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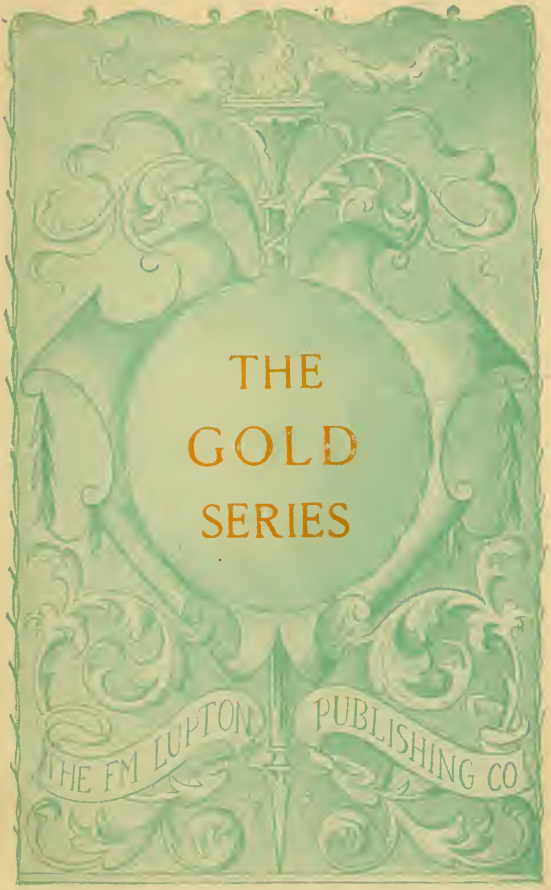
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# RAB AND HIS FRIENDS

AND

OTHER SKETCHES

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THE F. M. LUPTON
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*To my TWO FRIENDS*

*at Busby, Renfrewshire,*

*In Remembrance of a Journey from Cleveland*

*Junction to Toledo and back*

*Extracted from* "HORÆ SUBSECIVÆ: *Locke and Sydenham, with other Occasional Papers.*"

## RAB AND HIS FRIENDS.

FOUR-AND-THIRTY years ago, Bob Ainslie and I were coming up Infirmary Street from the High School, our heads together, and our arms intertwisted, as only lovers and boys know how, or why.

When we got to the top of the street, and turned north, we espied a crowd at the Tron Church. "A dog-fight!" shouted Bob, and was off; and so was I, both of us all but praying that it might not be over before we got up! And is not this boy-nature? and human nature too? and don't we all wish a house on fire not to be out before we see it? Dogs like fighting; old Isaac says they "delight" in it, and for the best of all reasons; and boys are not cruel because they like to see the fight. They see three of the great cardinal virtues of dog or man—courage, endurance, and skill—in intense action. This is very different from a love of making dogs fight, and enioying, and

aggravating, and making gain by their pluck. A boy—be he ever so fond himself of fighting, if he be a good boy, hates and despises all this, but he would have run off with Bob and me fast enough: it is a natural, and a not wicked interest, that all boys and men have in witnessing intense energy in action.

Does any curious and finely-ignorant woman wish to know how Bob's eye at a glance announced a dog-fight to his brain? He did not, he could not see the dogs fighting; it was a flash of an inference, a rapid induction. The crowd round a couple of dogs fighting, is a crowd masculine mainly, with an occasional active, compassionate woman, fluttering wildly round the outside, and using her tongue and her hands freely upon the men, as so many "brutes;" it is a crowd annular, compact, and mobile; a crowd centripetal, having its eyes and its heads all bent downwards and inwards, to one common focus.

Well, Bob and I are up, and find it is not over: a small thoroughbred, white bull-terrier, is busy throttling a large shepherd's dog, unaccustomed to war, but not to be trifled with. They are hard at it; the scientific little fellow doing his work in great style, his pastoral

enemy fighting wildly, but with the sharpest of teeth and a great courage. Science and breeding, however, soon had their own; the Game Chicken, as the premature Bob called him, working his way up, took his final grip of poor Yarrow's throat,—and he lay gasping and done for. His master, a brown, handsome, big young shepherd from Tweedsmuir, would have liked to have knocked down any man, would "drink up Esil, or eat a crocodile," for that part, if he had a chance: it was no use kicking the little dog; that would only make him hold the closer. Many were the means shouted out in mouthfuls, of the best possible ways of ending it. "Water!" but there was none near, and many cried for it who might have got it from the well at Blackfriars Wynd. "Bite the tail!" and a large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged man, more desirous than wise, with some struggle got the bushy end of *Yarrow's* tail into his ample mouth, and bit it with all his might. This was more than enough for the much-enduring, much-perspiring shepherd, who, with a gleam of joy over his broad visage, delivered a terrific facer upon our large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged friend,—who went down like a shot.

Still the Chicken holds; death not far off. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" observed a calm, highly-dressed young buck, with an eyeglass in his eye. "Snuff, indeed!" growled the angry crowd, affronted and glaring. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" again observes the buck, but with more urgency; whereon were produced several open boxes, and from a mull which may have been at Culloden, he took a pinch, knelt down, and presented it to the nose of the Chicken. The laws of physiology and of snuff take their course; the Chicken sneezes, and Yarrow is free!

The young pastoral giant stalks off with Yarrow in his arms,—comforting him.

But the Bull Terrier's blood is up, and his soul unsatisfied; he grips the first dog he meets, and discovering she is not a dog, in Homeric phrase, he makes a brief sort of *amende*, and is off. The boys, with Bob and me at their head, are after him: down Niddry Street he goes, bent on mischief; up the Cowgate like an arrow—Bob and I, and our small men, panting behind.

There, under the single arch of the South Bridge, is a huge mastiff, sauntering down the middle of the causeway, as if with his hands

in his pockets: he is old, gray, brindled, as big as a little Highland bull, and has the Shaksperian dewlaps shaking as he goes.

The Chicken makes straight at him, and fastens on his throat. To our astonishment, the great creature does nothing but stand still, hold himself up, and roar—yes, roar; a long, serious, remonstrative roar. How is this? Bob and I are up to them. *He is muzzled!* The bailies had proclaimed a general muzzling, and his master, studying strength and economy mainly, had encompassed his huge jaws in a home-made apparatus, constructed out of the leather of some ancient *breechin*. His mouth was open as far as it could; his lips curled up in rage—a sort of terrible grin; his teeth gleaming, ready, from out the darkness; the strap across his mouth tense as a bowstring; his whole frame stiff with indignation and surprise; his roar asking us all round, "Did you ever see the like of this?" He looked a statue of anger and astonishment, done in Aberdeen granite.

We soon had a crowd: the Chicken held on. "A knife!" cried Bob; and a cobbler gave him his knife: you know the kind of knife, worn away obliquely to a point, and always

keen. I put its edge to the tense leather; it ran before it; and then!—one sudden jerk of that enormous head, a sort of dirty mist about his mouth, no noise,—and the bright and fierce little fellow is dropped, limp, and dead. A solemn pause: this was more than any of us had bargained for. I turned the little fellow over, and saw he was quite dead: the mastiff had taken him by the small of the back like a rat, and broken it.

He looked down at his victim appeased, ashamed, and amazed; snuffed him all over, stared at him, and taking a sudden thought, turned round and trotted off. Bob took the dead dog up, and said, "John, we'll bury him after tea." "Yes," said I, and was off after the mastiff. He made up the Cowgate at a rapid swing; he had forgotten some engagement. He turned up the Candlemaker Row, and stopped at the Harrow Inn.

There was a carrier's cart ready to start, and a keen, thin, impatient, black-a-vised little man, his hand at his gray horse's head, looking about angrily for something. "Rab, ye thief!" said he, aiming a kick at my great friend, who drew cringing up, and avoiding the heavy shoe with more agility than dignity, and

watching his master's eye, slunk dismayed under the cart,—his ears down, and as much as he had of tail down too.

What a man this must be—thought I—to whom my tremendous hero turns tail! The carrier saw the muzzle hanging, cut and useless, from his neck, and I eagerly told him the story, which Bob and I always thought, and still think, Homer, or King David, or Sir Walter, alone were worthy to rehearse. The severe little man was mitigated, and condescended to say, "Rab, ma man, puir Rabbie," —whereupon the stump of a tail rose up, the ears were cocked, the eyes filled, and were comforted; the two friends were reconciled. "Hupp!" and a stroke of the whip were given to Jess; and off went the three.

Bob and I buried the Game Chicken that night (we had not much of a tea) in the back-green of his house, in Melville Street, No. 17, with considerable gravity and silence; and being at the time in the Iliad, and, like all boys, Trojans, we called him Hector of course.

Six years have passed,—a long time for a boy and a dog: Bob Ainslie is off to the wars; I am a medical student, and clerk at Minto House Hospital.

Rab I saw almost every week, on the Wednesday; and we had much pleasant intimacy. I found the way to his heart by frequent scratching of his huge head, and an occasional bone. When I did not notice him he would plant himself straight before me, and stand wagging that bud of a tail, and looking up, with his head a little to the one side. His master I occasionally saw; he used to call me "Maister John," but was laconic as any Spartan.

One fine October afternoon, I was leaving the hospital, when I saw the large gate open, and in walked Rab, with that great and easy saunter of his. He looked as if taking general possession of the place; like the Duke of Wellington entering a subdued city, satiated with victory and peace. After him came Jess, now white from age, with her cart; and in it a woman, carefully wrapped up,—the carrier

leading the horse anxiously, and looking back. When he saw me, James (for his name was James Noble) made a curt and grotesque "boo," and said, "Maister John, this is the mistress; she's got a trouble in her breest—some kind o' an income we're thinkin'."

By this time I saw the woman's face; she was sitting on a sack filled with straw, her husband's plaid round her, and his big-coat, with its large white metal buttons, over her feet.

I never saw a more unforgetable face—pale, serious, *lonely*,[1] delicate, sweet, without being at all what we call fine. She looked sixty, and had on a mutch, white as snow, with its black ribbon; her silvery, smooth hair setting off her dark-gray eyes—eyes such as one sees only twice or thrice in a lifetime, full of suffering, full also of the overcoming of it: her eyebrows black and delicate, and her mouth firm, patient, and contented, which few mouths ever are.

As I have said, I never saw a more beautiful countenance, or one more subdued to settled quiet. "Ailie," said James, "this is

[1] It is not easy giving this look by one word: it was expressive of her being so much of her life alone.

Maister John, the young doctor; Rab's friend, ye ken. We often speak aboot you, doctor." She smiled, and made a movement, but said nothing; and prepared to come down, putting her plaid aside and rising. Had Solomon, in all his glory, been handing down the Queen of Sheba at his palace gate, he could not have done it more daintily, more tenderly, more like a gentleman, than did James the Howgate carrier, when he lifted down Ailie his wife. The contrast of his small, swarthy, weather-beaten, keen, worldly face to hers—pale, subdued, and beautiful—was something wonderful. Rab looked on concerned and puzzled, but ready for anything that might turn up,—were it to strangle the nurse, the porter, or even me, Ailie and he seemed great friends.

"As I was sayin', she's got a kind o' trouble in her breest, doctor: wull ye tak' a look at it?" We walked into the consulting-room, all four; Rab grim and comic, willing to be happy and confidential if cause could be shown, willing also to be the reverse, on the same terms. Ailie sat down, undid her open gown and her lawn handkerchief round her neck, and, without a word, showed me her right breast. I looked at and examined it

carefully,—she and James watching me, and Rab eyeing all three. What could I say? there it was, that had once been so soft, so shapely, so white, so gracious and bountiful so "full of all blessed conditions,"—hard as a stone, a center of horrid pain, making that pale face, with its gray, lucid, reasonable eyes, and its sweet resolved mouth, express the full measure of suffering overcome. Why was that gentle, modest, sweet woman, clean and lovable, condemned by God to bear such a burden?

I got her away to bed. "May Rab and me bide?" said James. "*You* may; and Rab, if he will behave himself." "I'se warrant he's do that, doctor;" and in slunk the faithful beast. I wish you could have seen him. There are no such dogs now. He belonged to a lost tribe. As I have said, he was brindled, and gray like Rubislaw granite; his hair short, hard, and close, like a lion's; his body thick set, like a little bull—a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog. He must have been ninety pounds' weight, at the least; he had a large blunt head; his muzzle black as night, his mouth blacker than any night, a tooth or two—being all he had—gleaming out

of his jaws of darkness. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, a sort of series of fields of battle all over it; one eye out, one ear cropped as close as was Archbishop Leighton's father's; the remaining eye had the power of two; and above it, and in constant communication with it, was a tattered rag of an ear, which was forever unfurling itself, like an old flag; and then that bud of a tail, about one inch long, if it could in any sense be said to be long, being as broad as long—the mobility, the instantaneousness of that bud were very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear and it, were of the oddest and swiftest.

Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, he was as mighty in his own line as Julius Cæsar or the Duke of Wellington, and had the gravity[1] of all great fighters.

[1] A Highland game-keeper, when asked by a certain terrier, of singular pluck, was so much more solemn than the other dogs, said, "Oh, sir, life's full o' sairiousness to him—he just never can get enuff o' fechtin'."

You must have often observed the likeness of certain men to certain animals, and of certain dogs to men. Now, I never looked at Rab without thinking of the great Baptist preacher, Andrew Fuller.[1] The same large, heavy, menacing, combative, somber, honest countenance, the same deep inevitable eye, the same look,—as of thunder asleep, but ready,—neither a dog nor a man to be trifled with.

Next day, my master, the surgeon, examined Ailie. There was no doubt it must kill her, and soon. It could be removed—it might never return—it would give her speedy relief—she should have it done. She curtsied,

[1] Fuller was, in early life, when a farmer lad at Soham, famous as a boxer: not quarrelsome, but not without "the stern delight" a man of strength, and courage feels in their exercise. Dr. Charles Stewart, of Dunearn, whose rare gifts and graces as a physician, a divine, a scholar, and a gentleman, live only in the memory of those few who knew and survive him, liked to tell how Mr. Fuller used to say, that when he was in the pulpit, and saw a *buirdly* man come along the passage, he would instinctively draw himself up, measure his imaginary antagonist, and forecast how he would deal with him, his hands meanwhile condensing into fists, and tending to "square." He must have been a hard hitter if he boxed as he preached—what "The Fancy" would call "an ugly customer."

looked at James, and said, "When?" "To-morrow," said the kind surgeon—a man of few words. She and James and Rab and I retired. I noticed that he and she spoke little, but seemed to anticipate everything in each other. The following day, at noon, the students came in, hurrying up the great stair. At the first landing-place, on a small well-known black board, was a bit of paper fastened by wafers, and many remains of old wafers beside it. On the paper were the words,—"An operation to-day. J. B. *Clerk*."

Up ran the youths, eager to secure good places: in they crowded, full of interest and talk. "What's the case?" "Which side is it?"

Don't think them heartless; they are neither better nor worse than you or I: they get over their professional horrors, and into their proper work; and in them pity—as an *emotion*, ending in itself or at best in tears and a long-drawn breath, lessens, while pity as a *motive*, is quickened, and gains power and purpose. It is well for poor human nature that it is so.

The operating theater is crowded; much talk and fun, and all the cordiality and stir of youth. The surgeon with his staff of assistants

is there. In comes Ailie: one look at her quiets and abates the eager students. That beautiful old woman is too much for them; they sit down, and are dumb, and gaze at her. These rough boys feel the power of her presence. She walks in quickly, but without haste; dressed in her mutch, her neckerchief, her white dimity short-gown, her black bombazeen petticoat, showing her white worsted stockings and her carpet-shoes. Behind her was James with Rab. James sat down in the distance, and took that huge and noble head between his knees. Rab looked perplexed and dangerous; forever cocking his ear and dropping it as fast.

Ailie stepped up on a seat, and laid herself on the table, as her friend the surgeon told her; arranged herself, gave a rapid look at James, shut her eyes, rested herself on me, and took my hand. The operation was at once begun; it was necessarily slow; and chloroform—one of God's best gifts to his suffering children—was then unknown. The surgeon did his work. The pale face showed its pain, but was still and silent. Rab's soul was working within him; he saw that something strange was going on,—blood flowing

from his mistress, and she suffering; his ragged ear was up, and importunate; he growled and gave now and then a sharp impatient yelp; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But James had him firm, and gave him a *glower* from time to time, and an intimation of a possible kick;—all the better for James, it kept his eye and his mind off Ailie.

It is over: she is dressed, steps gently and decently down from the table, looks for James; then, turning to the surgeon and the students she curtsies,—and in a low, clear voice, begs their pardon if she has behaved ill. The students—all of us—wept like children; the surgeon happed her up carefully,—and, resting on James and me, Ailie went to her room, Rab following. We put her to bed. James took off his heavy shoes, crammed with tackets, heel-capt and toe-capt, and put them carefully under the table, saying, "Maister John, I'm for nane o' yer strynge nurse bodies for Ailie. I'll be her nurse, and I'll gang aboot on my stockin' soles as canny as pussy." And so he did; and handy and clever, and swift and tender as any woman, was that horny-handed, snell, peremptory little man. Everything she

got he gave her: he seldom slept; and often I saw his small shrewd eyes out of the darkness, fixed on her. As before, they spoke little.

Rab behaved well, never moving, showing us how meek and gentle he could be, and occasionally, in his sleep, letting us know that he was demolishing some adversary. He took a walk with me every day generally to the Candlemaker Row; but he was somber and mild; declined doing battle, though some fit cases offered, and indeed submitted to sundry indignities; and was always very ready to turn, and came faster back, and trotted up the stair with much lightness, and went straight to that door.

Jess, the mare, had been sent, with her weather-worn cart, to Howgate, and had doubtless her own dim and placid meditations and confusions, on the absence of her master and Rab, and her unnatural freedom from the road and her cart.

For some days Ailie did well. The wound healed "by the first intention;" for as James said, "Oor Ailie's skin's ower clean to beil." The students came in quiet and anxious, and surrounded her bed. She said she liked to

see their young, honest faces. The surgeon dressed her, and spoke to her in his own short kind way, pitying her through his eyes, Rab and James outside the circle,—Rab being now reconciled, and even cordial, and having made up his mind that as yet nobody required worrying, but, as you may suppose, *semper paratus*.

So far well: but, four days after the operation, my patient had a sudden and long shivering, a "groosin'," as she called it. I saw her soon after; her eyes were too bright, her cheek colored; she was restless, and ashamed of being so; the balance was lost; mischief had begun. On looking at the wound, a blush of red told the secret: her pulse was rapid, her breathing anxious and quick, she wasn't herself, as she said, and was vexed at her restlessness. We tried what we could. James did everything, was everywhere; never in the way, never out of it; Rab subsided under the table into a dark place, and was motionless, all but his eye, which followed every one. Ailie got worse, began to wander in her mind, gently; was more demonstrative in her ways to James, rapid in her questions, and sharp at times. He was vexed, and said, "She was

never that way afore; no, never." For a time she knew her head was wrong, and was always asking our pardon—the dear, gentle old woman: then delirium set in strong, without pause. Her brain gave way, and then came that terrible spectacle,

> "The intellectual power, through words and things,
> Went sounding on its dim and perilous way;"

she sang bits of old songs and Psalms, stopping suddenly, mingling the Psalms of David, and the diviner words of his Son and Lord, with homely odds and ends and scraps of ballads.

