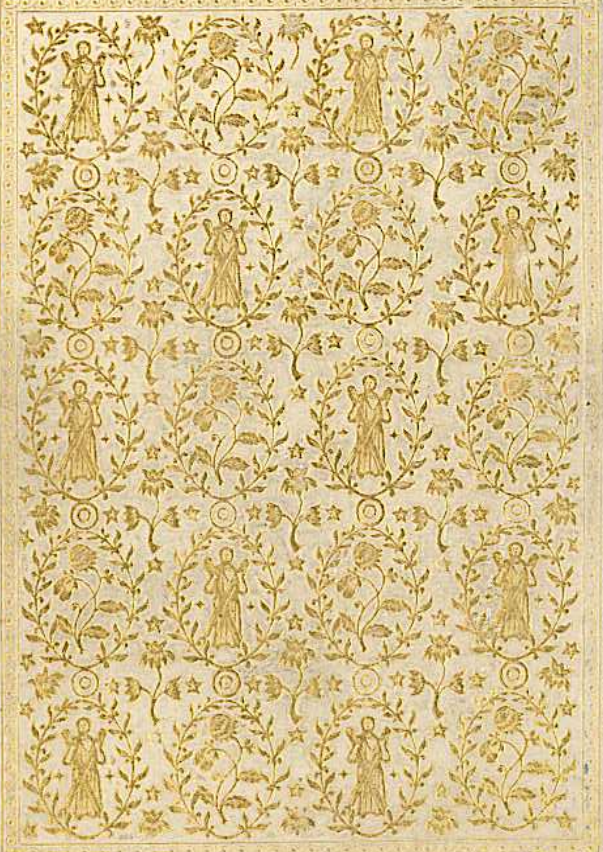


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IOHANNES \* S. IANNAE \* VINCEN. \* 1887



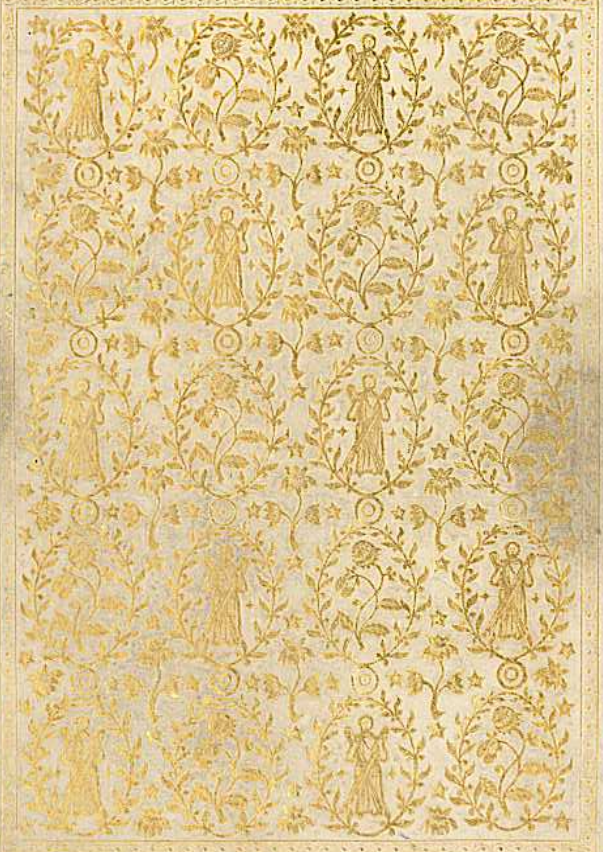
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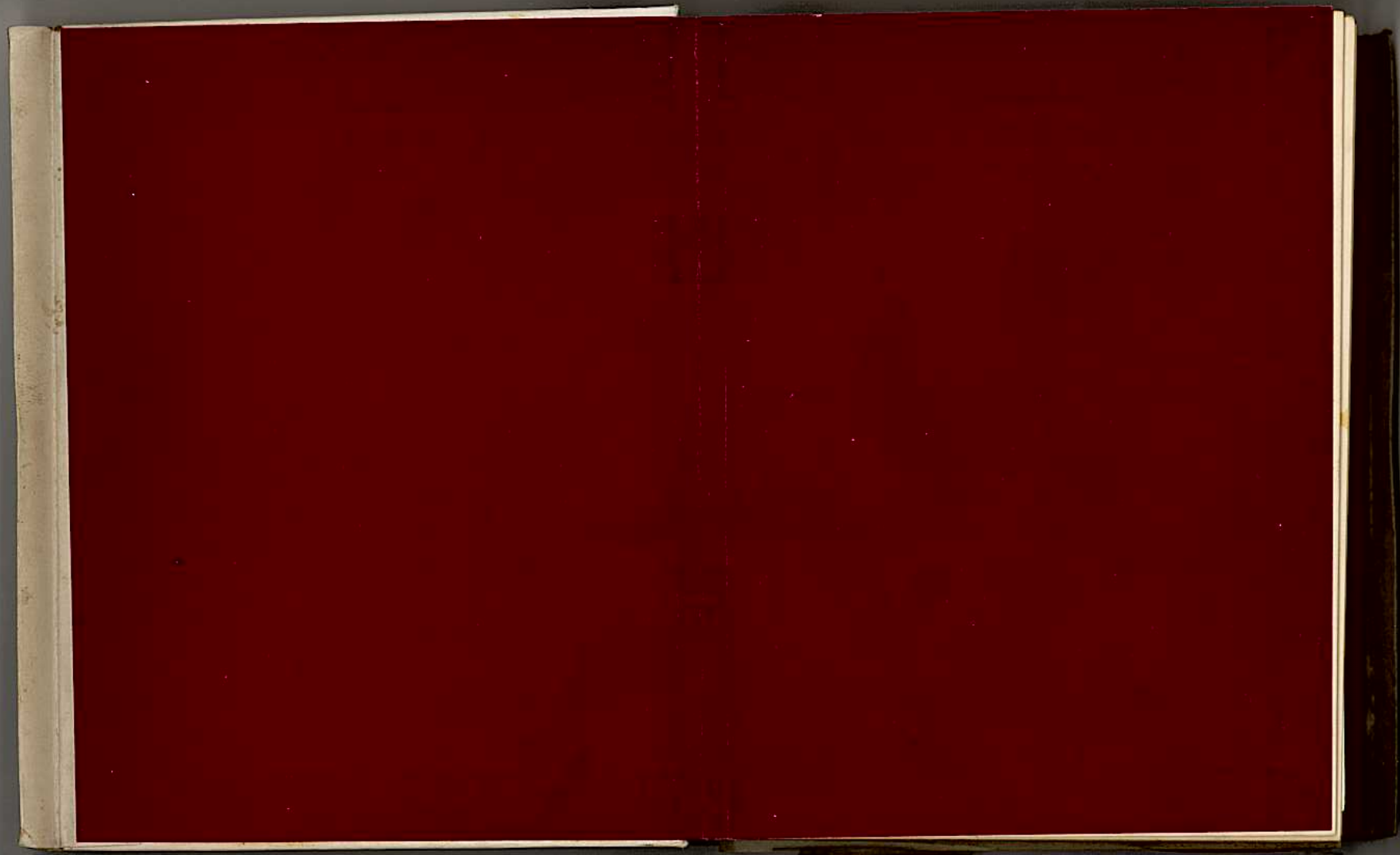


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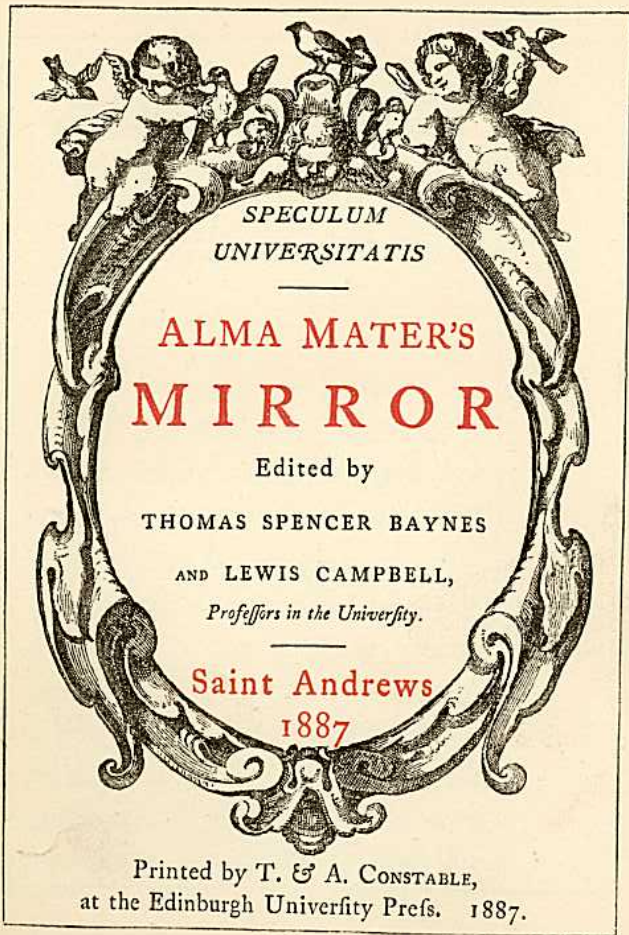


Alma \* Mater's \* MAJESTY \* 1887

Saint \* Andrews \* 1887







SPECULUM  
UNIVERSITATIS

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ALMA MATER'S  
MIRROR

Edited by  
THOMAS SPENCER BAYNES  
AND LEWIS CAMPBELL,  
*Professors in the University.*

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Saint Andrews  
1887

Printed by T. & A. CONSTABLE,  
at the Edinburgh University Press. 1887.

*'Tis wile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,  
And better in my mind not undertook.'*



## Preface.

*Gentle Reader,*

**T***HIS book is for behoof of the  
ST. ANDREWS STUDENTS'  
UNION, wherefore, we pray you, look  
gently on its faults, and read,—but  
before all, buy!*

*The occasion may excuse the title,  
albeit hardly covering the hetero-  
geneous contents. We have endea-  
voured that the original articles, and  
the illustrations likewise—contributed  
as one and all have been out of mere  
goodwill to St. Andrews and her*

*The mean-  
ing of this  
Book.*



## Preface.

alumni,—*should be 'few, but flowers,'*  
βαῖα μὲν, ἀλλὰ ῥοδά: *and that the*  
*whole work should be, like our Univer-*  
*sity, though little, yet of good report.*

A rightful  
rendering  
of thanks.

*For some short pieces, which have*  
*formerly appeared elsewhere, but were*  
*germane to our purpose, we have, be-*  
*fore reprinting them, both sought, and*  
*readily obtained, the needful consents.*  
*Then fear not to be herein partaker*  
*with others' faults,—but forward,*  
*with a mind at ease!*

*Which that thou and all friends*  
*of our Alma Mater may continually*  
*enjoy, is the desire of your hearty*  
*well-wishers,*

EDITORES.

T. S. B.

OUR little 'toy-book' required only the completing touch of my co-editor, when he was suddenly taken away from this and from weightier cares. He ever followed the things that make for peace,—and he is now at rest. His eulogy will be said and written elsewhere; here one thing shall have special record. He was the idol of the students, and they never had a truer, worthier friend. Of late, with a sort of prescience, they had singled him for their applause. Wherever he went, he was the universal favourite of old and young. Urbanity, *bon-bomie*, human kindness, unflinching cheerfulness, faithful comradeship, inalienable affection—many such terms rise up in thinking of him. But on reflection they are all summed up in *Goodness*. He was one of the best men whom many of us have known.

L. C.



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**THE  
HOUSE BEAUTIFUL**





## *The House Beautiful.*

*A* *NAKED* house, a naked moor,  
A shivering pool before the door,  
A garden bare of flowers and fruit,  
And poplars at the garden foot:  
Such is the place that I live in,  
Bleak without and bare within.

Yet shall your ragged moor receive  
The incomparable pomp of eve,  
And the cold glories of the dawn  
Behind your shivering trees be drawn;  
And—when the wind from place to place  
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,—  
Your garden gloom and gleam again  
With leaping fun, with glancing rain.  
Here shall the wizard moon ascend  
The heavens, in the crimson end

**The House Beautiful.**

Of day's declining splendour; here  
 The army of the stars appear.  
 The neighbour hollows, dry or wet,  
 Spring shall with tender flowers beset;  
 And oft the morning muser see  
 Larks rising from the broomy lea,  
 And every fairy wheel and thread  
 Of cobweb dew-bediamonded.  
 When daisies go, shall winter-time  
 Silver the simple grafs with rime,  
 Autumnal frosts enchant the pool,  
 And make the cart-ruts beautiful;  
 And when snow-bright the moor expands,  
 How shall your children clap their hands!

To make this earth, our hermitage,  
 A cheerful and a changeful page,  
 God's bright and intricate device  
 Of days and seasons doth suffice.

**ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.**

**REMINISCENCES**

'Let me linger thus long over the memory of scenes which  
 have passed away.'

PLATO, *Phaedrus*, 250, JOWETT'S *Translation*.





OLD  
ST. LEONARDS  
DAYS.



IT seems an easy thing, and till I tried I fancied it was easy, to write Reminiscences of St. Andrews twenty-five years ago. But the raking over these ashes does not prove pleasant work. The things one remembers best one cannot write, and most of the others are trivial, or personal. At best they can only interest people who knew St. Andrews then, or know it now, nor need any others waste their time over these pages. They are for the friends of St. Andrews, *et non aultres*, and they

are not indited with a very light heart, nor with a running pen.

A quarter of a century since, with a year more perhaps, the College Hall of St. Leonards was founded. It was, in effect, something between an Oxford Hall, and a Master's House at a public school, rather more like the latter than the former. We were more free than school-boys, not so free as undergraduates. There were about a dozen of us at first, either from the English public schools, or the Edinburgh Academy. Fate, and certain views of the authorities about the impropriety of studying human nature in St. Andrews after dark, thinned our numbers very early in the first session. Then we settled down to work a little, and play a great deal.

James D.  
Forbes.

Principal FORBES was at the head of the United Colleges, and, like every one else, was very hospitable to the

boys who wore black caps with a red St. Andrew's cross. I have very scanty recollections of the Principal, with his refined and benignant face, and gentle manner. He was a little troubled, I fear, by Kate Kennedy's day, and her doings, which seemed to be a survival of Carnival. In these games we lordly youths of St. Leonards did *not* take a hand at that time. Let it be confessed, with remorse and a keen sense of our absurdity, that we thought by no means humbly of ourselves, and rather looked on the Kate Kennedy affair as beneath our Olympian notice. We probably gave ourselves the most ludicrous airs, because we spoke our Latin and Greek with an English or (in some cases) an Edinburgh accent, not saying 'too-too' (to take an example) for *τούτου*. In spite of these educational advantages, we were practically nowhere in college distinctions.



For my own part, I am proud to remember that in the Greek class (Professor SELLAR'S) I was usually a bad second to my friend Mr. WALLACE, now Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford. Few of the rest of us of the red crosses were 'placed' anywhere in any class, which did not diminish the gaiety of St. Leonards.

John Veitch.

Logic was the domain of Mr. VEITCH, now of Glasgow. As it is the hour of confession, let me frankly admit that, neither then nor afterwards, could I understand what it was all about, and what the pupils of Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON were driving at. Scotchmen are believed to be, and some of them *are*, metaphysicians and divines in the cradle. Two of my acquaintance, one of them a Professor, the other a novelist and essayist, to my mind the most exquisite and original of our day, tell me that in childhood

they actually understood the *Shorter Catechism!* They add that this knowledge made them extremely and precociously miserable. Hamiltonian Logic and the *Shorter Catechism* were and remain wholly beyond my feeble comprehension. *Justification* and the *Concept*, *Effectual Calling* and the *Quantification of the Predicate*, are all even as the inscriptions of CHICHIMEC and PALENQUE to my unlucky understanding. Like CHARLES PERRAULT and his friends, when the doctrine of *Sufficient Grace* was explained to them, I 'thought this matter' (and Mind too) 'unworthy of the amount of talk it excited.' I never heard any *alumnus* of St. Leonards, in our time, express any concern about these Logical studies. All this was not the fault of our learned Professor, whose exposition of Logic was lucidity itself, but, falling (to vary the metaphor) on stony ground, was wasted on our dul-

Bokardo  
and the  
Carritch.

Peebles for  
pleasure!

J. C. Shairp

ness. We heard him, and have since read him, more gladly when his topic was Tweedside and Border Antiquities.

I know not what it was but the wantonness of youth that prevented us from profiting very much by the Latin Lecture of Professor SHAIRP. It were superfluous, in writing for St. Andrews readers, to praise the character and genius of JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP. When boyhood begins to reflect, it sometimes conceives a hasty, but hearty, contempt for Latin as a secondary and imitative literature. I very well remember speaking of Virgil in some St. Andrews exercise or essay as 'the furtive Mantuan,' and deriding his imitations of Homer, on whose altar I have never ceased to offer such scant sacrifice of incense as hath been mine to give. Fortunately one soon learns the folly of undervaluing Virgil and Latin literature in general. But this childish mood

prevented us from learning all we might have learned from Mr. SHAIRP.

Probably some of us remember his lectures on Comparative Philology, and our scant interest in Aryans and Turanians. These 'gallant gentlemen,' as SYDNEY SMITH calls the Prefocratic philosophers, have never fascinated me greatly. One old friend, who may read this, will not have forgotten how cold it was in the wintry lecture-rooms, and how he brought in a policeman's lantern, lighted, under his scarlet gown, to warm his fingers on the bull's-eye. Then the lamp went out, *not* (like AUBREY's ghost) 'with a melodious twang, and an unearthly fragrance.' This incident did not occur, however, in Mr. SHAIRP's lecture. He described the author of these confessions as one addicted to

'writing cynical slang  
'The whole session lang,'



and the statement was not only poetical but accurate.

Out of Lecture Mr. SHAIRP was a genial and friendly companion, even to idle boys who neglected their Cicero and Latin prose. The charm of his frank and earnest manner, of his kindness, and goodness, and sincerity, of his love of all beautiful and ancient things, and all noble and pure poetry, is remembered at Oxford, as well as at St. Andrews. Indeed it is very probable that he was more in his element in his Chair of Poetry at Oxford, than in teaching the elements of the Roman tongue at St. Andrews. Almost the last time I saw him was at Commemoration, when he was delivering a Latin oration, with much humour, and even more good humour, among the 'chaff' of the undergraduates. He had quite the better of them in this playful contest.

The Professor of Poetry.

It is a melancholy thing to have to confess more and more iniquities, and I shall ask to be excused from describing the junior mathematical Lecture in my time. The worst excesses of the British Parliament scarcely went beyond the licence and riot of the mathematical *Bejants*,—I think we were called *Bejants*. I know that we were expected to provide our seniors, on a certain day, with an inexpensive collation of dried fruits! I was ashamed of the rowdyism even then, and the kind old Professor's certificate assured the world that my *conduct* was 'exemplary.' To behave decently was the least a student could offer in expiation of an entire and congenital incapacity for grappling with the dogmas of Euclid, or 'the low cunning of Algebra.'

Did we never work at all, then, in the Hall of St. Leonards? I am happy to be able to say that I always did read

*Becs Jaunes.*

W. Y. Sellar.

How to  
keep your  
hair on.Literary im-  
pulse.

my Greek books, and toiled painfully at Greek prose, which my learned kinsman, Professor SELLAR, described with unflinching frankness as 'very bald.' The American luncheon at the Langham Hotel, who found a hair in his butter, told the waiter that he 'liked his butter bald,' but baldness was not reckoned a virtue in Greek prose. I really did struggle to apply some philological hair-restorer (so to speak) to my exercises in the language of Plato, and apparently not without success. Thanks to our St. Andrews teaching, I don't mind boasting that my Greek prose was up to a First in Moderations, since which triumph my prose has invariably been attempted in our vernacular English. It would ill become me to say more of the Lectures of Professor SELLAR, to which I always look back with a keen sense of gratitude. To me they seemed as full of literary impulse as valuable for

scholarly accuracy. HOMER, HERODOTUS, THUCYDIDES and PLATO are the books that I best remember reading under those happy auspices.

Professor FERRIER's Lectures on Moral Philosophy were the most interesting and inspiring that I ever listened to either at Oxford or St. Andrews. I looked on Mr. FERRIER with a kind of mysterious reverence as on the last of the golden chain of great philosophers. There was I know not what of dignity, of humour, and of wisdom in his face; there was an air of the student, the vanquisher of difficulties, the discoverer of hidden knowledge, in him, that I have seen in no other. His method at that time was to lecture on the History of Philosophy, and his manner was so persuasive that one believed firmly in the tenets of each School he described, till he advanced those of the next! Thus the whole historical evolution of

James F.  
Ferrier.Philosophic  
evolution.



thought went on in the mind of each of his listeners.

These were the only Professors with whom one came into contact. One might have employed the hours passed with them to more advantage, but they all at least left friendly memories with their pupils. Probably the greater part of the work one did was reading odd old books out of the library for oneself. I remember studying PARACELUS, and PETRUS DE ABANO, and CORNELIUS AGRIPPA, and a few alchemists, and the novels of Lord LYTTON, and a good deal of English poetry.

Mr. RHOADES, the first Warden of St. Leonards, was a delightful companion, whom one never thinks of without gratitude for his humorous patience towards at least one idle scribbler. In those days we had a weekly manuscript *Magazine*. It was published, that is, was laid on

Use of the  
Univerity  
Library.

