



RAB. AND HIS
FRIENDS ETC
BY DR. JOHN BROWN



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RAB AND HIS FRIENDS
AND OTHER DOGS
AND MEN

BY

DR. JOHN BROWN

WITH AN OUTLINE SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR

By E. T. M'L.



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

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DR. JOHN BROWN.

AN OUTLINE BY E. T. M'L.

WHEN a school-girl I was standing one afternoon in the lobby at Arthur Lodge, talking to Jane Brown, my newest school friend. No doubt we had much that was important to say to one another, and took small notice of what doors were opened or shut, or what footsteps came near. I remember no approaching sound, when suddenly my arm was firmly grasped from behind, and "What wretch is this?" was asked in a quiet, distinctive tone of voice.

The words were sufficiently alarming, but I had no sense of fear, for my upturned eyes looked into a face that told of gentleness as truly as of penetration and fun, and I knew as if by instinct that this was Jane's "Brother John," a doctor whom everybody liked. There was no "Rab and his Friends" as yet. I must have stood quite still, looking up at him, and so making his acquaintance, for I know it was Jane who answered his question, telling him who I was and where I lived. "Ah!" he said, "I know her father; he is a *very* good man, a great deal bet-

ter than . . . , in whom he believes." He asked me if I was going into town, and hearing I was said, "I'll drive you in." He took no notice of me as we walked down to the small side gate, and I was plunged in thought at the idea of driving home in a doctor's carriage. We soon reached said carriage, and my foot was on the step, when again my arm was seized, and this time, "Are you a Homeopathist?" was demanded. I stoutly answered "Yes," for I thought I must not sail or drive under false colors. "Indeed! they go outside," was his reply. This was too much for me; so, shaking myself free I said, "No, they don't, they can walk." He smiled, looked me rapidly all over from head to foot, and then said in the same quiet voice, "For that I'll take you in" — and in I went.

He asked me a little about school, but did not talk much, and I remember with a kind of awe, that I saw him lean back and shut his eyes. I did not then know how characteristic of him at times this attitude was, but I felt relieved that no speaking was expected. He brought me home, came in and saw my mother, and before he left had established a friendly footing all around. And so began a friendship — for he allowed me to call it that — the remembrance of which is a possession forever.

Many years after, when one day he spoke of driving with him as if it were only a dull thing to do, I told him that when he asked me I always came most gladly, and that I looked upon it as "a means of

grace." He smiled, but shook his head rather sadly, and I was afraid I had ventured too far. We did not refer to it again, but weeks after he came up to me in the dining-room at Rutland Street, and without one introductory remark, said, "Means of grace to-morrow at half-past two."

And means of grace it was then and always. I remember that afternoon distinctly, and could write down recollections of it. But what words can convey any idea of the sense of pleasure that intercourse with him always gave? It brought intensifying of life within and around one, and the feeling of being understood, of being over-estimated, and yet this over-estimation only led to humility and aspiration. His kindly insight seemed to fasten rather on what might yet be, than what already was, and so led one on to hope and strive. "I'll try to be good," must have been the unspoken resolve of many a heart, after being with him, though no one more seldom gave what is called distinctively "good advice," medical excepted.

It was to Colinton House he was going that afternoon. As we drove along, sometimes there were long silences, then gleams of the veriest nonsense and fun, and then perhaps some true words of far-reaching meaning. The day was one of those in late winter that break upon us suddenly without any prelude, deluding us into believing that spring has come, cheering, but saddening too, in their passing brightness. As we neared the Pentlands he spoke of

how he knew them in every aspect, and specially noticed the extreme clearness and stillness of the atmosphere, quoting those lines which he liked so much, —

“ Winter, slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of spring.”

and ending with a sigh for “ poor Coleridge, so wonderful and so sad.” After his visit to the house he took me to the garden, where he had a quiet, droll talk with the gardener, introducing me to him as the Countess of something or other. The gardener took the Countess’s visit very quietly — he seemed to understand the introduction. I remember the interview ended abruptly by Dr. Brown pulling out the gardener’s watch instead of his own. Looking at it, he replaced it carefully, and, without a word said, he walked away. As we were leaving the garden he stopped for a moment opposite a bed of violets, and quoted the lines, —

“ Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno’s eyes ; ”

then, after a minute, “ What a creature he was, beyond all words ! ”

I think it was the same afternoon that, in driving home, he spoke of the difficulty we had in recalling, so vividly as to hear it once more, the voice of one who is gone. He said, “ You can see the face,” and, putting out his hand, “ you can feel their touch, but to hear the voice is to me most difficult of all.” Then, after a pause, he said, “ For three months I

tried to hear *her* voice, and could not ; but at last it came, — one word brought it back.” He was going to say the word, and then he stopped and said, “No, it might spoil it.” I told him I could recall very vividly the only time I spoke to Mrs. Brown. He asked me to tell him about it, and I did. The next day I met him out at dinner, and by rare good fortune sat next him. We had only been seated a minute or two when he turned to me and said, “What you told me about her yesterday has been like a silver thread running through the day.”

At one time he drove to Colinton two or three times a week, and knew each separate tree on the road or stone in the wall, and on suddenly opening his eyes could tell within a yard or two what part of the road he had reached. For if it were true that he often closed his eyes as if to shut out sad thoughts, or, as in listening to music, to intensify the impression, it was also true that no keener observer ever lived. Nothing escaped him, and to his sensitive nature the merest passing incident on the street became a source of joy or sorrow, while in the same way his keen sense of humor had endless play. Once, when driving, he suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence, and looked out eagerly at the back of the carriage. “Is it some one you know?” I asked. “No,” he said, “it’s a dog I *don’t* know.” Another day, pointing out a man who was passing, I asked him if he could tell me his name. He merely glanced at him, and then said, “No, I never saw him before,

but I can tell you what he is — a deposed Established Church minister.” Soon after I heard that this was an exact description of the man.

He often used to say that he knew every one in Edinburgh except a few new-comers, and to walk Princes Street with him was to realize that this was nearly a literal fact. How he rejoiced in the beauty of Edinburgh! “She is a glorious creature,” he said one day, as he looked toward the Castle rock, and then along the beautiful, familiar street shining in the intense, sudden brightness that follows a heavy spring shower; “her sole duty is to let herself be seen.” He generally drove, but when he walked it was in leisurely fashion, as if not unwilling to be arrested. To some he spoke for a moment, and, though only for a moment, he seemed to send them on their way rejoicing; to others he nodded, to some he merely gave a smile in passing, but in each case it was a distinctive recognition, and felt to be such. He did not always raise his hat, and sometimes he did not even touch it; and when laughingly accused of this, he would say, “My nods are on the principle that my hat is chronically lifted, at least to all women, and from that I proceed to something more friendly.”

Once, on meeting a very ceremonious lady, his hat was undoubtedly raised, and, when she had passed, he said, “I would defy any man in creation to keep his hat near his head at the approach of that Being.” He was anything but careless as to small matters of ceremony, but then with him that ceased to be mere

ceremony, and represented something real. His invariable habit of going to the door with each visitor sprang from the true kindness of his nature. Often the very spirit of exhilaration was thrown into his parting smile, or into the witty saying, shot after the retreating figure, compelling a turning round for a last look — exhilaration to his friend; but any one who knew him well felt sure that, as he gently closed the door, the smile would fade, and be succeeded by that look of meditative pensiveness, so characteristic of him when not actually speaking or listening. He often spoke of “unexpectedness” as having a charm, and he had it himself in a very unusual degree. Anything like genuine spontaneity he hailed with all his heart. “Drive this lady to Muttonhole” — it was an address he often gave — he said to a cabman, late one evening. “Ay, Doctor, I’ll dae that,” the man answered, as he vigorously closed the door and prepared to mount without waiting for further instructions, knowing well what doctor he had to deal with. “You’re a capital fellow,” Dr. Brown said; “what’s your name?” And doubtless there would be a kindly recognition of the man ever after.

In going to see him, his friends never knew what style of greeting was in store for them, for he had no formal method; each thing he said and did was an exact reflection of the moment’s mood, and so it was a true expression of his character. That it would be a hearty greeting, *if he were well*, they knew; for when able for it, he did enjoy the coming and going

of friends. At lunch time he might often be met in the lobby on one of his many expeditions to the door, the ring of the coming guest suggesting to the one in possession that he, or *possibly* she, must depart; and when encountered there, sometimes a droll introduction of the friends to one another would take place. Often he sat in the dining-room at the foot of the table with his back to the door, and resolutely kept his eyes shut until his outstretched hand was clasped.

But perhaps the time and place his friends will most naturally recall in thinking of him, is a winter afternoon, the gas lighted, the fire burning clearly, and he seated in his own chair in the drawing-room (that room that was so true a reflection of his character), the evening paper in his hand, but not so deeply interested in it as not to be quite willing to lay it down. If he were reading, and you were unannounced, you had almost reached his chair before the adjustment of his spectacles allowed him to recognize who had come; and the bright look, followed by, "It's you, is it?" was something to remember. The summary of the daily news of the town was brought to him at this hour, and the varied characters of those who brought it out put him in possession of all shades of opinion, and enabled him to look at things from every point of view. If there had been a racy lecture, or one with some absurdities in it, or a good concert, a rush would be made to Rutland Street to tell Dr. Brown, and no touch of enthusiasm or humor in the narration was thrown away upon him.

One other time will be remembered. In the evening after dinner, when again seated in his own chair, he would read aloud short passages from the book he was specially interested in (and there was always one that occupied his thoughts chiefly for the time), or would listen to music, or would lead pleasant talk. Or later still, when, the work of the day over, and all interruptions at an end, he went up to the smoking-room (surely he was a *very* mild smoker!), and giving himself up entirely to the friends who happened to be with him, was—all those who knew him best now gladly and sorrowfully remember, but can never explain, not even to themselves.

In trying to describe any one, it is usual to speak of his manner; but that word applied to Dr. Brown seems almost unnatural, for manner is considered as a thing more or less consciously acquired, but thought of apart from the man. Now in this sense of the word he had *no* manner, for his manner was *himself*, the visible and audible expression of his whole nature. One has only to picture the ludicrousness as well as hopelessness of any imitation of it, to know that it was simply his own, and to realize this is to feel in some degree the entire truthfulness of his character: "If, therefore, thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." Perhaps no one who enjoyed mirth so thoroughly, or was so much the cause of it in others, ever had a quieter bearing. He had naturally a low tone of voice, and he seldom

raised it. He never shouted any one down, and did not fight for a place in the arena of talk, but his calm, honest tones claimed attention, and way was gladly made for him. "He acts as a magnet in a room," was sometimes said, and it was true; gently, but surely, he became the centre of whatever company he was in.

When one thinks of it, it was by his smile and his smile alone (sometimes a deliberate "Capital!" was added), that he showed his relish for what was told him; and yet how unmistakable that relish was! "I'll tell Dr. Brown," was the thought that came first to his friends on hearing anything genuine, pathetic, or queer, and the gleam as of sunlight that shone in his eyes, and played round his sensitive mouth as he listened, acted as an inspiration, so that friends and even strangers he saw at their best, and their best was better than it would have been without him. They brought him of their treasure, figuratively and literally too, for there was not a rare engraving, a copy of an old edition, a valuable autograph, anything that any one in Edinburgh greatly prized, but sooner or later it found its way to Rutland Street, "just that Dr. Brown might see it." It seemed to mean more even to the owner himself when he had looked at it and enjoyed it.

He was so completely free from real egotism that in his writings he uses the pronouns "I" and "our" with perfect fearlessness. His sole aim is to bring himself into sympathy with his readers, and he

chooses the form that will do that most directly. The most striking instance of this is in his *Letter to Dr. Cairns*. In no other way could he so naturally have told what he wishes to tell of his father and his father's friends. In it he is not addressing the public — a thing he never did — but writing to a friend, and in that genial atmosphere thoughts and words flow freely. He says towards the beginning, "Sometimes I have this" (the idea of his father's life) "so vividly in my mind, that I think I have only to sit down and write it off, and so it to the quick." He did sit down and write it off, we know with what result.

Except when clouds darkened his spirit (which, alas! they too often did), and he looked inwards and saw no light, he seemed to have neither time nor occasion to think of himself at all. His whole nature found meat and drink in lovingly watching all mankind, men, women, and children, the lower animals, too — only he seldom spoke of them as lower, he thought of them as complete in themselves. "Look at that creature," he said on a bright, sunny day as a cab-horse passed, prancing considerably and rearing his head; "that's delightful; he's happy in the sunshine, *and wishes to be looked at*; just like some of us here on the pavement." How many of us on the pavement find delight in the ongoings of a cab-horse? His dog, seated opposite him one day in the carriage, suddenly made a bolt and disappeared at the open window. "An acquaintance must have

passed whom he wished to speak to," was Dr. Brown's explanation of his unexpected exit.

In *The Imitation* it is said, "If thy heart were sincere and upright, then every creature would be unto thee a looking-glass of life." It was so with Dr. Brown. His quick sympathy was truly personal in each case, but it did not end there. It gladdened him to call forth the child's merry laugh, for his heart expanded with the thought that joy was world-wide; and in the same way sorrow saddened him, for it too was everywhere. He discovered with keenest insight all that lay below the surface, dwelling on the good, and bringing it to the light, while from what was bad or hopelessly foolish he simply turned aside. He had friends in all ranks of life, "from the peasant to the peer," as the phrase is, and higher. He was constantly forming links with those whom he met, and they were links that held fast, for he never forgot any one with whom he had had real contact of spirit, and the way in which he formed this contact was perhaps the most wonderful thing about him. A word, a look, would put him in possession of all that was best and truest in a character. And it was character that he thought of; surroundings were very secondary with him. Though he thoroughly appreciated a beautiful setting, the want of it did not repel him. "Come and see a first-rate man," he said to me one day as he met me at the door. And here in the dining-room stood a stalwart countryman, clad in rough homespun, with a brightly-

colored "cravat" about his neck, his face glowing with pleasure as his friend (for he evidently considered Dr. Brown his friend) looked up at him. They had met that morning, when the man came asking admission for a child to the Infirmary, and now he had returned to report his success. The look of keen and kindly interest with which every word was listened to might well encourage him to "go on," as he was frequently told to do. "The wife" figured now and then in the narration, and as he rose to go, the beaming look with which Dr. Brown said, "And you're fond of your wife?" was met by a broad smile of satisfaction, and "Ay, I'm fond o' her," followed by a hearty shake of the hand. "His feelings are as delicate as his body is big," was Dr. Brown's remark as he returned to the room after going with him to the door.

It is Ruskin who says, "The greatest thing a human soul ever does is to *see* something, and tell what it *saw* in a plain way. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion all in one." Dr. Brown was constantly seeing what others did not see, and the desire to tell it, to make others share his feelings, forced him to write, or made it impossible for him to do so when not in writing mood. To prescribe a subject to him was useless, and worse. What truer or shorter explanation can be given of the fascination of *Rab and his Friends* than that in James, in Ailie, and in Rab he "saw something" that others did not see, and told what he saw in "a plain way,"

— in a perfect way, too. “Was n’t she a grand little creature?” he said about “Marjorie,” only a few months before his death. “And grand that you have made thousands know her, and love her, after she has been in heaven for seventy years and more,” was the answer. “Yes, *I am glad*,” he said, and he looked it too. He was not thinking of *Marjorie Fleming* one of his literary productions, as it would be called, but of the bright, eager child herself.

But the words he applied to Dr. Chalmers are true as regards myself: “We cannot now go very curiously to work to scrutinize the composition of his character: we cannot take that large, free, genial nature to pieces, and weigh this and measure that, and sum up and pronounce; we are so near as yet to him and to his loss, he is too dear to us to be so handled. ‘His death,’ to use the pathetic words of Hartley Coleridge, ‘is a recent sorrow, his image still lives in eyes that weep for him.’” Though necessarily all his life coming into close contact with sickness and death, he never became accustomed, as so many seem to do, to their sorrowfulness and mystery, and the tear and wear of spirit involved in so many of his patients being also his close personal friends, was, without doubt, a cause of real injury to his own health.

I shall never forget the expression of his face as he stood looking at his friend Sir George Harvey, for the last time. He had sat for a long while holding the nearly pulseless wrist, then he rose, and with

folded hands stood looking down earnestly on the face already stamped with the nobility of death, his own nearly as pale, but wearing, too, the traces of care and sorrow which had now forever vanished from his friend's. For many minutes he stood quite still as if rapt in thought; then slowly stooping, he reverently kissed the brow, and silently, without speaking one word, he left the room.

I have spoken of the first time I saw him; shall I tell of the last — of that wet, dreary Sunday, so unlike a day in spring, when with the church bells ringing, John took me up to his room, and left me there? He was sitting up in bed, but looked weaker than one would have expected after only two days' illness, and twice pointing to his chest, he said, "I *know* this is something vital;" and then musingly, almost as if he were speaking of some one else, "It's sad, Cecy, is n't it?" But he got much brighter after a minute or two, noticed some change in my dress, approved of it, then asked if I had been to church, and, "What was the text?" smiling as he did so, as if he half expected I had forgotten it. I told him, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." "Wonderful words," he said, folding his hands and closing his eyes, and repeated slowly, "Be of good cheer;" then, after a pause, "And from *Him*, our Saviour." In a minute or two I rose, fearing to stay too long, but he looked surprised, and asked me what I meant by going so soon. So I sat down again. He

asked me what books I was reading, and I told him, and he spoke a little of them. Then suddenly, as if it had just flashed upon him, he said "Ah! I have done nothing to your brother's papers but look at them, and felt the material was splendid, and now it is too late." Some months before, when he was exceedingly well and cheerful, he had told me to bring him two manuscript books I had once shown him, saying, "I have often felt I *could* write about *him*, as good a text as Arthur Hallam." I told him it would be the greatest boon were he to do it; but he warned me not to hope too much. After a few minutes, again I rose to go. His "Thank you for coming," I answered by, "Thank you for letting me come;" and then, yielding to a sudden impulse, for I seldom ventured on such ground, I added, "And I can never half thank you for all you have been to me all these years." "No, you must n't thank me," he said sadly, and a word or two more, "but remember me when you pray to God." I answered more by look and clasp of his hand than by word; but he did feel that I had answered him, for "That's right," he said firmly, his face brightening, and as I reached the door, "Come again soon."

The next time I was in that room, four days after, it was to look on "that beautiful sealed face," and to feel that the pure in heart had seen God. Sir George Harvey once said, "I like to think what the first *glint* of heaven will be to John Brown." He has got it now. What more can or need we say?



RAB AND HIS FRIENDS.

FOUR-AND-THIRTY years ago, Bob Ainslie and I were coming up Infirmiry Street from the Edinburgh High School, our heads together, and our arms inter-twisted, 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 enjoying, 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 Yar-row'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 eye-glass in his eye. "Snuff, indeed!" growled the angry crowd, affronted and glaring. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" again observed 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 Nid-dry Street he goes, bent on mischief; up the Cow-

gate 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 Shakesperian 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, my 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 thinking.”

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 unforgettable 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 Maister John, the young doctor; Rab’s freend, ye ken. We often speak about

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

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 eying 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 centre 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 slank 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 gravity¹ of all great fighters.

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.² The same large, heavy, menacing, combative, sombre, 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.

¹ A Highland game-keeper, when asked why 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'."

² 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 *buidly* 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 kitter if he boxed as he preached — what "The Fancy" would call "an ugly customer."

She curtsied, 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 blackboard, 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 theatre 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 bombazine 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 tacketts, heel-capt, and toe-capt and put them carefully under the table, saying, “Maister John, I ’m for nane o’ yer stryng nurse bodies for Ailie. I ’ll be her nurse, and I ’ll gang about 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 sombre 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, “Our 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 was n’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 metre, 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 bed-gown 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 came 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 latches, 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 eye to the dead face. “Maister John, ye 'll wait for me,” said the carrier; and disappeared in the darkness, thundering down-stairs 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., 1794," 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 firelight 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 down-stairs, followed by Rab. I followed with a light ; but he did n'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 day-break 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, having 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 reopen. 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 of 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 did na 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 wad na 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 was na 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?





OUR DOGS.

I WAS bitten severely by a little dog when with my mother at Moffat Wells, being then three years of age, and I have remained "bitten" ever since in the matter of dogs. I remember that little dog, and can at this moment not only recall my pain and terror — I have no doubt I was to blame — but also her face; and were I allowed to search among the shades in the cynic Elysian fields, I could pick her out still. All my life I have been familiar with these faithful creatures, making friends of them, and speaking to them; and the only time I ever addressed the public, about a year after being bitten, was at the farm of Kirklaw Hill, near Biggar, when the text, given out from an empty cart in which the ploughmen had placed me, was "Jacob's dog," and my entire sermon was as follows: — "Some say that Jacob had a black dog (the *o* very long), and some say that Jacob had a white dog, but *I* (imagine the presumption of four years!) say Jacob had a brown dog, and a brown dog it shall be."

I had many intimacies from this time onwards — Bawtie, of the inn; Keeper, the carrier's bull terrier; Tiger, a huge tawny mastiff from Edinburgh, which

I think must have been an uncle of Rab's; all the sheep dogs at Callands — Spring, Mavis, Yarrow, Swallow, Cheviot, etc.; but it was not till I was at college, and my brother at the High School, that we possessed a dog.

TOBY

Was the most utterly shabby, vulgar, mean-looking cur I ever beheld: in one word, *a tyke*. He had not one good feature except his teeth and eyes, and his bark, if that can be called a feature. He was not ugly enough to be interesting; his color black and white, his shape leggy and clumsy; altogether what Sydney Smith would have called an extraordinarily ordinary dog; and, as I have said, not even greatly ugly, or, as the Aberdonians have it, *bonnie wi' ill-fairedness*. My brother William found him the centre of attraction to a multitude of small blackguards who were drowning him slowly in Lochend Loch, doing their best to lengthen out the process, and secure the greatest amount of fun with the nearest approach to death. Even then Toby showed his great intellect by pretending to be dead, and thus gaining time and an inspiration. William bought him for twopence, and as he had it not, the boys accompanied him to Pilrig Street, when I happened to meet him, and giving the twopence to the biggest boy, had the satisfaction of seeing a general engagement of much severity, during which the twopence disappeared; one penny going off with a very small and swift boy,

and the other vanishing hopelessly into the grating of a drain.

Toby was for weeks in the house unbeknown to any one but ourselves two and the cook, and from my grandmother's love of tidiness and hatred of dogs and of dirt I believe she would have expelled "him whom we saved from drowning," had not he, in his straightforward way, walked into my father's bedroom one night when he was bathing his feet, and introduced himself with a wag of his tail, intimating a general willingness to be happy. My father laughed most heartily, and at last Toby, having got his way to his bare feet, and having begun to lick his soles and between his toes with his small rough tongue, my father gave such an unwonted shout of laughter that we — grandmother, sisters, and all of us — went in. Grandmother might argue with all her energy and skill, but as surely as the pressure of Tom Jones' infantile fist upon Mr. Allworthy's forefinger undid all the arguments of his sister, so did Toby's tongue and fun prove too many for grandmother's eloquence. I somehow think Toby must have been up to all this, for I think he had a peculiar love for my father ever after, and regarded grandmother from that hour with a careful and cool eye.

Toby, when full grown, was a strong, coarse dog; coarse in shape, in countenance, in hair, and in manner. I used to think that, according to the Pythagorean doctrine, he must have been, or been going to be a Gilmerton carter. He was of the bull terrier variety,

coarsened through much mongrelism and a dubious and varied ancestry. His teeth were good, and he had a large skull, and a rich bark as of a dog three times his size, and a tail which I never saw equaled — indeed it was a tail *per se*; it was of immense girth and not short, equal throughout like a policeman's baton; the machinery for working it was of great power, and acted in a way, as far as I have been able to discover, quite original. We called it his ruler.

When he wished to get into the house, he first whined gently, then growled, then gave a sharp bark, and then came a resounding, mighty stroke which shook the house; this, after much study and watching, we found was done by his bringing the entire length of his solid tail flat upon the door, with a sudden and vigorous stroke; it was quite a *tour de force* or a *coup de queue*, and he was perfect in it at once, his first *bang* authoritative, having been as masterly and telling as his last.

With all this inbred vulgar air, he was a dog of great moral excellence — affectionate, faithful, honest up to his light, with an odd humor as peculiar and as strong as his tail. My father, in his reserved way, was very fond of him, and there must have been very funny scenes with them, for we heard bursts of laughter issuing from his study when they two were by themselves; there was something in him that took that grave, beautiful, melancholy face. One can fancy him in the midst of his books, and sacred work and

thoughts, pausing and looking at the secular Toby, who was looking out for a smile to begin his rough fun, and about to end by coursing and *gurrin'* round the room, upsetting my father's books, laid out on the floor for consultation, and himself nearly at times, as he stood watching him — and off his guard and shaking with laughter. Toby had always a great desire to accompany my father up to town; this my father's good taste and sense of dignity, besides his fear of losing his friend (a vain fear!), forbade, and as the decision of character of each was great and nearly equal, it was often a drawn game. Toby ultimately, by making it his entire object, triumphed. He usually was nowhere to be seen on my father leaving; he however saw him, and lay in wait at the head of the street, and up Leith Walk he kept him in view from the opposite side like a detective, and then, when he knew it was hopeless to hound him home, he crossed unblushingly over, and joined company, excessively rejoiced of course.

One Sunday he had gone with him to church, and left him at the vestry door. The second psalm was given out, and my father was sitting back in the pulpit, when the door at its back, up which he came from the vestry was seen to move, and gently open, then, after a long pause, a black shining snout pushed its way steadily into the congregation, and was followed by Toby's entire body. He looked somewhat abashed, but snuffing his friend, he advanced as if on thin ice, and not seeing him, put his forelegs on

the pulpit, and behold there he was, his own familiar chum. I watched all this, and anything more beautiful than his look of happiness, of comfort, of entire ease when he beheld his friend, — the smoothing down of the anxious ears, the swing of gladness of that mighty tail, — I don't expect soon to see. My father quietly opened the door, and Toby was at his feet and invisible to all but himself; had he sent old George Peaston, the "minister's man," to put him out, Toby would probably have shown his teeth, and astonished George. He slunk home as soon as he could, and never repeated that exploit.

I never saw in any other dog the sudden transition from discretion, not to say abject cowardice, to blazing and permanent valor. From his earliest years he showed a general meanness of blood, inherited from many generations of starved, bekicked, and down-trodden forefathers and mothers, resulting in a condition of intense abjectness in all matters of personal fear; anybody, even a beggar, by a *gowl* and a threat of eye, could send him off howling by anticipation, with that mighty tail between his legs. But it was not always so to be, and I had the privilege of seeing courage, reasonable, absolute, and for life, spring up in Toby at once, as did Athené from the skull of Jove. It happened thus: —

Toby was in the way of hiding his culinary bones in the small gardens before his own and the neighboring doors. Mr. Scrymgeour, two doors off, a bulky, choleric, red-haired, red-faced man — *torvo vultu* —

was, by the law of contrast, a great cultivator of flowers, and he had often scowled Toby into all but nonexistence by a stamp of his foot and a glare of his eye. One day his gate being open, in walks Toby with a huge bone, and making a hole where Scrymgeour had two minutes before been planting some precious slip, the name of which on paper and on a stick Toby made very light of, substituted his bone, and was engaged covering it, or thinking he was covering it up with his shoveling nose (a very odd relic of paradise in the dog), when S. spied him through the inner glass door, and was out upon him like the Assyrian, with a terrible *gowl*. I watched them. Instantly Toby made straight at him with a roar too, and an eye more torve than Scrymgeour's, who, retreating without reserve, fell prostrate, there is reason to believe, in his own lobby. Toby contented himself with proclaiming his victory at the door, and returning finished his bone-planting at his leisure; the enemy, who had scuttled behind the glass-door, glaring at him.

From this moment Toby was an altered dog. Pluck at first sight was lord of all; from that time dated his first tremendous deliverance of tail against the door which we called "come listen to my tail." That very evening he paid a visit to Leo, next door's dog, a big, tyrannical bully and coward, which its master thought a Newfoundland, but whose pedigree we knew better; this brute continued the same system of chronic extermination which was interrupted at

Lochend, — having Toby down among his feet, and threatening him with instant death two or three times a day. To him Toby paid a visit that very evening, down into his den, and walked about, as much as to say “Come on, Macduff!” but Macduff did not come on, and henceforward there was an armed neutrality, and they merely stiffened up and made their backs rigid, pretended each not to see the other, walking solemnly round, as is the manner of dogs. Toby worked his new-found faculty thoroughly, but with discretion. He killed cats, astonished beggars, kept his own in his own garden against all comers, and came off victorious in several well-fought battles; but he was not quarrelsome or foolhardy. It was very odd how his carriage changed, holding his head up, and how much pleasanter he was at home. To my father, next to William, who was his Humane Society man, he remained stanch. And what of his end? for the misery of dogs is that they die so soon, or as Sir Walter says, it is well they do; for if they lived as long as a Christian, and we liked them in proportion, and they then died, he said that was a thing he could not stand.

His exit was miserable, and had a strange poetic or tragic relation to his entrance. My father was out of town; I was away in England. Whether it was that the absence of my father had relaxed his power of moral restraint, or whether through neglect of the servant he had been desperately hungry, or most likely both being true, Toby was discovered

with the remains of a cold leg of mutton, on which he had made an ample meal; ¹ this he was in vain endeavoring to plant as of old, in the hope of its remaining undiscovered till to-morrow's hunger returned, the whole shank bone sticking up unmistakably. This was seen by our excellent and Rhadamanthine grandmother, who pronounced sentence on the instant; and next day, as William was leaving for the High School, did he in the sour morning, through an easterly *haur*, behold him "whom he saved from drowning," and whom, with better results than in the case of Launce and Crab, he had taught, as if one should say, "thus would I teach a dog," dangling by his own chain from his own lamp-post, one of his hind feet just touching the pavement, and his body preternaturally elongated.

William found him dead and warm, and falling in with the milk-boy at the head of the street, questioned him, and discovered that he was the executioner, and had got twopence, he — Toby's every morning crony, who met him and accompanied him up the street, and licked the outside of his can — had, with an eye to speed and convenience, and a want of taste, not to say principle and affection, horrible still to think of, suspended Toby's animation beyond all hope. William instantly fell upon him, upsetting his milk and cream,

¹ Toby was in the state of the shepherd boy whom George Webster met in Glenshee, and asked, "My man, were you ever fou'?" "Ay, aince," speaking slowly, as if remembering — "Ay, aince." "What on?" "Cauld mutton!"

and gave him a thorough licking, to his own intense relief; and, being late, he got from Pyper, who was a martinet, the customary palmies, which he bore with something approaching to pleasure. So died Toby; my father said little, but he missed and mourned his friend.

There is reason to believe that by one of those curious intertwistings of existence, the milk-boy was that one of the drowning party who got the penny of the twopence.

WYLIE.