Nothing more touching, or in a sense more strangely beautiful, did I ever witness. Her tremulous, rapid, affectionate, eager, Scotch voice,—the swift, aimless, bewildered mind, the baffled utterance, the bright and perilous eye; some wild words, some household cares something for James, the names of the dead, Rab called rapidly and in a "fremyt" voice, and he starting up, surprised, and slinking off as if he were to blame somehow, or had been dreaming he heard. Many eager questions and beseechings which James and I could make nothing of, and on which she seemed to set her

all, and then sink back ununderstood. It was very sad, but better than many things that are not called sad. James hovered about, put out and miserable, but active and exact as ever; read to her, when there was a lull, short bits from the Psalms, prose and meter, chanting the latter in his own rude and serious way, showing great knowledge of the fit words, bearing up like a man, and doating over her as his "ain Ailie." "Ailie, ma woman!" "Ma ain bonnie wee dawtie!"

The end was drawing on: the golden bowl was breaking; the silver cord was fast being loosed—that *animula blandula, vagula, hospes, comesque*, was about to flee. The body and the soul—companions for sixty years—were being sundered, and taking leave. She was walking, alone, through the valley of that shadow, into which one day we must all enter, —and yet she was not alone, for we know whose rod and staff were comforting her.

One night she had fallen quiet, and as we hoped, asleep; her eyes were shut. We put down the gas, and sat watching her. Suddenly she sat up in bed, and taking a bedgown which was lying on it rolled up, she held it eagerly to her breast,—to the right side. We could see

her eyes bright with a surprising tenderness and joy, bending over this bundle of clothes. She held it as a woman holds her sucking child; opening out her night-gown impatiently, and holding it close, and brooding over it, and murmuring foolish little words, as over one whom his mother comforteth, and who sucks and is satisfied. It was pitiful and strange to see her wasted dying look, keen and yet vague—her immense love.

"Preserve me!" groaned James, giving way. And then she rocked back and forward, as if to make it sleep, hushing it, and wasting on it her infinite fondness. "Wae's me, doctor; I declare she's thinkin' it's that bairn." "What bairn?" "The only bairn we ever had; our wee Mysie, and she's in the Kingdom, forty years and mair." It was plainly true: the pain in the breast, telling its urgent story to a bewildered, ruined brain, was misread and mistaken; it suggested to her the uneasiness of a breast full of milk, and then the child; and so again once more they were together, and she had her ain wee Mysie in her bosom.

This was the close. She sank rapidly: the delirium left her; but, as she whispered, she

was "clean silly;" it was the lightening before the final darkness. After having for some time lain still—her eyes shut, she said "James!" He came close to her, and lifting up her calm, clear, beautiful eyes, she gave him a long look, turned to me kindly, but shortly, looked for Rab but could not see him, then turned to her husband again, as if she would never leave off looking, shut her eyes, and composed herself. She lay for some time breathing quick, and passed away so gently, that when we thought she was gone, James, in his old-fashioned way, held the mirror to her face. After a long pause, one small spot of dimness was breathed out; it vanished away, and never returned, leaving the blank clear darkness of the mirror without a stain. "What is our life?" it is even a vapor, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Rab all this time had been full awake and motionless; he cam forward beside us: Ailie's hand, which James had held, was hanging down; it was soaked with his tears, Rab licked it all over carefully, looked at her, and returned to his place under the table.

James and I sat, I don't know how long, but for some time,—saying nothing: he started up

abruptly, and with some noise went to the table, and putting his right fore and middle fingers each into a shoe, pulled them out, and put them on, breaking one of the leather latchets, and muttering in anger, "I never did the like o' that afore!"

I believe he never did; nor after either. "Rab!" he said roughly, and pointing with his thumb to the bottom of the bed. Rab leapt up, and settled himself; his head and eyes to the dead face. "Maister John, ye'll wait for me," said the carrier; and disappeared in the darkness, thundering downstairs in his heavy shoes. I ran to a front window: there he was, already round the house, and out at the gate, fleeing like a shadow.

I was afraid about him, and yet not afraid; so I sat down beside Rab, and being wearied, fell asleep. I awoke from a sudden noise outside. It was November, and there had been a heavy fall of snow. Rab was *in statu quo*; he heard the noise too, and plainly knew it, but never moved. I looked out; and there, at the gate, in the dim morning—for the sun was not up, was Jess and the cart,—a cloud of steam rising from the old mare. I did not see James; he was already at the door, and came up the

stairs, and met me. It was less than three hours since he left, and he must have posted out—who knows how?—to Howgate, full nine miles off; yoked Jess, and driven her astonished into town. He had an armful of blankets, and was streaming with perspiration. He nodded to me, spread out on the floor two pairs of clean old blankets having at their corners, "A. G., 1796," in large letters in red worsted. These were the initials of Alison Græme, and James may have looked in at her from without—himself unseen but not unthought of—when he was "wat, wat, and weary," and after having walked many a mile over the hills, may have seen her sitting, while "a' the lave were sleepin';" and by the fire-light working her name on the blankets, for her ain James's bed.

He motioned Rab down, and taking his wife in his arms, laid her in the blankets, and happed her carefully and firmly up, leaving the face uncovered; and then lifting her, he nodded again sharply to me, and with a resolved but utterly miserable face, strode along the passage, and downstairs, followed by Rab. I followed with a light; but he didn't need it. I went out, holding stupidly the

candle in my hand in the calm frosty air; we were soon at the gate. I could have helped him, but I saw he was not to be meddled with, and he was strong, and did not need it. He laid her down as tenderly, as safely, as he had lifted her out ten days before—as tenderly as when he had her first in his arms when she was only "A. G.,"—sorted her, leaving that beautiful sealed face open to the heavens; and then taking Jess by the head, he moved away. He did not notice me, neither did Rab, who presided behind the cart.

I stood till they passed through the long shadow of the College, and turned up Nicolson Street. I heard the solitary cart sound through the streets, and die away and come again; and I returned, thinking of that company going up Libberton Brae, then along Roslin Muir, the morning light touching the Pentlands and making them like on-looking ghosts; then down the hill through Auchindinny woods, past "haunted Woodhouselee;" and as daybreak came sweeping up the bleak Lammermuirs, and fell on his own door, the company would stop, and James would take the key, and lift Ailie up again, laying her on her own bed, and, hav-

ing put Jess up, would return with Rab and shut the door.

James buried his wife, with his neighbors mourning, Rab inspecting the solemnity from a distance. It was snow, and that black ragged hole would look strange in the midst of the swelling spotless cushion of white. James looked after everything; then rather suddenly fell ill, and took to bed; was insensible when the doctor came, and soon died. A sort of low fever was prevailing in the village, and his want of sleep, his exhaustion, and his misery, made him apt to take it. The grave was not difficult to re-open. A fresh fall of snow had again made all things white and smooth; Rab once more looked on, and slunk home to the stable.

And what of Rab? I asked for him next week at the new carrier who got the goodwill of James's business, and was now master of Jess and her cart. "How's Rab?" He put me off, and said rather rudely, "What's *your* business wi' the dowg?" I was not to be so put off. "Where's Rab?" He, getting confused and red, and intermeddling with his hair, said "'Deed, sir, Rab's deid." "Dead!

what did he die of?" "Weel, sir," said he getting redder, "he didna exactly dee; he was killed. I had to brain him wi' a rack-pin; there was nae doin' wi' him. He lay in the treviss wi' the mear, and wadna come oot. I tempit him wi' kail and meat, but he wad tak naething, and keepit me frae feedin' the beast, and he was aye gur gurrin', and grup gruppin' me by the legs. I was laith to make awa wi' the auld dowg, his like wasna atween this and Thornhill,—but, 'deed, sir, I could do naething else." I believed him. Fit end for Rab, quick and complete. His teeth and his friends gone, why should he keep the peace, and be civil?

He was buried in the braeface, near the burn, the children of the village, his companions, who used to make very free with him and sit on his ample stomach, as he lay half asleep at the door in the sun—watching the solemnity.

[NOTE.—The separate publication of this sketch was forced upon me by the "somewhat free use" made of it in a second and thereby enlarged edition of the "little book" to which I owe my *introduction* to Marjorie Fleming,—but nothing more,—a "use" so exceedingly "free" as to extend almost to everything with which I had ventured perhaps to encumber the letters and journals of that dear child. To be called "kind and genial" by the individual who devised this edition has, strange as he may think it, altogether failed to console me. Empty praise without the solid pudding is proverbially a thing of naught; but what shall we say of praise the emptiness of which is aggravated not merely by the absence, but by the actual abstraction of the pudding?

This little act of conveyancing—this "engaging compilation," as he would have called it—puts me in mind of that pleasant joke in the preface to "Essays by Mr. Goldsmith": "I would desire in this case to imitate that fat man whom I have somewhere heard of in a shipwreck, who, when the sailors, pressed by famine, were taking slices from his body, to satisfy their hunger, insisted, with great justice, on having the first cut for himself."

J. B.]

MARJORIE FLEMING.

TO

MISS FLEMING,

*To whom I am indebted for all its Materials.*

THIS MEMORIAL

OF HER DEAR AND UNFORGOTTEN

MAIDIE

*Is gratefully inscribed.*

# MARJORIE FLEMING.

One November afternoon in 1810—the year in which *Waverley* was resumed and laid aside again, to be finished off, its last two volumes in three weeks, and made immortal in 1814, and when its author, by the death of Lord Melville, narrowly escaped getting a civil appointment in India—three men, evidently lawyers, might have been seen escaping like school-boys from the Parliament House, and speeding arm-in-arm down Bank Street and the Mound, in the teeth of a surly blast of sleet.

The three friends sought the *bield* of the low wall old Edinburgh boys remember well, and sometimes miss now, as they struggle with the stout west wind.

The three were curiously unlike each other. One, "a little man of feeble make, who would be unhappy if his pony got beyond a foot pace," slight, with "small, elegant features, hectic cheek, and soft hazel eyes, the index of

the quick, sensitive spirit within, as if he had the warm heart of a woman, her genuine enthusiasm, and some of her weaknesses." Another, as unlike a woman as a man can be; homely, almost common, in look and figure; his hat and his coat, and indeed his entire covering, worn to the quick, but all of the best material; what redeemed him from vulgarity and meanness were his eyes, deep set, heavily thatched, keen, hungry, shrewd, with a slumbering glow far in, as if they could be dangerous; a man to care nothing for at first glance, but somehow, to give a second and not-forgetting look at. The third was the biggest of the three, and though lame, nimble, and all rough and alive with power; had you met him anywhere else, you would say he was a Liddesdale store-farmer, come of gentle blood; "a stout, blunt carle," as he says of himself, with the swing and stride and the eye of a man of the hills,—a large, sunny, out-of-door air all about him. On his broad and somewhat stooping shoulders, was set that head which, with Shakespeare's and Bonaparte's is the best known in all the world.

He was in high spirits, keeping his companions and himself in roars of laughter, and every

now and then seizing them, and stopping, that they might take their fill of the fun; there they stood shaking with laughter, "not an inch of their body free" from its grip. At George Street they parted, one to Rose Court, behind St. Andrew's Church, one to Albany Street, the other, our big and limping friend, to Castle Street.

We need hardly give their names. The first was William Erskine, afterwards Lord Kinnedder, chased out of the world by a calumny, killed by its foul breath,—

> "And at the touch of wrong, without a strife
> Slipped in a moment out of life."

There is nothing in literature more beautiful or more pathetic than Scott's love and sorrow for this friend of his youth.

The second was William Clerk,—the *Darsie Latimer* of *Redgauntlet;* "a man," as Scott says, "of the most acute intellects and powerful apprehension," but of more powerful indolence, so as to leave the world with little more than the report of what he might have been,—a humorist as genuine, though not quite so savagely Swiftian as his brother, Lord Eldin,

neither of whom had much of that commonest and best of all the humors, called good.

The third we all know. What has he not done for every one of us? Who else ever, except Shakespeare, so diverted mankind, entertained and entertains a world so liberally, so wholesomely? We are fain to say, not even Shakespeare, for his is something deeper than diversion, something higher than pleasure, and yet who would care to split this hair?

Had any one watched him closely before and after the parting, what a change he would see! The bright, broad laugh, the shrewd, jovial word, the man of the Parliament House and of the world; and next step, moody, the light of his eye withdrawn, as if seeing things that were invisible; his shut mouth, like a child's, so impressionable, so innocent, so sad; he was now all within, as before he was all without; hence his brooding look. As the snow blattered in his face, he muttered, "How it raves and drifts! On-ding o' snaw,—ay, that's the word,—on-ding—". He was now at his own door, "Castle Street, No. 39." He opened the door, and went straight to his den; that wondrous workshop, where, in one year, 1823, when he was fifty-two, he wrote *Peveril*

*of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, and *St. Ronan's Well*, besides much else. We once took the foremost of our novelists, the greatest, we would say, since Scott, into this room, and could not but mark the solemnizing effect of sitting where the great magician sat so often and so long, and looking out upon that little shabby bit of sky and that back green, where faithful Camp lies.*

He sat down in his large green morocco elbow-chair, drew himself close to his table, and glowered and gloomed at his writing apparatus, "a very handsome old box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink-bottles, taper-stand, etc., in silver, the whole in such order, that it might have come from the silversmith's window half an hour before." He took out his paper, then starting up angrily,

* This favorite dog "died about January, 1809 and was buried in a fine moonlight night in the little garden behind the house in Castle Street. My wife tells me she remembers the whole family in tears about the grave as her father himself smoothed the turf above Camp, with the saddest face she had ever seen. He had been engaged to dine abroad that day. but apologized, on account of the death of 'a dear old friend.'" —LOCKHART'S *Life of Scott*.

said, "'Go spin, you jade, go spin.' No, d—it, it won't do,—

'My spinnin' wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't wunna stand, sir,
To keep the temper-pin in tiff
Employs ower aft my hand, sir.'

I am off the fang.* I can make nothing of *Waverley* to-day; I'll awa' to Marjorie. Come wi' me, Maida, you thief." The great creature rose slowly, and the pair were off, Scott taking a *maud* (a plaid) with him. "White as a frosted plum-cake, by jingo!" said he, when he got to the street. Maida gambolled and whisked among the snow, and her master strode across to Young Street, and through it to 1 North Charlotte Street, to the house of his dear friend, Mrs. William Keith, of Corstor phine Hill, niece of Mrs. Keith, of Ravelston, of whom he said at her death, eight years after, "Much tradition, and that of the best, has died with this excellent old lady, one of the few persons whose spirits and *cleanliness* and freshness of mind and body made old age lovely and desirable."

Sir Walter was in that house almost every

* Applied to a pump when it is dry, and its valve has lost its "fang"; from the German *fangen*, to hold.

day, and had a key, so in he and the hound went, shaking themselves in the lobby. "Marjorie! Marjorie!" shouted her friend, "where are ye, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?" In a moment a bright, eager child of seven was in his arms, and he was kissing her all over. Out came Mrs. Keith. "Come yer ways in, Wattie." "No, not now. I am going to take Marjorie wi' me, and you may come to your tea in Duncan Roy's sedan, and bring the bairn home in your lap." "Tak' Marjorie, and it *on-ding o' snaw!*" said Mrs. Keith. He said to himself, "On-ding,—that's odd,—that is the very word." "Hoot, awa! look here," and he displayed the corner of his plaid, made to hold lambs (the true shepherd's plaid, consisting of two breadths sewed together, and uncut at one end, making a poke or *cul de sac*). "Tak' yer lamb," said she, laughing at the contrivance, and so the Pet was first well happit up, and then put, laughing silently, into the plaid neuk, and the shepherd strode off with his lamb,—Maida gambolling through the snow, and running races in her mirth.

Didn't he face the "angry airt," and make her bield his bosom, and into his own room with her, and lock the door, and out with the

warm, rosy, little wifie, who took it all with great composure! There the two remained for three or more hours, making the house ring with their laughter; you can fancy the big man's and Maidie's laugh. Having made the fire cheery, he set her down in his ample chair, and standing sheepishly before her he began to say his lesson, which happened to be,—"Ziccotty diccotty, dock, the mouse ran up the clock, the clock struck wan, down the mouse ran, ziccotty, diccotty, dock." This done repeatedly till she was pleased, she gave him his new lesson, gravely and slowly, timing it upon her small fingers,—he saying it after her,—

> "Wonery, twoery, tickery, seven;
> Alibi, crackaby, ten, and eleven
> Pin, pan, musky, dan;
> Tweedle-um, twoddle-um;
> Twenty-wan; eerie, orie, ourie,
> You, are, out."

He pretended to great difficulty and she rebuked him with the most comical gravity, treating him as a child. He used to say that when he came to Alibi Crackaby he broke down, and Pin-Pan, Musky-Dan, Tweedle-um Twoddle-um made him roar with laughter.

He said *Musky-Dan* especially was beyond endurance, bringing up an Irishman and his hat fresh from the Spice Islands and odoriferous Ind; she getting quite bitter in her displeasure at his ill-behavior and stupidness.

Then he would read ballads to her in his own glorious way, the two getting wild with excitement over *Gil Morrice* or the *Baron of Smailholm;* and he would take her on his knee, and make her repeat Constance's speeches in *King John*, till he swayed to and fro, sobbing his fill. Fancy the gifted little creature, like one possessed, repeating,—

"For I am sick, and capable of fears,
Oppressed with wrong, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears."

"If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious—"

Or, drawing herself up "to the height of her great argument,"—

"I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
Here I and sorrow sit."

Scott used to say that he was amazed at her power over him, saying to Mrs. Keith, "She's

the most extraordinary creature I ever met with, and her repeating of Shakespeare overpowers me as nothing else does."

Thanks to the unforgetting sister of this dear child, who has much of the sensibility and fun of her who has been in her small grave these fifty and more years, we have now before us the letters and journals of Pet Marjorie,—before us lies and gleams her rich brown hair, bright and sunny as if yesterday's, with the words on the paper, "Cut out in her last illness," and two pictures of her by her beloved Isabella, whom she worshiped; there are the faded old scraps of paper, hoarded still, over which her warm breath and her warm little heart had poured themselves; there is the old water-mark, "Lingard, 1808." The two portraits are very like each other, but plainly done at different times; it is a chubby, healthy face, deep-set, brooding eyes, as eager to tell what is going on within as to gather in all the glories from without; quick with the wonder and the pride of life; they are eyes that would not be soon satisfied with seeing; eyes that would devour their object, and yet childlike and fearless; and that is a mouth that will not be soon satisfied

with love; it has a curious likeness to Scott's own, which has always appeared to us his sweetest, most mobile and speaking feature.

There she is, looking straight at us as she did at him,—fearless and full of love, passionate, wild, willful, fancy's child. One cannot look at it without thinking of Wordsworth's lines on poor Hartley Coleridge:—

"O blessed vision, happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I thought of thee with many fears,
Of what might be thy lot in future years.
I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And Grief, uneasy lover! ne'er at rest,
But when she sat within the touch of thee.
Oh, too industrious folly!
Oh, vain and causeless melancholy!
Nature will either end thee quite,
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight
Preserve for thee by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flock."

And we can imagine Scott, when holding his warm, plump little playfellow in his arms, repeating that stately friend's lines:—

"Loving she is, and tractable, though wild,
And Innocence hath privilege in her,
To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes,

And feats of cunning; and the pretty round
Of trespasses, affected to provoke
Mock chastisement and partnership in play.
And, as a fagot sparkles on the hearth,
Not less if unattended and alone,
Than when both young and old sit gathered round,
And take delight in its activity,
Even so this happy creature of herself
Is all sufficient; solitude to her
Is blithe society; she fills the air
With gladness and involuntary songs."

But we will let her disclose herself. We need hardly say that all this is true, and that these letters are as really Marjorie's as was this light brown hair; indeed, you could as easily fabricate the one as the other.