Henry T.  
Rhoades.

the table of the room in which we fenced and boxed, and played cricket (with a golf-ball and a poker), on Saturday mornings. I was the editor, and usually wrote two thirds, or more, of the *Magazine* on Friday night by the glimmer of stolen candle-ends. My friend, the owner of the dark lantern, was the sub-editor; his part was chiefly to cut out my very worst things, but he *once* contributed an article which had a wild success. Perhaps he remembers a sketch called 'The Menagerie'; also a 'Defence on Philanthropic Principles of Negro Slavery.' Not even MARK TWAIN ever made me laugh so much as this delicious apology. It was originally delivered at the only meeting of the St. Leonards Debating Society. The sub-editor arose like one inspired, and poured forth an impassioned and eloquent panegyric on Slavery, at the end of which his audience were rolling,

The St.  
Leonards  
Magazine

The first  
and last  
debate.

in convulsive merriment, on beds (it was in a bedroom we met) or on the floor. Nobody replied, so convincing was the oration, nor did the Society ever again meet. For the rest, the *Magazine* (if I may say so, who wrote most of it) was perfectly amazing trash. I don't know whether the poetry or prose was most unutterably abject: the prose for choice. Some of the pictures (especially the series by Lord ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, illustrative of monastic life in the Middle Ages) were diverting enough. Perhaps a few of the translations in rhyme from Greek and Latin poets might also escape the universal bonfire, and very probably the reports of cricket and football were copious and not incorrect. We played the University at football, and never had a chance; indeed we could only make up a fifteen by forcing hopeless muffs into the service. At cricket we beat Cupar (the celebrated, perhaps mythical,

Bowling Butcher did not play), a tremendous triumph, probably our only victory, despite the exertions of a brilliant left-handed bowler, our own dear sub-editor. Men had a way of flirting with fair spectators in the long fields, against which the satire of the *Magazine* was vainly directed. The wickets, also, were not of the sort that encourage scientific play. The field was in the Abbey precinct, and we reached it by walking along the wall; the tower, in fine weather, was a picturesque pavilion. Only one of us was of any force at golf; his portrait (smelling the head of his club) will be found by the curious in the old *Magazine*. The sub-editor, however, drove the longest, and wildest, of balls, and it was good fun to play with him behind a foursome of Professors. He shelled them from an unprecedented distance, as later, at Oxford, he drove cricket balls from the

*Naturam  
expellas  
furcâ, etc.*

'Fore!'



town end of the Magdalen ground all across the pitch of 'Univ. Coll.' In fact, to him we applied the line about Lancelot—

'His mood was often like a fiend—and drove!'

There were two literary and debating Societies then (in the University, not the Hall), and we used to wrangle a good deal. This humble pen nearly broke up one Society, I forget which, by an Essay on the Character of Sir WILLIAM WALLACE. A book called *The Greatest of the Plantagenets* furnished the facts (or fancies), and the Knight of Ellerslie was painted in the darkest colours. I only remember the remark—'And this is Scotland's chosen hero! Why, gentlemen, NERO was, comparatively, a Christian Martyr!' There was a royal, nay a Parliamentary, row after this, for 'The Butcher of Ellerslie' appears to have been rather a favourite with the members of the Society. I

Patriotic  
youth.

bear him no malice: perhaps he was a worthy gentleman. This remarkable effusion was read by Mr. Cox—he will excuse my mention of his name—and though not the author, he was a good deal reviled because 'he read it as if he seemed to like it.' After this performance I conceived that my personal safety and dignity would be best consulted by withdrawing from the somewhat stormy debates of the Society.

Such were the studies and diversions of St. Leonards Hall. I seriously believe that a more harmlessly indolent set of boys never broke windows on wet days in the long passage (probably that has ceased to exist), nor putted with a cleek in the club-maker's shop at a ball set on the neck of a bottle; nor bathed, in February, and dressed by a fire lit in the cave; nor set booby-traps for each other; nor went on runs across country, and fell into brooks, and finally ran

Blind  
Harry's  
Nemesis.

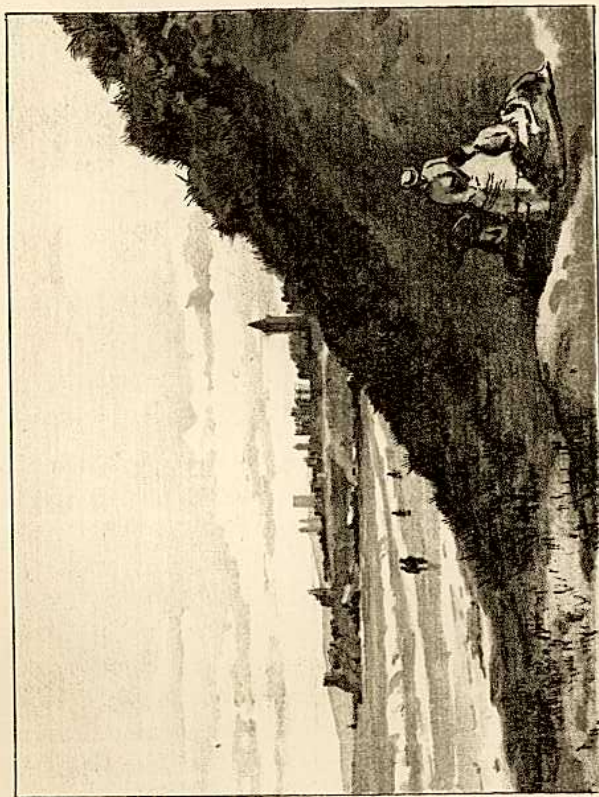
Diversions

and impres-  
sions.

hundred-yard spurts up the bed of the fame.

If we did little good, we did still less harm, and perhaps we took in, unconsciously, a good store of happiness from the ruined towers, the long rollers always breaking on the limitless sands, the ivy mantling the ruined walls of St. Leonard's Chapel, the rose light in the wintry sky, all the memories that haunt the ancient city and the windy shores. We made other memories too, which we leave there, which we leave unspoken; the world is full of these, every man has his own place that is haunted by the vision of lost faces, the sound of silent speech. On St. Andrews sands, too, 'the sea moans round with many voices.'

A LANG.







## *John Tulloch.*



IT is more than a year since Principal TULLOCH died, and our grief at losing him has yielded in part to pride in having had him. But a fresh shadow is cast upon these pages. This tribute to the late Principal of St. Mary's was to have been written by Professor BAYNES, and the present volume, like the University, is bereaved and impoverished by the removal of one so accomplished and so amiable. There should have stood here, as was most fitting, a memorial by a man of letters to a fellow-worker in literature and an intimate friend: the loss is one which

His many-sidedness.

few, if any, could make good; certainly not I.

It is impossible to touch here on all the sides of Principal TULLOCH'S character and work. He occupied a high position as a man of letters, as a member of society, as the head of a University, as a Churchman, as a preacher; and after his death his praise was lifted up in the most various quarters. I think I shall be least in danger of presumption if I speak of him as a teacher of one of the branches of University study—as a theologian.

If it be one of the functions of a University to prosecute the study of religion in a calmer atmosphere and with instruments of more precision than those of the Churches, and to do this with a view to permanent scientific knowledge, then he greatly helped our University to fulfil her theological mission. When he began his work as a teacher, the state

of theology in Scotland was deplorable. An abject Bible-worship had long stifled inquiry, and the competition among the various Churches, which should appear most orthodox, gave to the beliefs and practices then prevalent a reputation of inviolable sanctity.

Principal TULLOCH was never an iconoclast, but he saw very clearly from the first that the study of theology must adopt new methods, and take note of classes of facts it had previously ignored. There was nothing of the priest, nothing of the dogmatist or controversialist, in him. Perhaps his tastes and habits of mind were at first rather those of a literary student than those of a clergyman; at all events, his splendid literary gifts and his early achievements as an author gave him a confidence and grasp in dealing with theological matters which the study of theology alone has little tendency to form. The heavy

Early work.



chains which religion then laid upon the intellect of the country in no degree paralysed his mind, and his work was marked from the outset by independence and vigorous common sense.

His literary instinct could not of itself have made him successful in theology; but it was reinforced by a speculative faculty which enabled him to lay an unerring finger on what was living and important in religious doctrine, and to pass by what was trivial and unedifying. Theology was to him a part of philosophy; he could not have taught it otherwise. On the one hand, therefore, his dealings with it were those of an accomplished and high-minded man of letters, far above personalities and vain shows of ingenuity, and adorned with an easy, charming, and pathetic movement; on the other hand, they were those of a powerful mind, familiar with all the elements of thought, and

Theology a  
part of  
Philosophy.

seeking in matters of the most serious concern for a reasonable view. To the spiritual philosophy of his early work on *Theism* he was true to the end. Among his last writings are essays maintaining the spiritual and theistic position against such empiricism as that of MATTHEW ARNOLD, and such materialism as that of LANGE and our own men of science. For details merely as such he did not care. He could never have concentrated himself as a specialist on a small corner of his subject, and we even discern in him a certain impatience of Biblical Criticism where not visibly bearing on some great theological issue.

He dealt with large matters, and in a distinguished way. The teaching of religious science during his occupation of the Chair is a thing of which the University may well be proud. His methods were fresh and comprehensive, and fitted to impress on the students a

Not a  
specialist.

The mean-  
ing of  
dogma.

belief in the reality and the value of the subject. Lectures on comparative theology were given, at a time when that science was more suspected and less known than it is now. Instead of detailed pleading for the doctrines of the Confession, there was exposition of its history. Special doctrines of Christianity were traced historically through the various periods of the Church. The nature of dogma was explained, and it was shown to be, not an iron law promulgated from the first in its entirety, but a thing which naturally arose at a certain distance of time from the original fact to satisfy a practical need of the Christian consciousness. The public is well acquainted with the way in which his biographical sketches of great Reformers and divines were made to teach the principles of which they were the champions.

Rarely can the subject have been

taught so attractively. The teaching of doctrine in our age must consist chiefly of the teaching of its history, and Principal TULLOCH brought to the use of this method a rare historical feeling both as to persons and ideas, and an admirable faculty for handling principles. In his hands the historical method was, as when rightly used it must be, not a war path, but a way of peace. It was the intellectual basis of the wide and generous toleration which is visible in all his works, and which had its root also in his character. To one who knew so well how the various religious positions men now occupy have been arrived at, and to what elements of human nature they correspond, it was impossible to hate or scorn any of them, even had his heart allowed him to do so. Here we touch the secret of a conservatism at which his younger admirers sometimes wondered. He felt how

The historic  
method.



others could find comfort in ways of thinking which had no intellectual attraction for him, and he was very unwilling that they should be shocked or pained. The historical student of opinions need not be charged with timidity if he is patient of opinions which are intellectually doomed. Principal TULLOCH often sought to restrain the ardour of young men, and exhorted them to modesty and charity. He was averse to extremes on one side as well as the other.

His moderation.

Yet he enjoyed a constant and well-deserved popularity with all whose minds were open. He had an unfailing sympathy with intellectual activity. There is a legend that, when minister of Kettins, he possessed the first copy of ROBERTSON'S sermons which came to that part of the country, and used to lend the volumes to others, to be read with a fearful joy. His students saw in him the

friend of their minds, and he earned in no small degree the gratitude of the earnest and thoughtful in the Church by insisting that it was of the very nature of the Church to comprehend various ways of thinking, and that subscription to a creed could bind no man to all its details, but only to its general tenor and spirit. How he loved the Church of Scotland, and how vehement he was in her defence, is known to all; his work as a teacher would have had far less charm for him had it not been connected with the practical training of her ministers. But he was zealous for her growth, and fought with all his might to make her worthy of the cultivation and suited to the needs of the new age.

St. Andrews is a sadly changed place to those who never knew the old city without him, and who now think that they will never again hear on her streets his bright greeting nor his hearty

His view of Subscription.

Our legacy.

laughter. But the mourning of the University when he died was shared by the whole nation, from its sovereign downwards, and though we have lost his presence, we have a great and honoured name as a possession, of which we cannot be deprived.

ALLAN MENZIES.



IN OBITUM

Viri Reuerendi Joannis Tulloch, S.T.P.,

COLLEGII S. MARIE PRÆSIDIS

*'In quem illud elogium: Uno ore plurimi consentiunt  
Populi Præmarium fuisse Virum.'*

*Cic. De Fin. ii. 35. De Senect. 17.*



CCIDIT heu! nimium celeri quem  
morte peremptum  
Præstantem luget Scotia tota  
Virum:—

Præstantem ingenio, quod sursum et ad optima  
tendens

Proximit studiis excoluitque labor:

Præstantem eloquio, quod nunquam Ecclesia frustra  
Certam in re dubia ferre petebat opem.

Ah! ubi, quem multos Academia nostra per annos  
Fovit dulce decus præsidiumque finu?



Ah! ubi nunc facies, risusque, et regia formæ  
 Majestas vera simplicitate placens?  
 Quærimus incassum! Sed non evanuit omnis,  
 Constanti vita quem sibi finxit, honos.  
 Egregia assidui remanent monumenta laboris,  
 Nec Tempus poterit perdere mentis opus:  
 Nec desiderium, fidique insignia luctus  
 Cessabunt abitur vix numeranda sequi.  
 Partiri nostrum dignata est ipsa dolorem  
 Regina, et lacrymas consociare suas.  
 Quinetiam afflictum post Te superesse recusat—  
 Teque obeunte vetus nunc obit<sup>1</sup> Officium.

C. W.

<sup>1</sup> The threatened extinction of the office has not been carried into effect.



[TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING.]

*A Chief Man amongst his  
 People.*

**D**EAD! by too swift a doom! the man of might,  
 Whom Scotia mourns through all her varied  
 land,

Strong in a nature braced to wisdom's height  
 By strenuous toil and studies nobly planned.  
 Strong in an eloquence, whose aid in gloom  
 His church eye sought, and never sought in vain.  
 Why sinks our glory to the silent tomb?  
 Ah! wherefore may we not our shield retain?  
 Where now the radiant mien, the lordly port,  
 The infectious laugh, the grandly simple cheer?  
 Idly we ask. But Fame, though life be short,  
 Lives after death for souls that persevere.

*And noble triumphs of his puissant pen  
 Remain. Time cannot wreck the works of mind.  
 Unnumbered signs from loyal hearts of men  
 Shall prove the undying grief he leaves behind.  
 Nay, even our Sovereign bends her queenly grace  
 To share our grief, and mingles tear for tear.  
 And, loathing to outlive thee, even thy Place  
 Resigns its ancient pride to join thy bier.*



*J. T.*



OW shall we speak of him?  
 They seem  
 But idle words that count his  
 praise :

And all the darkness of the days  
 That miss him is but as a dream.

Clear eye that ever fearless gazed,  
 As mountain-eagle's, on the sun,  
 And saw that stainless truth is One,  
 And read her records unamazed !

Great heart of love, whose inmost trust  
 Unshaken lay,—whose trumpet-voice  
 Made our poor wavering souls rejoice  
 That truth is true, and God is just !



. . . And we, whom he hath comforted,  
 From our grey city by the sea  
 Look forth in sad dreams doubtingly,  
 And cannot deem that he is dead.

A. W.

1886.



## Principal Shairp.



T is in round numbers somewhat over a quarter of a century since JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP, on the death of Professor PYPER, was appointed to the Chair of Humanity in the United College, and yet the manly and vigorous presence of those early years—so full of vitality, energy, and earnest purpose—seems to have had but scanty time for adequate effort and self-exhaustion. One feels, indeed, as if it would be the natural thing, on a morning on next November, to see Professor SHAIRP lightly pass over the familiar quadrangle from the western gate, and

rapidly ascend the flight of steps leading to his old class-room door. The fact, however, remains, and will force itself upon the attention, that his work there has long been over, that other duties as well have been bravely and satisfactorily performed, and that the record is complete.

Students entering College for the first time naturally made the acquaintance of Professor SHAIRP before coming to know any of his distinguished colleagues. The hour at which he met his junior class, being early in the day, gave him the opportunity of introducing the new 'citizens of the University' to their academical routine. Those who were privileged to listen to the wise and weighty introductory addresses with which, for several years, he began the work of the session, cannot fail to have a vivid and a grateful recollection of the strict and manly purpose with which he

His introductory  
addresses.

strove to inspire his hearers, his earnest appeal, his strong admonition, and the stirring note of his encouragement. He stood there, a comparatively young man, addressing younger men, charged with a deep and noble sympathy for them in their new position, and ready to help them on the path he had just trod before them. It needed but small penetration to discover in the speaker a tender and sensitive observer, a wise and anxious adviser, and a true and steadfast friend.

It was in those earlier years that Professor SHAIRP was busy with the poems that were published in 1864, under the title of *Kilmahoe and other Poems*, and he was likewise, in the same period, working at the admirable essays afterwards embodied in his *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*. Many of the chips from his workshop were presented, as the days went on, to those under his

His poems—



especially the  
Scottish  
Poems.

charge. It was no surprise, for instance, to those who had frequently heard him quote from Burns in illustration of the *Odes of Horace*, to find such admirable Scottish products in the *Kilmahoe* volume as 'The Loofing Time' and 'The Bush aboon Traquair.' Even little incidental touches, strikingly characteristic, had a significance of their own. It was, for example, a happy outcome of his genial nature and his special bias when, on a very snowy morning in mid-winter, he addressed the venerable janitor (surrounded by shivering junior students) in the spontaneous and comprehensive summary, 'Sair day, Tammas!' It was, further, characteristic of the poet, whose hunting reminiscence is so skilfully crystallised in 'The Run,' after hurrying across the quadrangle one bracing spring morning, to captivate together venerable janitor and junior

students of Humanity by taking the flight of steps at a single bound. And his frequent wrestlings with Gaelic-speaking students and their ineffable gutturals, while not destitute of immediate philological value, find a loftier, and more touching, and more abiding interpretation in the light of all he has said and sung of the Highlands.

The highest qualities Principal SHAIRP displayed in the Professorial Chair—his rare power of exposition, his ready appreciative sympathy, and his consistent moral earnestness—are likewise the qualities by which he will continue to be known in literature. Curiously enough, there is but little trace in his writings of that vein of genuine humour from which he would pleasantly draw both in his lecture-room and among his friends. When he took pen in hand he was almost invariably dominated by the deep seriousness of his deliverance.

The seriousness of his nature.

He hoped that his published lectures and essays would reach 'some of the thoughtful young.' He never forgot the lesson impressed upon him by Wordsworth, that we are all steadily 'stepping westward.' This generation probably recognises less fully than its successor will do how much the doctrine of 'plain living and high thinking' owes to the earnest advocacy of Principal SHAIRP. Whether at St. Andrews or at Oxford, while occupying the Chair of Poetry, he was consistent in his zealous proclamation of the beauties of the higher life. Culture to him was as nothing apart from religion, and next to the study of the Scriptures he was inclined to place a systematic and reverent study of Wordsworth. Still, his sympathetic range, though limited, was by no means narrow, as may be seen in *Aspects of Poetry*, the ripest fruit of his literary and philosophic growth.

His estimate  
of Words-  
worth.

It is astonishing how closely and minutely he knew the writers who had really attracted him. Evidence of this is given in his own poems, in which there are undisguised and intentional echoes of his favourite poets, from Homer and Virgil to Wordsworth and Hew Ainslie. At all times he was ready to recognise and appreciate what seemed a happy interpretation of an aspect of external nature; and his deep, sympathetic reverence for what is beautiful and pure and ennobling in God's world and man's found amplest scope for exercise in his long, persistent, and loving observation of Highland character and scenery. He has made the Highlands his own from the Tay to Loch Maree, and we shall hope at no distant date to have his beautiful and touching Highland lyrics in permanent form. Meanwhile, through the kindness of Mrs. SHAIRP, whose love of Nature poetry is akin to that of her dis-

Feeling  
for the  
Highlands.



tinguished husband, the following poem is here given as illustrative of what has been said of Principal SHAIRP's affection for Highland people, and as likewise embodying one of his later Nature-studies. It may be introduced with the simple criticism that here, as elsewhere, the poet is fascinated with the grandeur of Nature and with truthfulness of character, and that his illustration of life is in keeping with his consistent creed, so well summed up in the words of the old dramatist, that 'man is a name of honour for a king.'

THOMAS BAYNE.

## AT LOCH ERICHT:

SEPTEMBER 1875.

By PRINCIPAL SHAIRP.

A BOWSHOT from the Loch aloof,  
Beside a burn that sings its tunc  
All day and night, a shepherd's roof  
Smokes in the quiet afternoon.  
Behind it the long corrie cleaves  
A bosom in the Bens, and leaves  
These to enfold their wide embrace  
Of arms around this dwelling-place.

Home lovelier, more from kirk and school  
Removed, is not in Highland ground.  
Across the Loch it looketh full  
Into Benaulder's coves profound,  
And evermore, before his broad  
And solemn presence over-awed,  
Receives a too depressing sense  
Of Nature's power, man's impotence.

Acrofs the burn its peat-mofs lies,  
 This fide fome plats for meadow hay ;  
 Unflagging there the shepherd plies  
 His labour all this autumn day—  
 He and his dark Lochaber wife—  
 To ftore the hay and fuel rife,  
 This fleeting, paffing autumn prime,  
 'Gainft fnowdrift in their Alpine clime.

Hard by, bare-headed, fhout and leap  
 Their lads and lasses at their play ;  
 The clamorous collies yelp, and keep  
 The kye from the kail-yard at bay—  
 But all thefe cries, this household din,  
 Can fcarce a fainteft echo win  
 From this vaft hufh, wherein they feem  
 No more than voices heard in dream.

O, were this ftillnefs lodged within  
 The countlefs hearts in cities pent,  
 To mitigate their feverifh din  
 With this foul-foothing element,

The vext foul's tumult to allay  
 By thought and quiet having way,  
 And foothe their pulfes' anxious throes  
 With cool of this profound repofe !

Yet what is all earth's cities' roar,  
 The agitation loud and fierce,  
 That vex her countlefs hearts, before  
 The ftill all-girdling univerfe ?  
 No more than is the little noife  
 This household at each day's employs  
 Makes, in the prefence of the vaft  
 Abforbing filence round them caft !



ON THE WINDOW TO THE  
*Memory of Principal Shairp*

IN THE  
COLLEGE CHURCH OF ST. LEONARDS.



BLAZONED by limner's art upon the pane,  
Lo, they that ruled his life, the powers  
divine,  
Faith, Knowledge, Virtue staid, and Love  
benign!

So we who kneel within this ancient fane,  
Mourning his empty place, nor all in vain  
Perchance by sorrow schooled, accept as sign  
From heaven the tender glory of sunshine  
That doubly rich glows through the gorgeous stain.  
The Three resplendent stand beneath Love's throne,  
Vailing their glorious heads alone to her!  
One darkling paths threads unafraid, and one  
From Wisdom's written lore looks up for light  
Heavenward; the third, in golden armour dight,  
Is yet of Peace the unshod harbinger.

