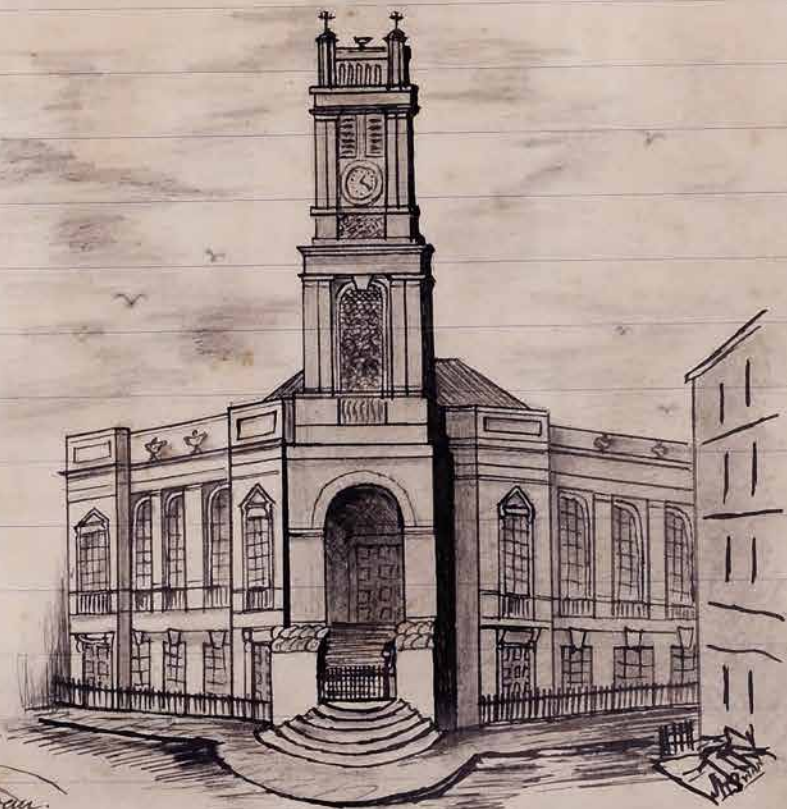


1883-84

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ST. STEPHEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY'S MAGAZINE.



James W. Swan.
Editor.

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Sylva —

A true story.

Chapter I. — The Mermaidens.

" Her form was fairer to behold "
" Than that of onads in days of old "
" And I do ween her hair though green "
" Was finer than I e'er had seen "

Blind Harry.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the place where the Queen of the Mermaidens dwelt. The palace in which she resided during most of the time had indeed a beautiful situation. It was in the deepest part of the coral sea in the balmy Pacific Islands. All was peace away down there, and while above them the sea might rage and be lashed into tremendous power, they lived in a peace & loveliness known only to themselves & such shipwrecked mariners as have survived & have been taken by the mermaidens to see their beautiful home.

Nothing could be lovelier than the noble lofty
palace rearing its head amid the clear waters.
Round about the palace, far as the eye could reach
stretched out vast plains of finest spices & choicest fruits.
These were the gardens of the mermaidens in which they
loved to stray, gathering the precious fruit, or to recline
beneath the foliage of these luxuriant trees.
The palace itself was a wonderful building, like one of
these majestic structures described in fairy tales.
Built principally of coral, it was all overgrown in the most
pleasing & artistic manner with climbing sea plants,
whose spreading leaves seemed to exclude, not the light
of the sun, but that of the phosphorescent insects from
whom all the light & brightness of the mermaids was
derived. In the interior of the palace all was charm-
fulness & comfort. From the large hall in which the
mermaidens were accustomed to dance to the room
of the salt sea waves to the bedchamber of the
lowest maid in the Queen's household, all was beau-
tiful & true to the highest art. The rooms were

hung with the most beautiful & varied specimens of sea-weed in place of tapestry, & enamel pictures of the ancestors of the mermaidens were placed here & there throughout the palace. In short the place seemed to have been made with every comfort & luxury that could be thought of & no expense had been spared in making it beautiful.

The Queen was in every way worthy of such a home. Every virtue seemed to have its perfection in her, and being thus so good need we wonder that she was happy. There was however one flaw in her happiness. One cloud in her sky of sunshine. She had a daughter on whom had been lavished all the care & wealth of an Empire, but in whose bosom, alas, there existed desires incompatible with & unworthy of a mermaiden. In early life she had known a sailor who had been rescued from a watery grave by the mermaids & had resided for many years at the palace. This old sailor, belonging to the H.M.S. Pinfore had subtly instilled into the mind of the young Princess a most intense longing

to see & converse with man. He had told her many things England & the people who inhabited it - Some of them true, some false, but all more or less coloured. The old sailor had thus produced a most intense thirst to see human beings, & the upper earth, which is fatal to the happiness of all the mermaid race. To visit man, for no matter how short a time was henceforth the ardent desire of the foolish young Princess. Her fond mother explained to her that she could only visit the earth by clothing herself in a seal's skin, but should she by any misfortune lose the dress when on land it would be impossible for her to return to her home.

Her entreaties at last prevailed & the Queen decided to let her daughter go & visit the land, seeing if she was not allowed to do so, she would pine away & die. The ceremony of Sylvia's departure was a most imposing one. All the neighbouring nobles & lords along with all the other subjects of the Queen came to see Sylvia don the seal's garb & leave for the upper world. Few eyes in the vast crowd were without a tear as the procession,

in which walked Sylva, her mother the queen & her waiting maids, slowly filed past. Sylva walked foremost, looking lovelier than ever, yet in the twitching of that finely formed lip could be seen the excitement that made her young heart throb so loudly. Slowly the procession wended its way, till it at last stopped at the gate of the Palace.

Sylva then in a calm & dignified manner, worthy of her royal blood, took leave of her friends; when she turned towards her mother she nearly broke down, but recovering herself, embraced her most fondly, saying "Farewell mother mine, I shall soon return."

Sylva then was lightly encased in the seal's skin, which was so made that she could at once step out of it were she so inclined. She again affectionately bade adieu to her fond parent, having had the way well explained to her & it once took her course towards the British Islands.

At this instant there arose from the assembled Empire a long loud cheer, ^{which} was echoed & reechoed by the surrounding rocks. As the sound reached Sylva she

graciously turned towards her people, & waving her hand
bade them a last adieu.

Sylvia soon left far behind her, her noble mansion;
and at length arrived on land, at a place which she
knew to be Devonshire, from the information she had got
before leaving home.

Her feelings, poor child, upon landing on the coast of
Devonshire were of no ordinary description. Taking off her
seals skin she stepped lightly forth in all her beauty of
youth, & gazed fondly & wonderingly round on the scene
spread before her. It was early spring. All the trees
were budding forth in their splendour & the hills were
clothed with verdure. The young crops were fast sucking
the sunlight & as she gazed she thought that surely
this did not seem to be such a bad world as her
mother & some others had portrayed.

Just at this moment from a copse of trees far up the
hill a nightingale sent forth its melodious notes.

Sylvia was struck with wonder at the lovely music as
note after note pealed forth from among the trees, & was

wafted towards her by the evening breeze. Never before had she heard such joyous music & she tripped lightly forward to see from whence the sound proceeded. Higher up the hill she tripped till at length she stood before the clump of trees where the melodious bird was singing. At the noise of her approach it fled to a wood farther up the hill where again it poured forth its sweet music. Unable to think of aught save the charming melody, she too, followed the songster to the wood: till all at once she remembered her seal's skin, which in the intensity of her feelings she had left by the sea shore. Knowing that if she lost it, she would be unable to get home, she at once returned to the place in which she had at first landed, to find her precious skin, resolved that never again would she be so foolish as to leave it out of her sight. Gladly she ran back, but what was her surprise to find her seal's skin was gone, that her hope of return home was rent in twain. Poor Sylvia searched in vain for the skin, all trace of it was gone, slowly she realized the fact that all

hope of seeing her mother & the home of her happy youth must be abandoned, and as the full force of her misfortune became clear to her she raised her hands above her head, and with one long sad wail of grief, cried "I am lost" and sank insensible on the pebbly beach.

Chapter II. The Fisherman.

"The pride of our great nation"
"Are the Devon fishermen"
"Who without hesitation"
"Are the finest men you ken"

No lovelier village could be imagined, & none certainly existed than that of Moulton; Nestling among the southern hills of Devonshire, all nature seemed to smile upon it. The village, or rather hamlet, for it was composed of hardly more than a score of picturesque little cottages, was romantically situated on the shore of a sandy bay on whose deep blue waters

were scattered the little fleet of Monla fishing boats. The waters were clear & placid as those in the Mediterranean, & far away down could be seen the shells & rocks intermingled with sand. In these clear depths many fish of all kinds could be seen frisking about & many little fishes were caught by the little boys at the mouth of the harbour & their gleeful shouts, which resounded in the clear morning air were wafted far away out to sea, & heard by the men, as far away to where the sun rises they pulled in their nets laden with fish.

In the offing there appeared, gradually nearing the shore, a large half decked fishing boat, whose dark sails stood out in the light sky far away seaward. This trim vessel was the Betsey, one of the finest in the fleet, & her gallant captain & owner Jack Lawrie, was rightly proud of her. With a willing crew under him, he had often ventured out into the deep during stormy weather, but having a most perfect knowledge of all the rocks & shoals in the

neighbourhood, he, by skill & daring, had always brought his boat into harbour safe & sound.

As the Betsy neared the shore any one could see by the face of the skipper that something was troubling him. The night before when they had started, his sailors had noticed it and many were their comments upon the possible cause; for seldom indeed was their gallant captain out of sorts. He looked well all along the shore as if expecting some one but his gaze returned unsatisfied & the troubled look seemed to deepen on his countenance. Hastily telling his men to unload & that he would be back shortly he commenced to walk along the road that led towards the village. Striking off from the highway, he made his way towards a neatly thatched cottage that stood somewhat removed from the public gaze. Lovely indeed did the cottage look with its garden so well weeded & tastefully laid out. Many & varied were the plants which it contained, flowers which with us can only exist in hothouses flourished luxuriantly. The clinging honeysuckle ran wild & clasped the old fence in its

loving embrace. Many of those bright red plants, called by the country children "red hot poker" shone out from amid the other flowers of less imposing appearance making the simple flower garden look like a piece of fairy land. It was truly a charming place & one which one seen could never be forgotten.

As Jack Laurie neared the lovely scene he raised his eyes, still weary & unsatisfied, & a look of half joy half sorrow flashed over his handsome face, as he beheld before him almost before he knew, the loveliest flower that could be in any garden, a fair young girl over whose cloudless life had scarce passed twenty summers - the lovely Jessie known & loved throughout all the country round & looked upon as the pride of Monte. To attempt to describe that fair form were vain indeed. The ink to show the lovely tint of her transparent skin has never been invented, nor the pen made to delineate all the beauties of form & symmetry to be seen in her figure. As she raised her head at the approach of Jack their eyes met & her lovely cheeks became tinged with

red like the rose which she held nervously in her fingers. Her eyes fell, & any one could see they had had a lovers quarrel.

"Why didn't you come to meet me, Jessie?
Who was that fellow you were speaking to?" asked Jack
almost in one breath.

"Why Tom Jenkins to be sure, who is the best
fellow in the village & has asked me to go with him
to the hills to-morrow, won't it be nice?"

"Jessie, have you promised to go with that
Scapgrace Tom Jenkins?"

Now be it known that Tom Jenkins though a
wild sort of fellow was no scapgrace & certainly had
no idea of the amount of harm to these two young
hearts, who before time had been so happy in
each other's love. Jessie was as true to Jack as she
could be, and would have done anything for
him. She had not only refused to go with Tom
Jenkins but had given him a severe rebuff for
having even suggested such a thing to her.

She however did not like Jack to suspect her of even having a thought about Tom; so her sweet lips, over whose matchless form & beauty Jack's eyes had so often lingered, pouted in a manner so pretty that it would have delighted Jack at any other time, now it only exasperated him, & he became almost mad, as with eyes in which the tear drops lay among the eyelashes like pearls, she looked up at him & proudly said. "Why Mr Laurie what can it possibly matter to you where I go? Mr Jenkins is very nice young man."

"Jessie, I have a right to know, are you going with him to-morrow - Yes or No? Don't fool me."

"Mr Laurie I'll go to Land's End with dear Tom Jenkins, if I like."

"Jessie?"

"Yes Mr Laurie, I mean it. You may go & offer your precious heart to the first woman you meet if you like?"

"Miss Miller, I leave you for ever & wish

I had never seen your face, we could never have been happy together. I leave you forever & hope you may be happy with Jenkins, but oh, by the life you have already wrecked, by the love you have cast from you & trampled, never again trifle with any fellow's feelings as you have with mine, Farewell."

Then without a fond embrace as on all former occasions of parting, he turned as he thought, forever from the threshold amid whose fragrant flowers & among whose shady bowers he had spent the happiest days of his life.

Poor Jessie stood like one in a horrid dream, hardly realising what mischief she had done in her hastiness. Once her lips moved as if to speak, but the half-muttered "Jack" died away in the cool morning breeze. Then with a low wail she sank upon the green sward, at the side of the fairy like tower where so many happy days had been spent.

Chapter III. The Rescue.

" Saved from a watery grave
" By one so fair & brave
" From the sliny depths of ocean
" To be saved is a queer notion
" Then blow ye winds, blow high
" We're happy in our cottage
" No storm can us come nigh
" No ill our bright hearth ravage."

