's shield.
In plainer speech I thank you twain,
Heartily—once, twice, and again."

To this I replied also in jingle, which in mercy
I spare the reader.

There is no respect in which our perspective
of life lends itself to such continual change of
estimate as in our views of age. I remember
being conscious of an almost painful sensation
when I found myself thirty—a feeling as if I
was near the period of getting old. I am sure
that at that time, after a day of hard hill-climb-
ing, I have used such expressions as, "I am as
stiff as an old man of fifty," and now when I am
beyond threescore and ten I regard the man of
fifty as quite a young fellow, and a man of
seventy as just a little past middle age. I don't
think I am peculiar in this varying estimate. I
am at any rate not alone. I daresay it is not
unusual for men in good health and youthful in

spirit to think of themselves as comparatively young, when they are really on the down-grade of life. This harmless and perhaps wholesome delusion is apt to be sometimes harshly and unexpectedly dissipated. A man who, in talking to a friend whom he considers quite as old as himself, and alluding to an incident or custom which he presumes his friend remembers perfectly, experiences a rude shock when told that he has no recollection of the custom, and that the incident or event belongs to a period several years before he was born. I have many times said to people apparently as old as myself, that I have seen a well-to-do farmer ride to church with his wife behind him on a pillion, and with her arm round his waist; and a newly married couple of good social position ride off from the marriage party in the same fashion, and been told that the custom had died out before their time. I have often in similar circumstances spoken of being a spectator, when a boy of nine years of age, of the Eglinton Tourna-

ment, and found to my surprise that I was ten or twelve years older than my supposed contemporaries. I learned also what was worse than surprising—that I was much nearer being an old man than I had supposed.

We have a very good example of the never-say-die spirit of healthy old men in one whom I knew well in an Aberdeenshire town. He had led an active life, took a keen interest in the Volunteer movement, and on specially festive occasions was apt to indulge too freely in the cup which both cheers and inebriates. When this happened he was usually treated, like Mr Caudle, to a curtain lecture by his better half, who had strict notions about the use of stimulants. On his eightieth birthday he was entertained by his friends to a public dinner, and returned to the bosom of his family in a considerably bemuddled condition. He listened complacently for some time to his wife's admonition, but, proud of his popularity among his friends, he replied, "I'm sure, Janet, ye needna grumble at my going a wee bit owre

the score on this great occasion. It will be a lang time afore I hae anither eightieth birthday."

Yet another instance of an old man who thought himself comparatively young. Professor Pillans, a former occupant of the Humanity chair in Edinburgh, when well beyond three-score and ten, remarked to me that he was delighted to learn that the newly elected Professor of Sanscrit had arranged to have his class at three o'clock. On being asked why this was a matter for rejoicing, he replied that his senior Latin class was dismissed at that hour, and he would be able to join the Sanscrit class, adding that he had long thought of studying Sanscrit.

A friend of mine some years ago paid a visit to Unst in Shetland, where an old clergyman, Mr Ingram, had reached the age of 104. In the course of conversation Dr Barclay, then Principal of Glasgow University, who had formerly been a minister in Shetland, and at that time probably not less than eighty, was referred to,

Mr Ingram asking how he was getting on. "Oh," said my friend, "the old man is wonderfully well." "Old man," said Mr Ingram, almost indignantly, "Dr Barclay is only a boy." Another case, not perhaps exactly in point but suggested by the remark, occurs to me. My wife's grandmother reached the age of ninety-seven in full possession of all her faculties. A year before her death her medical adviser recommended a little brandy and hot water before going to bed. The good old lady took it for a week or so and felt the better for it, but then gave it up on the ground that there was a danger of falling into bad habits. The remark implicitly indicates that even at ninety-six the perspective tends to make that number smaller than it really is.

There is one very recent memory in connection with the scandalous behaviour of the students of Edinburgh University, when they were honoured by the presence of the Prime Minister as Chancellor, and the Attorney-General, Sir R. B.

Finlay, as Lord Rector, when the latter gave his Inaugural Address in the M'Ewan Hall some months ago. It is difficult to believe, and a shameful blot on the fair fame of our university, that, in these circumstances, scarcely two consecutive sentences of the address were heard, owing to the ill-mannered, insensate hooting and trumpeting of a number of the students. Their conduct has been universally condemned both inside and outside the university. The indignation expressed by a well-known and popular professor is worth recording. After characterising the proceedings as absolutely unpardonable, he is reported to have said to his class, "How much I wished on leaving the M'Ewan Hall that I could have found outside a herd of swine, a steep place, and at the bottom of it a deep sea."

And now it is probable that those who have had the perseverance to accompany me thus far in what is to a large extent a record of frivolities, think it is time to stop, and that I might

have made a much better use of my evenings during a month on Lochlomondside than scribbling such trifles. They are probably right; but though I have reached an age at which many think it desirable, and others that it is necessary, to take one's ease, I am in excellent health, and have led too active a life to loaf and do nothing but read. Except during May, June, and July, when I have a good deal to occupy me in the examination of secondary schools, my time is largely at my own disposal. There are few things more undesirable and unwholesome than to have nothing to do. Accordingly, both from natural disposition and because I am convinced that activity both mental and physical are best and longest maintained by judicious exercise, I choose not to be idle. I should be glad to find that I have not made a mistake in recording these additional memories; but responsibility for the mistake, great or small, must be shared by those who asked for them, and not be laid entirely at the door of one resembling the

Irishman who, dissatisfied with the offer of a *nip* of whisky, and asked if he would prefer a whole glass, replied, "Ach, sor, I'm as aisy persuaded as a choild."

I hope I have not committed the unpardonable sin of producing a whole crop of chestnuts; but I cannot hope that I am wholly guiltless in that respect, for there are few things more difficult than relating an anecdote that is not a chestnut to somebody.

I shall not regret my month's work if I have succeeded in producing a little volume readable enough to beguile an idle hour.

THE END.