L. I. LUMSDEN.



RETROSPECTIVE

AND

REFLECTIVE;

OR

*The United College in the Light  
of Long Ago.*



WING to some queer com-  
bination of virtue and  
weakness it somehow  
happens that old sailors  
have, when not shipwrecked, always  
sailed in the best of ships, that old  
soldiers have always fought under the  
bravest of generals, although history  
has generally overlooked them, and that  
old students have always had the felicity  
of being taught by two or three of the

best of Professors at some College or other of unequalled renown.

I am very glad that Fate sent me to be taught in St. Andrews. If I could be remitted to my teens, I would gladly go back to it, and, failing it, to Aberdeen, notwithstanding the Latin idiom of the speech and the Jewish idiom of the spirit. Glasgow is far too vast a place for a young student, powerfully and terribly didactic though the huge sweltering life of it must be. No doubt he will find amongst its teeming, toiling thousands the isolation of the desert, but the stars, glimmering through mist and smoke, are the only features of nature that are not thickly veiled from his sight. Edinburgh, since the union of the Crowns in 1603, and still more since the closer union of 1707, has been severed from most of the realities of its old metropolitan life, and, as a curious sympathetic consequence, from nearly all reality what-

soever, with the result that it has been converted into what CARLYLE calls 'a wretched, insincere, infidel place,' in which the prevailing creed is that the Divine consists entirely in surface appearances, and that plausibility and pretence are always as good, and sometimes better, than truth and justice. A most admirable perch it was for the great sceptic, DAVID HUME, to rest on for a little, as he hovered over and peered eagerly into the bottomless abyss of existence; a grand site for a medical school which industriously searches out health for the living by cutting up the dead; a most appropriate battlefield for the churches, for it is already paved with the bones of the dead, and is extremely uncertain whether the spirit that is to breathe upon them will rekindle them into life, or light among them the fires of the Valley of Hinnom.

My College course at St. Andrews



extended from the November of 1849 to the April of 1853, both months inclusive, and I can hardly suppose that, if Destiny gave me leave, I would care to alter either the dates or the Professors. No doubt if by miracle the St. Andrews student could enter into or imitate the spiritual experiences or illusions of SWEDENBORG, he might desire to listen to a Latin discourse from GEORGE BUCHANAN, or a lecture on the association of ideas from JOHN MAJOR, author of the brocard, disinterred by Sir W. HAMILTON, *One thought follows another as the cobbler's thread follows the bristle*, — or an ingenious exposition of scholastic dogmas by 'Regent' JAMES DALRYMPLE, on his way to become first Lord Stair, or a storm of eloquent denunciation or enthusiasm from Dr. CHALMERS; but owing to ignorance or some other mental defect I always sink into the conviction that St. Andrews

United College was never so well worth attending as during the days when in its class-rooms DUNCAN taught mathematics, SPALDING taught logic, and other arts of disseminating thought both constructive and destructive, FERRIER taught metaphysics and moral science, illustrating living literature in his literary style, and in the strange tones, pauses, and inflections of his voice, and Dr. DAY, in his clear, charming conversations, always in native English, marshalled, so as to firmly possess the memory with them, endless facts and theories about the structure and functions of the human body.

The last of these was the best *viva-voce* expounder of physical science it was ever my fortune to listen to, though I am not going to assert that SYME of Edinburgh, greatest of surgeons, did not surpass him in precision and in terseness; or that Sir ROBERT CHRISTISON did not

A trio of  
teachers.

The begin-  
ning of a  
time.

equal him in elegant clearness; or that Sir JAMES SIMPSON could not do fuller justice to the odd comicalities and curiosities of physiology.

DUNCAN was for long the mainstay of the United College, until death cleared out of the Chairs some incumbrances that ignorance or corruption had placed in them. DUNCAN is now known to fame chiefly as the lifelong friend of Dr. CHALMERS—‘the best specimen of the natural man’ CHALMERS ever knew, to whom he turned, as to a serene elder brother, in all the troubles which his hot temper and his hotter enthusiasm kindled around him, for calm, unimpassioned advice, and, when it was easily possible, ‘to solace himself with the cold immobility of his countenance.’

They were both natives of the East Neuk of Fife, and occupied the same rooms when at College, DUNCAN then and always acting the part of the sedate

elder brother, and being then and always to the end the possessor of the more strong, clear, accurate, and stable intellect. DUNCAN dedicates his treatise on *Plane Geometry*,<sup>1</sup> now an almost forgotten book, to CHALMERS, out of respect for ‘high talent universally acknowledged and first displayed in mathematical science.’ But fortunately for CHALMERS (and the world), the mathematical was not his only, or by any means his greatest, talent. His oratory excited and enchanted his own generation, and carried his fame round the planet. That he deserved his fame, and was a great, strong, true man, full of love for the godlike, full of hatred for the false, the selfish, and the base, I cannot doubt, but I can just as little doubt that, though DUNCAN was neither an orator nor a poet, in the field of pure,

Duncan and  
Thomas  
Chalmers.

<sup>1</sup> A reduced facsimile of title-page of this work is reproduced on p. 60.



ELEMENTS  
OF  
PLANE GEOMETRY

THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL

INCLUDING

PLANE TRIGONOMETRY, MENSURATION OF PLANE SURFACES  
AND GEOMETRICAL ANALYSIS

By THOMAS DUNCAN, A.M.

PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF  
ST. ANDREWS.

cold intellect, he was superior to CHALMERS; his English style even can bear minute criticism better than that of CHALMERS. What may be called the metaphysic of mathematical science was talked over by DUNCAN to his classes quietly, shyly, almost tremulously—but with a clearness I have never found equalled either in living speech or in permanent print. Once in private I said something to him of a complimentary character about the metaphysico-mathematical powers of AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN, to which he replied by way of curt formal assent, ‘He is a most ingenious man at making a simple subject difficult.’ This was a kind of ingenuity which DUNCAN rigidly repressed.

Somehow he had an unexplainable influence in the way of compelling students to work. For one thing, he examined all orally before the class, and the quiet sarcasm with which he

Anecdotes,

authentic

rendered a dunce or a totally careless student ridiculous was never very palatable to the subject of it, however much he might laugh with one corner of his mouth. To one impudent specimen he was earnestly explaining something, and unconsciously moving forward to a diagram on the black-board which formed an element of the explanation. Impudent specimen exclaims, 'I canna see through you, sir!' to whom DUNCAN, after a stare of astonishment, retorts, 'I would be glad if you could see through anything.' To another (now a D.D.) caught pranking, he remarks, in algebraic dialect, 'Mr. B——, I used to think you a *negative* quantity, but now I begin to perceive that you are *positively* bad.' And to a third (one of a family of sons who pestered him, and now all lie in premature graves) who for overt mischief required occasionally to be turned out of the class-room, and had

returned after a temporary expulsion, taking his place in the back seat, DUNCAN says: 'You're there, are you, Mr. L——? That's not a good seat for *you*. Come forward to the front seat. In the first place, you'll be nearer me; in the second place, you'll be nearer the board; and in the third place, you'll be nearer the door!'

Another story of his readiness at retort is told, but in this instance not in relation to a student. Before his promotion to the Mathematical Chair, DUNCAN was Rector of Dundee Academy, and when there he was said to have proposed to a youngish lady, who promptly refused him. After his promotion the lady found that the state of her health required sea-bathing at St. Andrews; so she went over, took lodgings, and threw herself in the way of her rejected admirer. She met him frequently—always by accident, of course. He

and un-authentic.



talked frankly, as he used to do in Dundee, but never on the right subject. At last she screwed her courage up, and told him directly that she had been expecting he would renew his old proposal, as she had changed her mind, to which he answered instantly, 'Ah! but I have changed my mind too.' I have heard this story repeatedly both in St. Andrews and Dundee, and have even heard it referred to in Dundee, in an uncertain way, but not as purely apocryphal, by relatives of the lady. I am almost sorry to cast a doubt upon so nice a story, but I must, by way of petty tribute to truth, tell that DUNCAN the last time I saw him told me, laughing over it as merrily as an octogenarian could do, the same story about ADAM SMITH, giving Glasgow as the locus and Dr. CHALMERS as his authority for this little bit of professorial history or romance.

DUNCAN was a man of inflexible composure. He looked at mathematical truth with an eye that never quailed, and he talked of it with an easy, unhesitating confidence, and in a style so open to the ordinary intelligence, as to dispel that appearance of mystery that with the shallow and the hurried has a tendency to hang over mathematics, as if they were one of the most difficult, instead of one of the simplest, least complex of subjects—a set of notions requiring nothing to master them unless resolute, honest, sure-footed intellect, walking always by sight, and never by faith. The habit of looking for the propositions of reason without winking or flinching, and at them without astonishment or alarm, was taught by DUNCAN, both by precept and example, and was his chief contribution to the culture of his students. FERRIER, too, taught or helped forward the same habit in less firm, more transcend-

Ferrier and  
Spalding.

ental planes ;—SPALDING also, but only in the region of logic. His incursions into the realms of philosophy were never satisfactory.

SPALDING was quick in his perceptions, and truth-loving in intention ; but there was a feverish haste about all he did. What the student acquired from him (temporarily, at least) was an irresistible impulse to work, an impulse fostered by his example, by his talk at the beginning of each afternoon lecture, interspersed with sudden pinches of snuff, about the last essay, and the varying success of the writers thereof, the coming essay or essays, the next examination or examinations all lying ahead, and being more or less prepared for,—talk coming out of a full, earnest heart, occupied with the importance of all work, especially the work in which he and all his hearers had a common interest. What the student never ac-

quired from him was a *love* of the learning or of the ideas that he tried to impart. Most effective of university 'grindstones,' he sharpened the intellectual faculties, so that they would shrink from no effort to reap the appointed field of knowledge, however sterile and rocky. But somehow the reaper's impulse was generally, if not always, external or non-subjective ; so far as he was concerned in the inner spirit, this field of windle-straws and thistles might have stood unreaped till the fire of Doomsday.

SPALDING himself was a splendid worker, one of the hardest, most honest workers I have ever known—certainly never the like of him among the easy-going race of Professors ; but somehow his books, full of patiently-digested knowledge though they be, read like records of travail and pain. There is little joy, or hope, or enthusiasm in them. His

A good  
critic and an  
excellent  
teacher.



Impulse to  
work.

life was a long battle; at least, it lasted for forty-eight years. He was a stranger to rest—apparently even to the desire for it—until the last rest came upon him, at an age when many other seekers after truth are beginning to discover their vocation. To work, work, work without ceasing was his rule of life, steadily enforced by example, often by precept. What he taught in this regard is valuable; never pleasant, but often necessary, for it is seldom that the work a man is bound to do is the work he would come out of Paradise to pick for himself.

Ferrier's  
intellectual  
chivalry

To the fields of literature and speculation FERRIER restored glimpses of the sunshine of Paradise. Under his magical spell they ceased to look like fields that had been cursed with weeds, watered with sweat and tears, and levelled and planted with untold labour. Every utterance of his tended alike to

disclose the beauty and penetrate the mystery of existence. He was a persevering philosopher, but he was also a poet by gift of nature. The burden of this most unintelligible world did not oppress him, nor any other burden. Intellectual action probing the riddles of reason was a joy to him. He loved philosophy and poetry for their own sake, and he infected others with a kindred, but not an equal, passion. He could jest and laugh and play. If he ever discovered that much study is a weariness of the flesh, he most effectually concealed that discovery.

His infective  
charm.

As between the *utility* of the teaching of FERRIER and SPALDING, I do not pretend to decide. I think the teaching of both was very useful—I might say incalculably useful,—and not the less so because diametrically different in quality and influence. But if the value of either can be made matter of calcula-

tion, I should say it is the teaching of SPALDING, of which the money value is steady, certain, and comparatively commonplace.

Mammon can never grudge or refuse to give wages—bread and water wages,—or it may be buttered bread and wine, or perhaps tea and coffee, to a skilled journeyman in the trade of hack-literature; but Mammon—poor, fordid, grovelling monster, crawling on his belly often, and never neglecting to fill it—may well be excused from appraising or aspiring to acquire the gleanings of adventurers in those transcendental fields where wild-flowers grow in abundance, but no corn; where gods and disembodied spirits may find pleasant recreation, but from which there is as yet no recognized traffic that can be fastened on for taxation, or used to furnish a wine-cellar, or set up a carriage and pair, or a picture gallery.

Nearly every student has had some one Professor to whom he looks back with eyes of special affection and gratitude. The Professors I would have gone furthest out of my way to serve were DUNCAN, FERRIER, DAY, and FISCHER. From the last I learned a great deal about Mathematics and Natural Philosophy that I found it very difficult—indeed, I may say impossible—to learn from books; for the authors of treatises on Natural Philosophy, though smart enough at sneering at the obscurity of metaphysicians, would be none the worse for a course of training in speculative subtlety and precision, in order to help them to express their meaning clearly, fully, and distinctly; and the facts that Professor FISCHER is still alive, and was not a very popular teacher (though always much liked and highly esteemed as a man), will not deter me from asserting as truth known to me.

Metaphysics  
not both.

Even Nat.  
Phil. needs  
ideas.



that he has learning enough to supply the deficiencies of somewhere about a dozen of popular Professors to whom it is easy to teach on the level of the meanest capacity, but rather difficult to rise above it.

Honest and sincere I would like this retrospect to be, but it would be neither honest nor sincere nor complete if I were to give the impression that I was under no debt of gratitude to others of the less popular Professors. The substance of old CONNELL's teaching of Chemistry may have been a little antiquated, but his style and manner of lecturing was that of a cultured gentleman—cultured after the manner of the Edinburgh advocates of sixty years ago,—and if somewhat pedantic, seldom wanting in elegance, and never in accuracy. He certainly taught us as much Chemistry as we had leisure to remember. Dr. PYPER, too, had the

Connell.

Pyper.

benefit of a long course of Edinburgh culture. He was thought not to be strong in Latin, but he was certainly a master of English. He could write very well, and talk well, though, owing to natural modesty and nervousness, his sentences occasionally stagnated into 'that that,' or burst into vacuity. To Dr. ALEXANDER also it was said a profound acquaintance with the Greek, which it was his duty to teach, had been denied, and, what was far worse, his sense of hearing was imperfect. But it may be safely said he was ready to teach more Greek than any St. Andrews student was willing to learn. He was a man of no inconsiderable natural parts, equipped by Nature indeed with the physical and mental qualities and graces of an effective orator, probably a pulpit orator. Among the most touching little bits of eloquence I have ever heard were his appeals to my class-

Alexander.

fellows to refrain from noise, and not to take advantage of his 'infirmity.' These appeals always succeeded for the hour, or for a day or two; but the spirit of a primeval savagery, dating from before Troy, never took a long sleep in the Greek class-room in my time.

The debt to  
one and all;

To the teachers who taught me I owe no grudge whatever, only gratitude, both from what they did, as also for what they were willing and anxious to do; hardly a grudge even to my rivals: they did me far more good than harm, and taught me much which would have been learned only at far more cost in the big, hard school of the world. To the hoary walls of the old city itself I feel as if I were under inexpressible obligations—dread, silent monitors of the flight of generations to me, the child of yesterday. What have they not seen of faithful or sordid

to the city  
itself.

priests and fanatical reformers, robbers of consecrated stones, citizen, artisan, or smuggler; the thousands upon thousands of the opulent and industrious, who sleep among the ruins of the old Cathedral? Have they not been wont to look out for annual immigrations of young, aspiring students from farms and villages, with rosy cheeks and red gowns? also of summer bathers seeking amusement or health? also irregular apparitions of sturdy golfing old fogeys, with their crooked tools, red coats, happy, fussy, jovial manners, and anxious, tacit speculations as to whether part of the Elysian fields may not have been laid out for a golfing course? Have they not seen and wept over all the comedy and tragedy of an ecclesiastical metropolis, thrown up to rot piecemeal on the rocks of time?—all the rolling, commingling tide of trivial and substantial,—meditative teacher, scheming ecclesiastic, golfing

*Omnes  
eodem  
cogimur;*



*omnium  
versatur  
urna.*

aristocrat, shrieking fishwife, budding poet, earnest student, rolling along, decade after decade, over the old streets, under the shadow of the old wall-flowers, to the moaning music of the old, far-founding sea?

J. CAMPBELL SMITH.



*Patrick Proctor  
Alexander.*



THAT memories come to me as I write the well-known and much-loved name—‘PAT ALEXANDER’! It is as my father’s friend I like best to think of him. As lads they went together to the same school—the Madras College, St. Andrews, and in due course to the ‘Old College.’ They had the same friends, and were interested in the same pursuits and studies. They kept up a constant correspondence, chiefly on literary and philosophical subjects, when the one was a country minister, and the other, instead of being engaged in soldiering, as he

Two friends.

Philosophy  
between the  
strokes.

would have wished, was, by some untoward fate, trying, or rather in no manner of way trying, to make for himself a business career in Glasgow. Then for more than thirty years they met regularly at St. Andrews. The summer foursome at golf would be leisurely enjoyed, and some grave philosophic problem would be discussed between the strokes. The winter's evening would find them interchanging, 'across the walnuts and the wine,' reminiscences of their College days.

How well I remember their famous stories! and how, as Pat would recall some amusing incident, the dear father would rub his hands together, and lie back in his chair and explode with laughter—for he laughed, as he did everything else, with his whole body, mind, and soul,—and would lay his hand upon the shoulder of his friend, and would say 'O Pat!' implying that he

was exaggerating or drawing largely upon his imagination, while Pat in turn, with cigar in his mouth and thumbs in his waistcoat sleeves, his face thrown back and gleaming with droll humour, would say, 'My dear fellow, I assure you it is quite true. I remember it as well as possible.'

And there would often be the earnest wish expressed that he would write on this subject or on that, and the as frequent half-cynical, half-contemptuous 'What's the good?'

And yet he did write, and what he wrote shows the wonderful powers of the man, and the possibilities that were in him. His *Mill and Carlyle* and *Moral Causation* are full of subtle thinking and exquisite humour, sometimes sly and sometimes grim; his essay on 'Spiritualism' is exceedingly clever; his biographical sketch of his friend ALEXANDER SMITH is done with charming

His writings.



## His parody.

appreciation and delicate touch; his *Sauerteig* by Smelfungus is really a wonderful piece of parody, replete with genius and charged with satire. His literary instincts were of the truest, and his insight at once acute and tender. The few pieces of verse he wrote give ample evidence of the eminence he might have attained had he cared to cultivate the art. We think he rather liked them himself. Now and again he would send them to his friends, accompanied by satirical, cynical, critical, and generally depreciatory remarks about their 'wretchedness.' The following sonnet on Sleep is perfect in its delineation of a mood, and faultless in its expression:—

## His verses.

'Come to me now! O come! benigneſt ſleep!  
And fold me up, as evening doth a flower,  
From my vain ſelf, and vain things which have power  
Upon my ſoul to make me ſmile or weep.  
And when thou com'ſt, oh, like Death, be deep—  
No dreamy boon have I of thee to crave,

More than may come to him that in his grave  
Is heedleſs of the night-winds how they ſweep.  
I have not in me half that cauſe of ſorrow  
Which is in thouſands who muſt not complain;  
And yet this moment, if it could be mine  
To laſe and paſs in ſleep, and ſo reſign  
All that muſt yet be borne of joy and pain,  
I ſcarcely know if I would wake to-morrow.'

It is to be hoped that ſome collection will be made of his verſes which may ſerve as a memorial of a ſtrikingly handſome and highly-gifted man; a loyal, tender, and affectionate friend, an amuſing and genial companion, and as kind, courteous, warm-hearted, brave a ſoul as ever lived. Long will he be remembered on winter nights in the Edinburgh Evening Club, and on ſummer days by the banks of Lochleven and on the Links of St. Andrews.

We bid him farewell in his own lines—

'His ears are ſhut from happy ſound;  
His eyes are ſoftly ſealed;

How we ſhall  
remember  
him

## Patrick Proctor Alexander.

in familiar  
places.

The oft-trod old familiar ground,  
The hill, the wood, the field ;  
This path which well he loved that runs  
Far up the shining river,  
Through all the course of summer-time  
He treads no more for ever,'

W. W. TULLOCH.



# St. Andrews

and

# Girton.

A CHAPTER OF EDUCATIONAL HISTORY.

**I**F a' the world had been like  
me, Fife would never ha'e  
been fun' oot!' So spoke  
an old Scotch farmer, who  
had an inland horror of the sea. So  
thinks many a modern traveller who,  
in spite of railways, finds that, from  
east, south, and west, St. Andrews can  
only be reached by crossing the inevit-  
able bit of water.

But if St. Andrews is peninsular in

*Eiulatio  
non virilis.*



its geography, it considers itself remarkably cosmopolitan in its ideas. From the days of the Reformation downwards, many a new project, coldly received elsewhere, has found unlooked-for supporters in the 'little city, worn and grey.'

To take one illustration out of many. St. Andrews early threw itself into the movement which, some quarter of a century ago, was set on foot for raising the education of girls to a higher level. In 1868 it started a Ladies' Educational Association. Similar Associations had been formed in other University towns in Scotland for the purpose of providing University Lectures to ladies. But St. Andrews was not satisfied with merely supplying a local want. It looked further afield. It saw that the day of better things for girls was dawning. So its Association called itself generally an Association

A wide  
vision.

'for the Promotion of the Higher Education of Women,' and specially put itself in connection with the London Central Committee for 'a Proposed College for Women.'

Why did St. Andrews venture on this rather ambitious 'connection'?

To answer this question, one must, as the children say, begin at the beginning—at the *very* beginning.