With hasty nervous steps Jack hastened from the scene. A cry of unutterable anguish escaped from his lips as with mighty strides he left behind him the fair spot where the light & joy of his life lay buried. A dire burden of gloom that death alone could remove lay upon his heart. His Jessie whom he had thought so true, so noble, the girl in connection with whom he had ever pictured his future life, around whose head all his day dreams & castles in the air had ever centred, was false.

The awful truth ravished his very soul & the workings of his mind revealed themselves in his dark & gloomy countenance. All his past life of happiness & enjoyment, unclouded by a single day of sorrow flashed before him. He saw in bold relief the old ruined castle among whose ivy clad towers on a lovely evening scarcely a month before, the fondly whispered "Yes Jack" by a voice dearest to him on earth had made him the happiest of men. His life then seemed to be one happy dream. Now it seemed like a horrid nightmare with the terrible addition that no awaking seemed possible. All was dark & dreary in the future. That home of happiness & love to which he had looked forward was now a myth. His Jessie was false. The girl whom he had loved above all womankind, whom he had worshipped as only a truly noble minded man can, had deceived him. On his life he wrote Ichabod. All was now a bleak waste. He thought of the many acts of endearment of the simple little gifts he had given

to her who had proved unworthy of them. Suddenly he remembered of a gift he had intended for her. Walking along the bay the night before he had found the complete skin of the largest & finest seal he had ever seen. He had showed it to some of the old sailors who had pronounced it without an equal. This rare skin he had intended to give to Jessie, but his breast heaved & his heart burned as he thought that now that was all over forever, but he resolved that none else should ever wear it.

At once with hasty strides he entered his little cottage, hastily grasping the skin he surveyed it for an instant & then with a breaking heart made his way towards the sea into whose impunctable depths he had resolved to cast it.

Heavily he walked with head bowed down under the burden of his great sorrow. Hearing a rustling noise he looked up & beheld a sight which fixed itself on his memory as none other had ever done. Before him he beheld a female form of superhuman

beauty. Half hidden by the willow branches, which hung down in rich profusion from overhead, the face of the strange lovely figure turned its deep blue eyes, blue like an Italian sky, towards Jack with a look of unutterable entreaty & hopeless longing.

Then as slowly & sadly the great beautiful eyes lowered themselves they rested on the seal's skin which Jack still carried in his hand. At once her whole aspect underwent a change. Her eyes seemed to sparkle with fire, her countenance lit up with gladness & springing forward with a wild cry of joy, she seized the seal's skin from the powerless hands of Jack & turned towards the sea with swift light steps.

Jack stood like one dumbfounded & then as he saw the fair form of the girl plunge into the water he gave a cry of alarm & at once with hasty strides came to the shore & plunged in to endeavour to save her. The lovely creature now almost enveloped in the seal skin turned towards him with a

gaze of profound pity; & in a voice which sounded like the rippling of a mountain brook at the close of a summer's day, said, or rather sung, so sweet sounded the words:

Oh foolish man who'er you be
Know 'tis vain to follow me

Down to my home beneath the wave,
To rest amid weeds that wrap the brave,
Whose bones as trophies deck my cave.

Then with a wave of her hand, as if to bid Jack adieu, she dived into the depths of the ocean. Jack dived after her but in vain, and then almost exhausted he turned towards the shore. He felt he could never reach it, as his strength was slowly ebbing away. He thought of his Jessie, & again she seemed to be true to him as of old, he felt strangely happy, & then all seemed hazy. The sea waves breaking on the sandy shore sounded in his ears like the sweet murmur of happy children's voices & seemed to waft him asleep. He knew & felt nothing.

A few minutes afterwards on the sandy beach was seen a fair young creature dripping with the salt sea, bearing as best she could in her willing & loving arms the form of a young fisherman.

Slowly his eyes opened & a look of inutterable tenderness suffused his face as he muttered the one sweet word "Jessie." No need of further explanation all was settled between these two hearts forever. No more doubt or misunderstanding could ever again darken the brightness of their lives.

That evening as the coy stars one by one shone down upon the southern shores of Devonshire, two happy hearts pledged anew to love each other.

"Oh Jack, if you had been drowned in that dark cruel sea, I would have killed myself; Why did you doubt me?"

"Jessie, I was mad, but we will never doubt each other more."

"No Jack"

And the little star hid itself behind a cloud

too modest it was to show itself. They talked of many things these two fond hearts as in the presence of the twinkling stars they wandered up & down, the dark sea peacefully rippling upon the sandy beach, on the one side, while on the other, the far distant hills, like guardians of the country rose in all their solemn majesty. They talked of the strange creature that had so nearly cost Jack his life, & they wondered if the sad longing look of that fair face had given place to smiles: if she too were as happy as they.

Yes gentle reader, the fair creature that had nearly robbed Monte of her finest fisherman, & had nearly extinguished the light & joy of Jessie's life was none other than the wilful Sylva. Happy indeed was she to get back at last to the palace of the Queen of the Nymphs, her mother & many were the rejoicings of her friends at her return.

Jack & Jessie were happy in each other's love & years

afterwards by the light of the pine log fire in their Devonshire home Jack would tell the story of his life to little reduced images of Jessie & himself. He told of the many hardships he had come through & talked of the time when as a fisher boy he had drifted away to sea in a little boat, & being picked up by the great Captain Cook had gone round the world with him. He told of all this, but what interested his young hearers most was when he told of the time when he was rescued from a watery grave by a noble girl who lived in a pretty cottage near Nunka Bay. At this part of the story the person opposite Jack would look up with fond blue eyes into his face & smile; and a little fellow of about 8 years would clasp that person fondly round the neck, for did he not well know that that noble girl of whom his father spoke was his mother.

T. E. Heaton.

'Sylvia' is most certainly the very
finest piece of the kind I ever read.
The author shows sparks - yea flames
of genius of the first order. It
reads like a poem. L.H.

" My Grace "

Oh Grace I often think of thee,
As I travel through life's throng,
Thou art the loveliest I e'er did see
Thy beauty is my song.

Oh Grace I loved when first I saw you,
Oh Grace I love you still;
If you don't return that love, dear Grace
I'll swallow a majesty pill.

Dear Grace when first we met,
'Twas down by Arran's coast.
As together we chased the rabbits
'Twas there my heart I lost.

Oh Grace these were the happy days,
As we climbed the hills alone;
And as we talked of bye gone days,
There was a sweetness in your tone.

Oh how we chased the rabbits,
As over the rocks we went;
Those happy days, I'll ne'er forget
The happiest I ever spent.

A Member.

My! Esracious!

a purer specimen of doggerel was never found printed on
the outside of a tea-bag. To criticise it were too great
an honour. We trust the 'members' will in future affect
prose. 

It doesn't quite appear why the youthful lovers should talk of
bye-gone days, they had but newly met for the first time; besides,
people in such circumstances generally dream of the future. 

We would consider it very bad Grace did we not
express our indebtedness to the author of "My Grace"
for his graceful effusion. We laughed so heart-
ily over it, that a severe attack of toothache

from which we were suffering was entirely removed.
We therefore gracefully record our thanks,
realizing how disgraceful it would be for
us, were we so ungraceful as not to do so.
J.R.

The worthy critic 'M.S.' seems to know
rather much about what 'people in
such circumstances' generally do. Oh



I was spending my summer holidays of 1880 in the small town of P. S. situated on the Firth of Forth about 10 miles east of Edinburgh. The day, the incidents of which I am about to relate, was what a summer's day ought to be, but was more a day suited to wander in woods or climb some lofty mountain, than for a sail upon the Forth, for the air was without a breath of wind, & the calmness which had rested upon the sea for the last few days, scarcely broken by the slightest ripple, still prevailed. We had been looking forward for a few days, to a sail to Inchekeith which is about 9½ mls.

from P. The day had at last arrived & we were but little daunted by the state of the weather. The boat, an open one, 18 feet long was launched early in the forenoon, ballast put in, masts fixed, sails arranged & everything made ready: waiting on the wind. While so waiting I'll give you a view of the ships company. There were eight males & four females: the males consisted of a very eccentric old gentleman, who I will call Mr Quill, a young man named Clark, brother of the owner of the boat, & who was in charge of it; Fraser, a middle aged man, a companion of Clark's & who was brought to help to manage the boat, & to enjoy himself as well I have no doubt. Then comes Mr James Quill, junior the son of the Quill formerly mentioned, a youth, wanting like many of the gilded youths of the present day, twopence off the shilling; then follows his brother & another boy, and to bring up the train of males my venerable self. The females consisted of the two Misses Quill's & my two sisters.

Of this large company only Clark, Fraser & myself
knew anything about sailing. The whole provisions
to feed this company from after dinner to we did
not know when consisted of one dozen Bass & a few
peones & biscuits. After dinner a slight wind sprang
up & taking full advantage of it we pushed off from
land, set our sails & pointed our bow towards
Inchkeith. We had gone only about half a mile when
the wind fell & we had to "out oars" & begin the
tedious task of rowing. Nothing eventful happened
except the shooting of a sea bird until we were
within a mile of our goal, when a fresh breeze
sprang up, oars were shipped, the sails once
more bulged out & we went flying through the
water at a very good rate, which brought us to Inch-
keith about 5.30 p.m. after being four hours upon
the water. We could only spend half an hour
upon the island - but we spent it well. When we
reached the highest point & looked towards the
ocean, I saw one of the grandest sights I have

ever yet seen. The ships which could not set sail during the last few days on account of the great calm, had collected to a large number & when the fresh breeze had sprung up they all took advantage of it. The sight was something beautiful to behold them all under white canvas sailing out of Leith Roads.

Mr Quill seemed to be very ~~thirsty~~ & all that remained of the beer being left in the boat, none of us could help him in the slightest degree.

We therefore went forward to the lighthouse & knocked at the door. Two handsome maidens came in answer but were sorry they could not oblige our old friend. Some conversation followed, of which I remember nothing but the following:

Mr Quill, inquisitively "I suppose you will not be able to go to church on Sundays?"

The maiden replied "Oh, no, but we have a service among ourselves." "Well I think I'll come over & give you a sermon some Sunday."

responded Mr Duill. The maiden cut his conversation short with the answer "I think you have much need of one yourself." Whether she had felt or seen the effects of the beer, I cannot tell, but the answer seemed suited to the old man.

By this time our hour was nearly up & we proceeded down to the boat, looking at the outside of the fortifications then in course of erection.

On the way down Mr James Duill junior met with an amusing accident. Close to one of the walls of the fortifications there was a donkey grazing. Mr James went forward to it & began to clap it on the back; but no sooner had he laid his hand on the animal than it tried to kick him.

Mr James, perceiving this turned to run off. But instead of escaping he received the beast's foot right on his hinder end, which seemed to punish him for his forwardness.

We all got safely into our boat, & the wind still continuing moderately high, we went

off at a speed that would take us to P. in about an hour & a half. Our misfortunes were unfortunately not yet at an end. We first went through between the two horns which are about half a mile from Inchkeith, then pointed for home. We had not proceeded far before a tug with three ships in tow came in our way. I thought we ran a narrow escape of being run down, & expressed my opinion to Clark. He replied that there was a far greater risk of being capsized by a vessel coming in the other direction. The wind still kept high but a mist came over the Forth when an hour had elapsed, darkness having come on to aid the mist land was nowhere to be seen.

Inchkeith light even, was thus invisible; half an hour more west & we should have been on shore, but no shore could be distinguished, nor were any lights on land; on we went till another hour passed, all of us were in great anxiety. I had said during the latter part of the hour

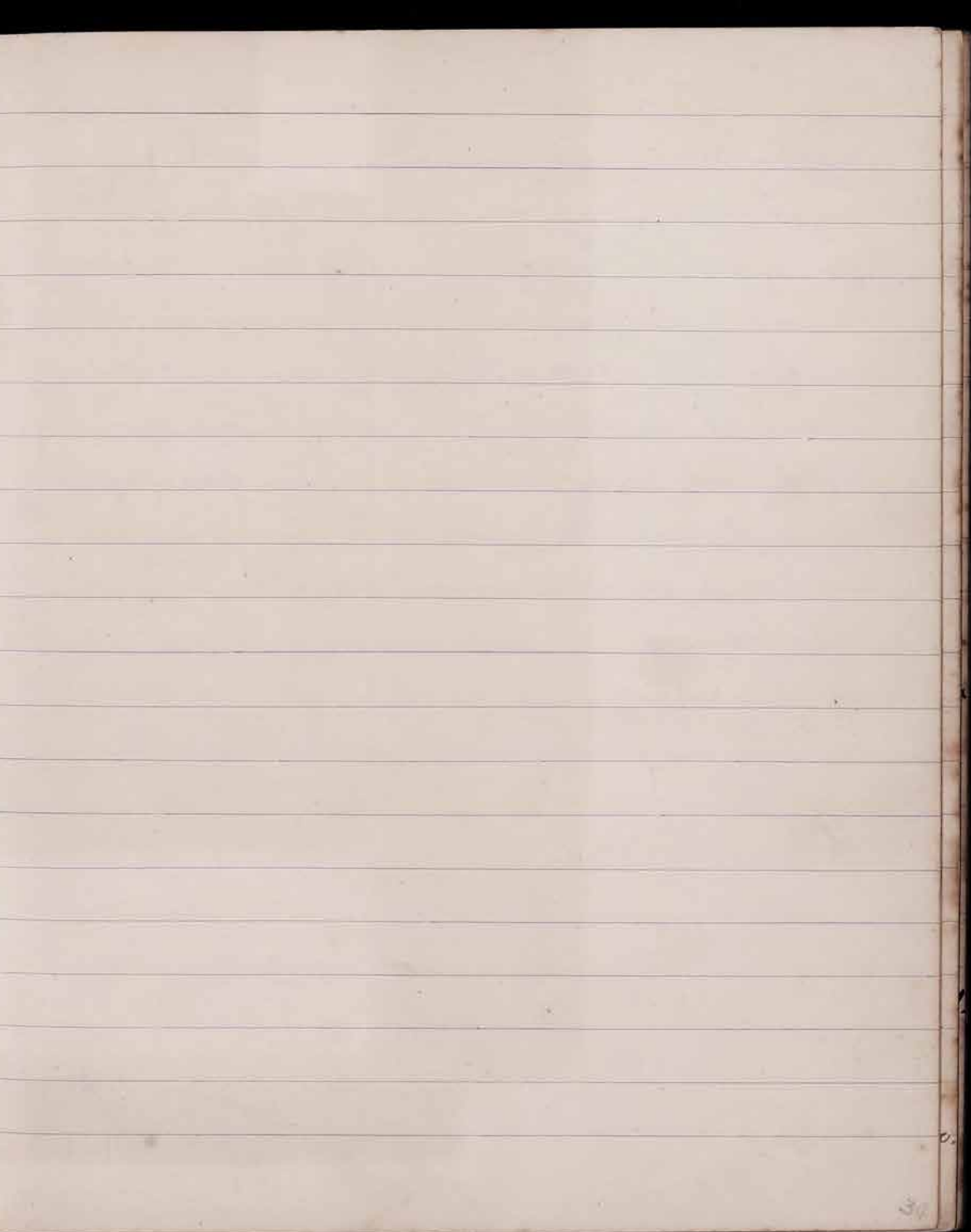
we must be going down the Forth, towards the German Ocean, my opinion was doubted on that point, none of us, however, knew where we were.

