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Chapter I — The Mermaidens.

"Her form was fairer to behold
Than that of maids in days of old
And I do wear 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 latitude Pacific Islands. All was peace away down there, and while above them the sea might rage and be dashed 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 forest spices and choice fruits. These were the gardens of the mermaidens in which they loved to stray, gathering the precious fruits, or to recline beneath the foliage of their luxuriant trees.

The palace itself was a wonderful building, like one of those majestic structures described in fairy tales. Built principally of coral, it was all ornament in the most pleasing tasteful manner with climbing sea plants, whose spreading leaves seemed to exclude, but the light of the sun, but that of the phosphorescent insects from whom all the light brightness of the mermaidens was derived. In the interior of the palace all was cheerfulness and comfort. From the large hall in which the mermaidens were accustomed to dance to the sound of the salt sea waves, to the bedchamber of the lowest maid in the Queen's household, all was beautiful and true to the highest art. The rooms were
living with the most beautiful overlaid specimens of
sea-weed in place of tapestry, and enameled pictures of the
ancestors of the mermaids was placed here and there
throughout the palace. In short the place seemed to
have been made with every comfort luxury that could
be thought of and 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 one 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 and wealth
of an empire, but in whose bosom, alas, there existed
desires incompatible with the worthiness of a mermaid.
In early life she had known a sailor who had been
rescued from a watery grave by the mermaids that
reigned for many years at the palace. This old sailor,
belonging to H.M.S. *Perseus* 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 good mother explained to her that she could only visit the earth by clothing herself in a sealskin, but should she by any misfortune lose the sealskin when on land it would be impossible for her to return thence 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 there. 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 gird & leave for the upper world. The eyes in the vast crowd were without a tear as the procession,
in which walked Sylvia, her mother the queen. Their waiting
maids, slowly filed past. Sylvia walked foremost, looking
lovelier than ever, yet in the twitching of that firmly
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.
Sylvia 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."
Sylvia then was lightly encased in the scale attire, which
was so made that she could at once slip out if it were
she so inclined. She again affectionately bade adieu to her
fond parent, having had the way well explained to her;
at once took her course towards the British Islands.
At this instant there arose from the assembled empire
a long, loud cheer, was echoed and echoed by the
surrounding rocks. As the sound reached Sylvia she
graciously turned towards her people, waving her hand
Made her 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. Stepping off her
steer she stepped lightly forth in all her beauty of
youth, gazed fondly, wondrously round on the scene
spread before her. It was early spring. All the trees
were budding forth in their splendor & the hills were
clothed with verdure. The young shoots were just opening
the sunlight was she gazed she thought that surely
this did not seem to be such a bad world as her
mother & some others had portrayed.
Just as this moment from a copse of trees far up the
hill a nightingale sent forth its melodious note.
Sylvia was struck with wonder at the lovely music as
note after note peaked forth from among the trees, 1852.
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 further up the
hill where again it poured forth its sweet music.
Unable to think ofught save the charming melody she
too, followed the songster to the wood: till all at once
she remembered her sealskin, 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. Gaily she ran back, but
what was her surprise to find her sealskin was gone,
that her hope of return home was rent in twain.
Poor Jyja 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 when 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 Monk's Nestling among the northern 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 Monte fishing boats. The waters were clear as those in the Mediterranean, and far away down could be seen the shells and rocks intermingled with sand. In these clear depths many fish of all kinds could be seen pricking about, and 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 ebbing 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 fine vessel was the Bobsey, one of the finest in the fleet, the gallant captain known 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 and shoals in the
neighborhood, he, by still edging, had always brought his boat into harbor safe and sound.

As the BETTY 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 of the troubled look seemed to deepen on his countenance. Hastily telling his men to unlade 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 nearby thatched cottage that stood somewhat removed from the public gaze. Lovely indeed did the cottage look with its garden so well tended and tastefully laid out. Many espaliers were the plants which it contained, flowers which with no can only exist in hothouses flourished luxuriously. The clinging honeysuckle ram wild clasped the old fence in its
living embrace. Many of these bright red plants, called by the country children red hot potatoes, shone out from amid the other flowers of less imposing appearance making the purple flower garden look like a piece of fairy land. It was truly a charming place one which once seen could never be forgotten.

As Jack launched the lovely scene, he raised his eyes, still weary and unsatisfied, in 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 on whose cloudless life had peace passed twenty summers— the lovely Jessie known and loved throughout all the country round and looked upon as the pride of Brooke. It attempt to describe that fair form was vain indeed. She rose to show the lovely tint of her transparent cheeks has never been invented, nor the pen made to delineate all the beauties of form symmetrical to be seen in her figure. As she raised her head at the approach of Jack his eyes met & her lovely cheeks became tinged with
red like the rose which she held nervously in her fingers. Her eyes fell, rang me could see they had had a loves 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 tomorrow, don't it be nice?"

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

Now he it known that Tom Jenkins though a wild sort of fellow was no dearspace & certainly had no idea of the amount of harm to those 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 as her.
The however did not like Jack to suspect her of even having a thought about him; so his sweet lips, even whose matchless form charmed Jack's eyes had so often lingered, pointed in a manner so pretty that it would have delighted Jack at any other time, but it only exasperated him, she became almost mad, as with eyes in which the tear drops lay among the eyelashes like pearls, she looked up at him exasperately 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 marry—Yes or No? Don't fool me."

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

"Jessie?"