It was a cold grey day in the early winter of 1862. Students from Highlands and Lowlands were flocking into St. Andrews to enrol their names, to take out their class-tickets, to secure their lodgings, to discover their whereabouts. Among these students 'of the scarlet gown' appeared a lady from England, who quietly, and as if it were the most natural thing in the world, applied for a matriculation ticket, with the view of attending the Medical Classes. Such an occurrence was un-

An  
unparalleled  
occurrence.

paralleled in University records. The learned authorities then ruling were completely at a loss. The difficulty threatened to be serious, until Dr. DAY, then Professor of Anatomy and Medicine, generously volunteered to give private instruction to the lady. St. Andrews is now proud to remember that ELIZABETH GARRETT ANDERSON, M.D., counts its University among her *Almae Matres*.

A few years later, and Miss GARRETT was established as a well-known doctor in London. One day several friends at her house—so the legend runs—were discussing, during afternoon tea, what could be done to provide a better education for girls of the higher middle class. Then and there the idea of the College—now realised in Girton—was suggested by Miss EMILY DAVIES. This conference took place about the time when the St. Andrews Educational

A College for  
Women—

Association was first being organised. Miss GARRETT's friends in St. Andrews heard from her of the proposed College, and resolved to include its promotion in their programme of work.

It must be confessed that to any College in wealthy England St. Andrews stood rather in the attitude of a poor relation; but, like all poor relations, it was very proud of its good (academic) blood and of its ancient pedigree, and by no means thought that its co-operation counted for nothing. And the College graciously accepted the goodwill of its northern friends, and supplied them with all information as to its own progress and prospects.

In 1869 the College was opened in a hired house at Hitchin, where it remained for five years, until the building now erected at Girton was ready. On the very first page of its history the 'poor relation' honourably appears.

first at  
Hitchin,

then at Girton



Out of its five original students two came from Scotland, and one of these from St. Andrews. The memory of these first students is preserved in the earliest Girton 'classic,' whose chorus celebrates

'WOODHEAD, COOK and LUMSDEN,  
The Girton pioneers.'

The St. Andrews Association did other work, besides trying to promote Girton College. For many years University Lectures were given under its auspices to the ladies of St. Andrews. The Association has now practically come to an end, and its relics are, so to speak, wrapped up in respectable brown paper, and put away upon the top shelf out of reach. This fate is the result of natural decay, not of violent death. It had done its work, and had prepared the way for other educational

The St. Andrews Association dies,

methods, and professorial lectures can now be given without its aid.

In 1877 the University of St. Andrews, seeing the readiness with which, all over the country, women availed themselves of their new educational opportunities, came forward, and—first of all the Universities—set the example of giving a diploma to women, by founding the 'L.L.A. degree.' The number who have applied for this distinction shows how highly women appreciate the somewhat mystic letters. Between 1877 and 1886, 11,059 have entered for the various examinations, of whom a large proportion have passed, and many have taken honours.

The same year—1877—saw the founding of another successor of the Association—the St. Andrews School for Girls. This School, now known as St. Leonards School, is indeed its veritable daughter. One of the last

to live in its children.

One 'veritable daughter'

pieces of work which the Association did, though by no means the least, was to suggest the idea of such a school, and to communicate with people who were able to take it up and carry it into effect. The connection which of old existed between the Association and the College for Women exists still more closely between St. Leonards and Girton. The first Head-mistress of the School, to whom it owes much of its status and prosperity, was Miss LUMSDEN, whose name is thus preserved in St. Leonards story as well as in Girton song. The present Head-mistress, Miss DOVE, under whose management the School continues largely to develop and increase, also comes from Girton; and the staff is constantly recruited by mistresses, with certificates and honours, in classics and modern languages, in science and history, who have been trained and taught at Girton. Pupils

owes thanks  
to Girton,

from the School, on the other hand, pass nearly every year to the College, and of these all have taken more or less distinguished places there.

Nobody must for one moment imagine that because of this close connection between the two, St. Leonards is a little Girton. It is a school—emphatically nothing but a school. The good old phrase, ‘School for Girls,’ was adopted in preference to the high-sounding ‘Seminaries’ and ‘Colleges for Young Ladies,’ which had besprinkled the land. ‘It is not even an Institution!’ a rejected servant remarked in a tone of deep disgust to her companion. It is simply a school. Girls can be trained for Girton, or for any other College, but they only receive a thorough school-girl education. But the word ‘education’ has grown delightfully wide now-a-days. It passes beyond the old ‘lessons’ and ‘accom-

but is no  
‘little Girton.’



plishments,' and that pretence of 'finishing' which was the bane of a former generation. At St. Leonards the girls play games—tennis pre-eminently—in a splendid playground. They practise gymnastics in a splendid gymnasium. There are separate little flower-plots, where, under the shelter of the old Abbey wall, each girl may cultivate her pet plants. There are, according to the season, holidays for skating or for long country rambles after cowslips and primroses, ferns and foxgloves. Nor is the old-fashioned 'seam'—Mary Somerville's abhorrence—forgotten. There are competitions in needlework, competitions where the prize is given, not to the most showy piece of work, but to the neatest stitches.

Hardly any corner in St. Andrews is so rich in historic associations as the cluster of buildings known as St. Leonards.

One use of an old monastery.

St. Leonards.

Going back to dateless days, it existed as a hospital for the reception and entertainment of pilgrims who came to visit the bones of St. Andrew. The conflux of pilgrims ceased, owing, it is said, to the saint's discontinuance of miracles, and the patrons of the hospital filled it with old women. But these old women 'producing little or no fruit of devotion,' were turned out, and the hospital was converted in 1512 into a College, where a liberal education was provided for twenty scholars, six of the most ardent of them being permitted to study theology. This College was in 1748 merged with that of St. Salvator's, and its buildings were turned into dwelling-houses, some of which still remain. Adjoining St. Leonards was the famous Monastery or Abbey, and the walls which encircle the present school-garden are part of the old Abbey walls. Where girlish forms now sit beneath the trees,

United with St. Salvator's.

quiet monks in long black robes once wandered and meditated. Do the bright young eyes of to-day ever catch a glimpse of their sombre predecessors?

John Knox.

But the monks vanished, and in their stead sat in the court of St. Leonards College JOHN KNOX the aged, exhorting the young men of his day to stand by the good cause. And close beside the champion of the Reformation is the apostle of culture, GEORGE BUCHANAN,<sup>1</sup> the greatest Latin scholar whom Scotland had produced, and whom St. Leonards owns as its greatest Principal. With his eyes full of the erudition of the ages, he gazed upon the same prospect of sea and wood and field which

George Buchanan.

<sup>1</sup> 'A city once archiepiscopal; where that University still subsists, in which philosophy was formerly taught by Buchanan, whose name has as fair a claim to immortality as can be conferred by modern Latinity, and, perhaps, a fairer than the instability of vernacular languages admits.'—JOHNSON.

stretches out before us from the windows to-day.

A stone in the school-house bears the name of WILLIAM GUILD. In the early part of the seventeenth century one WILLIAM GUILD from Aberdeen presented a silver cup to the College of St. Mary's. But whether there were two William Guilds, or whether the name was carved upon a stone already in the house, or the stone was carried thither from the neighbouring churchyard with the name upon it, is one of the secrets which the past keeps to itself.

A secret of the past.

To the present generation the men who during the eighteenth century went to and fro through St. Leonards are, for the most part, mere shadows, with hardly a name. Yet at least one of them has claims to a certain kind of recognition—ROBERT WATSON, LL.D., an 'elegant historian,' who became Pro-

An 'elegant historian'



feffor of Rhetoric four years after the union of the Colleges, and Principal and Minister of the parish in 1777. He wrote a history of PHILIP II. of Spain, and had completed the first four books of a history of PHILIP III. before he died, a little over fifty years of age. A contemporary verdict states that through these historic writings he acquired 'a considerable reputation.' Yet, alas for human fame! his works now lie unregarded among the Dryasdusts in the obscurest corner of the University Library.

Coming down to recent days, the school-house, about the middle of this century, was the home of Sir HUGH LYON PLAYFAIR, the martinet Provost of St. Andrews, who did much to improve the city. All over the place he pulled down old buildings, swept away such obstructions as outside stairs and outftanding trees, straightened, and

and an 'im-  
proving' Pro-  
vost.

paved, and lighted the streets.<sup>1</sup> Yet an ungrateful posterity sometimes sighs for the picturesque 'bits' which he abolished. He turned the quaint garden of his house into one of the city 'sights.' It contained a Chinese pagoda, water-works, dancing-dolls, models of the planets and of the solar system in cornelian beads, and all along the walks a chronological record, beginning with the creation of man, and ending with the Reform Bill of 1832, 'from which period may be dated the downfall of the British Empire.' This medley of diversion and science, of history and politics, must have effectually exorcised any ghosts which might still be lingering about the spot.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'After supper we made a procession to St. Leonard's College, the landlord walking before us with a candle, and the waiter with a lantern.'—BOSWELL.

<sup>2</sup> Sir HUGH's garden was the natural successor of Colonel NAIRNE's garden and grotto which Dr. JOHN-SON saw.

De iis nulla  
umquam ob-  
mutescat  
vetustas.

Long ago the tradition went that whosoever drank of the well of St. Leonards was straightway 'infected with the new learning.' Another version of the old tradition may hold good to-day, that whosoever lights upon this enchanted ground is straightway 'infected' with the noble spirit of the workers and thinkers, the scholars and reformers, who lived and worked here, and whose memory consecrates the ruined chapel and ancient gateway, the very stones and dust of St. Leonards.

E. R.



FROM  
ST. ANDREWS.



TEN centuries have shaped and set us here.

What alien soul to-day might dwell with me

Had Roman eagles, flown from over sea,  
Ne'er clashed their bronzen wings upon the ear  
Of fullen tribesmen mustering spear by spear?  
What deep estranging gulf of destiny  
Might part us now, had not the old Culdee  
Seen round his cave these tides swing emerald-  
clear?

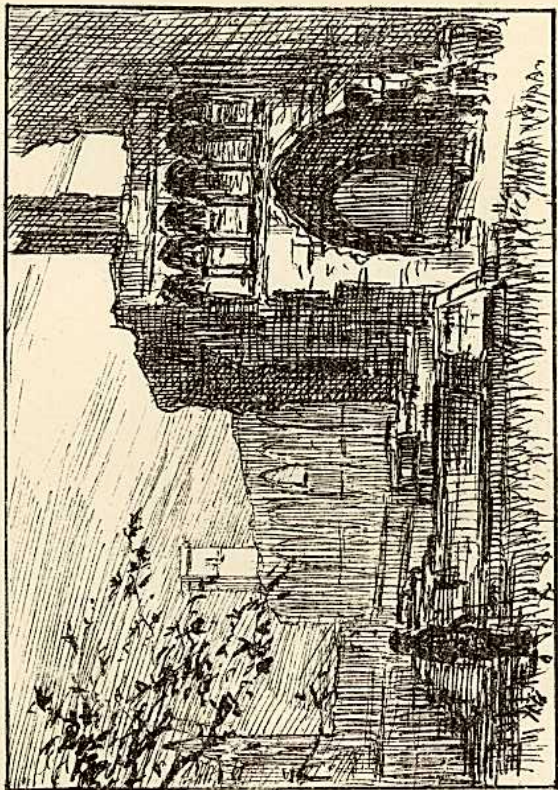


*From St. Andrews.*

Come to this wizard city, strong to cast  
Its spells abroad from every scripted stone,  
And feel to what far goal we drifted through  
The dim vexed issues of the indifferent Past,  
While, o'er great windows blazoned by the blue,  
The sea-winds ring the ancient carillon.

W. A. SIM.

OLD  
ST. ANDREWS



THE GOLDEN GATE



## *Wardlaw's Deed.*

**I**N confirming WARDLAW'S Deed of Constitution (so writes Sir A. GRANT in his *Story of the University of Edinburgh*), BENEDICT XIII. professes to have satisfied himself that St. Andrews was a peculiarly suitable place for the seat of a University, 'owing to the peaceful neighbourhood, the fertility of the surrounding country, and the number of good houses which it contained.' He therefore gave his consent, and expressed a hope that 'a city blessed by Providence with so many advantages and so much natural beauty might



*Wardlaw's Deed.*

become fertile in knowledge, and in the production of men famous for their wisdom and virtue.' About a year and a half after the date of WARDLAW'S foundation (in 1411), BENEDICT XIII. signed six Bulls at Paniscola, in Spain, ratifying, in the most formal manner, all the privileges which WARDLAW had conceded, and denouncing the wrath of God, St. PETER, and St. PAUL upon all who should infringe the charter of the Univerfity of St. Andrews.



THE  
ADMIRABLE  
CRICHTON.

(FROM A LECTURE BY THE LATE  
PRINCIPAL FORBES.)



AMES CRICHTON (or, as it was written by himself and probably pronounced at the time, gutturally, CREICHTONE), who flourished in the latter part of the sixteenth century, was one of the few persons who have acquired a lasting reputation in the character of a student merely.

A 'student'  
pure and  
simple,

yet not a  
'writer.'

The scanty writings of his which remain, or which, so far as is known, ever existed, are not so important, so elegant, or so original, as to secure for him a place among the literary benefactors of mankind. The halo which surrounds his memory, and of which the epithet 'Admirable' is the striking and time-honoured expression, is the reflection of that blaze of contemporary homage by which this remarkable young man was surrounded during the last few years of his too short life.

Among the phrases by which the admiration of the scholars of his time has been recorded we find the following:— 'A prodigy of nature,' 'an almost divine youth,' 'an amazing genius,' 'the nursing alike of Mars and the Muses,' 'a divinely-sent miracle of learning,' 'a wonder of wonders,' 'the marvel of the age,' 'unica et rara avis in terris,' 'a

Contemporary  
judgment  
of him.

miracle of mankind.'<sup>1</sup> After making allowance for the interest which youthful talent justly inspires, especially when associated with comeliness, manly vigour, and hereditary position, there remains quite enough to excite our interest in the history and attainments of CRICHTON. As a Scotchman and a St. Andrews student, who contributed as such to confer lustre abroad upon his country and his teachers, we have reason to be proud of him; and we cannot but feel an interest in investigating the records of his meteor-like career, and disproving the arguments by which the vanity of his claims to celebrity has been maintained by a few of his more recent biographers.

The first documentary evidence re-

<sup>1</sup> The authorities for these epithets are Boccacini, Aldus Manutius, Joseph Scaliger, John Johnston, David Buchanan, Imperialis, and an anonymous contemporary paper in Italian, printed at Venice.



At St. Salva-  
tor's.

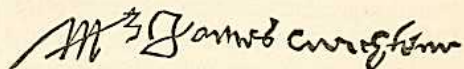
specting the future prodigy is found in the venerable original records of the University of St. Andrews. In a manuscript volume containing the graduation lists and other proceedings of the rectors of the University, commencing with the early date of 1413, and continued with little intermission to our own time, JAMES CRICHTON'S name appears first as Bachelor of Arts of St. Salvator's College on the 20th March 1573-4. He was then between thirteen and fourteen years of age, and must have entered College probably in 1570, at the early age of ten. Perhaps there is nothing in this to indicate very extraordinary proficiency, such juvenile students having been not unknown at that period: but on taking his Master's degree in 1575, we find him *third* on the list of that year, which was probably arranged in order of merit. This may be inferred from the fact that the names are

divided into three classes—'first circle,' 'second circle,' and those 'without the circles,' corresponding closely to the present usage of the English Universities. The names standing above CRICHTON'S are those of DAVID MONYPENNY and JOHN HALL. They are not, therefore, arranged alphabetically; and it is fair to presume that CRICHTON was one of the youngest, if not the youngest, on the list. MONYPENNY and at least two others on the list—MERCHE and ANDREW DUNCAN—became professors or regents at St. Andrews, and another, PATRICK SIMPSON, became known as an historian of the Christian Church. In a family paper discovered in Lord AIRLIE'S charter-chest by Mr. STUART, secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, we find, under the date of 20th June 1575, the only known signature of the ADMIRABLE CRICHTON, which further indicates his recent laurea-

His fellow-  
students  
there.

## The Admirable Crichton.

tion by the prefix of *Magister*. It is in a careful, good hand; and he spells his name CREICHTONE.



St. Andrews had at this period a very high reputation as a seat of learning, and for the efficiency of its teachers. CRICHTON was not indeed fortunate enough to study there under GEORGE BUCHANAN (though he did so afterwards); but there were others among the regents who, though now nearly or quite forgotten, had at the time what may justly be called a European reputation. It is curious to have to look for these details in the pages of ALDUS MANUTIUS, the eminent printer and classical scholar of Venice, and there to find embalmed the memory and fame of St. Andrews worthies, which have barely survived in the more niggard chronicles

Venice and  
St. Andrews.

## The Admirable Crichton.

of CRICHTON's countrymen. Under his latinised name of *Rhetorfortis* we discover JOHN RUTHERFORD, the Provost of St. Salvator's College, the travelling companion of BUCHANAN, and well known on the Continent. He was esteemed the ablest teacher of the scholastic philosophy in Scotland. The names of ROBERTSON and HEPBURN, though hardly known now, had then reached Italy.

A part of the years 1575-77 was passed (we have every reason to believe) at Stirling, under the superintendence of GEORGE BUCHANAN, who had been withdrawn from St. Andrews the very year that CRICHTON entered College, to undertake the young king's (JAMES VI.) education. Several youths were introduced to the palace as companions and fellow-students. These were mostly connected with the MAR family, in consequence of the old Countess of MAR being intrusted with the charge

Under  
George  
Buchanan.



of the royal person. CRICHTON's family had for generations before been connected with that of the ERSKINES, and therefore the selection was natural, independently of young CRICHTON's known abilities and the political influence of his father.

The next stage of CRICHTON's history is rather more obscure. Either in the year 1578, or towards the close of the preceding one, he went to France, where he spent two years, partly in study and partly in following the profession of arms. It might not be necessary to look for any special cause which should have determined his residence on the Continent. The practice was then by far too usual, both amongst young men of family and professed students, to require explanation. But his journey does not seem to have been one undertaken merely for pleasure or improvement. The troubled political state of Scotland at this time

A possibly  
political  
mission.

influenced the fortunes of every one of any eminence. The reception or otherwise of the Reformed doctrines, though with many a matter of conscience, was with perhaps still more a question of interest and expediency. Among these last history seems to have associated the name of ROBERT CRICHTON, our student's father. Menaced with the loss of place and property, he attached himself to the popular and Protestant party, a step which he appears to have regretted too late. But his son JAMES retained his faith and loyalty amidst 'domestic feuds and paternal remonstrances,' which appear to have embittered his life at home, and no doubt precipitated, if they did not cause, his expatriation.<sup>1</sup>

Father

and Son.

<sup>1</sup> The invaluable testimony of ALDUS is again the chief authority for this piece of domestic history. Enumerating the causes of CRICHTON's expatriation, he expressly says, 'ob Catholici fidei ardorem.'

*The French  
period of  
his life.*

Paris was his earliest resort. CRICHTON for the first time lived in a capital; and there, no doubt, cultivated those manly accomplishments for which the French have always been renowned. We now begin to hear of the extraordinary beauty of his person, his feats of grace and strength; of his swordsmanship, leaping, riding, and dancing. From the testimony of writers nearly or quite his contemporaries, it is impossible to doubt that to an intellect and memory of astonishing quickness and retentiveness he added an exterior which bespoke the interest of all into whose society he came. Animated alike by youthful ardour and religious zeal, he took part in the war then waged by Henry III. of France against the Huguenots. A youth who could alternate military service with not less arduous intellectual contentions on every subject to which the learning of the time extended, and

who also displayed himself at the tournament and in the ball-room with every advantage which figure and gracefulness could command, was likely to become the idol of one sex and the wonder or envy of the other. To this—the French—period of his life may probably be due the epithet which for nearly three centuries has been associated with his name—that of ‘admirable’ CRICHTON, a phrase apparently rather of French than English origin.

CRICHTON left France in 1579 or 1580, after two years’ residence. DEMPSTER says that he went first to Genoa upon a special invitation and the promise of a salary. This report is confirmed by the existence of an extremely rare tract (mentioned, so far as I know, only by the accurate bibliographer, BURNET), being an oration delivered by CRICHTON before the Genoese Senate.

*He goes to  
Italy.*



It was printed at Milan in 1579, and thus seems to supply one link in his history. Some of his biographers maintain that he went from Genoa to Rome, whence, after a characteristic display of erudition before the Pope and cardinals, he was driven away by one of those satirical pasquinades for which the capital of Italy has always been celebrated. Be this as it may, we find CRICHTON at Venice in August 1580, when he was exactly twenty years of age; and to this fortunate visit we owe most of the authentic information which has been preserved respecting this wonderful young man.

CRICHTON's fame had no doubt long before this reached Venice. It was then one of the most literary towns in Europe, the seat of the Aldine press, and in close proximity to the great University of Padua. When therefore CRICHTON heralded his arrival by ad-

At Venice.

Aldus  
Manutius

ressing a poetical epistle to ALDUS MANUTIUS, in which he bespoke his friendly offices, he was not making himself known for the first time to an entire stranger, but claimed the recognition due to his position in the commonwealth of letters, and to the almost fraternal bond by which the graduates of all European Universities were then united in a general fellowship, to which the common medium of the Latin language not a little contributed.

Arrived at Venice, he found that he had not miscounted on ALDUS's protection. It was to ALDUS the most natural thing in the world that a literary foreigner—and, from what has been said, especially if he were a Scotchman—should present himself as a candidate for the highest honours in scholastic and theological learning. He received CRICHTON with an enthusiasm which was unabated during the lifetime of the

and his  
good offices.

latter, and even after its unfortunate close. ALDUS was then publishing in successive volumes his folio edition of Cicero, and at the time of CRICHTON'S advent to Venice he had not inappropriately arrived at the *Paradoxes* of the Roman orator, which, as was then customary, he introduced to the world with a glowing dedication to the newly-arrived prodigy. From this most curious and certainly authentic document we learn that CRICHTON had been publicly introduced to the Doge and Senate, before whom he sustained his reputation by a brilliant discourse;—that he afterwards disputed on theology, philosophy, and mathematics before a large concourse of learned men;—that he did the like at Padua, the seat of a renowned University, commencing with an extempore poem in praise of the city; then engaged in disputation with the most learned doctors and students of the

He dis-  
courses before  
the Doge

and at  
Padua.

place, exposing the errors of Aristotle and his commentators,<sup>1</sup> and finally, after a contest of six hours' duration, concluded with an ornate discourse in praise of Ignorance, a theme prescribed to him on the spot. Returned to Venice, he underwent a three days' contest of a similar kind at Whitfuntide in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, on which occasion he put forth a programme or challenge, a curiosity of the age, which ALDUS has preserved. The success and admiration which attended these displays of erudition and talent ALDUS states to have been unbounded; and it is to be recollected that, as he expressly informs us, he was himself a spectator.