I had been a long time at the bow peering into the darkness trying to catch a glimpse of either land or light, but as yet it had been useless.

At the lapse of another half hour we all supposed ourselves to be going down the Forth in earnest & the course was a little altered.

We now almost despaired of reaching home that night; some one suddenly made out two faint lights at our stern; our hearts bounded with joy, the boat was turned right about & soon we were driving on in the direction of help. They were no will o' the wisps for every second they grew larger & larger, & nearer & nearer. In the meantime we busily engaged in speculating where we were, one thought it was Musselburgh, another North Berwick, another Cockenzie. The lights soon began to multiply in number & we knew ourselves to be

near some large village or small town. It eventually proved to be none other than P. we found that we had been going almost straight in an opposite direction from it. Before we came to shore we recognised it by hearing the native band playing & ere long we were almost running on the rocks whence we had started. We soon were safely landed, ready & willing hands beached the boat & in less than two hours after these circumstances I was dwelling in the land of nod, dreaming of the exciting scenes through which we had passed.



What "we two" saw at Brantingham. —

The Magazine may be a very good institution, I have no doubt that it is so, only I don't care to be obliged to have^t write a paper for it. I like best to hear them read, and criticise the productions of the other members of the society. The Editor has such an insinuating way with him, however, that one can hardly refuse his request, and he gets a promise out of you before you know what you are about. So it was with me, the promise was given; but on what subject was I to write.

It struck me that the account of a day we spent at Brantingham might interest the readers of the Magazine. Of course I am not going to tell you who we two were, nor give you any clue by which you might find out. I, the writer of this paper, Tom Jackson you may call me if you wish, was one of the party of two, the other was — well you may try and find out if you are at all curious, although after all it does not much matter in a

way affects the story. Before going further I may as well tell you there is no such place as Brautlingthorpe in the three kingdoms; but the place at which I spent my summer holidays was somewhere about 1000 miles from Edinburgh and Brautlingthorpe is about an hours railway journey thence. The particular reasons which led us to visit it were, that it is an old town of some importance in the history of our country, & that it possesses a cathedral & castle.

Well then, to begin, we set off at 9.30 am. on the morning of a certain Wednesday in August last, burdened with the invariable lunch basket & wraps that accompany a tourist party when there are ladies in the question. The morning looked dull & lowering & the prospects of good weather were anything but favourable. Railway journeys are things of every day occurrence nowadays, and are as a rule uneventful. Our short journey proved no exception to the rule. Arrived at Brautlingthorpe, we lost no time in making our way to the Cathedral, hoping to reach it before the

close of morning service. In this we were to some extent successful, although unfortunately the psalms & anthems had been sung, so that we lost the musical portion of the morning's service, and that which to the general public seems to be the chief attraction in the Anglican form of worship, if we judge aright from the general exodus in St Mary's Cathedral which takes place just before the sermon. Service being over, & the Choir having left the building, we had a look round. The chief attractions of the place are to be found in the choir, with its numerous carved oak stalls for the various canons & other officials who have a seat in the cathedral church, in the pulpit and lectern, which are exquisite pieces of workmanship and are inlaid with precious stones, the names of which unfortunately I have not been able to ascertain. ^(Sapphires. 1885.) The organ too attracts notice, chiefly on account of its peculiar construction. It is built in two halves, one on each side of the choir; and the pipes, stops, etc. are connected with the key board by an under ground passage.

Having thoroughly inspected the Cathedral, we next made our way to the castle, to which we obtained admission on payment of the modest sum of one shilling. While we were crossing the courtyard, I was startled by the violent ringing of a bell overhead & on looking round I was somewhat amused to learn that this was the method pursued by the venerable porter to alarm the servants in the castle, whose duty it is to show strangers over the building. We were first shown into the dining hall, a large apartment of considerable length. A goodly number of old portraits, several suits of armour, & some stands of old fashioned arms graced the walls. We were not long in discovering one of the peculiarities of our guide who seemed to reverence everything that was ancient merely or rather chiefly because it was ancient. For example, the favourite ending of her sentences was 'in olden time' or 'three hundred years ago' or more, as the case might be. In nearly every sentence there was some such reference to the antiquity of the object shown us. It is difficult

for me to remember or describe accurately what we saw in our progress through so many rooms. I have now been shown through a good few of these old mansions, monasteries & castles, & I confess I have not been much edified. You are told this chair was presented to the owner of the mansion by the Pope of Rome, or that is the desk the queen used, or the bed in which she slept when she stayed at the castle in the year — You are shown pictures (pictures), statuary, armour, antiques & curios, you look & you come away, very frequently with a feeling of dissatisfaction. To derive benefit from the sight would require more time than is to be found in the regulation procession through the rooms. Most were hung with tapestry, which in my estimation was much superior & in better preservation than that of our own Holyrood. I would however make special mention of the chapel, with its old organ, dating about 1600, I believe, & its old fashioned seats, 6 inches long by 3 or 4 broad, on which

the monks had to sit, for fear of them sleeping in church. Little fear of that I'm afraid, they would be too much exercised in keeping their balance to have an opportunity of doing any such thing; and the crypt, to which we last of all taken, a small underground Chapel, which was used as such in the days of monkish rule. Here in the dim religious light, in the silence, & amid the outward surroundings of the worshippers of past ages, some would find a most suitable opportunity for moralising & indulging in a reverie over those who had many a time prostrated themselves before that altar, their hopes, their aspirations, their doubts, their fears.

But we pass on & soon regain the upper courtyard & again mingle with the outer world. We next took a walk through the woods which flank both sides of the river. The woods & river side path were kept in first rate order & one feels very much inclined to envy the inhabitants of Brantingham their quiet & beautiful walks which lie almost in the heart of

their city & lend a still more attractive appearance
to their already romantic town. Now too we had
occasion to make an inroad on the lunch basket
aforenamed, a very commonplace fact to note, no
doubt, but one of great importance to our comfort.
This done we retraced our steps to the city, & had
the unexpected sight of Sanger's Circus, with its
accompanying train of lords & ladies of the XVI Century,
blood horses, 14 or 5 elephants & a like complement
of dromedaries, & last & not by any means least
The Queen of Sheba. So much that was novel &
exciting did not fail to attract the attention
of the good people of Brantingham & the consequence
was that these narrow streets were well nigh im-
passible. After having viewed this attractive spectacle
we next "did" the town inspecting the shop windows,
& the principal streets. After walking a considerable
distance we again came within sight of the river
& went down to the walk along the banks. How I longed
for a sail on the bosom of that placid stream, every-

thing seemed to invite me, the calm, clear waters, the
balmy stillness of the atmosphere, the beauty of the scenery
which surrounded us, & lastly the lady companion,
who would have occupied the stern & stered, & by the
subtle influence of her presence have filled up the harmony of
surrounding nature. It seems to me there is nothing so
invigorating as boating, what is so musical as the splash,
plash of the water on the bows of your boat as you lie
at rest for a few moments, gently rocked on the bosom
of the calm waters. But we diverge. We left Brantingham
about a quarter to five, having been thoroughly satisfied
with our days sight seeing. I am only sorry on account
of the members of the magazine that we did not meet
with any surprising adventures, or amusing mishaps.

It would have been easy to have manufactured such,
but I try leave to present you with an unvarnished
tale of plain facts & crave your indulgence in the matter
of criticism.

J. A. C.

Witchcraft in Scotland.

The persecution of witchcraft rose to an extravagant height in 1591. The culprit was chiefly an old woman with a wrinkled face, a squint eye, a squeaking voice & a scolding tongue, with a ragged coat on her back, a spindle in her hand & a dog by her side.

She was charged with conversing with the Devil, for evil designs in various forms & places; scaring honest persons in the shape of cats; taking off or laying on diseases either on men or cattle; wrecking ships; taking away women's milk and even if butter was spoilt in the churning it was the doing of some witch. Such were the absurd charges brought against poor innocent women, which were punishable with death. In the same year a great many persons were burned on the Castle hill in Edinburgh. Between 1625 and 1640 only eight were tried of which, one escaped, & from 1649 to the restoration thirty persons were burned. In 1659 at a single circuit at Glasgow, Stirling & Ayr, seventeen persons were condemned, and in 1661

twenty persons were burned. Between 1662 and 1668 there is a lapse of six years, in which one man was actually horsewhipped for accusing a woman. In 1678 several women were condemned on their own confessions.

The last execution for witchcraft took place at Dornock in 1708. An insane old woman, who rejoiced at the sight of the fire which was to consume her, was the victim. She had a daughter lame of both hands & feet, attributed to the witch having tried to turn her into a pony. The number of persons that perished through these cruel persecutions is not known.

Saint Ninian

Saint Ninian, Scotland's earliest missionary, according to an old legend was born A.D. 360. in Cumberland. His father was a British Prince. St. Ninian in his youth, made a journey to Rome, for the double purpose of perfecting his learning and gaining more knowledge about the important subject of heresy which was agitating the Church of that date. After fifteen years, spent in study and preparation, he quitted Rome, having first been consecrated a missionary bishop by Pope Siricius. It was a dark time, when St. Ninian returned to his own country. The Romans, were beginning to fall back from the northern province of lothian. As soon as they withdrew, the Picts rushed in to slaughter and burn. For these reasons, St. Ninian, instead of pursuing his way northwards, turned aside into Galloway. It was in that district, that he erected his

Church, and dedicated it to St Martin of
Tours. This church was the first Christian
Church in Scotland, and it was also the
first stone one in Great Britain; all
previous churches being built of wattles. The
term "Martinmas", arose from this church, mean-
ing literally the Mass of St Martin. St Ninian
had one great opposer to his work, in the person
of Tudoval a chief of Galloway. After long
resisting and thwarting him, this man
felt blind and miserable. In his dejection^{tion}
he sent for the Saint, who, not only forgave
him, but, so the legend says "laid his hands on
him and healed him". He did not confine all
his labours to Galloway, but travelled all this
side of the Forth and Clyde. Aled, a monk, the
recorder of these facts, gives us no information
about his wanderings in Clydesdale. Only one
interesting spot, the old cemetery which he
consecrated near the Clyde, and on which

Glasgow Cathedral now stands, shows that he ever went as far north as the mouth of the Clyde. He however crossed the Firth of Forth, and started a mission among the Southern Picts. After having confirmed them in the faith, he ordained pastors and clergy among them and portioned out Pictland into districts. Having settled all in Pictland, he now returned to Galloway. His old age was spent in the quiet monastery of Whithorn in the south of the county of Wigtownshire. The modern town is called Whithorn. He died in September 432. ~~He~~

St. Ninian was the first, to break through the dark cloud of barbarity which overhung our land at that time and sow the first seeds of that pure social life which has been growing and expanding amongst us ever since.

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One or two literary Snobs.