There was an old servant, Jeanie Robertson, who was forty years in her grandfather's family. Majorie Fleming, or, as she is called in the letters, and by Sir Walter, Maidie, was the last child she kept. Jeanie's wages never exceeded £3 a year, and, when she left service, she had saved £40. She was devotedly attached to Maidie, rather despising and ill-using her sister Isabella,—a beautiful and gentle child. This partiality made Maidie apt at times to domineer over Isabella. "I mention this" (writes her surviving sister) "for the purpose of tell-

ing you an instance of Maidie's generous justice. When only five years old, when walking in Raith grounds, the two children had run on before, and old Jeanie remembered they might come too near a dangerous mill-lade. She called to them to turn back. Maidie heeded her not, rushed all the faster on, and fell, and would have been lost, had her sister not pulled her back, saving her life, but tearing her clothes. Jeanie flew on Isabella to 'give it her' for spoiling her favorite's dress; Maidie rushed in between crying out, 'Pay (whip) Maidjie as much as you like, and I'll not say one word but touch Isy, and I'll roar like a bull!' Years after Maidie was resting in her grave, my mother used to take me to the place, and told the story always in the exact same words." This Jeanie must have been a character. She took great pride in exhibiting Maidie's brother William's Calvinistic acquirements, when nineteen months old, to the officers of a militia regiment then quartered in Kirkcaldy. This performance was so amusing that it was often repeated, and the little theologian was presented by them with a cap and feathers. Jeanie's glory was "putting him through the carritch" (catechism) in broad Scotch, beginning at the

beginning with, "Wha made ye, ma bonnie man?" For the correctness of this and the three next replies Jeanie had no anxiety, but the tone changed to menace, and the closed *nieve* (fist) was shaken in the child's face as she demanded, "Of what are you made?" "DIRT," was the answer uniformly given. "Wull ye never learn to say *dust*, ye thrawn deevil?" with a cuff from the opened hand, was the as inevitable rejoinder.

Here is Maidie's first letter before she was six. The spelling unaltered, and there are no "commoes."

"MY DEAR ISA,—I now sit down to answer all your kind and beloved letters which you was so good as to write to me. This is the first time I ever wrote a letter in my Life. There are a great many Girls in the Square and they cry just like a pig when we are under the painfull necessity of putting it to Death. Miss Potune a Lady of my acquaintance praises me dreadfully. I repeated something out of Dean Swift, and she said I was fit for the stage, and you may think I was primmed up with majestick Pride, but upon my word I felt myselfe turn a little birsay—birsay is a word which is a word that William composed which is as you may

suppose a little enraged. This horrid fat simpliton says that my Aunt is beautifull which is intirely impossible for that is not her nature."

What a peppery little pen we wield! What could that have been out of the Sardonic Dean? what other child of that age would have used "beloved" as she does? This power of affection, this faculty of *be*loving, and wild hunger to be beloved, comes out more and more. She periled her all upon it, and it may have been as well—we know, indeed, that it was far better—for her that this wealth of love was so soon withdrawn to its one only infinite Giver and Receiver. This must have been the law of her earthly life. Love was indeed "her Lord and King"; and it was perhaps well for her that she found so soon that her and our only Lord and King Himself is Love.

Here are bits from her Diary at Braehead:—"The day of my existence here has been delightful and enchanting. On Saturday I expected no less than three well made Bucks the names of whom is here advertised. Mr. Geo. Crakey (Craigie), and Wm. Keith and Jn. Keith—the first is the funniest of every one of them. Mr. Crakey and walked to Craky-

hall (Craigiehall) hand in hand in Innocence and matitation (meditation) sweet thinking on the kind love which flows in our tender hearted mind which is overflowing with majestic pleasure no one was ever so polite to me in the hole state of my existence. Mr. Craky you must know is a great Buck and pretty good-looking.

"I am at Ravelston enjoying nature's fresh air. The birds are singing sweetly—the calf doth frisk and nature shows her glorious face."

Here is a confession :—"I confess I have been very more like a little young divil than a creature for when Isabella went up stairs to teach me religion and my multiplication and to be good and all my other lessons I stamped with my foot and threw my new hat which she had made on the ground and was sulky and was dreadfully passionate, but she never whiped me but said Marjory go into another room and think what a great crime you are committing letting your temper git the better of you. But I went so sulkily that the Devil got the better of me but she never never never whips me so that I think I would be the better of it and the next time that I behave ill I think she should do it for she never does it

. . . . Isabella has given me praise for checking my temper for I was sulky even when she was kneeling an hole hour teaching me to write."

Our poor little wifie, *she* has no doubts of the personality of the Devil! "Yesterday I behave extremely ill in God's most holy church for I would never attend myself nor let Isabella attend which was a great crime for she often, often tells me that when to or three are geathered together God is in the midst of them, and it was the very same Divil that tempted Job that tempted me I am sure; but he resisted Satan though he had boils and many many other misfortunes which I have escaped. . . . . I am now going to tell you the horible and wretched plaege (plague) that my multiplication gives me you can't conceive it the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself cant endure."

This is delicious; and what harm is there in her "Devilish"? it is strong language merely: even old Rowland Hill used to say "he grudged the Devil those rough and ready words." "I walked to that delightful place Crakyhall with a delightful young man beloved by all his friends especially by me his loveress,

but I must not talk any more about hi n for Isa said it is not proper for to speak of gentlemen but I will never forget him! . . . . I am very very glad that satan has not given me boils and many other misfortunes—In the holy bible these words are written that the Devil goes like a roaring lyon in search of his pray but the lord lets us escape from him but we " (*pauvre petite!*) " do not strive with this awfull Spirit. . . . . To-day I pronunced a word which should never come out of a lady's lips it was that I called John a Impudent Bitch. I will tell you what I think made me in so bad a humor is I got one or two of that bad bad in a (senna) tea to-day,"—a better excuse for bad humor and bad language than most.

She has been reading the Book of Esther: "It was a dreadful thing that Haman was hanged on the very gallows which he had prepared for Mordeca to hang him and his ten sons thereon and it was very wrong and cruel to hang his sons for they did not commit the crime; *but then Jesus was not then come to teach us to be merciful.*" This is wise and beautiful. —has upon it the very dew of youth and of holiness. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He perfects his praise.

"This is Saturday and I am very glad of it because I have play half the Day and I get money too but alas I owe Isabella 4 pence for I am finned 2 pence whenever I bite my nails. Isabella is teaching me to make simme colings nots of interrigations peorids commoes, etc... As this is Sunday I will meditate upon Senciable and Religious subjects. First I should be very thankful I am not a begger."

This amount of meditation and thankfulness seems to have been all she was able for.

"I am going to-morrow to a delightfull place, Braehead by name, belonging to Mrs. Crraford, where there is ducks cocks hens bubblyjocks 2 dogs 2 cats and swine which is delightful. I think it is shocking to think that the dog and cat should bear them" (this is a meditation physiological), "and they are drowned after all. I would rather have a man dog than a woman-dog, because they do not bear like women-dogs; it is a hard case—it is shocking. I cam here to enjoy natures delightful breath it is sweeter than a fial (phial) of rose oil."

Braehead is the farm the historical Jock Howison asked and got from our gay James the Fifth, "the gudeman o' Ballengiech," as a

reward for the services of his flail when the King had the worst of it at Cramond Brig with the gypsies. The farm is unchanged in size from that time, and still in the unbroken line of the ready and victorious thrasher. Braehead is held on the condition of the possessor being ready to present the King with a ewer and basin to wash his hands, Jock having done this for his unknown king after the *splore*, and when George the Fourth came to Edinburgh this ceremony was performed in silver at Holyrood. It is a lovely neuk this Braehead, preserved almost as it was two hundred years ago. "Lot and his wife," mentioned by Maidie,—two quaintly cropped yew-trees,—still thrive; the burn runs as it did in her time, and sings the same quiet tune,—as much the same and as different as *Now* and *Then*. The house full of old family relics and pictures, the sun shining on them through the small deep windows with their plate glass; and there, blinking at the sun, and chattering contentedly, is a parrot, that might, for its looks of eld, have been in the ark, and domineered over and *deaved* the dove. Everything about the place is old and fresh.

This is beautiful:—"I am very sorry to say

that I forgot God—that is to say I forgot to pray to-day and Isabella told me that I should be thankful that God did not forget me—if he did, O what become of me if I was in danger and God not friends with me—I must go to unquenchable fire and if I was tempted to sin—how could I resist it O no I will never do it again—no no—if I can help it." (Canny wee wifie! "My religion is greatly falling off because I dont pray with so much attention when I am saying my prayers, and my charecter is lost among the Braehead people. I hope I will be religious again—but as for regaining my charecter I despare for it." (Poor little "habit and repute!")

Her temper, her passion, and her "badness" are almost daily confessed and deplored:—"I will never again trust to my own power, for I see that I cannot be good without God's assistance—I will not trust in my own selfe, and Isa's health will be quite ruined by me—it will indeed." "Isa has giving me advice, which is, that when I feal Satan beginning to tempt me, that I flea him and he would flea me." "Remorse is the worst thing to bear, and I am afraid that I will fall a marter to it."

Poor dear little sinner!—Here comes the world again: "In my travels I met with a handsome lad named Charles Balfour Esq., and from him I got ofers of marage—offers of marage, did I say? Nay plenty heard me." A fine scent for "breach of promise!"

This is abrupt and strong:—"The Divil is curced and all works. 'Tis a fine work *Newton on the profecies*. I wonder if there is another book of poems comes near the Bible. The Divil always girns at the sight of the Bible." "Miss Potune" (her "simpliton" friend) "is very fat; she pretends to be very learned. She says she saw a stone that dropt from the skies; but she is a good Christian." Here come her views on church government:—"An Annibabtist is a thing I am not a member of—I am a Pisplekan (Episcopalian) just now, and" (O you little Laodicean and Latitudinarian!) "a Prisbeteran at Kirkcaldy!"—(*Blandula! Vagula! cœlum et ani mum mutas quæ trans mare* (i. e. *trans Bodotriam*)*-curris!*)—"my native town." "Sentiment is not what I am acquainted with as yet, though I wish it, and should like to practise it" (!) "I wish I had a great, great deal of gratitude in my heart, in all my body."

"There is a new novel published, named *Self-Control* (Mrs. Brunten's)—"a very good maxim forsooth!" This is shocking: "Yesterday a marrade man, named Mr. John Balfour, Esq., offered to kiss me, and offered to marry me, though the man" (a fine directness this!) "was espused, and his wife was present and said he must ask her permission; but he did not. I think he was ashamed and confounded before 3 gentelman—Mr. Jobson and 2 Mr. Kings." "Mr. Banester's (Bannister's) "Budjet is to-night; I hope it will be a good one. A great many authors have expressed themselves too sentimentally." You are right, Marjorie. "A Mr. Burns writes a beautiful song on Mr. Cunhaming, whose wife desarted him—truly it is a most beautiful one." "I like to read the Fabulous historys, about the histerys of Robin, Dickey, flapsay, and Peccay, and it is very amusing, for some were good birds and others bad, but Peccay was the most dutiful and obedient to her parients." "Thomson is a beautiful author, and Pope, but nothing to Shakespear, of which I have a little knolege. *Macbeth* is a pretty composition, but awful one." "The *Newgate Calender* is very instructive" (!) "A sailor called

here to say farewell; it must be dreadful to leave his native country when he might get a wife; or perhaps me, for I love him very much. But O I forgot, Isabella forbid me to speak about love." This antiphlogistic regimen and lesson is ill to learn by our Maidie, for here she sins again: "Love is a very papithatick thing" (it is almost a pity to correct this into pathetic), "as well as troublesome and tiresome—but O Isabella forbid me to speak of it." Here are her reflections on a pine-apple: "I think the price of a pine-apple is very dear: it is a whole bright goulden guinea, that might have sustained a poor family." Here is a new vernal simile: "The hedges are sprouting like chicks from the eggs when they are newly hatched or, as the vulgar say, *clacked*." "Doctor Swift's works are very funny; I got some of them by heart." "Moreheads sermons are I hear much praised, but I never read sermons of any kind; but I read novelettes and my Bible, and I never forget it, or my prayers." Bravo Marjorie!

She seems now, when still about six, to have broken out into song:—

"EPHIBOL (EPIGRAM OR EPITAPH—WHO KNOWS WHICH?) ON MY DEAR LOVE ISABELLA.

"Here lies sweet Isabell in bed
With a night-cap on her head;
Her skin is soft, her face is fair,
And she has very pretty hair;
She and I in bed lies nice,
And undisturbed by rats or mice
She is disgusted with Mr. Worgan,
Though he plays upon the organ.
Her nails are neat, her teeth are white,
Her eyes are very, very bright,
In a conspicuous town she lives,
And to the poor her money gives:
Here ends sweet Isabella's story,
And may it be much to her glory."

Here are some bits at random:—

"Of summer I am very fond,
And love to bathe into a pond;
The look of sunshine dies away,
And will not let me out to play;
I love the morning's sun to spy
Glittering through the casement's eye,
The rays of light are very sweet,
And puts away the taste of meat;
The balmy breeze comes down from heaven,
And makes us like for to be living."

"The casawary is an curious bird, and so is

the gigantic crane, and the pelican of the wilderness, whose mouth holds a bucket of fish and water. Fighting is what ladies is not qualyfied for, they would not make a good figure in battle or in a duel. Alas! we females are of little use to our country. The history of all the malcontents as ever was hanged is amusing.' Still harping on the Newgate Calendar!

"Braehead is extremely pleasant to me by the companie of swine, geese, cocks, etc.' and they are the delight of my soul."

"I am going to tell you of a melancholy story. A young turkie of 2 or 3 months old, would you believe it, the father broke its leg, and he killed another! I think he ought to be transported or hanged."

"Queen Street is a very gay one, and so is Princes Street, for all the lads and lasses, besides bucks and beggars, parade there."

"I should like to see a play very much, for I never saw one in all my life, and don't believe I ever shall; but I hope I can be content without going to one. I can be quite happy without my desire being granted."

"Some days ago Isabella had a terrible fit of the toothake, and she walked with a long

night-shift at dead of night like a ghost, and I thought she was one. She prayed for nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep—but did not get it—a ghostly figure indeed she was, enough to make a saint tremble. It made me quiver and shake from top to toe. Superstition is a very mean thing, and should be despised and shunned."

Here is her weakness and her strength again :—"In the love-novels all the heroines are very desperate. Isabella will not allow me to speak about lovers and heroins, and it is too refined for my taste." "Miss Egward's (Edgeworth's) tails are very good, particularly some that are very much adapted for youth (!) as Laz Laurance and Tarelton, False Keys, etc. etc."

"Tom Jones and Gray's Elegey in a country churchyard are both excellent, and much spoke of by both sex, particularly by the men." Are our Marjories nowadays better or worse because they cannot read Tom Jones unharmed? More better than worse; but who among them can repeat Gray's Lines on a Distant Prospect of Eton College as could our Maidie?

Here is some more of her prattle; "I went

into Isabella's bed to make her smile like the Genius Demedicus" (the Venus de Medicis) "or the statute in an ancient Greece, but she fell asleep in my very face, at which my anger broke forth, so that I awoke her from a comfortable nap. All was now hushed up again, but again my anger burst forth at her biding me get up."

She begins thus loftily,—

"Death the righteous love to see,
But from it doth the wicked flee."

Then suddenly breaks off (as if with laughter),—

"I am sure they fly as fast as their legs can carry them!"

"There is a thing I love to see,
That is our monkey catch a flee."

"I love in Isa's bed to lie,
Oh, such a joy and luxury!
The bottom of the bed I sleep,
And with great care within I creep;
Oft I embrace her feet of lillys,
But she has goten all the pillys.
Her neck I never can embrace,
But I do hug her feet in place."

How childish and yet how strong and free is her use of words!—"I lay at the foot of the bed because Isabella said I disturbed her by continial fighting and kicking, but I was very dull, and continially at work reading the Arabian Nights, which I could not have done if I had slept at the top. I am reading the Mysteries of Udolpho. I am much interested in the fate of poor, poor Emily."

Here is one of her swains:—

"Very soft and white his cheeks,
His hair is red, and grey his breeks;
His tooth is like the daisy fair,
His only fault is in his hair."

This is a higher flight:—

"DEDICATED TO MRS. H. CRAWFORD BY THE AUTHOR, M. F.

"Three turkeys fair their last have breathed,
And now this world forever leaved;
Their father, and their mother too,
They sigh and weep as well as you;
Indeed, the rats their bones have crunched,
Into eternity theire laanched.
A diretul death indeed they had,
As wad put any parent mad;
But she was more than usual calm,
She did not give a single dam."

This last word is saved from all sin by its tender age, not to speak of the want of the *n*. We fear "she" is the abandoned mother, in spite of her previous sighs and tears.

"Isabella says when we pray we should pray fervently, and not rattel over prayer—for that we are kneeling at the footstool of our Lord and Creator, who saves us from eternal damnation, and from unquestionable fire and brimston."

She has a long poem on Mary Queen of Scots:—

"Queen Mary was much loved by all,
Both by the great and by the small,
But hark! her soul to heaven doth rise!
And I suppose she has gained a prize—
For I do think she would not go
Into the *awful* place below;
There is a thing that I must tell,
Elizabeth went to fire and hell;
He who would teach her to be civil,
It must be her great friend the divil!"

She hits off Darnley well:—

"A noble's son, a handsome lad,
By some queer way or other, had
Got quite the better of her heart,
With him she always talked apart;
Silly he was, but very fair,
A greater buck was not found there."

"By some queer way or other"; is not this the general case and the mystery, young ladies and gentlemen? Goethe's doctrine of "elective affinities" discovered by our Pet Maidie.

SONNET TO A MONKEY.

"O lively, O most charming pug
Thy graceful air, and heavenly mug;
The beauties of his mind do shine,
And every bit is shaped and fine.
Your teeth are whiter than the snow,
Your a great buck, your a great beau;
Your eyes are of so nice a shape,
More like a Christian's than an ape;
Your cheek is like the rose's blume,
Your hair is like the raven's plume;
His nose's cast is of the Roman,
He is a very pretty woman.
I could not get a rhyme for Roman,
So was obliged to call him woman."

This last joke is good. She repeats it when writing of James the Second being killed at Roxburgh:—

"He was killed by a cannon splinter,
Quite in the middle of the winter;
Perhaps it was not at that time,
But I can get no other rhyme!"

Here is one of her last letters, dated Kirkcaldy, 12th October, 1811. You can see how

her nature is deepening and enriching :—"My Dear Mother,—You will think that I entirely forget you but I assure you that you are greatly mistaken. I think of you always and often sigh to think of the distance between us two loving creatures of nature. We have regular hours for all our occupations first at 7 o'clock we go to the dancing and come home at 8 we then read our Bible and get our repeating and then play till ten then we get our music till 11 when we get our writing and accounts we sew from 12 till 1 after which I get my gramer and then work till five. At 7 we come and knit till 8 when we dont go to the dancing. This is an exact description. I must take a hasty farewell to her whom I love, reverence and doat on and who I hope thinks the same of

"Marjory Fleming.

"*P. S.*—An old pack of cards (!) would be very exeptible."