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

"Miss Miller, I leave you for ever with
I had never seen your face, we could never have been happy together. I leave you forever and hope you may be happy with Jenkins, but oh, by the life you have already wrecked, by the love you have cast from you ransacked, 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 for ever from the threshold amid whose pangs flows among whose shudy bosoms 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 moan she sank upon the green sword, at the side of the fairy-like tower where so many happy days had been spent.
Chapter III. The Rescue.

Lived from a watery grave
By me so fair a frame

From the slumbering 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 health save us

With heavy 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 of joy of his life lay buried. A dire lesson 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, round whose head all his clay dreams and castles in the air had ever creaked, was gone.
The awful truth pervaded his very soul. The workings of his mind revealed themselves in his dark, gloomy countenance. All his past life of happiness and enjoyment, unclouded by a single day of sorrow flashed before him. He saw in bold relief the old ruined castle among whose icy clads towers on a lovely evening scarcely a month before, the firmly 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 and dreary in the future. That home of happiness into which he had looked forward was now a myth. His Jessie was false. The girl whom he had loved above all women kind, whom he had worshipped as only a truly noble minded man can, had deceived him. In his life he wrote Schabod. 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 a gift he had intended for her. Walking along the bay the night before he had found the complete skin of the largest and 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 Jessica, 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, hasty grasping the skin he surveyed it for an instant, then with a burning heart made his way towards the sea into whose immeasurable 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 and held a sight which pricked 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 intractable cuteness, hopeless longing. Then as slowly readily 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 came 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 and 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 endeavor to save her. The lovely creature was almost enveloped in the seal skin, turned towards him with a
gaze of profound pity; she a voice which sounded
like the rippling of a brook at the close
of a summer's day, said, or rather sang so sweet
sounded the words:

Oh foolish man who for you lie,

Know the rain to follow me

Down to my home beneath the wave,
To rest amid waves that wrap the brave,
Those 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. The thought of his Jessie, &
again she seemed to be true to him as of old,
he felt strangely happy, as even all seemed hazy.
The sea waves beating on the sandy shore
sounded in his ears like the sweet music
of happy children voices, seemed to waft him asleep
He knew not what.
A few minutes afterwards on the sandy beach was seen a fair young creature dripping with the salt sea, beaming as best she could in her willing and loving arms the form of a young fishermen. Slowly his eyes opened & a look of immutable tenderness suffused his face as he muttered the one sweet word “Jessie.” No need of further explanation as 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 breasts pledged anew to love each other.

“O 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.”

“Yo 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 and 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 column 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 his finest fisherman had nearly extinguished the light and joy of Jesse’s life was none other than the vulgar Syloc. Happy indeed was she to get back at last to the palace of the Queen of the Mermaids, his mother. Many were the rejoicings of her friends at her return.

Jack and Jessie were happy in each other’s love 3 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 image of Jessie and himself. He told of the many hardships he had come through & talked of the time when as a fisherboy he had drifted away to sea in a little boat, being picked up by the great Captain Cook had gone around the world with him. The told of all this, but what interested his young heart most was when he told of the time when he was rescued from a wetting grave by a noble girl who lived in a pretty cottage near Winter Bay. As the part of the story the person opposite Jack would look up with fond blue eyes into his face and a little fellow of about 8 years would clap that person fondly around the neck, for did he not well know that that noble girl of whom his father spoke was his mother.

T. E. Heaton.
"Sylvan" is most certainly the very finest piece of the kind I ever read. The author shows sparks—yes, flames of genius of the first order. It reads like a poem.
"Oh Grace, I often think of thee,
As I travel through life's string,
Thou art the loveliest I ever 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 majority 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 there were the happy days,
As we climbed the hills alone;
And as we talked of bygone 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 never forget
The happiest I ever spent.

A Member.

Oy! Gracious!

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 'member' will in future affect
poetry.

It doesn't quite appear why the youthful lovers should talk of
by-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 gratefully record our thanks, realizing how disgraceful it would be for us, were we so ungrateful as not to do so.

The worthy critic 'Ms.' seems to know rather much about what 'people in such circumstances' generally do. Hh
I was spending my summer holidays of 1880 in the small town of F... 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 air for the last few days, scarcely broken by the slightest ripple, still prevailed. I had been looking forward for a few days to a sail to Inchkeith which is about 92 miles...
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, mast fixed, sails arranged. Everything made ready—waiting on the wind. While so waiting I'll give you a view of the ship's company. There were eight males and 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; it's enjoy himself as well. I have no doubt. Then comes the James Quill, the son of Mr. Quill formerly mentioned, a youth, wanting like many of the gilded youths of the present day, twopenny off the shilling; then follows his brother Samuel the boy and bringing up the train of males my venerable self. The females consisted of the two Misses Quill's and my two sisters.
Of the large company only Clark, Harris and myself knew anything about sailing. The whole provisions to feed this company from after dinner to we did not know where consisted of one dozen Bass and five peaches and biscuits. After dinner a slight wind sprung up and taking full advantage of it we pushed off from land, set our sails spporting one bow towards Ditch work. We had gone only about half a mile when the wind fell so we had to "at oars" and 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 sprung up, oars were shipped, the sails were more brizled out and we went flying through the water at a very good rate, which brought us to Rush Hall about 5.30 p.m. after being five 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.
even yet seen. The ships which could not set sail during the last few days in 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 past of Leith Roads.

Mr Quills 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 an 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 for Zull. She made an effort to consult with the answer, "I think you have much need of one yourself." Whether she had felt or seen the effects of the bull, I cannot tell, but the answer seemed quite like to the old man. By this time our hour was nearly up and we proceeded down to the boat, looking at the outside of the fortifications thus in course of erection.