Our next friend was an exquisite shepherd's dog; fleet, thin-flanked, dainty, and handsome as a small grayhound, with all the grace of silky waving black and tan hair. We got him thus. Being then young and keen botanists, and full of the knowledge and love of Tweedside, having been on every hill-top from Muckle Mendie to Hundleshope and the Lee Pen, and having fished every water from Tarth to the Leithen, we discovered early in spring that young Stewart, author of an excellent book on natural history, a young man of great promise and early death, had found the *Buxbaumia aphylla*, a beautiful and odd-looking moss, west of Newbie heights, in the very month we were that moment in. We resolved to start next day. We walked to Peebles, and then up Haystoun Glen to the cottage of Adam Cairns, the aged shepherd of the Newbie hirsle, of whom we knew,

and who knew of us from his daughter, Nancy Cairns, a servant with Uncle Aitken of Callands. We found our way up the burn with difficulty, as the evening was getting dark; and on getting near the cottage heard them at worship. We got in, and made ourselves known, and got a famous tea, and such cream and oat cake!—old Adam looking on us as “clean dementit” to come out for “a bit moss,” which, however, he knew, and with some pride said he would take us in the morning to the place. As we were going into a box bed for the night, two young men came in, and said they were “gaun to burn the water.” Off we set. It was a clear, dark, starlight, frosty night. They had their leisters and tar torches, and it was something worth seeing—the wild flame, the young fellows striking the fish coming to the light—how splendid they looked with the light on their scales, coming out of the darkness—the stumblings and quenchings suddenly of the lights, as the torch-bearer fell into a deep pool. We got home past midnight, and slept as we seldom sleep now. In the morning Adam, who had been long up, and had been up the “*Hope*” with his dog, when he saw we had wakened, told us there was four inches of snow, and we soon saw it was too true. So we had to go home without our cryptogamic prize.

It turned out that Adam, who was an old man and frail, and had made some money, was going at Whitsunday to leave, and live with his son in Glasgow. We had been admiring the beauty and gentleness and

perfect shape of Wylie, the finest colley I ever saw, and said, "What are you going to do with Wylie?" "'Deed," says he, "I hardly ken. I can na think o' sellin' her, though she's worth four pound, and she'll no like the toun." I said, "Would you let me have her?" and Adam, looking at her fondly, — she came up instantly to him, and made of him, — said, "Ay, I wull, if ye'll be gude to her;" and it was settled that when Adam left for Glasgow she should be sent into Albany Street by the carrier.

She came, and was at once taken to all our hearts, even grandmother liked her; and though she was often pensive, as if thinking of her master and her work on the hills, she made herself at home, and behaved in all respects like a lady. When out with me, if she saw sheep in the streets or road, she got quite excited, and helped the work, and was curiously useful, the being so making her wonderfully happy. And so her little life went on, never doing wrong, always blithe and kind and beautiful. But some months after she came, there was a mystery about her: every Tuesday evening she disappeared; we tried to watch her, but in vain, she was always off by nine P. M., and was away all night, coming back next day wearied and all over mud, as if she had traveled far. She slept all next day. This went on for some months and we could make nothing of it. Poor dear creature, she looked at us wistfully when she came in, as if she would have told us if she could, and was especially fond, though tired.

Well, one day I was walking across the Grass-market, with Wylie at my heels, when two shepherds started, and looking at her, one said, "That's her; that's the wonderfu' wee bitch that naebody kens." I asked him what he meant, and he told me that for months past she had made her appearance by the first daylight at the "bucht" or sheep-pens in the cattle market, and worked incessantly, and to excellent purpose in helping the shepherds to get their sheep and lambs in. The man said with a sort of transport, "She's a perfect meeracle; flees about like a speerit, and never gangs wrang; wears but never grups, and beats a' oor dowgs. She's a perfect meeracle, and as soople as a maukin." Then he related how they all knew her, and said, "There's that wee fell yin; we'll get them in noo." They tried to coax her to stop and be caught, but no, she was gentle, but off; and for many a day that "wee fell yin" was spoken of by these rough fellows. She continued this amateur work till she died, which she did in peace.

It is very touching the regard the south-country shepherds have to their dogs. Professor Syme one day, many years ago, when living in Forres Street, was looking out of his window, and he saw a young shepherd striding down North Charlotte Street, as if making for his house; it was midsummer. The man had his dog with him, and Mr. Syme noticed that he followed the dog, and not it him, though he contrived to steer for the house. He came, and was ushered into his room; he wished advice about some ailment,

and Mr. Syme saw that he had a bit of twine round the dog's neck, which he let drop out of his hand when he entered the room. He asked him the meaning of this, and he explained that the magistrates had issued a mad-dog proclamation, commanding all dogs to be muzzled or led on pain of death. "And why do you go about as I saw you did before you came in to me?" "Oh," said he, looking awkward, "I did na want Birkie to ken he was tied." Where will you find truer courtesy and finer feeling? He did n't want to hurt Birkie's feelings.

Mr. Carruthers of Inverness told me a new story of these wise sheep dogs. A butcher from Inverness had purchased some sheep at Dingwall, and giving them in charge to his dog, left the road. The dog drove them on, till coming to a toll, the toll-wife stood before the drove, demanding her dues. The dog looked at her, and, jumping on her back, crossed his forelegs over her arms. The sheep passed through, and the dog took his place behind them, and went on his way.

RAB.

Of Rab I have little to say, indeed have little right to speak of him as one of "our dogs;" but nobody will be sorry to hear anything of that noble fellow. Ailie, the day or two after the operation, when she was well and cheery, spoke about him, and said she would tell me fine stories when I came out, as I prom-

ised to do, to see her at Howgate. I asked her how James came to get him. She told me that one day she saw James coming down from Leadburn with the cart; he had been away west, getting eggs and butter, cheese and hens for Edinburgh. She saw he was in some trouble, and on looking, there was what she thought a young calf being dragged, or, as she called it, "haurled," at the back of the cart. James was in front, and when he came up, very warm and very angry, she saw that there was a huge young dog tied to the cart, struggling and pulling back with all his might, and as she said "lookin' fearsom." James, who was out of breath and temper, being past his time, explained to Ailie, that this "muckle brute o' a whalp" had been worrying sheep, and terrifying everybody up at Sir George Montgomery's at Macbie Hill, and that Sir George had ordered him to be hanged, which, however, was sooner said than done, as "the thief" showed his intentions of dying hard. James came up just as Sir George had sent for his gun, and as the dog had more than once shown a liking for him, he said he "wad gie him a chance;" and so he tied him to his cart. Young Rab, fearing some mischief, had been entering a series of protests all the way, and nearly strangling himself to spite James and Jess, besides giving Jess more than usual to do. "I wish I had let Sir George pit that charge into him, the thrawn brute," said James. But Ailie had seen that in his foreleg there was a splinter of wood, which he had likely got when objecting to be

hanged, and that he was miserably lame. So she got James to leave him with her, and go straight into Edinburgh. She gave him water, and by her woman's wit got his lame paw under a door, so that he could n't suddenly get at her, then with a quick firm hand she plucked out the splinter, and put in an ample meal. She went in some time after, taking no notice of him, and he came limping up, and laid his great jaws in her lap; from that moment they were "chief," as she said, James finding him mansuete and civil when he returned.

She said it was Rab's habit to make his appearance exactly half an hour before his master, trotting in full of importance, as if to say, "He's all right, he'll be here." One morning James came without him. He had left Edinburgh very early, and in coming near Auchindinny, at a lonely part of the road, a man sprang out on him, and demanded his money. James, who was a cool hand, said, "Weel a weel, let me get it," and stepping back, he said to Rab, "Speak till him, my man." In an instant Rab was standing over him, threatening strangulation if he stirred. James pushed on, leaving Rab in charge; he looked back, and saw that every attempt to rise was summarily put down. As he was telling Ailie the story, up came Rab with that great swing of his. It turned out that the robber was a Howgate lad, the worthless son of a neighbor, and Rab knowing him had let him cheaply off; the only thing, which was seen by a man from a field, was, that before letting him rise, he quenched (*pro tem-*

pore) the fire of the eyes of the ruffian, by a familiar Gulliverian application of Hydraulics, which I need not further particularize. James, who did not know the way to tell an untruth, or embellish anything, told me this as what he called "a fact *positeevely*."

WASP

Was a dark brindled bull terrier, as pure in blood as Cruiser or Wild Dayrell. She was brought by my brother from Otley, in the West Riding. She was very handsome, fierce, and gentle, with a small, compact, finely-shaped head, and a pair of wonderful eyes, — as full of fire and of softness as Grisi's; indeed she had to my eye a curious look of that wonderful genius — at once wild and fond. It was a fine sight to see her on the prowl across Bowden Moor, now cantering with her nose down, now gathered up on the top of a dyke, and with erect ears, looking across the wild like a moss-trooper out on business, keen and fell. She could do everything it became a dog to do, from killing an otter or a polecat, to watching and playing with a baby, and was as docile to her master as she was surly to all else. She was not quarrelsome, but "being in," she would have pleased Polonius as much, as in being "ware of entrance." She was never beaten, and she killed on the spot several of the country bullies who came out upon her when following her master in his rounds. She generally sent them

off howling with one snap, but if this was not enough, she made an end of it.

But it was as a mother that she shone; and to see the gypsy, Hagar-like creature nursing her occasional Ishmael — playing with him, and fondling him all over, teaching his teeth to war, and with her eye and the curl of her lip daring any one but her master to touch him, was like seeing Grisi watching her darling “Gennaro,” who so little knew why and how much she loved him.

Once when she had three pups, one of them died. For two days and nights she gave herself up to trying to bring it to life — licking it and turning it over and over, growling over it, and all but worrying it to awake it. She paid no attention to the living two, gave them no milk, flung them away with her teeth, and would have killed them, had they been allowed to remain with her. She was as one possessed, and neither ate, nor drank, nor slept, was heavy and miserable with her milk, and in such a state of excitement that no one could remove the dead pup.

Early on the third day she was seen to take the pup in her mouth, and start across the fields towards the Tweed, striding like a race-horse — she plunged in, holding up her burden, and at the middle of the stream dropped it and swam swiftly ashore; then she stood and watched the little dark lump floating away, bobbing up and down with the current, and losing it at last far down, she made her way home, sought out the living two, devoured them with her love, carried

them one by one to her lair, and gave herself up wholly to nurse them; you can fancy her mental and bodily happiness and relief when they were pulling away — and theirs.

On one occasion my brother had lent her to a woman who lived in a lonely house, and whose husband was away for a time. She was a capital watch. One day an Italian with his organ came — first begging, then demanding money — showing that he knew she was alone and that he meant to help himself, if she did n't. She threatened to “lowse the dowg;” but as this was Greek to him, he pushed on. She had just time to set Wasp at him. It was very short work. She had him by the throat, pulled him and his organ down with a heavy crash, the organ giving a ludicrous sort of cry of musical pain. Wasp, thinking this was from some creature within, possibly a *whittret*, left the ruffian, and set to work tooth and nail on the box. Its master slunk off, and with mingled fury and thankfulness watched her disemboweling his only means of an honest living. The woman good-naturedly took her off, and signed to the miscreant to make himself and his remains scarce. This he did with a scowl; and was found in the evening in the village, telling a series of lies to the watchmaker, and bribing him with a shilling to mend his pipes — “his kist o’ whussels.”

JOCK

Was insane from his birth ; at first an *amabilis insania*, but ending in mischief and sudden death. He was an English terrier, fawn-colored ; his mother's name VAMP (Vampire), and his father's DEMON. He was more properly *daft* than mad ; his courage, muscularity, and prodigious animal spirits making him insufferable, and never allowing one sane feature of himself any chance. No sooner was the street door open, than he was throttling the first dog passing, bringing upon himself and me endless grief. Cats he tossed up into the air, and crushed their spines as they fell. Old ladies he upset by jumping over their heads ; old gentlemen by running between their legs. At home, he would think nothing of leaping through the tea-things, upsetting the urn, cream, etc., and at dinner the same sort of thing. I believe if I could have found time to thrash him sufficiently, and let him be a year older, we might have kept him ; but having upset an Earl when the streets were muddy, I had to part with him. He was sent to a clergyman in the island of Westray, one of the Orkneys ; and though he had a wretched voyage, and was as sick as any dog, he signalized the first moment of his arrival at the manse by strangling an ancient monkey, or "puggy," the pet of the minister, — who was a bachelor, — and the wonder of the island. Jock henceforward took to evil courses, extracting the kidneys

of the best young rams, driving whole hirsels down steep places into the sea, till at last all the guns of Westray were pointed at him, as he stood at bay under a huge rock on the shore, and blew him into space. I always regret his end, and blame myself for sparing the rod. Of

DUCHIE

I have already spoken; her oddities were endless. We had and still have a dear friend, — “Cousin Susan” she is called by many who are not her cousins, — a perfect lady, and, though hopelessly deaf, as gentle and contented as was ever Griselda with the full use of her ears; quite as great a pet, in a word, of us all as Duchie was of ours. One day we found her mourning the death of a cat, a great playfellow of the Sputchard’s, and her small Grace was with us when we were condoling with her and we saw that she looked very wistfully at Duchie. I wrote on the slate, “Would you like her?” and she through her tears said, “You know that would never do.” But it did do. We left Duchie that very night, and though she paid us frequent visits, she was Cousin Susan’s for life. I fear indulgence dulled her moral sense. She was an immense happiness to her mistress, whose silent and lonely days she made glad with her oddity and mirth. And yet the small creature, old, toothless, and blind, domineered over her gentle friend — threatening her sometimes if she presumed

to remove the small Fury from the inside of her own bed, into which it pleased her to creep. Indeed, I believe it is too true, though it was inferred only, that her mistress and friend spent a great part of a winter night in trying to coax her dear little ruffian out of the centre of the bed. One day the cook asked what she would have for dinner: "I would like a mutton chop, but then, you know, Duchie likes minced veal better!" The faithful and happy little creature died at a great age, of natural decay.

But time would fail me, and I fear patience would fail you, my reader, were I to tell you of CRAB, of JOHN PYM, of PUCK, and of the rest. CRAB, the Mugger's dog, grave, with deep-set, melancholy eyes, as of a nobleman (say the Master of Ravenswood) in disguise, large visaged, shaggy, indomitable, come of the pure Piper Allan's breed. This Piper Allan, you must know, lived some two hundred years ago in Cocquet Water, piping like Homer, from place to place, and famous not less for his dog than for his music, his news, and his songs. The Earl of Northumberland, of his day, offered the piper a small farm for his dog, but after deliberating for a day Allan said, "Na, na, ma Lord, keep yir ferum; what wud a piper do wi' a ferum?" From this dog descended Davidson of Hyndlee's breed, the original Dandie-Dinmont, and Crab could count his kin up to him. He had a great look of the Right Honorable Edward Ellice, and had much of his energy and *wecht*; had

there been a dog House of Commons, Crab would have spoken as seldom, and been as great a power in the house, as the formidable and faithful time-out-of-mind member for Coventry.

JOHN PYM was a smaller dog than Crab, of more fashionable blood, being a son of Mr. Somner's famous SHEM, whose father and brother are said to have been found dead in a drain into which the hounds had run a fox. It had three entrances: the father was put in at one hole, the son at another, and speedily the fox bolted out at the third, but no appearance of the little terriers, and on digging, they were found dead, locked in each other's jaws; they had met, and it being dark, and there being no time for explanations, they had throttled each other. John was made of the same sort of stuff, and was as combative and victorious as his great namesake, and not unlike him in some of his not so creditable qualities. He must, I think, have been related to a certain dog to whom "life was full o' sairiousness," but in John's case the same cause produced an opposite effect. John was gay and light-hearted, even when there was not "enuff of fechtin," which, however, seldom happened, there being a market every week in Melrose, and John appearing most punctually at the cross to challenge all comers, and being short-legged he inveigled every dog into an engagement by first attacking him, and then falling down on his back, in which posture he latterly fought and won all his battles.

What can I say of PUCK¹ — the thoroughbred — the simple-hearted — the purloiner of eggs warm from the hen — the flutterer of all manner of Volscians — the bandy-legged, dear, old, dilapidated buffer? I got him from my brother, and only parted with him because William's stock was gone. He had to the end of life a simplicity which was quite touching. One summer day — a dog-day — when all dogs found straying were hauled away to the police-office, and killed off in twenties with strychnine, I met Puck trotting along Princes Street with a policeman, a rope round his neck, he looking up in the fatal, official, but kindly countenance in the most artless and cheerful manner, wagging his tail and trotting along. In ten minutes he would have been in the next world; for I am one of those who believe dogs

¹ In *The Dog*, by Stonehenge, an excellent book, there is a woodcut of Puck, and "Dr. Wm. Brown's celebrated dog John Pym" is mentioned. Their pedigrees are given — here is Puck's, which shows his "strain" is of the pure azure blood — "got by John Pym, out of Tib; bred by Purves of Leaderfoot; sire, Old Dandie, the famous dog of old John Stoddart of Selkirk — dam, Whin." How Homeric all this sounds! I cannot help quoting what follows: "Sometimes a Dandie pup of a good strain may appear not to be game at an early age; but he should not be parted with on this account, because many of them do not show their courage till nearly two years old, and then nothing can beat them; this apparent softness arising, as I suspect, from kindness of heart" — a suspicion, my dear "Stonehenge," which is true, and shows your own "kindness of heart," as well as sense.

have a next world, and why not? Puck ended his days as the best dog in Roxburghshire. *Placide quiescas!*

DICK

Still lives, and long may he live? As he was never born, possibly he may never die; be it so, he will miss us when we are gone. I could say much of him, but agree with the lively and admirable Dr. Jortin, when, in his dedication of his *Remarks on Ecclesiastical History* to the then (1752) Archbishop of Canterbury, he excuses himself for not following the modern custom of praising his Patron, by reminding his Grace "that it was a custom amongst the ancients, *not to sacrifice to heroes till after sunset.*" I defer my sacrifice till Dick's sun is set.

I think every family should have a dog; it is like having a perpetual baby; it is the plaything and erony of the whole house. It keeps them all young. All unite upon Dick. And then he tells no tales, betrays no secrets, never sulks, asks no troublesome questions, never gets into debt, never coming down late for breakfast, or coming in through his Chubb *too early* to bed — is always ready for a bit of fun, lies in wait for it, and you may, if choleric, to your relief, kick him instead of some one else, who would not take it so meekly, and, moreover, would certainly not, as he does, ask your pardon for being kicked.

Never put a collar on your dog — it only gets him

stolen; give him only one meal a day, and let that, as Dame Dorothy, Sir Thomas Browne's wife, would say, be "rayther under." Wash him once a week, and always wash the soap out; and let him be carefully combed and brushed twice a week.

By the bye, I was wrong in saying that it was Burns who said Man is the God of the Dog — he got it from Bacon's *Essay on Atheism*.





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 Quâ 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 foxhound, but in every other respect a pure old-fashioned, wiry, short-haired Scotch terrier, — red as Rob Boy's beard, — having indeed other qualities of Rob's than his hair, — choleric, unscrupulous, affectionate, staunch, — 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 Princess 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 sledgehammer. 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 alternately 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 sea-birds "brooding on the charmed 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' man-

ner 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.

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 cozy, — 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 Dandie 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 Dirk Hatteraick's or Meg Merriels'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, 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 could n'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.



THE MYSTERY OF BLACK AND TAN.

WE, — the Sine Quâ Non, the Duchess, the Sputchard, the Dutchard, the Ricapiticapic, Oz and Oz, the Maid of Lorn, and myself, — left Crieff some fifteen years ago, on a bright September morning, soon after daybreak, in a gig. It was a morning still and keen: the sun sending his level shafts across Strathearn, and through the thin mist over its river hollows, to the fierce Aberuchil Hills, and searching out the dark blue shadows in the corries of Benvorlich. But who and how many are “we”? To make you as easy as we all were, let me tell you we were four; and are not these dumb friends of ours persons rather than things? Is not their soul ampler, as Plato would say, than their body, and contains rather than is contained? Is not what lives and wills in them, and is affectionate, as spiritual, as immaterial, as truly removed from mere flesh, blood, and bones, as that soul which is the proper self of their master? And when we look each other in the face, as I now look in Dick’s, who is lying in his “corny” by the fire-side, and he in mine, is it not as much the dog within looking from out his eyes — the windows of his soul — as it is the man from his?

The Sine Quâ Non, who will not be pleased at being spoken of, is such an one as that vain-glorious and chivalrous Ulric von Hütten — the Reformation's man of wit, and of the world, and of the sword, who slew Monkery with the wild laughter of his *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* — had in his mind when he wrote thus to his friend Fredericus Piscator (Mr. Fred. Fisher), on the 19th May, 1519, "*Da mihi uxorem, Friderice, et ut scias qualem, venustam, adolescentulam, probe educatam, hilarem, verecundam, patientem.*" "*Qualem,*" he lets Frederic understand in the sentence preceding, is one "*quâ cum ludam, quâ jocos conferam, amœniores et leviuscultas fabulas misceam, ubi sollicitudinis aciem obtundam, curarum æstus mitigem.*" And if you would know more of the Sine Quâ Non, and in English, for the world is dead to Latin now, you will find her name and nature in Shakespeare's words, when King Henry the Eighth says, "go thy ways."

The Duchess, alias all the other names till you come to the Maid of Lorn, is a rough, gnarled, incomparable little bit of a terrier, three parts Dandie-Dinmont, and one part — chiefly in tail and hair — cocker: her father being Lord Rutherford's famous "Dandie," and her mother the daughter of a Skye, and a light-hearted Cocker. The Duchess is about the size and weight of a rabbit; but has a soul as big, as fierce, and as faithful as had Meg Merrilies, with a nose as black as Topsy's; and is herself every bit as game and queer as that delicious imp of darkness

and of Mrs. Stowe. Her legs set her long slim body about two inches and a half from the ground, making her very like a huge caterpillar or hairy *oobit* — her two eyes, dark and full, and her shining nose, being all of her that seems anything but hair. Her tail was a sort of stump, in size and in look very much like a spare foreleg, stuck in anywhere to be near. Her color was black above and a rich brown below, with two dots of tan above the eyes, which dots are among the deepest of the mysteries of Black and Tan.

This strange little being I had known for some years, but had only possessed about a month. She and her pup (a young lady called *Smoot*, which means smolt, a young salmon), were given me by the widow of an honest and drunken — as much of the one as of the other — Edinburgh street-porter, a native of Badenoch, as a legacy from him and a fee from her for my attendance on the poor man's death-bed. But my first sight of the Duchess was years before in Broughton Street, when I saw her sitting bolt upright, begging, imploring, with those little rough four leggies, and those yearning, beautiful eyes, all the world, or any one, to help her master, who was lying "mortal" in the kennel. I raised him, and with the help of a ragged Samaritan, who was only less drunk than he, I got Macpherson — he held from Glen Truim — home; the excited doggie trotting off, and looking back eagerly to show us the way. I never again passed the Porters' Stand without speaking to her.

After Malcolm's burial I took possession of her ; she escaped to the wretched house, but as her mistress was off to Kingussie, and the door shut, she gave a pitiful howl or two, and was forthwith back at my door, with an impatient, querulous bark. And so this is our second of the four ; and is she not deserving of as many names as any other Duchess, from her of Medina Sidonia downwards ?

A fierier little soul never dwelt in a queerer or stancher body ; see her huddled up, and you would think her a bundle of hair, or a bit of old mossy wood, or a slice of heathery turf, with some red soil underneath ; but speak to her, or give her a cat to deal with, be it bigger than herself, and what an incarnation of affection, energy, and fury — what a fell unquenchable little ruffian.

The Maid of Lorn was a chestnut mare, a broken-down racer, thoroughbred as Beeswing, but less fortunate in her life, and I fear not so happy *occasione mortis* : unlike the Duchess, her body was greater and finer than her soul ; still she was a ladylike creature, sleek, slim, nervous, meek, willing, and fleet. She had been thrown down by some brutal half-drunk Forfarshire laird, when he put her wildly and with her wind gone, at the last hurdle on the North Inch at the Perth races. She was done for, and bought for ten pounds by the landlord of the Drummond Arms, Crieff, who had been taking as much money out of her, and putting as little corn into her as was compatible with life, purposing to run her for

the Consolation Stakes at Stirling. Poor young lady, she was a sad sight — broken in back, in knees, in character, and wind — in everything but temper, which was as sweet and all-enduring as Penelope's or our own Enid's.

Of myself, the fourth, I decline making any account. Be it sufficient that I am the Dutchard's master, and drove the gig.

It was, as I said, a keen and bright morning, and the S. Q. N. feeling chilly, and the Duchess being away after a cat up a back entry, doing a chance stroke of business, and the mare looking only half breakfasted, I made them give her a full feed of meal and water, and stood by and enjoyed her enjoyment. It seemed too good to be true, and she looked up every now and then in the midst of her feast, with a mild wonder. Away she and I bowled down the sleeping village, all overrun with sunshine, the dumb idiot man and the birds alone up, for the ostler was off to his straw. There was the S. Q. N. and her small panting friend, who had lost the cat, but had got what philosophers say is better — the chase. "*Nous ne cherchons jamais les choses, mais la recherche des choses,*" says Pascal. The Duchess would substitute for *les choses* — *les chats*. Pursuit, not possession, was her passion. We all got in, and off set the Maid, who was in excellent heart, quite gay, pricking her ears and casting up her head, and rattling away at a great pace.

We baited at St. Fillans, and again cheered the

heart of the Maid with unaccustomed corn—the S. Q. N., Duchie, and myself, going up to the beautiful rising ground at the back of the inn, and lying on the fragrant heather looking at the loch, with its mild gleams and shadows, and its second heaven looking out from its depths, the wild, rough mountains of Glenartney towering opposite. Duchie, I believe, was engaged in minor business close at hand, and caught and ate several large flies and a humble-bee; she was very fond of this small game.

There is not in all Scotland, or as far as I have seen in all else, a more exquisite twelve miles of scenery than that between Crieff and the head of Lochearn. Ochertyre, and its woods; Benchonzie, the headquarters of the earthquakes, only lower than Benvorlich-Strowan; Lawers, with its grand old Scotch pines; Comrie, with the wild Lednoch; Dunira; and St. Fillans, where we are now lying, and where the poor thoroughbred is tucking in her corn. We start after two hours of dreaming in the half sunlight, and rumble ever and anon over an earthquake, as the common folk call these same hollow, resounding rifts in the rock beneath, and arriving at the old inn at Lochearnhead, have a *tousie* tea. In the evening, when the day was darkening into night, Duchie and I,—the S. Q. N. remaining to read and rest—walked up Glen Ogle. It was then in its primeval state, the new road non-existent, and the old one staggering up and down and across that most original and Cyclopean valley, deep, threatening, savage, and yet beautiful—

“Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent
As by a spirit turbulent ;
Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
And everything unreconciled ;”

with flocks of mighty boulders, straying all over it. Some far up, and frightful to look at, others huddled down in the river, *immane pecus*, and one huge unloosened fellow, as big as a manse, up aloft watching them, like old Proteus with his calves, as if they had fled from the sea by stress of weather, and had been led by their ancient herd *altos visere montes* — a wilder, more “unreconciled” place I know not ; and now that the darkness was being poured into it, those big fellows looked bigger, and hardly “canny.”

Just as we were turning to come home — Duchie unwillingly, as she had much multifarious, and as usual fruitless hunting to do — she and I were startled by seeing a dog *in* the side of the hill, where the soil had been broken. She barked and I stared ; she trotted consequentially up and snuffed *more canino*, and I went nearer : it never moved, and on coming quite close I saw as it were the *image* of a terrier, a something that made me think of an idea *unrealized* ; the rough, short, scrubby heather and dead grass, made a color and a coat just like those of a good Highland terrier — a sort of pepper and salt this one was — and below, the broken soil, in which there was some iron and clay, with old gnarled roots, for all the world like its odd, bandy, and sturdy legs. Dnchie seemed not so easily unbeguiled as I was, and kept

staring, and snuffing, and growling, but did not touch it,—seemed afraid. I left and looked again, and certainly it was very odd the *growing* resemblance to one of the indigenous, hairy, low-legged dogs, one sees all about the Highlands, terriers, or earthy ones.

We came home, and told the S. Q. N. our joke. I dreamt of that visionary terrier, that son of the soil, all night; and in the very early morning, leaving the S. Q. N. asleep, I walked up with the Duchess to the same spot. What a morning! it was before sunrise, at least before he had got above Benvorlich. The loch was lying in a faint mist, beautiful exceedingly, as if half veiled and asleep, the cataract of Edinample roaring less loudly than in the night, and the old castle of the Lords of Lochow, in the shadow of the hills, among its trees, might be seen

“Sole sitting by the shore of old romance.”

There was still gloom in Glen Ogle, though the beams of the morning were shooting up into the broad fields of the sky. I was looking back and down, when I heard the Duchess bark sharply, and then give a cry of fear, and on turning round, there was she with as much as she had of tail between her legs, where I never saw it before, and her small Grace, without noticing me or my cries, making down to the inn and her mistress, a hairy hurricane. I walked on to see what it was, and there in the same spot as last night, in the bank, was a real dog—no mistake; it was not, as the day before, a mere surface or *spectrum*, or

ghost of a dog; it was plainly round and substantial; it was much developed since eight P. M. As I looked, it moved slightly, and as it were by a sort of shiver, as if an electric shock (and why not?) was being administered by a law of nature; it had then no tail, or rather had an odd amorphous look in that region; its eye, for it had one — it was seen in profile — looked to my profane vision like (why not actually?) a huge blaeberry (*vaccinium Myrtillus*, it is well to be scientific), black and full; and I thought, — but dare not be sure, and had no time or courage to be minute, — that where the nose should be, there was a small shining black snail, probably the *Limax niger* of M. de Férussac, curled up, and if you look at any dog's nose you will be struck with the typical resemblance, in the corrugations and moistness and jetty blackness of the one to the other, and of the other to the one. He was a strongly-built, wiry, bandy, and short-legged dog. As I was staring upon him, a beam — Oh, first creative beam! — sent from the sun —

“ Like as an arrow from a bow,
Shot by an archer strong ” —

as he looked over Benvorlich's shoulder, and piercing a cloudlet of mist which clung close to him, and filling it with whitest radiance, struck upon that eye or berry, and lit up that nose or snail: in an instant he sneezed (the *nisus* (*sneezus*?) *formativus* of the ancients); the eye quivered and was quickened, and with a shudder — such as a horse executes with that curious muscle of the skin, of which we have a mere

fragment in our neck, the *Platysma Myoides*, and which doubtless has been lessened as we lost our distance from the horse-type — which dislodged some dirt and stones and dead heather, and doubtless endless beetles, and, it may be, made some near weasel open his other eye, up went his tail, and out he came, lively, entire, consummate, *warm*, wagging his tail, I was going to say like a Christian, I mean like an ordinary dog. Then flashed upon me the solution of the *Mystery of Black and Tan* in all its varieties: the body, its upper part gray or black or yellow according to the upper soil and herbs, heather, bent, moss, etc.; the belly and feet, red or tan or light fawn, according to the nature of the deep soil, be it ochrey, ferruginous, light clay, or comminuted mica slate. And wonderfulest of all, the DOTS of TAN above the eyes — and who has not noticed and wondered as to the philosophy of them? — *I saw made* by the two fore feet, wet and clayey, being put briskly up to his eyes as he sneezed that genetic, vivifying sneeze, and leaving their mark, forever.