A contemporary advertisement or

<sup>1</sup> This is the more noticeable because CRICHTON'S education tended to impress the notion of ARISTOTLE'S infallibility. 'Absurdum est dicere errasse ARISTOTELEM' was an axiom then unopposed at St. Andrews, as Dr. M'CRIE, in his *Life of Melville*, has observed.

His 'chal-  
lenge.'



## The Admirable Crichton.

An old  
broadside.

broadside, printed at Venice in 1580, and referring to the Admirable CRICHTON, has been preserved to our time by the accident of being bound up along with an Italian work of the period. It confirms the testimony of ALDUS (if indeed it was not drawn up by him), both as to CRICHTON'S personal attractions and accomplishments, and as to his wonderful powers of memory and dialectic readiness. It contains particulars of his early life which could only have been obtained from himself, and especially fixes the day of his birth, for which we have no other authority. It further specifies the languages with which he claimed to be acquainted, ten in number—viz. Latin, Italian, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Spanish, French, Flemish, English, and German. He further professed to know, not merely the entire writings of ARISTOTLE and his commentators, but all that had been

## The Admirable Crichton.

written by the two learned doctors, ST. THOMAS and DUNS SCOTUS, and their followers, and was ready to take *either side* in any controversy thence arising.

This may give a sufficient idea of the claims to universal knowledge of which CRICHTON was not backward in maintaining. But, if his contemporaries may be believed, although he excited the envy and detraction of some, there was a charm in his manner which delighted every impartial hearer.

From Padua and Venice CRICHTON proceeded to Mantua; but there is little authentic preserved respecting his residence there (for the fables of Sir THOMAS URQUHART are of no value), save the circumstance which led to his premature death, or rather murder. These, though they have been controverted, are in general stated with sufficient unanimity by those who lived nearest his time, to impress us with the

His personal  
charm.

At Mantua.

conviction of their substantial truth. He had been engaged by the Duke of Mantua as tutor to his son, VINCENZO DI GONZAGA, a youth of ability (subsequently the patron of TASSO), but of violent passions. Somehow CRICHTON came in contact in a midnight brawl with the young nobleman and some companions in disguise. The Scotchman, with his acknowledged skill in fence, easily overcame his antagonists, and having VINCENZO under him, discovered him to be his pupil. Though he had disarmed him in self-defence, he expressed his concern, and on one knee presented his sword to the prince, who, in a dastardly manner, revenged himself by running it through his body.

His death.

Thus, as is believed, on the 3d July 1582, perished JAMES CRICHTON, when barely twenty-two years of age. He left behind him a reputation which has passed into a proverb. But he was also

sincerely mourned by his friend ALDUS MANUTIUS, and probably by many more, the witnesses of his brilliant talents, rare accomplishments, and engaging manners. ALDUS gave expression to his grief in affecting terms, in a dedication to his memory of CICERO'S work, *De Universalitate*, though it was written more than a year after CRICHTON'S decease. 'Who is there who did not admire you, living, or who does not mourn you, dead? For myself, I received from you, whilst alive, the greatest benefit; being dead, my grief is beyond bounds. Hadst thou but lived, CRICHTON! hadst thou but lived!—Oh that the birthplace of VIRGIL had never seen thee!'

The tribute  
of Aldus

Perhaps, of all the testimonies to the reality of CRICHTON'S distinction as a scholar, there is none more convincing than the brief and even sarcastic evidence of JOSEPH SCALIGER, a man little prone to exaggerate merit. He



and of  
Joseph  
Scaliger.

records his knowledge of twelve (not only *ten*<sup>1</sup>) languages, his disputations *de omni scibili*, and his powers of poetic improvisation. 'He was,' he adds, 'a prodigy of genius.' If he qualifies this praise by insinuating that he had 'something of the coxcomb about him,' and was more worthy of admiration than esteem, we may recollect that SCALIGER had never seen him, whilst ALDUS, who says just the contrary, knew him intimately. SCALIGER's testimony to CRICHTON's intelligence and erudition is rendered more reliable by the qualifications under which it is given.

To us it appears that the success of CRICHTON scarcely forms an object of emulation. The solidity and usefulness of his attainments would have been vastly enhanced by the concentration of

<sup>1</sup> The two languages omitted in the list formerly given are (as we learn from another source) Arabic and Slavonian.

his efforts. Had he employed even his short life in the cultivation of one or a few languages or sciences, he might have permanently benefited mankind and promoted the cause of literature and religion. Instead of this, the relics of his scholastic triumphs are departed, and his poetical fragments can be regarded as little more than bare curiosities. But if he dissipated the uncommon powers with which he was gifted by diffusing them over the whole field of learning of his day, and aspiring besides to the character of an accomplished knight and a gay soldier, how much more fatal would be any attempt to assume the character of a universal scholar in our own time! The result would be, as a matter almost of certainty, a ridiculous failure. Though the course of a liberal education proposes to give a man some acquaintance with the chief branches of learning, it

The universal  
scholar not  
possible,

is not to be expected or desired that he should aim at being a proficient or a teacher in all of them. A retentive memory like CRICHTON'S still gives opportunities of showing versatility of talent, and is highly appreciated by the unlearned, and in exceptional cases it is even a subject of just admiration: but in most instances the towering edifice of learning which offers so great a show is almost as loosely constructed as a child's house of cards. It fills a large space to the eye, but it wants connection, method, and solidity. Far better is it for the student, however highly gifted, to select a limited arena for his activities, and in some one department of philological, or of abstract, or of natural science, to earn for himself a reputation by which his contemporaries may be benefited, and whereby he may deserve a grateful remembrance hereafter, than to risk, against enormous

and indeed  
not even

chances of failure, his whole intellectual resources in the vain endeavour to astonish mankind in the character of an Universal Genius!

JAMES D. FORBES.

much to be  
desired.





*'Crichtonus  
Admirabilis.'*



UNDER the shadow of the massy  
tower,

Where the great bells swing  
slowly to and fro,

This is the hostel quaint, where, long ago,  
The Scottish scholar fought for Learning's  
dower,

As for hid treasure, many a midnight hour;  
And passed from hence, with young heart  
all aglow,

Crowned with the crowns of those that  
love and know,

To drink Life's wine, and pluck Life's  
fairest flower.

*'Crichtonus Admirabilis.'* 129

. . . Years pass. . . What then? A  
moonlit Mantuan street—

And one that faunters homeward, lute in  
hand—

An archway dark, where three in waiting  
stand—

A flash of rapier-blades—a mask that slips:  
And there was silence while a heart might  
beat,

And then '*Non io te!*' from dying lips. . .

A. W.

29/3/87.



## ADMONITION.



TAKE it not amiss that I am  
flow  
To praise, and rude and hafty  
in thy blame ;

Or if on my embittered tongue there grow  
Some hard addition to thy gentle name.

The languid stream flows noiseless by the  
rock ;

The torrent frets against each petty stone ;  
And when the winds are wildest in their  
flock,

Each unseen flaw laments with hollow  
moan.

## Admonition.

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So my heart's stream, that will not cease  
from thee,  
Is ruffled by thy faults, and murmurs high ;  
So my rash spirit, that had dream'd thee free,  
Vents disappointment in a boding sigh.

O think not on my words, but on their  
cause ;  
So shall you find them richer than applause.

L. C.





## *Alexander Stuart,*

ARCHBISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS.

**F** all the names in ancient Scottish ecclesiastical history there is none which has a more tragic interest than that of the young ALEXANDER STUART, who was raised to the Archbishopric of St. Andrews at the early age of eighteen, by his father, King JAMES IV. He was the pupil of ERASMUS, and that great man has left on record his profound admiration of the Scottish youth, who had been his companion and scholar in the stately old

The Scottish  
pupil of  
Erasmus.



Italian city of Siena. Tall, dignified, graceful, with no blemish except the shortness of sight which he shared in common with many modern students; of gentle manners, playful humour, but keen as a hound in pursuit of knowledge, in history, theology, law,—above all in the new Greek learning; an accomplished musician, a delightful talker, high-spirited and high-minded without haughtiness, religious without a particle of superstition; born to command, yet born also to conciliate—such, according to ERASMUS, was the future Primate of Scotland. Already the University of St. Andrews had felt the stimulus of his youthful energy; already the enlightened spirits of the North were beginning to breathe freely in the atmosphere in which he had himself been nourished. Had that young student of St. Andrews (for so, although Archbishop, we may still call him)—had

Had he lived  
to fulfil his  
promise,



he lived to fulfil this wonderful promise—had he, with these rare gifts and rare opportunities, been spared to meet the impending crisis of the coming generation, instead of the worldly, intriguing, and profligate BEATON—had he been here enthroned in this venerable See, with the spirit of our own COLET in a higher post, the aspirations of our own MORE without his difficulties, ready to prepare the way for the first shock of the Reformation—what a chance for the ancient Church of this country! what an occasion of combining the best parts of the old with the best parts of the new! what a call, if indeed its doom had not been already fixed, to purify that corrupt Episcopacy! what a hope, if moderation in those times had been possible, of restraining the violence of iconoclast reaction! But, alas! he was slain by his father's side on the field of Flodden. Of all 'the

and joined  
himself the  
new and the  
old—

flowers of the forest' that were there 'wede away,' surely none was more lovely, more precious than this young MARCELLUS of the Scottish Church. If he fell under the memorable charge of my namesake on that fatal day, may he accept thus late the lament which a kinsman of his foe would fain pour over his untimely bier!

DEAN STANLEY.

but it was  
not to be!



## *Patrick Hamilton.*

**P**ATRICK HAMILTON was the first to fall a martyr at the commencement in earnest of that struggle which ended in the Reformation. His is the first name remembered by KNOX in his history of that event. It is also the first inscribed upon the obelisk which stands by St. Andrews Bay, commemorating five brave men who in those years and in that city 'perished by fire' for their adhesion to Protestant principles.

*His  
parentage.*

He had the advantage of an ancestry both noble and gifted. His father, Sir PATRICK HAMILTON of Kincavel, was

## *Patrick Hamilton.*

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a knight so famous that his exploits have been celebrated by no less than three chroniclers of as many countries; and his mother, CATHERINE STEWART, was a granddaughter of our Scottish king, JAMES II.

When only a boy, but already, according to the easy fashion of the time, Abbot of Ferne, he went abroad to study at Louvain, and likewise at Paris, where Scotchmen then possessed a College of their own, founded with their own money about the time of ROBERT THE BRUCE. In 1523, when eighteen years of age, he came home a Master of Arts, to enter the University of St. Andrews, and to take up his residence in that centre of Scotland's ecclesiastical life. What kind of man he was, we learn chiefly from his friend and fellow-canon, ALEXANDER ALANE, who loved him and cherished his memory, and frequently takes occasion to speak of him

*He visits  
France.*



in the course of his expository works. In character he was honest and earnest. Although an abbot, he loathed the gown and cowl that covered so many a lewd hypocrite of a monk, and refused to wear them. He was learned, the New Testament and Plato being his chief reading. His cherished copy of the Gospels he yielded on his way to the stake into the hands of a friend. He was a true Christian in spirit. 'We have a good and gentle Lord,' were his own words; 'let us follow His steps.' He was a man of taste and culture, music being the art in which he excelled; and we have the interesting fact recorded that on one occasion the Cathedral Church of St. Andrews echoed to a choral service of which he was the composer, and which he himself conducted in the character of precentor.

T. P. JOHNSTON,  
*Minister of Carnbee.*

His gentle  
spirit.

HAMILTON (*loquitur*).<sup>1</sup> Hard! yet all men die once;  
some time it comes;  
A few short clock-ticks more or less—what's that?  
Nothing! but it is much that we keep true  
In duty's orbit, suffering no mere breath  
Of fear to blow us from it where we wander  
In dismal outer spaces, grieving God,  
While demons sneer, 'Another soul has lost  
The purpose and the glory of his life,'  
To buy the respite of some coward years  
With everlasting failure and contempt!  
Archbishop,<sup>2</sup> look, where through the pane a star  
Shines in a rift of heaven: yon murky cloud  
Comes driving as to sweep it from night's face;  
Now the blast bellows, and the air's embroiled;  
But wait, wait—see, is it not shining still,  
With age-long calm? It is a steadfast soul  
That is not harmed, let earth do all its worst,  
And triumphs when the short blast over-blows.

<sup>1</sup> From *Patrick Hamilton: a Tragedy of the Reformation in Scotland*, 1528. By T. P. Johnston. Blackwood, 1882.

<sup>2</sup> To Cardinal BEATON.



# JOHN KNOX

AND

## ST. ANDREWS.



ANY years ago, when I was first studying the history of the Reformation in Scotland, I read a story of a slave in a French galley who was one morning bending wearily over his oar. The day was breaking, and, rising out of the grey waters, a line of cliffs was visible, and the white houses of a town, and a church tower. The rower was a man unused to such service, worn with toil and watching,

A picture.

## John Knox and St. Andrews.

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and likely, it was thought, to die. A companion touched him, pointed to the shore, and asked him if he knew it.

‘Yes,’ he answered, ‘I know it well. I see the steeple of that place where God opened my mouth in public to His glory; and I know, how weak soever I now appear, I shall not depart out of this life till my tongue glorify His name in the same place.’

. . . That town was St. Andrews, that galley-slave was JOHN KNOX; and we know that he came back and did ‘glorify God’ in this place and others to some purpose.

J. A. FROUDE.

I shall not  
die, but live.





## JOHN KNOX,

*a Galley Slave, off St. Andrews.*



FAINT unto death, but swaying to and  
fro,  
In chains the captive laboured at the  
oar,

Till, when the sea grew wan, one cried, 'The  
shore!'

And lit by tempest gleam of morning, lo  
St. Andrews cliffs stood out as white as snow,  
Then died to dark above the breakers' roar.  
Hath any seen the tall sea-towers before?  
By'r Lady, who of yonder town can know?  
Outspake the prisoner, 'Well I know the place;  
This is God's sign that I shall live, not die:  
Beneath yon towers He gave me speech and grace,  
There God again this mouth shall glorify.'  
The fierce storm-spirit leapt into his face,  
And through the storm the Lord of Life went by.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.



ST. ANDREWS FROM THE MAIDEN ROCK



*From*  
**DR. S. JOHNSON'S**  
**'JOURNEY**  
*To the*  
**WESTERN ISLES.'**

(1773.)

ST. ANDREWS.

**I**N the morning we rose to perambulate a city, which only history shows to have once flourished, and surveyed the ruins of ancient magnificence, of which even the ruins cannot long be visible, unless some care be taken

Quod genus  
hoc homi-  
num



quæve hunc  
tam barbara  
morem per-  
mittit patria?

to preserve them; and where is the pleasure of preserving such mournful memorials? They have been till very lately so much neglected that every man carried away the stones who fancied that he wanted them.

The city of *St. Andrews*, when it had lost its archiepiscopal pre-eminence, gradually decayed: one of its streets is now lost; and in those that remain, there is the silence and solitude of inactive indigence and gloomy depopulation. . . .

The University, within a few years, consisted of three colleges, but is now reduced to two; the College of *St. Leonard* being lately dissolved by the sale of its buildings, and the appropriation of its revenues to the professors of the two others. The chapel of the alienated college is yet standing, a fabric not inelegant of external structure; but I was always, by some civil excuse,

hindered from entering it. A decent attempt, as I was since told, has been made to convert it into a kind of greenhouse, by planting its area with shrubs. This new method of gardening is unsuccessful; the plants do not hitherto prosper. To what use it will next be put, I have no pleasure in conjecturing. It is something, that its present state is at least not ostentatiously displayed. Where there is yet shame, there may in time be virtue. . . .

*St. Andrews* seems to be a place eminently adapted to study and education, being situated in a populous yet a cheap country, and exposing the minds and manners of young men neither to the levity and dissoluteness of a capital city, nor to the gross luxury of a town of commerce, places naturally unpropitious to learning; in one the desire of knowledge easily gives way to the love of pleasure, and in the other is

*St. Leonard's  
Chapel.*

*The Univer-  
sity well  
situate*

in danger of yielding to the love of money.

The students however are represented as at this time not exceeding a hundred. Perhaps it may be some obstruction to their increase that there is no Episcopal chapel in the place. I saw no reason for imputing their paucity to the present Professors; nor can the expense of an academical education be very reasonably objected. A student of the highest class may keep his annual session, or as the *English* call it, his term, which lasts seven months, for about fifteen pounds, and one of lower rank for less than ten; in which board, lodging, and instruction are all included. . . .

In walking among the ruins of religious buildings, we came to two vaults, over which had formerly stood the house of the sub-prior. One of the vaults was inhabited by an old woman, who

and inexpensive.

The Priory  
in 1773.

claimed the right of abode there, as the widow of a man whose ancestors had possessed the same gloomy mansion for no less than four generations. The right, however it began, was considered as established by legal prescription, and the old woman lives undisturbed. She thinks however that she has a claim to something more than sufferance; for as her husband's name was *Bruce*, she is allied to royalty, and told Mr. *Boswell*, that when there were persons of quality in the place, she was distinguished by some notice; that indeed she is now neglected, but she spins a thread, has the company of a cat, and is troublesome to nobody. . . .

Having now seen whatever this ancient city offered to our curiosity, we left it with good wishes, having reason to be highly pleased with the attention that was paid us. But whoever surveys the world must see many things that give

Fortune's  
Wheel.



Res huma-  
nae fragiles  
caducaeqe.

him pain. The kindness of the Professors did not contribute to abate the uneasy remembrance of an University declining, a College alienated, and a Church profaned and hastening to the ground. . . .

*St. Andrews* indeed has formerly suffered more atrocious ravages and more extensive destruction, but recent evils affect with greater force. We were reconciled to the sight of archiepiscopal ruins. The distance of a calamity from the present time seems to preclude the mind from contact or sympathy. Events long past are barely known; they are not considered. We read with as little emotion the violence of *Knox* and his followers as the irruptions of *Alaric* and the *Goths*. Had the University been destroyed two centuries ago, we should not have regretted it; but to see it pining in decay, and struggling for life, fills the mind with mournful images and ineffectual wishes.



## 'REMARKS' ON THE FOREGOING.

By the REV. DONALD M'NICOL, A.M.,  
Minister of Lismore in Argyllshire.

London, 1779.



HIS is certainly fine language; and a proof, no doubt, of fine feelings. I heartily sympathise with his *generous* distress, especially as there is no remedy but *ineffectual wishes*. But I must tell the *good* man for his comfort, that the matter is not quite so bad as his too lively imagination represents it; and that the *mournful images* which fill his mind are the mere vagaries of a distempered fancy. His readers, therefore, need not be too

'National  
repugnancies.'

deeply impressed with the calamities he speaks of, as it is not the first time, I am told, that the Doctor has amused the Public with a *False Alarm*.

'He stops a metaphor like a suspended person.'

But to follow our traveller a little more closely on this subject. What he calls an *University declining* must certainly refer to the College of St. Leonard, for I have mentioned a little above that the College of St. Salvator had undergone a thorough repair within these last twenty years. As this, then, is what ought in propriety to be now called the University, the other being dissolved, and as he acknowledges the abilities of the Professors, the most partial, I think, must see the folly as well as the falsehood of this assertion. But had those walls, which he describes as *pinning in decay*, and the other Universities in Scotland, of which he gives not a much better account, produced as few eminent men as some other Universities

that might be named, the Doctor's antipathy to this country had not perhaps been so great, nor would he probably have taken the trouble of examining our seminaries of learning upon the spot.

As to his *alienated College*, he saves me the trouble of saying much on that head, by confessing that 'the dissolution of St. Leonard's College was doubtless necessary.' If this be so, why complain of the measure? To be necessary and yet a reproach seems rather somewhat incompatible, and presents us with a combination of terms for which, perhaps, we can find no authority, unless in the Doctor's dictionary.

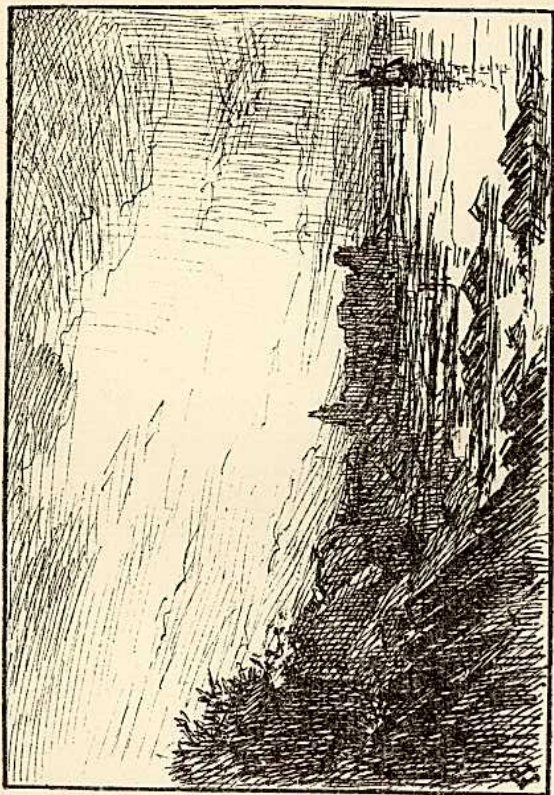
A shameful necessity.