On the way down Mr James Zull, junior, met with an amusing accident. Close to one of the walls of the fortifications there was a comely grazing the James went forward to it and 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 the boat, & the wind still continuing moderately high, we went
off at a speed that would take us to P in about an hour and a half. Our misfortunes were unfortunately not yet at an end. We first went through between the two heads 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 exposed 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 hid the mist, land was nowhere to be seen. In the light then, was too 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 misery.

I had said during the latter part of the bor...
we must be going down the Firth, 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 Firth
in earnest. The course was a little altered.
We were almost despair of reaching home that
night; some one suddenly made out two faint
lights on an island; our hearts bounded with joy,
the boat was turned right about, soon we were
driving on in the direction of help. They were as
well o’ the lights for every second they grew larger
and larger, nearer and nearer. In the meantime
we busily engaged in speculating where we were,
we thought it was Musselburgh an the North
Brimish, another Cockenzie. The lights soon began
to multiply in number ere we knew ourselves to be
near some large village or small town it eventually proved to be none other than P. one found that we had been going almost straight in an opposite direction from it. Before we came to shore we recognized it by hearing the native band playing. Very long we were almost running on the rocks whence we had started. We soon were safely landed, readily swelling hands reached the boat, in less than two hours after these circumstances I was dwelling in the land of God, dreaming of the exciting scenes through which we had passed.
What we two saw at Brantingthorpe.

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 to 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 Brantingthorpe 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, Ern 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.
very affects the story. Before going further let me tell you that there is no such place as Brantingham in the three kingdoms, but the place at which I spent my summer holidays was somewhere about 1000 miles from Edinburgh, and Brantingham is about an hours railway journey thence. The particular reason which led us to visit it was, that it is an old town of some importance in the history of our country, and 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 inevitable lunch basket & wraps that accompany a tourist party when there are ladies in the question. The morning looked dull & gloomy, the prospects of good weather were anything but favourable. Railway journeys are things of everyday occurrence nowadays, and are as a rule uneventful. Our short journey proved no exception to the rule. Arrived at Brantingham, 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 and anthems had been sung, so that we lost the musical portion of the morning's service, and that which to the general public came to be the chiefest attraction in the Anglican form of worship, if we judge aright from the general custom in St. Mary's Cathedral, which takes place just before the common 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 and 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.

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 amased to learn that this was the method planned by the venerable porter to alarm the garrison in the castle, whose duty it is to chase 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, and some handfuls 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 so 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 inferior & 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 at such in the days of monastic rule. Here in the dim religious light, in the silence, amid the outward surroundings of the worshippers of past ages, one would find a most suitable opportunity for moralising and indulging in a reverence 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 court-yard and again mingle with the outer world. We next took a walk through the woods which flank both sides of the river. The woods or river side paths were kept in first rate order; stone flags very much inclined to envy the inhabitants of Brontëtingholme their quiet and beautiful walks which lie almost in the heart of...
their city & lend a still more attractive appearance to their already romantic town. Here too we had occasion to make an irruption on the lunch basket aforesaid, 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, where the unexpected sight of Sadique's Circus, with its accompanying train of lords and ladies of the XVI Century, blood horses, 14 or 5 elephants & a little compliment of drummers, & cast not by any means least The Queen of Sheba. So much was novel & exciting did not fail to attract the attention of the good people of Fezant-tho' their consequence was that their narrow streets were well nigh impassable. After having viewed the attractive spectacle we next visited 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 broad of that placid stream, every-
thing seemed to invite me, the calm, clear waters, the
halcyon stillness of the atmosphere, the beauty of the scenery
which surrounded us, lastly the lady companion
who would have occupied the stern and steer, 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 plash
plash of the water on the bows of your boat as you lie
at rest for a few moments, gently rocking on the beam
of the calm waters. But we diverge. We left London after
about a quarter to five, having been thoroughly satisfied
with our days sightseeing. I am only sorry on account
of the members of the magazine that we did not occur
with any surprising adventures, or amusing mishaps.
It would have been easy to have manufactured such,
but I try hard to present you with an unvarnished
tale of plain facts, save your indulgence in the matter
of criticism.

[Signature]
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 and a scolding tongue, with a ragged coat on her back, a spindle in her hand and a dog by her side. They were charged with conversing with the Devil for evil designs in various forms and places; tearing 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 of butter was spilt in the churn by 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 1635 and 1640 only eight were tried of which one escaped, and from 1649 to the restoration thirty persons were burned. In 1659 at a single circuit at Glasgow, Sterling and Cupar, nineteen persons were condemned, and in 1661
twenty persons were burned. Between 1667 and 1668 there is a lapse of six years, in which no man was actually horsewhipped for accusing a woman. In 1678 several women were condemned on their own confession. The last execution for witchcraft took place at Dornoch 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, a spell 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, 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 Silvester. 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 Britain. 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 Falloway. 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 "Martirnas", arose from this church, meaning literally the Mas of St Martin. St. Ninian had one great opponent to his work in the person of Tuodval a chief of Galloway. After long resisting and threatening him, this man fell blind and miserable. In his dejection 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. St. Aid, a monk, the rector 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 Firthland into districts. Having settled all in Firthland, he now returned to Galloway. His old age was spent in the quiet monastery of Whithorn in the south of the county of Wigtounshire. The modern town is called Whithorn. He died in September 1432.

St. Ninian was the first, to break through the dark cloud of barbarity which veiled 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.
One or two literary sketches.