This other is a month earlier :—"My dear little Mama,—I was truly happy to hear that you were all well. We are surrounded with measles at present on every side, for the Herons got it, and Isabella Heron was near Death's Door, and one night her father lifted

her out of bed, and she fell down as they thought lifeless. Mr. Heron said, 'That lassie's deed noo'—'I'm no deed yet.' She then threw up a big worm nine inches and a half long. I have begun dancing, but am not very fond of it, for the boys strikes and mocks me.—I have been another night at the dancing; I like it better. I will write to you as often as I can; but I am afraid not every week. *I long for you with the longings of a child to embrace you—to fold you in my arms. I respect you with all the respect due to a mother. You don't know how I love you. So I shall remain your loving child*—M. FLEMING."

What rich involution of love in the words marked! Here are some lines to her beloved Isabella, in July, 1811:—

"There is a thing that I do want,
With you these beauteous walks to haunt,
We could be happy if you would
Try to come over if you could.
Then I would all quite happy be
*Now and for all eternity.*
My mother is so very sweet,
*And checks my appetite to eat;*
My father shows us what to do;
But O I'm sure that I want you.

I have no more of poetry;
O Isa do remember me,
And try to love your Marjory."

In a letter from "Isa" to

"Miss Muff Maidie Marjory Fleming
favored by Rare Rear-Admiral Fleming."

she says: "I long much to see you, and talk over all our old stories together, and to hear you read and repeat. I am pining for my old friend Cesario, and poor Lear, and wicked Richard. How is the dear Multiplication table going on? are you still as much attached to 9 times 9 as you used to be?"

But this dainty, bright thing is about to flee,—to come "quick to confusion." The measles she writes of seized her, and she died on the 19th of December, 1811. The day before her death, Sunday, she sat up in bed, worn and thin, her eye gleaming as with the light of a coming world, and with a tremulous, old voice repeated the following lines by Burns,—heavy with the shadow of death, and lit with the fantasy of the judgment-seat,—the publican's prayer in paraphrase:—

"Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?

Some drops of joy, with draughts of ill between,
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms.
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for GUILT my terrors are in arms;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

"Fain would I say, forgive my foul offense,
Fain promise never more to disobey;
But should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might forsake fair virtue's way,
Again in folly's path might go astray,
Again exalt the brute and sink the man.
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan,
Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to temptation ran?

"O thou great Governor of all below,
If I might dare a lifted eye to thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
And still the tumult of the raging sea;
With that controlling power assist even me
Those headstrong furious passions to confine,
For all unfit I feel my powers to be
To rule their torrent in the allowed line;
O aid me with thy help, OMNIPOTENCE DIVINE."

It is more affecting than we care to say to read her mother's and Isabella Keith's letters written immediately after her death. Old and withered, tattered and pale, they are now: but

when you read them, how quick, how throbbing with life and love! how rich in that language of affection which only women, and Shakespeare, and Luther can use,—that power of detaining the soul over the beloved object and its loss.

"*K. Philip to Constance.*

You are as fond of grief as of your child.

*Const.* Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.
Then I have reason to be fond of grief."

What variations cannot love play on this one string!

In her first letter to Miss Keith, Mrs. Fleming says of her dead Maidie:—"Never did I behold so beautiful an object. It resembled the finest wax-work. There was in the countenance an expression of sweetness and serenity which seemed to indicate that the pure spirit had anticipated the joys of heaven ere it quitted the mortal frame. To tell you what your Maidie said of you would fill volumes; for you was the constant theme of her discourse, the subject of her thoughts, and ruler

of her actions. The last time she mentioned you was a few hours before all sense save that of suffering was suspended, when she said to Dr. Johnstone, 'If you will let me out at the New Year, I will be quite contented.' I asked what made her so anxious to get out then. 'I want to purchase a New Year's gift for Isa Keith with the sixpence you gave me for being patient in the measles; and I would like to choose it myself.' I do not remember her speaking afterwards, except to complain of her head, till just before she expired, when she articulated, 'O mother! mother!'"

Do we make too much of this little child, who has been in her grave in Abbotshall Kirkyard these fifty and more years? We may of her cleverness,—not of her affectionateness, her nature. What a picture the *animosa infans* gives us of herself, her vivacity, her passionateness, her precocious love-making, her passion for nature, for swine, for all living things, her reading, her turn for expression, her satire, her frankness, her little sins and rages, her great repentances! We don't wonder Walter Scott carried her off in the

neuk of his plaid, and played himself with her for hours.

The year before she died, when in Edinburgh, she was at a Twelfth Night supper at Scott's, in Castle Street. The company had all come,—all but Marjorie. Scott's familiars, whom we all know, were there,—all were come but Marjorie; and all were dull because Scott was dull. "Where's that bairn? what can have come over her? I'll go myself and see." And he was getting up, and would have gone; when the bell rang, and in came Duncan Roy and his henchman Tougald, with the sedan chair, which was brought right into the lobby, and its top raised. And there, in its darkness and dingy old cloth, sat Maidie in white, her eyes gleaming, and Scott bending over her in ecstasy,—"hung over her enamored." "Sit ye there, my dautie, till they all see you;" and forthwith he brought them all. You can fancy the scene. And he lifted her up and marched to his seat with her on his stout shoulder, and set her down beside him; and then began the night, and such a night! Those who knew Scott best said, that night was never equalled; Maidie and he were the stars; and she gave them Constance's speeches and *Helvellyn*,

the ballad then much in vogue, and all her *répertoire*,—Scott showing her off, and being ofttimes rebuked by her for his intentional blunders.

We are indebted for the following—and our readers will be not unwilling to share our obligations—to her sister:—"Her birth was 15th January, 1803; her death 19th December, 1811. I take this from her Bibles.* I believe she was a child of robust health, of much vigor of body, and beautifully formed arms, and until her last illness, never was an hour in bed. She was niece to Mrs. Keith, residing in No. I North Charlotte Street, who was *not* Mrs. Murray Keith, although very intimately acquainted with that old lady. My aunt was a daughter of Mr. James Rae, surgeon, and married the younger son of old Keith of Ravelstone. Corstorphine Hill belonged to my aunt's husband; and his eldest son, Sir Alexander Keith, succeeded his uncle to both Ravelstone and Dunnottar. The Keiths were not connected by relationship with the Howisons of

* "Her Bible is before me; *a pair*, as then called; the faded marks are just as she placed them. There is one at David's lament over Jonathan."

Braehead; but my grandfather and grandmother (who was), a daughter of Cant of Thurston and Giles-Grange, were on the most intimate footing with *our* Mrs. Keith's grandfather and grandmother; and so it has been for three generations, and the friendship consummated by my cousin William Keith marrying Isabella Craufurd.

"As to my aunt and Scott, they were on a very intimate footing. He asked my aunt to be godmother to his eldest daughter Sophia Charlotte. I had a copy of Miss Edgeworth's 'Rosamond, and Harry and Lucy, for long which was 'a gift to Marjorie from Walter Scott,' probably the first edition of that attractive series, for it wanted 'Frank,' which is always now published as part of the series, under the title of *Early Lessons*. I regret to say these little volumes have disappeared."

"Sir Walter was no relation of Marjorie's, but of the Keiths, through the Swintons; and, like Marjorie, he stayed much at Ravelstone in his early days, with his grand-aunt Mrs. Keith; and it was while seeing him there as a boy, that another aunt of mine composed, when he was about fourteen, the lines prognosticating his future fame that Lockhart

ascribes in his Life to Mrs. Cockburn, authoress of 'The Flowers of the Forest':—

> Go on, dear youth, the glorious path pursue
> Which bounteous Nature kindly smooths for you;
> Go bid the seeds her hands have sown arise,
> By timely culture, to their native skies;
> Go, and employ the poet's heavenly art,
> Not merely to delight, but mend the heart."

Mrs. Keir was my aunt's name, another of Dr. Rae's daughters." We cannot better end than in words from this same pen:—"I have to ask you to forgive my anxiety in gathering up the fragments of Marjorie's last days, but I have an almost sacred feeling to all that pertains to her. You are quite correct in stating that measles were the cause of her death. My mother was struck by the patient quietness manifested by Marjorie during this illness, unlike her ardent, impulsive nature; but love and poetic feeling were unquenched. When Dr. Johnstone rewarded her submissiveness with a sixpence, the request speedily followed that she might get out ere New Year's day came. When asked why she was so desirous of getting out, she immediately rejoined, 'Oh I am so anxious

to buy something with my sixpence for my dear Isa Keith.' Again, when lying very still, her mother asked her if there was anything she wished: 'Oh yes! if you would just leave the room door open a wee bit, and play "The Land o' the Leal," and I will lie and *think*, and enjoy myself' (this is just as stated to me by her mother and mine). Well, the happy day came, alike to parents and child, when Marjorie was allowed to come forth from the nursery to the parlor. It was Sabbath evening, and after tea. My father, who idolized this child, and never afterwards in my hearing mentioned her name, took her in his arms; and while walking her up and down the room, she said, 'Father, I will repeat something to you; what would you like?' He said, 'Just choose yourself, Maidie.' She hesitated for a moment between the paraphrase, 'Few are thy days, and full of woe' and the lines of Burns already quoted, but decided on the latter, a remarkable choice for a child. The repeating these lines seemed to stir up the depths of feeling in her soul. She asked to be allowed to write a poem; there was a doubt whether it would be right to allow her, in case of hurting her eyes. She pleaded earnestly,

'Just this once'; the point was yielded, her slate was given her, and with great rapidity she wrote an address of fourteen lines, 'to her loved cousin on the author's recovery,' her last work on earth:—

'Oh! Isa, pain did visit me,
I was at the last extremity;
How often did I think of you,
I wished your graceful form to view,
To clasp you in my weak embrace,
Indeed I thought I'd run my race:
Good care, I'm sure, was of me taken,
But still indeed I was much shaken,
At last my daily strength did gain,
And oh! at last, away went pain;
At length the doctor thought I might
Stay in the parlor all the night;
I now continue so to do,
Farewell to Nancy and to you."

She went to bed apparently well, awoke in the middle of the night with the old cry of woe to a mother's heart, 'My head, my head!' Three days of the dire malady, 'water in the head,' followed, and the end came."

"Soft, silken primrose, fading timelessly."

It is needless, it is impossible, to add anything to this: the fervor, the sweetness, the

flush of poetic ecstasy, the lovely and glowing eye, the perfect nature of that bright and warm intelligence, that darling child,—Lady Nairne's words, and the old tune, stealing up from the depths of the human heart, deep calling unto deep, gentle and strong like the waves of the great sea hushing themselves to sleep in the dark;—the words of Burns touching the kindred chord, her last numbers "wildly sweet" traced, with thin and eager fingers, already touched by the last enemy and friend, —*moriens canit*,—and that love which is so soon to be her everlasting light is her song's burden to the end.

"She set as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven."

# JEEMS THE DOOR-KEEPER

# JEEMS THE DOOR-KEEPER.

When my father was in Broughton Place Church, we had a door-keeper called *Jeems*, and a formidable little man and door-keeper he was; of unknown age and name, for he existed to us, and indeed still exists to me—though he has been in his grave these sixteen years—as *Jeems*, absolute and *per se*, no more needing a surname than did or do Abraham or Isaac, Samson or Nebuchadnezzar. We young people of the congregation believed that he was out in the '45, and had his drum shot through and quenched at Culloden; and as for any indication on his huge and gray visage of his ever having been young, he might safely have been *Bottom* the Weaver in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," or that excellent, ingenious, and "wise-hearted" Bezaleel, the son of Uri, whom *Jeems* regarded as one of the greatest of men and of weavers, and whose "ten curtains of fine twined linen, and blue, and

purple, and scarlet, each of them with fifty loops on the edge of the selvedge in the coupling, with their fifty taches of gold," he, in confidential moments, gave it to be understood were the sacred triumphs of his craft; for, as you may infer, my friend was a man of the treadles and the shuttle, as well as the more renowned grandson of Hur.

*Jeems's* face was so extensive, and met you so formidably and at once, that it mainly composed his whole; and such a face! Sydney Smith used to say of a certain quarrelesome man, "His very face is a breach of the peace." Had he seen our friend's he would have said he was the imperative mood on two (very small) legs, out on business in a blue great-coat. It was in the nose and the keen small eye that his strength lay. Such a nose of power, so undeniable, I never saw, except in what was said to be a bust from the antique, of Rhadamanthus, the well-known Justice Clerk of the Pagan Court of Session! Indeed, when I was in the Rector's class, and watched *Jeems* turning interlopers out of the church seats, by merely presenting before them this tremendous organ, it struck me that if Rhadamanthus had still been here, and out of employment, he

would have taken kindly to *Jeems's* work,—and that possibly he was that potentate in a U. P. disguise.

Nature having fashioned the huge face, and laid out much material and idea upon it, had finished off the rest of *Jeems* somewhat scrimply, as if she had run out of means; his legs especially were of the shortest, and as his usual dress was a very long blue great-coat, made for a much taller man, its tails resting upon the ground, and its large hind buttons in a totally preposterous position, gave him the look of being planted, or rather after the manner of Milton's beasts at the creation, in the act of emerging painfully from his mother earth.

Now, you may think this was a very ludicrous old object. If you had seen him, you would not have said so; and not only was he a man of weight and authority,—he was likewise a genuine, indeed a deeply spiritual Christian, well read in his Bible, in his own heart, and in human nature and life, knowing both its warp and woof more peremptory in making himself obey his Master than in getting himself obeyed, and this is saying a good deal: and, like all complete men, he had a

genuine love and gift of humor,* kindly and uncouth, lurking in those small, deep-set gray eyes, shrewd and keen, which, like two sharpest of shooters, enfiladed that massive and redoubtable bulwark, the nose.

One day two strangers made themselves over to *Jeems* to be furnished with seats. Motioning them to follow, he walked majestically to the farthest in corner, where he had decreed they should sit. The couple found seats near the door, and stepped into them, leaving *Jeems* to march through the passages alone, the whole congregation watching him with some relish and alarm. He gets to his destination, opens the door, and stands aside; nobody appears. He looks sharply round, and then gives a look of general wrath "at lairge." No one doubted his victory. His nose and eye fell, or seemed to fall, on the two culprits, and pulled them out instantly, hurrying them to their appointed

* On one occasion a descendant of Nabal having put a crown-piece unto "the plate" instead of a penny, and starting at its white and precious face, asked to have it back, and was refused,—"In once, in forever." "A weel, a weel," grunted he, "I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na," said *Jeems*, "ye'll get credit only for the penny!"

place; *Jeems* snibbed them slowly in and gave them a parting look they were not likely to misunderstand or forget.

At that time the crowds and the imperfect ventilation made fainting a common occurrence in Broughton Place, especially among "*thae young hizzies*," as *Jeems* called the servant girls. He generally came to me, "the young Doctor," on these occasions with a look of great relish. I had indoctrinated him in the philosophy of *syncopes*, especially as to the propriety of laying the "*hizzies*" quite flat on the floor of the lobby, with the head as low as the rest of the body; and as many of these cases were owing to what *Jeems* called "that bitter yerkin" of their bodices, he and I had much satisfaction in relieving them, and giving them a moral lesson, by cutting their stay-laces, which ran before the knife, and cracked "like a bowstring," as my coadjutor said. One day a young lady was our care. She was lying out, and slowly coming to. *Jeems*, with that huge terrific visage, came round to me with his open *gully* in his hand, whispering, "Wull oo ripp 'er up noo?" It happened not to be a case for ripping up. The gully was a great sanitary institution, and made a decided inroad upon the *yerking* system,

—*Jeems* having, thanks to this and Dr. Combe, every year fewer opportunities of displaying and enjoying its powers.

He was sober in other things besides drink, could be generous on occasion, but was careful of his siller; sensitive to fierceness ("we're uncommon *zeelyous* the day," was a favorite phrase when any church matter was stirring) for the honor of his church and minister, and to his too often worthless neighbors a perpetual moral protest and lesson,—a living epistle. He dwelt at the head of Big Lochend's Close in the Canongate, at the top of a long stair,—ninety-six steps, as I well know,—where he had dwelt, all by himself, for five-and-thirty years, and where in the midst of all sorts of flittings and changes, not a day opened or closed without the well-known sound of *Jeems* at his prayers,—his "exercise,"—at "the Books." His clear, fearless, honest voice in psalm and chapter, and strong prayer come sounding through that wide "*land*," like that of one crying in the wilderness.

*Jeems* and I got great friends; he called me John, as if he was my grandfather; and though as plain in speech as in feature, he was never rude. I owe him much in many ways. His

absolute downrightness and *yaefauldness;* his energetic, unflinching fulfillment of his work; his rugged, sudden tenderness; his look of sturdy age, as the thick silver-white hair lay on his serious and weatherworn face, like moonlight on a stout old tower; his quaint Old Testament exegetics; his lonely and contented life; his simple godliness,—it was no small privilege to see much of all this.

But I must stop. I forget that you did n't know him; that he is not your *Jeems.* If it had been so, you would not soon have wearied of telling or of being told of the life and conversation of this "fell body." He was not communicative about his early life. He would sometimes speak to me about "*her*," as if I knew who and where she was and always with a gentleness and solemnity unlike his usual gruff ways. I found out that he had been married when young, and that "she" (he never named her) and their child died on the same day,—the day of its birth. The only indication of married life in his room was an old and strong cradle, which he had cut down so as to rock no more, and which he made the depository of his books,—a queer collection.

I have said that he had what he called, with a grave smile, *family* worship, morning and evening, never failing. He not only sang his psalm, but gave out or chanted *the line* in great style; and on seeing me one morning surprised at this, he said, "Ye see John, *oo*," meaning himself and his wife, "began that way' He had a firm, true voice, and a genuine though roughish gift of singing and being methodical in all things, he did what I never heard of in any one else,—he had seven fixed tunes, one of which he sang on its own set day. Sabbath morning it was *French*, which he went through with great *birr*. Monday, *Scarborough*, which, he said, was like my father cantering. Tuesday, *Coleshill*, that soft, exquisite air,—monotonous and melancholy, soothing and vague, like the sea. This day, Tuesday, was the day of the week on which his wife and child died, and he always sang more verses then than on any other. Wednesday was *Irish;* Thursday, *Old Hundred* Friday, *Bangor;* and Saturday, *Blackburn*, that humdrummest of tunes, "as long, and lank, and lean, as is the ribbed sea-sand." He could not defend it, but had some secret reason for sticking to it. As to the evenings, there were just the same tunes in

reversed order, only that on Tuesday night he sang *Coleshill* again, thus dropping *Blackburn* for evening work. The children could tell the day of the week by *Jeems's* tune, and would have been as much astonished at hearing *Bangor* on Monday, as at finding St. Giles's half-way down the Canongate.

I frequently breakfasted with him. He made capital porridge, and I wish I could get such buttermilk, or at least have such a relish for it, as in those days. Jeems is away,—gone over to the majority; and I hope I may never forget to be grateful to the dear and queer old man. I think I see and hear him saying his grace over our bickers with their *brats* on, then taking his two books out of the cradle and reading, not without a certain homely majesty, the first verse of the 99th Psalm,

> "Th' eternal Lord doth reign as king,
> Let all the people quake;
> He sits between the cherubims,
> Let th' earth be moved and shake;"

then launching out into the noble depths of *Irish*. His chapters were long, and his prayers short, very scriptural, but by no means stereotyped, and wonderfully real, *immediate*, as if he

was near Him whom he addressed. Any one hearing the sound and not the words, would say, "That man is speaking to some one who is with him,—who is present,"—as he often said to me, "There's nae gude dune, John, till ye get to *close grups*."

Now, I dare say you are marveling,—*first*, Why I brought this grim, old Rhadamanthus, Bezaleel, U. P. Naso of a door-keeper up before you; and *secondly*, How I am to get him down decorously in that ancient blue great-coat, and get at my own proper text.