The first Snob, who shall be deigned to be mentioned in this magazine, & proud he should be to be so mentioned is the little Snob of Vanity Fair. Walking through the streets, in buildings & meetings of every description, he is sure to be found. Through the streets he struts, both hands in pockets, or, if he be with a companion, flourishing & describing all manner of motions in the air, supposed to be aiding the tongue in hammering in to that poor companion's head ~~what~~ the little snob believes to be a most wonderful paradox, but what in reality is but one of the commonest truisms in the world. Often, seeing such a snob as this at a little distance, have we, shewing an amount of agility which we would have been thought hardly capable of, hurried out of the way, round some convenient corner, or up some narrow close, glad to put ourselves to any inconvenience, rather than be caught in his snares; but, alas, we have been caught, and oh, the

torment we have endured. In the midst of some seemingly never ending story we have often drawn his attention to some outward object, hoping that he might forget his subject; but alas, vain hope, again & again he returns to the miserable tale with ever recurring energy while with a weary hopeless sigh we are compelled to listen on. Who does not know a snob such as this? There he goes along the street with another, not a snob, yes a snob too, but not of Vanity Fair; he eyes a girl, or perhaps two coming along. With his knees rattling beneath him, like the boxes in the hand of a bone cracker, he makes a peculiar sound to attract their attention, & then turning to his companion grinning & looking as if he had really done something, he says in the most patronising & contemptuous manner, "You know nothing about it." Why, poor, vain, silly snob you are to be pitied. Let us watch him at one of his literary meetings. It is the night of an animated debate. He is to second one of the sides. As his principal speaks look at the intellectual ignorance

which pervades his frame. Look, how he cheers at some magnificent joke, which appears to be far above the comprehension of all the other members, seeing that they sit, one & all, with a surprised look on their faces, gazing jealously at him whose wonderful intelligence alone can appreciate it. His principal opponent now speaks. Look at our Snob. His note book is produced. See him with a triumphant chuckle glance around, & then stretching out his arm with a semi circular wave, see him begin to write. Oh speaker tremble in your shoes, tremble before that poignant sarcasm which is now about to break upon you from your opponents snobbish recond. He springs to his feet, hear the withering sarcasm, beneath which a world of wondrous, his opponents look on calmly, unconcerned. Hear the mighty infallible arguments, but still his opponents smile, & no one seems to feel their force but himself. But still proudly he smiles around, & resuming his seat with an air which might perhaps have been pardoned in Demosthenes or Cicero, he waits to hear

the thundering cheers burst upon his head. And afterwards for days, weeks months & years, his story is, that story the end of which though longed for earnestly by many a poor exhausted victim, never seems any nearer of the wonders he performed on that occasion. Such are one or two, very badly described of the chief characteristics of the Snob of Vanity Fair.

For a change let us turn our eyes to a brother snob. The All knowing, the All wise snob, and let us watch him, as also yet another it is our intention to describe, in a place where his snobbish qualities are best seen to advantage - in one of the many literary meetings it is his custom to frequent. Watch him sitting, too often with a contemptuous attention, while the essay is being read. While one by one his fellow members rise & speak he sits still. When pressed again & again so often as he considers necessary to vindicate his superiority, he at last slowly & solemnly arises & speaks.

Listen O members, to these first mighty words of wisdom. Leave the all persuading thought till afterwards of what

privileged persons you are to be the hearers of such wisdom
and listen "I came here tonight without the intention
of saying anything" "Worthy snob!" and without the least
intention of saying anything he occupies his limited time,
stating, what superb power! illogically, & in a totally
different form a manner just what had been said
before.

And, last at present, but certainly not least, there
is the tall, calm, meditative snob. He sits, with a long
stick in his hands, his still longer legs stretched
leisurely out, gazing on the floor. What a contemplative
mind there must be contained somewhere in that long
body. Among the first he is sure to rise & speak, that
too, with the neck of his top coat up for no outward
reason except perhaps to protect himself from the draught
which might arise between the mouths of the two former
snobs, when they get rather excited. His calm far fetched
sentiments come out slowly as if they had but
newly arrived from across the Atlantic. One hears
them & gazes wonderingly at the original magician.

In such manner so far as our time should permit,
we have glanced at three very prominent snobs;
and marching through life's highway they are sure ever
to be found. And if there be any here tonight who fancy
to themselves that they possess in a degree however
slight, some tinge of the various faults, which appertain
to the worthy snobs we have but described, they will
do well to consider seriously, whether it would not be
for their advantage, to try & put at as great a distance
as possible, any semblance betwixt themselves and the
All wise, all knowing snob; the calm, meditative snob;
and the little snob of vanity fair.

"A brother snob."

6

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in

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The Farmer's Bookshelf. —

Author's note:— This subject was prescribed by Professor Masson to his class; was to be treated in at most one thousand words; and was non competitive.

It may seem an easy task to express one's thoughts on a subject so suggestive as 'The Bookshelf'. But in its power to awaken recollection lies our chief difficulty. There hangs around the word a cluster of delightful associations, in which we would fain feast imagination — even though the world should be the poorer by the miscarriage of this essay.

We are familiar with many such shelves and their contents. There is the choice collection of the scholar, whether in the quiet manse from whose windows one gets a peep at lofty Cheviot, or in the island school-house on which must-clad Cuchullin grimly frowns; the miscellaneous assortment to be found

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in the manor on the Esk, or in the humbler dwelling by the Tweed; the scanty store which is all that the land's means enables him to acquire or his leisure to enjoy; or the few books with which the keeper beguiles his watch in the lonely lighthouse tower.

To these, and many more within wide Scotland we have been indebted; but we cannot notice all.

We shall describe a shelf - which, being neither too pretentious nor too poorly-furnished, may be taken as fairly representative - that, namely, of an intelligent farmer.

In this case the term 'bookshelf' must not be understood literally. We find the 'shelf' developed into a very imposing piece of furniture which occupies one corner of the snug parlour, and reaches almost to the ceiling. The upper part of this structure is devoted - as we can see through the glass front - entirely to books; the lower half, which forms a kind of press or cabinet, to such table requisites as tumblers china tea-spoons and toddy-ladles. The name 'book case' is

sometimes extended to the whole; but it is with the bookcase proper that we have to do. If we count the bottom of the case itself, we may say it consists of five shelves, placed at unequal intervals. Let us look at its contents.

There are as we might expect several books on farming. As most of these have been in his possession for years the farmer rarely requires to refer to them. But a recent publication of the Highland and Agricultural Society has just been consulted on the "looping ill". We note the motto "*Semper armis rure et in districta*"⁽¹⁾ and replace the volume beside Chambers's Encyclopaedia. This work ranks high in the estimation of the young folks: not that they find it particularly pleasant reading; but in it they are sure to discover - and appropriate - all that they want for their school essays, no matter how recondite the subject may be. We have seen these ten volumes in less dignified binding.

In 'Good Words' for the years 1861 and 1864 we recognise old friends. But it is not of Dr Macleod's

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"Old Lieutenant and his Son" we are thinking. We are
away to the shores of Morven, and hear - as we last
summer heard - a last "Farewell to Funery" sung by
a sympathetic Gael:-

"Auditis an me ludis amabilis
Insania?" ⁽²⁾

We must not however let such "trivial fond records"
interfere with our survey. We have now seen all the
bulky volumes on the lowest shelf. What have we here?
"Tales of a Grandfather" - Children we envy you! But what
strange companionships! Just look: 'Burns's Poems', 'The
Pilgrim's Progress', 'Latin Rudiments', 'Ogilby's English Dictionary',
'Longfellow', 'The Antiquary', and a few odd volumes of the
'Spectator'. Imagine the authors supping together!
What 'feast of wit' and 'flow of soul'! Even a special
might rival the glorious "Noctes" ⁽³⁾ of old Christopher,
were he behind a curtain then.

'Rathlin the Reefers' and 'Sea Fights and Land Battles',
are, we dare say, all the more prized by their youthful
readers that they themselves never sailed an oar's length;

while one of the young ladies has reason to bless the friend who presented her on her birthday with "Illuminations."⁽⁴⁾

Theological and religious works are well represented. The sermons with their endless subdivisions are not tempting to a modern reader. You will find on the mantel piece a ragged volume of homilies, - the daily study of a fine old man of over eighty years, still able to "climb a stone dyke", and still went in stormy weather to don his plaid and see that the sheep are in the 'bield,' or shelter, of the wood. - Few are like him; so simple, noble. Not seven miles off is the resting place of ~~the~~ the man who was regarded by Carlyle as ultimus testorū⁽⁵⁾: quite natural in a son; yet, we think, Carlyle was wrong.

Here ~~are~~ is the 'Scotts Worthies' with an Appendix on the violent deaths of bloody persecutors. Time and the rats have been at work upon this copy. Read it if you would know something of those men, who so often "rolled the psalm ~~for~~ to wintry skies" from some bleak moor or lone hillside. Here too are

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Some of Spurgeon's sermons which on a wet Sunday are in general demand.

But we have seen everything of interest, and there is our host showing for us. In lambing-time everyone must make himself useful; and besides, our friend, finding he has an appreciative listener, entertains the way with racy anecdote and apt jest-
-atire, giving us thus in quantest form the very cream of his library. We have seen the books: we are soon to learn how thoroughly conversant our friend is with their contents.

We find him at the door ready to start, with his long stick or "nibbie" under his arm. He salutes us cheerily. "Going with me? Very well. I'll be obliged. There's a pair of young lambs that we'll have to bring home before night. Better bring a plaid. That's right: —

Yo-o-ho! Glen, come in ahint!"

Notes.

- (1) "always with arms now ~~too~~ with industry as well".
- (2) "Do ye Lear? or does a fond phrenzy mock me?" (Horace Odes)
- (3) Noctis Ambrosianae of Christopher North is Professor Wilson.
- (4) Mystifications of 'Lady Pittlyal' by Dr. John Brown.
- (5) "Last of the true old Scotchmen"

Cuchullin is pronounced Coolin.

These notes may be excused seeing that the essay was intended for the eye of a learned Professor, and not for a mixed Society. *J.M.*
20/11/83.



The following essay, like the one on page 64, was written for Professor Masson. The distressing diagram given above was not part of the original essay, but is put here for the first and only time. In order that the readers of this magazine may understand this essay they must bear in mind

that Professor Masson is the Author of the best Life of Milton ever published. He has also written a work on Goethe's, Milton's and Luther's conception of the King of Evil, which work he calls "The Three Devils".

The above is the Introduction:
here is the Essay:

The following is a copy of a manuscript received by me some days ago from an old school friend, the son of the minister of Torbugg in Dumfriesshire. My friend says in his letter: "The author, John Baillie, is a very fine English scholar and can talk freely on almost any subject. His store of ballads and legends connected

"with the neighbourhood is inexhaustible"

Copy manuscript referred to

Yes, that is the bookshelf. It is a curious looking affair for a Sexton to have, but then it has a history. It is one of the relics of one of England's greatest victories. My Father, as you know was Quarter-deck master on H.M.S. Victory during the battle of Trafalgar, and when all was over he found, near the spot where the Hero fell, a massive piece of the main-mast, shot off in the engagement. This lump of timber he brought home and John Ridd, the famous wood-carver, made it into the bookshelf you now see; and although I, John Baillie, Sexton of this

parish of Torbugg for nigh 70 years, say it, there is not a finer bookshelf in all Scotland. That carving of a stag hunt in which you almost see the quiver of the nostrils of the noble animal as he turns upon his pursuers, and also that of the Feast on the other panel are masterpieces, wrought for love of art. Ridd was a man of genius and this his finest work might have found a worse resting place than beside an old, book-loving, Sexton. Those red marks just above the Stag's antlers are where the worms, horrid vermin, once took hold, and it was a weary job getting them to quit it. As the earth worms show no distinction between Prince

and Pauper so these less favored members of the same genus had no qualms at disfiguring a piece of Ridd's carving.

My grandfather, who was Sexton before me and lived till he was 103, kept his books on the window sill of the Churchyard Watch House. The window sill, where the books lie exposed to dust and damp is a common place in this parish, even now, to have for a bookshelf.

Some of these books have the effects of such exposure still visible upon them. That large book, so large in fact that it has to lie lengthways on the lowest shelf, is one of my grandfather's. It is the "Whole Duty

of Man", and was much read
by a former generation but is
little thought of now. The times
have degenerated. I remember
when in this parish you might
have heard, morning and evening,
the singing of praise. That
is only forty years ago; yet now,
seldom does the incense of praise
rise up from the family altar.
It is a wicket age in which
men speak of Cremation as
a good thing and look upon
the old churchyard with its
hallowed memories, where "the
"rude forefathers of the hamlet"
"sleep", as an evil. But the
present age, good or bad, I can
shut out from me, and amid
those loved volumes, death to all

else, find a world where I am at home. I wander over this fair earth at my will and laugh at the bounds of time and space. Now I dip into the future and anon wander with reverential tread through the dim regions of times long since gone by.

I am a simple man, born and brought up in this parish, yet I love books, the records of the life and thought of my fellows, almost to idolatry. I am an old man now. For nearly three-quarters of a century these now bony hands have sent the solemn bell pealing through wood and over lea to call men to hear the word of Life. In eleven days I shall reach my

100th birthday. All the friends of my youth have gone into the unknown land. Only in those books do I find the friends of my youth, and in the book of books — that one is the copy presented to me on the fiftieth anniversary (the Jubilee) of my being Sexton. I have found the friend. As I grow older I find that the greatest originality and the sublimest thoughts are to be found in the Bible.

That book, "The Afflicted Man's Companion," all worn and marked by old father time, is one of my grandfather's. It too has a history as have indeed all my books.

Sandy Campbell, who helps me in my work as Sexton and is to get the post after me, has been unfortunate in his choice of a wife. I went over to Sandy's about a month ago to let him have a read of that book, but when I offered it to him he said that he had it. I said that I did not think so, but he gave a sad sort of smile and crossing the room undid the fastenings of one of those strange box-beds, a few of which have survived to this age of health lectures, and there, lying in a drunken slumber was his wife: "There," said he, "is the afflicted man's companion." It may be a mephistophelic trait, yet I feel

that I could pat down the earth with my old spade over the mortal remains of Margaret Dawson to a merrier tune than I have whistled for many a long day.

The other day I came upon the five volumes of the Life of Milton which I got four years ago, but I never read them, never even cut them, owing to their size. I envy my grandchild, whose remarks on men and things are always very much to the point, says that a man who writes such a lot on one subject must be 'clean glaiket'.