He took to me quite pleasantly, by virtue of “natural selection,” and has accompanied me thus far in our “struggle for life,” and he, and the S. Q. N., and the Duchess, and the Maid, returned that day to Crieff, and were friends all our days. I was a little timid when he was crossing a burn lest he should wash away his feet, but he merely colored the water, and every day less and less, till in a fortnight I could wash him without fear of his becoming a so-

lution, or fluid extract of dog, and thus resolving the mystery back into itself.

The mare's days were short. She won the Consolation Stakes at Stirling, and was found dead next morning in Gibb's stables. The Duchess died in a good old age, as may be seen in the history of *Our Dogs*. The S. Q. N., and the parthenogenetic earth-born, the *Cespes Vivus*—whom we sometimes called Joshua, because he was the Son of None (Nun), and even Melchisedec has been whispered, but only that, and Fitz Memnon, as being as it were a son of the Sun, sometimes the Autochthon *αὐτόχθονος*; (indeed, if the relation of the *coup de soleil* and the blae-berry had not been plainly causal and effectual, I might have called him *Filius Gunni*, for at the very moment of that shudder, by which he leapt out of non-life into life, the Marquis's gamekeeper fired his rifle up the hill, and brought down a stray young stag,) these two are happily with me still, and at this moment she is out on the grass in a low easy-chair, reading Emilie Carlen's *Brilliant Marriage*, and Dick is lying at her feet, watching, with cocked ears, some noise in the ripe wheat, possibly a chicken, for, poor fellow, he has a weakness for worrying hens, and such small deer, when there is a dearth of greater. If any, as is not unreasonable, doubt me and my story, they may come and see Dick. I assure them he is well worth seeing.



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 *bieid* 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 Erksine, 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.¹

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, 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,

¹This 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*.

To keep the temper-pin in tiff
Employs ower aft my hand, sir.'

I am off the fang.¹ 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 gamboled 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 Corstorphine 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 spirit and *cleanliness* and freshness of mind and body made old age lovely and desirable."

Sir Walter was in that house almost every 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 Dun-

¹ Applied to a pump when it is dry, and its valve has lost its "fang;" from the German *fangen*, to hold.

can 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 gamboling through the snow, and running races in her mirth.

Did n'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 warin, 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, 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 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 stupidity.

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 child-like 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, wilful, 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. Marjorie 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 telling 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) Maidie 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 myselve 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 *beloving*, 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 [I] walked to

Crakyhall [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 gathered 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 horrible 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 him for Isa said it is not proper for to speak of gentalmen 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 pronounced 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 sina [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 interrignations peorids commoes, etc. . . . As this is Sunday I will meditate upon Senciabile 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, Brae-head by name, belonging to Mrs. Crraford, where there is ducks cocks hens bubblyjocks 2 dogs 2 cats and swine which is delightfull. 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 Cra-mond 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 character is lost among the Braehead people. I hope I will be religious again — but as for regaining my character 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. ’T is a fine work *Newton on the pro-*

fecies. 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 Pislekan (Episcopalian) just now, and" (O you little Laodicean and Latitudinarian!) "a Prisbeteran at Kirkcaldy!" — (*Blandula! Vagula! cælum et animum 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. Brunton'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] "Budget 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 deserted him

— truly it is a most beautiful one.” “ I like to read the Fabulous historys, about the historys 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 balny 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 qualyified 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 desper-

ate. Isabella will not allow me to speak about lovers and heroins, and 'tis 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 *Grey's Elegey in a country churchyard* are both excellent, and much spoke of by both sex, particularly by the men." Are our Marjories now-a-days 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 bidding 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 goton 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 their launched.
 A direful 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 a 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 devil!"

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 gen-

tlemen? 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 bnek, 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 dont 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 would 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 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 were 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 equaled; 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 oftentimes rebuked by her for his intentional blunders.

We are indebted for the following — and our readers will not be 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.¹ 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. 1 North Charlotte Street, who was *not* Mrs. Murray

¹ “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.”

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 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 god-mother 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 I 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."



QUEEN MARY'S CHILD-GARDEN.

IF any one wants a pleasure that is sure to please, one over which he need n't growl the sardonic beatitude of the great Dean, let him, when the Mercury is at "Fair," take the nine A. M. train to the North and a return-ticket for Callander, and when he arrives at Stirling let him ask the most obliging and knowing of station-masters to telegraph to "the Dreadnought" for a carriage to be in waiting. When passing Dunblane Cathedral, let him resolve to write to the *Scotsman*, advising the removal of a couple of shabby trees which obstruct the view of that beautiful triple end window which Mr. Ruskin and everybody else admires, and by the time he has written this letter in his mind, and turned the sentences to it, he will find himself at Callander and the carriage all ready. Giving the order for the *Port of Monteith*, he will rattle through this hard-featured, and to our eye comfortless village, lying ugly amid so much grandeur and beauty, and let him stop on the crown of the bridge, and fill his eyes with the perfection of the view up the Pass of Leny — the Teith lying diffuse and asleep, as if its heart were in the Highlands and it were loath to go, the noble Ben Ledi imaged in its

broad stream. Then let him make his way across a bit of pleasant moorland, flushed with maiden-hair and white with cotton-grass, and fragrant with the *Orchis conopsia*, well deserving its epithet *odoratissima*.

He will see from the turn of the hill-side the Blair of Drummond waving with corn and shadowed with rich woods, where eighty years ago there was a black peat-moss; and far off, on the horizon, Damyat and the Touch Fells; and at his side the little loch of Ruskie, in which he may see five Highland cattle, three tawny brown and two brindled, standing in the still water — themselves as still, all except their switching tails and winking ears — the perfect images of quiet enjoyment. By this time he will have come in sight of the Lake of Monteith, set in its woods, with its magical shadows and soft gleams. There is a loveliness, a gentleness and peace about it more like “lone St. Mary’s Lake,” or Derwent Water, than of any of its sister lochs. It is lovely rather than beautiful, and is a sort of gentle prelude, in the *minor* key, to the coming glories and intenser charms of Loch Ard and the true Highlands beyond.

You are now at the Port, and have passed the secluded and cheerful manse, and the parish kirk with its graves, close to the lake, and the proud aisle of the Grahams of Gartmore washed by its waves. Across the road is the modest little inn, a Fisher’s Tryst. On the unruffled water lie several islets, plump with rich foliage, brooding like great birds of

calm. You somehow think of them as on, not in the lake, or like clouds lying in a nether sky — “like ships waiting for the wind.” You get a coble, and a *yauld* old Celt, its master, and are rowed across to *Inchmahome, the Isle of Rest*. Here you find on landing huge Spanish chestnuts, one lying dead, others standing stark and peeled, like gigantic antlers, and others flourishing in their *viridis senectus*, and in a thicket of wood you see the remains of a monastery of great beauty, the design and workmanship exquisite. You wander through the ruins, overgrown with ferns and Spanish filberts, and old fruit-trees, and at the corner of the old monkish garden you come upon one of the strangest and most touching sights you ever saw — an oval space of about eighteen feet by twelve, with the remains of a double row of boxwood all round, the plants of box being about fourteen feet high, and eight or nine inches in diameter, healthy, but plainly of great age.

What is this? it is called in the guide-books Queen Mary's Bower; but besides its being plainly not in the least a bower, what could the little Queen, then five years old, and “fancy free,” do with a bower? It is plainly, as was, we believe, first suggested by our keen-sighted and diagnostic Professor of Clinical Surgery,¹ *the Child-Queen's Garden*, with her little

¹ The same seeing eye and understanding mind, when they were eighteen years of age, discovered and published the Solvent of Caoutchouc, for which a patent was taken out afterwards by the famous Mackintosh. If the young discoverer

walk, and its rows of boxwood, left to themselves for three hundred years. Yes, without doubt, "here is that first garden of her simpleness." Fancy the little, lovely royal child, with her four Marys, her playfellows, her child maids of honor, with their little hands and feet, and their innocent and happy eyes, pattering about that garden all that time ago, laughing and running, and gardening as only children do and can. As is well known, Mary was placed by her mother in this Isle of Rest before sailing from the Clyde for France. There is something "that tirls the heartstrings a' to the life" in standing and looking on this unmistakable living relic of that strange and pathetic old time. Were we Mr. Tennyson, we would write an Idyll of that child-Queen, in that garden of hers, eating her bread and honey — getting her teaching from the holy men, the monks of old, and running off in wild mirth to her garden and her flowers, all unconscious of the black, lowering thunder-cloud on Ben Lomond's shoulder.

" Oh, blessed vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild;
I think of thee with many fears
Of what may 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! never rest
But when she sat within the touch of thee.

had secured the patent, he might have made a fortune as large as his present reputation — I don't suppose he much regrets that he did n't.

What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow ? ”

You have ample time to linger there amid

“ The gleams, the shadows, and the peace profound,”

and get your mind informed with quietness and beauty, and fed with thoughts of other years, and of her whose story, like Helen of Troy's, will continue to move the hearts of men as long as the gray hills stand round about that gentle lake, and are mirrored at evening in its depths. You may do and enjoy all this, and be in Princes Street by nine P. M. ; and we wish we were as sure of many things as of your saying, “ Yes, this *is* a pleasure that has pleased, and will please again ; this was something expected which did not disappoint.”

There is another garden of Queen Mary's, which may still be seen, and which has been left to itself like that in the Isle of Rest. It is in the grounds at Chatsworth, and is moated, walled round, and raised about fifteen feet above the park. Here the Queen, when a prisoner under the charge of “ Old Bess of Hardwake,” was allowed to walk without any guard. How different the two ! and how different she who took her pleasure in them !

Lines written on the steps of a small moated garden at Chatsworth, called

“QUEEN MARY'S BOWER.

“The moated bower is wild and drear,
And sad the dark yew's shade ;
The flowers which bloom in silence here,
In silence also fade.

“The woodbine and the light wild rose
Float o'er the broken wall ;
And here the mournful nightshade blows,
To note the garden's fall.

“Where once a princess wept her woes,
The bird of night complains ;
And sighing trees the tale disclose
They learnt from Mary's strains.

“A. H.”





MY FATHER'S MEMOIR.

LETTER TO JOHN CAIRNS, D. D.

23 RUTLAND STREET, 15th August, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — When, at the urgent request of his trustees and family, and in accordance with what I believe was his own wish, you undertook my father's Memoir, it was in a measure on the understanding that I would furnish you with some domestic and personal details. This I hoped to have done but was unable.

Though convinced more than ever how little my hand is needed, I will now endeavor to fulfill my promise. Before doing so, however, you must permit me to express our deep gratitude to you for this crowning proof of your regard for him

“ Without whose life we had not been ; ”

to whom for many years you habitually wrote as “ My father,” and one of whose best blessings, when he was “ such an one as Paul the aged,” was to know that you were to him “ mine own son in the gospel.”

With regard to the manner in which you have done this last kindness to the dead, I can say nothing more expressive of our feelings, and, I am sure,

nothing more gratifying to you, than that the record you have given of my father's life, and of the series of great public questions in which he took part, is done in the way which would have been most pleasing to himself — that which, with his passionate love of truth and liberty, his relish for concentrated, just thought and expression, and his love of being loved, he would have most desired, in any one speaking of him after he was gone. He would, I doubt not, say, as one said to a great painter, on looking at his portrait, "It is certainly like, but it is much better looking;" and you might well reply as did the painter, "It is the truth told lovingly" — and all the more true that it is so told. You have, indeed, been enabled to speak the truth, or as the Greek has it, ἀληθευεῖν ἐν ἀγάπῃ — to truth it in love.

I have over and over again sat down to try and do what I promised and wished — to give some faint expression of my father's life; not of what he did or said or wrote, not even of what he was as a man of God and a public teacher; but what he was in his essential nature — what he would have been had he been anything else than what he was, or had lived a thousand years ago.

Sometimes I have this so vividly in my mind that I think I have only to sit down and write it off, and do it to the quick. "The idea of his life," what he was as a whole, what was his self, all his days, would, — to go on with words which not time or custom can ever wither or make stale, —

“Sweetly creep
Into my study of imagination ;
And every lovely organ of his life
Would come appareled in more precious habit —
More moving delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of my soul,
Than when he lived indeed,” —

as if the sacredness of death and the bloom of eternity were on it; or as you may have seen in an untroubled lake the heaven reflected with its clouds, brighter, purer, more exquisite than itself; but when you try to put this into words, to detain yourself over it, it is by this very act disturbed, broken, and bedimmed, and soon vanishes away, as would the imaged heavens in the lake, if a pebble were cast into it, or a breath of wind stirred its face. The very anxiety to transfer it, as it looked out of the clear darkness of the past, makes the image grow dim and disappear.

Every one whose thoughts are not seldom with the dead must have felt both these conditions: how, in certain passive, tranquil states, there comes up into the darkened chamber of the mind its “chamber of imagery,” — uncalled, as if it blossomed out of space, exact, absolute, consummate, vivid, speaking, not darkly as in a glass, but face to face, and “moving delicate,” — this “idea of his life;” and then how an effort to prolong and perpetuate and record all this troubles the vision and kills it! It is as if one should try to paint in a mirror the reflection of a dear and unseen face; the coarse, uncertain, passion-

ate handling and color, ineffectual and hopeless, shut out the very thing itself.

I will therefore give this up as in vain, and try by some fragmentary sketches, scenes, and anecdotes, to let you know in some measure what manner of man my father was. Anecdotes, if true and alive, are always valuable; the man in the concrete, the *totus quis* comes out in them; and I know you too well to think that you will consider as trivial or out of place anything in which his real nature displayed itself, and your own sense of humor as a master and central power of the human soul, playing about the very essence of the man, will do more than forgive anything of this kind which may crop out here and there, like the smile of wild-flowers in grass or by the way-side.

My first recollection of my father, my first impression, not only of his character, but of his eyes and face and presence, strange as it may seem, dates from my fifth year. Doubtless I had looked at him often enough before that, and had my own childish thoughts about him; but this was the time when I got my fixed, compact idea of him, and the first look of him which I felt could never be forgotten. I saw him, as it were, by a flash of lightning, sudden and complete. A child begins by seeing bits of everything; it knows in part — here a little, there a little; it makes up its wholes out of its own littles, and is long of reaching the fullness of a whole; and in this we are children all our lives in much. Children are long of seeing, or at

least of looking at what is above them ; they like the ground, and its flowers and stones, its "red sodgers" and lady-birds, and all its queer things ; their world is about three feet high, and they are more often stooping than gazing up. I know I was past ten before I saw, or cared to see, the ceilings of the rooms in the manse at Biggar.

On the morning of the 28th May, 1816, my eldest sister Janet and I were sleeping in the kitchen-bed with Tibbie Meek,¹ our only servant. We were all three awakened by a cry of pain — sharp, insufferable, as if one were stung. Years after we two confided to each other, sitting by the burnside, that we thought that "great cry" which arose at midnight in Egypt must have been like it. We all knew whose voice it was, and, in our night-clothes, we ran into the passage, and into the little parlor to the left-hand, in which was a closet-bed. We found my father standing before us, erect, his hands clenched in his black hair, his eyes full of misery and amazement, his face white as that of the dead. He frightened us. He saw this,

¹ A year ago, I found an elderly countrywoman, a widow, waiting for me. Rising up, she said, "D'ye mind me?" I looked at her, but could get nothing from her face ; but the voice remained in my ear, as if coming from "the fields of sleep," and I said by a sort of instinct, "Tibbie Meek!" I had not seen her or heard her voice for more than forty years. She had come to get some medical advice. Voices are often like the smells of flowers and leaves, the tastes of wild fruits — they touch and awaken memory in a strange way. "Tibbie" is now living at Thankerton.

or else his intense will had mastered his agony, for, taking his hands from his head, he said, slowly and gently, "Let us give thanks," and turned to a little sofa in the room; there lay our mother dead.¹ She had long been ailing. I remember her sitting in a shawl, — an Indian one with little dark green spots on a light ground, — and watching her growing pale with what I afterwards knew must have been strong pain. She had, being feverish, slipped out of bed, and "grandmother," her mother, seeing her "change come," had called my father, and they two saw her open her blue, kind, and true eyes, "comfortable" to us all "as the day," — I remember them better than those of any one I saw yesterday, — and, with one faint look of recognition to him, close them till the time of the restitution of all things.

"She had another morn than ours."

Then were seen in full action his keen, passionate nature, his sense of mental pain, and his supreme will, instant and unsparing, making himself and his terrified household give thanks in the midst of such a desolation, — and for it. Her warfare was accomplished, her iniquities were pardoned: she had already received from her Lord's hand double for all her sins; this was his supreme and over-mastering thought, and he gave it utterance.

No man was happier in his wives. My mother

¹ This sofa, which was henceforward sacred in the house, he had always beside him. He used to tell us he set her down upon it when he brought her home to the manse.

was modest, calm, thrifty, reasonable, tender, happy-hearted. She was his student-love, and is even now remembered in that pastoral region, for "her sweet gentleness and wife-like government." Her death, and his sorrow and loss, settled down deep into the heart of the countryside. He was so young and bright, so full of fire, so unlike any one else, so devoted to his work, so chivalrous in his look and manner, so fearless, and yet so sensitive and self-contained. She was so wise, good and gentle, gracious and frank.

His subtlety of affection, and his almost cruel self-command, were shown on the day of the funeral. It was to Symington, four miles off,—a quiet little churchyard, lying in the shadow of Tinto; a place where she herself had wished to be laid. The funeral was chiefly on horseback. We, the family, were in coaches. I had been since the death in a sort of stupid musing and wonder, not making out what it all meant. I knew my mother was said to be dead. I saw she was still, and laid out, and then shut up, and didn't move; but I did not know that when she was carried out in that long black box, and we all went with her, she alone was never to return.

When we got to the village all the people were at their doors. One woman, the blacksmith Thomas Spence's wife, had a nursing baby in her arms, and he leapt up and crowed with joy at the strange sight, the crowding horsemen, the coaches, and the nodding plumes of the hearse. This was my brother William,

then nine months old, and Margaret Spence was his foster-mother. Those with me were overcome at this sight; he of all the world whose, in some ways, was the greatest loss, the least conscious, turning it to his own childish glee.

We got to the churchyard and stood round the open grave. My dear old grandfather was asked by my father to pray; he did. I don't remember his words; I believe he, through his tears and sobs, repeated the Divine words, "All flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass; the grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away, but the word of the Lord endureth forever;" adding, in his homely and pathetic way, that the flower would again bloom, never again to fade; that what was now sown in dishonor and weakness, would be raised in glory and power, like unto His own glorious body. Then to my surprise and alarm, the coffin, resting on its bearers, was placed over that dark hole, and I watched with curious eye the unrolling of those neat black bunches of cords, which I have often enough seen since. My father took the one at the head, and also another much smaller springing from the same point as his, which he had caused to be put there, and unrolling it, put it into my hand. I twisted it firmly round my fingers, and awaited the result; the burial men with their real ropes lowered the coffin, and when it rested at the bottom, it was too far down for me to see it, — the grave was made very deep, as he used afterwards to tell us, that it

might hold us all, — my father first and abruptly let his cord drop, followed by the rest. This was too much. I now saw what was meant, and held on and fixed my fist and feet, and I believe my father had some difficulty in forcing open my small fingers; he let the little black cord drop, and I remember, in my misery and anger, seeing its open end disappearing in the gloom.

My mother's death was the second epoch in my father's life; it marked a change at once and for life; and for a man so self-reliant, so poised upon a centre of his own, it is wonderful the extent of change it made. He went home, preached her funeral sermon, every one in the church in tears, himself outwardly unmoved.¹ But from that time dates an entire, though always deepening, alteration in his manner of preaching, because an entire change in his way of dealing with God's Word. Not that his abiding religious views and convictions were then originated or even altered, — I doubt not that from a child he not only knew the Holy Scriptures, but was "wise unto salvation," — but it strengthened and clarified, quickened and gave permanent direction to, his sense of God as revealed in His Word. He took as it were to subsoil ploughing; he got a new and adamant point to the instrument with which he bored; and with a fresh power, with his whole might, he sunk it right down into the living rock to

¹ I have been told that *once* in the course of the sermon his voice trembled, and many feared he was about to break down.

the virgin gold. His entire nature had got a shock, and his blood was drawn inwards, his surface was chilled ; but fuel was heaped all the more on the inner fires, and his zeal, that *τι θερμὸν πρᾶγμα*, burned with a new ardor ; indeed had he not found an outlet for his pent-up energy his brain must have given way, and his faculties have either consumed themselves in wild, wasteful splendor and combustion, or dwindled into lethargy.¹

The manse became silent ; we lived and slept and played under the shadow of that death, and we saw, or rather felt, that he was another father than before. No more happy laughter from the two in the parlor, as he was reading Larry, the Irish postboy's letter in Miss Edgeworth's tale, or the last Waverly novel ; no more visitings in a cart with her, he riding beside us on his white thorough-bred pony, to Kilbucho, or Rachan Mill, or Kirklawhill. He went among his people as usual when they were ill ; he preached better than ever — they were sometimes frightened to think how wonderfully he preached ; but the sunshine was over — the glad and careless look, the joy of young life and mutual love. He was little

¹ There is a story illustrative of this altered manner and matter of preaching. He had been preaching when very young at Galashiels, and one wife said to her "neebor," "Jean, what think ye o' the lad ?" "*It's maist o' t' tinsel wark,*" said Jean, neither relishing nor appreciating his fine sentiments and figures. After my mother's death, he preached in the same place, and Jean, running to her friend, took the first word, "*It's a' gowd noo.*"

with us, and, as I said, the house was still, except when he was *mandating* his sermons for Sabbath. This he always did, not only *viva voce*, but with as much energy and loudness as in the pulpit; we felt his voice was sharper, and rang keen through the house.

What we lost, the congregation and the world gained. He gave himself wholly to his work. As you have yourself said, he changed his entire system and fashion of preaching; from being elegant, rhetorical, and ambitious, he became concentrated, urgent, moving (being himself moved), keen, searching, unswerving, authoritative to fierceness, full of the terrors of the Lord, if he could but persuade men. The truth of the words of God had shone out upon him with an immediateness and infinity of meaning and power, which made them, though the same words he had looked on from childhood, other and greater and deeper words. He then left the ordinary commentators, and men who write about meanings and flutter around the circumference and corners; he was bent on the centre, on touching with his own fingers, on seeing with his own eyes, the pearl of great price. Then it was that he began to dig into the depths, into the primary and auriferous rock of Scripture, and take nothing at another's hand; then he took up with the word "apprehend;" he had laid hold of the truth, — there it was, with its evidence, in his hand; and every one who knew him must remember well how, in speaking with ear-

nestness of the meaning of a passage, he in his ardent, hesitating way, looked into the palm of his hand as if he actually saw there the truth he was going to utter. This word *apprehend* played a large part in his lectures, as the thing itself did in his processes of investigation, or, if I might make a word, *indigation*. Comprehension, he said, was for few ; apprehension was for every man who had hands and a head to rule them, and an eye to direct them. Out of this arose one of his deficiencies. He *could* go largely into the generalities of a subject, and relished greatly others doing it, so that they did do it really and well ; but he was averse to abstract and wide reasonings. Principles he rejoiced in : he worked with them as with his choicest weapons ; they were the polished stones for his sling, against the Goliaths of presumption, error, and tyranny in thought or in polity, civil or ecclesiastical, but he somehow divined a principle, or got at it naked and alone, rather than deduced it and brought it to a point from an immensity of particulars, and then rendered it back so as to bind them into one *cosmos*. One of my young friends now dead, who afterwards went to India, used to come and hear him in Broughton Place with me, and this word *apprehend* caught him, and as he had a great love for my father, in writing home to me he never forgot to ask how " grand old Apprehend " was.

From this time dates my father's possession and use of the German Exegetics. After my mother's

death I slept with him; his bed was in his study, a small room,¹ with a very small grate; and I remember well his getting those fat, shapeless, spongy German books, as if one would sink in them, and be bogged in their bibulous, unsized paper; and watching him as he impatiently cut them up, and dived into them in his rapid, eclectic way, tasting them, and dropping for my play such a lot of soft, large, curled bits from the paper-cutter, leaving the edges all shaggy. He never came to bed when I was awake, which was not to be wondered at; but I can remember often awaking far on in the night or morning, and seeing that keen, beautiful, intense face bending over these Rosenmüllers, and Ernestis, and Storrs, and Kuinoels, — the fire out, and the gray dawn peering through the window; and when he heard me move, he would speak to me in the foolish words of endearment my mother was wont to use, and come to bed, and take me, warm as I was, into his cold bosom.

Vitringa in Jesaiam I especially remember, a noble folio. Even then, with that eagerness to communicate what he had himself found, of which you must often have been made the subject, he went and told it. He would try to make me, small man as I was, “apprehend” what he and Vitringa between them had made out of the fifty-third chapter of his favorite prophet,

¹ On a low chest of drawers in this room there lay for many years my mother's parasol, by his orders — I daresay for long the only one in Biggar.

the princely Isaiah.¹ Even then, so far as I can recall, he never took notes of what he read. He did not need this, his intellectual force and clearness were so great; he was so *totus in illo*, whatever it was, that

¹ His reading aloud of everything from John Gilpin to John Howe was a fine and high art, or rather gift. Henderson could not have given

“The dinner waits, and we are tired;”
Says Gilpin, “So am I,”

better; and to hear him sounding the depths and cadences of the Living Temple, “hearing on its front this doleful inscription, ‘Here God once dwelt,’” was like listening to the recitative of Handel. But Isaiah was his masterpiece; and I remember quite well his startling us all when reading at family worship, “His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God,” by a peremptory, explosive sharpness, as of thunder overhead, at the words “the mighty God,” similar to the rendering now given to Handel’s music, and doubtless so meant by him; and then closing with “the Prince of Peace,” soft and low. No man who wishes to feel Isaiah, as well as understand him, should be ignorant of Handel’s “*Messiah*.” His prelude to “Comfort ye” — its simple theme, cheerful and infinite, as the ripple of the unsearchable sea — gives a deeper meaning to the words. One of my father’s great delights in his dying months was reading the lives of Handel and of Michael Angelo, then newly out. He felt that the author of “He was despised,” and “He shall feed his flock,” and those other wonderful airs, was a man of profound religious feeling, of which they were the utterance; and he rejoiced over the war-like airs and choruses of “Judas Maccabæus.” You have recorded his estimate of the religious nature of him of the *terribile via*; he said it was a relief to his mind to know that such a mighty genius walked humbly with his God.

he recorded by a secret of its own, his mind's results and victories and *memoranda*, as he went on; he did not even mark his books, at least very seldom; he marked his mind.

He was thus every year preaching with more and more power, because with more and more knowledge and "pureness;" and, as you say, there were probably nowhere in Britain such lectures delivered at that time to such an audience, consisting of country people, sound, devout, well-read in their Bibles and in the native divinity, but quite unused to persistent, deep, critical thought.

Much of this — most of it — was entirely his own, self-originated and self-sustained, and done for its own sake,

" All too happy in the pleasure
Of his own exceeding treasure."

But he often said, with deep feeling, that one thing put him always on his mettle, the knowledge that "yonder in that corner, under the gallery, sat, Sabbath after Sabbath, a man who knew his Greek Testament better than I did."

This was his brother-in-law, and one of his elders, Mr. Robert Johnston, married to his sister Violet, a merchant and portioner in Biggar, a remarkable man, of whom it is difficult to say to strangers what is true, without being accused of exaggeration. A shopkeeper in that remote little town, he not only intermeddled fearlessly with all knowledge, but mastered more than many practiced and university men do in their own

lines. Mathematics, astronomy, and especially what may be called *selenology*, or the doctrine of the moon, and the higher geometry and physics; Hebrew, Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin, to the veriest rigors of prosody and metre; Spanish and Italian, German, French, and any odd language that came in his way; all these he knew more or less thoroughly, and acquired them in the most leisurely, easy, cool sort of way, as if he grazed and browsed perpetually in the field of letters, rather than made formal meals, or gathered for any ulterior purpose his fruits, his roots, and his nuts — he especially liked mental nuts — much less bought them from any one.

With all this, his knowledge of human, and especially of Biggar human nature, the ins and outs of its little secret on-goings, the entire gossip of the place, was like a woman's; moreover, every personage great or small, heroic or comic, in Homer, — whose poems he made it a matter of conscience to read once every four years, — Plautus, Suetonius, Plutarch, Tacitus, and Lucian, down through Boccaccio and Don Quixote, which he knew by heart and from the living Spanish, to Joseph Andrews, the Spectator, Goldsmith and Swift, Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Ferrier, Galt and Sir Walter, — he was as familiar with, as with David Crockat the nailer, or the parish minister, the town-drummer, the mole-catcher, or the poaching weaver, who had the night before leistered a prime kipper at Rachan Mill, by the flare of a tarry wisp, or brought home his surreptitious gray hen or

maukin from the wilds of Dunsyre or the dreary Lang Whang.¹

This singular man came to the manse every Friday evening for many years, and he and my father discussed everything and everybody; — beginning with tough, strong headwork — a bout at wrestling, be it Cæsar's Bridge, the Epistles of Phalaris, the import of *μέν* and *δέ*, the Catholic Question, or the great roots of Christian faith; ending with the latest joke in the town or the *West Raw*, the last effusion by Affleck, tailor and poet, the last blunder of Æsop the apothecary, and the last repartee of the village fool, with the week's Edinburgh and Glasgow news by their respective carriers; the whole little life, sad and humorous — who had been born, and who was dying or dead, married or about to be, for the past eight days.²

This amused, and, in the true sense, diverted my father, and gratified his curiosity, which was great, and his love of men, as well as for man. He was

¹ With the practices of this last worthy, when carried on moderately, and for the sport's sake, he had a special sympathy.

² I believe this was the true though secret source of much of my father's knowledge of the minute personal history of every one in his region, which, — to his people knowing his reserved manner and his devotion to his studies, and his so rarely meeting them or speaking to them except from the pulpit, or at a diet of visitation, was a perpetual wonder, and of which he made great use in his dealings with his afflicted or erring "members."

shy, and unwilling to ask what he longed to know, liking better to have it given him without the asking; and no one could do this better than "Uncle Johnston."

You may readily understand what a thorough exercise and diversion of an intellectual and social kind this was, for they were neither of them men to shirk from close gripes, or trifle and flourish with their weapons; they laid on and spared not. And then my uncle had generally some special nut of his own to crack, some thesis to fling down and offer battle on, some "particle" to energize upon; for though quiet and calm, he was thoroughly combative, and enjoyed seeing his friend's blood up, and hearing his emphatic and bright speech, and watching his flashing eye. Then he never spared him; criticised and sometimes quizzed — for he had great humor — his style, as well as debated and weighed his apprehendings and exegeses, shaking them heartily to test their strength. He was so thoroughly independent of all authority, except that of reason and truth, and his own humor; so ready to detect what was weak, extravagant, or unfair; so full of relish for intellectual power and accuracy; and so attached to and proud of my father, and bent on his making the best of himself, that this trial was never relaxed. His firm and close-grained mind was a sort of whetstone on which my father sharpened his wits at this weekly "setting."