And first of the *first*. I thought it would do you young men—the hope of the world—no harm to let your affections go out toward this dear, old-world specimen of homespun worth. And as to the *second*, I am going to make it my excuse for what is to come. One day soon after I knew him, when I thought he was in a soft, confidential mood, I said, "*Jeems*, what kind of weaver are you?" "*I'm in the fancical line*, maister John," said he, somewhat, stiffly; "I like its *leecence*." So *exit Jeems—impiger, iracundus, acer—torvus visu—placide quiescat!*

Now, my dear friends, I am in the *fancical* line as well as *Jeems*, and in virtue of my

*teecence*, I begin my exegetical remarks on the pursuit of truth. By the by, I should have told Sir Henry that it is truth, not knowledge, I was to be after. Now all knowledge should be true, but it isn't; much of what is called knowledge is very little worth even when true, and much of the best truth is not in a strict sense knowable,—rather it is felt and believed.

Exegetical, you know, is the grand and fashionable word nowadays for explanatory; it means bringing out of a passage all that is in it, and nothing more. For my part, being in *Jeems's* line, I am not so particular as to the nothing more. We *fancical* men are much given to make somethings of nothings; indeed, the noble Italians call imagination and poetic fancy *the little more*; its very function is to embellish and intensify the actual and the common. Now you must not laugh at me, or it, when I announce the passage from which I mean to preach upon the pursuit of truth, and the possession of wisdom:—

"On Tintock tap there is a Mist,
And in the Mist there is a Kist,
And in the Kist there is a Cap;
'Tak' up the Cap and sup the drap,
And set the Cap on Tintock tap."

As to what Sir Henry * would call the context, we are saved all trouble, there being none, the passage being self-contained, and as destitute of relations as Melchisedec.

*Tintock*, you all know, or should know, is a big porphyritic hill in Lanarkshire, standing alone, and dominating like a king over the Upper Ward. Then we all understand what a *mist* is; and it is worth remembering that as it is more difficult to penetrate, to illuminate, and to see through mist than darkness, so it is easier to enlighten and overcome ignorance, than error, confusion, and mental mist. Then a *kist* is Scotch for chest, and a *cap* the same for cup, and *drap* for drop. Well, then, I draw out of these queer old lines,—

*First*, That to gain real knowledge, to get it at first hand, you must go up the Hill Difficulty,—some Tintock, something you see from afar,—and you must *climb*; you must energize, as Sir William Hamilton and Dr. Chalmers said and did; you must turn your back upon the plain, and you must mainly go alone, and on your own legs. Two boys may start together on going up Tinto, and meet at the top;

* This was read to Sir Henry W. Moncreiff's Young Men's Association, November, 1862.

out the journeys are separate, each takes his own line.

*Secondly*, You start for your Tintock top with a given object, to get into the mist and get the drop, and you do this chiefly because you have the truth-hunting instinct; you long to know what is hidden there, for there is a wild and urgent charm in the unknown; and you want to realize for yourself what others, it may have been ages ago, tell they have found there.

*Thirdly*, There is no road up; no omnibus to the top of Tinto; you must zigzag it in your own way, and as I have already said, most part of it alone.

*Fourthly*, This climbing, this exaltation, and buckling to of the mind, of itself does you good; * it is capital exercise, and you find out many a thing by the way. Your lungs play freely; your mouth fills with the sweet waters of keen action; the hill tries your wind and mettle, supples and hardens your joints and limbs; quickens and rejoices, while it tests your heart,

* "In this pursuit, whether we take or whether we lose our game, the chase is certainly of service."—BURKE.

*Fifthly*, You have many a fall, many a false step; you slip back, you tumble into a *moss-hagg;* you stumble over the baffling stones; you break your shins and lose your temper, and the finding of it makes you keep it better the next time; you get more patient, and yet more eager, and not unoften you come to a standstill; run yourself up against, or to the edge of some impossible precipice, some insoluble problem, and have to turn for your life; and you may find yourself over head in a treacherous *wellee*, whose soft inviting cushion of green has decoyed many a one before you.

*Sixthly*. You are forever mistaking the top; thinking you are at it, when, behold! there it is, as if farther off than ever, and you may have to humble yourself in a hidden valley before reascending; and so on you go, at times flinging yourself down on the elastic heather, stretched panting with your face to the sky, or gazing far away athwart the widening horizon.

*Seventhly*, As you get up, you may see how the world below lessens and reveals itself, comes up to you as a whole, with its just proportions and relations; how small the village

you live in looks, and the house in which you were born; how the plan of the place comes out: there is the quiet churchyard, and a lamb is nibbling at that infant's grave; there, close to the little church, your mother rests till the great day; and there far off you may trace the river winding through the plain, coming like human life, from darkness to darkness,—from its source in some wild, upland solitude to its eternity, the sea. But you have rested long enough, so, up and away! take the hill once again! Every effort is a victory and joy,—new skill and power and relish,—takes you farther from the world below, nearer the clouds and heavens; and you may note that the more you move up towards the pure blue depths of the sky,—the more lucid and the more unsearchable,—the farther off, the more withdrawn into their own clear infinity do they seem. Well, then, you get to the upper story, and you find it less difficult, less steep than lower down; often so plain and level, that you can run off in an ecstasy to the crowning cairn, to the sacred mist,—within whose cloudy shrine rests the unknown secret; some great truth of God and of your own soul; something that is not to be gotten for gold

down on the plain, but may be taken here something that no man can give or take away; something that you must work for and learn yourself, and which, once yours, is safe beyond the chances of time.

*Eighthly*, You enter that luminous cloud, stooping and as a little child,—as, indeed, all the best kingdoms are entered,—and pressing on, you come in the shadowy light to the long-dreamt-of ark,—the chest. It is shut, it is locked; but if you are the man I take you to be, you have the key, put it gently in, steadily, and home. But what is the key? It is the love of truth; neither more nor less; no other key opens it; no false one, however cunning, can pick that lock; no assault of hammer, however stout, can force it open. But with its own key, a little child may open it, often does open it, it goes so sweetly, so with a will. You lift the lid; you are all alone; the cloud is round you with a sort of tender light of its own, shutting out the outer world, filling you with an *eerie* joy, as if alone and yet not alone. You see the cup within, and in it the one crystalline, unimaginable, inestimable drop; glowing and tremulous, as if alive. You take up the cup, you sup the drop; it enters into,

and becomes of the essence of yourself; and so in humble gratitude and love, "in sober certainty of waking bliss," you gently replace the cup. It will gather again,—it is forever ever gathering; no man, woman or child ever opened that chest, and found no drop in the cup. It might not be the very drop expected; it will serve their purpose none the worse, often much the better.

And now, bending down, you shut the lid, which you hear locking itself afresh against all but the sacred key. You leave the now hallowed mist. You look out on the old familiar world again, which somehow looks both new and old. You descend, making your observations over again, throwing the light of the present on the past; and past and present set against the boundless future. You hear coming up to you the homely sounds—the sheep-dog's bark, "the cock's shrill clarion"—from the farm at the hill-foot; you hear the ring of the blacksmith's *study*, you see the smoke of his forge; your mother's grave has the long shadows of evening lying across it, the sunlight falling on the letters of her name, and on the number of her years; the lamb is asleep in the bield of the infant's grave. Speedily

you are at your own door. You enter with wearied feet, and thankful heart; you shut the door, and you kneel down and pray to your Father in heaven, the Father of lights, your reconciled Father, the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and our God and Father in and through him. And as you lie down on your own delightful bed before you fall asleep, you think over again your ascent of the Hill Difficulty,—its baffling heights, its reaches of dreary moorland, its shifting gravel, its precipices, its quagmires, its little wells of living waters near the top, and all its "dread magnificence;" its calm, restful summit, the hush of silence there, the all-aloneness of the place and hour; its peace, its sacredness, its divineness. You see again the mist, the ark, the cup, the gleaming drop, and recalling the sight of the world below, the earth and all its fullness, you say to yourself,—

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens."

And finding the burden too heavy even for these glorious lines, you take refuge in the Psalms,—

" Praise ye the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.
Praise him in the firmament of his power.
Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.
Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.
Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps;
Fire and hail; snow and vapor; stormy wind fulfilling his words:
Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars;
Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl:
Kings of the earth, and all people; princes and all judges of the earth:
Both young men and maidens; old men and children:
Let them praise the name of the Lord:
For his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.
Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.
BLESS THE LORD, O my soul!"

I need hardly draw the moral of this our somewhat *fancical* exercitation and exegesis. You can all make it out, such as it is. It is the toil, and the joy, and the victory in the search of truth; not the taking on trust, or learning by rote, not by heart, what other men count or call true; but the vital appropriation, the assimilation of truth to ourselves, and of

ourselves to truth. All truth is of value, but one truth differs from another in weight and in brightness, in worth; and you need not me to tell you that spiritual and eternal truth, the truth as it is in Jesus, is the best. And don't think that your own hand has gotten you the victory, and that you had no unseen, and it may be unfelt and unacknowledged, hand guiding you up the hill. Unless the Lord had been at and on your side, all your labor would have been in vain, and worse. No two things are more inscrutable or less uncertain than man's spontaneity and man's helplessness,—Freedom and Grace as the two poles. It is His doing that you are led to the right hill and the right road, for there are other Tintocks, with other kists, and other drops. Work out, therefore, your own knowledge with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do and to know of his good pleasure. There is no explaining and there is no disbelieving this.

And now, before bidding you good-bye, did you ever think of the spiritual meaning of the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, as connected with our knowledge and our ignorance, our light and darkness, our

gladness and our sorrow? The every-day use of this divine alternation to the wandering children of Israel is plain enough. Darkness is best seen against light, and light against darkness; and its use, in a deeper sense of keeping forever before them the immediate presence of God in the midst of them, is not less plain; but I sometimes think, that we who also are still in the wilderness, and coming up from our Egypt and its flesh-pots, and on our way let us hope, through God's grace, to the celestial Canaan, may draw from these old-world signs and wonders that, in the mid-day of knowledge, with daylight all about us, there is, if one could but look for it, that perpetual pillar of cloud,—that sacred darkness which haunts all human knowledge, often the most at its highest noon; that "look that threatens the profane"; that something, and above all that sense of *Some One*, that Holy One, who inhabits eternity and its praises, who makes darkness His secret place, His pavilion round about, darkness and thick clouds of the sky.

And again, that in the deepest, thickest night of doubt, of fear, of sorrow, of despair; that then, and all the most then,—if we will

but look in the right *airt*, and with the seeing eye and the understanding heart,—there may be seen that Pillar of fire, of light and of heat, to guide and quicken and cheer; knowledge and love, that everlasting love which we know to be the Lord's. And how much better off are we than the chosen people; their pillars were on earth, divine in their essence, but subject doubtless to earthly perturbations and interferences; but our guiding light is in the heavens, towards which may we take earnest heed that we are journeying.

"Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

"Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

"It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port in peace.

"Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem.
Forever and forevermore
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!"

MORE OF "OUR DOGS."

# MORE OF "OUR DOGS."

## PETER.

PETER died young,—very quick and soon that bright thing came to confusion. He died of excess of life; his vivacity slew him. Plucky and silent under punishment, or any pain from without, pain from within, in his own precious brisk, enjoying body, was an insufferable offense, affront and mystery,—an astonishment not to be borne,—he disdained to live under such conditions.

One day he came in howling with pain. There was no injury, no visible cause, but he was wildly ill, and in his eyes the end of all things had come. He put so many questions to us at each pang—what is this?—what the —— can it be?—did you ever? As each paroxysm doubled him up, he gave a sharp cry, more of rage and utter exasperation than of suffering; he got up to run away from it—why should he die? Why should he be shut up in

darkness and obstruction at that hour of his opening morn,—his sweet hour of prime? And so raging, and utterly put out, the honest, dear little fellow went off in an ecstasy of fury at death, at its absurdity in his case.

We never could explain his death; it was not poison or injury; he actually expired when careering round the green at full speed, as if to outrun his enemy, or shake him off. We have not yet got over his loss, and all the possibilities that lie buried in his grave, in the Park, beneath a young chestnut-tree where the ruddy-cheeked, fat, and cordial coachman, who of old, in the grand old Reform days, used to drive his master, Mr. Speaker Abercromby, down to "the House" with much stateliness and bouquet, and I dug it for him,—that park in which Peter had often disported himself, fluttering the cocks and hens, and putting to flight the squadron of Gleneagle's wedders.

## Dick.

He too is dead,—he who, never having been born, we had hoped never would die; not that he did—like Rab—"exactly" die; he was slain. He was fourteen, and getting deaf and

blind, and a big bully of a retriever fell on him one Sunday morning when the bells were ringing. Dick, who always fought at any odds, gave battle; a Sabbatarian cab turned the corner, the big dog fled, and Dick was run over, —there in his own street, as all his many friends were going to church. His back was broken, and he died on Monday night with us all about him; dear for his own sake, dearer for another's, whose name—Sine Qua Non—is now more than ever true, now that she is gone.

I was greatly pleased when Dr. Cotting of Roxbury came in yesterday and introduced himself to me by asking, "Where is Dick?" To think of our Dick being known in Massachusetts!

## Bob.

If Peter was the incarnation of vivacity, Bob was that of energy. He should have been called Thalaba the Destroyer. He rejoiced in demolition,—not from ill temper, but from the sheer delight of energizing.

When I first knew him he was at Blinkbonny toll. The tollman and his wife were old and the house lonely, and Bob was too terrific for any burglar. He was as tall and heavy as a fox-

hound, but in every other respect a pure old-fashioned, wiry, short-haired Scotch terrier,—red as Rob Roy's beard,—having indeed other qualities of Rob's than his hair,—choleric, unscrupulous, affectionate, stanch,—not in the least magnanimous,—as ready to worry a little dog as a big one. Fighting was his "chief end," and he omitted no opportunity of accomplishing his end. Rab liked fighting for its own sake, too, but scorned to fight anything under his own weight; indeed, was long-suffering to public meanness with quarrelsome lesser dogs. Bob had no such weakness.

After much difficulty and change of masters, I bought him, I am ashamed to say, for five pounds, and brought him home. He had been chained for months, was in high health and spirits, and the surplus power and activity of this great creature, as he dragged me and my son along the road, giving battle to every dog he met, was something appalling.

I very soon found I could not keep him. He worried the pet dogs all around, and got me into much trouble. So I gave him as night-watchman to a goldsmith in Princes Street. This work he did famously. I once, in passing

at midnight, stopped at the shop and peered in at the little slip of glass, and by the gas-light I saw where he lay. I made a noise, and out came he with a roar and a bang as of a sledge-hammer. I then called his name, and in an instant all was still except a quick tapping within that intimated the wagging of the tail. He is still there,—has settled down into a reputable, pacific citizen,—a good deal owing, perhaps, to the disappearance in battle of sundry of his best teeth. As he lies in the sun before the shop door he looks somehow like the old Fighting Téméraire.

I never saw a dog of the same breed; he is a sort of rough cob of a dog,—a huge quantity of terrier in one skin; for he has all the fun and briskness and failings and ways of a small dog, begging and hopping as only it does. Once his master took him to North Berwick. His first day he spent in careering about the sands and rocks and in the sea, for he is a noble swimmer. His next he devoted to worrying all the dogs of the town, beginning, for convenience, with the biggest.

This aroused the citizens, and their fury was brought to a focus on the third day by its being reported alternatively that he had torn a

child's ear off, or torn and actually eaten it. Up rose the town as one man, and the women each as two, and, headed by Matthew Cathie, the one-eyed and excellent shoemaker, with a tall, raw divinity student, knock-kneed and six feet two, who was his lodger, and was of course called young Dominie Sampson. They bore down upon Bob and his master, who were walking calmly on the shore.

Bob was for making a stand, after the manner of Coriolanus, and banishing by instant assault the "common cry of curs," but his master saw sundry guns and pistols, not to speak of an old harpoon, and took to his heels, as the only way of getting Bob to take to his. *Aurifex*, with much *nous*, made for the police station, and, with the assistance of the constables and half a crown, got Thalaba locked up for the night, safe and sulky.

Next morning, Sunday, when Cathie and his huge student lay uneasily asleep, dreaming of vengeance, and the early dawn was beautiful upon the Bass, with its snowy cloud of seabirds "brooding on the charméd wave," Bob was hurried up to the station, locked into a horse-box,—him never shall that ancient Burgh forget or see.

I have a notion that dogs have humor, and are perceptive of a joke. In the North, a shepherd, having sold his sheep at a market, was asked by the buyer to lend him his dog to take them home. "By a' manner o' means tak Birkie, and when ye'r dune wi' him just play so," (making a movement with his arm), "and he'll be hame in a jiffy." Birkie was so clever and useful and gay that the borrower coveted him; and on getting to his farm shut him up, intending to keep him. Birkie escaped during the night, and took the entire hirsel (flock) back to his own master! Fancy him trotting across the moor with them, they as willing as he.

# PLEA FOR A DOG HOME.

# PLEA FOR A DOG HOME.

EDINBURGH, December 8, 1862.

SIR,—I am rejoiced to find Mr. William Chambers has taken up this matter. There is no fear of failure if Glenormiston sets himself to organize a home for our destitute four-footed fellow-creatures, from whom we get so much of the best enjoyment, affection, and help. It need not be an expensive institution,—if the value of the overplus of good eating that, from our silly over-indulgence, makes our town dogs short-lived, lazy, mangy, and on a rare and enlivening occasion mad, were represented by money, all the homeless, starving dogs of the city would be warmed and fed, and their dumb miseries turned into food and gladness. When we see our Peppers, and Dicks, and Muffs, and Nellys, and Dandies, and who knows how many other cordial little ruffians with the shortest and spiciest of names, on the rug, warm and cosy, —pursuing in their dreams that imaginary cat, —let us think of their wretched brethren or sisters without food, without shelter, without a

master or a bone. It only needs a beginning, this new ragged school and home, where the religious element happily is absent, and Dr. Guthrie may go halves with me in paying for the keep of a rescued cur. There is no town where there are so many thoroughbred house-dogs. I could produce from my own dog acquaintance no end of first-class Dandy Dinmonts and Skyes; and there is no town where there is more family enjoyment from dogs,—from Paterfamilias down to the baby whose fingers are poked with impunity into eyes as fierce and fell as Dick Hatteraick's or Meg Merrilies's.