I envy, than whom there never was a finer lassie, saving her

grandmother, seems to have a
spite against the poor biographer
of Milton, as another book of his,
containing some fine essays but
with a very strange, ill-favoured
title, came in her way and on
account of the wicked words she
tore the book up and used its
leaves for curl-papers, for
she has a fine head of hair
and likes to set it off to advantage.
However, as the author of the
Essays is a man of learning
- of splendid parts - and besides
is Robert's Professor in the Edinburgh
College, I mean to get another
copy of this unfortunate volume
to complete the set; and, should
the east winds be as mild
as they are at present, I shall

unearth Milton's Life, and, old
as I am, study a work of
which I have heard so much.

Burns is my favourite
author. Scott has exhumed
from the darkness of old
traditions a world of chivalrous
characters, and he comes next.
My Mannering was my grand-
father's favorite book. With
Shakespeare I never feel at
home, not even when grave diggers
comp upon the boards. None
touch my heart like Burns,
and my eyes get watery when
I feel the great sadness - the solemn
stream of melancholy which
flows dark and deep through
the varied landscape of his
muse. Can no one write

five volumes on poor Burns?

There are some men, even in Gorduff they may be found, who shun all that is good and true, and who have never shed one dewdrop to gladden parched human hearts.

Poor men, if such they may be called, they will soon sink out of sight and like the bare pole in the forest be unmissed.

Having shed no ray of sunshine on man's path they will sink into darkness and none will mourn for them.

Having scattered no flowers on man's thorny path the gentle daisy will refuse to deck their last resting place and the green turf shall blacken over their

unhallowed dust: even the worms
will sicken and die with the
stench of their once vain carcasses.

I, and I say it humbly, have
sought to lighten the burden of
my fellow men by all the ways
in my power, and no small
amount of the good I may
have done is owing to my books.

I can do little now but sit
and read, and sometimes when
the weather is fine I can do
a little writing as at present.
My books have been faithful
companions to me, and I
know that when Sandy shall
smooth the turf above my
old shrunken body, the book
shelf will be in safe keeping
for it, with all my books.

and papers, is to go to Robert, who is entering upon a grand career, and who sometimes astonishes by his essays even the grand professors of the College at Edinburgh. When he gets the books the earthy smell which I know they all have will do him no harm, but only serve to remind him of old Baillie the Sexton and some of his lessons.

Since transcribing the above I have had another letter from my friend in which he tells me that visiting the old Sexton yesterday he found him in raptures over the third volume of the Life

of Milton. Happening to look
in at the Post Office on his
way home the Post Mistress
told him that she thought
an old man like John Baillie
should not read such books as
the one on the counter for
him, which had a title she
"dare not mention", and she
further said that she would
hand over the offensive
volume to the Minister.

So Robert's set of these
Essays may come to him
incomplete.

Finis.

Edinburgh,
28. Dec. 1883

Westminster Abbey: July 1. 1884. 3

On a sultry afternoon as the wearied sun coursed westward. I took my way through the motley crowd which flocked to & from the Houses of Parliament, and having gained the entrance to the Abbey, soon found myself within its walls. After entering I stood for a moment as the fading lines of the sun shone through "storied windows" once "richly light, struggling vainly to enlighten some dim aisle or grey cloister.

Shadows of the past seemed to hover everywhere; and combined with the dust of long years, which everywhere held undisputed sway, shed a most melancholy gloom throughout the vast edifice. A weird quiet reigned around & irresistibly affected me. Amid such surroundings, my eyes passing from the massive pillars towering far up to the great sweeping arches that loomed high overhead, a strange feeling came over me, which I have since vainly attempted to analyse and define. After a while I took my way & soon found

myself between two small aisles with a tomb in each.
In the first one the windows were so darkened
with the dust of many years that only a faint gleam
at best, of the daylight came through "shedding a dim
religious light" which gave the place the aspect of
an everlasting twilight. So intense was the gloom
that I had to accustom my eyes to it for a few
moments ere I could distinguish the objects around.
In that dismal abode lies the dust of the beautiful
talented and - alas that it can be said - treacherous
intriguing, frail, miserable Mary, our Scotland's
unfortunate queen. In the aisle adjacent lies the dust
of another, also a queen. Mary's rival - some say her
oppressor - the much maligned Elizabeth. Strange co-
incidence is it not? that those two whose lives were
so diverse & changeful should lie there almost side
by side, their rivalry, enmity or whatever we may
choose to call it long since ended, dead; nay
I err, ended, dead to them in all truth but alive
& vigorous & raging still in the hearts of accusers

& defenders, making sad havoc indeed in their midst. Day by day, yea one night say hour by hour, tears of pity & sympathy are shed over the tomb of the one, and exclamations of indignation, aye war curses are uttered over that of the other. Passing from such a scene as I have tried to depict, which raises so conflicting feelings & thoughts in the heart & mind I found my way into the Chapel of Henry the seventh. The magnificent architectural appearance of the Chapel rivets the attention on entering. The greatest skill of many a cunning brain & hand has been expended in producing such elaborate combinations of ornamental design. The walls are covered with fine & beautifully wrought traced work & the niches filled with statues. The roof is covered with delicate & beautiful fretwork. Throughout the place are tokens which tell of labour & genius lavishly expended. In that chapel the knights of the Order of the Bath are formally installed. On either side are ranged the lofty stalls of those knights, formed of oak richly carved in gothic designs. Crowning the

pinnaele of each stall is the crested helmet of each knight, surmounted with sword & scarf. Hanging above all are emblazoned banners that tell the story of many a noble house, many a noble name. I stood & tried to picture the gorgeous pageant that must many a time have graced the place. Each stall occupied by some knight, esquires, pages, lords & ladies, the pride & beauty of the land thronging around. I seemed in imagination to behold ~~some~~ such assemblage, to hear the hum of their voices as they gossiped of court affairs, or whispered confidentially to each other. I heard the gruff laugh of some knight, the rippling laughter of some fair lady — but all too soon a breath of wind came creeping along through the aisles & swept the vision from my gaze, the hum of voices died away, the laughter ceased & I stood in the present again, among relics, silent & melancholy, of the past. Going hence I strayed through aisles, & what were once small chapels, now then endeavouring to decipher the well nigh obliterated inscriptions on the paved

floor, worn away by the incessant passing to & fro of how many generations? As I rested in one small aisle suddenly the organ pealed forth its majestic harmony. Mighty waves of music came sweeping along, through the arches overhead, towards me, as I have heard & seen the waves of the ocean come sweeping along the shore on some rocky coast.

Amid such associations, as the organ thundered forth its great volumes of sound, or as its soft tones came wafting towards me, but to waft away again till they died in whispers, as it sounded forth now light & joyous, now plaintive & melancholy, my soul was ravished without once indescribable ecstasy. As its tones died away I rose & very soon found myself in the spot which my youthful imagination had tried to conceive was like, the spot of which I had formed many an "airy vision" the "Poets Corner". No son of Islam ever was more eager to see or felt more reverent when he had reached Mecca, than I was when I longed to see & when I at last stood in the Poets corner. Other parts of the Abbey impressed me deeply but I was doubly impressed

with that one spot. With reverent head stood I
there, bending in spirit though not in body, in the
presence of all that is mortal of Britain's dead genius,
truest nobility, Nature's kings

When Nature stamps the man a king
Hae croon needs she tae gie him
She clasps her trademarks round his broo
An' sends her patent wi' him.

The truth of these lines sank deep into my heart
standing beside the resting place or memorial of so
many to whom they fitly apply. Kings, ay in
the deepest & truest sense, not by any mere courtesy
or by virtue of letters patent termed so, but because
they proved themselves to be what Carlyle has said a
true king is & ought to be "a commander of men, one
before whom men can do naught else by the very nature
of things but subordinate themselves." Diverse their genius,
diverse their lives & actions, diverse their circumstances;
some affluent from their youngest days, others (by far
the larger, & I have sometimes thought the nobler number)

rose slowly climbed the ladder step by step, falling
back often, but persevering until they succeeded in
realizing their aims & reaching the summit. Many of whose
careers the Laureate finely depicts when he speaks

" of some divinely gifted man
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breaths the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden keys
To mould a mighty state's decrees
And shape the whisper of the throne.

And moving up from high to higher
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope

The pillar of a people's hope
The centre of a world's desire - "

Long I lingered there trying to arrange in an orderly fashion the flood of thoughts that swept in upon me; but it was useless, they lay too deep for speech; still I lingered & would fain have lingered, but the deepening twilight & the retreating footsteps of the verges departing warned me to go hence, & I went. Now as I lay down my pen I linger & would fain linger, but I must cease, yet as I close I feel that as I stood in Westminster Abbey & in the Poets Corner there were

"Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory, images & precious thoughts
That shall not die & cannot be destroyed."

Russet

An excellent paper; the author should however, try to avoid the long & somewhat complicated sentences into which he is sometimes betrayed. J. G. L.

A TALE OF A MILL.

For the county of Westmoreland, about midway between the small ~~the small~~ country towns of Shop and Ambleside, there stands a deserted flour mill, on the banks of a small mountain stream running into the Eden. Any traveller in that famous district may see it standing there in a striking solitariness. Few persons know the history of that mill. One summer within the last century I was staying at a farmhouse in the neighbourhood. Seeing the mill, & noticing its deserted condition, with natural curiosity I asked the people I was staying with, the reason of that waste of good material. For answer I got the following tale:—

About fifty years ago, a quaker gentleman named Pearson arrived in this neighbourhood. He

had for some time been employed as a manager in one of the Leith flour mills; but, having had a large fortune left him, he had resolved to build a mill & start on his ^{own} account. Owing to family disturbances, he chose this distant part of the country, which was almost as little known to his friends as the wilds of Siberia. Mr Pearson accordingly bought a patch of ground on this stream, got his mill built, & furnished it with all the latest & most expensive machinery.

About 20 years after it was first started, the mill received the reputation of being haunted. Strange & unearthly noises were reported to have been heard through the night, Sunday being the day on which it was said to be the worst. At last the night watchman flatly refused to stay, & Mr Pearson was obliged to procure another which he did from a distant town. Two weeks was sufficient to make this man follow the example of the first, & he also resigned his

post. On this the owner, with his manager, Mr. Mackay, resolved to watch themselves, & if possible, find out whether there was really any cause for the rumours of ghosts. Their own opinions were, that if there was anything at all, it was some tramps or gipsies employing this ruse to procure lodgings. They accordingly, providing themselves with weapons, in case of that proving true, stationed themselves one night in the room where the noises had been heard. Suddenly an exclamation from Mr. Mackay drew the attention of both of them to the other end of the room. There was a figure dressed in white, with a musical instrument in her hand. The watchers arose & advanced towards this strange being; on which she struck a chord on her instrument, and there immediately appeared two similar ones besides her. With the courage which is inspired by company, Mr. Pearson advanced towards them, & said: "I am a magistrate here, & if you do not instantly leave these premises, I shall be forced to

call assistance, & eject you by force."

"No one," replied the first being, who appeared to be the leader, "can compel us to do anything we do not wish to do; & should you attempt it, ~~sure~~ something untoward may befall you a few days hence."

With this the three of them disappeared, & were presently heard in the room above, playing on their instruments. Not to be baffled by what appeared to them to be a mere trick, the two men followed them to the next flat. Once more advancing, this time with his revolver ready in his hand, Mr. Pearson said:

"Will you not take a warning? Do not think to frighten us by a mere trick. I will ~~instantly~~ fire if you do not instantly quit the premises."

"Do your worst," was the answer. "If you do not take our warning, & if you try any means of violence upon us, within four

months you will discover your mistake, & I may also say that you will not harm us."

The two men then fired, on which the three beings disappeared. Thinking there was something strange about it, they watched the doors till morning, when a search was made through the mill from head to foot. While waiting at the doors, shrieks were heard intermingled with music, as if murders were being committed, & the murderers were holding high festival during the intervals. Nothing having been discovered, the next night the doors were watched by a force of constabulary, while the owner & his foreman, this time accompanied by the police-~~inspect~~ superintendent, again went into the same room as they waited in the night before. Precisely at the same moment the three figures appeared, & without any preliminary conversation took their way to the upper room of the mill. On inspecting this room in the

at one time
morning, (it was a room which had been used as
a convenient place for storing empty bags, & had
not been opened for some time), it was found
to be in the utmost confusion, everything lying
scattered about the floor. No one could now be
got to work in the mill, & therefore it was
closed, Mr. Pearson intending to wait until
the matter had been forgotten, & then to
open it again.

In a short time it would have
been forgotten, had not a strange affair
happened, which had the effect of keeping the
mill permanently closed. One morning, ex-
actly four months from the day on which
he got his warning, Mr. Pearson was found
dead in his bed. The same day Mr. Mackay,
who had removed to a distant part of the
country, was killed by a railway collision;
thus fulfilling, to the minds of the country
people, the predictions of the spirits.

Such is the tale which I received from the people at the farmhouse. All the inhabitants of the neighbourhood firmly believe the story; but, from a sceptic in Ambleside, I got a very reasonable explanation of the facts mentioned.

Mr. Pearson had a son, a wild youth, who had lately got into bad company, & sometimes did not return home till early in the morning. He had been learning to play the violin, and, having had four lessons, thought he was an adept in the art. His practising at night may explain the almost unearthly noises heard. The room at the top of the mill, not having been opened for some time, had been taken possession of by the rats; who were the causes of the disorder created among the empty bags. The dreams & imagination of the watchers supplied the rest. Many strange coincidences have occurred, several far more curious than that of the death of these

Two men on the same day, that day
happening to be the one named.

However these facts may be received
by the members of this Association, the
mill has never since been worked, & it
still stands like a danger signal, warning
all against approaching & venturing their
lives.