We come now, along with the Doctor, to the melancholy task of viewing 'a church profaned and hastening to the ground.' This church is no other than the old chapel of the annexed—not the *alienated*—College of St. Leonard. Its having been formerly confe-



The Scots  
revere not  
consecrated  
walls, nor  
'hallowed  
ground.'

crated by the Romish rites may give some little *fillip* to the Doctor's zeal; but in what manner it has been profaned of late years, unless he means by the *Presbyterian* religion, I am unable to conjecture. Since the dissolution of the seminary to which it belonged, it has ceased to be occupied as a place of worship. I see no profanation, therefore, in applying it to any other useful purpose, as no degree of sanctity can surely remain in the walls. The Scots at least do not carry their veneration for such *relics* so far as the Doctor did in the island of *Iona*, as we shall see in its proper place, a circumstance which is no bad index to his religious *creed*.



'THE CASTLE BY THE SEA'



## A CENTURY SINCE OR SO.

**I**T is on many grounds to be regretted that Mr. ROBERT BROWNING declined to stand for the *Lord Rectorship* when pressed to do so by St. Andrews students in 1877. He might have found amongst our archives many suggestive traces of that which he loves to study—of human nature out of the beaten track, of the strivings of men's souls with limited opportunities. What '*parleyings*' might we not have had with persons once of some importance here! Illustrations of the vanity of fame might be found as well at St.

Mr. Robert  
Browning.



R. Fergusson  
for. 1773.

Absent—  
Tullidolph,  
Forrest,  
Vilant.

Andrews as at Croific; perhaps in some neglected spot of the Cathedral grounds is laid some poet of whom BLAIR or ALISON thought highly, or some true genius whose day, like *Sordello's*, never passed the dawn.

Of the quorum who entertained Dr. JOHNSON in August 1773, viz. *Murison*, *Shaw*, *Cooke* (*J. Cook*), (*J.*) *Hill*, (*G.*) *Haddo* (or *Hadow*), (*R.*) *Watson*, (*James*) *Flint*, (*W.*) *Brown*, the most are little else than *nominum umbrae* to us now. Yet WATSON is described by BOSWELL as 'the historian of Philip II. ;' and of Dr. GEORGE HILL, whose *Theological Institutes* were long the staple of Divinity lectures at Glasgow and elsewhere, Lord CAMPBELL says, 'For Scotland, he was a profound Greek scholar, and had, more than any teacher I ever knew, the faculty of rousing and fixing the attention of his hearers.' At the time of JOHNSON'S visit HILL was a

young man, having in the previous year been appointed Professor of Greek at twenty-one, but WATSON was already distinguished, and in his dealings with the great Doctor seems to have taken an independent line. In truth, the touch of such a personality as SAMUEL JOHNSON'S brings out characteristic traits where all would else be merged in the same neutral grey. The overwhelming impression made by the Doctor on the worthy Professor SHAW is not more amusing than the grudging commendation of WATSON, who 'allowed him a very strong understanding, but wondered at his total inattention to established manners, as he came from London.' And the irritable vanity of Primarius Professor MURISON, who, in showing the library-room, said to JOHNSON, 'You have not such a one in England,' seems richly to have merited the great man's retort, when, in allusion to the Principal's

'Established  
manners.'

'Moderate'  
views.

drinking to him with 'Long may you lecture,' JOHNSON said, 'I give all these lectures *on water.*'

JOHNSON's entertainers were of that 'moderate' way of thinking, which Dr. CHALMERS afterwards eschewed, and they evidently shared the indifference of their master in things intellectual, DAVID HUME, towards the external symbols of the 'genius loci.' JOHNSON came to St. Andrews burning with reverence for the earliest seat of religion in Scotland, yet (to Sir WALTER SCOTT's amazement, a generation afterwards) no one pointed out to him the tower of St. Rule, nor, as we may add, took him to visit Magus Muir, though Archbishop SHARP's granddaughter was living here amongst them. JOHNSON's fierce indignation at the destruction which he vaguely saw as he stood with head uncovered on the desecrated ground, was softened

'Lettered  
hospitality.'

among his hosts at GLASS's Hotel, and still more, we may believe, under the kindly roof of Dr. WATSON at St. Leonard's. 'When we entered his court,' says BOSWELL, 'it seemed quite academical, and we found in his house very comfortable and genteel accommodation.' The lexicographer 'took great delight in WATSON,' and 'took much to SHAW.' And here we may part company with these 'shadows.'

It is pleasant to think that in the Town Church, before Archbishop SHARP's monument, BOSWELL 'was struck with the same kind of feelings with which the churches of Italy impressed' him, but more pertinent to note that Dr. JOHNSON said the chapel at 'St. Salvador's College was the neatest place of worship he had seen'<sup>1</sup>; also that he wanted to mount the steeples, 'but it could not be done.'

<sup>1</sup> It had still the beautiful stone roof, since destroyed.



His visit was in the depth of the vacation, and though more Professors were in residence than would be the case in these days of travelling, he saw nothing of 'the scarlet gown.' Beyond the fact that there were some students' rooms in St. Salvator's College, we gather nothing from BOSWELL's page concerning the state of this University as a teaching institution in 1773, although JOHNSON himself had ascertained that the numbers were below 100, and that the cost of residence for the six months was about £15.<sup>1</sup> But in 1790 (not far within our limit of a hundred years) some light upon this subject begins to break, and the light is not altogether of a cheering kind. Lord CAMPBELL<sup>2</sup> is no doubt a cynical observer, yet he had once been capable

*Life of John,  
Lord Campbell.*

<sup>1</sup> This is questioned by M'Nicol.

<sup>2</sup> A sister of Lord Campbell's was married to Professor Thomas Gillefspie, who held the Humanity Chair

of admiration, and was not devoid of generous ambition. He says: 'I remember my extreme delight when as a child I first visited the city of St. Andrews, and, being led down the "Butts Wynd" to the "Scores," the ocean in a storm was pointed out to me. On crossing the Tay the view of Dundee expanded my mind to all I could conceive of magnificence. But when I at last walked in the High Street of Edinburgh, I found how childish my notions had been, convinced that I had now seen grandeur which could not be excelled by London, Paris, or Rome itself;' and again—'When my father first brought me to be matriculated at St. Andrews, he pointed out, translated, and explained to me the motto in the public hall of disputation,

*'Stornoway  
is a ferry  
large place.'*

from 1835 to 1844. Another, who remained unmarried, is still remembered as one of the St. Andrews notabilities, of whom Mrs. Hunter was chief.

where degrees were formerly conferred:—

Αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων.

This advice from his father to Diomed when departing for the Trojan War made a deep impression on the son of the minister of Cupar when first leaving the parental roof.

But neither admiration nor ambition would appear to have had much scope in the St. Andrews of 1790-98. Neither the pensioner of Lord NORTH, who had demonstrated the advantage to the American Colonies of Imperial protection, and derided the ancient logic (though he gave a reasonable course of *Belles Lettres*); nor the agreeable moralist who 'was not attended to by any of his pupils,' yet had 'many youths belonging to wealthy families in England sent down to board in his house for the benefit of his tuition'; nor the gentle-

'Still to be first and rise beyond the rest.'

Barron anticipates J. S. Mill: 'the syllogism useless.'

manlike and travelled natural philosopher, who 'had very little science, and was incapable of communicating what he had'; nor the *bon-vivant* divine who had an alliterative 'Passion for Pigeon Pic,' seem to have been able to awaken much enthusiasm in young minds. Such feelings were justly reserved for Dr. JOHN HUNTER, whose original views on philosophical grammar (founded on HARRIS and HORNE TOOKE) anticipated some of the discoveries of Comparative Philology, and who was otherwise a person of real weight and distinction; for JAMES BROWN, the mathematical *assistant* (who kindled the latent spark in CHALMERS); and Principal GEORGE HILL, of St. Mary's College (the young Greek Professor of Dr. JOHNSON'S time).

'Academical degrees had fallen into desuetude' (except after the fashion of J. P. MARAT'S M.D. in 1775):—yet

A man worth parleying with.

Afterwards Professor of Nat. Phil. at Glasgow.



there was life in the place. The Philosophical Society had keen debates on 'Whether Brutus was justified in killing Cæsar?' 'Whether democracy is a good form of government?' 'Whether man is a free agent?' 'Whether free trade is beneficial to a State?'

And even if Alma Mater's light was then low, and if mischiefs that long afterward assumed the mask of custom were already germinating amongst tentless urchins under the sole mask of intellectual night, the University did at least afford a *nidus* for the early growth of callow spirits that have since been famous, and of men who subsequently, by native force of mind, exerted a beneficent influence over St. Andrews itself.

GEORGE COOK and THOMAS CHALMERS were then both at College. They were afterwards to stand confronted as

A veritable  
ugly duck-  
ling.

eminent Churchmen, heading hostile parties, at an historic epoch; and in the interim CHALMERS had been amongst the most distinguished and influential of St. Andrews Professors. THOMAS DUNCAN, then a favourite pupil of JAMES BROWN, is gratefully remembered in later years as having done long and distinguished service in the Mathematical Chair; and his portrait, full of quaint individuality, hangs opposite to that of HUNTER in the hall of the United College. JOHN LEYDEN (after a brilliant course at Edinburgh) was at one time during this period a student of St. Mary's, under Principal HILL. And although JOHN CAMPBELL was the only student here who in that or any generation became Lord Chancellor of the United Kingdom, he was not the only student of his time who became an eminent lawyer and authoritative judge, for Lord COLONSAY, as simple

John Leyden.

1797.

DUNCAN MACNEILL, was then, or shortly afterwards, an alumnus of the University of St. Andrews.

Note on an  
old 'Farce.'

Since writing the above, my attention was called to the Farce, written in 1779, which I have described in another part of this volume. Notwithstanding its title, 'The Students, or the Humours of St. Andrews,' it reflects hardly anything of student life, properly so called, beyond the fact that, as it would appear, 'shooting matches' were still held at 'the Butts,' in which the students took part; and that they afterwards went to the College and 'delivered their bows.' But the writer retains the name of St. Leonard's in speaking of St. Salvator's, an inaccuracy on which he might well venture before a London audience; and the mention of the archery may after all be an anachronism. Glas's Hotel, 'the head tavern in town,' figures largely in the piece as the rendezvous of student, drover, exciseman, and (this last exceptionally) of exciseman's wife.

L. C.

MISCELLANEA.





*Some Detached Thoughts  
on Omnibuses.*



SIMPLE folk from the country are apt to regard the London Omnibus as a gay and gilded deceiver. And when you come to think of it, it is impossible for the most high-minded and well-meaning omnibus to tell the truth all round, and if, misled by its glittering promises, you are betrayed to Bayswater, while you have been under the impression you were approaching Mile-End, it was not the omnibus's fault, nor the horses', nor even, perhaps, the conductor's. Still, there is no denying that there is some-

An imposing  
vehicle.

thing of the Delphic Oracle about this imposing vehicle, especially in its practice of sheltering itself under a concealed proviso, or evading responsibility upon some slightly unworthy shift. The ancient priests could always crush an indignant client by explaining that 'Do' was an ironical expression for 'Don't,' or that a 'wine-skin' was a humorous little metaphor of hers for something else. And similarly will the omnibus often refer you triumphantly to a microscopic board, on which is written, 'Piccadilly only this journey,' or, 'All fares double to-day.' The ancient prophets, too, as Alexander the Great discovered, often required physical force to set her going, whilst many an omnibus refuses to start at an inauspicious season, and can only be coerced thereto by threats.

I would not be found asserting that an omnibus is a mere four-wheeled falsehood—for many run straight; but

A useful lie.

they have this much at least in common with lies, that while few persons are found to advocate either their convenience or expediency, a majority of respectable people have at some time or other been constrained to seek their refuge.

VICTOR HUGO studied London from the knife-board of an omnibus; it was there perhaps that he made acquaintance with those notorious members of society, 'Tomjimjack' and the 'Wapentake.' But the inside of an omnibus, it is said, is the place to study character. This may be so; and certainly when one seats one's-self, there are noble opportunities for observing the human countenance in various stages of malignant hatred; but of character as revealed by speech there is generally little, the passengers mostly restricting themselves, as was once justly observed to the writer, to 'fitting opposite, and look-

Within and  
Without.



*Ferae  
Naturae.*

ing beastly ugly.' There is a kind of female, generally of a full habit, who wears a peculiar expression upon first entering an omnibus—an obese smile of self-congratulation, as if she regarded an omnibus as a particularly wily beast of the chase, and herself as a person of uncommon nerve and perseverance for having run it down. This smirk lasts for the space of five minutes, when she enters upon the agonised search for her purse, which contorts her until her destination is reached, or, more generally, passed.

*The hunting  
of the 'Bus.*

It must be admitted that omnibuses are a little shy of human approach; you descry one afar, and beckon to it persuasively, but it heeds not your blandishments; you begin to run, which causes it to flee from you like the timid deer. Then in the distance it stops—tantalingly, almost coquettishly—and as you bear down upon it, is off again, and you

see it no more. The omnibus is, as is unjustly said of its sworn enemy, the policeman, rare when wanted; *en revanche*, it is eminently gregarious. Its instincts would seem to be not ungenerous, for it has been known to 'nurse' a rival, and do all in its power to lighten the other's load, and take it upon itself, in that respect affording a valuable moral lesson to selfish humanity. It would, by the way, be extremely instructive if one could discover an omnibus's private opinion of a road-car.

An omnibus, as befits a democratic institution, is itself a type of the democracy—for the driver is nobody in comparison with the real conductor of the machine, who occupies quite a lowly position in the rear, but must be obeyed when he pulls the string.

Some of the above remarks upon omnibuses would seem to imply that the writer looks upon them as sentient

*'The greatest is behind.'*

A bold personification.

beings, if of a somewhat composite organisation. Without absolutely going as far as that, I once met a sandwich-man in the Strand, who evidently took the broader view of this conveyance. It chanced that the driver in passing, either in sport or inadvertence, flicked the sandwich-man in the eye with his whip, whereupon the indignant sufferer, without a moment's hesitation, ran after the omnibus and pinched the conductor on the leg.

F. ANSTEY.



## THE BALLAD OF THE BARD.



SEE him come from far,  
And, sick with hopelessness,  
Invoke some kindly star,—  
I see him come, no less.

Is there no hid recess  
Where hunted men may lie?  
Ye gods, it is too hard!  
I feel his glittering eye,—  
Defend us from the Bard.

He knows nor let nor bar:  
With ever-nearing strefs,  
Like Juggernaut his car,  
I see him onward press;  
He waves a huge MS.;



He puts evasion by,  
 He stands—as one on guard,  
 And reads—how volubly!  
 Defend us from the Bard.

He reads—of Fates that mar,  
 Of woes beyond redrefs,  
 Of all the moons that are,  
 Of maids that never blefs  
 (As one, indeed, might guefs);  
 Of vows, of hopes too high,  
 Of dolours by the yard,  
 That none believe (or buy),—  
 Defend us from the Bard.

## ENVOY.

Prince PHŒBUS, all muft die,  
 Or well- or evil-ftarred,  
 But why in this way—why?  
 Defend us from the Bard.

AUSTIN DOBSON.



A FARCE  
 OF  
 LAST CENTURY.



IN 1799 a Farce entitled '*The Students, or the Humours of St. Andrews*,' written by JAMES STEWART, was performed at the THEATRE-ROYAL in the Haymarket. It is dedicated, as a matter of course, to GEORGE COLEMAN, and appears to have been previously produced, in a rudimentary state, in America, and at a 'benefit' performance in London. The author looks with confidence to the support of

'a numerous Band,  
 The hardy Sons of Calidonia's Land,'

The title of  
 it hopeful—

who, 'coming from Scotland' (which, as Bozzy said, they could not help), must have frequented the London theatres, and enjoyed allusions in broad Scotch to Scotch manners and Scotch drink (not whisky at this time in East Scotland, but claret and brandy, varied occasionally with Hollands gin).

but tantalising.

In spite of the tantalising title, the play tells us little that we care to know. If we may trust such evidence, we should conclude that certain students used to meet at the Glass Tavern to have a merry night, and 'crack a bottle' there with drovers, etc., who called them by their Christian names; that the evening was sometimes enlivened with a game of cards (known—to avoid scandal—as 'the Books'); that *gentlemen* rather avoided playing for money, but preferred staking 'a Bowl of Punch, or two or three Bottles of Wine,' for the good of the house, or, as the would-be

gambler scornfully says, 'for the making of taverns.'

Beyond the tavern interior the play has little local colour. Whether the writer was ever a St. Andrews student or no does not appear. The contrary is certainly not proved by his confession that he 'never had a proper classical education.' He had probably been once at St. Andrews, but the traces of special knowledge are slight. The following are the chief topographical allusions: 'the ditch behind the Abbey walls' (where the Exciseman had been overshoes in filth); 'the Butts'; 'the Long Sands,' a scene of smuggling exploits; 'at Lumisdale's Park there's a Party of us Agree'd to spend the Day and be merry; we are to have a dance'; 'taking an Airing round the Abbey, we had got as far as the *Castle Bray*.' 'Money-Hall' is probably no less imaginary than the 'Alpion Hills.' The best

*s.e. the Castle Brae.*



of the songs interspersed is a version of 'Coming through the Broom at e'en.' There is no allusion to golf, nor to Kate Kennedy. Football is once mentioned, but not by a student. On the other hand, the practice of archery is supposed to be still in full swing.

The afternoon has been spent in a shooting-match at the 'Buts,' in returning from which the students discharge their arrows over the spire of 'St. Leonards' (St. Salvator's is meant) before delivering their bows at the College. Then they repair to the tavern, and there concoct the plot on which the action turns. Of the three students, *Byron*, *Freeport*, and *Frederick*, *Byron* is engaged to *Emily*, with whose friend, *Harriot*, *Freeport* is in love. *Emily's* uncle and guardian, *Graspall*, has betrothed her to his son *Andrew* for the sake of her fortune. With the help of

The Plot.

*Byron*, *Harriot*, and *Frederick* (with whom *Andrew* is intimate), *Freeport* succeeds in defeating *Graspall's* object, and making *Emily* his own; while as an underplot or secondary action, the students, aided by the *Drover*, cheat *Macdowell* the Exciseman and his wife into the belief that they have come into a fortune. Their disappointment and *Graspall's* make the fun of the piece.

Much of the dialogue is poor enough, but there is a trace of genuine rough humour in the parts of the *Drover* and the *Exciseman*. The latter, though 'ane of his Majesty's Officers,' has various ugly by-names, as 'Cag- (Keg) hunter,' 'Bag-hunting Rascal,' 'Bait-for-the-Devil,' and other favourable appellations.

Here are the *Drover's* views on gentlemanly play, and the *Exciseman's* report of recent exploits—whether of his own or of the smugglers the sequel

The Drover  
and the  
Exciseman.

will show,—printed from a copy of  
the play now in the possession of Mr.  
ANDREW LANG.

*Drov.* I hate to be Idle, suppose we  
have a game,  
At Catch the Ten. [Rings.  
Here is just Six o' us, and I have got  
A Twenty Shillings Note  
That's rather the worse for Wear,  
So I'd willingly take a Chance to part  
with it, [Enter Boy.  
Or get one to mend it, what say ye?  
Tell your Mistress to send up the Books,  
She kens what I mean. [Exit Boy.

The 'Books.'

*Freep.* I am agreeable, for one.

*Fred.* And I, for a Game or two.

*Byr.* I have no Objection,  
Provided there's no Money play'd for,  
As a Bowl of Punch, or two or three  
Bottles of Wine,

But no further, that Person that would  
entice me,  
Or you, or any one to Gamble for  
Money,  
I'count him no Friend of mine,  
And a worse one to himself,  
We have Precedents for it daily,  
If you are agreeable, the Money shall  
be spent  
On Macdowell's Return, as it certainly  
will be,  
Let the Cards be call'd for.  
I'll win if I can. Come, to it,  
For I expect him soon,  
[Looks on his Watch.  
'Tis almost Seven o'Clock.

*Drov.* As to the Person, Mr. Byron,  
I certainly must be he, as I undoubtedly  
Was the first Proposer,

[Enter Boy with the Cards.  
But that I should entice you, or he,  
Or any one, (as you please to say)

The Drover  
takes the  
huff.



A discussion.

For the Lucre of the Cash only, no Sir,  
 I scorn it, and I'd have you think so,  
 I love Cards 'tis true, and to play,  
 Such or such Bet being laid,  
 Gives me an Attention to it :  
 Why we should play for Wines, Punch,  
 or so,  
 There is no Reason, let each pay his  
 Quoto,  
 If for one friendly Game or two, say  
 the Word,  
 I have long play'd for the making of  
 Taverns,  
 I'll do't no more.

*Byr.* Sir, you'r hot, I pitch not on  
 you only,  
 'Tis a Trade too much in Vogue, upon  
 Honor,  
 Mr. Henpeck, I thought not of you in  
 particular.

*Drov.* Sir, Sir, I've done, let it drop.

*Byr.* Well, come on, shall we cut for  
 Partners ?

*Freep.* Let it be as we fet, we're  
 much alike.

*Drov.* So we are, [*Cuts the Cards*]  
 there deal,  
 I dina care wha wins, so's we are doing,  
 But I'd rather—hark, he's coming up-  
 stairs, [*Freeport still keeps Dealing.*  
 [*Macdowell behind the Scenes.*

*Macd.* Here, Waiter, Ladde, gee's a  
 Light.  
 What caw ye this Usage, no Attendance,  
 No regard, for ane of his Majesty's  
 Officers. [*Enters.*  
 This Houfe is o' late turn'd heels o'er  
 head.  
 Gentlemen, your Servant.—Mr. Byron,  
 I am glad to see you, and all, indeed I  
 am,

The Excise-  
man.

But you maun excuse me a bit,  
For I am vext, quite vext.

*Byr.* Mr. Macdowel,  
I am glad to have the Pleasure  
Of your good Company, no Man more  
so,  
We could not think what detained you.  
Smoak him. [*aside.*]  
Bless me, Sir, you are in a filthy Con-  
dition :  
How came you so, ha, ha, ha !

*Macd.* Yes, I am in a Condition,  
I was in a worse a little while ago,  
I've had a Race.

*Freep.* A Race, where to, Mr. Mac-  
dowel ?

*Fred.* Poh, why need you ask that,  
His Stockings shews you, 'twas in the  
Ditch,  
Behind the Abbey Walls.

*They smoke  
the Excise-  
man.*

*Macd.* I dinna ken what they caw'd,  
But the Child's gotten off we his Cagg  
o' Brandy.