The first sketch, who shall be designed to be mentioned in this magazine, is proud he should be to be so mentioned in the little shoes of Vanity Fair. Walking through the streets, in buildings and 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 his to that poor companion's head what the little cuss 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 cuss as this at a little distance, have we, allowing 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 lane, glad to put ourselves to any inconvenience, rather than he caught in his snare; 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 and again he returns to the miserable tale with ever receding energy while with a weary hopeless sigh we are compelled to listen on. Who does not know a dupe such as this? There he goes along the street with another, not a dupe, yes a dupe too, but not of Vanity Fair, he eyes a girl, or perhaps two coming along. With his knees resting beneath him, like the box in the hand of a bone cutter, he makes a peculiar sound to attract their attention, then turning to his companion grinning smiling as if he had really done something, he says in the most patronizing contemptuous manner, "You know nothing about it." Why poor vain, silly dupe 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 chuckles at some magnificent joke, which appears to be far above the comprehension of all the other members, seeing that they sit, one and 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 notes. 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 opponent's DOBISH second. He springs to his feet, hears the withering sarcasm, beneath which a world of wonder, his opponent's look on Calanly, unconcerned. Hear the mighty infallible arguments, but still his opponent smiles. 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 awaits 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 wonder he performed on that occasion. Such are one or two, very sadly described of the chief characteristics of the Ghost of Vanity Fair.

For a change let us turn our eyes to a brother and.

The All Knowing, the All wise fud, and let us watch him, as also yet another it is our intention to describe, in a place where his snobish 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 Repeal he sits still. When pressed again — again so often as he considers necessary to vindicate his superiority, he at last slowly and solemnly rises and speaks:

Lest in members, to these first mighty words of wisdom leave the all pervading thoughts till afterwards of what
privileged persons you are to be the hearers of such wisdom and listen. I came here to-night without the intention of saying anything. Worthy said, and without the least intention of saying anything he occupies his limited time, stating, what subtle person, 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 part. 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 leggy. Among the first he is sure to see especial, 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 fumaroles, when they get rather excited. His calm, perfect, settled sentiments come out slowly as if they had but newly arrived from across the Atlantic. One hears them gaze, wonderingly, at the original magician.
In such manner as our time should permit, we have glanced at three very prominent snobs, and marching through life's highway they are ever 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 and put as great a distance as possible, any semblance twist themselves and the All wise, all knowing snob, the calm, meditative snob, and the little snob of vanity fair.

"A snob's prank."
Author's note: This subject was prescribed by Professor Mason to his class, was to be treated in at most one hour. (The essay) — and 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 find pure 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 Schoolhouse on which must-clad Cuchullin grinds his frowns; the miscellaneous assortment to be found
in the manner on the Esk, or in the humbler dwelling by the Tweed, the scanty store which is all that the funds means enables him to acquire or his leisure to enjoy; or the few books with which the keeper besides 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 "boping ill." We note the motto "Dextra arma, sine et industria." 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 remote the subject may be. We have seen these ten volumes in less dignified bindings.

In "Good Words" for the years 1861 and 1864 we recognize some old friends. But it is not of Sir Macleod's
“Old Lieutenant and his Son” we are thinking. We are away to the shores of Morwen, and hear—as we last summer heard—a last “Farewell to Fingal” sung by a sympathetic cell—:

“Anditiane me luxur amabulis

Danaria?” (3)

We must not however let such “trivial fact records” interfere with our survey. We have now seen all the bulky volumes on the lowest shelf. What have we here? “Tales of a grand father”?—Children we weary you! But what strange companionships! Just look: “Burns’s Poems”, the “Pelican” Press, “Latin Recessus”, Ogilby’s English Dictionary”, “Saffieras”, “The Antiquary”, and a few odd volumes of the "Spectator". Imagine the authors supping together! What feast of art” and “flour of soul”? Even a special might rival the glorious “Kotsö” of old Christopher, were he behind a curtain then.

“Rathlin the Heifer” and “Sea Fights and Land Battles”, are, we darery, all the more regret by their youthful readers that they themselves never sailed an oat length;
while one of the young ladies has reason to bless the good who
presented her in her birthday with illegitimate letters."

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 familiar — 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 do
his plaid and see that the sheep are in the fold,
or sheltered in the wood. Few are like him; so simple,
not. Not seven miles off is the resting-place of
how the man who was regarded by Carlyle as
"an unworldly saint."7: quite natural in a son; yet, we
think, Carlyle was wrong.

Here is the "best wife" with an Appendix on the
violent deaths of bloody persecutors. Time and
the rats have been at work upon this cozy. Read it
if you would know something of those men, who so
often "rolled the psalm for to wind up skies" from
some bleak moor or lone hillside. Here too are
Some of Spurgeon's sermons which on a wet Sunday are in general demand.

But we have seen everything of interest, and there is one new study for us. In lambing-time everyone must make himself useful; and besides, our friend, finding he has an appreciative listener, includes the way with racy anecdote and apt picturesque, giving us thus in quantities from 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 the long stick or "whip" under his arm. He salutes us cheery. "Going with me? Very well. I'll be obliged. Here'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! Then, come in at once!"
(1) “always will arms more or less indubitably so well”.
(2) “Do ye hear? or does a sound play up my ears?” (Shona ode)
(3) Nordic Ambivalence of Christopher Hollis as Professor Wilson.
(4) Mystification of “Lady Vilkay” by Dr. John Brown.
(5) “Last of the true old Gentlemen”

Cuchullin is pronounced Coólin.

This note may be excused seeing that the essay was intended for the eye of a learned Professor, and not for a mixed society.