INCREDULOUS
Incredulous Traveller.



A protest

It has been suggested that an Order of Merit be established, every man who can satisfactorily prove that he has never appeared in print, being entitled to become a member. So afflicted are the people of this age, with a desire to see themselves real authors that it is certain the membership of this order would not be nearly so numerous as the holders of the Victoria Cross.

But however necessary this order may be, & we do not deny that it is necessary, it would almost appear that an Order of Merit is still more required, the membership of which shall comprise all those who, being authors, have yet never ventured their genius in the writing of a love novelette.

It is generally said that the chief characteristic of the people of this generation is a love of Pounds, Shillings, & Pence. There is a rival characteristic however, which if it be secondary to, is at any

rate close upon the heels of, this one, in the shape of a very great indulgence in the reading & writing of stories of love.

Every month in this country alone there are published periodicals so numerous, that it would be almost in vain to attempt to number them, and out of this countless host, it is a well known fact, the number is few indeed of which it can be said, "within these covers there is no love story."

And alas! for these luckless journals which contain no accounts of the doings & flirtings of pretty young creatures with strawberry lips & sweet winning ways, for with pages unopened, they are disdainfully cast aside, if in the index there is no mysterious title revealing the secrets of the contents within.

Many sermons have been preached & many lectures delivered, as to the causes which have contributed to the existing mania for the possession of money. Let us consider some of the causes which have combined to produce such a

love-novel reading generation.

One of the causes, & perhaps the chiefest, is that the nation has degenerated considerably towards effeminacy. This is a bold thing to say, but is not the very character of the reading so much run on, a sufficient sign of its correctness?

How can the minds of this generation be said to be healthy & vigorous when the greatest works of the greatest minds that have ever existed are all but entirely unknown, & are totally disregarded, whilst the brain is weakened by being stuffed to its uttermost capacity with some of the most unmitigated rubbish that has ever proceeded from the pen of man.

What are the usual contents of these love novels, & what is the object of their existence? To answer the latter is to sketch the outline of the former. The object of their existence is but to fascinate & gratify the tastes & the senses, to take a mean advantage of the

general propensities of the reading public, & by so doing to fill the coffers of the authors & the proprietors of the journals in which they appear, with ill gotten, but on that account none the less treasured lucre. Is this not so? Compare these stories with the standard works, & you will find, making every allowance for the difference of the author's intellects, that while the latter is written for the obvious object of raising the people to a loftier level, of instructing them in a higher knowledge, & of directing their aims to a nobler end; the former is written solely for the purpose of gratifying the vulgar taste. Their object is not to uplift but to satiate, & to satiate is but to debase.

Their contents — but where is the need of describing their contents, where is the need of describing the absurdities with which they abound, when to every one they are matter of notoriety. It is the very fact of their contents

being so universally known that prompted us to write what we have written.

A second cause undoubtedly, is, that under pretext of providing for the people as a whole, what is artfully termed Cheap & wholesome literature, the publishers have created in the breasts of a great majority of the people a passion for reading, and now, instead of carefully guiding that passion into proper channels, of supplying it with that wholesome literature of which they so proudly vaunted, in order presumably, to provide against any danger of that passion diminishing, they pour out with the most unexampled profusion, vast quantities of the most fascinating, & yet the most terrible & deadly ^{poison} passion, that can dissipate the human mind.

Talk of alcoholic liquor as a poison, talk of it degrading the humanity of man! but oh! when compared how fearfully insignificant does even it look, when compared with that

tremendous evil which is entwining in its horrid coils, millions of our fellow countrymen; which is smiting the minds of the nation with a pestilence so sweeping & so sure, that soon, yea ere the grave has become the dwelling place of most of us, the asylums in this country, increased tenfold in number, will be crowded to their utmost capacity by fierce & raving madmen.

Is literature, the fruits of which are productive of so dire results, to be calmly tolerated by the intelligent public; will no strong protest be hurled against these mercenary traders whose only object is private gain, will no loud cry be raised against sowing the seeds of sure decay amidst the roots of a nation's strength? If not, we may now soon bid farewell to those glorious monuments, the written products of man's wisest wisdom, to those invigorating & strength giving volumes in which our fathers delighted to revel; we may now bid farewell to all that is noble & manly

and good, and receive into our warmest embraces
whatever is debasing, whatever is impure,
whatever tends to enervate.

" Verum "

Phonography.

Phonography, the system of shorthand, invented by Mr Pitman has made such rapid progress during the last few years that indeed I should say the most of people now-a-days, at one time or another of their lives, try their hand at it. There are a few other systems of Shorthand but Phonography is fast superseding them, and it will no doubt, ere long, be the sole system practiced in the country.

As I have said before, there are a great many who begin to study this art, but some of these throw it aside in disgust, while others do not get advanced so far as to make it of any use to them. Of those however who have mastered it & for whom it forms part of their occupation I would say a few words

and although I consider I am a good way off proficiency myself, perhaps some of my remarks may be interesting.

There is, I believe a general impression that Shorthand injures the spelling, but for my part, I think this objection should not prevent any one from learning the art.

Like myself, perhaps some of you have been in the habit of writing in a listless manner and when a shorthand writer does this he is very apt to mis-spell words, but if your mind is on your work (as it should be) you can write equally as fast, and as correctly, as if you had never seen Mr Pitman's strokes & curves.

In transcribing there are some wonderful mistakes made, which are, if annoying to the writer, very amusing to those not concerned. I do not mean to infer that this is our habitual thing, but at odd times the meaning

of a sentence has been changed. Mistakes in office work of course very seldom get outside the walls, but occasionally we see an indignant lecturer writing to the papers denouncing the reporter.

Professor Blackie, a short time ago inveighed tremendously against reporters for their misrepresentation of his lucid deliverances, but when we consider that that learned gentleman spoke in a speech of "his wise friend the Duke of Argyll" and the unfortunate reporter had taken it down as "my wife's friend the Duke of Argyll" we can readily excuse him.

About two years ago a novel experiment was tried in the Phonographic line, and it proved a complete success. Mr Bright was lecturing in one of the Midland cities.

The representatives of the press arranged that they should in turn take down the speech and transcribe their notes. The notes were conveyed

to the press as soon as transcribed, and Mr Bright ere he left the building had the pleasure of receiving a printed copy of his speech. I believe this plan is not infrequently adopted now.

Taking down a speech in the dark does not seem a very credible story, but I have before me now an account by one of our best phonographic writers relating how he took down a lecture when the lights were turned out to enable the speaker to give some illustrations.

I need not however recount any more of the successes of Mr Pitman's art, as no doubt you will read most of them yourselves. In the daily papers you have examples of it by reading the exact words of our greatest & wisest men; the business man finds he saves an immense amount of time by dictating his orders ^{or other matter} for the day; the student is enabled

to take down the exact words of his teacher, and use them over again at his examinations, much to that gentleman's satisfaction; and the literary man can now run off in a few minutes that which at one time took him many tedious hours. Undoubtedly the shorthand pencil is entitled along with the pen to be ranked as "mightier than the sword".

— V —

Balloons & Ballooning.

A short sketch will ^{be} attempted in this paper, of the history of the art of ballooning. Slow, very slow has been the progress of the conquest of the air, compared with that of the sea. There are two kinds of balloon, the fire balloon & that inflated by hydrogen gas. The latter is the most serviceable & is used whenever any person makes an ascent, either for scientific purposes or for amusement. It is composed of a large globe of linen or india rubber, filled with hydrogen gas, & which, being enclosed in net work, is employed to raise a car in which are the aeronauts. The other, the fire balloon is chiefly used at those exhibitions where one or more balloons are set off to amuse the crowd, & they generally take very fanciful shapes, such as pigs, elephants &c the like.

Joseph Montgolfier was the first to make a balloon ascent. The French & Spanish troops had been trying

in vain to raise the siege of Gibraltar when Montgolfier said "he possessed the means of introducing an army into the fort. The gas produced by the burning of a few handfuls of straw will not pass, like inflammable air, through the pores of a paper bag. By making the bag large enough it will be possible to introduce into Gibraltar an entire army." Such was his bold project, & here let us notice an erroneous idea in his part, it was not the gas produced that made the balloon rise, it was only by rarifying the air. An experiment will clearly prove this fact; if you have a balance with the cups upside down & introduce into one of them a poker at a white heat the cup will rise; it is impossible that a gas has issued from the poker, but it has risen on account of the rarification of the air.

The first ascent of a Montgolfier balloon took place at Annonay on the 5th June 1783.

On the 27th August, a professor of Chemistry in Paris
M. Charles by name, set off a balloon filled with
hydrogen gas. On the 19th September of the same
year, the first aerial voyagers made their ascent
in a balloon of Montgolfiers. These were a sheep,
a hen & a duck, who all came down safe,
with the exception of the hen, whose wing was
hurt in consequence of a kick from the sheep.
These travellers were sent up to ascertain whether
it was possible to breathe the air which was above
the earth & the experiment having proved
successful man was not long in venturing
to follow. The first person to make an ascent
was M. Pilatre du Rosier, who made his
ascent in a captive Montgolfier. He rose
to a height of 80 feet & remained in the air
about six minutes. The first to leave the
earth entirely were the Marquis d'Arlandes
and M. Pilatre du Rosier. They performed this
feat at the Chateau de la Muette near Passy

on November 21. 1783 in a Montgolfier. The balloon
quitted the earth about 2 o'clock in the afternoon
and owing to a favourable wind the Parisians
were enabled to witness all the phases of an
ascent which has had no analogy at any
time or in any country. The balloons impelled
towards the south west, crossed the Seine
& travelled toward St Sulpice, passing between
the Military College & the Hôtel des Invalides.
Rather more than twenty minutes after its
departure it descended in the meadows behind
the garden of the Luxembourg. It had run 9000
yards, with a speed considered enormous at
a time when the locomotive was not invented.
The second voyage was that of M^r. Charles & Robert
in a hydrogen balloon 27 feet in diameter,
the car was suspended from a hoop which
surrounded its middle & fastened to a net
which covered the upper hemisphere. The balloon
ascended from the Tuileries on December 1. 1783

The barometer was carefully observed & they calculated that they ascended about 1880 feet. The aeronauts landed about 27 miles from Paris, so that they had travelled four times the distance of the Montgolfier. The third ascent made by Montgolfier & Pilatre came very near a tragic ending for the paper comprising the balloon split & the balloon descended towards the earth with great rapidity.

Soon after this M. Pilatre conceived the bold project of combining the balloons of M. Charles & Montgolfier. The balloon of Charles would support the Montgolfier in the air, while the Montgolfier, with an insignificant expenditure of fuel would make the other ascend or descend at will. A year later Pilatre determined to cross the channel in the aero. montgolfier. A fire balloon 10 feet in diameter was placed underneath an air balloon 37 feet in diameter. Being thus

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enabled to raise or lower himself at will, he had the hopes of falling in with a current of air which would carry him in the direction of Britain. It was a rash & dangerous proceeding, whether he acted from ignorance or bravado we know not, Pilatre & his companion had not been in the air longer than half an hour when the balloon exploded. Pilatre & his companion fell from a height of 1000 yards & were killed on the spot.

As one would naturally expect the great difficulty in this navigation is the want of control over the balloon, it is quite at the mercy of the elements. Several attempts have been made to guide them by means of oars, sails, & the like but they have mostly proved failures.

Had time & space permitted it would have been very interesting to trace the history further & give accounts of recent balloon ascents. Balloons rendered an important service during

the Franco Prussian War & they may possibly be made
of much use in the future, both for military &
exploring purposes.

McC.

Highland Legends.

What thoughts seem to be inspired by the very mention of the word Legend. We think of the blazing fire, around which an eager audience are listening to an old man's awe inspiring story of days gone by; or perhaps we are walking with some venerable shepherd, or listening to some ancient villager, as we hear tales which these old men had heard told by their grandfathers before them. These Legends supplied the place of history to our forefathers, but instead of being written in books like our modern histories they were treasured up in the minds of the old and told & retold by them to the younger generation. Some districts in the north of Scotland are especially rich in their store of Legendary lore, & there is hardly an extra wild looking glen, a ruinous castle or a fairy nook on the sea coast, but what can claim its share of such oral history.

One especially, of our highland counties has traditions respecting it, dating so far back that we read of one Alypos, (a contemporary with Rehoboam, King of Israel, and whose mother was the Queen of Sheba) being the first person to discover that part of our island.

Sir Thomas Argyll, a native of the same county, in the 17th century wrote a most startling theory of the origin of the Picts & Scots. So good have some people considered it, that it has been called the National Epic of Scotland, and it has been termed by far the most classical of all the imitations of the *Aeneid* fabricated during the middle ages.

It is not with such early traditions as these, however that we would deal, but rather with those curious and fascinating stories or legends emanating from the style of life of the people of our Scottish Highlands at a later date.

We have had handed down to us a great many

legends, some ridiculous, some comical, some weird or unearthly, all more or less superstitious but with others truly historical and many giving really a trustworthy and instructive description of the manners & customs of the people among whom the scenes are laid. "Human nature is not exclusively displayed in the histories of only great countries & in the actions of only celebrated men." There is much in these legends, much apart from their interest as stories that might be profitably ~~studied~~.

Legends may be divided into three separate classes or divisions. Those of the first class, are, for the most part, true records of events and are very useful & interesting for the manner in which they delineate character. It is a curious fact that people of the lower & poorer classes are in the habit of bestowing minute attention to all the little episodes that are going on around them. This we see exhibited

in most of the legends of this class. In some that I have read you notice how faithfully they portray the various characters that are introduced. Now carefully all the minor details which go to form the story are told. Nothing is omitted and the result is, that we have a number of stories giving us, sometimes in a most fascinating manner, an insight into the habits and home life of the people among whom the scenes are laid, and that to an extent that is almost unattainable in any other way.