Many years ago, I got a proof of the unseen, and, therefore, unhelped miseries of the homeless dog. I was walking down Duke Street, when I felt myself gently nipped in the leg,—I turned, and there was a ragged little terrier crouching and abasing himself utterly; as if asking pardon for what he had done. He then stood up on end and begged as only these coaxing little ruffians can. Being in a hurry, I curtly praised his performance with "Good dog!" clapped his dirty sides, and, turning round, made down the hill; when presently the same nip, perhaps a little nipper,—the same scene,

only more intense, the same begging and urgent motioning of his short, shaggy paws. "There's meaning in this," said I to myself, and looked at him keenly and differently. He seemed to twig at once, and, with a shrill cry, was off much faster than I could. He stopped every now and then to see that I followed, and, by way of putting off the time and urging me, got up on the aforesaid portion of his body, and, and, when I came up, was off again. This continued till, after going through sundry streets and by-lanes, we came to a gate, under which my short-legged friend disappeared. Of course I couldn't follow him. This astonished him greatly. He came out to me, and as much as said, "Why the —— don't you come in?" I tried to open it, but in vain. My friend vanished and was silent. I was leaving in despair and disgust, when I heard his muffled, ecstatic yelp far off round the end of the wall, and there he was, wild with excitement. I followed and came to a place where, with a somewhat burglarious ingenuity, I got myself squeezed into a deserted coachyard, lying all rude and waste. My peremptory small friend went under a shed, and disappeared in a twinkling through the window of an old coach-body, which had long ago

parted from its wheels and become sedentary. I remember the arms of the Fife family were on its panel; and, I dare say, this chariot, with its C springs, had figured in 1822 at the King's visit, when all Scotland was somewhat Fifeish. I looked in, and there was a pointer bitch with a litter of five pups; the mother, like a ghost, wild with maternity and hunger; her raging, yelling brood tearing away at her dry dugs. I never saw a more affecting or more miserable scene than that family inside the coach. The poor bewildered mother, I found, had been lost by some sportsman returning South, and must have slunk away there into that deserted place, when her pangs (for she has her pangs as well as a duchess) came, and there, in that forlorn retreat, had she been with them, rushing out to grab any chance garbage, running back fiercely to them,—this going on day after day, night after night. What the relief was when we got her well fed and cared for,—and her children filled and silent, all cuddling about her asleep, and she asleep too,—awaking up to assure herself that this was all true, and that there they were, all the five, each as plump as a plum,—

> "All too happy in the treasure,
> Of her own exceeding pleasure,"—

what this is in kind, and all the greater in amount as many outnumber one, may be the relief, the happiness, the charity experienced and exercised in a homely, well regulated *Dog Home*. *Nipper*—for he was a waif—I took home that night, and gave him his name. He lived a merry life with me, showed much pluck and zeal in the killing of rats, and incontinently slew a cat which had—unnatural brute, unlike his friend—deserted her kittens, and was howling offensively inside his kennel. He died, aged sixteen, healthy, lean, and happy to the last. As for *Perdita* and her pups, they brought large prices, the late Andrew Buchanan, of Coltbridge, an excellent authority and man—the honestest dog-dealer I ever knew—having discovered that their blood and her culture were of the best.

"IN CLEAR DREAM AND SOLEMN VISION."

# "IN CLEAR DREAM AND SOLEMN VISION."

I HAD a friend,—and, though he is now elsewhere, why should n't I say I have him still? He was a man of great powers and of greater gifts. He might have made himself almost anything a man may be; but he died unfulfilled, "deprived of the residue of his years"; and this owing much, among other things, to an imperfect and damaged organism and an intermittent will. He was an advocate and judge, and had in him the making of a great lawyer,—good sense, vast and exact memory, a logical, vigorous understanding, and readiness, fullness, and felicity of speech. He had in him, as Jonathan Edwards would have said, more than the average *quantity* of being; and, now that he is gone, I feel what a large space he filled in my mind. His was a large, multilocular brain, with room for all sorts of customers. But it is to his "study of imagination" I now refer in what follows.

He was a mighty dreamer, especially in the *diluculum*, or "edge o' dark," before full awakening; and he used to relate to his cronies these Kubla Khan-like visions with amazing particularity. Many of us would have it that he made up his dreams, but I had the following proof of the opposite.

Many years ago, when we were at college, I had gone up to his lodgings to breakfast with him. I found him sound asleep, his eyes open and fixed as in a mesmeric trance; he was plainly rapt in some internal vision. I stood by him for some seconds, during which his color and his breathing came and went as if under some deep feeling, first of interest and wonder, finally of horror, from which he awoke into full consciousness, scared and excited, asking me instantly to write. He then, in an anxious, eager voice, began thus:—

'T is noon, but desolate and dun
The —— landscape lies,
For 'twixt it and the mounting sun
A cloud came crawling up the skies;
From the sea it rose all slowly,
Thin and gray and melancholy,
And gathered darkness as it went
Up into the —— firmament."

Here he stopped, and, with a shrug of regret, said, "It's gone!" The blanks were two words I could not make out, and which he never could recall. It would be curious if those who may read these lines were to try what adjectives of two syllables they liked best, and send them on to Mr. Macmillan: it would form an odd poetico-statistical inquiry.

He then gave the following fragments of his vision, which he said was complete, and in verse:—

He found himself in the midst of a vast marshy plain, in utter solitude, nothing around him but the dull, stagnant waters, overrun with dry reeds, through which by fits there stirred a miserable *sough*, leaving the plain oppressed with silence, and the dead, heavy air. On the small bit of ground where he stood was a hut, such as the hunters of water-fowl might frequent in the season; it was in ruins, everything rude and waste, and through its half-shut. broken door he was aware of the presence and of the occasional movements of a man, at times as if fiercely struggling in the darkness with some one else. Opposite the door sat and brooded a large white dove,—its lustrous

dark eyes fixed on the door,—all its feathers as if "stirred with prayer," and uttering a low croodling sound as in an ecstasy of compassion and entreaty, leaning gently towards its object.

Suddenly, and without noise, an ugly bird long-legged, lean, mangy, and foul, came poking with measured steps round the end of the hut. It was like the adjutant crane of Eastern cities, and had an evil eye, small and cruel. It walked jauntily past the dove, who took no heed, and stood like a fisher on the edge of the dead and oozy water, his head to one side, and his long sharp beak ready to strike. He stood motionless for an instant; then, with a jerk, brought up a large, plump, wriggling worm, shining, and of the color of jasper.

He advanced to the dove, who was yearning more and more towards the door. She became agitated, and more earnest than ever, never lifting her eyes from their object, and quivering all over with intensity. The evil bird was now straight in front, and bent over her with the worm. She shut her eyes, shuddered all through; he put his dirty black foot on her snowy back and pressed her down so that she opened her mouth wide, into which the worm was instantly dropped. She reeled over dead,

towards the hut, as if the last act of life was to get nearer it.

Up to this moment the struggle inside the hut had gone on, lulling and coming again in gusts, like the wind among the reeds, and the arms of more than one might be seen across the dark ragged doorway, as if in fell agony of strife.

The instant the dove died, all sound and motion ceased within, and the whole region, as my friend said, "shook throughout." He was aware that within Judas, "the son of perdition," lay alone and dead.

Such was this "clear dream," and these are many of the words my friend used. It has always seemed to me full of poetry in *posse*, amorphous and uncrystallized, but the germ there, to which the author of *The Devil's Dream*, Mr. Aird, might have given, or if he likes may yet give, "the accomplishment of verse."

That lonely and dismal place and day, desolate and overshadowed as in eclipse at noon, —the wretch within and his demon,—the holy, unfailing dove,

"White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,"

in such a place,—the tall, stealthy fellow, with

the small cruel eye,—the end,—what was going on elsewhere on that same day,—"the hour and the power of darkness,"—the eternity and the omnipotence of light and love,—"the exceeding bitter cry,"—"the loud voice," and "It is finished,"—was there not here something for the highest fantasy, some glimpse of "the throne and equipage of God's almightiness"?

The above dreamer was the well-known (on his own side of the Tweed) A. S. Logan, sheriff of Forfarshire. He was the successor, but in no wise the ape, in the true Yorick line,—"infinite jest, most excellent fancy,"—of the still famous Peter Robertson, who served himself heir to that grotesque, sardonic wit, John Clerk of Eldin.

Logan differed from each as one wine or one quaint orchid—those flower-jesters which seem always making faces and fun at us and all nature—from another. He had not the merciless and too often unspeakable Swiftian humor of Lord Eldin, nor the sustained, wild burlesque and jocosity of Lord Robertson; but he had more imagination and thought, was more kindly affectioned than either, and his

wit was more humorous, his humor more witty. Robertson was a wonderful being: it is not easy to exaggerate his comic powers. A natural son of Falstaff, he had his father's body as well as soul, such a mass of man, such an expanse of countenance,—probably the largest face known among men,—such eyes gleaming and rolling behind his spectacles, from out their huge rotundity, chubby-cheeked, and by way of innocent, like a *Megalopis Garagantua* unweaned,—no more need of stuffing for his father's part than had Stephen Kemble; while within was no end of the same rich, glorious, over-topping humor; not so much an occasional *spate* of it, much less a tap, or a pump; not even a perennial spring; rather say an artesian well, gushing out forever by hogsheads, as if glad to escape from its load of superincumbent clay; or like those fountains of the great oil deep which are astonishing us all. To set Peter a-going was like tapping the Haggis in that *Nox Ambrosiana*, when Tickler fled to the mantel-piece, and "The Shepherd" began stripping himself to swim; the imperial Christopher warding off the tide with his crutch in the manner and with the success of Mrs. Partington,—so rich, so all-encompassing, so

"finely confused" was his flood of Rabelaisian fun. I dare say most of us know the trick played him by his old chum, John Lockhart (what a contrast in mind and body, in eye and voice!), when reviewing his friend's trashy "Gleams of Thought" in the *Quarterly*, how he made the printer put into the copy for the poet this epitaph,—

> "Here lies that peerless paper-lord, Lord Peter,
> Who broke the laws of God and man and meter."

There were eight or ten more lines, but Peter destroyed them in his wrath.

In the region of wild burlesque, where the ridiculous, by its intensity and mass, becomes the sublime, I never met any one to approach "Peter," except our amazing Medea-Robson. He could also abate a tiresome prig as effectually as Sydney Smith or Harry Cockburn, though in a different and ruder way. He had *face* for anything; and this is by half (the latter half) the secret of success in joking, as it is in more things. Many of us—glum, mute, and inglorious as we are—have jokes, which, if we could but do them justice, and fire them off with a steady hand and eye, would make great havoc; but, like the speeches we all

make to ourselves when returning from our Debating Society,—those annihilating replies, those crushing sarcasms,—they are only too late, and a day after the fair. But Lord Peter had no misgivings. When quite a lad, though even then having that spacious expanse of visage, that endless amount of face, capable of any amplitude of stare, like a hillside, and a look of intentional idiocy and innocence, at once appalling and touching,—at a dinner-party, the mirth of which was being killed by some Oxford swell, who was forever talking Greek and quoting his authorities,—Peter who was opposite him, said, with a solemnity amounting to awe: "Not to interrupt you, sir! but it strikes me that *Dionysius of Halicarnassus* is against you," keeping his eyes upon his victim with the deepest seriousness,—eyes like ordinary eyes seen close to the big end of an opera-glass of great magnifying power, opalescent, with fluctuating blinks as if seen through water, the lamps as of some huge sea moon-calf on the gambol through its deep. The prig reeled, but recovered, and said: "If I mistake not, sir, Dionysius of Halicarnassus was dead ninety or so years before my date." "To be sure, he was. I very much beg your

pardon, sir; I always do make that mistake; I meant *Thaddeus of Warsaw!*"

But, indeed, there was the sad thing,—that which is so touchingly referred to by Sydney Smith in his lecture on Wit and Humor,—he became the slave of his own gifts. He gravitated downwards; and life and law, friends and everything, existed chiefly to be joked on. Still, he was a mighty genius in his own line, and more, as I have said, like Falstaff than any man out of Shakespeare. There is not much said or done by that worthy—"that irregular humorist," "that damned *Epicurean* rascal," "a goodly, portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble presence"—which Peter might not have said and done, from the wildest, grossest joke up to "babbling of green fields;" for "Peter" had a gentle, sweet, though feeblose, and too often falsetto, strain of poetic feeling and fancy.

In active or receptive imagination, Logan was infinitely above him; he had far too much of the true stuff and sense of poetry, ever to have written the "Gleams of Thought" which their author, and, of course, no one else, thought not only poetry, but that of the purest water.

Can an unpoetical man have poetic dreams? I doubt if he can. Your ordinary man may dream the oddest, wildest, laughablest, funniest nonsense. He will not likely dream such a dream as the one I have recorded. Shakespeare might have dull dreams, but I question if Mr. Tupper could have dreamt of a Midsummer Night's Dream, any more than a man will speak a language in his sleep he never learned or heard.

If the master of the house is asleep, and some imp of darkness and misrule sets to playing all sorts of tricks, turning everything topsy-turvy, ransacking all manner of hidden places, making every kind of grotesque conjunction, and running riot in utter incongruity and drollness, he still must be limited to what he finds in the house,—to his master's goods and chattels. So I believe is it with dreams; the stuff they are made of lies ready made, is all found on the premises to the imp's hand; it is for him to weave it into what fantastic and goblin tapestry he may. The kaleidoscope can make nothing of anything that is not first put in at the end of the tube, though no mortal can predict what the next shift may be. Charles Lamb was uneasy at the time he was

at Keswick visiting Southey; and he escaped to London and "the sweet security of streets" as fast as the mail could carry him, confessing afterwards that he slept ill "down there," and was sure "those big fellows," who were always lying all about, Skiddaw and Helvellyn, "*came down much nearer him at night and looked at him!*" So we often feel as if in the night of the body and the soul, when the many-eyed daylight of the pure reason is gone, heights and depths, and many unspeakable things, come into view, looming vaster, and deeper, and nearer in that *camera-obscura*, when the shutters are shut and the inner lights lit, and

> "When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
> We summon up remembrance of things past,"

and often play such fantastic tricks. But the dreamer is the same *ens rationis*, the same *unis quis*, as the waking man who tells the dream. Philip who was drunk, and Philip who is sober and remembers his lapse, is one Philip. So it is only an imaginative man who can have imaginative dreams. You must first put in before you can take out. As Samson long ago put it to the Philis-

tines, "Out of the eater comes forth meat; out of the strong comes forth the sweetness." No food like lion's marrow; no tenderness like the tenderness of a strong nature. Or as old Fuller, with a noticeable forecasting of the modern doctrine of foods, as delivered by Prout and all the doctors, has it, "*Omne par nutrit suum par;* the vitals of the body are most strengthened by feeding on such foods as are likest unto them,"—a word this of warning as well as good cheer. He that sows to the flesh, and he who sows to the spirit, need not doubt what they are severally to reap. We all, more or less, sow to both; it is the *plus* that makes the difference between others and ourselves, and between our former and present selves.

I might give instances of my friend's wit and humor; but I could not, in trying to do so, do him anything but injustice. His jokes were all warm and at once. He did not load his revolver before going to dinner, and discharge all its barrels at his friends. His fun arose out of the sociality of the hour, and was an integral part of it; and he never repeated his jokes. He did not pick up his bullet and pocket it and fire it off again. But I remember

well his first shot at me,—it was not bad for nineteen. He and I were coming down the Bridges from college, and I saw an unkempt, bareheaded Cowgate boy, fluttering along in full-blown laughter and rags. He had a skull like Sir Walter's, round and high. I said, "Logan, look at that boy's head,—did you ever see the like of it? it's like a tower." "Yes, at any rate a fortalice."

You know the odd shock of a real joke going off like a pistol or a squib at your ear. It goes through you. That same week another quite as good squib went off in church. A cousin, now long dead, was listening with me to a young preacher-puppy, whose sermon was one tissue of unacknowledged plagiarisms of the most barefaced kind. We were doing little else than nudge each other as one amazing crib succeeded another,—for this ass did know his masters' crib. William whispered to me, "Look at him! I declare his very whiskers are curving into inverted commas;" and it was true, such was the shape of his whiskers, that his face, and especially his grinning and complacent mouth, which they embraced, looked one entire quotation.

Lord Brougham and many others think that

dreaming occurs only between sleeping and waking,—the stepping of the soul into or out of the land of forgetfulness,—and that it is momentary in its essence and action, though often ranging over a lifetime or more,—

> "Brief as the lightning in the bellied night
> That in a spleen reveals both earth and heaven."

There is much in favor of this. One hopes the soul—*animula, blandula, vagula*—may sometimes sleep the dreamless sleep of health, as well as its tired drudge. Dreaming may be a sort of dislocation of our train of ideas, a sort of jumble as it is shunted off the main line into its own siding at the station for the night. The train may stop there and then, for anything we know; but it may not, for the like reason the telegraph-office is not open during night. Ideality, imagination, that sense of the merely beautiful and odd which delights to marry all sorts of queer couples,—which entertains the rest of the powers, when they are tired, or at their meals, telling them and making them stories, out of its own head,—this family poet, and minstrel, and mime, whom we all keep, has assuredly its wildest,

richest splendors at the breaking up of the company for the night, or when it arouses them on the morrow, when it puts out or lets in the lights; for many a dream awakes us "scattering the rear of darkness thin."

In optics, if you make a hole in the shutter at noon, or stick a square bit of blackness on the pane, and make the rays from the hole or around the square to pass through a prism, then we have, if we let them fall on whiteness and catch them right, those colors we all know and rejoice in, that Divine *spectrum*,—

"Still young and fine,"

as

"When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers in one knot,
Did with attentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower."

The white light of heaven—*lumen siccum*—opens itself out as it were, tells its secret, and lies like a glorious border on the Edge o' Dark (as imaginative Lancashire calls the twilight, as we Scotchmen call it the Gloamin'), making the boundaries between light and darkness a border of flowers, made out by each. Is there not something to think of in "the Father

of lights " thus beautifying the limits of His light, and of His darkness, which to Him alone is light so that here burns a sort of "dim religious light,"—a sacred glory,—where we may take off our shoes and rest and worship? Is not our light rounded with darkness, as our life is with a dream? and, the greater the area of our light, of our truth, won from the vast and formless Infinite, the ampler, too, is the outer ring,—the iridescent edge lying upon the Unknown,—making a rainbow round the central throne of the Eternal. And is not the light of knowledge, after all, the more lovely, the more full of color, and the more pleasant to the eye, when lying on and indicating what is beyond, and past all finding out, making glorious the skirts of "the majesty of darkness"? It is at his rising out of, and his returning into "old night," that the sun is in the full flush of his plighted clouds, and swims in the depths of his "daffodil sky," making the outgoings of the evening and of the morning to rejoice before Him and us.

But, thus talking of dreams, I am off into a dream! A simile is not always even an illustration, much less an analogy, and more less an argument or proof. As you see, every one

likes to tell his own dreams,—so long as he has them by the tail, which soon slips,—and few care to listen to them, not even one's wife, as Sir Walter found to his cost. And so, good-natured reader, let me end by asking you to take down the fourth volume of Crabbe's Works, and turning to page 116, read his "World of Dreams." It is the fashion nowadays, when he is read at all,—which I fear, is seldom,—to call Crabbe coarse, even dull, a mere sturdy and adroit versifier of prose as level as his native marshes, without one glimpse of the vision, one act of the faculty divine. Read these verses again, and ask yourself, Is this a daguerreotyper of the Bœotian crimes and virtues, the sorrows and the humors, of his dull, rich Essex and its coast? I wish we had more of this manly imagination; we have almost too much now of mere wing and color, mere flights, mere foliage, and, it may be, blossoms,—little fruit and timber. The imagination, like a gorgeous sunset, or a butterfly's wing, tells no story, has no backbone, is forever among the clouds and flowers, or down deep in denial and despair. The imagination should inform, and quicken, and flush, and compact, and clarify the

entire soul; and it should come home from circling in the azure depths of air, and have its "seat in reason, and be judicious," and be a bird rather than a butterfly, or firefly, or huge moth of night.

Many months after this little notice appeared, Mrs. Logan gave me the following fragment found in her husband's desk,—from which it appears he had begun to put his dream into form:—

## JUDAS THE BETRAYER,—HIS ENDING.

'T is noon,—yet desolate and dim
The lonely landscape lies;
For shortly after day begun,
Betwixt it and the mounting sun,
A cloud went crawling up the skies.
From the sea it rose all slowly,—
Thin, and gray, and melancholy,—
But gathered blackness as it went;
Till, when at noon the stately sun
Paused on his steep descent,
This ghastly cloud had coiled itself
Before his beamy tent:
Where like a conscious thing it lay,
To shut from men the living day.