[Signature]
20/10/83.
The following essay, like the one on page 67, 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 Turbagg in Dumfrieshire. 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 Nowillie, Sexton of this
Parish of Torbegg 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
moastibs 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 Stags 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 Vandev or these less favored members of the same genus had no qualms at disfiguring a piece of Riddo'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 wicked 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 fellow men, almost to idolatry. I am an old man now. For nearly three-quarters of a century there now bony hands have sent the solemn bell pealing through wood and over Lee 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. 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 grandfathers. 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 drunk slumber was his wife: "There," said he, "is the afflicted man's companion." It may be a netherworldic trait, yet I feel
that I could put 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. Sinclair says that a man who writes such a lot on one subject must be 'clean glairked'. I envy him more 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 nine 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 it leaves for curl-papers, for she has a fine head of hair and likes to pet it off to advantage. However, as the author of the Essays is a man of learning I splendid parts—and besides is Robert 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 exhume
from the darkness of old
traditions a world of chivalrous
characters and he comes next.
Mannering was my grand-
father's favourite book. With
Shakespeare I never feel at
home, not even when grave diggers
come 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 darkly and decks through
the varied landscape of his
muse. Can no one write
five volumes on poor Burns? There are some men, even in Lorduff 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 spot 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 pick up and die with the stench of their once vain carcasses, and I lay it humbly before 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 bookshelf 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 Boileau 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 like “Damn’d Mencion”, and she further said that she would hand over the offensive volume to the Minister. So Roberts set of these Essays may come to him incomplete.

Finis.

Edinburgh,
28 Dec. 1883
Westminster Abbey: July 1, 1884

On a sultry afternoon as the weary sun coursed westward, I took my way through the motley crowd which flocked to and 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 "stained windows" once richly bright, 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 wave quiet, sedate around a irresolutely affected me. Amid such surroundings, my eyes passing from the massive pillars towering far up to the great sweeping arches that leant 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 and 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 another
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, once 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-
icidence is it not? that these 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; may
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, year by year, day by day, tears of pity and sympathy are shed on the tomb of the one, and exclamations of indignation, age was cursed are uttered over that of the other. Passing from such a scene as I have tried to depict, which raises so conflicting feelings in the heart and 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 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 frescoes. Throughout the place are tokens which tell of labour again lavishly expended. In that chapel the Knights of the Order of the Bath are formally installed. On either side are ranged the fifty stalls of those knights, formed of oak richly carved in Gothic designs. Crowning the
prinacled of each stall is the crested helm of each knight, surmounted with sword or spear. Hanging above all are emblazoned banners that tell the story of many a noble house, many a noble name. I stood and tried to picture the gorgeous pageant that must many a time have graced the place. Each stall occupied by some knight, esquires, pages, lords and ladies, the pride and beauty of the land thronging around. I sought in imagination to behold 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 and swept the vision from my gaze, the hum of voices died away, the laughter ceased and I stood in the present again, among relics, silent and melancholy, of the past. Going hence I strayed through aisles, what was once small chapels, now those endeavors to decipher the well-nigh obliterated inscriptions on the paved
floor, worn away by the incessant passing of so many generations? As I rested in the small aisle suddenly by the organ pealed forth its majestic harmony. Higher notes of music came sweeping along, through the arched overhead, towards me, as I have heard even 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, and its soft tones came wafting towards me, but to waft away again till they died in whispers, as it sounded forth now light, now grave, now plaintive melancholy, my soul was ravished within its indescribable ecstasy. As its tones died away I rose, every soul 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 Islaam ever was more eager to see or feel more reverent when he had reached Mecca, than I was when I longed to see Bronte? at last stood in the Poets’ Corner. Other parts of the Abbey impressed me deeply, but I was doubly impressed
wish that one spot. With reverence head bowed I
there, bending in spirit though not in body, in the
presence of all that is mortal of Britain’s dead geniuses,
trust nobility, Nature’s kings
When Nature stamps the man a king
The crown needs the law gie him
She claps her trademark round his brow
And sends her patent within him.
The truth of these lines sunk deep into my heart
standing beside the resting place or memorial of so
many to whom they fitly apply. Kings, and in
the deepest strictest 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 sought to be “a commander of men, one
before whom men can do naught else by the very nature
of things but subordinate themselves.” Devise their genius,
diverse their lives and actions, diverse their circumstances;
some affluent from their youngest days, others (by far
the larger, I have sometimes thought) the noble minded
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 those
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 invincible bar,
And grasps the skirt of happy chance,
And beats the blow 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 desires
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 and the retreating footsteps of the verger 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 'twixt the Pals' Corner there were

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

Rutland
An excellent paper; the author should however try to avoid the long somewhat complicated sentences into which he is sometimes betrayed. (S)
A TALE OF A MILL.

In the county of Westmoreland, about midway betwixt 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 solitude. 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, and 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 first flour mills; but, having had a large fortune left him, he had resolved to build a mill 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 Liberia. Mr. Pearson accordingly bought a patch of ground on this stream, got the mill built, and furnished it with all the latest and most expensive machinery.

About 20 years after it was first started, the mill received the reputation of being haunted. Strange and 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, and Mr. Pearson was obliged to procure another which he did from a distant town. Two weeks were 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 rumour 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 ap-
peared to be the leader, "can compel us to do
anything we do not wish to do: if you
attempt it, watch something untoward may befall
you a few days hence."

With this the three of them disappeared,
and 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 great 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 being 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 overseer & his foreman, this time accompanied by the police 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 conversations took their way to the upper room of the mill. On inspecting this room in the
One morning 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, exactly four months from the day on which he got his warning, Mr. Pearson was found dead in his bed. The same day Mr. Mackey, 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, and 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 house 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 and 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.