The very difference of their mental tempers and complexions drew them together — the one impatient,

nervous, earnest, instant, swift, vehement, regardless of exertion, bent on his goal, like a thorough-bred racer, pressing to the mark; the other leisurely to slowness and provokingness, with a constitution which could stand a great deal of ease, unimpassioned, still, clear, untroubled by likings or dislikings, dwelling and working in thought and speculation and observation as ends in themselves, and as their own rewards: ¹ the one hunting for a principle or a "divine method;" the other sapping or shelling from a distance, and for his pleasure, a position, or gaining a point, or settling a rule, or verifying a problem, or getting axiomatic and proverbial.

In appearance they were as curiously unlike; my uncle short and round to rotundity, homely and florid in feature. I used to think Socrates must have been like him in visage as well as in much of his mind.

¹ He was curiously destitute of all literary ambition or show; like the *cactus* in the desert, always plump, always taking in the dew of heaven, and caring little to give it out. He wrote many papers in the *Repository* and *Monitor*, an acute and clever tract on the Voluntary controversy, entitled *Calm Answers to Angry Questions*, and was the author of a capital bit of literary banter—a *Congratulatory Letter to the Minister of Liberton*, who had come down upon my father in a pamphlet, for his sermon on "There remaineth much land to be possessed." It is a mixture of Swift and Arbuthnot. I remember one of the flowers he culls from him he is congratulating, in which my father is characterized as one of those "shallow, sallow souls that would swallow the bait, without perceiving the cloven foot!" But a man like this never is best in a book; he is always greater than his work.

He was careless in his dress, his hands in his pockets as a rule, and strenuous only in smoking or in sleep; with a large, full skull, a humorous twinkle in his cold, blue eye, a soft, low voice, expressing every kind of thought in the same, sometimes plaguily *douce* tone; a great power of quiet and telling sarcasm, large capacity of listening to and of enjoying other men's talk, however small.

My father — tall, slim, agile, quick in his movements, graceful, neat to nicety in his dress, with much in his air of what is called style, with a face almost too beautiful for a man's, had not his eyes commanded it and all who looked at it, and his close, firm mouth been ready to say what the fiery spirit might bid; his eyes, when at rest, expressing — more than almost any other's I ever saw — sorrow and tender love, a desire to give and to get sympathy, and a sort of gentle, deep sadness, as if that was their permanent state, and gladness their momentary act; but when awakened, full of fire, peremptory, and not to be trifled with; and his smile, and flash of gayety and fun, something no one could forget; his hair in early life a dead black; his eyebrows of exquisite curve, narrow and intense; his voice deep when unmoved and calm; keen and sharp to piercing fierceness when vehement and roused — in the pulpit, at times a shout, at times a pathetic wail; his utterance hesitating, emphatic, explosive, powerful, — each sentence shot straight and home; his hesitation arising from his crowd of impatient ideas, and his resolute

will that they should come in their order, and some of them not come at all, only the best, and his settled determination that each thought should be dressed in the very and only word which he stammered on till it came, — it was generally worth his pains and ours.

Uncle Johnston, again, flowed on like Cæsar's *Arar*, *incredibili lenitate*, or like linseed out of a poke. You can easily fancy the spiritual and bodily contrast of these men, and can fancy, too, the kind of engagements they would have with their own proper weapons on these Friday evenings, in the old manse dining-room, my father showing uncle out into the darkness of the back-road, and uncle, doubtless, lighting his black and ruminative pipe.

If my uncle brought up nuts to crack, my father was sure to have some difficulties to consult about, or some passages to read, something that made him put his whole energy forth; and when he did so, I never heard such reading. To hear him read the story of Joseph, or passages in David's history, and Psalms 6th, 11th, and 15th, or the 52d, 53d, 54th, 55th, 63d, 64th, and 40th chapters of Isaiah, or the Sermon on the Mount, or the Journey to Emmaus, or our Saviour's prayer in John, or Paul's speech on Mars' Hill, or the first three chapters of Hebrews and the latter part of the 11th of Job, or the Apocalypse; or, to pass from those divine themes, Jeremy Taylor, or George Herbert, Sir Walter Raleigh, or Milton's prose, such as the passage beginning "Come forth out of thy royal chambers, O thou Prince of all the

kings of the earth!" and "Truth, indeed, came once into the world with her divine Master," or Charles Wesley's Hymns, or, most loved of all, Cowper, from the rapt "Come thou, and, added to thy many crowns," or "O that those lips had language!" to the Jackdaw, and his incomparable Letters; or Gray's Poems, Burns's *Tam O'Shanter*, or Sir Walter's *Eve of St. John*,¹ and *The Gray Brother*.

But I beg your pardon: Time has run back with me, and fetched that blessed past, and awakened its echoes. I hear his voice; I feel his eye; I see his whole nature given up to what he is reading, and making its very soul speak.

Such a man, then, as I have sketched, or washed faintly in, as the painters say, was that person who sat in the corner under the gallery every Sabbath-day, and who knew his Greek Testament better than his minister. He is dead, too, a few months ago, dying surrounded with his cherished hoard of books of all sizes, times, and tongues, — tatterdemalion many; all

¹ Well do I remember when driving him from Melrose to Kelso long ago, we came near Sandyknowe, that grim tower of Smailholm standing erect like a warder turned to stone, defying time and change, his bursting into that noble ballad, —

"The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurr'd his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,
That leads to Brotherstone;"

and pointing out the "Watchfold height," "the eiry Beacon Hill," and "Brotherstone."

however drawn up in an order of his own ; all thoroughly mastered and known ; among them David Hume's copy of Shaftesbury's *Characteristics*, with his autograph, which he had picked up at some stall.

I have said that my mother's death was the second epoch in my father's life. I should perhaps have said the third ; the first being his mother's long illness and death, and the second his going to Elie, and beginning the battle of life at fifteen. There must have been something very delicate and close and exquisite in the relation between the ailing, silent, beautiful, and pensive mother and that dark-eyed, dark-haired, bright, and silent son ; a sort of communion it is not easy to express. You can think of him at eleven slowly writing out that small book of promises in a distinct and minute hand, quite as like his mature hand, as the shy, lustrous-eyed boy was to his after-self in his manly years, and sitting by the bedside while the rest were out and shouting, playing at hide-and-seek round the little church, with the winds from Benlomond or the wild uplands of Ayrshire blowing through their hair. He played seldom, but when he did run out, he jumped higher and farther and ran faster than any of them. His peculiar beauty must have come from his mother. He used at rare times, and with a sort of shudder, to tell of her when a lovely girl of fifteen, having been seen by a gentleman of rank, in Cheapside, hand in hand with an evil woman, who was decoying her to ruin, on pretense of showing her the way home ; and how

he stopped his carriage and, taking in the unconscious girl, drove her to her uncle's door. But you have said all this better than I can.

His time with his mother, and the necessary confinement and bodily depression caused by it, I doubt not deepened his native thoughtful turn, and his tendency to meditative melancholy, as a condition under which he viewed all things, and quickened and intensified his sense of the suffering of this world and of the profound seriousness and mystery in the midst of which we live and die.

The second epoch was that of his leaving home with his guinea, the last he ever got from any one but himself; and his going among utter strangers to be master of a school one half of the scholars of which were bigger and older than himself, and all rough colts — willful and unbroken. This was his first fronting of the world. Besides supporting himself, this knit the sinews of his mind, and made him rely on himself in action as well as in thought. He sometimes, but not often, spoke of this, never lightly, though he laughed at some of his predicaments. He could not forget the rude shock. Generally those familiar revelations were at supper, on the Sabbath evening, when, his work over, he enjoyed and lingered over his meal.

From his young and slight, almost girlish look, and his refined, quiet manners, the boys of the school were inclined to annoy and bully him. He saw this, and felt it was now or never, — nothing between. So

he took his line. The biggest boy, much older and stronger, was the rudest, and infected the rest. The "*wee maister*" ordered him, in that peremptory voice we all remember, to stand up and hold out his hand, being not at all sure but the big fellow might knock him down on the word. To the astonishment of the school, and to the big rebel's too, he obeyed and was punished on the instant, and to the full; out went the hand, down came the "*taws*" and bit like fire. From that moment he ruled them by his eye, the *taws* vanished.

There was an incident at this time of his life which I should perhaps not tell, and yet I don't know why I should n't, it so perfectly illustrates his character in many ways. He had come home during the vacation of his school to Langrig, and was about to go back; he had been renewing his intercourse with his old teacher and friend whom you mention, from whom he used to say he learned to like Shakespeare, and who seems to have been a man of genuine literary tastes. He went down to bid him good-by, and doubtless they got on their old book loves, and would be spouting their pet pieces. The old dominie said, "John, my man, if you are walking into Edinburgh, I'll convoy you a bit." "John" was too happy, so next morning they set off, keeping up a constant fire of quotation and eager talk. They got past Mid-Calder to near East, when my father insisted on his friend returning, and also on going back a bit with him; on looking at the old man, he thought he was

tired, so on reaching the well-known "Kippen's Inn," he stopped and insisted on giving him some refreshment. Instead of ordering bread and cheese and a bottle of ale, he, doubtless full of Shakespeare, and great upon sack and canary, ordered *a bottle of wine!* Of this, you may be sure, the dominie, as he most needed it, had the greater share, and doubtless it warmed the cockles of his old heart. "John" making him finish the bottle, and drink the health of "Gentle Will," saw him off, and went in to pay the reckoning. What did he know of the price of wine! It took exactly every penny he had. I doubt not, most boys, knowing that the landlord knew them, would have either paid a part, or asked him to score it up. This was not his way; he was too proud and shy and honest for such an expedient. By this time, what with discussing Shakespeare, and witnessing his master's leisurely emptying of that bottle, and releasing the

"Dear prisoned spirits of the impassioned grape,"

he found he must run for it to Edinburgh, or rather Leith, fourteen miles; this he did, and was at the pier just in time to jump into the Elie pinnace, which was already off. He often wondered what he would have done if he had been that one moment late. You can easily pick out the qualities this story unfolds.

His nature, capable as it was of great, persistent, and indeed dogged labor, was, from the predominance of the nervous system in his organization, excitable,

and therefore needed and relished excitement — the more intense the better. He found this in his keen political tastes, in imaginative literature, and in fiction. In the highest kind of poetry he enjoyed the sweet pain of tears ; and he all his life had a steady liking, even a hunger, for a good novel. This refreshed, lightened, and diverted his mind from the strain of his incessant exegesis. He used always to say that Sir Walter and Goldsmith, and even Fielding, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, and Miss Ferrier, were true benefactors to the race, by giving such genuine, such secure and innocent pleasure ; and he often repeated with admiration Lord Jeffrey's words on Scott, inscribed on his monument. He had no turn for gardening or for fishing or any field sports or games ; his sensitive nature recoiled from the idea of pain, and above all, needless pain. He used to say the lower creation had groans enough, and needed no more burdens ; indeed, he was fierce to some measure of unfairness against such of his brethren — Dr. Wardlaw, for instance ¹ — as resembled the apostles in fishing for other things besides men.

But the exercise and the excitement he most of all others delighted in was riding ; and had he been a country gentleman and not a clergyman, I don't think he could have resisted fox-hunting. With the exception of that great genius in more than horsemanship,

¹ After a tight discussion between these two attached friends, Dr. Wardlaw said, " Well, I can't answer you, but fish I must and shall."

Andrew Ducrow, I never saw a man sit a horse as he did. He seemed inspired, gay, erect, full of the joy of life, fearless, and secure. I have heard a farmer friend say if he had not been a preacher of the gospel he would have been a cavalry officer, and would have fought as he preached.

He was known all over the Upper Ward and down Tweeddale for his riding. "There goes the minister," as he rode past at a swift canter. He had generally well-bred horses, or, as I would now call them, ponies; if he had not, his sufferings from a dull, hardmouthed, heavy-hearted and footed, plebeian horse were almost comic. On his gray mare, or his little blood bay horse, to see him setting off and indulging it and himself in some alarming gambols, and in the midst of his difficulties, partly of his own making, taking off his hat or kissing his hand to a lady, made one think of "young Harry with his beaver up." He used to tell with much relish, how, one fine summer Sabbath evening after preaching in the open air for a collection, in some village near, and having put the money, chiefly halfpence, into his handkerchief, and that into his hat, he was taking a smart gallop home across the moor, happy and relieved, when three ladies — I think the Miss Bertrams of Kersewell — came suddenly upon him; off went the hat, down bent the head, and over him streamed the cherished collection, the ladies busy among the wild grass and heather picking it up, and he full of droll confusion and laughter.

The gray mare he had for many years. I can remember her small head and large eyes; her neat, compact body, round as a barrel; her finely flea-bitten skin, and her thorough-bred legs. I have no doubt she had Arabian blood. My father's pride in her was quite curious. Many a wild ride to and from the Presbytery at Lanark, and across flooded and shifting fords, he had on her. She was as sweet-tempered and enduring, as she was swift and sure; and her powers of running were appreciated and applied in a way which he was both angry and amused to discover. You know what riding the *bruse* means. At a country wedding the young men have a race to the bridegroom's home, and he who wins brings out a bottle and glass and drinks the young wife's health. I wish Burns had described a *bruse*: all sorts of steeds, wild, unkempt lads as well as colts, old broken-down thorough-breds that did wonders when *soopled*, huge, grave cart-horses devouring the road with their shaggy hoofs, willful ponies, etc. You can imagine the wild hurry-scurry and fun, the comic situations and upsets over a rough road, up and down places one would be giddy to look at.

Well, the young farmers were in the habit of coming to my father, and asking the loan of the mare to go and see a friend, etc., etc., praising knowingly the fine points and virtues of his darling. Having through life, with all his firmness of nature, an abhorrence of saying "No" to any one, the interview generally ended with, "Well, Robert, you may have her, but

take care of her, and don't ride her fast." In an hour or two Robert was riding the *bruse*, and flying away from the crowd, Gray first, and the rest nowhere, and might be seen turning the corner of the farmhouse with the victorious bottle in his uplifted hand, the motley pack panting vainly up the hill. This went on for long, and the gray was famous, almost notorious, all over the Upper Ward; sometimes if she appeared, no one would start, and she trotted the course. Partly from his own personal abstraction from outward country life, and partly from Uncle Johnston's sense of waggery keeping him from telling his friend of the gray's last exploit at Hartree Mill, or her leaping over the "best man" at Thriepland, my father was the last to hear of this equivocal glory of "the minister's *meer*." Indeed, it was whispered she had once won a whip at Lanark races. They still tell of his feats on this fine creature, one of which he himself never alluded to without a feeling of shame. He had an engagement to preach somewhere beyond the Clyde on a Sabbath evening, and his excellent and attached friend and elder, Mr. Kello, of Lindsay-lands, accompanied him on his big plough horse. It was to be in the open air, on the river side. When they got to the Clyde they found it in full flood, heavy and sudden rains at the head of the water having brought it down in a wild *spate*. On the opposite side were the gathered people and the tent. Before Mr. Kello knew where he was, there was his minister on the mare swimming across, and carried down in a long

diagonal, the people looking on in terror. He landed, shook himself, and preached with his usual fervor. As I have said, he never liked to speak of this bit of hardihood, and he never repeated it; but it was like the man — there were the people, that was what he would be at, and though timid for anticipated danger as any woman, *in* it he was without fear.

One more illustration of his character in connection with his riding. On coming to Edinburgh he gave up this kind of exercise; he had no occasion for it, and he had enough, and more than enough of excitement in the public questions in which he found himself involved, and in the miscellaneous activities of a popular town minister. I was then a young doctor — it must have been about 1840 — and had a patient, Mrs. James Robertson, eldest daughter of Mr. Pirie, the predecessor of Dr. Dick in what was then Shuttle Street congregation, Glasgow. She was one of my father's earliest and dearest friends, — a mother in the Burgher Israel, she and her cordial husband "given to hospitality," especially to "the Prophets." She was hopelessly ill at Juniper Green, near Edinburgh. Mr. George Stone, then living at Muirhouse, one of my father's congregation in Broughton Place, a man of equal originality and worth, and devoted to his minister, knowing my love of riding, offered me his blood-chestnut to ride out and make my visit. My father said, "John, if you are going, I would like to ride out with you;" he wished to see his dying friend. "You ride!" said Mr. Stone, who

was a very Yorkshireman in the matter of horses. "Let him try," said I. The upshot was, that Mr. Stone sent the chestnut for me, and a sedate pony — called, if I forget not, Goliath — for his minister, with all sorts of injunctions to me to keep him off the thorough-bred, and on Goliath.

My father had not been on a horse for nearly twenty years. He mounted and rode off. He soon got teased with the short, pattering steps of Goliath, and looked wistfully up at me, and longingly to the tall chestnut, stepping once for Goliath's twice, like the Don striding beside Sancho. I saw what he was after, and when past the toll he said in a mild sort of way, "John, did you promise *absolutely* I was not to ride your horse?" "No, father, certainly not. Mr. Stone, I dare say, wished me to do so, but I did n't." "Well, then, I think we'll change; this beast shakes me." So we changed. I remember how noble he looked; how at home: his white hair and his dark eyes, his erect, easy, accustomed seat. He soon let his eager horse slip gently away. It was first *evasit*, he was off, Goliath and I jogging on behind; then, *erupit*, and in a twinkling — *evanuit*. I saw them last flashing through the arch under the Canal, his white hair flying. I was uneasy, though from his riding I knew he was as yet in command, so I put Goliath to his best, and having passed through Slateford, I asked a stonebreaker if he saw a gentleman on a chestnut horse. "Has he white hair?" "Yes." "And een like a gled's?" "Yes." "Weel then,

he's fleein' up the road like the wund; he'll be at Little Vantage (about nine miles off) in nae time if he haud on." I never once sighted him, but on coming into J niper Green there was his steaming chestnut at the gate, neighing cheerily to Goliath. I went in, he was at the bedside of his friend, and in the midst of prayer; his words as I entered were, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee;" and he was not in the least instant in prayer that his blood was up with his ride. He never again saw Mrs. Robertson, or as she was called when they were young, Sibbie (Sibella) Pirie. On coming out he said nothing, but took the chestnut, mounted her, and we came home quietly. His heart was opened; he spoke of old times and old friends; he stopped at the exquisite view at Hailes into the valley, and up the Pentlands beyond, the smoke of Kate's Mill rising in the still and shadowy air, and broke out into Cowper's words, "Yes, —

" HE sets the bright procession on its way,
 And marshals all the order of the year;
 And ere one flowery season fades and dies,
 Designs the blooming wonders of the next."

Then as we came slowly in, the moon shone behind Craiglockhart hill, among the old Scotch firs; he pulled up again, and gave me Collins's *Ode of Evening*, beginning, —

“ If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Thy springs, and dying gales ; ”

repeating over and over some of the lines, as

“ Thy modest ear,
 Thy springs, and dying gales.”

— “ And marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil.”

And when she looked out on us clear and full,
 “ Yes, —

“ The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth.”

As we passed through Slateford, he spoke of Dr. Belfrage, his great-hearted friend, of his obligations to him, and of his son, my friend, both lying together in Colinton churchyard ; and of Dr. Dick, who was minister before him, of the Coventrys, and of Stichel and Sprouston, of his mother, and of himself, — his doubts of his own sincerity in religion, his sense of sin, of God, — reverting often to his dying friend. Such a thing only occurred to me with him once or twice all my life ; and then when we were home, he was silent, shut up, self-contained as before. He was himself conscious of this habit of reticence, and what may be called *selfism* to us, his children, and lamented it. I remember his saying in a sort of mournful joke, “ I have a well of love ; I know it ; but it is a *well*, and a *draw-well*, to your sorrow and mine,

and it seldom overflows, but," looking with that strange power of tenderness as if he put his voice and his heart into his eyes, "you may always come hither to draw;" he used to say he might take to himself Wordsworth's lines, —

" I am not one who much or oft delights
To season my fireside with personal talk."

And changing "though" into "if," —

" A well of love it may be deep,
I trust it is, and never dry;
What matter, though its waters sleep
In silence and obscurity ? "

The expression of his affection was more like the shock of a Leyden jar than the continuous current of a galvanic circle.

There was, as I have said, a permanent chill given by my mother's death, to what may be called the outer surface of his nature, and we at home felt it much. The blood was thrown in upon the centre, and went forth in energetic and victorious work, in searching the Scriptures and saving souls; but his social faculty never recovered that shock! it was blighted; he was always desiring to be alone and at his work. A stranger who saw him for a short time, bright, animated, full of earnest and cordial talk, pleasing and being pleased, the life of the company, was apt to think how delightful he must always be, — and so he was; but these times of bright talk were like angels' visits; and he smiled with peculiar benign-

nity on his retiring guest, as if blessing him not the less for leaving him to himself. I question if there ever lived a man so much in the midst of men and in the midst of his own children,¹ in whom the silences, as Mr. Carlyle would say, were so predominant. Every Sabbath he spoke out of the abundance of his heart his whole mind; he was then communicative and frank enough: all the week, before and after, he would not unwillingly have never opened his mouth. Of many people we may say that their mouth is always open except when it is shut; of him that his mouth was always shut except when it was opened. Every one must have been struck with the seeming inconsistency of his occasional brilliant, happy, energetic talk, and his habitual silentness,—his difficulty in getting anything to say. But, as I have already said, what we lost, the world and the church gained.

When traveling he was always in high spirits and full of anecdote and fun. Indeed I knew more of his inner history in this *one* way than during years of living with him. I recollect his taking me with him to Glasgow when I must have been about fourteen; we breakfasted in "The Ram's Horn Tavern," and I felt a new respect for him at his commanding the waiters. He talked a great deal during our short tour, and often have I desired to recall the many things he told me of his early life, and of his own religious crises, my mother's death, his fear of

¹ He gave us all the education we got at Biggar.

his own death, and all this intermingled with the drollest stories of his boy and student life.

We went to Paisley and dined, I well remember, we two alone, and, as I thought, magnificently, in a great apartment in "The Saracen's Head," at the end of which was the county ball-room. We had come across from Dunoon and landed in a small boat at the *Water Neb* along with Mrs. Dr. Hall, a character Sir Walter or Galt would have made immortal. My father with characteristic ardor took an oar, for the first time in his life, and I believe for the last, to help the old boatman on the Cart, and wishing to do something decided, missed the water, and went back head over heels to the immense enjoyment of Mrs. Hall, who said, "Less pith, and mair to the purpose, my man." She did n't let the joke die out.

Another time — it was when his second marriage was fixed on, to our great happiness and his — I had just taken my degree of M. D., and he took Isabella, William, and myself to Moffat. By a curious felicity we got into Miss Geddes' lodgings, where the village circulating library was kept, the whole of which we aver he read in ten days. I never saw him so happy, so open and full of mirth, reading to us, and reciting the poetry of his youth. On these rare but delightful occasions he was fond of exhibiting, when asked, his powers of rapid speaking, in which he might have rivaled old Matthews or his son. His favorite feat was repeating "Says I to my Lord, quo' I —

what for will ye no grund ma barley-meal mouther-free, says I to my Lord, quo' I, says I, I says." He was brilliant upon the final, "I says." Another *chef-d'œuvre* was, "On Tintock tap there is a mist, and in the mist there is a kist (a chest), and in the kist there is a cap (a wooden bowl), and in the cap there is a drap, tak' up the cap, and sup the drap, and set the cap on Tintock tap." This he could say, if I mistake not, five times without drawing breath. It was a favorite passage this, and he often threatened to treat it exegetically; laughing heartily when I said, in that case, he would not have great trouble with the *context*, which in others cost him a good deal.

His manners to ladies, and indeed to all women, was that of a courtly gentleman; they could be romantic in their *empressement* and devotion, and I used to think Sir Philip Sydney, or Ariosto's knights and the Paladins of old, must have looked and moved as he did. He had great pleasure in the company of high-bred, refined thoughtful women; and he had a peculiar sympathy with the sufferings, the necessary mournfulness of women, and with all in their lot connected with the fruit of that forbidden tree — their loneliness, the sorrows of their time, and their pangs in travail, their peculiar relation to their children. I think I hear him reading the words, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea" (as if it was the next thing to impossible), "she may forget, yet will not I forget thee." In-

deed, to a man who saw so little of, and said so little to his own children, perhaps it may be *because* of all this, his sympathy for mothers under loss of children, his real suffering for their suffering, not only endeared him to them as their minister, their consoler, and gave him opportunities of dropping in divine and saving truth and comfort, when the heart was full and soft, tender, and at his mercy, but it brought out in his only loss of this kind the mingled depth, tenderness, and also the peremptoriness of his nature.

In the case of the death of little Maggie — a child the very image of himself in face, lovely and pensive, and yet ready for any fun, with a keenness of affection that periled everything on being loved, who must cling to some one and be clasped, made for a garden, for the first garden, not for the rough world, the child of his old age — this peculiar meeting of opposites was very marked. She was stricken with sudden illness, malignant sore throat; her mother was gone, and so she was to my father as a flower he had the sole keeping of; and his joy in her wild mirth, his watching her childish moods of sadness, as if a shadow came over her young heaven, were themselves something to watch. Her delicate life made no struggle with disease; it, as it were, declined to stay on such conditions. She therefore sunk at once and without much pain, her soul quick and unclouded, and her little forefinger playing to the last with my father's silvery curls, her eyes trying in vain to brighten his : —

“Thou wert a dew-drop which the morn brings forth,
Not fitted to be trailed along the soiling earth;
But at the touch of wrong, without a strife,
Slips in a moment out of life.”

His distress, his anguish at this stroke, was not only intense, it was in its essence permanent; he went mourning and looking for her all his days; but after she was dead, that resolved will compacted him in an instant. It was on a Sabbath morning she died, and he was all day at church, not many yards from where lay her little corpse alone in the house. His colleague preached in the forenoon, and in the afternoon he took his turn, saying before beginning his discourse: “It has pleased the Father of Lights to darken one of the lights of my dwelling — had the child lived I would have remained with her, but now I have thought it right to arise and come into the house of the Lord and worship.” Such violence to one part of his nature by that in it which was supreme injured him: it was like pulling up on the instant an express train; the whole inner organization is minutely, though it may be invisibly hurt; its molecular constitution damaged by the cruel stress and strain. Such things are not right; they are a cruelty and injustice and injury from the soul to the body, its faithful slave, and they bring down, as in his case they too truly did, their own certain and specific retribution. A man who did not feel keenly might have preached; a man whose whole nature was torn, shattered, and astonished as his was, had in a high sense *no right* so to

use himself ; and when too late he opened his eyes to this. It was part of our old Scottish severe unsparing character—calm to coldness outside, burning to fierceness, tender to agony, within.

I was saying how much my father enjoyed women's company. He liked to look on them, and watch them, listening¹ to their keen, unconnected, and unreasoning, but not unreasonable talk. Men's argument, or rather arguing, and above all debating, he disliked. He had no turn for it. He was not combative, much less contentious. He was, however, warlike. Anything that he could destroy, any falsehood or injustice, he made for, not to discuss, but to expose and kill. He could not fence with his mind much less with his tongue, and had no love for the exploits of a nimble dialectic. He had no readiness either in thought or word for this ; his way was slowly to *think out* a subject, to get it well "bottomed," as Locke would say ; he was not careful as to recording the steps he took in their order, but the spirit of his

¹ One day my mother and her only sister, Agnes, — married to James Aitken, of Cullands, a man before his class and his time, for long the only Whig and Seceder laird in Peeblesshire, and with whom my father shared the *Edinburgh Review* from its beginning, — the two sisters who were, the one to the other, as Martha was to Mary, sat talking of their household doings ; my aunt was great upon some things she could do ; my father looked up from his book, and said, "There is one thing, Mrs. Aitken, you cannot do : you cannot turn the heel of a stocking ;" and he was right. he had noticed her make over this "kittle" turn to her mother.

mind was logical, as must be that of all minds who seek and find truth, for logic is nothing else than the arithmetic of thought; having therefore *thought it out*, he proceeded to put it into formal expression. This he did so as never again to undo it. His mind seemed to want the wheels by which this is done, *vestigia nulla retrorsum*, and having stereotyped it, he was never weary of it; it never lost its life and freshness to him, and he delivered it as emphatically thirty years after it had been cast as the first hour of its existence.

I have said he was no swordsman, but he was a heavy shot; he fired off his ball, compact, weighty, the *maximum* of substance in the *minimum* of bulk; he put in double charge, pointed the muzzle, and fired, with what force and sharpness we all remember. If it hit, good; if not, all he could do was to load again, with the same ball, and in the same direction. You must come to him to be shot, at least you must stand still, for he had a want of mobility of mind in great questions. He could not stalk about the field like a sharp-shooter; his was a great sixty-eight pounder, and it was not much of a swivel. Thus it was that he rather dropped into the minds of others his authoritative assertions, and left them to breed conviction. If they gave them entrance and cherished them, they would soon find how full of primary truth they were, and how well they would serve them, as they had served him. With all this heavy artillery, somewhat slow and cumbrous, on

great questions, he had no want, when he was speaking off-hand, of quick, *snell* remark, often witty and full of spirit, and often, too, unexpected, like lightning — flashing, smiting, and gone. In Church Courts this was very marked. On small ordinary matters, a word from him would settle a long discussion. He would, after lively, easy talk with his next neighbor, set *him* up to make a speech, which was conclusive. But on great questions he must move forward his great gun with much solemnity and effort, partly from his desire to say as much of the truth at once as he could, partly from the natural concentration and rapidity of his mind in action, as distinguished from his slowness when *incubating*, or in the process of thought, — and partly from a sort of self-consciousness — I might almost call it a compound of pride and nervous diffidence — which seldom left him. He desired to say it so that it might never need to be said again or otherwise by himself, or any one else.

This strong personality, along with a prevailing love to be alone and dwell with thoughts rather than with thinkers, pervaded his entire character. His religion was deeply personal,¹ not only as affecting himself, but as due to a personal God, and presented through the sacrifice and intercession of the God-man; and it was perhaps owing to his “conversation” being so habitually in heaven — his social and affectionate

¹ In his own words, “A personal Deity is the soul of Natural Religion; a personal Saviour — the real living Christ — is the soul of Revealed Religion.”

desires filling themselves continually from "all the fulness of God," through living faith and love — that he the less felt the need of giving and receiving human affection. I never knew any man who lived more truly under the power, and sometimes under the shadow, of the world to come. This world had to him little reality, except as leading to the next; little interest, except as the time of probation and sentence. A child brought to him to be baptized was in his mind, and in his words, "a young immortal to be educated for eternity;" a birth was the beginning of what was never to end; sin — his own and that of the race — was to him, as it must be to all men who can think, the great mystery, as it is the main curse of time. The idea of it — of its exceeding sinfulness — haunted and oppressed him. He used to say of John Foster, that this deep and intense, but sometimes narrow and grim thinker, had, in his study of the disease of the race, been, as it were, fascinated by its awful spell, so as almost to forget the remedy. This was not the case with himself. As you know, no man held more firmly to the objective reality of his religion, that it was founded upon fact. It was not the pole-star he lost sight of, or the compass he mistrusted; it was the sea-worthiness of the vessel. His constitutional deficiency of hope, his sensibility to sin, made him not unfrequently stand in doubt of himself, of his sincerity and safety before God, and sometimes made existence — the being obliged to continue to be — a doubtful privilege.