And yet all vainly as it seemed;
For on each side, beyond its shade,
The sweet, triumphant sunbeams gleamed,
Rejoicing in the light they made.

On all they shone except that dell,
On which the shadow darkly fell.
"O bear me to yon mountain brow
That I may look below;
All that is in that unblest dell
Full fainly would I know.
Why is the sun to it denied?
O bear me to yon mountain side."
We cleave the air, now we are there,
And what is it you see?

"A little marsh, whence, low and harsh,
A strange sound comes to me.
I marvel what that sound may be,
For strange it lights upon mine ear;
My heart it fills with more than fear,
With something of despair.
This well I know, 't is not the sound
Of any beast that walks the ground,
Of any bird that skims the air."
Right well you guess, for 't is the wail
Of a lost soul in endless bale,—
The reward of mortal sinning,—
Endless bale, but now beginning;
Nay, do not turn away your eyes,
For long before the sun now shining
Shall be towards yonder world declining,
In that low dell the LORD'S BETRAYER dies.

With fearful horror and surprise
On that low dell I fixed mine eyes.
The hills came down on every side,
Leaving a little space between,

The ground of which, scarce five rods wide,
Was of a cold rank green;
And where it sloped down to the fen,
Built part of reeds and part of wood,
A low half-ruined hut there stood,—
For man no home, for beast no den,—
Yet through the openings might be seen
The moving of a form within.

By this the sound had passed away,
And silence like a garment lay
A moment on the little lake.
* * * whose surface spake
No tale of wakening breeze or sun,
But choked with reeds all rank and dun;
Which seemed to me as if they stirred
And shivered, though no wind was heard;
They gave a shrill and mournful sound,—
'T was like, and yet unlike, the sighing
You hear in woods when the year is dying,
And leaves lie hickly on the ground.
As creepingl my ear it sought,
It might be fan -, yet methought
That, of all sounds that live in air
This sounded likest to despair.

All the while,
Close by the hut a great white dove
(O sight of wonder and of love!)
Sits with a quiet and brooding air,—
White, and of none other hue.
By its deep yearning eyes of blue,
And by no sign beside, I knew

It was a guardian spirit of air.
What doth the lonely creature there?
(To each man by pitying Heaven
One of these at birth is given;
And such their love and constancy,
That through all depths of sin and sadness
Tempting hope and baffling madness,
They ever, ever with us be.
Nor, till proud despair we cherish,
Will they leave our souls to perish.)

What doth the lonely creature there?
"Yon spirit quitteth not *his* side
To whom he hath been given,
Whilst yet his heart has not defied
The wrath and grace of Heaven,
Nor can his guardian watch be broken
Till this defiance shall be spoken
By Judas the Betrayer."

Hold on thy watch, thou blessed Bird!
One moment leave it not:
A heart of faith even might be stirred
To doubt in such a spot.
Of him—the wretched traitor—friend,
Thou long-forbearing dove!
Let no despairing words offend
Thy faithfulness and love;
For in the dark extremes of ill
The tongue will disobey the will,
And words of sin the lips will part,
Whilst holy feelings fill the heart!

It is another bird,—and lo!
Rounding the corner of the hut,
It cometh silently and slow
With outstretched head and eyes half shut.
The feathers do not hide its skin;
Long is its neck, its legs are thin,—
'T is plain there is no health within.
It is the bird whose song so harsh,
But lately sore dismayed me:
Upward it walketh from the marsh,
It treadeth cunningly.
Too foul it is and melancholy
To live on the upper ground;
And I know it for a thing unholy,
On some bad errand bound.

It rounds the corner of the hut,
It stops and peers upon the dove:
The unconscious creature sees it not,
So full are its two eyes with love.
On the dove it peers, and its head the while
It pusheth out and it draweth in;
And it smileth, if that a bird may smile,
At the thought and hope of a joyous sin.
In a moment it thrusts its grisly neck
With a silent jerk into the lake;
In a moment it lifteth itself erect,
And, in its bill, a snake.
The snake is round, and small, and cold,
And as full of venom as it can hold.

With three long steps, all without noise,
Close to the dove it cometh:

That dreams no ill, for the while its voice
A sweet, low music hummeth.
To the dove's fair neck with a gentle peck
His long bill he applies:
At the touch and the sound the dove turns round
With a look of meek surprise,—
'T is but one look, for swift as thought
That snaky neck is round its throat.

* * * * * *

A JACOBITE FAMILY

# A JACOBITE FAMILY.

DID you ever, when journeying along a road at night, look in curiously at some cottage window, and, like a happier Enoch Arden, watch unseen the bright life within, and all the *naïve* ongoings of the household ?

Such a glimpse of the inner life of a Jacobite family, in the latter half of last century, we have had the privilege of enjoying, and we wish we could tell our readers half as vividly what it has told to us. We shall try.

On the river Don, in Aberdeenshire, best known to the world by its Auld Brig, which Lord Byron, photography, and its own exceeding beauty have made famous, is the house of Stoneywood, four miles from the sea. It was for many generations the property of the Lords Frazer of Muchals, now Castle Frazer, one of the noblest of the many noble castles in that region, where some now nameless architect has left so many memorials of the stately life of their strong-brained masters, and of his own quite singular genius for design.

Stoneywood was purchased near the close of the sixteenth century, from the Lord Frazer of that time, by John Moir of Ellon, who had sold his own estate, as tradition tells, in the following way: — Bailie Gordon, a wealthy Edinburgh merchant, made a bargain with the Laird of Ellon, when in his cups, to sell his estate at a price greatly under its value. Gordon, the son of a farmer in Bourtie, was progenitor of the Gordons of Haddo, afterwards Earls of Aberdeen. The country folk, who lamented the passing away of the old family, and resented the trick of the bailie, relieved themselves by pronouncing their heaviest malediction, and prophesying some near and terrible judgment. Strangely enough, the curse, in the *post hoc* sense, was not causeless. A short time after the purchase an awful calamity befell Mr. Gordon's family.

Its story has been told by a master pen, that which gave us *Matthew Wald* and *Adam Blair*, and the murderer *M'Kean*. We give it for the benefit of the young generation, which, we fear, is neglecting the great writers of the past in the wild relish and exuberance of the copious present. It will be an evil day

when the world only reads what was written yesterday and will be forgotten to-morrow.

"Gabriel was a preacher or licentiate of the Kirk, employed as domestic tutor in a gentleman's family in Edinburgh, where he had for pupils two fine boys of eight or ten years of age. The tutor entertained, it seems, some partiality for the Abigail of the children's mother; and it so happened that one of his pupils observed him kiss the girl one day in passing through an anteroom, where she was sitting. The little fellow carried this interesting piece of intelligence to his brother, and both of them mentioned it, by way of a good joke, to their mother the same evening. Whether the lady had dropped some hint of what she heard to her maid, or whether she had done so to the preacher himself, I have not learned; but so it was, that he found he had been discovered, and by what means also. The idea of having been detected, in such a trivial trespass was enough to poison forever the spirit of this juvenile Presbyterian. His whole soul became filled with the blackest demons of rage, and he resolved to sacrifice to his indignation the instruments of what he

conceived to be so deadly a disgrace. It was Sunday, and after going to church as usual with his pupils, he led them out to walk in the country,—for the ground on which the New Town of Edinburgh now stands was then considered as *the country* by the people of Edinb rgh. After passing calmly, to all appearance, through several of the green fields which have now became streets and squares, he came to a place more lonely than the rest, and there, drawing a large clasp-knife from his pocket, he at once stabbed the elder of his pupils to the heart. The younger boy gazed on him for a moment, and then fled with shrieks of terror; but the murderer pursued with the bloody knife in his hand, and slew him also as soon as he was overtaken. The whole of this shocking scene was observed distinctly from the Old Town by innumerable crowds of people, who were near enough to see every motion of the murderer, and hear the cries of the infants, although the deep ravine between them and the place of blood was far more than sufficient to prevent any possibility of rescue. The tutor sat down upon the spot, immediately after having concluded his butchery, as if in a stupor of despair and madness,

and was only roused to his recollection by the touch of the hands that seized him.

"It so happened that the magistrates of the city were assembled together in their council-room, waiting till it should be time for them to walk to church in procession (as is their custom), when the crowd drew near with their captive. The horror of the multitude was communicated to them, along with their intelligence, and they ordered the wretch to be brought at once into their presence. It is an old law in Scotland, that when a murderer is caught in the very act of guilt (or, as they call it, *red hand*), he may be immediately executed without any formality or delay. Never surely could a more fitting occasion be found for carrying this old law into effect. Gabriel was hanged within an hour after the deed was done, the red knife being suspended from his neck, and the blood of the innocents scarcely dry upon his fingers." *

The boys were the sons of the new Laird of Ellon. It adds something to the dreadfulness of the story that it was the woman who urged the wretched youth to the deed. We remem-

* Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk. Vol. II.

ber well the *Gabriel's Road*, this lane leading up past "Ambrose's," the scene of the famous *Noctes*. It is now covered by the new Register Office buildings.

But to return to the ex-Laird of Ellon. Mr. Moir, having lost one estate, forthwith set about acquiring another, and purchased Castle Frazer, its lord having got into difficulties. The lady of the Castle, loath, we doubt not, to leave her "bonnie house," persuaded Mr. Moir to take instead the properties of Stoneywood, Watterton, Clinterty, and Greenburn, on Don side, which were afterwards conjoined under the name of the barony of Stoneywood. The grateful Lady of Frazer sent along with the title-deeds a five-guinea gold-piece,—a talisman which was religiously preserved for many generations.

The family of Stoneywood seem, from the earliest record down to their close, to have been devotedly attached to the house of Stuart. In the old house there long hung a portrait of Bishop Juxon, who attended Charles I. on the scaffold, and through this prelate must have come a still more precious relic, long preserved in the family, and which is now before us,—the Bible which the doomed King put into the

hands of the Bishop on the scaffold, with the word "Remember," having beforehand taken off his cloak and presented it and the insignia of the Garter to the same faithful minister and friend; this is one of our glimpses. We have the sacred and royal book before us now,—a quarto, printed in 1637, bound in blue velvet and richly embroidered and embossed with gold and silver face. There is the crown and the Prince of Wales's feathers, showing it had belonged to Charles II. when prince. He must have given it to his hapless father, as the C. P. is changed into C. R. Though faded, it looks princely still.

One of its blank leaves, on which was written "Charles Stuart ano. dom. 1649," was, along with the gold-piece, pilfered as follows:—

"Miss Moir, who was rather of an unaccommodating temper remained alone at Stoneywood for a year longer, and in fact until the sale had been completed, and it became necessary to quit. The retired and solitary life she led during this last period was taken advantage of by a woman in her service, of the name of Margaret Grant, to commit various thefts,

with the assistance of a paramour, who happened unfortunately to be a blacksmith. By his means they got the charter-chest opened, and abstracted thence the prophetic gold-piece, gifted by Lady Fraser two hundred years before, and also Bishop Juxon's valuable legacy of King Charles's Bible presented to him on the scaffold. The gold-piece was readily made available, and was, of course, never recovered; but the Bible proved to be a more difficult treasure to deal with, it being generally known in the county to be an heirloom of the Stoneywood family, and accordingly, when she offered it for sale in Aberdeen, she became aware that she was about to be detected. She took the precaution to abscond, and suspecting that mischief might come of so sacrilegious a theft, she came by night to Stoneywood, and deposited the Bible at the foot of a large chestnut-tree which overshaded the entrance of the front court of the house, where it was found next morning. However, it did not return altogether unscathed by its excursion, for a bookseller in Aberdeen, to whom it had been offered for sale, had the cunning, or rather the rascality, to abstract the blank leaf on which the royal martyr's

autograph was inscribed, which he managed to paste upon another old Bible so dexterously as not to be easily discovered, and actually profited by his fraud, in disposing of his counterfeit Bible to the Earl of Fife for a large sum of money, and in whose library it now figures as King Charles's Bible, while the original still remains in the possession of the representative of the family to whom it descended by inheritance, and in its appearance bears ample testimony to its authenticity."

To go back to Stoneywood. The Laird is now there; his eldest son, James, has married Jane, eldest daughter of Erskine of Pittoderie, and the young bride has got from her mother a green silk purse with a thousand merks in it, and the injunction never to borrow from the purse except in some great extremity, and never to forget to put in from time to time what she could spare, however small, ending with the wish, "May its sides never meet." The daughter was worthy of the mother, and became a "*fendy* wife," as appears by the following picturesque anecdote. Young Moir was going to the neighboring village of Greenburn to the fair to buy cattle; the green purse was in re-

quisition, and his wife, then nursing her first child, went with him. While he was making his market, she remained outside, and observing a tidy young woman sitting by the roadside, suckling her child, she made up to her and sat down by her side. Waiting, she soon got as hungry for her own baby as doubtless it was for her, so proposed to comfort herself by taking the woman's child. This was done, the young mother considering it a great honor to have a leddy's milk for her baby. Mrs. Moir, not wishing to be disturbed or recognized, had the woman's cloak thrown over her head, she setting off into the fair to see what her husband was about. She was hardly gone, when a man came suddenly behind Mrs. Moir, and hastily lifting up the corner of the plaid, threw something into her lap, saying, 'Tak' tent o' that!" and was off before Mrs. Moir could see his face. In her lap was the green purse with all its gear untouched!

Embarrassed with her extempore nursling and cloak, she could not go to her husband, but the young woman returning, she went at once in search; and found him concluding a bargain for some cows. He asked her to wait

outside the tent till he settled with the dealer; in they went; presently a cry of consternation in goes the purse-bearer, counts out the money, tables it, and taking her amazed "man" by the arm, commanded him to go home.

What a pleasant little tale Boccaccio, or Chaucer, or our own Dunbar would have made of this!

From it you may divine much of the character of this *siccar* wife. Ever afterwards when the Stoneywood couple left home they confided the purse to their body servant, John Gunn; for in those days no gentleman traveled without his purse of gold; and although we have a shrewd guess that this same John was in the secret of the theft and the recovery of the purse on the fair day, he was as incorruptible ever afterwards as is Mr. Gladstone with our larger purse.

This John Gunn was one of those now extinct functionaries who, like the piper, were the life-long servants of the house, claiming often some kindred with the chief, and with entire fidelity and indeed abject submission, mingling a familiarity, many amusing instances of which are given in Dean Ramsay's book, and by Miss Stirling Graham. John, though poor,

had come of gentle blood, the Gunns of Ross-shire; he went into the army, from which, his Highland pride being wounded by some affront, he deserted, and joined a band of roving gypsies called Cairds.* His great strength and courage soon made John captain of his band,

* We all remember Sir Walter's song; doubtless our John Gunn was "a superior person," but there must have been much of the same fierce, perilous stuff in him, and the same fine incoherence in his transactions:—

"Donald Caird can lilt and sing,
Blithely dance the Highland fling;
Drink till the gudeman be blind,
Fleech till the gudewife be kind;
Hoop a leglan, clout a pan,
Or crack a pow wi' ony man;
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

"Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin;
Leisters kipper, makes a shift
To shoot a muir-fowl i' the drift:
Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
He can wauk when they are sleepers;
Not for bountith, or reward,
Daur they mell wi' Donald Caird.

"Donald Caird can drink a gill,
Fast as hostler-wife can fill:

which for years levied black-mail over the county of Aberdeen.

John got tired of his gypsy life, and entered Stoneywood's service, retaining, however, his secret headship of the Cairds, and using this often in Robin Hood fashion, generously, for his friends. So little was this shady side of his life known in the countryside, that his skill in detecting theft and restoring lost property was looked upon as not "canny," and due to "the second sight."

On one occasion Mr. Grant, younger of Ballindalloch, was dining at Stoneywood. He was an officer in the Dutch Brigade, and had

Ilka ane that sells gude liquor,
Kens how Donald bends a bicker:
When he's fou he's stout and saucy
Keeps the cantle o' the causey;
Highland chief and Lawland laird
Maun gie way to Donald Caird.

"Steek the awmrie, lock the kist,
Else some gear will sune be mist;
Donald Caird finds orra things
Where Allan Gregor fand the tings
Dunts o' kebbuck, taits o' woo,
Whiles a hen and whiles a soo;
Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—
'Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird!"

come home to raise men for a company, which only wanted twelve of its complement. He was lamenting this to Mr. Moir, who jocularly remarked, that "if John Gunn," who was standing behind his chair, "canna help ye, deil kens wha can." Upon which John asked Mr. Grant when he could have his men ready to ship to Holland. "Immediately," was the reply. "Weel a weel, Ballindalloch, tak' yer road at ainee for Aberdeen, tak' out a passage for them and twelve mair, and send me word when ye sail, and, if ye keep it to yoursell, ye'll find your ither men a' ready." Mr. Grant knew his man, and made his arrangements. The twelve men made their appearance with John at their head. When they found what was their destination they grumbled, but John, between fleeching and flyting, praised them as a set of strapping fellows; told them they would soon come back again with their pockets full of gold. They went and never returned, finding better quarters abroad, and thus John got rid of some of his secret confederates that were getting troublesome.

Another of John's exploits was in a different line. Mr. Moir had occasion to go to London, taking John with him of course. He visited

his friend the Earl of Wintoun, then under sentence of death in the Tower for his concern in the rebellion of 1715. The Earl was arranging his affairs, and the family books and papers had been allowed to be carried into his cell in a large hamper, which went and came as occasion needed. John, who was a man of immense size and strength, undertook, if the Earl put himself, instead of his charters, into the hamper, to take it under his arm as usual, and so he did, walking lightly out. Lord Wintoun retired to Rome, where he died in 1749.

On "the rising" in the '45 John joined young Stoneywood, his master's son, but before telling his adventures in that unhappy time, we must go back a bit.

The grandson of old Stoneywood, James, born in 1710, was now a handsome young man, six feet two in height, and of a great spirit. As his grandfather and father were still alive, he entered into foreign trade; his mother, our keen friend of the green purse, meantime looking out for a rich marriage for her son, fixed on Lady Christian, daughter of the Earl of Buchan, and widow of Fraser of Fraser; but our young *Tertius* liked not the widow, nor his cousin of Pittoderie, though her father

offered to settle his estate on him; Lord Forbes's daughter, with a tocher of forty thousand merks, was also scorned. And all for the same and the best reason. He was in love with his cousin, Margaret Mackenzie of Ardross. It was the old story,—*liebend und geliebt.* But their "bright thing," though it did not in the end "come to confusion," did not for a time "run smooth." Thomas, his brother, a sailor, was likewise bewitched by the lovely cousin. He was refused, found out the reason, and in his rage and jealousy intercepted the letters between the lovers for three long miserable years, James living all the time at Stoneywood, and she far away in Ross-shire. The unworthy sailor made his way to Ardross, asked Margaret and her sister why they did n't ask for James, and then told them he was just going to be married to Miss Erskine of Pittoderie, and to have the estate. Margaret, thus cruelly struck, said, "Thomas, ye know my bindin', I have been aye true; I have angered my father, and refused a rich and a good man, and I'll be true till James himsel' is fause;" and like a frozen lily, erect on its stem, she left them—to pass her night in tears

James was as true as his Margaret; and his grandfather and father agreed to his marriage, under a singular condition: the bulk of the rents were settled in annuity on the two seniors, and the estate made over to the young laird in fee-simple. The seniors did not long cumber him or the land; they both died within the year. Straightway James was off to Ardross to claim his Margaret. He came late at night, and "rispit at the ring." Roderick, the young laird, rose and let him in, sending a message to his sister to get a bedroom ready for his cousin Stoneywood. Miss Erskine, of Pittoderie, was in the house as it so happened, and old Lady Ardross, in her ignorance, thinking young Moir was after her, wrathfully sent word to him that he must not disturb the family, but might share Roderick's bed. Poor Margaret said little and slept less, and coming down before the rest in the early morning to make ready the breakfast, she found her cousin there alone: they made good use of their time, we may be sure, and the cruel mystery about the letters was all cleared up.