GERARDUS

Gerardus 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, if 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 and 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 useless journals which contain no accounts of the doings or flirtations of pretty young creatures with strawberry lips and 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 vapidish the tastes of 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 due allowance for the difference of the author's intellect, 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, where to every one they are matter of notoriety. It is the very fact of their contents
being so universally Russian 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, 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 outgrowing in its horrid coils, millions of our fellow countrymen; which is seizing the minds of the nation with a pestilence so sweeping & so sure, that soon, age 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 craving madness.

As literature, the fruits of which are products of so dire results, to be calmly tolerated by the intelligent public; will we allow protest be hurled against these mercenary traders whose only object is private gain, will we 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 debaseing, whatever is impure, whatever tends to enervate.

Veni veni
Phonography.

Phonography, the system of shorthand, invented by the 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 supersed ing 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 far as to make it of any use to them. Of these however who have been masters it stirs whose 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. Here is I declare 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 misspell 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 in Pitman's strokes and curves.

In transcribing there are some curious mistakes made, which are, if annoying to the writer, very amusing to those not concerned. I do not mean to infer that this is an 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 incautious lecture writing to the paper
denouncing the reporter.

Professor Blackie, a short time ago inveighed
tremendously against reporters for their mis
representation of his lucid deliverances, but
when we consider that that learned gentle
man 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. Bight did he left the building had the pleasure of receiving a printed copy of his speech. I believe this plan is not inappropriately 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 the 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 orators. A man finds he saves an immense amount of time by dictating his orders 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 review off in a few minutes
what at one time took him many tedious
hours. Indubitably the shorthand pencil is entitled
along with the pen to be ranked as 'righter than
the sword.'
A short sketch will attempt in this paper, of the history of the art of ballooning. Since, very close has been the progress of the conquest of the air, compared with that of the sea. There are two kinds of balloon, the gase balloon, that inflated by hydrogen gas. The latter is the most serviceable and 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 our 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 & 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 intro-
duce into Gibraltar an entire army.

Such was his bold project; here let us notice
an erroneous idea on his part; it was not
the gas produced that made the balloon rise,
it was only by rarifying the air. An experi-
ment will clearly prove this fact; if you have a
balance with the cups upside down intro-
duce into one of them a poker at a white heat
the cup will rise; it is impossible that a gas in
issued from the poker, but it has risen in 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 17th September of the same year, the first aerial voyagers made their ascent in a balloon of Montgolfier. There were a sheep, a hen or 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, and the experiment having proved successful, man was not long in venturing to follow. The first person to make an ascent was M. Pilatre du Rossignol, 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 Rossignol. They performed this feat at the Château de la Muette, near Passy.
on November 21, 1783 in allentgolfen. The balloon
quitte the earth about 9 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 balloon propelled
towards the south west, crossed the Seine
a travelled toward St Sulpice, passing between
the Military College & the Hotel des Invalides.
Rather more than twenty minutes after its
departure it descended in the meadows behind
the garden of the Luxembourg. It had run 900
yards, with a speed considered tremendous at
a time when the locomotive was not invented.
The second voyage was that of M. 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, and 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 Chalais 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 200-montgolfier. A fire balloon 10 feet in diameter was placed underneath an air balloon 37 feet in diameter. Being thus
enabled to raise or lower himself at will, he
had the hope of falling in with a current of
air which would carry him in the direction
of Britain. It was a rash and dangerous
proceeding, whether he acted from ignorance
or bravado we know not. Pilette, his
companion had not been in the air longer
than half an hour when the balloon exploded.
Pilette, his companion fell from a height of
1000 yards were killed on the spot.
As one would naturally expect the great
difficulty in the 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 ears, sails, etc. like
but they have mostly proved failures.
Had time and space permitted it would have
been very interesting to trace the history further
and given accounts of recent balloon ascent.
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 occur to us 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 have 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 history, they were treasured up in the minds of the old and told and 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 ruined castle or a fairy knoll 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 Ailpeus, (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 Kemptavart, a native of the same county, in the 17th century wrote a most startling theory of the origin of the Picts and 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 superstitions, but with others truly historical and many giving really a trustworthy and instructive description of the manners and customs of the people among whom the scenes are laid. "Human nature is not exclusively displayed in the histories of only great countries or 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 and interesting for the manner in which they delineate character. It is a curious fact that people of the lower or 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. How 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 unusually a dash of both of the qualities of the previous kinds, being partly true & partly
In the legends of this class there is always a certain weird unearthliness thrown around the natural unlikely 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 Huddace, 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 reason, 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 strong of uneducated minds to avert 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
19th 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 tenant of 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. "Now" 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 brushes sunk into the ground and disappeared." The story then goes on to tell how the facts spread thro’ the tacksman, rude & coarse as he was, found the conduct uncommon of his neighbours so getting
that at last he was fain to repair to the sea, 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 gaiad of the stream would be conciliated. The toadmen then went to the dry bed of the stream, and having performed various rites be 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 cressus that marked its course. This was not the end of the affair however, for every year thereafter as the exact time that the stream received the first offence, it suddenly 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 "Kudach" and after making certain
allowances, it is quite possible that some
thing 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
bewitching 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 other con-
temporary. She was of exquisite beauty and
majestic carriage, and was regarded as the
guinea of the small pox. When the disease was
to end fatally she was to be seen in the gray 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 bland despair
delay their recovery or even hasten their death.

We have now very shortly sketched the
Characters 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.

"Women"
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 or means. Whether it be called our 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, or to come . . . . . .