The legends of the second class again, are pure fictions, originated by ignorance & superstition, often enough having not the slightest semblance of truth and sometimes of a blood thirsty character.

Those of the third class however, can lay claim to be the most interesting of the three divisions. They have usually a dash of both of the qualities of the previous kinds, being partly true & partly

untrue. In the legends of this class there is always a certain weird unearthliness thrown around the natural & likely part of the stories. Along with this class may also be put the numerous class of which the following is a specimen. - In one book of Scottish Legends we read about a singularly curious spring called Sludcick, which suddenly dries up every year early in summer, and breaks out again at the close of autumn. It gushes from the bank in an undiminished volume until within a few hours before it ceases to flow for the season, and bursts forth on its return in full stream. The curious part of this is the Legend which tries to give an explanation of the origin of this curious natural phenomenon. We see in it the striving of uneducated minds to devise some reason for events which pass the compass of their limited understanding. The legends say that the spring acquired this curious tendency some time in the

17th century, and as I read it, it runs thus

"On a very warm day in summer, two farmers employed in the adjacent fields were approaching the spring in opposite directions to quench their thirst. One of them was the tacksman of the farm on which the spring rises, the other tenanted a neighbouring farm. They had lived for some time previous on no very friendly terms.

The tacksman, a coarse rude man, reached the spring first, and taking a hasty draught, gathered up a handful of mud, and just as his neighbour came up flung it into the water. "Haw" said he, turning away as he spoke, "you may drink your fill".

Scarcely had he uttered the words when the offended stream began to boil like a cauldron, and after bubbling awhile among the grass & rushes sank into the ground and disappeared." The story then goes on to tell how the facts spread & how the tacksman, rude & coarse as he was, found the conduct & remarks of his neighbours so galling

that at last he was fain to repair to the seer,
or wise man of the district & ask his advice.
From this man he receives certain instructions
by the observance of which it was hoped the offended
Kaiad of the stream would be conciliated. The tacksman
then went to the dry bed of the stream, and having
performed various rites he lay down on the bank
to await the issue. Soon a slight noise was heard,
then all at once, the stream burst forth, for a
moment extending over its usual boundary, but
soon subsiding it flowed onwards as it had done
for years before, between the rows of crosses that
marked its course. This was not the end of the affair
however, for every year thereafter at the exact time
that the stream received the first offence it sud-
denly dries up and does not again come forth until
the following autumn. As if in ridicule it withholds
its waters during the warm season when they are
most needed, and gives them in the winter
when they are not required." Such is the legend

which the country people tell concerning the spring "Studach" and after making certain allowances, it is quite possible that something similar to what has been narrated might be brought about by natural causes.

The superstition which we see in some of the wilder of our legends must have been very baneful owing to the terror they inspired.

There are imperfectly related stories of a lady in green who went about at night bearing a goblin child in her arms. She went from cottage to cottage when all the inmates were asleep; she would raise the latch, it is said, take up her place by the fire, fan the embers into a flame, and then wash her child in the blood of the youngest sleeper, who would be found dead in the morning.

There is also another story of a lady in green, who was supposed to be the others contemporary. She was of exquisite beauty and

majestic carriage, and was regarded as the
genius of the small pox. When the disease was
to end fatally she was to be seen in the grey of
the morning or as the evening merged into
night, sitting by the bedside of her victim.

Beliefs like these were very hurtful, in so
much that in the first case they prevented people
from procuring needful repose, and in the second
because if a patient happened to suppose they saw
anything of the kind, it might prove hurtful by
making them think they were worse than they were
by giving themselves up to a blind despair
delay their recovery or even hasten their death.

We have now very shortly sketched the
character of the various kinds of legend common
to the Northern districts of Scotland, & we can
only conclude by saying that should any of
the readers of this think it worth while to dip a
little into the store of Highland legends open to
them in books, they will find that they have but

Upon a topic at once interesting, amusing and
instructive.

"Nansen"

An English Characteristic

Among the many noticeable characteristics of the English people, perhaps none is more striking than the apathy to or inability to comprehend what war is, & means. Whether it be called apathy, unconscious indifference, intellectual or moral shortsightedness, we shall not attempt to determine. What is War? There is not another word in our language we believe, which can convey to the thoughtful mind such vivid ideas of horror & misery, as that little word of three letters W-A-R. War. Allow the imagination full rein, endeavour to form the most vivid conception, exhaust the fullest

vocabulary of expressive terms: all will fail to produce a picture, adequately representing War.

"Mortality: thy plagues, thy famines
Past, present & to come"

May yield

To the true portrait of one battle field."
God knows human wretchedness & misery are deep & widespread enough already, life is short & oftentimes bitter enough. Some think otherwise. Their duty is to hurry their fellows out of life a little more speedily. In this they are alas too often eminently successful. What misdirected & fiendish ingenuity is exercised in the construction of modern implements of warfare.

Eighty one ton guns, Gatlings, Torpedoes, & the thousand & one other means of for ever silencing that mysterious thing called life.

which man, with all his boasted triumphs over Nature, cannot make even the faintest approach to producing. We call these implements, examples, proofs of the advance of Science, civilization. Nineteenth century civilization forsooth!! 'Tis more worthy of the lowest barbarism. Year by year the sacredness of human life is becoming more fully realized in national & social life. What lab. our, sacrifice, or aught else is too dear? or is not gladly expended, in preserving health & life in our cities & villages? But who cares for our soldiers? Or the soldiers of other nations? They are like so many sheep or goats, not so valuable as horses. What kindred or friends have they? None welcome their coming, or regret their going. What human affections or sympathies

have they? They are peices of mechanism.
What? Dare anyone question the right
to shed blood uselessly if we choose?

Bah! Silence. Sentimentalism & Poltroonery!

Wordsworth's unfortunate utter-
ance,

"God's most dreaded instrument
In working out a pure intent
Is man arrayed for mutual slaughter:

Yea Carnage is his daughter."

"If he speaks truth," says Byron, "She is Christ's sister",
seems to have become the belief of a
large section of the British public.

That fearful epidemic Jingoism has
again appeared, the contagion has
rapidly spread, all classes coming more
more or less under its malignant & ban-
eful influence. The enlightened press, our
farseeing politicians, are even the pulpit,
~~form~~ the ranks from which its more

prominent & more unfortunate victims
are drawn; & who, poor souls, in the wild
& feverish delirium which ensues, seem,
with wonderful unanimity, to -

"cry havoc! & let slip the dogs of war."

The daily press endeavours to
work out some "pure intent," but what it is
exceeds our comprehension, by inciting "the
powers that be" to this & the other thing.
The Illustrated papers vie with each other
in presenting to their readers pictures
"by our special? artist," horrible in the ex-
treme. That any healthy mind could
find pleasure or instruction in such
pictures(?) is, to our thinking, preposterous.
A morbid craving akin to brutality &
barbarism alone could do so. Not
many weeks ago an edifying spectacle
was enacted, to wit - the national anthem

sung in honour of the massacre at El Tel,
but sung where? in a scotch church.

We think it would have been more fitting
to have sung the most melancholy & repent-
ant dirge that ever was penned, unless -
Moloch has supplanted God. In the
House of Commons a few weeks ago,
when a few members, who cared more
for justice than party, lifted their
voice against, what they aptly termed,
the unjustifiable destruction of life
in the Soudan, they were looked upon
by not a few as purposeless obstruction-
ists. Indeed one journal - & a christian
one - spoke of them as "hotheaded enthusiasts",
"crotchety fanatics", persons actuated by "mis-
taken & foolish ideas of sentiment", & such
like epithets. Such is public opinion.

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We are not insensible to the fact that all wars are not condemnable; but what war, among the many, in which England has wasted her men & money, during the last ten or fifteen years has been wholly justifiable?

Conservatives & Liberals are alike in this respect. Mr. Gladstone, during his Midlothian campaign spoke of the "inviolable sacredness of the interests of the homes of the Afghans; but of course this does not as readily, if not more readily, apply to the Sudanese.

England we affirm, at the risk of being termed jingoistic & the like, is the most aggressive nation on the earth.

A Modern Attila. A Veritable Scourge of God.

Let us forego our wonted egotism, regarding the height of civilization we have

attained to, the 'greatness & glory' of our nation, till we have learned to respect our neighbours interests to a greater degree than we have yet done.

We, however, must draw to a conclusion, ~~restoring~~ our humble protest against the rampant unchristian spirit that is so prevalent. Byron, who shows a much fuller & genuine sympathy with the wrongs & injustices of his fellow-men than he is generally credited with, says -

"The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore."
To which we reverently say Amen.

Rousseau.

Criticisms.

Dear Mr Editor,

I believe you are to publish a number of your valued magazine shortly, & I now take advantage of your doing so to send you for publication some rambling remarks of mine. If they do not instruct or enlighten your readers they may amuse them & if they do not amuse them they will at least assist to fill the Columns of your Magazine and should these be already filled you may as a last resource, by exercising your great ingenuity find some use for the paper I write on.

Now, my dear Mr Editor, I am no longer young. The days of my youth are fled. I am now old & though not yet grey headed, have lost that elasticity of spirits and that freshness of vigour which are the chief characteristics of the great majority of the readers of your magazine - But, in having thus spent so many years of my life, having "in this world's broad field of battle"

fought many a hard contestall fight, having met
with in my wanderings men of so varied character
& of such peculiar habits & opinions, methinks
I will take upon myself to give vent to some
of my thoughts concerning some of these individuals
whom it has been my fortune to observe & whose
actions I have sometimes been so uncharitable as
secretly to laugh at. The other Saturday night
I found myself (one does find themselves sometimes
in rather queer situations) standing in the gallery
of the Waverley Market, looking down at the ocean
of humanity beneath. Folks say how grand a
thing it is to go to the Theatre & see acted
all the varied passions of man. However, acting
be it never so good can never equal the genuine,
and so I stood there gazing down upon so many
of my fellow creatures & observing so much of their
characters as was displayed in the glancing of
their eyes & the look of their countenances, I felt as
much pleasure as if I had been listening to a

comedy. But - dear Mr Editor, though my imagination is not very strong, yet I fancy I can hear you in your own sharp way saying to yourself "what is this fellow driving at?" "I wonder what nonsense is this he is sending to the magazine." Yes, Sir, writing what contains very little sense, but to a certain extent this may be excused in one who does not yet clearly comprehend what method he will adopt, neither has made up his mind what characters he will utilise for the accomplishment of the purpose he has set before him. However, I must begin. During the years of my boyhood & youth and also ever since the now distant time when I emerged into manhood, I have had (I don't know why,) the greatest abhorrence & contempt for what is commonly called a book-worm. I know no more miserable creature than the man who, while "deep versed in books" is "shallow in himself." Such an individual in nine cases out of ten has no individuality of his own, but

links himself to some strong minded companion
who happens to be the possessor of a mind of his own
and to whom he becomes something in the nature of
a second shadow. Dear Mr Editor you & I have
great sympathy with our brothers in misfortune &
so I suggest that there is no case more deserving
of our combined pity than any poor friend of ours
to whose devoted person there clings such a parasite
with all the tenacity with which a limpet clings
to a sea shore rock. Surely Sinbad the Sailor never
suffered greater torments or more fearful agonies
when the old man of the sea was clinging to his
back, than our poor friend must suffer whose
every step is clogged, whose every walk is spoiled,
whose every pleasure is damped by the trying
presence of his parasitical friend. Doubtless he
may be useful now & again when we wish
to be informed on some particular subject,
he may even be used instead of a ref-
erence book, but that will only be at the

risk of weakening our own character. Good apples if placed beside rotten ones don't remain long good; and to get into the habit of poring over books without number, & of every variety is surely not to be desired. In this age of ours we require more - much more - deep, broad, masculine thinking. It is amusing if one chances to be acquainted with a certain book, to hear one worthy friend (who obviously has just read it) quoting the opinions therein expressed as if they were his own. It is strange if one happens to fall into a political discussion with any one, to notice how closely many of the opinions expressed coincide with those contained in a leader of that day's "Spectator".

Such an individual as the one I have been writing about often excites our contempt, other characters excite other passions. One who is obstinately wedded to every opinion of his own, is one who excites either our anger or our mirth.

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We sometimes feel annoyed or angry when we listen to some conceited fool who utters every word in a tone obviously meant to imply that whoever dares to contradict him must be entirely & absolutely wrong; at other times we feel it difficult, (for courtesy's sake) to suppress our risible propensities when we hear given forth in the same lordly & self confident tone, some of the most idiotic statements which it has been our lot to hear. Such individuals are, as is no doubt well known to you, Mr Editor, far above paying any attention whatever or ruling their conduct by any such insignificant qualities as reason or common sense. He prefers himself to be the judge of what is right or wrong, of what is reasonable or unreasonable. However, Sir, I have found in the course of my life that such individuals, if we take from them the lessons which we should are of considerable use. As lighthouses & buoys point out to the

mariner the dangerous places which he must avoid if he would have a successful voyage so, such individuals as I have been attempting to describe, & many more are scattered here and there in every place to-hew us that if we would have respect for ourselves, if we would have a successful voyage through life we must steer clear of the dangerous habits which have made such characters the scorn & laughing stock of mankind. Let us conclude this long & disjointed letter by expressing the hope that all your readers will in this manner benefit by their contact with such characters as form the subjects of the preceding pages.