James and Thomas never met till they were both on the verge of the grave; the old men embraced, forgiving and forgiven.

The lovers were married at Ardross in September, 1740, and they came to Stoneywood, where our stern old lady gloomed upon them in her displeasure, and soon left them to live in Aberdeen, speaking to her son at church, but never once noticing his lovely bride. For all this he made far more than up by the tenderest love and service. We quote the touching words of their descendant: "With the only recollection I have of my grandfather and grandmother in extreme old age, their sedate and primitive appearance, and my veneration for them, makes the perusal of the very playful and affectionate letters which passed betwixt them at this early period of their lives to me most amusing and comic." But between these times there intervened long years of war, and separation, perils of all kinds, exile, and the deaths of seven lusty sons in their prime.

We have seen a portrait of Mrs. Moir in her prime, in the possession of her great-grandson; it shows her comely, plump, well-conditioned, restful, debonair,—just the woman for the strenuous, big Stoneywood's heart to safely trust in.

Soon after his marriage, young Stoneywood

had a violent fever; the mother and the cold sister came to his bedside, never once letting on that they saw his wife; and Anne Caw, an old servant, many years after, used to say that "her heart was like to break to see the sweet young leddy stannin' the hale day in silence, pretendin' to look out at the garden, when the big saut draps were ringin' doon her bonnie cheeks." The old dame returned to Aberdeen at night without one word or look of sympathy. They had a daughter,—still the old lady was unmitigated, but a son made all sweet.

Then came the stirring, fatal '45. Stoneywood, when laid up with a severe burn of the leg, received an express from the Countess of Errol, desiring his immediate attendance at Slains Castle. Lame as he was, he mounted his horse and rode to Slains, where the Prince gave him a commission as lieutenant-colonel; he found Gordon of Glenbucket there, having come from France, where he had lived in exile since the '15, his son with him, and though he was blind he joined the cause, so that there were then three generations of John Gordons under the Prince's banner, as sings the Jacobite doggrel:—

"Nor, good Glenbucket, loyal throughout thy life,
Wert thou ungracious in the manly fight,
Thy chief degenerate, thou his terror stood,
To vindicate the loyal Gordon's blood.
The loyal Gordons, they obey the call,
Resolved with their Prince to fight or fall."

Stoneywood, from his great strength and courage, and his entire devotedness to the cause, was a man of mark. Walking down the Broad Street of Aberdeen, he was fired at from a window by one Rigg, a barber. Mr. Moir called up to him to "come down, and he'd have fair play afore the townsmen," an invitation *il Barbiere* declined. Before joining the Prince, Stoneywood, with characteristic good sense and forethought, took a step which, if others had done, the forfeiture and ruin of many families would have been spared: he executed a formal Commission of Factory over his whole lands in favor of his wife. On the utter collapse of the enterprise at Culloden, he made his way from Ruthven, near Kingussie, through the wilds of Braemar, and reached his own house—then filled with English troops—at midnight. Leaping over the garden-wall, he tapped at his wife's window, the only room left to her, and in which slept the children

and her faithful maid Anne Caw. She was lying awake,—"a' the lave were sleeping,"—heard the tap, and though in strange disguise, she at once knew the voice and the build to be her husband's. He had been without sleep for four nights; she got him quietly to bed without waking any one in the room. Think of the faithful young pair, not daring even to speak; for Janet Grant the wet-nurse, was not to be trusted,—a price was on his head:

Stoneywood left late the next evening, intending to cross the Don in his own salmon-boat, but found it drawn up on the other side, by order of Paton of Grandholm, a keen Hanoverian. Stoneywood called to the miller's man to cross with the boat. "And wha' are ye?" "I'm James Jamieson o' Little Mill," one of his own farmers. "Jamieson" was a ready joke on his father's name.

Stoneywood made for Buchan, where he lay for months, being hunted day and night. Here he was joined by our redoubtable friend John Gunn, who, having left his father's service some time before, had gone into his old line, and had been tried before the Circuit Court at Aberdeen, and would have fared ill

had Stoneywood not got an acquittal. This made John more attached than ever. He said he would stick to his Colonel, and so he and his gypsy wife did. She continued to carry letters and money between Stoneywood and his wife, by concealing them under the braiding of her abundant black hair. So hot was the pursuit, that Stoneywood had to be conveyed over night to the house of a solitary cobbler, in the remote muirland. His name was Clarke. Even here he had to make a hole behind the old man's bed, where he hid himself when any one came to the door. It shows the energy of Stoneywood's character, and his light-heartedness, that he set to work under the old cobbler to learn his craft, and to such good purpose, that his master said,—"Jeems, my man, what for did ye no tell me ye had been bred a sutor?" "And so I was, freend, but to tell ye God's truth, I was an idle loon, gey weel-faured, and ower fond o' the lassies, so I joined the Prince's boys, and ye see what's come o' 't!" This greatly pleased old Clarke, and they cobbled and cracked away cheerily for many an hour. So much for brains and will. On one occasion, when hard pressed by their pursuers, Mr.

Moir turned his cobbling to good account, by reversing his brother Charles's brogues, turning the heel to the toe, a joke requiring dexterity in the walker as well as in the artist. After many months of this risky life, to which that of a partridge with a poaching weaver from West Linton on the prowl, was a species of tranquillity, our gallant, strong-hearted friend, hearing that the Prince had escaped, left for Norway in a small sloop from the coast of Buchan, along with Glenbucket and Sir Alexander Bannerman.

It was when living in these wilds that a practical joke of John Gunn's was played off, as follows :—

"After the battle of Culloden, James Moir lurked about in the wildest parts of Aberdeenshire to escape imprisonment. One day the Laird of Stonywood, with a small party of friends and servants, was on the hill of Benochie engaged boiling a haggis for their dinner when they were suddenly aware of a party of soldiers coming up the hill directly towards them. Flight was their only resource, but before leaving the fire John Gunn upset the pot, that their dinner might not be available

to their enemies. Instead of bursting on the ground, the haggis rolled unbroken down the hill, towards the English soldiers, one of whom not knowing what it was, caught it on his bayonet, thereby showering its contents over himself and his comrades; on seeing which termination to the adventure, John Gunn exclaimed, 'See there! even the haggis, God bless her, can charge down hill.'"

Sir Walter Scott must have heard the story from the same source as ours, and has used it in *Waverley* as follows, missing of necessity the point of the bayonet and of the joke:—

"The Highlanders displayed great earnestness to proceed instantly to the attack, Evan Dhu urging to Fergus, by way of argument, that 'the *sider roy* was tottering like an egg upon a staff, and that they had a' the vantage of the onset, for even a haggis (God bless her!) could charge down hill.'"

The Duke of Cumberland, on his way north, quartered his men on the Jacobite chiefs. A troop of dragoons was billeted on Stoneywood, where their young English captain fell ill, and was attended during a dangerous illness by

the desolate and lovely wife. As soon as he was able, he left with his men for Inverness-shire, expressing his grateful assurance to Mrs. Moir, that to her he owed his life, and that he would never forget her. Some time after, when she was alone, one evening in April, not knowing what to fear or hope about her husband and her prince, a stone, wrapt in white paper, was flung into the darkening room. It was from the young Englishman, and told briefly the final disaster at Culloden, adding, "Stoneywood is safe." He was then passing south with his men. She never saw him or heard of him again, but we dare say he kept his word: that face was not likely to be forgotten.

Stoneywood, before leaving his native country, thanked, and as he could, rewarded, his faithful and humble shelterers, saying he would not forget them. And neither he did. Five-and-twenty years afterwards he visited Bartlett's house, where he lay before he took to the cobbler's. He found he had died. He took the widow and five children to Stoney-wood, where they were fed and bred, the boys put to trades, and the girls given away when married, by the noble old Jacobite as a father.

As for John Gunn, his master having gone, he took to his ancient courses, was tried, found guilty this time, and closed his life in Virginia. So ends his lesson. A wild fellow with wild blood, a warm heart, and a shrewd head, such a man as Sir Walter would have made an immortal, as good a match and contrast with the princely Stoneywood, as Richie Moniplies with Nigel Oliphant, Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick, Sancho and the Don, and those other wonderful complimentary pairs, who still, and will forever, to human nature's delectation, walk the earth.

We need not follow our Ulysses through his life in Denmark and Norway. He carried thither, as Mr. James Jamieson, as into the cobbler's hut, his energy and uprightness, his cheery and unforgetting heart, his strong senses and his strong body. He prospered at Gothenburg, and within a year sent for his Penelope; he went at the King's request to Sweden, was naturalized, and had conferred on him a patent of nobility.

Meantime he was arraigned in his own country before the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh, and though he was known by all the country, and had been in most of the actions

fought, only two witnesses appeared against him, and their testimony went to prove his having always kept his men from violence and plunder, which drew down from Lord Justice Miller the remark, that this was more to the honor of the accused than of the witnesses.

In 1759, Mrs. Moir, out of fifteen children, had only two sons and two daughters surviving. She came across to Scotland, and settled in Edinburgh for their education. Her husband, broken in health and longing for home, after some difficulty obtained royal permission to return to Stoneywood, which he did in 1762. He died in 1782, aged seventy-two years, leaving his dear Margaret with her two daughters, all his seven sons having gone before him.

Our beautiful old lady lived into this century, dying in 1805, at the age of ninety-six, having retained her cheerfulness and good health, and a most remarkable degree of comeliness, to the last. Her teeth were still fresh and white, and all there, her lips ruddy, her cheeks suffused with as delicate a tint as when she was the rose and the lily of Ardross, gentle in her address, and with the same contented evenness of mind that had accompanied her through all her trials. We cannot picture her

better than in her kinsman's loving, skillful words :—

"Accustomed as I was to pass a few hours of every day of my frequent visits to Aberdeen during a good many of the latter years of the worthy old lady's life, the impression can never become obliterated from my recollection, of the neat, orderly chamber in which, at whatever hour I might come, I was sure to see her countenance brighten up with affection, and welcome me with the never-failing invitation to come and kiss her cheek. And there she sat in her arm-chair by the fire, deliberately knitting a white-thread stocking which, so far as appeared to me, made wondrous slow progress in its manufacture. Her ancient maid, Miss Anne Caw, who had been seventy years in her service, and shared all the ups and downs, and toils and dangers of her eventful life, sat in a chair on the opposite side, knitting the counterpart to my grandmother's stocking, and with equal deliberation. Every now and then the maid was summoned from the kitchen to take up the loops which these purblind old ladies were ever and anon letting down. A cat (how much their junior I do not know) lay curled

up on an old footstool, and various little rickety fly-tables, with mahogany trellis-work around their edge, supporting a world of bizarre-looking china ornaments, stood in different corners of the room. Every article of furniture had its appointed position, as well as the old ladies themselves, who sat knitting away till the arrival of two o'clock, their dinner-hour. The only thing which seemed at all to disturb the habitual placidity of my grandmother, was on being occasionally startled by the noise Miss Caw unwittingly made; for the latter, being as deaf as a post, was quite unconscious f the disturbance she at times occasioned, when, in her vain attempts to rectify some mishap in her knitting, she so thoroughly entangled her work as to be far beyond the power of her paralytic fingers to extricate, she would touch the bell, as she conceived, with a respectful gentleness, but in fact so as to produce a clatter as if the house had caught fire. My grandmother, too blind to perceive the cause of this startling alarm, would gently remonstrate, 'O Annie, Annie, you make such a noise!' to which the ancient virgin, who was somewhat short in temper, seldom hearing what was addressed to her, generally answered quite at

cross purposes, and that with a most amusing mixture of respect and testiness, 'Yes, meddam, dis yer leddieship never let down a steek!' My grandmother's memory, although rather confused as to the later events of her life, was quite prompt and tenacious in all the details of her early history, particularly the agitating period of 1745, the circumstances of their long exile, and in fact everything seemed clear and distinct down to her husband's death, which was singularly marked as the precise point beyond which she herself even seemed to have no confidence in the accuracy of her recollection. But as the early portion was far the most interesting, it became the unfailing theme on which she seemed to have as much pleasure in dilating as I had in listening to her tales.

"I found it necessary, however, to be cautious of alluding to the present reigning family, which always discomposed her, as to the last she vehemently protested against their title to the throne. I was in the habit, when dining out, of occasionally paying an afternoon visit to her on my way to dinner, which was after tea with her, when she had entered upon the second chapter of her day's employment.

For, as regularly as the hour of five came round, the card-table was set out, with all its Japan boxes of cards, counters, and Japan saucers for holding the pool, etc., and my grandmother and her old maid sat down to encounter each other at piquette, and so deliberate was the game as to occupy a considerable portion of the afternoon, as the war was not carried on without frequent interlocutory skirmishes, which much prolonged the contest. The one combatant being so blind as to be incapable of ever distinguishing diamonds from hearts, or clubs from spades, while her opponent, who saw sharply enough through a pair of spectacles, so balanced on the tip of her nose as to be a matter of never-ending wonder to me how they kept their place, was so deaf as to have to guess at the purport of whatever was addressed to her, and as they both blundered, each in their own way, it gave rise to contretemps of never-ending recurrence, as the property of each trick was disputed. 'O Annie, Annie, ye are so deaf and so stupid.' 'Yes, meddam, it's a sair pity ye are so blind.' 'Well, well, Annie, I would rather be blind as deaf.' 'Yes, meddam, it's my trick.' But with all her testiness, there never

was a more devoted creature to her mistress, and to the Stoneywood family, than that worthy old woman, Miss Caw. She was a meager, ill-favored looking little personage, much bent with old age, dressed in a rusty black silk gown, marvelously short in the skirt, but compensated by a lanky, weasel-shaped waist of disproportionate length, from which was suspended my grandfather's watch, of uncommonly large size, which had been left to her by legacy, and was highly valued, and on the other side her scissors and bunch of keys. These garments were usually surmounted by a small black bonnet, and, trotting about with her high-heeled shoes, which threw the center of gravity so far forward, her resemblance to a crow, or some curious bird of that class, was irresistibly striking, but having been once considered handsome, she was too jealous of her appearance ever to suffer me to use my pencil on so tempting a subject! She was the sister of a person of some note, Lady Jane Douglas's maid, whose evidence was so influential in the great Douglas Cause, and I think she informed me that her father had once been Provost of Perth, but that their family had after his death got reduced in cir-

cumstances. She had passed almost the whole of her life, which was not a short one, in the service of the Stoneywood family. As to my grandmother, she was a perfect picture of an old lady of the last century. Her fair comely countenance was encircled in a pure white close cap with a quilled border, over which was a rich black lace cap in the form in which several of Queen Mary's pictures represent her to have worn; a gray satin gown with a laced stomacher, and deeply frilled hanging sleeves that reached the elbow; and over her arms black lace gloves without fingers, or rather which left the fingers free for the ornament of rings: about her shoulders a small black lace tippet, with high-heeled shoes and small square silver buckles; there were also buckles in the stomacher. From her waistband also was suspended a portly watch in a shagreen case, and on the opposite side was a wire-sheath for her knitting. Such was old Lady Stoneywood. Her portrait, as well as that of her husband, having been accidentally destroyed, I am tempted to substitute in words some idea of her appearance."

And now we must leave our window and our

bright glimpse into the family within, and go our ways. We might have tarried and seen much else, very different, but full of interest; we might have seen by and by the entrance of that noble, homely figure, the greatest, the largest nature in Scottish literature, whose head and face, stoop and smile and *burr* we all know, and who has filled, and will continue to fill, with innocent sunshine the young (ay, and the old) life of mankind. Sir Walter would have soon come in, with that manly, honest limp;—and his earliest and oldest friend would be there with him, he whose words have just painted for us these two old companions in their cordial strife, and whose own evening was as tranquil, as beautiful, and nearly as prolonged, as that of the dear and comely lady of Stoneywood.

As we said before, what material is here for a story. There is the crafty Bailie and the "ower canty" Laird of Ellon; the Sunday tragedy; the young loves and sorrows of James and Margaret; the green purse and its gold-pieces shining through, and its "fendy" keeper; the gallant Stoneywood, six foot two, bending in Slains before his Prince; John Gunn with his Cairds, and his dark-eyed, rich-

haired wife; the wild havoc of Culloden; the wandering from Speyside to his own Don; the tap at the midnight window, heard by the one unsleeping heart; the brief rapture; the hunted life in Buchan; the cobbler with his 'prentice and their cracks; "*Mons. Jacques Jamieson*," the honored merchant and Swedish nobleman; the vanishing away of his seven sons into the land o' the leal; Penelope, her Ulysses gone, living on with Anne Caw, waiting sweetly till her time of departure and of reunion came. We are the better of stirring ourselves about these, the unknown and long time dead; it quickens the capacity of receptive, realizing imagination, which all of us have more or less, and this waxes into something like an immediate and primary power, just as all good poetry makes the reader in a certain sense himself a poet, finding him one in little, and leaving him one in much.

So does any such glimpse into our common life, in its truth and depth and power, quicken us throughout, and make us tell living stories to ourselves; leaves us stronger, sweeter, swifter in mind, readier for all the many things in heaven and on earth we have to do; for we all have wings, though they are often

but in bud, or blighted. Sad is it for a man and for a nation when they are all unused, and therefore shrivel and dwine and die, or leave some sadly ludicrous remembrancer of their absence, as "of one that once had wings."

If we grovel and pick up all our daily food at our feet, and never soar, we may grow fat and huge like the Dodo, * which was once a

* This is a real bit of natural history, from the Mauritius. The first pigeons there, having plenty on the ground to eat, and no need to fly, and waxing fat like Jeshurun, did not "plume their feathers, and let grow their wings," but groveled on, got monstrous, so that their wings, taking the huff, dwarfed into a fluttering stump. Sir T. Herbert thus quaintly describes this embarrassed creature:—"The Dodo, a bird the Dutch call Walghvogel, or Dod Eerson; her body is round and fat, which occasions the slow pace, so that her corpulence is so great as few of them weigh less than fifty pounds. It is of a melancholy visage, as though sensible of nature's injury, in framing so massive a body to be directed by complimental wings, such, indeed, as are unable to hoist her from the ground, serving only to rank her among birds; her traine three small plumes, short and unproportionable; her legs suiting her body, her pounce sharp; her appetite strong and greedy stones and iron are digested."—1625. We have in our time seen an occasional human Dodo, with its "complimental wings,"—a pure and advanced Darwinian bird,—its earthly appetites strong and greedy; "an ill-

true dove, beautiful, hot-blooded, and strong of wing, as becomes Aphrodité's own, but got itself developed into a big goose of a pigeon, waddling as it went, and proving itself worthy of its extinction and of its name,—the only hint of its ancestry being in its bill.

But even the best wings can't act *in vacuo*; they must have something to energize upon, and all imagination worth the name must act upon some objective truth, must achieve for itself, or through others, a realized ideal or an idealized reality. Beauty and truth must embrace each other, and goodness bless them both;

"For Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters
That doat upon each other,—friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never to be sundered without tears."

favored head"; "great black eyes"; "its gape huge and wide"; "slow-paced and stupid"; its visage absurd and melancholy—very.