When oppressed with this feeling, — “the burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world,” the hurry of mankind out of this brief world into the unchangeable and endless next, — I have heard him, with deep feeling, repeat Andrew Marvell’s strong lines: —

“ But at my back I always hear
Time’s wingèd chariots hurrying near;
And yonder all before me lie
Deserts of vast eternity.”

His living so much on books, and his strong personal attachment to men, as distinct from his adhesion to their principles and views, made him, as it were, live and commune with the dead; made him intimate, not merely with their thoughts, and the public events of their lives, but with themselves, — Augustine, Milton, Luther, Melancthon, George Herbert, Baxter, Howe, Owen, Leighton, Barrow, Bunyan, Philip and Matthew Henry, Doddridge, Defoe, Marvell, Locke, Berkeley, Halliburton, Cowper, Gray, Johnson, Gibbon, and David Hume,¹ Jortin, Boston, Bengel, Neander, etc., not to speak of the apostles, and above all, his chief friend the author of the Epistle to the Romans, whom he looked on as the greatest of men, — with all these he had personal relations as men, he

¹ David Hume’s *Treatise on Human Nature* he knew thoroughly, and read it carefully during his last illness. He used to say it not only was a miracle of intellectual and literary power for a man of twenty-eight, but contained the essence of all that was best on the philosophy of mind: “It’s all there, if you will think it out.”

cordialized with them. He had thought much more about them, would have had more to say to them had they met, than about or to any but a very few living men.¹ He delighted to possess books which any of them might have held in their hands, on which they had written their names. He had a number of these, some very curious; among others, that wild

¹ This tendency was curiously seen in his love of portraits, especially of men whose works he had and liked. He often put portraits into his books, and he seemed to enjoy this way of realizing their authors; and in exhibitions of pictures he was more taken up with what is usually and justly the most tiresome departments, the portraits, than with all else. He was not learned in engravings, and made no attempt at collecting them, so that the following list of portraits in his rooms shows his liking for the men much more than for the art which delineated them. Of course they by no means include all his friends, ancient and modern, but they all *were* his friends: —

Robert Hall — Dr. Carey — Melancthon — Calvin — Pollok — Erasmus (very like "Uncle Ebenezer") — John Knox — Dr. Waugh — John Milton (three, all framed) — Dr. Dick — Dr. Hall — Luther (two) — Dr. Heugh — Dr. Mitchell — Dr. Balmer — Dr. Henderson — Dr. Wardlaw — Shakespeare (a small oil painting which he had since ever I remember) — Dugald Stewart — Dr. Innes — Dr. Smith, Biggar — the two Erskines and Mr. Fisher — Dr. John Taylor of Toronto — Dr. Chalmers — Mr. William Ellis — Rev. James Elles — J. B. Patterson — Vinet — Archibald M'Lean — Dr. John Erskine — Tholuck — John Pym — Gesenius — Professor Finlayson — Richard Baxter — Dr. Lawson — Dr. Peddie (two, and a copy of Joseph's noble bust); and they were thus all about him for no other reason than that he liked to look at and think of them through their countenances.

soldier, man of fashion and wit among the reformers, Ulric von Hütten's autograph on Erasmus' beautiful folio Greek Testament, and John Howe's (spelt How) on the first edition of Milton's *Speech on Unlicensed Printing*.¹ He began collecting books when he was

¹ In a copy of Baxter's *Life and Times*, which he picked up at Maurice Ogle's shop in Glasgow, which had belonged to Anna, Countess of Argyll, besides her autograph, there is a most affecting and interesting note in that venerable lady's handwriting. It occurs on the page where Baxter brings a charge of want of veracity against her eldest and name-daughter who was perverted to Popery. They are in a hand tremulous with age and feeling: "I can say w^t truth I neuer in all my lyff did hear hir ly, and what she said, if it was not trew, it was by others sugested to hir, as y^t she wold embak on Wedensday. She belived she wold, bot thy took hir, alles! from me who never did sie her mor. The minester of Cuper, Mr. John Magill, did sie hir at Paris in the convent. Said she was a knowing and vertuous person, and hed retined the living principels of our relidgon, which made him say it was good to grund young persons weel in ther relidgion, as she was one it appired weel grunded."

The following is Lord Lindsay's letter, on seeing this remarkable marginal note: —

EDINBURGH, DOUGLAS' HOTEL,
26th December, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR, — I owe you my sincerest thanks for your kindness in favoring me with a sight of the volume of Baxter's *Life*, which formerly belonged to my ancestrix, Anna, Countess of Argyll. The MS. note inserted by her in it respecting her daughter is extremely interesting. I had always been under the impression that the daughter had died very shortly after her removal to France, but the contrary appears from Lady Argyll's memorandum. That memorandum throws also a

twelve, and he was collecting up to his last hours. He cared least for merely fine books, though he enjoyed, no one more so, fine type; good binding, and all the niceties of the book-fancier. What he liked were such books as were directly useful in his work, and such as he liked to live in the midst of; such, also, as illustrated any great philosophical, historical, or ecclesiastical epoch. His collection of Greek Testaments was, considering his means, of great extent and value, and he had a quite singular series of books, pamphlets, and documents, referring not merely to his own body — the Secession, with all its subdivisions and reunions — but to Nonconformity and Dissent everywhere, and, indeed, to human liberty, civil and religious, in every form, — for this, after the great truths, duties, and expectations of his faith, was the one master-passion of his life — liberty in its greatest sense, the largest extent of individual and public spontaneity consistent with virtue and safety. He was in this as intense, persistent in his devotion, as Sydney, Locke, or old Hollis. For instance, his admiration of Lord Macaulay as a writer and a man of

pleasing light on the later life of Lady Anna, and forcibly illustrates the undying love and tenderness of the aged mother, who must have been very old when she penned it, the book having been printed as late as 1696.

I am extremely obliged to you for communicating to me this new and very interesting information. Believe me, my dear Sir, your much obliged and faithful servant,

LINDSAY.

JOHN BROWN, Esq., M. D.

letters, an orator and a statesman, great as it was, was as nothing to his gratitude to him for having placed permanently on record, beyond all risk of obscuration or doubt, the doctrine of 1688, — the right and power of the English people to be their own law-givers, and to appoint their own magistrates, of whom the sovereign is the chief.

His conviction of the sole right of God to be Lord of the conscience, and his sense of his own absolute religious independence of every one but his Maker, were the two elements in building up his beliefs on all Church matters; they were twin beliefs. Hence the simplicity and thoroughness of his principles. Sitting in the centre, he commanded the circumference. But I am straying out of my parish into yours. I only add to what you have said, that the longer he lived, the more did he insist upon it being not less true and not less important, that the Church must not intermeddle with the State, than that the State must not intermeddle with the Church. He used to say, "Go down into the world, with all its complications and confusions, with this double-edged weapon, and you can cut all the composite knots of Church and State." The element of God and of eternity predominates in the religious more than in the civil affairs of men, and thus far transcends them; but the principle of mutual independence is equally applicable to each. All that statesmen, as such, have to do with religion, is to be themselves under its power; all that Christians, as such, have to do with the State, is to be good citizens.

The fourth epoch of his personal life I would date from his second marriage. As I said before, no man was ever happier in his wives. They had much alike in nature, — only one could see the divine wisdom of his first wife being his first, and his second his second ; each did best in her own place and time. His marriage with Miss Crum was a source of great happiness and good not only to himself, but to us his first children. She had been intimately known to us for many years, and was endeared to us long before we saw her, by her having been, as a child and girl, a great favorite of our own mother. The families of my grandfather Nimmo, and of the Crums, Ewings, and Maclaes, were very intimate. I have heard my father tell, that being out at Thornliebank with my mother, he asked her to take a walk with him to the Rouken, a romantic waterfall and glen up the burn. My mother thought they might take “Miss Margaret” with them, and so save appearances, and with Miss Crum, then a child of ten, holding my father’s hand, away the three went!

So you may see that no one could be nearer to being our mother ; and she was curiously ingenious, and completely successful in gaining our affection and regard. I have, as a boy, a peculiarly pleasant remembrance of her, having been at Thornliebank when about fourteen, and getting that impression of her gentle, kind, wise, calm, and happy nature, — her entire lovableness, — which it was our privilege to see ministering so much to my father’s comfort. That

fortnight in 1824 or 1825 is still to me like the memory of some happy dream: the old library, the big chair in which I huddled myself up for hours with the new *Arabian Nights*, and all the old-fashioned and unforgotten books I found there, the ample old garden, the wonders of machinery and skill going on in "the works," the large water-wheel going its stately rounds in the midst of its own darkness, the petrifications I excavated in the bed of the burn, *ammonites*, etc., and brought home to my museum (!); the hospitable lady of the house, my hereditary friend, dignified, anxious, and kind; and above all, her only daughter who made me a sort of pet, and was always contriving some unexpected pleasure, — all this feels to me even now like something out of a book.

My father's union with Miss Crum was not only one of the best blessings of his life, — it made him more of a blessing to others than it is likely he would otherwise have been. By her cheerful, gracious ways, her love for society as distinguished from company, her gift of making every one happy and at ease when with her, and her tender compassion for all suffering, she in a measure won my father from himself and his books, to his own great good, and to the delight and benefit of us all. It was like sunshine and a glad soupd in the house. She succeeded in what is called "drawing out" the inveterate solitary. Moreover, she encouraged and enabled him to give up a moiety of his ministerial labors, and thus to devote himself to the great work of his later years, the preparing for

and giving to the press the results of his life's study of God's Word. We owe entirely to her that immense *armamentarium libertatis*, the third edition of his treatise on *Civil Obedience*.

One other source of great happiness to my father by this marriage was the intercourse he had with the family at Thornliebank, deepened and endeared as this was by her unexpected and irreparable loss. But on this I must not enlarge, nor on that death itself, the last thing in the world he ever feared, — leaving him once more, after a brief happiness, and when he had still more reason to hope that he would have “grown old with her, leaning on her faithful bosom.” The urn was again empty — and the only word was *vale!* he was once more *viduus*, bereft.

“God gives us love; something to love
He lends us; but, when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.
This is the curse of time.”

But still —

“’Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.”

It was no easy matter to get him from home and away from his books. But once off, he always enjoyed himself, — especially in his visits to Thornliebank, Busby, Crofthead, Biggar, and Melrose. He was very fond of preaching on these occasions, and his services were always peculiarly impressive. He spoke more slowly and with less vehemence than in

his own pulpit, and, as I often told him, with all the more effect. When driving about Biggar, or in the neighborhood of Langrig, he was full of the past, showing how keenly, with all his outward reserve, he had observed and felt. He had a quite peculiar interest in his three flocks, keeping his eye on all their members, through long years of absence.

His love for his people and for his "body" was a special love; and his knowledge of the Secession, through all its many divisions and unions, — his knowledge, not only of its public history, with its immense controversial and occasional literature, but of the lives and peculiarities of its ministers, — was of the most minute and curious kind. He loved all mankind, and specially such as were of "the household of faith;" and he longed for the time when, as there was one Shepherd, there would be but one sheepfold; but he gloried in being not only a Seceder, but Burgher; and he often said that, take them all in all, he knew no body of professing Christians in any country or in any time, worthier of all honor than that which was founded by the Four Brethren, not only as God-fearing, God-serving men, but as members of civil society; men who on every occasion were found on the side of liberty and order, truth and justice. He used to say he believed there was hardly a Tory in the Synod, and that no one but He whose service is perfect freedom knew the public good done, and the public evil averted, by the lives and the principles, and when need was, by the

votes of such men, all of whom were in the working-classes, or in the lower half of the middle. The great Whig leaders knew this, and could always depend on the Seceders.

There is no worthy portrait of my father in his prime. I believe no man was ever more victimized in the way of being asked to "sit;" indeed, it was probably from so many of them being of this kind, that the opportunity of securing a really good one was lost. The best — the one portrait of his habitual expression — is Mr. Harvey's, done for Mr. Crum of Busby: it was taken when he was failing, but it is an excellent likeness as well as a noble picture; such a picture as one would buy without knowing anything of the subject. So true it is, that imaginative painters, men gifted and accustomed to render their own ideal conceptions in form and color, grasp and impress on their canvas the features of real men more to the quick, more faithfully as to the central qualities of the man, than professed portrait painters.

Steell's bust is beautiful, but it is wanting in expression. Slater's, though rude, is better. Angus Fletcher's has much of his air, but is too much like a Grecian god. There is a miniature by Mrs. Robertson, of London, belonging to my sister, Mrs. Young, which I always liked, though more like a gay, brilliant French Abbé, than the Seceder minister of Rose Street, as he then was. It gives, however, more of his exquisite brightness and spirit, the dancing light in his dark eyes, and his smile, when

pleased and desiring to please, than any other. I have a drawing by Mr. Harvey, done from my father for his picture of the Minister's Visit, which I value very much, as giving the force and depth, the *momentum*, so to speak, of his serious look. He is sitting in a cottar's house, reading the Bible to an old bedridden woman, the farm servants gathered round to get his word.

Mungo Burton painted a good portrait which my brother William has; from his being drawn in a black neckcloth, and standing, he looks, as he sometimes did, more like a member of Parliament than a clergyman. The print from this is good and very scarce. Of photographs, I like D. O. Hill's best, in which he is represented as shaking hands with the (invisible) Free Church — it is full of his earnest, cordial power; that by Tunny, from which the beautiful engraving by Lumb Stocks in the *Memoir* was taken, is very like what he was about a year and a half before his death. All the other portraits, as far as I can remember, are worthless and worse, missing entirely the true expression. He was very difficult to take, partly because he was so full of what may be called spiritual beauty, evanescent, ever changing, and requiring the highest kind of genius to fix it; and partly from his own fault, for he thought it was necessary to be lively, or rather to try to be so to his volunteering artist, and the consequence was, his giving them, as his habitual expression, one which was rare, and in this particular case more made than born.

The time when I would have liked his look to have been perpetuated was that of all others the least likely, or indeed possible ;—it was when, after administering the Sacrament to his people, and having solemnized every one, and been himself profoundly moved by that Divine, everlasting memorial, he left the elder's seat and returned to the pulpit, and after giving out the psalm, sat down wearied and satisfied, filled with devout gratitude to his Master, — his face pale, and his dark eyes looking out upon us all, his whole countenance radiant and subdued. Any likeness of him in this state, more like that of the proto-martyr, when his face was as that of an angel, than anything I ever beheld, would have made one feel what it is so impossible otherwise to convey, — the mingled sweetness, dignity, and beauty of his face. When it was winter, and the church darkening, and the lights at the pulpit were lighted so as to fall upon his face and throw the rest of the vast assemblage into deeper shadow, the effect of his countenance was something never to forget.

He was more a man of power than of genius in the ordinary sense. His imagination was not a primary power ; it was not originative, though in a quite uncommon degree receptive, having the capacity of realizing the imaginations of others, and through them bodying forth the unseen. When exalted and urged by the understanding, and heated by the affections, it burst out with great force, but always as servant, not master. But if he had no one faculty that

might be, to use the loose words of common speech, original, he was so as a whole, — such a man as stood alone. No one ever mistook his look, or would had they been blind, have mistaken his voice or words for those of any one else or any one else's for his.

His mental characteristics, if I may venture on such ground, were clearness and vigor, intensity, fervor,¹ concentration, penetration, and perseverance, — more of depth than width.² The moral conditions

¹ This earnestness of nature pervaded all his exercises. A man of great capacity and culture, with a head like Benjamin Franklin's, an avowed unbeliever in Christianity, came every Sunday afternoon, for many years, to hear him. I remember his look well, as if interested, but not impressed. He was often asked by his friends why he went when he did n't believe one word of what he heard. "Neither I do, but I like to hear and to see a man earnest once a week, about anything." It is related of David Hume, that having heard my great-grandfather preach, he said, "That's the man for me, he means what he says, he speaks as if Jesus Christ was at his elbow."

² The following note from the pen to which we owe *St. Paul's Thorn in the Flesh* is admirable, both for its reference to my father, and its own beauty and truth: —

"One instance of his imperfect discernment of associations of thought that were not of a purely logical character was afforded, we used to think, by the decided and almost contemptuous manner in which he always rejected the theory of what is called the double interpretation of prophecy. This, of course, is not the place to discuss whether he was absolutely right or wrong in his opinion. The subject, however, is one of somewhat curious interest, and it has also a strictly literary as well as a theological aspect, and what we have to say about it shall relate exclusively to the former. When Dr. Brown

under which he lived were the love, the pursuit, and the practice of truth in everything; strength and

then said, as he was accustomed in his strong way to do, that 'if prophecy was capable of two senses, it was impossible it could have any sense at all,' it is plain, we think, that he forgot the specific character of prophetic literature, viz., its being in the highest degree poetic. Now every one knows that poetry of a very elevated cast almost invariably possesses great breadth, variety, we may say multiplicity, of meaning. Its very excellence consists in its being capable of two, three, or many meanings and applications. Take, for example, these familiar lines in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*: —

' Ah me ! for aught that ever I could read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth :
 But either it was different in blood,
 Or else misgraffed in respect of years,
 Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ;
 Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
 Making it momentary as a sound,
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
 Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
 That in a spleen unfolds both heaven and earth,
 And ere a man hath power to say " Behold ! "
 The jaws of darkness do devour it up ;
 So quick bright things come to confusion.'

We remember once quoting these lines to a lady, and being rather taken aback by her remark, ' They are very beautiful, but I don't think they are true.' We really had forgot for the moment the straightforward, matter-of-fact sense of which they are capable, and were not adverting to the possibility of their being understood to mean that — nothing but love-crosses are going, and that no tolerable amount of comfort or happiness is to be found in the life matrimonial, or in any of the approaches towards it. Every intelligent student of Shakespeare's, however, will at once feel that the poet's mind speed-

depth, rather than external warmth of affection; fidelity to principles and to friends. He used often to speak of the moral obligation laid upon every man to *think truly*, as well as to speak and act truly, and said that much intellectual demoralization and ruin resulted from neglecting this. He was absolutely tolerant of all difference of opinion, so that it was sincere; and this was all the more remarkable from his being the opposite of an indifferentist, being very strong in his own convictions, holding them keenly, even passionately, while, from the structure of his mind, he was somehow deficient in comprehending, much less of sympathizing, with the opinions of men who greatly differed from him. This made his homage to entire freedom of thought all the more genuine and rare. In the region of theological thought he was scientific, systematic, and authoritative, rather

ily passes away from the idea with which he starts, and becomes merged in a far wider theme, viz., in the disenchantment to which all lofty imaginations are liable, the disappointment to which all extravagant earthly hopes and wishes are doomed. This, in fact, is distinctly expressed in the last line, and in this sense alone can the words be regarded as at all touching or impressive. Sudden expansions and transitions of thought, then, are nothing more than what is common to all poetry; and when we find the Hebrew bards, in their prophetic songs, mingling in the closest conjunction the anticipations of the glories of Solomon's reign, or the happy prospects of a return from Babylon, with the higher glory and happiness of Messiah's advent, such transitions of thought are in perfect accordance with the ordinary laws of poetry, and ought not to perplex even the most unimaginative student of the Bible."

than philosophical and speculative. He held so strongly that the Christian religion was mainly a religion of facts, that he perhaps allowed too little to its also being a philosophy that was ready to meet, out of its own essence and its ever unfolding powers, any new form of unbelief, disbelief, or misbelief, and must front itself to them as they moved up.

With devotional feeling — with everything that showed reverence and godly fear — he cordialized wherever and in whomsoever it was found, — Pagan or Christian, Romanist or Protestant, bond or free; and while he disliked, and had indeed a positive antipathy to intellectual mysticism, he had a great knowledge of and relish for such writers as Dr. Henry More, Culverwel, Scougall, Madame Guyon, whom (besides their other qualities) I may perhaps be allowed to call affectionate mystics, and for such poets as Herbert and Vaughan, whose poetry was pious, and their piety poetic. As I have said, he was perhaps too impatient of all obscure thinking, from not considering that on certain subjects, necessarily in their substance, and on the skirts of all subjects, obscurity and vagueness, difficulty and uncertainty, are inherent, and must therefore appear in their treatment. Men who rejoiced in making clear things obscure, and plain things the reverse, he could not abide, and spoke with some contempt of those who were original merely from their standing on their heads, and tall from walking upon stilts. As you have truly said, his character mellowed and toned

down in his later years, without in any way losing its own individuality, and its clear, vigorous, unflinching perception of and addiction to principles.

His affectionate ways with the students were often very curious : he contrived to get at their hearts, and find out all their family and local specialities, in a sort of short-hand way, and he never forgot them in after life ; and watching him with them at tea, speaking his mind freely and often jocularly upon all sorts of subjects, one got a glimpse of that union of opposites which made him so much what he was — he gave out far more liberally to them the riches of his learning and the deep thoughts of his heart, than he ever did among his full-grown brethren. It was like the flush of an Arctic summer, blossoming all over, out of and into the stillness, the loneliness, and the chill rigor of winter. Though authoritative in his class without any effort, he was indulgent to everything but conceit, slovenliness of mind and body, irreverence, and above all handling the Word of God deceitfully. On one occasion a student having delivered in the Hall a discourse tinged with Arminianism, he said, "That may be the gospel according to Dr. Macknight, or the gospel according to Dr. Taylor, of Norwich, but it is not the gospel according to the Apostle Paul ; and if I thought the sentiments expressed were his own, if I had not thought he has taken his thoughts from commentators without carefully considering them, I would think it my duty to him and to the church to make him no longer a stu-

dent of divinity here." He was often unconsciously severe, from his saying exactly what he felt. On a student's ending his discourse, his only criticism was, "The strongest characteristic of this discourse is weakness," and feeling that this was really all he had to say, he ended. A young gentleman on very good terms with himself stood up to pray with his hands in his pockets, and among other things he put up a petition that he might "be delivered from the fear of man, which bringeth a snare;" my father's only remark was that there was part of his prayer which seemed to be granted before it was asked. But he always was unwilling to criticise prayer, feeling it to be too sacred, and, as it were, beyond his province, except to deliver the true principles of all prayer, which he used to say were admirably given in the *Shorter Catechism*: "Prayer is an offering up of the desires of the heart to God, for things agreeable to his will, in the name of Christ; with confession of our sins, and thankful acknowledgment of his mercies."

For the "heroic" old man of Haddington my father had a peculiar reverence, as indeed we all have, — as well we may. He was our king, the founder of our dynasty; we dated from him, and he was "hedged" accordingly by a certain sacredness or "divinity." I well remember with what surprise and pride I found myself asked by a blacksmith's wife in a remote hamlet among the hop-gardens of Kent, if I was "the son of the Self-interpreting Bible." I possess, as an heirloom, the New Testament which my

father fondly regarded as the one his grandfather, when a herd laddie, got from the Professor who heard him ask for it, and promised him it if he could read a verse; and he has in his beautiful small hand written in it what follows. "He (John Brown of Haddington) had now acquired so much of Greek as encouraged him to hope that he might at length be prepared to reap the richest of all rewards which classical learning could confer on him, the capacity of reading in the original tongue the blessed New Testament of our Lord and Saviour. Full of this hope, he became anxious to possess a copy of the invaluable volume. One night, having committed the charge of his sheep to a companion, he set out on a midnight journey to St. Andrews, a distance of twenty-four miles. He reached his destination in the morning, and went to the book-seller's shop asking for a copy of the Greek New Testament. The master of the shop, surprised at such a request from a shepherd boy, was disposed to make game of him. Some of the professors coming into the shop questioned the lad about his employment and studies. After hearing his tale, one of them desired the book-seller to bring the volume. He did so, and drawing it down, said, 'Boy, read this, and you shall have it for nothing.' The boy did so, acquitted himself to the admiration of his judges, and carried off his Testament, and when the evening arrived, was studying it in the midst of his flock on the braes of Abernethy." ¹

¹ *Memoir of Rev. John Brown of Haddington*, by Rev. J. B. Patterson.

“There is reason to believe *this* is the New Testament referred to. The name on the opposite page was written on the fly-leaf. It is obviously the writing of a boy, and bears a resemblance to Mr. Brown's handwriting in mature life. It is imperfect, wanting a great part of the Gospel of Matthew. The autograph at the end is that of his son, Thomas, when a youth at college, afterwards Rev. Dr. Thomas Brown of Dalkeith. — J. B.”

I doubt not my father regarded this little worn old book, the sword of the Spirit which his ancestor so nobly won, and wore, and warred with, with not less honest veneration and pride than does his dear friend James Douglas of Cavers the Percy pennon borne away at Otterbourne. When I read, in Uncle William's admirable *Life* of his father, his own simple story of his early life, — his loss of father and mother before he was eleven, his discovering (as true a *discovery* as Dr. Young's of the characters of the Rosetta stone, or Rawlinson's of the cuneiform letters) the Greek characters, his defense of himself against the astonishing and base charge of getting his learning from the devil (that shrewd personage would not have employed him on the Greek Testament), his eager, indomitable study, his running miles to and back again to hear a sermon after folding his sheep at noon, his keeping his family creditably on never more than £50, and for long on £40 a year, giving largely in charity, and never wanting, as he said, “lying money,” — when I think of all this I feel what a strong, independent,

manly nature he must have had. We all know his saintly character, his devotion to learning, and to the work of preaching and teaching ; but he seems to have been, like most complete men, full of humor and keen wit. Some of his *snell* sayings are still remembered. A lad of an excitable temperament waited on him, and informed him he wished to be a preacher of the gospel. My great-grandfather, finding him as weak in intellect as he was strong in conceit, advised him to continue in his present vocation. The young man said, "But I wish to preach and glorify God." "My young friend, a man may glorify God making broom besoms ; stick to your trade, and glorify God by your walk and conversation."

The late Dr. Husband of Dunfermline called on him when he was preparing to set out for Gifford, and was beginning to ask him some questions as to the place grace held in the Divine economy. "Come away wi' me, and I'll expound that ; but when I'm speaking, look you after my feet." They got upon a rough bit of common, and the eager and full-minded old man was in the midst of his unfolding the Divine scheme, and his student was drinking in his words, and forgetting *his* part of the bargain. His master stumbled and fell, and getting up, somewhat sharply said, "James, the grace o' God can do much, but it canna gi'e a man common sense ;" which is as good theology as sense.

A scoffing blacksmith seeing him jogging up to a house near the smithy on his pony, which was halting,

said to him, "Mr. Brown, ye're in the Scripture line the 'day — 'the legs o' the lame are not equal.'" "So is a parable in the mouth of a fool."

On his coming to Haddington, there was one man who held out against his "call." Mr. Brown meeting him when they could not avoid each other, the non-content said, "Ye see, sir, I canna say what I dinna think, and I think ye're ower young and inexperienced for this charge." "So I think too, David, *but it would never do for you and me to gang in the face o' the hale congregation!*"

The following is a singular illustration of the prevailing dark and severe tone of the religious teaching of that time, and also of its strength: A poor old woman, of great worth and excellent understanding, in whose conversation Mr. Brown took much pleasure, was on her death-bed. Wishing to try her faith, he said to her, "Janet, what would you say if, after all He has done for you, God should let you drop into hell?" "E'en 's (even as) He likes; if He does, *He'll lose mair than I'll do.*" There is something not less than sublime in this reply.

Than my grandfather and "Uncle Ebenezer," no two brothers could be more different in nature or more united in affection. My grandfather was a man of great natural good sense, well read and well knowledgeable, easy but not indolent, never overflowing but never empty, homely but dignified, and fuller of love to all sentient creatures than any other human being I ever knew. I had, when a boy of ten, two rabbits,

Oscar and Livia ; why so named is a secret I have lost ; perhaps it was an Ossianic union of the Roman with the Gael. Oscar was a broad-nosed, manly, rather *brusque* husband, who used to snort when angry, and bite too ; Livia was a thin-faced, meek, and, I fear, deceitful wife, who could smile, and then bite. One evening I had lifted both these worthies, by the ears of course, and was taking them from their clover to their beds, when my grandfather, who had been walking out in the cool of the evening, met me. I had just kissed the two creatures, out of mingled love to them and pleasure at having caught them without much trouble. He took me by the chin, and kissed me, and then *Oscar and Livia!* Wonderful man, I thought, and still think! Doubtless he had seen me in my private fondness, and wished to please me.

He was forever doing good in his quiet yet earnest way. Not only on Sunday when he preached solid gospel sermons, full of quaint familiar expressions, such as I fear few of my readers could take up, full of solemn, affectionate appeals, full of his own simplicity and love, the Monday also found him ready with his every-day gospel. If he met a drover from Lochaber who had crossed the Campsie Hills, and was making across Carnwath Moor to the Calstane Slap, and thence into England by the drove-rod, he accosted him with a friendly smile, — gave him a reasonable tract, and dropped into him some words of Divine truth. He was thus *continually* doing

good. Go where he might, he had his message to every one: to a servant lass, to a poor wanderer on the bleak streets, to gentle and simple, — he flowed forever *pleno rivo*.

Uncle Ebenezer, on the other hand, flowed *per saltum*; he was always good and saintly, but he was great once a week; six days he brooded over his message, was silent, withdrawn, self-involved; on the Sabbath, that downcast, almost timid man, who shunned men, the instant he was in the pulpit, stood up a son of thunder. Such a voice! such a piercing eye! such an inevitable forefinger, held out trembling with the terrors of the Lord; such a power of asking questions and letting them fall deep into the hearts of his hearers, and then answering them himself, with an “Ah, sirs!” that thrilled and quivered from him to them.

I remember his astonishing us all with a sudden burst. It was a sermon upon the apparent *plus* of evil in this world, and he had driven himself and us all to despair, — so much sin, so much misery, — when, taking advantage of the chapter he had read, the account of the uproar at Ephesus in the Theatre, he said, “Ah, sirs! what if some of the men who, for ‘about the space of two hours,’ cried out, ‘Great is Diana of the Ephesians,’ have for the space of eighteen hundred years and more been crying day and night, ‘Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are all thy ways, Thou king of saints; who shall not fear

Thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for Thou only art holy.'”