And drove me into the Ditch at the  
same Time,  
Eh Gosh, I thought I should never got  
out again,  
That's what keeps me fa lang, I was  
ashamed  
To come into the Town before it was  
dark ;  
And I dur'stna gang hame,  
My Wife wad a play'd the Deel we me,  
She wad na letten me out na mare this  
Night,  
Eh Cod, I 'fe warrant her.

*Byr.* It's very unlucky, Sir,  
But come, sit down, forget it now,  
And let us spend a jovial Evening.  
Fill your Glasses.—Sir, your good Health,  
Your Lady's likewise,

[*to Mr. Macdowell.*]

*An infinite  
lofs.*



## A Farce of last century.

*Macd.* Eh, what, Sir, ha ye a Mind  
to mock me,  
I'll ha nane of your Ladies.  
Plain Mrs. Macdowell, 'till better faws  
out.

*Byr.* I hope I've not offended you,  
I did not mean it, will you take a Pipe,  
Sir?

*Macd.* No, Sir, I ge ye thanks,  
I ha na us'd Tobacco,  
Never since our Northern Brethren  
turn'd Rebels,  
For you maun ken, Gentlemen,  
I dinna like ony thing that grows,  
Or wa'd be of Service  
Or advantageous to a Rebel Country.

*Freep.* I commend you, Sir, you was  
a Royalist  
In the last Rebellion here in Scotland, I  
think.

The war with  
America.

## A Farce of last century.

*Macd.* Was I not, Sir, ge me Leave  
to tell ye  
It was then I was made an Exciseman,  
As a Reward for Loyalty.

*Freep.* You was nobly Rewarded.

. . . . .  
*Byr.* Pray, Mr. Macdowell,  
When had you a Vifit  
From your old Friend my Lordy,  
The noted Smuggler?

*Macd.* Oh, that's well minded,  
I thought I had Something to tell ye.  
Faith I hanna had a Vifit from him this  
good While ;  
But I paid him sic a ane a little Time  
back,  
As I thought wad a made him rue't,  
But, ha, ha, you shall hear how he  
farv'd me.  
Mr. Lookout and mysel

Kinkell  
Cave.

## A Farce of last century.

Were out ae Morning wi' oure Boat,  
 When wha should we see,  
 At the bottom of the lang Saunds,  
 But my Lordy and his Men  
 As busy as as many Deels in a high Wind,  
 'Livering and carting away  
 A Cargo o' Gin and Tea ;  
 We rows up to him, and I hallow'd out,  
 Hie ! hie ! what the Deel caw ye this,  
 my Lordy,  
 Ha, ha, have I knabb'd ye at last ?

*Freep.* I imagine he wou'd have dif-  
 penfed  
 With your Vifit at that Time.

*Macd.* I then thought fa ;  
 But mark how he farv'd us.  
 As undaunted as if Nathing had been  
 the Matter,  
 He fays, Ah ! what my old Friend,  
 Mr. Macdowell, at this Time o' the  
 Morning,  
 Wha wad a thought o' feeing you here ?

The  
 Smuggler

## A Farce of last century.

Ay ! ay ! fays I, I fuppose you did na  
 expect me ;  
 But I am here,  
 And you shall know it before you and  
 me part.  
 —O ! I dinna i' the le'ft doubt your  
 Word, Sir,  
 But what the Deel d' ye make fic a  
 Hooting at,  
 Ye'll waken au the Neighbours  
 About our Luggs.—  
 As Heaven shall be my Judge,  
 For I cou'd na help fwearing ;  
 Ye little underfiz'd, crook'd Back Body,  
 What caw ye the Wild-jukes and Sea-  
 maws  
 That's walking about :  
 The Neighbours ?—  
 Cod, I 'fe waken ye wi' a Vengeance.  
 For ye maun ken it's twa Mile fray ony  
 houfe,  
 It was fic a Taunt.

has the best  
 of it.

[ All laugh here.



*Fred.* That's laughable enough,  
You went aboard, I presume.

*Macd.* Ay, ay, we ga'd aboard, I  
afure ye,  
The Side man'd with the ropes o'er to  
accomodate us :  
And, choak his Accomadations, I say,  
We were no sooner upon Deck,  
When twa to ane, twa to ane,  
Faw's on and bound us Head and Heels,  
Gosh, we look'd just like twa Calfs,  
This done, they lash'es Mr. Lookout  
To the weather Side o' the Barkey ;  
Twas then snowing ;  
And the Splash o' the Sea, it freezing  
hard,  
Ha, ha, he looked just like a Pig  
Basted wi' Flour and Butter :  
I shall ne'er forget it.  
Me they tumbled into the Cabin  
Wi' as little Regret, as ye wad row a  
Fut-baw :

An allusion  
to Foot-Ball.

Indeed my Lordy,  
As I was an ald Acquaintance, loos'd  
me,  
And, as ye may say, forc'd me to tak  
five Guineas :  
As for my Partner, he was a young  
Officer,  
Had o'er money e'en, they were forced  
to blind him  
Wi' Holland's Gin.

*Freep.* Is that the Way  
The Smugglers use the King's Officers,  
When they board their Vessels?

*Macd.* Ay, Sir ;  
Ye ken a little now and then dis na  
hurt a poor Man ;  
To be sure, we are obliged to take a  
little sometimes,  
To make a Shew.  
It wad be a Shame to take what we  
might,  
It dis a man very little good,

A Portrait  
by himself.

## A Farce of last century.

As they say, light come so spent,  
The Remainder only goes to feed them  
That dis na want it.

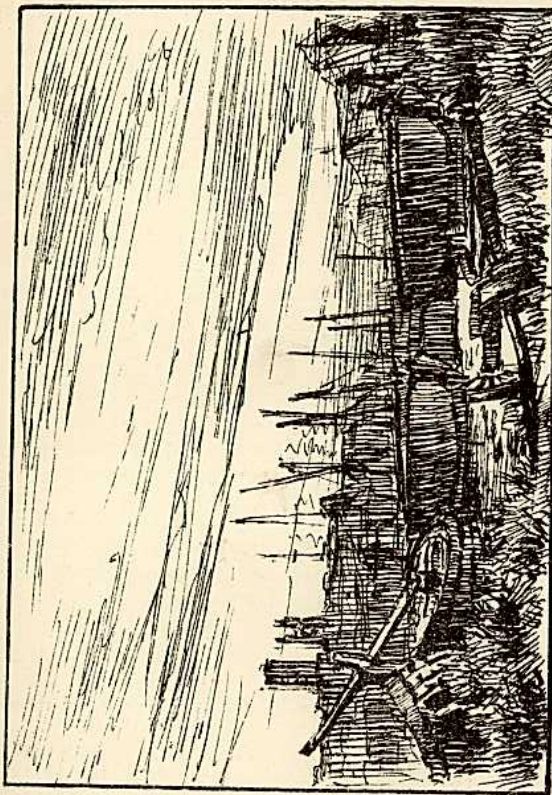
*Byr.* Very faithful Servants you Excifemen  
Are to your Mafter.

*Macd.* If we're too honest, we cou'd  
na live.

With Excifemen of Mr. MACDOWELL'S *capacity*, it is easily intelligible how the importation of claret and brandy was preferable, as an occupation, at least in the Lowlands, to the manufacture of whisky. O shade of ROBERT BURNS! and waist thou fain to be the comrade of such rogues forlorn?

Supposing the author of the Farce to be in middle life, the mention of the shooting-match may be 'retrospective.' The following note on this subject has been supplied by Mr. A. P. HODGE :

A memory of youth.



ST. ANDREWS FROM THE HARBOUR



'The date of the *last* archery medal is 1751. The proof of the discontinuance of the *prize-arrow* competition is partly circumstantial.

'The union of the Colleges (St. Salvator's and St. Leonard's) took place in 1747. Now this prize-arrow competition was a rivalry between the Colleges as to who could produce the best shot for the year, and of course he was Captain.

'This rivalry then ceased, and the more popular game of golf took its place, and not a few of the former winners of the prize-arrows became the founders of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club in 1754; among others, the Earl of WEMYSS and his father-in-law, the notorious FRANCIS CHARTERIS of Amisfield (for account of the latter, see ARBUTHNOT, etc.) In the early part of this century an attempt was made to get up a golf competition in the *University*, under precisely the same conditions as the former arrow competition, but it came to nothing. A few of the more resolute banded themselves together, and held an annual competition for a club, to which the winner attached a silver ball. A rather singular condition was, that the last winner who held it (all the others having died out) should be held to be the lawful heir to the club and balls.

'— M'INROY of Lude, near Blair Athole, proved to be the longest liver and winner, and it now lies with his family as an heirloom.'

Archery

gives way to  
golf.



## *Reason versus Rhyme.*

**U**NDERNEATH the waving birches,  
with the sunlight streaming o'er,  
Lay the poet, discontented with the  
life he led before ;  
'Lo,' he said, 'in idle dreaming have I spent the  
better part  
Of the space that time has granted in the service  
of an art  
That may touch the tender fancy, but can never  
change the heart.  
' And I see among the billows raging round the  
coast of life  
Many a hopeless fellow-creature waging still the  
deadly strife,

## *Reason versus Rhyme.*

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Fighting sin, and pain, and hunger, with an  
anguish none can tell,  
Doubting even if God's mercy on His  
creatures ever fell,  
Till the jaws of ocean opening drag him  
down with death to dwell.  
' Let me cast aside my musing, let me take a  
nobler course,  
Let me strive for human progress with my  
utmost mental force,  
Let me, through the mighty levers of the  
platform and the press,  
Raise my fellow-man's condition, and his  
myriad wrongs redress,  
And succeeding times the value of my labours  
shall confess.'  
So he rose with settled purpose, and he fought  
a noble fight,  
Thinking, speaking, writing, warring in the  
interests of right ;  
In the city's thronged assemblies rose his  
loud impassioned cry,



Hall and market heard him ever lift his  
warning voice on high,  
Haunting smoky streets, instead of funny  
fields and open sky.

But the flashing steel of genius dimmed with  
age's cankered rust,  
And the world went on unheeding; the  
Reformer sank to dust,—  
Speeches, pamphlets, all forgotten, slept, and  
never woke again;  
But the Poet lived in all the products of his  
early pen,  
And his simple ditties ever lingered in the  
hearts of men.

W. A. CRAIGIE.

Aug. 1886.



## ETHAN.



E was the cashier at KENNEDY'S Bank, and KENNEDY'S Bank stands, if you want to know, on the corner of Ninth and C Streets, Carson City, Nevada, and his name was ETHAN WILLARD.

Not an out-of-the-way man this ETHAN. A tall, gaunt Yankee; fallow, straight-haired, dark-eyed, and stooping-shouldered, but without the constitutional toughness that should dwell in those angular, ungainly frames that have battled with the east winds of Cape Cod. He was not physically strong, neither was he what you might have called

The Cashier

'smart.' He had come out West, not to make his fortune, but to live somehow, after breaking down during his second year at Harvard, and using up his resources in a long illness at home. And now, at twenty-eight, he was perfectly content to do his work quietly in KENNEDY'S Bank, without any particular ambition to advance in life by setting up for himself. He just worked on, and read and thought in his spare hours—his favourite books were the Bible and EMERSON; and he never dreamed—brave, simple soul—of seeing any incompatibility between them. And more than anything or person else he loved Mr. CHARLES KENNEDY, the junior partner.

and his  
friend.

It was CHARLES KENNEDY who first got him his place; met him by chance in St. Louis a friendless stranger, and helped him. And ever since, he had been invested in that stranger's eyes with a kind of halo. He was not an

ordinary American banker, with a huge business to 'run,' and a 'pile' to make as fast as he could. He was a hero to worship; a brave, generous friend, to whom all in trouble and sorrow might turn and find relief; a man that it would be a glory and a joy to die for.

Perhaps one ought to say a few words about CHARLES KENNEDY, as he existed in himself, and not as he was pictured in ETHAN WILLARD'S imagination. No; he was not a saint, nor a hero, nor anything but a faulty, blundering man, struggling blindly and imperfectly towards the right, his hands filled and his mind distracted with work enough for five—but a man to love and trust nevertheless, as this poor world goes. A funny-natured man, with a pleasant smile and a kindly word for every one, and one of those tempers which are as oil to the wheels of life. He was rather tall, with curly brown hair, growing rather low

The friend is  
described.



The friend  
still further  
described.

down over a broad, square forehead, dancing grey eyes, that perhaps betrayed a drop or two of Irish blood, and a clear-cut, firmly-set mouth, with humour and tenderness, as well as strength, in its curves. He was a thorough man of business—keen, prompt, and sagacious,—and yet his partners were constantly casting it up to him that he was not business-like enough. The truth was, that KENNEDY'S Bank was not the one fact in life to him, as it was to them—as it had been to his father in his later days. Perhaps this was how he had time to realise that the men under him were human beings, and not mere calculating and other machines existing for the sole use and behoof of KENNEDY'S Bank; and his ready human sympathy made them feel it too.

And in the hurry of that deadening round of business these two lives, moving on in their respective orbits, did

touch now and then. They were strangely drawn to each other, these two. KENNEDY had from the first felt a great interest in the lonely, earnest-hearted man who didn't care so greatly about 'getting on'; and further intercourse wakened into new life feelings long dormant in his own soul—longings after things pure and true and lovely—that he was beginning to forget. At thirty-three he was slowly changing, sinking to the level of the money-making world around him—and then he met ETHAN. And whenever they had had a quiet talk together, which sometimes happened, he felt that he was a better man for knowing him.

Of course, he trusted his man as his own right hand—more, in fact, than what Mr. VANSTEEN quite approved of. Mr. VANSTEEN would have preferred a smarter man, without an inconvenient conscience; but had at last to with-

The second  
partner.

draw his opposition to ETHAN's appointment.

I do not know whether I have conveyed a clear idea of the relation between these two. They were scarcely close friends, as the expression is generally understood. They met comparatively seldom, except in the course of the day's business; and every one acquainted with the routine of a bank knows how much that amounts to. Only, the name of CHARLES KENNEDY summed up the greater part of life to ETHAN; and as for KENNEDY—well, he never knew what ETHAN was to him till that last night . . .

This was how it happened.

The head cashier was away, and ETHAN was in charge for the night. Everything was locked up, the last look round given, the night-watchman on duty, lights were out, and all was still. He must have been sitting in his room

Ethan  
in charge.

reading; they found his EMERSON'S *Essays* on the table afterwards, a slip of paper with some hastily-pencilled verses between the leaves—which CHARLES KENNEDY kept to his dying day,—when he heard what made him snatch the revolver from the drawer under his hand, and hasten out. He pushed open the door of Mr. VANSTEEN'S private room, and then the light of a dark lantern was flashed in his face, and he just had time to see that he was surrounded by some half-dozen men, some masked, some with their faces blackened, all armed, when he felt himself seized. He raised his wrist, the pistol went off, and was wrenched out of his hand, while at the same time he received a blow on the head that nearly stunned him, and then, through the mist that had gathered over his senses, he became aware that they were speaking, and speaking to him. 'Key of the strong-

The burglars.



room' fell on his ear again and again as a meaningless jumble of words, before he remembered what it was, and knew they were asking him for it. And then he did not answer.

'Do you know where that key is, or not?' said one, shaking him by the shoulder.

'Yes.'

'Hand it over.'

'No.' He was looking intently, yet half-dreamily, at the foot-begrimed face before him, and wondering abstractedly where he could have seen it before.

'Well,' said the man, 'have you done staring? Do you know we mean to shoot you, unless you look smart?'

ETHAN roused himself, and looked round. His brain was clear now. He knew he was quite alone and powerless in their hands, unless that shot had been heard; and even then help might not come in time. He had fully taken in

A terrible  
situation.

the situation: he must betray his trust or die.

Not a difficult choice, one would suppose, in theory; but how many have been tried and know? ETHAN was no coward; but surely he would have been more or less than human if he had not felt that one moment's deadly chill at his heart. But when he heard the click of the six-shooter at his ear, and felt the rim of the barrel pressing sharp and cold against his temple, he said never a word.

'What are you wasting your — time for?' said one. 'Why don't you search him, and see if he's got them? Might have done that before!'

'All very fine; but who's to know how to open that thar — lock?'

It was vain to struggle in the grasp of the two who held him; they soon had the keys. But this could matter little so long as he alone knew their use, and that secret death itself should not wrest

The Keys.

from him. He let them threaten, and curse, and promise, and still said nothing.

'We can't be all night,' growled a tall, powerful man, who seemed to be the leader, stepping forward; 'You git, will you? Bet you *I* kin find ways enough to make any fool like that cave in!'

A strange light leapt into ETHAN'S eyes, and he spoke, very quietly, but with a ring of triumph in his voice—

'Not always, if the fool has God to help him!'

Ethan is  
struck,

The man turned livid with rage at the calm defiance; he lifted his hand, and struck ETHAN in the face. The fight seemed to quicken the passions of the others to blood heat. The man with the revolver raised it again, and was drawing the trigger.

'Put that blasted thing down,' said the leader. 'We don't want a noise. This'll fetch him just as well. Now,

will you open that door or not? One—two—three.'

'No,' said ETHAN.

The hand that wielded that long keen blade was no unpractised one. It was by design, not accident, that it did not touch the heart. There was a little gasp and shiver—no more. Yet again the Congress knife came down;—and then there was a rush of many feet outside, sudden darkness, the snapping of shots, a swaying scuffle, and when lights were brought back, and the room was cleared, the police had four of the gang handcuffed—and CHARLES KENNEDY knelt beside a dying man.

and falls.

'ETHAN, ETHAN, I cannot try to thank you. You have saved us from ruin; but the price is too great!'

He looked up, and smiled faintly.

'Not for you!'

That was all their farewell.





## ACQUAINTANCESHIP.



LONG neighbouring with a road-  
way breadth between,  
Broken has been our talk, our  
greetings few :  
Slowly in silent shade the kindness grew,  
That now in clearer light craves to be seen.  
For you are going. Now the misty screen  
That blinded both while nearer than we  
knew,  
Is blown to nothingness, and, glancing  
through,  
Eye beams on eye with bright unshadowed  
shen.

## Acquaintanceship.

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Then, ere we part, let Memory's gaze  
prolong  
Those fleeting moments, and to years ex-  
pand  
The days of music and dear nights of song  
Snatched from the dulness of a wintry land,  
(Poor passing courtesies of hand in hand);  
And bid the Future do the Past no wrong.

L. C.



## The Hunt o' Calydon.

(HOMER, *Il.* ix. 534 *seqq.*)



BOAR has come frae holt an'  
hill  
Wi' battle bleezin' in his  
e'en,

On lo'efome leys to wirk his will ;  
Anither like was feldom seen ;  
His hide is hard as hurcheon's fell,  
An' white his teeth as filler sheen ;  
An' nane were meet wi' him to mell  
O' men that wicht in weir hae been.

The buirdly aiks frae rutes he rave,  
An' laid them speldit far an' wide ;  
The firs to grund he derfly drave,  
An' laich in flour he fet their pride.

## The Hunt o' Calydon.

211

The birds forhow'd their wontit stede,  
The deer in greenwood schaw were fley'd,  
To muirs betook themsel's wi' speed,  
Sin nocht his felloun force cou'd bide.

As whistlin' winds frae norlan' glacks  
Atween the hills come tearin' doun,  
An' Winter, horsed upo' their backs,  
To spread his snawy wings is boun,  
Syne a' the fields, but halfins shorn,  
Wi' drumly spate the rivers droun,  
E'en fae the monfter laid the corn,  
An' wastit a' the country roun'.

If there was ane that made fae bauld  
As haud the ugly brute again,  
His daurin'nefs fu' dear was fauld,  
Although he were o' meikle main.  
Like s'rae it sned the airn staff,  
The spear it hude in heich difdain,  
Nae wappon was cou'd waird it aff,  
But wild at will it plagued the plain.



But Meleager thocht it shame  
 That they sud thole the scaith fa lang;  
 'Sal we,' he said, 'hae boft an' blame,  
 While spears are sharp and fwerds are  
 strang?'

Sae through the lan' he gaed in hy,  
 An' said his fay his frien's amang,  
 That they to ding the beaft sud try  
 That had them wrocht fa meikle wrang.

The hunters cam' frae uplan' grey,  
 An' gaither't in frae burrows-toun,  
 O' ilka kind an' kin were they,  
 The stalwart man an' beardless loun.  
 O' grindin' blade an' sharpin' spear  
 There raise on heich the dinsome foun',  
 Till boden a' in feir o' weir  
 To seek the boar they made them boun.

The hunts are up, wi' hund an' horn,  
 An' lichtly lansfin' ower the lan',  
 The gallants gaed at brak o' morn,  
 Wi' helm on heid an' spear in han',

Till in a den whar shades are dark,  
 An' trees like laithly ettins stan',  
 The dogs set up an unco bark,  
 As 'neth a craig the brute they fan'.

To battle busk't they them bidene,  
 Their bows o' horn like wands they  
 bent,  
 Wi' feathered flanes they bicker't keen,  
 An' grundin' derts at him they sent;  
 In weirlike weid fae weel befeen,  
 Fu' sturdy straits their leader lent,  
 Gif ilka bern as bauld had been,  
 The beaft they sune had surely shent.

But, fleyed fae far to forfs the feid,  
 Their manly mude began to flint,—  
 He's wyfs that for himsel' has heed,  
 An' bydes atowre frae danger's dint.  
 His e'en were bricht as gleamin' glede,  
 His girnin' teeth strak fyre like flint,  
 'Twas lang or they wad gar him drede  
 The clang o' steel or wappon's glint.

When Meleager saw them a'  
 For fear o' mischief bydin' back,  
 Quo' he, 'Methinks it's honour fma'  
 To swear, an' syne the hecht to brak.  
 Sae bauld's ye war when renk't on raw,  
 Ye foundit furth to find his track,  
 An' now ye fain wad wend awa',  
 An' tyne the prize ye trow'd to tak.