May yield

Is the true portrait of one battle field."

God knows human wretchedness and misery are deep and widespread enough already. Life is short and 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! so often eminently successful. What misdirected and unhind ingenuity is exercised in the construction of modern implements of warfare! Eighty one ton guns, Gatlings, Torpedoes, &c. The thousand and 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 proof
of the advance of Science, civilization.
Nineteenth-century civilization forsooth?
This 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 ought 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 kin
dred or friends have they? None wel
come their coming, or regret their going.
What human affections or sympathies?
have they? They are pieces of mechanism.
What is? Dare anyone question the right
to shed blood uselessly if we choose?
Bahr Silence. Sentimentalism? Poltroonery?
Wordsworth's unfortunate utterance,
"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. This is Christ's side,
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 bane.
ful influence. The enlightened press, our
farseeing politicians, are even the pulpit,
from 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 extreme. 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 ElTel, but sung where? in a Scotch church. We think it would have been more fitting to have sung the most melancholy & repetit. 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 obstructionists. Indeed one journal - a christian one - spoke of them as "hotheaded enthusiasts", "crotchety fanatics", persons actuated by "mistaken & foolish ideas of sentiment" & such like epithets. Such is public opinion
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 Soudanese. England we affirm, at the risk of being termed unpatriotic & the like, is the most aggressive nation on the earth. A modern Attila. A Veritable Source of God.

Let us forego our wonted egotism, regarding the height of civilization we have
attained to, the greatness and 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, as we are the begetter of our humble protest against the rampant unchristian spirit that is so prevalent. Byron, who shows a much fuller and genuine sympathy with the wrongs and 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.
Criticiums.

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.

Don't my dear Mr. Editor, I am no longer young. The days of my youth are fled. I am now old although not yet grey headed, have lost that elasticity of spirit, and that juvenility of vigour which are the chief characteristics of the great majority of the readers of your magazine. But in having spent so many years of my life, having "in this world's broad field of battle..."
Bright many a hard contested fight, having met
with in my wanderings men of so varied charac-
ters of such peculiar habits & opinions, methink,
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
action I have sometimes been so much satirized
secretly to laugh at. The other Saturday night
I found myself (one does find themselves contain-
in rather queer situations) standing in the gallery
of the Waverly Market, looking down at the acts
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, absorbing so much of their
characters as was displayed in the glancing of
their eyes & the look of their countenances, I felt no
much pleasure as if I had been listening to a
comity. 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 utilize for the accomplishment of the purpose he has set before him. However, I must begin. During the years of my boyhood and youth and also ever since the two distant times when I passed into manhood, I have had (I don't know why,) the greatest adherence a contempt for what is commonly called a bookworm. I know no more miserable creature than the man who, while "deep vered in books," is "shallow in himself." Such an individual in mine eyes, out of ten, has no individuality of his own, but
faced 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 Sir 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 mine to whose devoted service their cling such a parasite with all the tenacity with which a kitten clings to a shoe lace rope. Surely she has the same never suffered greater torments or more painful 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 afraid of every pleasure is dampened by the trying presence of his parasitical friend. Indeed he may be useful now & again when we wish to be informed on some particular subject, he may even be used instead of a refer-ence 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 leaving our books without reference or of every variety is surely not to be desired. In this age of ours we require more-such more-deep, broad, masculine thinking. It is amusing if one chances to be acquainted with a certain book, to hear one's 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 "Letterman". Such an individual as the one I have been writing about often excites our contempt, other character excite other passions. One who is obstinately wedded to every opinion of his own is one who excites either our anger or our merit.
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 and absolutely wrong; at other times we feel it difficult, (from courtesy's sake) to suppress our irritable propensities when we hear given forth in the same lordly and 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, the Editor, far above paying any attention whatever to ruling their conduct by any such insignificant quality 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 care of considerable use.

As lighthouses & buoys point out to the
marin 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 show 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 & disappointed 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, &c. 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 Kings,
but in the United States they amount to 13,494
in the dominion of Canada 6,444, and in Newfound-
land 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. 166. When it is remembered that the average number of copies of a book is about 400, it will be seen that this represents a grand total of 1,200,000 volumes, and if you take the average value of each copy at 10s, which is moderate, you get a total value of £760,000. 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 dictated his printers for the "blameless hyperborean" from whom he expected better things.

But to return to the printing offices in Edinburgh. There are at least six employing over 300 hands besides a large number of smaller ones.

There is one well known office, among the larger which employs 300 persons paying an average of £3.50 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, or 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 two more hours to print; she considers it quite reasonable to demand it in five hours. Being aware that printing offices run about right, by past his letter the night before so as to be delivered by the first post, she 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 the compositor before the master come in to open the letters. It is immediately to the clerk who enters it in the books, from him it goes to the pressman 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 at 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 noon next clock & in a tremendous rage vows never to patronize 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. Here people think a little more on this subject, & 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 our office
they go to the binders where they are sewn, bound, ornamented in any way that may be desired. Then the publishers get 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; and 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 new distinct steps in making the type for the book.

We can but get some idea of the enormous amount of money spent on the branch of our industry when we think of the number of men who depend upon it for their existence. Composers, machinemen, warehousemen, typographers, engravers, lithographers, books, 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 and their relations are often blamed for a great many errors which often belong more clearly to the author or publisher, in the shape of almost illegible manuscript or ambiguous instructions. 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 and expense would be saved. I hope therefore that all those hearing this paper will do their best to spread its contents so as 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 and Bibliophile are synonymous. Bibliomaniac means Bibliophile 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 Bibliophile 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 apologize for his Bibliophilism. With the latter would I claim kinship, and now publicly avow myself a votary of Bibliophilism. From my earliest years I have been a lover of books and book hunting. I can even now, though past the meridian of life, vividly recall the pleasure
derived in this way, when but a small window
indeed. What fleeting of imagination, flowing
of soul there was, as I stood, with my nose
flattened against the window of the Bookseller’s
gazing in at the motley array of tempting titles
daintily appalled back.