You have doubtless heard of the story of Lord Brougham going to hear him. It is very characteristic, and as I had it from Mrs. Cuninghame, who was present, I may be allowed to tell it. Brougham and Denman were on a visit to James Stuart of Dunearn, about the time of the Queen's trial. They had asked Stuart where they should go to church; he said he would take them to a Seceder minister at Inverkeithing. They went, and as Mr. Stuart had described the saintly old man, Brougham said he would like to be introduced to him, and arriving before service time, Mr. Stuart called, and left a message that some gentlemen wished to see him. The answer was that “Maister” Brown saw nobody before divine worship. He then sent in Brougham and Denman's names. “Mr. Brown's compliments to Mr. Stuart, and he sees nobody before sermon, and in a few minutes out came the stooping, shy old man, and passed them, unconscious of their presence. They sat in the front gallery, and he preached a faithful sermon, full of fire and of native force. They came away greatly moved, and each wrote to Lord Jeffrey to lose not a week in coming to hear the greatest natural orator they had ever heard. Jeffrey came next Sunday, and often after declared he never heard such words, such a sacred, untaught gift of speech. Nothing was more beautiful than my father's admiration and emotion when listening to his uncle's rapt pas-

sages, or than his childlike faith in my father's exegetical prowess. He used to have a list of difficult passages ready for "my nephew," and the moment the oracle gave a decision, the old man asked him to repeat it, and then took a permanent note of it, and would assuredly preach it some day with his own proper unction and power. One story of him I must give; my father, who heard it not long before his own death, was delighted with it, and for some days repeated it to every one. Uncle Ebenezer, with all his mildness and general complaisance, was, like most of the Browns, *tenax propositi*, firm to obstinacy. He had established a week-day sermon at the North Ferry, about two miles from his own town, Inverkeithing. It was, I think, on the Tuesdays. It was winter, and a wild, drifting, and dangerous day; his daughters — his wife was dead — besought him not to go; he smiled vaguely, but continued getting into his big-coat. Nothing would stay him, and away he and the pony stumbled through the dumb and blinding snow. He was half way on his journey, and had got into the sermon he was going to preach, and was utterly insensible to the outward storm: his pony getting its feet *balled*, staggered about, and at last upset his master and himself into the ditch at the roadside. The feeble, heedless, rapt old man might have perished there, had not some carters, bringing up whiskey casks from the Ferry, seen the catastrophe, and rushed up, raising him, and *dichtin'* him, with much commiseration and blunt speech: "Puir auld

man, what brocht ye here in sic a day?" There they were, a rough crew, surrounding the saintly man, some putting on his hat, sorting and cheering him, and others knocking the balls off the pony's feet and stuffing them with grease. He was most polite and grateful, and one of these cordial ruffians having pierced a cask, brought him a horn of whiskey, and said, "Tak that, it'll hearten ye." He took the horn, and bowing to them, said, "Sirs, let us give thanks!" and there, by the roadside, in the drift and storm, with these wild fellows, he asked a blessing on it, and for his kind deliverers, and took a tasting of the horn. The men cried like children. They lifted him on his pony, one going with him, and when the rest arrived in Inverkeithing, they repeated the story to everybody, and broke down in tears whenever they came to the blessing. "And to think o' askin' a blessin' on a tass o' whiskey!" Next Presbytery day, after the ordinary business was over, he rose up — he seldom spoke — and said, "Moderator, I have something personal to myself to say. I have often said that real kindness belongs only to true Christians, but" — and then he told the story of these men; "but more true kindness I never experienced than from these lads. They may have had the grace of God, I don't know; but I never mean again to be so *positive* in speaking of this matter."

When he was on a missionary tour in the north he one morning met a band of Highland shearers on their way to the harvest; he asked them to stop and

hear the word of God. They said they could not, as they had their wages to work for. He offered them what they said they would lose ; to this they agreed, and he paid them, and closing his eyes engaged in prayer ; when he had ended, he looked up, and his congregation had vanished ! His shrewd brother Thomas, to whom he complained of this faithlessness, said, " Eben, the next time ye pay folk to hear you preach, keep your eyes open, and pay them when you are done." I remember, on another occasion, in Bristo Church, with an immense audience, he had been going over the Scripture accounts of great sinners repenting and turning to God, repeating their names, from Manasseh onwards. He seemed to have closed the record, when, fixing his eyes on the end of the central passage, he called out abruptly, " I see a man ! " Every one looked to that point. " I see a man of Tarsus ; and he says, Make mention of me ! " It must not be supposed that the discourses of " Uncle Ebenezer," with these abrupt appeals and sudden starts, were unwritten or extempore ; they were carefully composed and written out, — only these flashes of thought and passion came on him suddenly when writing, and were therefore quite natural when delivered — they came on him again.

The Rev. John Belfrage, M. D., had more power over my father's actions and his relations to the world, than any other of his friends : over his thoughts and convictions proper, not much, — few living men had, and even among the mighty dead,

he called no man master. He used to say that the three master intellects devoted to the study of divine truth since the apostles were Augustine, Calvin, and Jonathan Edwards; but that even they were only *primi inter pares*, — this by the by.

On all that concerned his outward life as a public teacher, as a father, and as a member of society, he consulted Dr. Belfrage, and was swayed greatly by his judgment, as, for instance, the choice of a profession for myself, his second marriage, etc. He knew him to be his true friend, and not only wise and honest, but preëminently a man of affairs, *capax rerum*. Dr. Belfrage was a great man *in posse*, if ever I saw one, — “a village Hampden.” Greatness was of his essence; nothing paltry, nothing secondary, nothing untrue. Large in body, large and handsome in face, lofty in manner to his equals or superiors;¹ homely, familiar, cordial with the young and the poor, — I never met with a more truly royal nature — more native and endued to rule, guide, and benefit mankind. He was forever scheming for the good of others, and chiefly in the way of helping them to help themselves. From a curious want of ambition — his desire for advancement was for that of his friends, not for his

¹ On one occasion, Mr. Hall of Kelso, an excellent but very odd man, in whom the *ego* was very strong, and who, if he had been born a Spaniard, would, to adopt Coleridge's story, have taken off or touched his hat whenever he spoke of himself, met Dr. Belfrage in the lobby of the Synod, and drawing himself up as he passed, he muttered, “high and mighty!” “There 's a pair of us, Mr. Hall.”

own, and here he was ambitious and zealous enough, — from non-concentration of his faculties in early life, and from an affection of the heart which ultimately killed him — it was too big for his body, and, under the relentless hydrostatic law, at last shattered the tabernacle it moved, like a steam-engine too powerful for the vessel it finds itself in — his mental heart also was too big for his happiness, — from these causes, along with a love for gardening, which was a passion, and an inherited competency, which took away what John Hunter calls “the stimulus of necessity,” you may understand how this remarkable man, instead of being a Prime Minister, a Lord Chancellor, or a Dr. Gregory, a George Stephenson, or likeliest of all, a John Howard, without some of his weaknesses, lived and died minister of the small congregation of Slateford, near Edinburgh. It is also true that he was a physician, and an energetic and successful one, and got rid of some of his love of doing good to and managing human beings in this way; he was also an oracle in his district, to whom many had the wisdom to go to take as well as ask advice, and who was never weary of entering into the most minute details, and taking endless pains, being like Dr. Chalmers a strong believer in “the power of littles.” It would be out of place, though it would be not uninteresting, to tell how this great resident power — this strong will and authority, this capacious, clear, and beneficent intellect — dwelt in its petty sphere, like an oak in a flower-pot; but I

cannot help recalling that signal act of friendship and of power in the matter of my father's translation from Rose Street to Broughton Place, to which you have referred.

It was one of the turning-points of my father's history. Dr. Belfrage, though seldom a speaker in the public courts of his church, was always watchful of the interests of the people and of his friends. On the Rose Street question he had from the beginning formed a strong opinion. My father had made his statement, indicating his leaning, but leaving himself absolutely in the hands of the Synod. There was some speaking, all on one side, and for a time the Synod seemed to incline to be absolute, and refuse the call of Broughton Place. The house was everywhere crowded, and breathless with interest, my father sitting motionless, anxious, and pale, prepared to submit without a word, but retaining his own mind; everything looked like a unanimous decision for Rose Street, when Dr. Belfrage rose up and came forward into the "passage," and with his first sentence and look took possession of the house. He stated, with clear and simple argument, the truth and reason of the case; and then having fixed himself there, he took up the personal interests and feelings of his friend, and putting before them what they were about to do in sending back my father, closed with a burst of indignant appeal — "I ask you now, not as Christians, I ask you as gentlemen, are you prepared to do this?" Every one felt it was settled,

and so it was. My father never forgot this great act of his friend.

This remarkable man, inferior to my father in learning, in intensity, in compactness, and in power of — so to speak — *focusing* himself, — admiring his keen eloquence, his devotedness to his sacred art, rejoicing in his fame, jealous of his honor, — was, by reason of his own massive understanding, his warm and great heart, and his instinctive knowledge of men, my father's most valued friend, for he knew best and most of what my father knew least; and on his death, my father said he felt himself thus far unprotected and unsafe. He died at Rothesay of hypertrophy of the heart. I had the sad privilege of being with him to the last; and any nobler spectacle of tender, generous affection, high courage, childlike submission to the Supreme Will, and of magnanimity in its true sense, I do not again expect to see. On the morning of his death he said to me, "John, come and tell me honestly how this is to end; tell me the last symptoms in their sequence." I knew the man, and was honest, and told him all I knew. "Is there any chance of stupor or delirium?" "I think not. Death (to take Bichat's division) will begin at the heart itself, and you will die conscious." "I am glad of that. It was Samuel Johnson, was n't it, who wished not to die unconscious, that he might enter the eternal world with his mind unclouded; but you know, John, that was physiological nonsense. We leave the brain, and all this ruined body, behind;

but I would like to be in my senses when I take my last look of this wonderful world," looking across the still sea towards the Argyleshire hills, lying in the light of sunrise, "and of my friends, — of you," fixing his eyes on a faithful friend and myself. And it was so ; in less than an hour he was dead, sitting erect in his chair, — his disease had for weeks prevented him from lying down, — all the dignity, simplicity, and benignity of its master resting upon, and, as it were, supporting that "ruin," which he had left.

I cannot end this tribute to my father's friend and mine, and my own dear and earliest friend's father, without recording one of the most extraordinary instances of the power of will, under the pressure of affection, I ever witnessed or heard of. Dr. Belfrage was twice married. His second wife was a woman of great sweetness and delicacy, not only of mind, but, to his sorrow, of constitution. She died after less than a year of singular and unbroken happiness. There was no portrait of her. He resolved there should be one ; and though utterly ignorant of drawing, he determined to do it himself. No one else could have such a perfect image of her in his mind, and he resolved to realize this image. He got the materials for miniature painting, and, I think, eight prepared ivory plates. He then shut himself up from every one and from everything, for fourteen days, and came out of his room, wasted and feeble, with one of the plates (the others he had used and burnt), on

which was a portrait, full of subtle likeness, and drawn and colored in a way no one could have dreamt of, having had such an artist. I have seen it; and though I never saw the original I felt that it must be like, as indeed every one who knew her said it was. I do not, as I said before, know anything more remarkable in the history of human sorrow and resolve.

I remember well that Dr. Belfrage was the first man I ever heard speak of Free-trade in religion and in education. It was during the first election after the Reform Bill, when Sir John Dalrymple, afterwards Lord Stair, was canvassing the county of Mid-Lothian. They were walking in the doctor's garden, Sir John anxious and gracious. Dr. Belfrage, like, I believe, every other minister in his body, was a thorough-going Liberal, what was then called a Whig; but partly from his natural sense of humor and relish of power, and partly, I believe, for my benefit, he was putting the Baronet through his facings with some strictness, opening upon him startling views, and ending by asking him, "Are you, Sir John, for free-trade in corn, free-trade in education, free-trade in religion? I am." Sir John said, "Well, doctor, I have heard of free-trade in corn, but never in the other two." "You'll hear of them before ten years are gone, Sir John, or I'm mistaken."

I have said thus much of this to me memorable man, not only because he was my father's closest and most powerful personal friend, but because by his word he

probably changed the whole future course of his life. Devotion to his friends was one of the chief ends of his life, not caring much for, and having in the affection of his heart a warning against, the perils and excitement of distinction and energetic public work, he set himself far more strenuously than for any selfish object to promote the triumphs of those whom his acquired instinct — for he knew a man as a shepherd knows a sheep, or "*Caveat Emptor*" a horse — picked out as deserving them. He rests in Colinton churchyard, —

“Where all that mighty heart is lying still,” —

his only child William Henry buried beside him. I the more readily pay this tribute to Dr. Belfrage, that I owe to him the best blessing of my professional and one of the best of my personal life, — the being apprenticed to Mr. Syme. This was his doing. With that sense of the capacities and capabilities of other men, which was one of his gifts, he predicted the career of this remarkable man. He used to say, “Give him life, let him live, and I know what and where he will be thirty years hence;” and this long before our greatest clinical teacher and wisest surgeon had made the public and the profession feel and acknowledge the full weight of his worth.

Another life-long and ever strengthening friendship was that with James Henderson, D. D., Galashiels, who survived my father only a few days. This remarkable man and exquisite preacher, whose intellect and worth had for nearly fifty years glowed with a

pure, steady, and ever-growing warmth and lustre in his own region, died during the night and probably asleep, when, like Moses, no one but his Maker was with him. He had for years labored under that form of disease of the heart called *angina pectoris* (Dr. Arnold's disease), and for more than twenty years lived, as it were, on the edge of instant death; but during his later years his health had improved, though he had always to "walk softly," like one whose next step might be into eternity. This bodily sense of peril gave to his noble and leonine face a look of suffering and of seriousness, and of what, in his case, we may truly call godly fear, which all must remember. He used to say he carried his grave beside him. He came in to my father's funeral, and took part in the services. He was much affected, and we fear the long walk through the city to the burial-place was too much for him; he returned home, preached a sermon of surpassing beauty on his old and dear friend's death. The text was, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." It was, as it were, his own funeral sermon too, and there was, besides its fervor, depth, and heavenly-mindedness, a something in it that made his old hearers afraid — as if it were to be the last crush of the grapes. In a letter to me soon after the funeral, he said: "His removal is another *memento* to me that my own course is drawing near to its end. Nearly all of my contemporaries and of the friends of my youth are now gone before me. Well! I may say, in the words of your friend Vaughan, —

They are all gone to that world of light,
 And I alone sit lingering here ;
 Their very memory 's calm and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth cheer.' ”

The evening before his death he was slightly unwell, and next morning, not coming down as usual, was called, but did not answer ; and on going in, was found in the posture of sleep, quite dead : at some unknown hour of the night *abiit ad plures* — he had gone over to the majority, and joined the famous nations of the dead. *Tu vero felix non vitæ tantum claritate, sed etiam opportunitate mortis!* dying with his lamp burning, his passport made out for his journey ; death an instant act, not a prolonged process of months, as with his friend.

I have called Dr. Henderson a remarkable man and an exquisite preacher ; he was both, in the strict senses of the words. He had the largest brain I ever saw or measured. His hat had to be made for him ; and his head was great in the nobler regions, the anterior and upper were full, indeed immense. If the base of his brain and his physical organization, especially his circulating system, had been in proportion, he would have been a man of formidable power, but his defective throb of the heart, and a certain lenti- tude of temperament, made this impossible ; and his enormous organ of thought and feeling, being thus shut from the outlet of active energy, became intensely *meditative*, more this than even reflective. The consequence was, in all his thoughts an exquisiteness and

finish, a crystalline lustre, purity and concentration; but it was the exquisiteness of a great nature. If the first edge was fine, it was the sharp end of the wedge, the broad end of which you never reached, but might infer. This gave *momentum* to everything he said. He was in the true sense what Chalmers used to call "a man of *wecht*." His mind acted by its sheer absolute power; it seldom made an effort; it was the hydraulic pressure, harmless, manageable, but irresistible; not the perilous compression of steam. Therefore it was that he was untroubled and calm, though rich; clear, though deep; though gentle, never dull; "strong without rage, without o'erflowing full." Indeed this element of water furnishes the best figure of his mind and its expression. His language was like the stream of his own Tweed; it was a translucent medium, only it brightened everything seen through it, as wetting a pebble brings out its lines and color. That lovely, and by him much-loved river was curiously like him, or he like it, gentle, great, strong, with a prevailing mild seriousness all along its course, but clear and quiet; sometimes, as at old Melrose, turning upon itself, reflecting, losing itself in beauty, and careless to go, deep and inscrutable, but stealing away cheerily down to Lessudden, all the clearer of its rest; and then again at the Trows, showing unmistakably its power in removing obstructions and taking its own way, and chafing nobly with the rocks, sometimes, too, like him, its silver stream rising into sudden flood, and rolling irresistibly on its way.¹

¹ Such an occasional paroxysm of eloquence is thus described

We question if as many carefully thought and worded, and rapidly and by no means laboriously written sermons, were composed anywhere else in Britain during his fifty years — every Sunday two new ones; the composition faultless — such as Cicero or Addison would have made them, had they been U. P. ministers; only there was always in them more soul than body, more of the spirit than of the letter. What a contrast to the much turbid, hot, hasty, perilous stuff of our day and preachers! The original power and *size* of Dr. Henderson's mind, his roominess for all thoughts, and his still reserve, his lenti- tude, made, as we have said, his expressions clear and quiet, to a degree that a coarse and careless man, spoiled by the violence and noise of other pulpit men, might think insipid. But let him go over the words slowly, and he would not say this again; and let him

by Dr. Cairns: "At certain irregular intervals, when the loftier themes of the gospel ministry were to be handled, his manner underwent a transformation which was startling, and even electrical. He became rapt and excited as with new inspiration; his utterance grew thick and rapid; his voice trembled and faltered with emotion; his eye gleamed with a wild unearthly lustre, in which his countenance shared; and his whole frame heaved to and fro, as if each glowing thought and vivid figure that followed in quick succession were only a fragment of some greater revelation which he panted to over- take. The writer of this notice has witnessed nothing similar in any preacher, and numbers the effects of a passage which he once heard upon the scenes and exercises of the heavenly world among his most thrilling recollections of sacred oratory." — *Memoir prefixed to posthumous volume of Discourses.*

see and feel the solemnizing, commanding power of that large, square, leonine countenance, the broad massive frame, as of a compressed Hercules, and the living, pure, melodious voice, powerful, but not by reason of loudness, dropping out from his compressed lips the words of truth, and he would not say this again. His voice had a singular pathos in it; and those who remember his often-called-for sermon on "The Bright and the Morning Star," can reproduce in their mind its tones and refrain. The thoughts of such men — so rare, so apt to be unvisited and unvalued — often bring into my mind a spring of pure water I once saw near the top of Cairngorm; always the same, cool in summer, keeping its few plants alive and happy with its warm breath in winter, floods and droughts never making its pulse change; and all this because it came from the interior heights, and was distilled by nature's own cunning, and had taken its time, — was indeed a well of living water. And with Dr. Henderson this of the mountain holds curiously; he was retired, but not concealed; and he was of the primary formation, he had no *organic remains* of other men in him; he liked and fed on all manner of literature; knew poetry well; but it was all outside of him; his thoughts were essentially his own.

He was peculiarly a preacher for preachers, as Spenser is a poet for poets. They felt he was a master. He published, after the entreaties of years, a volume of sermons which has long been out of print, and which he would never prepare for a second

edition; he had much too little of the love of fame, and though not destitute of self-reliance and self-value, and resolved and unchangeable to obstinacy, he was not in the least degree vain.

But you will think I am writing more about my father's friends and myself than about him. In a certain sense we may know a man by his friends; a man chooses his friends from harmony, not from sameness, just as we would rather sing in parts than all sing the air. One man fits into the mind of another not by meeting his points, but by dovetailing; each finds in the other what he in a double sense wants. This was true of my father's friends. Dr. Balmer was like him in much more than perhaps any, — in love of books and lonely study, in his general views of divine truth, and in their metaphysical and literary likings, — but they differed deeply. Dr. Balmer was serene and just rather than subtle and profound; his was the still, translucent stream, — my father's the rapid, and it might be deep; on the one you could safely sail, the other hurried you on, and yet never were two men, during a long life of intimate intercourse, more cordial.

I must close the list; one only and the best — the most endeared of them all — Dr. Hengh. He was, in mental constitution and temper, perhaps more unlike my father than any of the others I have mentioned. His was essentially a practical understanding; he was a man of action, a man for men more than for man, the curious reverse in this of my father. He

delighted in public life, had a native turn for affairs, for all that society needs and demands, — clear-headed, ready, intrepid, adroit; with a fine temper, but keen and honest, with an argument and a question and a joke for every one; not disputatious, but delighting in a brisk argument, fonder of wrestling than of fencing, but ready for action; not much of a long shot, always keeping his eye on the immediate, the possible, the attainable, but in all this guided by genuine principle, and the finest honor and exactest truth. He excelled in the conduct of public business, saw his way clear, made other men see theirs, was forever getting the Synod out of difficulties and confusions, by some clear, tidy, conclusive “motion;” and then his speaking, so easy and bright and pithy, manly and gentlemanly, grave when it should be, never when it should not; mobile, fearless, rapid, brilliant as Saladin: his silent, pensive, impassioned and emphatic friend was more like the lion-hearted Richard, with his heavy mace; he might miss, but let him hit, and there needed no repetition. Each admired the other; indeed Dr. Heugh’s love of my father was quite romantic; and though they were opposed on several great public questions, such as the Apocrypha controversy, the Atonement question at its commencement; and though they were both of them too keen and too honest to mince matters or be mealy-mouthed, they never misunderstood each other, never had a shadow of estrangement, so that our Paul and Barnabas, though their contentions were

sometimes sharp enough, never "departed asunder;" indeed they loved each other the longer the more.

Take him all in all, as a friend, as a gentleman, as a Christian, as a citizen, I never knew a man so thoroughly delightful as Dr. Heugh. Others had more of this or more of that, but there was a symmetry, a compactness, a sweetness, a true *delightfulness* about him I can remember in no one else. No man, with so much temptation to be heady and high-minded, sarcastic, and managing, from his overflowing wit and talent, was ever more natural, more honest, or more considerate, indeed tender-hearted. He was full of animal spirits and of fun, and one of the best wits and jokers I ever knew; and such an asker of questions, of posers! We children had a pleasing dread of that nimble, sharp, exact man, who made us explain and name everything. Of Scotch stories he had as many original ones as would make a second volume for Dean Ramsay. How well I remember the very corner of the room in Biggar manse, forty years ago, when from him I got the first shock and relish of humor, — became conscious of mental tickling, — of a word being made to carry double, and being all the lighter of it. It is an old story now, but it was new then: a big, perspiring countryman rushed into the Black Bull coach-office, and holding the door, shouted, "Are yer insides a' oot?" This was my first tasting of the flavor of a joke.

Had Dr. Heugh, instead of being the admirable clergyman he was, devoted himself to public civil

life, and gone into Parliament, he would have taken a high place as a debater, a practical statesman and patriot. He had many of the best qualities of Canning, and our own Premier, with purer and higher qualities than either. There is no one our church should be more proud of than of this beloved and excellent man, the holiness and humility, the jealous, godly fear in whose nature was not known fully even to his friends till he was gone, when his private daily self-searchings and prostrations before his Master and Judge were for the first time made known. There are few characters, *both sides* of which are so unsullied, so pure, and without reproach.

I am back at Biggar at the old sacramental times; I see and hear my grandfather, or Mr. Horne of Braehead, Mr. Leckie of Peebles, Mr. Harper of Lanark, as inveterate in argument as he was warm in heart, Mr. Comrie of Penicuik, with his keen, Voltaire-like face, and much of that unhappy and unique man's wit and sense, and perfection of expression, without his darker and baser qualities. I can hear their hearty talk, can see them coming and going between the meeting-house and the *Tent* on the side of the burn; and then the Monday dinner, and the cheerful talk, and the many clerical stories and pleasant-ries, and their going home on their hardy little horses, Mr. Comrie leaving his curl-papers till the next solemnity, and leaving also some joke of his own, clear and compact as a diamond, and as cutting.

I am in Rose Street on the monthly lecture, the

church crammed, passages and pulpit stairs. Exact to a minute, James Chalmers—the old soldier and beadle, slim, meek, but incorruptible by proffered half crowns from ladies who thus tried to get in before the doors opened—appears, and all the people in that long pew rise up, and he, followed by his minister, erect and engrossed, walks in along the seat, and they struggle up to the pulpit. We all know what he is to speak of; he looks troubled even to distress;—it is the matter of Uriah the Hittite. He gives out the opening verses of the 51st Psalm, and offering up a short and abrupt prayer, which every one takes to himself, announces his miserable and dreadful subject, *fencing* it, as it were, in a low penetrating voice, daring any one of us to think an evil thought. There was little need at that time of the warning; he infused his own intense, pure spirit into us all.

He then told the story without note or comment, only personating each actor in the tragedy with extraordinary effect, above all, the manly, loyal, simple-hearted soldier. I can recall the shudder of that multitude as of one man when he read, “And it came to pass in the morning, that David wrote a letter to Joab, and sent it by the hand of Uriah. And he wrote in the letter, saying, Set ye Uriah in the fore front of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten and die.” And then, after a long and utter silence, his exclaiming, “Is this the man according to God’s own heart? Yes, it is; we

must believe that both are true." Then came Nathan. "There were two men in one city; the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds; but the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb," — and all that exquisite, that divine fable, ending like a thunder-clap with "Thou art the man!" Then came the retribution, so awfully exact and thorough, — the misery of the child's death; that brief tragedy of the brother and sister, more terrible than anything in Æschylus, in Dante, or in Ford; then the rebellion of Absalom, with its hideous dishonor, and his death, and the king covering his face, and crying in a loud voice, "O my son Absalom! O Absalom! my son! my son!" — and David's psalm, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions," — then closing with, "Yes; 'when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death. Do not err,' do not stray, do not transgress ($\mu\eta\ \pi\lambda\alpha\nu\hat{\alpha}\sigma\theta\epsilon$),¹ 'my beloved brethren,' it is first 'earthly, then sensual, then devilish;'" he shut the book, and sent us all away terrified, shaken, and humbled like himself.

I would fain say a few words on my father's last illness, or rather on what led to it, and I wish you and others in the ministry would take to heart, as matter of immediate religious duty, much of what I am

¹ James i. 15, 16. It is plain that "Do not err" should have been in verse 15th.

going to say. My father was a seven months' child, and lay, I believe, for a fortnight in black wool, undressed, doing little but breathe and sleep, not capable of being fed. He continued all his life slight in make, and not robust in health, though lively, and capable of great single efforts. His attendance upon his mother must have saddened his body as well as his mind, and made him willing and able to endure, in spite of his keen and ardent spirit, the sedentary life he in the main led. He was always a very small eater, and nice in his tastes, easily put off from his food by any notion. He therefore started on the full work of life with a finer and more delicate mechanism than a man's ought to be; indeed, in these respects, he was much liker a woman, and being very soon "placed," he had little traveling, and little of that tossing about the world which, in the transition from youth to manhood, hardens the frame as well as supple it. Though delicate he was almost never ill. I do not remember, till near the close of his life, his ever being in bed a day.

From his nervous system, and his brain predominating steadily over the rest of his body, he was habitually excessive in his professional work. As to quantity, as to quality, as to manner and expression, he flung away his life without stint every Sabbath-day, his sermons being laboriously prepared, loudly mandated, and at great expense of body and mind, and then delivered with the utmost vehemence and rapidity. He was quite unconscious of the state he

worked himself into, and of the loud piercing voice in which he often spoke. This I frequently warned him about, as being, I knew, injurious to himself, and often painful to his hearers, and his answer always was, that he was utterly unaware of it; and thus it continued to the close, and very sad it was to me who knew the peril, and saw the coming end, to listen to his noble, rich, persuasive, imperative appeals, and to know that the surplus of power, if retained, would, by God's blessing, retain him, while the effect on his people would, I am sure, not have lost, but in some respects have gained, for much of the discourse which was shouted and sometimes screamed at the full pitch of his keen voice was of a kind to be better rendered in his deep, quiet, settled tones. This, and the great length of his public services, I knew he himself felt, when too late, had injured him, and many a smile he had at my proposal to have a secret sub-congregational string from him to me in the back seat, to be authoritatively twitched when I knew he had done enough; but this string was never pulled, even in his mind.

He went on in this expensive life, sleeping very little, and always lightly, eating little, never walking except of necessity; little in company, when he would have eaten more and been, by the power of social relish, made likelier to get the full good out of his food; never diverting his mind by any change but that of one book or subject for another; and every time that any strong affliction came on him, as when made

twice a widower, or at his daughter's death, or from such an outrage upon his entire nature and feelings as the Libel, then his delicate machinery was shaken and damaged, not merely by the first shock, but even more by that unrelenting self-command by which he terrified his body into instant submission. Thus it was, and thus it ever must be, if the laws of our bodily constitution, laid down by Him who knows our frame, and from whom our substance is not hid, are set at nought, knowingly or not, — if knowingly, the act is so much the more spiritually bad; but if not, it is still punished with the same unerring nicety, the same commensurate meting out of the penalty, and paying "in full tale," as makes the sun to know his time, and splits an erring planet into fragments, driving it into space "with hideous ruin and combustion." It is a pitiful and a sad thing to say, but if my father had not been a prodigal in a true but very different meaning, if he had not spent his substance, the portion of goods that fell to him, the capital of life given him by God, in what we must believe to have been needless and therefore preventable excess of effort, we might have had him still with us, shining more and more, and he and they who were with him would have been spared those two years of the valley of the shadow, with its sharp and steady pain, its fallings away of life, its longing for the grave, its sleepless nights and days of weariness and languor, the full expression of which you will find nowhere but in the Psalms and in Job.

I have said that though delicate he was never ill: this was all the worse for him, for, odd as it may seem, many a man's life is lengthened by a sharp illness; and this in several ways. In the first place, he is laid up, out of the reach of all external mischief and exertion; he is like a ship put in dock for repairs; time is gained. A brisk fever clarifies the entire man; if it is beaten and does not beat, it is like cleaning a chimney by setting it on fire; it is perilous but thorough. Then the effort to throw off the disease often quickens and purifies and corroborates the central powers of life; the flame burns more clearly; there is a cleanliness, so to speak, about all the wheels of life. Moreover, it is a warning, and makes a man meditate on his bed, and resolve to pull up; and it warns his friends, and likewise, if he is a clergyman, his people, who if their minister is always with them, never once think he can be ever anything but as able as he is.

Such a pause, such a breathing-time my father never got during that part of his life and labors when it would have availed most, and he was an old man in years before he was a regular patient of any doctor. He was during life subject to sudden headaches, affecting his memory and eyesight, and even his speech; these attacks were, according to the thoughtless phrase of the day, called bilious; that is, he was sick, and was relieved by a blue pill and smart medicine. Their true seat was in the brain; the liver suffered because the brain was ill, and sent no nervous energy to it, or poisoned what it did send. The sharp rack-

ing pain in the forehead was the cry of suffering from the anterior lobes, driven by their master to distraction, and turning on him wild with weakness and fear and anger. It was well they did cry out; in some brains (large ones) they would have gone on dumb to sudden and utter ruin, as in apoplexy or palsy; but he did not know, and no one told him their true meaning, and he sate about seeking for the outward cause in some article of food, in some recent and quite inadequate cause.

He used, with a sort of odd shame and distress, to ask me why it was that he was subjected to so much suffering from what he called the lower and ignoble regions of his body; and I used to explain to him that he had made them suffer by long years of neglect, and that they were now having their revenge, and in their own way. I have often found that the more the nervous centres are employed in those offices of thought and feeling the most removed from material objects, — the more the nervous energy of the entire nature is concentrated, engrossed, and used up in such offices, — so much the more, and therefore, are those organs of the body which preside over that organic life, common to ourselves and the lowest worm, defrauded of their necessary nervous food; and being in the organic and not in the animal department, and having no voice to tell their wants or wrongs, till they wake up and annoy their neighbors who have a voice, that is, who are sensitive to pain, they may have been long ill before they come into the sphere of consciousness.