' But an ye list to byde a wee,  
 Ye may behauld a feat o' fame,  
 That till the warl's en' fal be,  
 An' win for me a noble name.  
 If it betide that dule I dree,  
 Be mine the glore an' yours the flame;  
 Stir nane, but stand aside an' see  
 If hardiment in me has hame.'

He hynt in hand his byrnist blade,  
 His sheenin' shield afore him threw,  
 Wi' stalwart staps he sternly strade  
 To meet the boar, that grimmer grew,

An' girn'd an' meikle menace made  
 As Meleager clofer drew,  
 Syne 'tween the twa but mair abaid  
 A battle brym began anew.

Like lion ferfs for faut o' fude,  
 The brute fae braithly on him brak,  
 That Meleager's manly mude  
 Was fain at first to draw aback;  
 Him likit nocht sic rivin' rude  
 The monster's trenchin' tusk cou'd mak,  
 But yieldit grund wi' guidin' gude,  
 An' warely watch't afore he strak.

Wi' mou' that gaped like open grave,  
 An' birse that stiffly stude upright,  
 To drive aside his shield it strave,  
 But he was wyfs as he was wicht.  
 The shield atween its jaws he drave,  
 An' lent a straik wi' a' his micht,  
 The blade through hide an' harns clave,  
 An' on the buckler's edge cou'd licht.



*The Hunt o' Calydon.*

When ance they saw the pest was deid,  
 The rest cam' roun' about him thrang,  
 O' deir they now had little dreid,  
 Sin he fae weel had wreak't their wrang;  
 For whilk he met wi' meikle meid,  
 An' mony a bard his praifes fang,  
 Though hyne araife a felloun feid  
 Was ferflly focht an' lestit lang.

The aunters o' this weirman wicht,  
 A tale o' time when yirth was young,  
 It's lang sin first they saw the licht,  
 In Greek by auncient Homer sung.  
 An' I, a simple ballad wicht,  
 Hae turn't it in my hamert tongue,  
 As gest o' keen and comely knight,  
 That wide through a' the warl' has rung.

**W. A. CRAIGIE.**

*May 1886.*

**AN ETRUSCAN RING.**

'Sive trans altas gradietur Alpes,  
 Gallicum Rhenum horrible aequor ulti-  
 mosque Britannos.'

I.



HERE, girt with orchard and with  
 olive-yard,  
 The white hill-fortrefs brooded on  
 the hill,

Day after day an ancient goldsmith's skill  
 Guided the copper graver, tempered hard  
 By some lost secret, while he shaped the fard  
 Slowly to beauty, and his tiny drill,  
 Edged with corundum, ground its way, until  
 The gem lay perfect for the ring to guard.

Then seeing the stone complete to his desire,  
 With mystic imagery carven thus,  
 And dark Egyptian symbols fabulous,  
 He drew through it the delicate golden wire,  
 And bent the fastening; and the Etrurian fun  
 Sank over Ilva, and the work was done.

## II.

What dark-haired daughter of a Lucumo  
 Bore on her slim white finger to the grave  
 This the first gift her Tyrrhene lover gave  
 Those five-and-twenty centuries ago?  
 What shadowy dreams might haunt it, lying low  
 So long, while kings and armies, wave on wave,  
 Above the rock-tomb's buried architrave  
 Went million-footed trampling to and fro?

Who knows? but well it is so frail a thing,  
 Unharm'd by conquering Time's supremacy,  
 Still should be fair, though scarce less old than  
 Rome.

Now once again, at rest from wandering,  
 Across the high Alps and the dreadful sea,  
 In utmost England let it find a home.

J. W. MACKAIL.



## Thomas Chalmers,

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY  
 AT ST. ANDREWS, 1823-28.



THE following reference to  
 Dr. CHALMERS's work in  
 St. Andrews deserves a  
 place in this volume. It is  
 from the funeral sermon on CHALMERS  
 delivered by Dr. W. LINDSAY ALEX-  
 ANDER in 1847.

'At one time I sustained to him a close  
 and endearing relation—that of a pupil  
 who loved as well as admired his teacher.  
 I owe to him one of the greatest boons  
 a young man can receive from a senior,  
 in the first awakening up of my mind  
 to some sense of intellectual excellence,

The witness  
 of a pupil.



and to some aspiration after intellectual distinction. I enjoyed, at the period referred to, much of his personal society and friendship; and to the last I retained for him a personal affection and a respect which differences of opinion and oppositions of action could not destroy.'

These words speak for their own genuineness. But this is further confirmed by the record of young ALEXANDER'S first impressions of Dr. CHALMERS, preserved in a letter to his father, written shortly after his arrival at St. Andrews in the autumn of 1825.<sup>1</sup>

'Last Saturday I breakfasted with Dr. CHALMERS, in company with several more young fellow-students, and we spent altogether a very pleasant morning. The Doctor was very funny; indeed he is funny enough even when he does not mean it; but I mean he was very

<sup>1</sup> *W. Lindsay Alexander: His Life and Work*, Nisbet and Co., 1887, p. 11.

The students'  
breakfast.

jocular, and laughed very heartily along with us. It was most amusing when we were standing (for it does not seem to be the fashion here to sit) round the fire before breakfast, to hear the Doctor put first a question to one of us; then he would think a little, and put a question to another, and so on. The question which came to me was, "I hope your father was well, Mr. ALEXANDER, when you heard last?" I having replied in the affirmative, he said, "Did he once call upon me in St. Andrews here about the Seaman's Friend Society?" "I rather think not, sir," said I; "but he once wrote to you about the Local Sabbath School Society." "O yes, yes; that was it. I hope the local schools are coming on well?" Having replied as I could, he proceeded: "Does Miss GRIERSON take a very active hand in the schools in Leith?" "Only in her own schools, I believe, sir." "In

The kindly  
Catechism.

her own school; ay, she is quite right, Mr. ALEXANDER, quite right. I think great injury has been done to the course of Christian philanthropy by that desire for management and committee-ship which prevails in our day." Here Mrs. CHALMERS entered, and the Doctor had to be *nomenclator* to some of his pupils, else it is hard to say what illumination I might have got about Christian philanthropy but for that circumstance. Worship next succeeded, which was very interesting; then came breakfast, which was very good; and then came going away, which was very sad! The Doctor, shaking hands, said: "Remember me to your father when you write, and tell him I shall be happy to see him if he ever comes to St. Andrews"—which I hereby do.'

The message.

A plain enough picture of a common incident! But, just as the poet owns,

'I love to contemplate, apart  
From all his homicidal story,  
The traits that soften to the heart  
Napoleon's glory,'

so the present writer, as an outsider, may perhaps be permitted to say that a personal impression of CHALMERS's geniality and broad human sympathies, received in casual neighbourly intercourse 'before the Disruption,' is worth more to him than all the eventful 'management and committee-ship' into which the Doctor was reluctantly drawn,—ay, more even than the *Astronomical Discourses*.

L. C.

The good  
gift of being  
human.





ON  
A ST. ANDREWS STUDENT  
WHO DIED.



HERE was a bee, a happy bee, that  
flew  
With gentle music on the summer  
air,

While yet the beauties of the day were new,  
And waking flowers did open everywhere.

It was a silent and a funny morn,  
No breeze save one did scare the promised  
noon ;  
And, as it passed, amid the leaves were borne  
Its sighs at passing from the scene so soon.

On a St. Andrews Student. 225

But stay ! what thing is this so lowly thrown,  
With wings all spread, upon the stream's cold  
tide,  
With music hushed ere his first flight was flown,  
And hopes fast hurried to the waters wide ?  
O come, ye winds ! pour down, ye lofty skies,  
And bear me too from these sad memories !

JAMES KEY.

*Moffilbay, South Africa.*



TO A  
BIBLIOMANIAC.

(PARAPHRASED FROM AN EPIGRAM OF AUSONIUS.<sup>1</sup>)



BECAUSE your books are richly bound,  
You feel a scholar through and  
through?  
Then one Cremona, smooth and sound,  
Might make a fiddler of you too!

EDMUND GOSSE.

<sup>1</sup> *Emptis quod libris tibi bibliotheca referta est,  
Doctum et grammaticum te, Philomuse, putas?  
Hoc genere et chordas, et pleetra, et barbata conde;  
Omnia mercatus, cras citharoedus eris!*

AUSONII Epig. xlv.



TO A  
PASTORAL POET.



AMONG my best I put your Book,  
O Poet of the breeze and brook!  
(That breeze and brook which  
blows and falls

More soft to those in city walls,  
Among my best: and keep it still,  
Till down the fair green-girdled hill,  
Where slopes my garden-slip, there goes  
The wandering wind that wakes the rose,  
And scares the cohort that explore  
The broad-faced sun-flower o'er and o'er,  
Or starts the restless bees that fret  
The bindweed and the mignonette.



## To a Pastoral Poet.

Then I shall take your Book, and dream  
 I lie beside some haunted stream ;  
 And watch the crisping waves that pass,  
 And watch the flicker in the grass ;  
 And wait—and wait—and wait to see  
 The Nymph—that never comes to me !

AUSTIN DOBSON.



## IN THE LAND OF NOD.



MY bed ! sweet rest when drowsy  
 night  
 Weaves popped spells about my  
 head,  
 And dream-gods with dear fancy light  
 My bed.

For while my soul to earth is dead,  
 Sleep, a mortal-happy sprite,  
 Hope and Heaven in dreams hath wed,

And thoughts that flit 'twixt sleep and fight,  
 Leaving sweet hope when they are fled,  
 Close round, to make beloved and bright  
 My bed.

LEONARD HUXLEY.



## TO THE CUSHAT



GREY Cufhat, in dim depths of yonder  
wood  
Crooning full foft unto thy brooding  
mate,

With throbbing sweetness, long-drawn, paffionate,  
Thou fill'ft the liftening filence! Thus with  
rude

Sweet ftrains of oaten pipe the fhepherds wooed  
Sicilian maids, methinks, at evening late  
In golden days of yore. Her folemn ftate  
Holds Nature here in melancholy mood,  
As in a temple. Pillared pines, burnt red  
From clouds that fill the windy Weft with fire,  
Upheave her myftic arches, and o'erhead  
Her roofs are chryfolite. And thou, sweet bird,  
Thou art her chofen finger, of her choir  
Deareft, and by her love the deepeft ftirred.

L. I. LUMSDEN.



## A DAY'S TROUT FISHING



IT feldom falls to the lot of  
one man to be the hiftorian  
as well as the hero of a  
notable day. As a rule,  
the character which is forward in action  
is backward in fpeech; fo that for the  
production of a chapter of hiftory we  
commonly require at leaft two perfons  
—one to do great deeds, and the other  
to defcribe them. But in the prefent  
infance that neceffity is overruled;  
fince this particular chapter is written  
by me, and by me the deeds which it  
records were done.

Certain  
general  
reflections.



Consummate  
happines.

Several years ago I was spending a month of that delightfully long vacation enjoyed by Scottish undergraduates in a farmhouse situated close to the river Tweed. Everything seemed to conspire for my enjoyment. The spring was well advanced. I had had time to forget the worries of a laborious session, and the October examinations were far enough off to be disregarded for the present. The weather was all that could be desired, and a good deal more than could be expected in the uncertain climate of the British Isles. The scenery of that part of the Tweed, always lovely, was at its loveliest. If anything more was wanted, it was supplied in the person of my host, whom it may not be improper to call ARMSTRONG. In a thousand ways he ministered, with thoughtful kindness, to my comfort and pleasure. This is not the place, however, in which to

enter upon a detailed description of his character, so I will content myself with mentioning one of its leading features. He was perhaps the most enthusiastic fisherman of the century. Like all enthusiasts, he endeavoured to engraft his enthusiasm upon those with whom he was brought in contact; and he insisted that I should go fishing. He pointed out the absurdity of my remaining for any length of time in the neighbourhood of a river like the Tweed without being able, on my departure, to say I had fished it. So gross a neglect of opportunities that might possibly never occur again could not fail to be fraught with the most serious consequences to my afterlife.

Exhortation.

I assented to this general principle, but indicated some difficulties in the way of giving it practical effect. To begin with, I could not fish. In reply, ARMSTRONG assured me that no one could

Objection.

Resolve.

fish unless he tried; and further, that it was impossible for me to begin younger. As this seemed reasonable enough, I brought out my next objection. I had no apparatus. ARMSTRONG had a spare rod and lots of tackle. The way was now perfectly clear, and we spent the afternoon in a field while ARMSTRONG instructed me in the mystery of casting. By nightfall I had mastered the theory of the subject, and when I retired to rest my dreams were of the most sanguine description.

Disappointment.

We were to start as early as possible. On being called at five o'clock, therefore, I dressed with the utmost alacrity and hurried down-stairs. My feelings may be better imagined than described when I found that breakfast was set for one! On the plate lay a note from ARMSTRONG, which I tore open and read. He had been compelled to leave by the early train to attend a confounded sale,

which he had only remembered as he got out of bed. By this time he was probably half-way to the station. Pursuit was vain, so I sat down to breakfast, and finished the hastily scrawled and half-illegible note. He had put on the proper flies for me, and as the morning was dull, he made no doubt I should have excellent sport. The river being so near, he had put the rod together for me, and I could commence operations as soon as I got to the bank. He was very sorry he could not come with me, but 'duty, you know, before pleasure.'

I was sorry too. There was no help for it, however, so I collected an extensive luncheon, got the rod, and started. Of course, if I had taken a fishing-basket, I could have carried my supplies in that; but I thought a fishing-basket looked too presumptuous, and stuffed them, as best I could, into my

Some compensations.



Fresh difficulties.

pockets. As I emerged into the fresh, sweet morning air, my spirits rose, and I began to whistle out of tune for very joy. At the same time, I wished that ARMSTRONG had shown me how to carry the rod. It was much longer than I had supposed, and gave me a good deal of trouble. I began by holding it horizontally in one hand at about a third of the distance from the butt-end, and balancing it carefully as I went along. Presently, when I allowed my eye to be drawn off for a moment by a blackbird of unusual size, the point of the rod stuck in the ground. I quite expected to hear it snap, but it did not. Then I put it over my shoulder, like a gun, and proceeded with extreme circumspection. This method succeeded tolerably well, until suddenly the top piece struck against the branch of a tree, sending my heart into my mouth, and my hat over my eyes. I tried

several other ways of carrying the rod, but contrived to reach the river without breaking it.

Having found what seemed to me a suitable spot for beginning, I prepared to cast, with plenty of line out. The next half-hour was pleasantly occupied in disentangling it from the branches of a large elm, which I had not previously noticed. Before making a second attempt to cast, I assured myself that there was no tree within a radius of twenty yards from where I stood. I then threw the line well back over my shoulder, and brought it down on the surface of the water with a sound calculated to inspire terror in the breast of any listening trout.

For five hours I smote the unoffending stream with infinite perseverance but infinitesimal success. Not a trout, so far, had shown the slightest disposition to respond to my well-intentioned

The casting of the line.

advances. With the practised acuteness of an intellect trained in the school of Scottish Metaphysic, I soon discovered the reason. The clouds of the early morning had cleared away, and the sun was now high in heaven, shining with dazzling brilliancy. Of course no one, not even the most experienced angler, could hope to catch anything in a blaze like that. So I called a halt, and having found a shady place, sat down to eat my lunch. The praises of a lunch under such circumstances have been so often sung that it would be wearisome and impertinent for me to repeat them. I desire only to place on record my solemn assurance that, with the exception of a beef-steak at Falkland, eaten after ascending one of the Lomonds, no meal I ever had was half so luxurious as that simple, unadorned lunch. Moreover, the pipe that succeeded it was delicious, with a flavour above and beyond

Consummate  
happiness

the mere native aroma of Virginian tobacco.

There is no period so suitable to calm reflection as the half-hour which follows a satisfactory meal, especially if you are a smoker, and can look at all things through the softening and tranquillising medium of a fragrant, ethereal, translucent cloud. Accordingly, when I had smoked for some time in the fulness of sensuous enjoyment, I began to reflect. Perhaps, after all, the sun was not entirely to blame for my want of success. It might be that my casting had been a little too vehement. I would try again, more gently. At the worst, I should be fishing: and I must not forget that an angler's proper aim is sport, rather than the mere acquisition of fish. On the other hand, if I *should* catch something in spite of the sun, how great would be my glory!

Fired with this idea, I set to work

dispelled by  
a sense of  
duty.



again, with as much enthusiasm as before, and rather more care; and after a time I was able to lay the line well out along the water without making much noise. Nor were my efforts entirely unrewarded. I had first one nibble, and then another; and although intrinsically these were not worth very much, yet as an earnest of future success they were invaluable.

To my great annoyance, I now perceived a person advancing along the bank in my direction. I foresaw what would happen. He would come up and ask me, with offensive familiarity, if I was 'getting much sport.' Then he would put his hands in his breeches pockets and wait to see me cast. He would criticise my method, and offer to 'show me the proper way.' I began seriously to think of drowning myself, as a means of escaping him. As he drew nearer, however, I was relieved to

A trouble-  
some visitor

discover, from his dress and general appearance, that he was a gamekeeper. I was not afraid of him in his professional capacity, for I knew that the water was not preserved at that part. Nor did my pride revolt at the idea of being criticised and instructed by a person who might naturally be supposed to know all about fishing. I even *hoped* that he would stop and talk. But he merely answered my 'Good-day,' and went on.

For a good while after he had passed I received little or no encouragement; and my energy was beginning to flag—when I felt a strain on the rod. My excitement was so great that I could hardly think, but of one thing I was certain: this was not a nibble, but a serious bite. What was I to do? Should I let him run about until he was tired, and then draw him gently ashore? No! That sort of thing might do very

Culmination.

An almost  
regret.

well for an old hand, but if I attempted it he would probably run about until I was tired, and then run away altogether. So with a powerful effort of my wrist I jerked the rod upwards. There was a silver shimmer in the air, and the trout lay struggling on the bank behind me. It cost me a pang to slay him, but it was soon over, and I felt that he could not escape me now. Poor little chap! He was only about five inches long, and not bulky, but I could not have been prouder of him if he had been a thirty-pound salmon. When my first emotions were over, I bent down to remove the hook from his mouth. What was my astonishment on discovering that the hook was not there! I had caught that trout in a new and original manner—I had hooked him firmly in the tail! This, I flattered myself, was an evidence of considerable skill. Many persons can hook a trout in the mouth,

but it is not everybody who can hook him in the tail.

I gathered a quantity of fresh grass, wrapped my treasure carefully in it, and put him in my pocket. I was completely satisfied. A greedy man would have fished on, in the hope of catching some more—but I started for home. When I arrived I found that ARMSTRONG had not returned, so I put the trout in the pantry without saying a word to any one, and loafed about, impatient to tell him of my triumph. I tried to read the paper, but it was of no use; I had to go out of doors and wander round the house. In turning a corner rather abruptly I startled the household cat. She was eating something. But what was that small dark object protruding from her mouth? Despair! It was the tail of my trout.

When ARMSTRONG came home in the evening, he steadily refused to believe

The end of  
all things.



## A Day's Trout-fishing.

The odious-  
ness of  
incredulity.

that I had' ever caught that trout, although I showed him the disordered grafs that had enveloped its beautiful little body lying on the pantry table. He said his cat had always borne an unimpeachable character; and while he would not for one moment impugn my veracity, he considered that my imagination had been over-heated by exposure to the sun.

R. F. MURRAY.



## UNDERTONES.



LAST year's leaves, that linger still  
Red and dead by the whispering  
lanes,  
Breathe an autumn blessing of  
fighs

On the passing airs that fall and rise,  
To the swelling life of the budless sheaves  
In the hedge by the edge of the wayside woods,  
Full of primrose-nested sweets.

So meets  
Fear, the shadow and satellite  
Of death that has been and is to be,  
Our youngest hope, new-born and free,  
With a word half-heard, that death's respite  
Is all life wins, however bright.

And, like the primrose mofs-embowered,  
 Our peeping joys too soon must learn  
 That last year with its doom has dowered  
 This year that goes without return.

LEONARD HUXLEY.



## SPRING.



WHAT though the winds of March be  
 rude,

And though the air be chill,

The touch of Spring is on the wood,

Her breath is on the hill.

She bids yon throffle pipe so clear

Amid the woodland ways ;

She leads the shivering, trembling year

Toward the sweet summer days.

O wondrous Spring ! O golden hour,

Whence is thy crown of blessing ?

Lo ! this is thy transcendent dower—

All hoping, nought possessing.



And therefore is it, O fair Spring,  
With wealth of incompleteness,  
My dumb soul hath no voice to sing  
According with thy sweetness.

For my sad heart, in sorrow pent,  
Doth iron Winter hold ;  
And all my thought is backward bent  
To the dear days of old.

L. I. LUMSDEN.

THE  
GRAVE  
OF  
ORPHEUS.



THE GRAVE  
OF  
ORPHEUS.

(The story about the suicide of Orpheus, after the second loss of Eurydice, and about the Nightingales that sing over his tomb, is in Pausanias.)

' **T** WAS hence the Thracian Minstrel  
went

The second time the sunless way,  
And found his twice-lost love,  
content

'Mid songless shades to be as they ;  
But the Songs died not,—all the May  
And all through June they flood the vales,  
And still on Orpheus' tomb, men say,  
Most sweetly sing the Nightingales.

A. LANG.





IDEM  
GRAECE REDDITUM.

Eis 'Ορφέα.—'Επιτύμβιον.

Δ εύτερον ἐντεῦθεν τὸν ἀνήλιον οἶμον ἐπελθὼν  
αὐτὸς πάλιν εἰς 'Αἶδεω Θρηῆς μελίγηρως ἔβη,  
Τὴν τε δις οἰχομένην εὐρὴν ἀλύροισιν ὑπέστη  
ξυμμαίειν 'Ενέροις, μηκέτ' αἰοιδιάων.  
'Ωίδαί δ' οὐ τεθνάσιν· ἔαρ δ' ὄλον ἐδ' κελαδοῦσαι  
ἄγκεα πιμπλάσιν πουλυμέλεσσι ῥοαίς·  
Πλείστα θαμιζούσας δ' 'Ορφείῳ τῶδ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ  
ἦδιστ' εὐστομέειν φασὶν ἀηδονίδας.

L. C.