And then the perhaps keen pleasure of
wasting 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 after
seven more I take as keen a delight as ever
in poking among the miscellaneous wares of
the old bookstall, undeterred by the most
ominous glance, when perhaps after half an
hour’s rummaging a Covening of titles, a chapter
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 £0. Which by the bye I read to day was the first book to excite a literary ambition in the mind of the poet Longfellow - What more of delight I have spent reading from beginning to end again & again, for it is not a very voluminous work. Or when I lay on the works of lovable Alcide Goldoniite with steel plates, and at the same time in Roberton's History of Scotland all in tattered apparel but the contents sound & intact. As the list for what $ you ask. Well, ninepence now since I have had them dressed out
in new jackets they are worth twenty times what they cost one. How proudly on another occasion I screwed home to pore over hours of "Odyssey" which I secured for 6. 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 and genius, the laughter and wisdom that sparkle on every page. These I picked up at a London bookstall for 5 and carried about with me daily, beguiling me most pleasantly the tediousness of underground railway travelling.

In the last end of London on one side of Whitechapel road are always to be seen a long array of vendors of newspapers of all sorts and conditions. Among these were one or two laden with books all in delightful distain. Whichever opportunity favoured my passing there, I failed not to inspect their contents, justly sindicew 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 their basins, 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 and statesmen. Now when the enthusiasm which the moment begat has calmed down, I am inclined to philosophise on the ups and downs a book may experience. It seems that I should find a copy with wide margins, the excellencies of Locke's Conduct of the Understanding, one of MacKenzie's Man of the World in full plates, the public life, speeches of Lord Brougham, all binding together amid a giddy crowd of gazetteers, polemical ephemera, religious treatises of bygone days, and a host of literary
umber 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 handed over the price of all three rescued them from among such a sorry crew. Hurriedly did I stuff them into my overcoat pockets platate myself with all speed to an adjoining Coffee House, where having got myself comfortably excused in the remote corner of an old fashioned box, pulled my treasures forth from pencilling pages then chapter quite regardless of the time.

Then there was that other delightful book which, but I much check my garrulity or I will be for chatting away all night. Moreover in imagination the protector from that insurmountable Editor in paralyzing my pen; still if your patience has not been overtaxed by the prepping I hope to have a chat on a future occasion on this or some other subject.

Hairciame
A Fragment

The following fragment is part of a manuscript discovered during some recent excavations in the neighborhood. This interesting revision document is in the ancient Caledonian language. The majority of it was entirely obliterated, but the portions which remained legible have been translated and 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 and charming lady
Should be kept out no more.

By the nine gods he swore it,
And fixed a setting day
And bade his followers go round
Where wanton females most abound.
To hear what they did say

Then out spake his opponent
The foremost in debate.
"Admit the ladies you bring
Both jealously hate."
"Admit them not, Sir Chairman
Or else you'll rue the hour
When ladies in our council sit
To exercise their power.
"Then how can I do better
Than ask you to approve
The constitution of our fathers
And the bylaws which we love.
"On such good ground 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 men should agree.

"If we but give them one small inch

They soon will take all

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

Let 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 or probably never will.

"Antiquarian."
There is a love from which there never springs
The bitter pang of sad satiety.
A love which ever grows and ever brings
To all who own its sway, the power to be
From lower thought and base 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 who
Who is the font of light, of life, of love;
Who knoweth all things, and before whose eye
All his created beings like a mere,
In earth beneath, or in the heavens above.
Who bles a myriad worlds hath cast His reins
And holds the raging ocean in His Chariot.

But perfect knowledge dwells with Him alone.
For mortal eye can never penetrate
The light divine which circling His bright throne.
As light the sun when high in heaven set.
For till the mind be freed from earth estate
Shall we the fulness of that glory see
And all things know, I full perfection be.

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

Yet now the tide hath ebb'd a space away
From off that shore where stood the mighty case.
Nor shall that sea regain its ancient sway.
But still recede as age succeeds to age.
And wonders here unfold; but who can gauge
The truths, the laws, the mysteries unknown
That shall to future ages yet be shown.

or Sir Isaac Newton.
Lire the Italian starry-pointed glass,
The truth revealed to wondering minds. Yeuon,
That their small globe around the sun did pass,
A speck scarce seen amid the glittering train.
They had believed that the universe did reign.
That she and moving worlds was fired alone
While sun and star bowed down before her throne.

And wrapped around in error's cable rode
Man saw not that his heritage of earth,
Was but the expiring ember of a globe
Which rolled through space long ages by 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 remains that he saw
The truth discerned. Thus light anew was shed.
Yet to the glimmering dawn, the mountain head;
But soon shall burst the glories of the day.
And error night forever flee away.

But none the glories of that day can see
Who sees not God in all His works around
His voice heard not in gentlest harmony,
On 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 one 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, der ein Ruhm.
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 germ of its decay
Soon cast we off this tenement of clay
The glorious sun itself shall cease to shine
For then our souls shall live in light divine.

But clay encompassed 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 earthy sight
Then let each mind in heavenly knowledge bend
And look to God, who is its source and end.