"Verum."

A few scattered remarks on our Literature
and how it is produced.

Comparatively few persons, I believe, have any adequate idea of the extent to which our literature is produced. By literature I mean books, newspapers, pamphlets & the like.

The British nation is essentially a nation of readers. It has been said that wherever you find a settlement of two or three Englishmen you will also find a newspaper of some description or other. They cannot be content to live alone, without knowing what is going on around them in other parts of the world.

Taking newspapers as the principal portion of our literature, I have not been able to procure statistics as to their number in the United Kingdom but in the United States they amount to 13,494 in the dominion of Canada 644, and in Newfoundland 9. The total in the whole world is 35,000.

In 1885 The number of books published in the United Kingdom amounted to over 3000. Of these juvenile books claim 671, theology 636, education 533, fiction 455, history & biography 373, poetry & the drama 118 and belles lettres, essays etc 146. When it is remembered that the average number of copies of a book is about 700, it will be seen that this represents a grand total of 2,100,000 volumes, and if you take the average value of each copy at $\frac{1}{6}$, which is moderate, you get a sale value of £262,500. This is entirely independent of newspapers & periodicals, as well as new editions of old books.

But printing is not by any means confined to books & papers. A very large proportion of the work done is prospectuses, circulars, insurance tables, law papers etc. There are many offices which never do any book work at all but live by small jobs.

Take a glance at Edinburgh which may be

considered the headquarters of the printing trade. Printing is done here for all parts of the world, and especially for the London publishers. It has been acknowledged that work is done here better. A school Magazine was transferred lately to an Edinburgh firm; and in apologizing in his editorial for the unsatisfactory condition of the last number, the editor said that he had despatched his printers for the "blameless hyphens" from whom he expected better things.

But to return to the printing offices in Edinburgh. There are at least six employing over 200 hands besides a large number of smaller ones. There is one well known office, among the largest which employs 300 persons paying on average of £230 weekly in wages alone.

Now a word or two as to the manner in which our literature is produced. Very few persons not connected with the trade know how that is done, & the many steps which

it goes through before it reaches their hands.
Take an example. A person knows that a
job will take the compositor two hours to set
up, and that it will take other two hours to
print; & he considers it quite reasonable to
demand it in five hours. Being aware that
printing office open about eight, he posts his letter
the night before so as to be delivered by the
first post, & wants it done by one o'clock
being as he thinks an hour of grace beyond
the necessary time. Now in a large office
such as I have been describing, it is very
probable that it is ten o'clock before the
master comes in to open the letters. It is
immediately to the clerk who enters it in
the books, from him it goes to the foreman
who again puts it into the compositor hands
probably about eleven o'clock. It is finished
by one when the men go away for dinner.
Two o'clock arrives & the job must be read,

corrected, revised & passed to the machine room where another two hours is spent in printing. Thence it goes to the warehouse, where it is cut up, folded, packed & sent off to the original sender. Very likely, he gets it about seven or eight o'clock & in a tremendous rage vows never to patronise the office again. He tries another office next time, finds the same result, & immediately publishes some letter or other about the untrustworthiness of printers to fulfill their engagements. This is no imaginary case but one which is occurring almost daily. Were people to think a little more in this subject, & be in consequence more reasonable in their demands a very great deal of trouble & anxiety would be saved both to themselves & the printers.

The above case refers only to small jobs, of course in the case of books, the proofs are sent to the author before they are printed. After all the work has been done to them in one office

they go to the binders where they are sewn, bound,
& ornamented in any way that may be desired.
Then the publisher gets them, & from him they find
their way to wholesale & retail booksellers,
whence the public procure them. It will thus
be seen that the number of hands they pass
through is very large; & if there should be any
lithographed plates or steel engravings in the
book, the number is considerably increased.
We must also take into account that
there are six distinct steps in making the
type for the book.

We can best get some idea of the enormous
amount of money spent in this branch of our
industry when we think of the number of
men who depend upon it for their existence.
Compositors, machinemen, warehousemen,
typesetters, engravers, lithographers, book-
binders, publishers, booksellers, paper makers etc.
Although these remarks are indeed very

scattered it is yet hoped that they will prove
interesting to some of those here who are not
already aware of the facts contained in it.
Printers & their relations are often blamed for a
great many errors which often belong more correct-
ly to the author or publisher, in the shape of
almost illegible manuscript or ambiguous in-
structions. Many mistakes are occasioned
in this way, and if these facts were more
extensively circulated, I am inclined to think
that a very great deal of trouble & expense
would be saved. I hope therefore that all those
having this paper will do their best to spread
its contents & so endeavor to lighten the
burden at present laid on the patient shoulders
of the much maligned printer.
Experience.

A Chat about Book hunting.

There are a great many persons to whom the terms Bibliomaniac & Bibliophilist are synonymous. Bibliomaniac means Bibliophilist or vice versa. Now there is a notable distinction between the two terms. The Bibliomaniac is one who has a rage or mania for books, especially rare or curious ones; while the Bibliophilist is one who is a lover of books. Not a very notable distinction after all, you say. Reflect, reflect. The first named, poor soul, is more to be pitied than censured, the second deserves neither pity nor censure, nor need he at all apologise for his Bibliophilism. With the latter would I claim kinship, & now publicly avow myself a votary of Bibliophilism. From my earliest years I have been a lover of books & of book hunting. I can even now, though past the Meridian of life, vividly recall the pleasure

derived in this way, when but a small urchin indeed. What feasting of imagination, & flowing of soul there was, as I stood, with my nose flattened against the window of the Book seller's, gazing in at the motley array of tempting titles & daintily apparelled backs.

And then, the perhaps keener pleasure of loitering around the old bookstall; every now & then when the proprietor's eagle eye was directed from me, peeping into some volume that caught my attention, yet ever alert for the returning gaze of his eye as ominous a command to me as the Policeman's "Move on".

As I grew in years my passion grew apace. Even now I take as keen a delight as ever in poking among the miscellaneous ware of the old bookstall, undeterred by the most ominous glances when perhaps after half an hour's rummaging & courting of titles & chapters I take my way without purchasing.

To have a roam round such shops & stalls
is to my mind most healthful recreation for
a spare hour on a Saturday or whenever you
have leisure. Many a treasure, in addition to
valuable stores of information have I picked
up in such a fashion. How well do I recollect
with what feverish delight I grabbed at a copy
of Washington Irving's Sketch Book labelled 3^d
- which by the bye I read today was the
first book to excite a literary ambition in the
mind of the poet Longfellow - What hours of
delight I have spent reading from beginning
to end again & again, for it is not a very
voluminous work. & when I lit on the
works of lovable Oliver Goldsmith with steel
plates, and at the same time on Robertson's
History of Scotland all in tattered apparel
but the contents sound & intact. And the
lot for what I you ask. Well, nine pence
Now since I have had them dressed out

in new jackets they are worth twenty times
what they cost me. How proudly on another
occasion I scudded home to pore over Homer's
Odyssey which I secured for 6s, & on another
with the life of my favourite historical hero
Sir Walter Raleigh, obtained for 1/. Who that has
read Lamb's Essays need be told of the wit
& genius, the laughter & wisdom that sparkles
on every page. These I picked up at a London
bookstall for 5s & carried about with me
daily, beguiling most pleasantly the tedious-
ness of underground railway travelling.
In the east end of London on one side of
Whitechapel road are always to be seen a
long array of vendors & barrows of all sorts
& conditions. Among these were one or two
laden with books all in delightful disorder.
Whenever opportunity favoured my passing
there, I failed not to inspect their contents
justly & mildewed as many of them, if you

sense of smell was anything keen, soon made
you unpleasantly aware of. Seldom was there
anything of much value. One day however
after a few minutes poking in one of these
barrows something of value came to the top
after a violent upheaval of the whole contents.
I came upon three volumes, two of which
proved to be English Classics, the third, the life
of one of England's greatest orators & statesmen.
Now when the enthusiasm which the moment
begot has calmed down, I am inclined to
philosophise on the ups & downs a book may
experience. To think that I should find a
copy with wide margins & other excellencies
of Locke's Conduct of the Understanding,
one of Mackenzie's Man of the World with steel
plates & the Public life & speeches of Lord
Brougham; all herding together amid a
motley crowd of gazeteers & polemical & ephemeral
^{religious} treatises of by gone days & a host of literary

lumber of all shades. But still worse even than such associates to be valued at the noble sum of "one penny each". Imagine with what eagerness, I hauled over the price of all three & rescued them from among such a sorry crew. Hurriedly did I stuff them into my overcoat pockets & betake myself with all speed to an adjoining Coffee House, where having got myself comfortably ensconced in the remote corner of an old fashioned box, pulled my treasures forth & sat perusing pages & their chapters quite regardless of the time.

Then there was that other delightful book which, but I must check my garrulity or I will be for chatting away all night; moreover in imagination the portentous frown of that inexorable Editor is paralyzing my pen; still if your patience has not been overtaxed by the foregoing I hope to have a chat on a future occasion on this or some other subject.

Ruiscane

A Fragment.

The following fragment is part of a manuscript discovered during some recent excavations in the neighbourhood. This interesting & curious document is in the ancient Caledonian language. The majority of it was entirely obliterated, but the portions which remained legible have been translated & are now given to the public. Some attempt has also been made to render them into verse. The fragment will derive new interest from recent debates in the Literary Society.

A member of our Commonwealth

By the nine gods he swore
That the fair & charming ladies
Should be kept out no more.

By the nine gods he swore it,
And fixed a voting day
And bade his followers go round
Where beauteous females most abound

To hear what they did say

* * * * *

Then out spake his opponent

The foremost in debate.

"Admit the ladies & you bring
Both jealousy & hate."

"Admit them not, Sir Chairman
Or else you'll rue the hour
When ladies in our council got
To exercise their power.

"Then how can I do better
Than ask you to approve
The constitution of our fathers
And the by-laws which we love.

"On such good grounds the motion
May well be cast away
Now who will stand on my right hand
And second me this day?"

Then up arose his comrade
A patriot true was he

" If ladies entrance should command
Our morals will get lower, and
We never should agree.

" If we but give them one small inch
They soon will take an ell.

This is an ancient saying, and
Should be considered well.

" If you should find they did not exist
How would you get them out?

Then think well ere you let them in
Lest soon in terror you begin

To fear lest it had been a sin
To bring this thing about."

Unfortunately the conclusion of the poem is illegible,
which is much to be regretted, as this subject
is one which has never lost its interest &
probably never will.

"Antiquarian."

There is a love from which there never springs
The bitter pang of sad satiety -

A love which ever grows & ever brings
To all who own its sway, the power to be
From baser thoughts & baser passions free:-

'Tis in the love of knowledge that we find
The purest pleasures of the mortal mind.

Knowledge which springs from fear of Him on high
Who is the fount of light, of life, of love;
Who knoweth all things, & before whose eye
All his created beings live & move,
In earth beneath, or in the heavens above.

Who o'er a myriad worlds hath cast His reins
And holds the raging ocean in His chains

But perfect knowledge dwells with Him alone,
For mortal eye can never penetrate
The light divine which circles His bright throne

As light the sun when high in heaven set.
Nor till the mind be freed from earth's estate
Shall we the fulness of that glory see
And all things know, & full perfection be.

The wayside flower created by His hand
Hath mystery more than mightiest works of men,
And summoned into life by His command
'Tis something yet beyond all human ken
The mightiest minds have failed & failed again
To solve the strange enigma of its life
Why it to being sprang where death was life.

Yet now the tide hath ebb'd a space away
From off that shore where stood the mighty sage**
Nor shall that sea regain its ancient sway,
But still recede as age succeeds to age,
And wonders never unfold; but who can gauge
The truths, the laws, the mysteries unknown
That shall to future ages yet be shown
or Sir Isaac Newton.

Ere the Italian starry pointed glass,
The truth revealed to wondering minds of men,
That their small globe around the sun did pass,
A speck scarce seen amid the glittering train,
They had believed that she supreme did reign -
That she 'mid moving worlds was fixed alone
While sun & stars bowed down before her throne

And wrapped around in error's sable robe
Man saw not that his heritage of earth,
Was but the expiring embers of a globe
Which rolled through space long ages ^{on his birth}
But thought he that a youthful world; (come forth
From the Almighty's hand, prepared for man)
Its being took - With him its course began -

But aged Buffon thrilled with sacred awe
From nature's book the wondrous message read
And from the fossil'd remnants that he saw
The truth discerned. Thus light anew was shed

Yet 'tis the glimmering dawn der mountain head;
But soon shall burst the glories of the day
And error night for ever flee away.

But none the glories of that day can see
Who sees not God in all His works around
His voice hears not in gentlest harmony,
Or thunder's full voiced diapason sound
Who sees not all things to His praise redound
Who feels not God within himself to be
Nor can His temple in his fellows see.

And are we not the offspring of our God?
And are not all things but for man alone?
Through countless ages was this fair abode
Prepared for him, a bright but transient throne.
On it the last great victory was won
By God's own son, as man, o'er sin & hell
When Satan's vanquished hosts for ever fell.

And all things are but for the soul of man
And all but it are doomed to pass away
For each created thing when it began
Bore in itself the germs of its decay
Soon cast we off this tennement of clay
The glorious sun itself shall cease to shine
For then our souls shall live in light divine.

But clay uncompassed may the aspiring mind
Still struggling to the fountain head of light
Some foretaste of celestial glory find
And catch some glimpses of the splendor bright
Perchance some ray reflect on earthly night
Then let each mind on heavenly knowledge bend
And look to God, who is its source & end.

Δ ev.