This is the true reason — along with want of purity and change of air, want of exercise,¹ want of shifting the work of the body — why clergymen, men of letters, and all men of intense mental application, are so liable to be affected with indigestion, constipation, lumbago, and lowness of spirits, *melancholia*, — black bile. The brain may not give way for long, because for a time the law of exercise strengthens it; it is fed high, gets the best of everything, of blood and nervous pabulum, and then men have a joy in the victorious work of their brain, and it has a joy of its own, too, which deludes and misleads.

All this happened to my father. He had no formal disease when he died, — no structural change; his sleep and his digestion would have been quite sufficient for life even up to the last; the mechanism was entire, but the motive-power was gone, — it was expended. The silver cord was not so much loosed as relaxed. The golden bowl, the pitcher at the fountain, the wheel at the cistern, were not so much broken as emptied and stayed. The clock had run down before its time, and there was no one but He who first wound it up and set it who could wind it up again; and this He does not do, because it is His law — an express injunction from Him — that, having measured out to

¹ “The youth Story was in all respects healthy, and even robust; he died of overwork, or rather, as I understand, of a two years’ almost total want of exercise, which it was impossible to induce him to take.” — *Arnold’s Report to the Committee of Council on Education*, 1860.

his creatures each his measure of life, and left him to the freedom of his own will and the regulation of his reason, He also leaves him to reap as he sows.

Thus it was that my father's illness was not so much a disease as a long death; life ebbing away, consciousness left entire, the certain issue never out of sight. This, to a man of my father's organization, — with a keen relish for life, and its highest pleasures and energies, sensitive to impatience, and then over-sensitive of his own impatience; cut to the heart with the long watching and suffering of those he loved, who, after all, could do so little for him; with a nervous system easily sunk, and by its strong play upon his mind darkening and saddening his most central beliefs, shaking his most solid principles, tearing and terrifying his tenderest affections; his mind free and clear, ready for action if it had the power, eager to be in its place in the work of the world and of its Master; — to have to spend two long years in this ever-descending road, — here was a combination of positive and negative suffering not to be thought of even now, when it is all sunk under that "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

He often spoke to me freely about his health, went into it with the fearlessness, exactness, and persistency of his nature; and I never witnessed, or hope to witness, anything more affecting than when, after it had been dawning upon him, he apprehended the true secret of his death. He was deeply humbled, felt that he had done wrong to himself, to his

people, to us all, to his faithful and long-suffering Master; and he often said, with a dying energy lighting up his eye, and nerving his voice and gesture, that if it pleased God to let him again speak in his old place, he would not only proclaim again, and, he hoped, more simply and more fully, the everlasting gospel to lost man, but proclaim also the gospel of God to the body, the religious and Christian duty and privilege of living in obedience to the divine laws of health. He was delighted when I read to him, and turned to this purpose that wonderful passage of St. Paul: "For the body is not one member, but many. If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling? But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him. And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Nay, much more those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble, are necessary;" summing it all up in words with life and death in them: "that there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another. And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it."

The lesson from all this is, Attend to your bodies, study their structure, functions, and laws. This does not at all mean that you need be an anatomist,

or go deep into physiology, or the doctrines of prevention and cure. Not only has each organism a resident doctor, placed there by Him who can thus heal all our diseases, but this doctor, if watched and waited on, informs any man or woman of ordinary sense what things to do, and what things not to do. And I would have you, who, I fear, not unfrequently sin in the same way, and all our ardent, self-sacrificing young ministers, to reflect whether, after destroying themselves and dying young, they have lost or gained. It is said that God raises up others in our place. God gives you no title to say this. Men — such men as I have in my mind — are valuable to God in proportion to the time they are here. They are the older, the better, the riper and richer, and more enriching. Nothing will make up for this absolute loss of life. For there is something which every man who is a good workman is gaining every year just because he is older, and this nothing can replace. Let a man remain on his ground, say a country parish, during half a century or more, — let him be every year getting fuller and sweeter in the knowledge of God and man, in utterance and in power, — can the power of that man for good over all his time, and especially towards its close, be equaled by that of three or four young and, it may be, admirable men, who have been succeeding each other's untimely death, during the same space of time? It is against all spiritual as well as all simple arithmetic to say so.

You have spoken of my father's prayers. They

were of two kinds: the one, formal, careful, systematic, and almost stereotyped, remarkable for fullness and compression of thought; sometimes too manifestly the result of study, and sometimes not purely prayer, but more of the nature of a devotional and even argumentative address; the other, as in the family, short, simple, and varied. He used to tell of his master, Dr. Lawson, reproving him, in his honest but fatherly way, as they were walking home from the Hall. My father had in his prayer the words, "that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, — that is, the devil." The old man, leaning on his favorite pupil, said, "John, my man, you need not have said '*that is the devil*;' you might have been sure that *He* knew whom you meant." My father, in theory, held that a mixture of formal, fixed prayer, in fact, a liturgy, along with *extempore* prayer, was the right thing. As you observe, many of his passages in prayer all who were in the habit of hearing him could anticipate, such as "the enlightening, enlivening, sanctifying, and comforting influences of the good Spirit," and many others. One in especial you must remember; it was only used on very solemn occasions, and curiously unfolds his mental peculiarities; it closed his prayer: "And now, unto Thee, O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the one Jehovah and our God, we would — as is most meet — with the church on earth and the church in heaven, ascribe all honor and glory, dominion and majesty, as it was in the beginning, is

now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen." Nothing could be liker him than the interjection, "as is most meet." Sometimes his abrupt, short statements in the Synod were very striking. On one occasion, Mr. James Morison having stated his views as to prayer very strongly, denying that a sinner *can* pray, my father, turning to the Moderator, said, "Sir, let a man feel himself to be a sinner, and, for anything the universe of creatures can do for him, hopelessly lost, — let him feel this, sir, and let him get a glimpse of the Saviour, and all the eloquence and argument of Mr. Morison will not keep that man from crying out, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' That, sir, is prayer, — that is acceptable prayer."

There must be, I fear, now and then an apparent discrepancy between you and me, especially as to the degree of mental depression which at times overshadowed my father's nature. *You* will understand this, and I hope our readers will make allowance for it. Some of it is owing to my constitutional tendency to overstate, and much of it to my having had perhaps more frequent, and even more private, insights into this part of his life. But such inconsistency as that I speak of — the coexistence of a clear, firm faith, a habitual sense of God and of his infinite mercy, the living a life of faith, as if it was in his organic and inner life, more than in his sensational and outward — is quite compatible with that tendency to distrust himself, that bodily darkness and mourn-

fulness, which at times came over him. Any one who knows "what a piece of work is man;" how composite, how varying, how inconsistent human nature is, that we each of us are

"Some several men, all in an hour,"

will not need to be told to expect, or how to harmonize, these differences of mood. You see this in that wonderful man, the Apostle Paul, the true typical fullness, the *humanness*, so to speak, of whose nature comes out in such expressions of opposites as these: "By honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report: as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and, behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

I cannot—and after your impressive and exact history of his last days I need not—say anything of the close of those long years of suffering, active and passive, and that slow ebbing of life; the body, without help or hope, feeling its doom steadily though slowly drawing on; the mind mourning for its suffering friend, companion, and servant; mourning also, sometimes, that it must be "unclothed," and take its flight all alone into the infinite unknown; dying daily, not in the heat of fever, or in the insensibility or lethargy of paralytic disease, but having the mind calm and clear, and the body conscious of its own decay,—dying, as it were, in cold blood. One thing I must

add. That morning when you were obliged to leave, and when "cold obstruction's apathy" had already begun its reign, when he knew us, and that was all, and when he followed us with his dying and loving eyes, but could not speak, — the end came; and then, as through life, his will asserted itself supreme in death. With that love of order and decency which was a law of his life, he deliberately composed himself, placing his body at rest, as if setting his house in order before leaving it, and then closed his eyes and mouth, so that his last look — the look his body carried to the grave and faced dissolution in — was that of sweet, dignified self-possession.

I have made this letter much too long, and have said many things in it I never intended saying, and omitted much I had hoped to be able to say. But I must end.

Yours ever affectionately,

J. BROWN.





DR. CHALMERS.

WHEN, towards the close of some long summer day, we come suddenly, and, as we think, before his time, upon the broad sun, "sinking down in his tranquillity" into the unclouded west, we cannot keep our eyes from the great spectacle; and when he is gone the shadow of him haunts our sight: we see everywhere — upon the spotless heaven, upon the distant mountains, upon the fields, and upon the road at our feet — that dim, strange, changeful image; and if our eyes shut, to recover themselves, we still find in them, like a dying flame, or like a gleam in a dark place, the unmistakable phantom of the mighty orb that has set; and were we to sit down, as we have often done, and try to record by pencil or by pen our impression of that supreme hour, still would IT be there. We must have patience with our eye, it will not let the impression go; that spot on which the radiant disk was impressed is insensible to all other outward things, for a time: its best relief is, to let the eye wander vaguely over earth and sky, and repose itself on the mild shadowy distance.

So it is when a great and good and beloved man departs, sets, — it may be suddenly, and to us who

know not the times and the seasons, *too soon*. We gaze eagerly at his last hours, and when he is gone, never to rise again on our sight, we see his image wherever we go, and in whatsoever we are engaged, and if we try to record by words our wonder, our sorrow, and our affection, we cannot see to do it, for the "idea of his life" is forever coming into our "study of imagination," into all our thoughts, and we can do little else than let our mind, in a wise passiveness, hush itself to rest.

The sun returns; he knows his rising, —

"To-morrow he repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;"

but man lieth down, and riseth not again till the heavens are no more. Never again will he whose "Meditations" are now before us lift up the light of his countenance upon us.

We need not say we look upon him as a great man, as a good man, as a beloved man, — *quis desiderio sit pudor tam cari capitis?* We cannot now go very curiously to work to scrutinize the composition of his character, — we cannot take that large, free, genial nature to pieces, and weigh this and measure that, and sum up and pronounce; we are too near as yet to him and to his loss, he is too dear to us to be so handled. "His death," to use the pathetic words of Hartley Coleridge, "is a recent sorrow; his image still lives in eyes that weep for him." The prevailing feeling is, He is gone — "*abiit ad plures* — he has

gone over to the majority, he has joined the famous nations of the dead."

It is no small loss to the world, when one of its master spirits, one of its great lights, a king among the nations, leaves it. A sun is extinguished; a great attractive, regulating power is withdrawn. For though it be a common, it is also a natural thought, to compare a great man to the sun; it is in many respects significant. Like the sun, he rules his day, and he is "for a sign and for seasons, and for days and for years;" he enlightens, quickens, attracts, and leads after him his host, his generation.

To pursue our image. When the sun sets to us, he rises elsewhere — he goes on rejoicing, like a strong man, running his race. So does a great man: when he leaves us and our concerns, he rises elsewhere; and we may reasonably suppose that one who has in this world played a great part in its greatest histories, who has through a long life been preëminent for promoting the good of men and the glory of God, will be looked upon with keen interest when he joins the company of the immortals. They must have heard of his fame; they may in their ways have seen and helped him already.

Every one must have trembled when reading that passage in Isaiah, in which Hell is described as moved to meet Lucifer at his coming: there is not in human language anything more sublime in conception, more exquisite in expression; it has on it the light of the terrible crystal. But may we not reverse the scene?

May we not imagine, when a great and good man, a son of the morning, enters on his rest, that Heaven would move itself to meet him at his coming? That it would stir up its dead, even all the chief ones of the earth, and that the kings of the nations would arise each one from his throne to welcome their brother? that those who saw him would "narrowly consider him," and say, "Is this he who moved nations, enlightened and bettered his fellows, and whom the great Taskmaster welcomes with 'Well done!'"

We cannot help following him whose loss we now mourn into that region, and figuring to ourselves his great, childlike spirit, when that unspeakable scene bursts upon his view, when, as by some inward, instant sense, he is conscious of God, of the immediate presence of the All-seeing Unseen; when he beholds "His honorable, true, and only Son," face to face, enshrined in "that glorious form, that light unsufferable, and that far-beaming blaze of majesty," that brightness of His glory, that express image of His person; when he is admitted into the goodly fellowship of the apostles, the glorious company of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs, the general assembly of just men, and beholds with his loving eyes the myriads of "little ones," outnumbering their elders as the dust of stars with which the galaxy is filled exceeds in multitude the hosts of heaven.

What a change! death the gate of life — a second birth, in the twinkling of an eye: this moment, weak, fearful, in the amazement of death; the next, strong,

joyful, — at rest, — all things new ! To adopt his own words : all his life, up to the last, “ knocking at a door not yet opened, with an earnest indefinite longing, his very soul breaking for the longing, drinking of water, and thirsting again ” — and then — suddenly and at once — a door opened into heaven, and the Master heard saying, “ Come in, and come up hither ! ” drinking of the river of life, clear as crystal, of which if a man drink he will never thirst, being filled with all the fullness of God !

Dr. Chalmers was a ruler among men : this we know historically ; this every man who came within his range felt at once. He was like Agamemnon, a native *ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν*, and with all his homeliness of feature and deportment, and his perfect simplicity of expression, there was about him “ that divinity that doth hedge a king.” You felt a power in him and going from him, drawing you to him in spite of yourself. He was in this respect a *solar* man ; he drew after him his own firmament of planets. They, like all free agents, had their centrifugal forces acting ever towards an independent, solitary course, but the centripetal also was there, and they moved with and around their imperial sun, — gracefully or not, willingly or not, as the case might be, but there was no breaking loose ; they again, in their own spheres of power, might have their attendant moons, but all were bound to the great massive luminary in the midst.

There is to us a continual mystery in this power of one man over another. We find it acting everywhere, with the simplicity, the ceaselessness, the energy of gravitation; and we may be permitted to speak of this influence as obeying similar conditions; it is proportioned to *bulk*, — for we hold to the notion of a bigness in souls as well as bodies, — one soul differing from another in quantity and momentum as well as in quality and force, and its intensity increases by nearness. There is much in what Jonathan Edwards says of one spiritual essence having more being than another, and in Dr. Chalmers's question, "Is he a man of *wecht*?"

But when we meet a *solar* man of ample nature — soul, body, and spirit; when we find him from his earliest years moving among his fellows like a king, moving them whether they will or not — this feeling of mystery is deepened; and though we would not, like some men (who should know better), worship the creature and convert a hero into a god, we do feel more than in other cases the truth, that it is the inspiration of the Almighty which has given to that man understanding, and that all power, all energy, all light, come to him from the First and the Last, — the Living One. God comes to be regarded by us, in this instance, as he ought always to be, "the final centre of repose," — the source of all being, of all life, the *Terminus ad quem* and the *Terminus a quo*. And assuredly, as in the firmament that simple law of gravitation reigns supreme — making it indeed a

kosmos, majestic, orderly, comely in its going; ruling and binding not the less the fiery and nomadic comets than the gentle, punctual moons, — so certainly, and to us moral creatures to a degree transcendently more important, does the whole intelligent universe move around and move towards and in the Father of Lights.

It would be well if the world would, among the many other uses they make of its great men, make more of this: that they are manifestors of God, revealers of His will, vessels of His omnipotence, and are among the very chiefest of His ways and works.

As we have before said, there is a perpetual wonder in this power of one man over his fellows, especially when we meet with it in a great man. You see its operations constantly in history, and through it the Great Ruler has worked out many of His greatest and strangest acts. But however we may understand the accessory conditions by which the one man rules the many, and controls, and fashions them to his purposes, and transforms them into his likeness, — multiplying as it were himself, — there remains at the bottom of it all a mystery, a reaction between body and soul that we cannot explain. Generally, however, we find accompanying its manifestation a capacious understanding, a strong will, an emotional nature quick, powerful, urgent, undeniable, in perpetual communication with the energetic will and the large resolute intellect, and a strong, hearty, capable body; a coun-

tenance and person expressive of this combination, — the mind finding its way at once and in full force to the face, to the gesture, to every act of the body. He must have what is called a “presence;” not that he must be great in size, beautiful, or strong; but he must be expressive and impressive, — his outward man must communicate to the beholder at once and without fail something of indwelling power, and he must be and act as *one*. You may in your mind analyze him into his several parts; but practically he acts in everything with his whole soul and his whole self; whatsoever his hand finds to do, he does it with his might. Luther, Moses, David, Mahomet, Cromwell, — all verified these conditions.

And so did Dr. Chalmers. There was something about his whole air and manner that disposed you at the very first to make way where he went; he held you before you were aware. That this depended fully as much upon the activity and the quantity — if we may so express ourselves — of his affections, upon that combined action of mind and body which we call temperament, and upon a straightforward, urgent will, as upon what is called the pure intellect, will be generally allowed; but with all this, he could not have been and done what he was and did, had he not had an understanding, in vigor and in capacity, worthy of its great and ardent companions. It was large and free, mobile and intense, rather than penetrative, judicial, clear, or fine; so that in one sense he was more a man to make others *act* than

think; but his own actings had always their origin in some fixed, central, inevitable *proposition*, as he would call it, and he began his onset with stating plainly, and with lucid calmness, what he held to be a great seminal truth; from this he passed at once, not into exposition, but into illustration and enforcement, — into, if we may make a word, overwhelming insistence. Something was to be done rather than explained.

There was no separating his thoughts and expressions from his person, and looks, and voice. How perfectly we can at this moment recall him! Thundering, flaming, lightening, in the pulpit; teaching, indoctrinating, drawing after him his students, in his lecture-room; sitting among other public men, the most unconscious, the most king-like of them all, with that broad leonine countenance, that beaming, liberal smile; or on the way out to his home, in his old-fashioned great-coat, with his throat muffled up, his big walking-stick moved outwards in an arc, its point fixed, its head circumferential, a sort of companion and playmate, with which, doubtless, he demolished legions of imaginary foes, errors, and stupidities in men and things, in Church and State. His great look, large chest, large head, his amplitude every way; his broad, simple, childlike, inturned feet; his short, hurried, impatient step; his erect, royal air; his look of general good-will; his kindling up into a warm but vague benignity when one he did not recognize spoke to him; the addition, for it was

not a change, of keen specialty to his hearty recognition; the twinkle of his eyes; the immediately saying something very personal to set all to rights, and then the sending you off with some thought, some feeling, some remembrance making your heart burn within you; his voice indescribable; his eye — that most peculiar feature — not vacant, but *asleep*, — innocent, mild, and large; and his soul, its great inhabitant, not always at his window; but then, when he did awake, how close to you was that burning vehement soul! how it penetrated and overcame you! how mild, and affectionate, and genial its expression at his own fireside!

Of his portraits worth mentioning, there are Watson Gordon's, Duncan's, the calotypes of Mr. Hill, Kenneth M'Leay's miniatures, the daguerreotype, and Steele's bust. These are all good, and all give bits of him, some nearly the whole, but not one of them that *τὸ θερμόν*, that *fiery particle*, that inspired look, that "diviner mind," the *poco più*, or little more. Watson Gordon's is too much of the mere clergyman, — is a pleasant likeness, and has the shape of his mouth, and the setting of his feet very good. Duncan's is a work of genius, and is the giant looking up, awakening, but not awakened, — it is a very fine picture. Mr. Hill's calotypes we like better than all the rest, because what in them is true, is absolutely so, and they have some delicate renderings which are all but beyond the power of any human artist; for though man's art is mighty,

nature's is mightier. The one of the Doctor sitting with his grandson "Tommy" is to us the best; we have the true grandeur of his form, his bulk. M'Leay's is admirable, spirited, and has that look of shrewdness and vivacity and immediateness which he had when he was observing and speaking keenly; it is, moreover, a fine, manly bit of art. M'Leay is the Raeburn of miniature painters; he does a great deal with little. The daguerreotype is, in its own way, excellent; it gives the externality of the man to perfection, but it is Dr. Chalmers at a standstill, — his mind and feelings "pulled up" for the second that it was taken. Steele's is a noble bust, — has a stern heroic expression and pathetic beauty about it, and from wanting color and shadow and the eyes, it relies upon a certain simplicity and grandeur; in this it completely succeeds; the mouth is handled with extraordinary subtlety and sweetness, and the hair hangs over that huge brow like a glorious cloud. We think this head of Dr. Chalmers the artist's greatest bust.

In reference to the assertion we have made as to bulk forming one primary element of a powerful mind, Dr. Chalmers used to say, when a man of activity and public mark was mentioned, "Has he *wecht*? he has promptitude, has he power? he has power, has he promptitude? and, moreover, has he a discerning spirit?"

These are great practical, universal truths. How few even of our greatest men have had all these

faculties large, fine, sound, and in "perfect diapason." Your men of promptitude, without power or judgment, are common and are useful. But they are apt to run wild, to get needlessly brisk, unpleasantly incessant. A weasel is good or bad, as the case may be, — good against vermin, bad to meddle with; but inspired weasels, weasels on a mission, are terrible indeed, mischievous and fell, and swiftness making up for want of momentum by inveteracy; "fierce as wild bulls, *untamable as flies*." Of such men we have nowadays too many. Men are too much in the way of supposing that *doing* is *being*; that theology, and excogitation, and fierce dogmatic assertion of what they consider truth, is godliness; that obedience is merely an occasional great act, and not a series of acts, issuing from a state, like the stream of water from its well.

"Action is transitory, a step, a blow,
 The motion of a muscle this way or that;
 'Tis done; and in the after vacancy,
 We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed.
 Suffering" — *obedience, or being as opposed to doing* —
 "Suffering is permanent,
 And has the nature of infinity."

Dr. Chalmers was a man of genius; he had his own way of thinking, and saying, and doing, and looking everything. Men have vexed themselves in vain to define what genius is: like every ultimate term we may describe it by giving its effects; we can hardly succeed in reaching its essence. Fortunately,

though we know not what are its elements, we know it when we meet it; and in him, in every movement of his mind, in every gesture, we had its unmistakable tokens. Two of the ordinary accompaniments of genius — enthusiasm and simplicity — he had in rare measure.

He was an *enthusiast* in the true and good sense; he was “entheat,” as if full of God, as the old poets called it. It was this ardor, this superabounding life, this immediateness of thought and action, idea and emotion, setting the whole man agoing at once, that gave a power and a charm to everything he did. To adopt the old division of the Hebrew Doctors, as given by Nathanael Culverwel, in his “Light of Nature:” In man we have, 1st, πνεῦμα ζωοποιῶν, *the sensitive soul*, that which lies nearest the body, — the very blossom and flower of life; 2d, τὸν νοῦν, *animam rationis*, sparkling and glittering with intellectuals, crowned with light; and 3d, τὸν θυμὸν, *impetum animi, motum mentis*, the vigor and energy of the soul, its temper, the mover of the other two; the first being, as they said, resident *in hepate*, the second *in cerebro*, the third *in corde*, where it presides over the issues of life, commands the circulation, and animates and sets the blood a-moving. The first and second are informative, explicative, — they “take in and do;” the other “gives out.” Now in Dr. Chalmers, the great ingredient was the ὁ θυμὸς as indicating *vis animæ et vitæ*, — and in close fellowship with it, and ready for its service, was a large,

capacious ὁ νοῦς, and an energetic, sensuous, rapid τὸ πνεῦμα. Hence his energy, his contagious enthusiasm; this it was which gave the peculiar character to his religion, to his politics, to his *personnel*; everything he did was done heartily, — if he desired heavenly blessings he “panted” for them, “his soul broke for the longing.” To give again the words of the spiritual and subtle Culverwel, “Religion (and indeed everything else) was no matter of indifference to him. It was θερμόν τι πρᾶγμα, a certain fiery thing, as Aristotle calls love; it required and it got the very flower and vigor of the spirit — the strength and sinews of the soul — the prime and top of the affections — this is that grace, that panting grace — we know the name of it and that’s all — ’t is called zeal — a flaming edge of the affection — the ruddy complexion of the soul.” Closely connected with this temperament, and with a certain keen sensation of truth, rather than a perception of it, if we may so express ourselves, an intense consciousness of objective reality, was his simple, animating faith. He had faith in God, faith in human nature, faith, if we may say so, in his own instincts, in his ideas of men and things, *in himself*; and the result was that unhesitating bearing up and steering right onward, “never bating one jot of heart or hope,” so characteristic of him. He had “the *substance* of things hoped for.” He had “the *evidence* of things not seen.”

By his *simplicity* we do not mean the simplicity of the head; of that he had none; he was eminently

shrewd and knowing, more so than many thought; but we refer to that quality of the heart and of the life, expressed by the words, "in simplicity a child." In his own words, from his Daily Readings, —

"When a child is filled with any strong emotion by a surprising event or intelligence, it *runs* to discharge it on others, impatient of their sympathy; and it marks, I fancy, the simplicity and greater naturalness of this period (Jacob's), that the grown-up men and women *ran* to meet each other, giving way to their first impulses — even as children do."

His emotions were as lively as a child's, and he ran to discharge them. There was in all his ways a certain beautiful unconsciousness of self, an outgoing of the whole nature, that we see in children, who are by learned men said to be long ignorant of the EGO — blessed in many respects in their ignorance! — this same Ego, as it now exists, being perhaps part of "the fruit of that forbidden tree;" that mere knowledge of *good* as well as of *evil*, which our great mother bought for us at such a price. In this meaning of the word, Dr. Chalmers, considering the size of his understanding, his personal eminence, his dealings with the world, his large sympathies, his scientific knowledge of mind and matter, his relish for the practical details and for the spirit of public business, was quite singular for his simplicity; and taking this view of it, there was much that was plain and natural in his manner of thinking and acting, which otherwise was obscure, and liable to be misunderstood. We cannot better explain what we mean

than by giving a passage from Fénelon, which D'Alembert, in his Eloge, quotes as characteristic of that "sweet-souled" prelate. We give the passage entire, as it seems to us to contain a very beautiful and by no means commonplace truth : —

"Fénelon," says D'Alembert, "a caractérisé lui-même en peu de mots cette simplicité qui se rendoit si cher à tous les cœurs : 'La simplicité est la droiture d'une ame qui s'interdit tout retour sur elle et sur ses actions; cette vertu est différente de la sincérité, et la surpasse. On voit beaucoup de gens qui sont sincères sans être simples. Ils ne veulent passer que pour ce qu'ils sont, mais ils craignent sans cesse de passer pour ce qu'ils ne sont pas. L'homme simple n'affecte ni la vertu, ni la vérité même; il n'est jamais occupé de lui, il semble d'avoir perdu ce *moi* dont on est si jaloux.'"

What delicacy and justness of expression! how true and clear! how little we see nowadays, among grown-up men, of this straightness of the soul — of this losing or never finding "*ce moi!*" There is more than is perhaps generally thought in this. Man in a state of perfection would no sooner think of asking himself, Am I right? am I appearing to be what inwardly I am? than the eye asks itself, Do I see? or a child says to itself, Do I love my mother? We have lost this instinctive sense; we have set one portion of ourselves aside to watch the rest; we must keep up appearances and our consistency; we must respect — that is, look back upon — ourselves, and be respected, if possible; we must, by hook or by crook, be respectable.

Dr. Chalmers would have made a sorry Balaam;

he was made of different stuff, and for other purposes. Your "respectable" men are ever doing their best to keep their status, to maintain their position. He never troubled himself about his status; indeed, we would say *status* was not the word for him. He had a *sedes* on which he sat, and from which he spoke; he had an *imperium*, to and fro which he roamed as he listed; but a *status* was as little in his way as in that of a Mauritanian lion. Your merely "sincere" men are always thinking of what they said yesterday, and what they may say to-morrow, at the very moment when they should be putting their whole self into to-day. Full of his idea, possessed by it, moved altogether by its power, — believing, he spoke, and without stint or fear, often *apparently* contradicting his former self, — careless about everything, but speaking fully his mind. One other reason for his apparent inconsistencies was, if one may so express it, the spaciousness of his nature. He had room in that capacious head, and affection in that great, hospitable heart, for relishing and taking in the whole range of human thought and feeling. He was several men in one. Multitudinous but not multiplex, in him odd and apparently incongruous notions dwelt peaceably together. The lion lay down with the lamb. Voluntaryism and an endowment, — both were best.

He was *childlike* in his simplicity; though in understanding a man, he was himself in many things a child. Coleridge says, every man should include all his former selves in his present, as a tree has its

former years' growths inside its last ; so Dr. Chalmers bore along with him his childhood, his youth, his early and full manhood into his mature old age. This gave himself, we doubt not, infinite delight, multiplied his joys, strengthened and sweetened his whole nature, and kept his heart young and tender ; it enabled him to sympathize, to have a fellow-feeling with all, of whatever age. Those who best knew him, who were most habitually with him, know how beautifully this point of his character shone out in daily, hourly life. We well remember long ago loving him before we had seen him, from our having been told that being out one Saturday at a friend's house near the Pentlands, he collected all the children and small people, — the *other* bairns, as he called them, — and with no one else of his own growth, took the lead to the nearest hill-top, — how he made each take the biggest and roundest stone he could find and carry, — how he panted up the hill himself with one of enormous size, — how he kept up their hearts, and made them shout with glee, with the light of his countenance, and with all his pleasant and strange ways and words, — how, having got the breathless little men and women to the top of the hill, he, hot and scant of breath, looked round on the world and upon them with his broad benignant smile like the ἀνήριθμον κυμάτων γέλασμα — the unnumbered laughter of the sea, — how he set off his own huge “fellow,” — how he watched him setting out on his race, slowly, stupidly, vaguely at first,

almost as if he might die before he began to live, then suddenly giving a spring and off like a shot, — bounding, tearing, αὐτις ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λᾶας ἀναιδῆς, *vires acquirens eundo* ; how the great and good man was *totus in illo* ; how he spoke to him, upbraided him, cheered him, gloried in him, all but prayed for him ; how he joked philosophy to his wondering and ecstatic crew, when he (the stone) disappeared among some brackens, — telling them they had the evidence of their senses that he was in, they might even know he was there by his effects, by the moving brackens, himself unseen ; how plain it became that he had gone in, when he actually came out ! — how he ran up the opposite side a bit, and then fell back, and lazily expired at the bottom, — how to their astonishment, but not displeasure, — for he “ set them off so well,” and “ was so funny,” — he took from each his cherished stone, and set it off himself ! showing them how they all ran alike, yet differently ; how he went on, “ making,” as he said, “ an induction of particulars,” till he came to the Benjamin of the flock, a *wee wee* man, who had brought up a stone bigger than his own big head ; then how he let him, *unicus omnium*, set off his own, and how wonderfully IT ran ! what miraculous leaps ! what escapes from impossible places ! and how it ran up the other side farther than any, and by some felicity remained there.

He was an orator in its specific and highest sense.

We need not prove this to those who have heard him ; we cannot to those who have not. It was a living man sending living, burning words into the minds and hearts of men before him, radiating his intense fervor upon them all ; but there was no reproducing the entire effect when alone and cool ; some one of the elements was gone. We say nothing of this part of his character, because upon this all are agreed. His eloquence rose like a tide, a sea, setting in, bearing down upon you, lifting up all its waves — “ deep calling unto deep ; ” there was no doing anything but giving yourself up for the time to its will. Do our readers remember Horace’s description of Pindar ?

“ Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
 Quem super notas aluere ripas,
 Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo
 Pindarus ore :

— ‘ per audaces nova ditlyrambos
 Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur
 Lege solutis.’ ”

This is to our mind singularly characteristic of our perfervid Scotsman. If we may indulge our conceit we would paraphrase it thus. His eloquence was like a flooded Scottish river, — it had its origin in some exalted region, in some mountain-truth, some high, immutable reality ; it did not rise in a plain, and quietly drain its waters to the sea ; it came sheer down from above. He laid hold of some simple truth, — the love of God, the Divine method of

justification, the unchangeableness of human nature, the supremacy of conscience, the honorableness of all men ; and having got this vividly before his mind, on he moved ; the river rose at once, drawing everything into its course —

“ All thoughts, all passions, all desires, —
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,”

things outward and things inward, interests immediate and remote, God and eternity, men, miserable and immortal, this world and the next, clear light and unsearchable mystery, the word and the works of God, everything contributed to swell the volume and add to the onward and widening flood. His river did not flow like Denham's Thames, —

“ Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull ;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.”

There was strength, but there was likewise rage ; a fine frenzy — not unoften due mainly to its rapidity and to its being raised suddenly by his affections ; there was some confusion in the stream of his thoughts, some overflowing of the banks, some turbulence, and a certain noble immensity ; but its origin was clear and calm, above the region of clouds and storms. If you saw *it* ; if you took up and admitted his proposition, his starting idea, then all else moved on ; but once set a-going, once on his way, there was no pausing to inquire, why or how, — *fervet* — *ruit* — *fertur*, he boils — he rushes — he is borne along ; and so are all who hear him.

To go on with our figure: There was no possibility of sailing up his stream. You must go with him, or you must go ashore. This was a great peculiarity with him, and puzzled many people. You could argue with him, and get him to entertain your ideas on any purely abstract or simple proposition, — at least for a time; but once let him get down among practicals, among applications of principles, into the regions of the affections and active powers, and such was the fervor and impetuosity of his nature, that he could not stay leisurely to discuss, he could not then entertain the opposite; it was hurried off, and made light of, and disregarded, like a floating thing before a cataract.

To play a little more with our conceit: The greatest man is he who is both born and made, who is at once poetical and scientific, who has genius and talent, each supporting the other. So with rivers. Your mighty world's river rises in high and lonely places, among the everlasting hills; amidst clouds, or inaccessible clearness. On he moves, gathering to himself all waters; refreshing, cheering all lands. Here a cataract, there a rapid; now lingering in some corner of beauty, as if loath to go. Now shallow and wide, rippling and laughing in his glee; now deep, silent, and slow; now narrow and rapid and deep, and not to be meddled with. Now in the open country; not so clear, for other waters have come in upon him, and he is becoming useful, no longer turbulent, — traveling more contentedly; now he is navi-

gable, craft of all kinds coming and going upon his surface forever ; and then, as if by some gentle and great necessity, " deep and smooth, passing with a still foot and a sober face," he pays his last tribute to " the *Fiscus*, the great Exchequer, the sea," — running out fresh, by reason of his power and volume, into the main for many a league.

Your mere genius, who has instincts, and is poetical and not scientific, who grows from within — he is like our mountain river, clear, willful, odd ; running round corners ; disappearing it may be under ground, coming up again quite unexpectedly and strong, as if fed from some unseen spring, deep down in darkness ; rising in flood without warning, and coming down like a lion ; often all but dry ; never to be trusted to for driving mills ; must at least be tamed and led off to the mill ; and going down full pace, and without stop or stay, into the sea.

Your man of talent, of acquirements, of science, — who is made, who is not so much educed as edified ; who, instead of acquiring his *vires eundo*, gets his *vires eundi*, from acquirement, and grows from without ; who serves his brethren and is useful ; he rises often no one knows where or cares ; has perhaps no proper fountain at all, but is the result of the gathered rain-water in the higher flats ; he is never quite clear, never brisk, never dangerous ; always from the first useful, and goes pleasantly in harness ; turns mills ; washes rags, makes them into paper ; carries down all manner of dye-stuffs and feculence ; and turns a

bread-mill to as good purpose as any clearer stream ; is docile, and has, as he reaches the sea, in his dealings with the world, a river trust, who look after his and their own interests, and dredge him, and deepen him, and manage him, and turn him off into docks, and he is in the sea before he or you know it.

Though we do not reckon the *imagination* of Dr. Chalmers among his master faculties, it was powerful, effective, magnificent. It did not move him, he took it up as he went along ; its was not that imperial, penetrating, transmuting function that we find it in Dante, in Jeremy Taylor, in Milton, or in Burke ; he used it to emblazon his great central truths, to hang clouds of glory on the skirts of his illustration ; but it was too passionate, too material, too encumbered with images, too involved in the general *mêlée* of the soul, to do its work as a master. It was not in him, as Thomas Fuller calls it, "that inward sense of the soul, its most boundless and restless faculty ; for while the understanding and the will are kept as it were *in liberâ custodiâ* to their objects of *verum et bonum*, it is free from all engagements, — digs without spade, flies without wings, builds without charges, in a moment striding from the centre to the circumference of the world by a kind of omnipotency, creating and annihilating things in an instant, — restless, ever working, never wearied." We may say, indeed, that men of his temperament are not generally endowed with this power in largest measure ; in

one sense they can do without it, in another they want the conditions on which its highest exercise depends. Plato and Milton, Shakespeare and Dante, and Wordsworth, had imaginations tranquil, sedate, cool, originative, penetrative, intense, which dwelt in the "highest heaven of invention." Hence it was that Chalmers could personify or paint a passion; he could give it in one of its actions; he could not, or rather he never did, impassionate, create, and vivify a person, — a very different thing from personifying a passion, — all the difference, as Henry Taylor says, between Byron and Shakespeare.

In his impetuosity, we find the rationale of much that is peculiar in the style of Dr. Chalmers. As a spoken style it was thoroughly effective.¹ He seized

¹ We have not noticed his iterativeness, his reiterativeness, because it flowed naturally from his primary qualities. In speaking it was effective, and to us pleasing, because there was some new modulation, some addition in the manner, just as the sea never sets up one wave exactly like the last or the next. But in his books it did somewhat encumber his thoughts, and the reader's progress and profit. It did not arise, as in many lesser men, from his having said his say — from his having no more in him; much less did it arise from conceit, either of his idea or of his way of stating it; but from the intensity with which the sensation of the idea — if we may use the expression — made its first mark on his mind. Truth to him never seemed to lose its first freshness, its edge, its flavor; and Divine truth, we know, had come to him so suddenly, so fully, at mid-day, when he was in the very prime of his knowledge and his power and quickness, — had so possessed his entire nature, as if, like him who was journeying to

the nearest weapons and smote down whatever he hit. But from this very vehemence, this haste, there was in his general style a want of correctness, of selectness, of nicety, of that curious felicity which makes thought immortal, and enshrines it in imperishable crystal. In the language of the affections he was singularly happy; but in a formal statement, rapid argumentation and analysis, he was often as we might think, uncouth, and imperfect, and incorrect; chiefly owing to his temperament, to his fiery, impatient, swelling spirit, this gave his orations their fine

Damascus, a Great Light had shone round about him, — that whenever he reproduced that condition, he began afresh, and with his whole utterance, to proclaim it. He could not but speak the things he had seen and felt, and heard and believed; and he did it much in the same way, and in the same words, for the thoughts and affections and posture of his soul were the same. Like all men of vivid perception and keen sensibility, his mind and his body continued under impressions, both material and spiritual, after the objects were gone. A curious instance of this occurs to us. Some years ago, he roamed up and down through the woods near Auchindinny, with two boys as companions. It was the first burst of summer, and the trees were more than usually enriched with leaves. He wandered about delighted, silent, looking at the leaves, "thick and numberless." As the three went on, they came suddenly upon a high brick wall, newly built, for peach-trees, not yet planted. Dr. Chalmers halted, and looking steadfastly at the wall, exclaimed most earnestly, "What foliage! what foliage!" The boys looked at one another, and said nothing; but on getting home expressed their astonishment at this very puzzling phenomenon. What a difference! leaves and parallelograms; a forest and a brick wall!

audacity, — this brought out hot from the furnace his new words, — this made his numbers run wild — *lege solutis*. We are sure this view will be found confirmed by these “Daily Readings,” when he wrote little, and had not time to get heated, and when the nature of the work, the hour at which it was done, and his solitariness, made his thoughts flow at their “own sweet will;” they are often quite as classical in expression as they are deep and lucid in thought, — reflecting heaven with its clouds and stars, and letting us see deep down into its own secret depths: this is to us one great charm of these volumes. Here he is broad and calm; in his great public performances by mouth and pen, he soon passed from the lucid into the luminous.

What, for instance, can be finer in expression than this? “It is well to be conversant with great elements — life and death, reason and madness.” “God forgets not his own purposes, though he executes them in his own way, and maintains his own pace, which he hastens not and shortens not to meet our impatience.” “I find it easier to apprehend the greatness of the Deity than any of his moral perfections, or his sacredness;” and this: —

“One cannot but feel an interest in Ishmael, figuring him to be a noble of nature, — one of those heroes of the wilderness who lived on the produce of his bow, and whose spirit was nursed and exercised among the wild adventures of the life he led. And it does soften our conception of him whose hand was against every man, and every man’s hand against him, when we read of his mother’s influence over him, in the

deference of Ishmael to whom we read another example of the respect yielded to females even in that so-called barbarous period of the world. There was a civilization, the immediate effect of religion, in these days, from which men fell away as the world grew older."

That he had a keen relish for material and moral beauty and grandeur we all know; what follows shows that he had also the true ear for beautiful words, as at once pleasant to the ear and suggestive of some higher feelings:—"I have often felt, in reading Milton and Thomson, a strong poetical effect in the bare enumeration of different countries, and this strongly enhanced by the statement of some common and prevailing emotion which passed from one to another." This is set forth with great beauty and power in verses 14th and 15th of Exodus xv.,—"The people shall hear and be afraid: sorrow shall take hold on the inhabitants of Philistia. Then the dukes of Edom shall be amazed; the mighty men of Moab, trembling shall take hold of them: the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away." Any one who has a tolerable ear and any sensibility, must remember the sensation of delight in the mere sound,—like the colors of a butterfly's wing, or the shapeless glories of evening clouds, to the eye,—in reading aloud such passages as these: "Heshbon shall cry and Elealeh; their voice shall be heard to Jahaz: . . . for by the way of Luhith with weeping shall they go up; for in the way of Horonaim they shall raise a cry." "God came from Teman, the Holy One from

Mount Paran." "Is not Calno as Carchemish? is not Hamath as Arpad? is not Samaria as Damascus? . . . He is gone to Aiath, he is passed through Migron; at Michmash he hath laid up his carriages: . . . Ramath is afraid; Gibeah of Saul is fled. Lift up thy voice, O daughter of Gallim! cause it to be heard unto Laish, O poor Anathoth. Madmenah is removed; the inhabitants of Gebim gather themselves to flee. . . . The fields of Heshbon languish, the vine of Sibmah. . . . I will water thee with my tears, O Heshbon and Elealeh." Any one may prove to himself that much of the effect and beauty of these passages depends on these names; put others in their room and try them.

We remember well our first hearing Dr. Chalmers. We were in a moorland district in Tweeddale, rejoicing in the country, after nine months of the High School. We heard that the famous preacher was to be at a neighboring parish church, and off we set, a cartful of irrepressible youngsters. "Caln was all nature as a resting wheel." The crows, instead of making wing, were impudent and sat still; the cart-horses were standing, knowing the day, at the field-gates, gossiping and gazing, idle and happy; the moor was stretching away in the pale sunlight—vast, dim, melancholy, like a sea; everywhere were to be seen the gathering people, "sprinklings of blithe company;" the country-side seemed moving to one centre. As we entered the kirk we saw a notorious character, a drover who had much of the brutal

look of what he worked in, with the knowing eye of a man of the city, a sort of big Peter Bell, —

“ He had a hardness in his eye,
He had a hardness in his cheek.”

He was our terror, and we not only wondered, but were afraid when we saw *him* going in. The kirk was full as it could hold. How different in looks to a brisk town congregation! There was a fine leisureliness and vague stare; all the dignity and vacancy of animals; eyebrows raised and mouths open, as is the habit with those who speak little and look much, and at far-off objects. The minister comes in, homely in his dress and gait, but having a great look about him, like a mountain among hills. The High School boys thought him like a “big one of ourselves;” he looks vaguely round upon his audience, as if he saw in it *one great object, not many*. We shall never forget his smile, its general benignity, — how he let the light of his countenance fall on us! He read a few verses quietly; then prayed briefly, solemnly, with his eyes wide open all the time, but not seeing. Then he gave out his text; we forget it, but its subject was “Death reigns.” He stated slowly, calmly, the simple meaning of the words; what death was, and how and why it reigned; then suddenly he started and looked like a man who had seen some great sight, and was breathless to declare it; he told us how death reigned, — everywhere, at all times, in all places; how we all know it, how we would yet know more of it. The drover, who had sat down in

the table-seat opposite, was gazing up in a state of stupid excitement; he seemed restless, but never kept his eye from the speaker. The tide set in; everything added to its power, deep called to deep, imagery and illustration poured in; and every now and then the theme, the simple, terrible statement, was repeated in some lucid interval. After overwhelming us with proofs of the reign of Death, and transferring to us his intense urgency and emotion; and after shrieking, as if in despair, these words, "Death is a tremendous necessity," — he suddenly looked beyond us as if into some distant region, and cried out, "Behold a mightier! — who is this? He cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, glorious in his apparel, speaking in righteousness, traveling in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save." Then, in a few plain sentences, he stated the truth as to sin entering, and death by sin, and death passing upon all. Then he took fire once more, and enforced, with redoubled energy and richness, the freeness, the simplicity, the security, the sufficiency of the great method of justification. How astonished and impressed we all were! He was at the full thunder of his power; the whole man was in an agony of earnestness. The drover was weeping like a child, the tears running down his ruddy, coarse cheeks, his face opened out and smoothed like an infant's; his whole body stirred with emotion. We all had insensibly been drawn out of our seats, and were converging towards the wonderful speaker. And when he

sat down, after warning each one of us to remember who it was, and what it was, that followed death on his pale horse,¹ and how alone we could escape — we all sunk back into our seats. How beautiful to our eyes did the thunderer look, — exhausted, but sweet and pure! How he poured out his soul before his God in giving thanks for sending the Abolisher of Death! Then, a short psalm, and all was ended.

We went home quieter than we came; we did not re-count the foals with their long legs and roguish eyes; and their sedate mothers; we did not speculate upon whose dog *that* was, and whether *that* was a crow or a man in the dim moor, — we thought of other things. That voice, that face; those great, simple, living thoughts, those floods of resistless eloquence; that piercing, shattering voice, — “that tremendous necessity.”

Were we desirous of giving to one who had never seen or heard Dr. Chalmers an idea of what manner of man he was, — what he was as a whole, in the full round of his notions, tastes, affections, and powers, — we would put this book into their hands, and ask them to read it slowly, bit by bit, as he wrote it. In it he puts down simply, and at once, what passes through his mind as he reads; there is no making of himself feel and think — no getting into a frame of mind; he

¹ “And I looked, and behold, a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him.” — Rev. vi. 8.

was not given to frames of mind; he preferred states to forms, substances to circumstances. There is something of everything in it, his relish for abstract thought — his love of taking soundings in deep places and finding no bottom — his knack of starting subtle questions, which he did not care to run to earth — his penetrating, regulating godliness — his delight in nature — his turn for politics, general, economical, and ecclesiastical — his picturesque eye — his humanity — his courtesy — his warm-heartedness — his impetuosity — his sympathy with all the wants, pleasures, and sorrows of his kind — his delight in the law of God, and his simple, devout, manly treatment of it — his acknowledgment of difficulties — his turn for the sciences of quantity and number, and indeed for natural science and art generally — his shrewdness — his worldly wisdom — his genius, — all these come out; you gather them like fruit, here a little, and there a little. He goes over the Bible, not as a philosopher, or a theologian, or a historian, or a geologist, or a jurist, or a naturalist, or a statist, or a politician, — picking out all that he wants, and a great deal more than he has any business with, and leaving everything else as barren to his reader as it has been to himself; but he looks abroad upon his Father's *word* — as he used so pleasantly to do on his *world* — as a man, and as a Christian; he submits himself to its influences, and lets his mind go out fully and naturally in its utterances. It is this which gives to this work all the charm of multitude in unity, of variety in har-

mony; and that sort of unexpectedness and ease of movement which we see everywhere in nature and in natural men.

Our readers will find in these delightful Bible Readings not a museum of antiquities and curiosities and laborious trifles, nor of scientific specimens, analyzed to the last degree, all standing in order, labeled and useless. They will not find in it an armory of weapons for fighting with and destroying their neighbors. They will get less of the physic of controversy than of the diet of holy living. They will find much of what Lord Bacon desired, when he said, "We want short, sound, and judicious notes upon Scripture, without running into commonplaces, pursuing controversies, or reducing those notes to artificial method, but leaving them quite loose and native. For certainly, as those wines which flow from the first treading of the grape are sweeter and better than those forced out by the press, which gives them the roughness of the husk and the stone, so are those doctrines best and sweetest which flow from a gentle crush of the Scriptures, and are not wrung into controversies and commonplaces." They will find it as a large pleasant garden; no great system; not trim, but beautiful, and in which there are things pleasant to the eye as well as good for food,—flowers and fruits, and a few good, esculent, wholesome roots. There are Honesty, Thrift, Eye-bright (Euphrasy that cleanses the sight), Heart's-ease. The good seed in abundance, and the strange mystical Passion-

flower; and in the midst, and seen everywhere, if we but look for it, the Tree of Life, with its twelve manner of fruits, the very leaves of which are for the healing of the nations. And, perchance, when they take their walk through it at evening time, or at “the sweet hour of prime,” they may see a happy, wise, beaming old man at his work there, — they may hear his well-known voice; and if they have their spiritual senses exercised as they ought, they will not fail to see by his side “one like unto the Son of Man.”





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 '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 quarrelsome 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,¹ 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

¹ On one occasion a descendant of Nabal having put a crown piece into "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!"

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 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 bow-string," 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 didn'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 humdrummiest 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, they 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 *leecence*, 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 is n'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 now-a-days 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 Henry¹ 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

¹ This was read to Sir Henry W. Moncrieff's Young Men's Association, November, 1862.

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; but 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;¹ it is

¹ "In this pursuit, whether we take or whether we lose our game, the chase is certainly of service." — Burke.

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.

Fifthly, You have many a fall, many a false step; you slip back, you tumble into a *mosshagg*; 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 stand-still; 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 overhead in a treacherous *wellec*, 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 king-

doms 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 field 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 word :

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 by, 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 midday 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 Bethlèhem !

“ 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 ! ”





“OH, I’M WAT, WAT!”

“WHAT is love, Mary?” said Seventeen to Thirteen, who was busy with her English lessons.

“Love! what do you mean, John?”

“I mean what’s love?”

“Love’s just love, I suppose.”

(Yes, Mary, you are right to keep by the concrete; analysis kills love as well as other things. I once asked a useful-information young lady what her mother was. “Oh, mamma’s a *biped!*” I turned in dismay to her younger sister, and said, What do you say? “Oh, my mother’s just my mother.”)

“But what part of speech is it?”

“It’s a substantive or a verb.” (Young Horne Tooke did n’t ask her if it was an active or passive, an irregular or defective verb; an inceptive, as *calesco*, I grow warm, or *dulcesco*, I grow sweet; a frequentative or a desiderative, as *nupturio*, I desire to marry.)

“I think it is a verb,” said John, who was deep in other diversions, besides those of Purley; “and I think it must have been originally *the Perfect of Live*, like thrive throve, strive strove.”

“Capital, John!” suddenly growled Uncle Old-

buck, who was supposed to be asleep in his arm-chair by the fireside, and who snubbed and supported the entire household. “It was that originally, and it will be our own faults, children, if it is not that at last, as well as, ay, and more than at first. What does Richardson say, John? read him out.” John reads —

LOVE, <i>v. s.</i>	To prefer, to desire, as an
-LESS.	object of possession or enjoy-
-LY, <i>ad. av.</i>	ment; to delight in, to be
-LILY.	pleased or gratified with, to
-LINESS.	take pleasure or gratification
-ER	in, delight in.
-ING	<i>Love</i> , the <i>s.</i> is app. emph. to
-INGLY.	the passion between the sexes.
-INGNESS.	<i>Lover</i> is, by old writers, app.
-ABLE. ¹	as <i>friend</i> — by male to male.
-SOME. ²	<i>Love</i> is much used — pref.
-ERED. ³	¹ <i>Wiclif.</i> ² <i>Chaucer.</i> ³ <i>Shak.</i>

Love-locks, —locks (of hair) to set off the beauty; the loveliness.

A. S. *Luf-ian*; D. *Lie-ven*; Ger. *-ben*, amare, diligere. Wach. derives from *lieb*, bonum, because every one desires that which is good: *lieb*, it is more probable, is from *lieb-en*, grateful, and therefore *good*. It may at least admit a conjecture that A. S. *Lufian*, to *love*, has a reason for its application similar to that of L. *Di-ligere* (*legere*, to gather), to take up or out (of a number), to choose, sc. one in preference to another, to prefer; and that it is formed upon A. S. *Illif-ian*, to lift or take up, to pick up, to select, to prefer.

Be- Over- Un-

Uncle, impatiently. — “Stuff; ‘grateful!’ ‘pick up!’ stuff! These word-mongers know nothing about it. Live, love; that is it, the perfect of live.”¹

After this, Uncle sent the cousins to their beds. Mary’s mother was in hers, never to rise from it again. She was a widow, and Mary was her husband’s niece. The house quiet, Uncle sat down in his chair, put his feet on the fender, and watched the dying fire; it had a rich central glow, but no flame and no smoke, it was flashing up fitfully, and bit by bit falling in. He fell asleep watching it, and when he slept, he dreamed. He was young; he was seventeen; he was prowling about the head of North St. David Street, keeping his eye on a certain door, — we call them common stairs in Scotland. He was waiting for Mr. White’s famous English class for girls coming out. Presently out rushed four or five girls, wild and laughing; then came one, bounding like a roe: —

“Such eyes were in her head,
And so much grace and power!”

She was surrounded by the rest, and away they went laughing, she making them always laugh the more. Seventeen followed at a safe distance, study-

¹ They are strange beings, these lexicographers. Richard-son, for instance, under the word SNAIL, gives this quotation from Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Wit at Several Weapons*, —

“Oh, Master Pompey! how is’t, man?”

Clown. — SNAILS, I’m almost starved with love and cold, and one thing or other.”

Any one else knows of course that it is “’s nails” — the contraction of the old oath or interjection — *God’s nails*.

ing her small, firm, downright heel. The girls dropped off one by one, and she was away home by herself, swift and reserved. He, impostor as he was, disappeared through Jamaica Street, to reappear and meet her, walking as if on urgent business, and getting a cordial and careless nod. This beautiful girl of thirteen was afterwards the mother of our Mary, and died in giving her birth. She was Uncle Oldbuck’s first and only sweetheart: and here was he, the only help our young Horne Tooke and his mother and Mary had. Uncle awoke, the fire dead, and the room cold. He found himself repeating Lady John Scott’s lines —

“When thou art near me,
Sorrow seems to fly,
And then I think, as well I may,
That on this earth there is no one
More blest than I.

“But when thou leav’st me,
Doubts and fears arise,
And darkness reigns,
Where all before was light.
The sunshine of my soul
Is in those eyes,
And when they leave me
All the world is night.

“But when thou art near me,
Sorrow seems to fly,
And then I feel, as well I may,
That on this earth there dwells not one
So blest as I.”¹

¹ Can the gifted author of these lines and of their music not

Then taking down *Chambers’s Scottish Songs*, he read aloud:—

“O I’ m wat, wat,
 O I’ m wat and weary;
 Yet fain wad I rise and rin,
 If I thocht I would meet my dearie.
 Aye waukin,’ O!
 Waukin’ aye, and weary;
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinkin’ o’ my dearie.

“Simmer’s a pleasant time,
 Flowers o’ every color;
 The winter rins ower the heugh,
 And I long for my true lover.

“When I sleep I dream,
 When I wauk I’ m eerie,
 Sleep I can get nane,
 For thinkin’ o’ my dearie.

“Lanely nicht comes on,
 A’ the lave are sleepin’;
 I think on my true love,
 And blear my e’en wi’ greetin’.

“Feather beds are saft—
 Pentit rooms are bonnie;
 But ae kiss o’ my dear love
 Better’s far than ony.

“O for Friday nicht!—
 Friday at the gloamin’;
 O for Friday nicht—
 Friday’s lang o’ comin’!”

he prevailed on to give them and others to the world, as well as her friends?

This love-song, which Mr. Chambers gives from recitation, is, thinks Uncle to himself, all but perfect; Burns, who in almost every instance not only adorned, but transformed and purified, whatever of the old he touched, breathing into it his own tenderness and strength, fails here as may be seen in reading his version.

“ Oh, spring ’s a pleasant time!
 Flowers o’ every color —
The sweet bird builds her nest,
 And I lang for my lover.
 Aye wakin’, oh!
 Wakin’ aye and wearie;
 Sleep I can get nane,
 For thinkin’ o’ my dearie!

“ When I sleep I dream,
 When I wank I ’m eerie,
 Rest I canna get,
 For thinkin’ o’ my dearie.
 Aye wakin’, oh!
 Wakin’ aye and weary;
Come, come, blissful dream,
 Bring me to my dearie.

“ *Darksome* nicht comes down —
 A’ the lave are sleepin’;
 I think on my kind lad,
 And blin’ my een wi’ greetin’.
 Aye wakin’, oh!
 Wakin’ aye and wearie;
Hope is sweet, but ne’er
 Sae sweet as my dearie!”

How weak these italics! No one can doubt which of

these is the better. The old song is perfect in the procession, and in the simple beauty of its thoughts and words. A ploughman or shepherd — for I hold that it is a man’s song — comes in “wat, wat” after a hard day’s work among the furrows, or on the hill. The *watness* of wat, wat, is as much wetter than wet as a Scotch mist is more of a mist than an English one; and he is not only wat, wat, but “weary,” longing for a dry skin and a warm bed and rest; but no sooner said and felt, than, by the law of contrast, he thinks on “Mysie” or “Ailie,” his Genevieve; and then “all thoughts, all passions, all delights,” begin to stir him, and “fain wad I rise and rin (what a swiftness beyond run is “rin”!). Love now makes him a poet; the true imaginative power enters and takes possession of him. By this time his clothes are off, and he is snug in bed; not a wink can he sleep; that “fain” is domineering over him,—and he breaks out into what is as genuine passion and poetry as anything from Sappho to Tennyson—abrupt, vivid, heedless of syntax. “Simmer’s a pleasant time.” Would any of our greatest geniuses, being limited to one word, have done better than take “pleasant?” and then the fine vagueness of “time”! “Flowers o’ every color;” he gets a glimpse of “horsel a fairer flower,” and is off in pursuit. “The water rins ower the heugh” (a steep precipice); flinging itself wildly, passionately over, and so do I long for my true lover. Nothing can be simpler and finer than —

“ When I sleep, I dream ;
When I wauk, I ’m eerie . ”

“ Lanely nicht ; ” how much richer and touching than “ darksome . ” “ Feather beds are saft ; ” “ paintit rooms are bonnie ; ” I would infer from this, that his “ dearie , ” his “ true love , ” was a lass up at “ the big house ” — a dapper Abigail possibly — at Sir William’s at the Castle, and then we have the final paroxysm upon Friday night — Friday at the gloamin’ ! O for Friday night ! — Friday ’s lang o’comin’ ! — it being very likely Thursday before daybreak, when this affectionate *ululatus* ended in repose .

Now, is not this rude ditty, made very likely by some clumsy, big-headed Galloway herd, full of the real stuff of love ? He does not go off upon her eyebrows, or even her eyes ; he does not sit down, and in a genteel way announce that “ love in thine eyes forever sits , ” etc., etc., or that her feet look out from under her petticoats like little mice : he is far past that ; he is not making love, he is in it . This is one and a chief charm of Burns’s love-songs, which are certainly of all love-songs except those wild snatches left to us by her who flung herself from the Leucadian rock, the most in earnest, the tenderest, the “ most moving delicate and full of life . ” Burns makes you feel the reality and the depth, the truth of his passion ; it is not her eyelashes, or her nose, or her dimple, or even

“ A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I’ the bottom of a cowslip , ”

that are “winging the fervor of his love;” not even her soul; it is herself. This concentration and earnestness, this *perfervor* of our Scottish love poetry, seems to me to contrast curiously with the light, trifling philandering of the English; indeed, as far as I remember, we have almost no love-songs in English, of the same class as this one, or those of Burns. They are mostly either of the genteel, or of the nautical (some of these capital), or of the comic school. Do you know the most perfect, the finest love-song in our or in any language; the love being affectionate more than passionate, love in possession not in pursuit?

“Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
 My plaidie to the angry airt,
 I’d shelter thee, I’d shelter thee:
 Or did Misfortune’s bitter storms
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
 Thy bield should be my bosom,
 To share it a’, to share it a’.

“Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
 The desert were a paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there:
 Or were I monarch o’ the globe,
 Wi’ thee to reign, wi’ thee to reign,
 The brightest jewel in my crown
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.”

The following is Mr. Chambers’s account of the origin of this song: Jessy Lewars had a call one

morning from Burns. He offered, if she would play him any tune of which she was fond, and for which she desired new verses, that he would do his best to gratify her wish. She sat down at the piano, and played over and over the air of an old song, beginning with the words, —

“ The robin cam’ to the wren’s nest
 And keekit in, and keekit in :
 ‘ O weel ’s me on your auld pow !
 Wad ye be in, wad ye be in ?
 Ye’se ne’er get leave to lie without,
 And I within, and I within,
 As lang ’s I hae an auld clout,
 To row ye in, to row ye in.’ ”

Uncle now took his candle, and slunk off to bed, slipping up noiselessly that he might not disturb the thin sleep of the sufferer, saying to himself — “ I’d shelter thee, I’d shelter thee ; ” “ If thou wert there, if thou wert there ; ” and though the morning was at the window, he was up by eight, making breakfast for John and Mary.

Love never faileth ; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail ; whether there be tongues, they shall cease ; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away ; but love is of God, and cannot fail.



HER LAST HALF-CROWN.

HUGH MILLER, the geologist, journalist, and man of genius, was sitting in his newspaper office late one dreary winter night. The clerks had all left and he was preparing to go, when a quick rap came to the door. He said "Come in," and looking towards the entrance, saw a little ragged child all wet with sleet. "Are ye Hugh Miller?" "Yes." "Mary Duff wants ye." "What does she want?" "She's deein." Some misty recollection of the name made him at once set out, and with his well-known plaid and stick, he was soon striding after the child, who trotted through the now deserted High Street, into the Canongate. By the time he got to the Old Playhouse Close, Hugh had revived his memory of Mary Duff: a lively girl who had been bred up beside him in Cromarty. The last time he had seen her was at a brother mason's marriage, where Mary was "best maid," and he "best man." He seemed still to see her bright young careless face, her tidy short gown, and her dark eyes, and to hear her bantering, merry tongue.

Down the close went the ragged little woman, and up an outside stair, Hugh keeping near her with diffi-

culty; in the passage she held out her hand and touched him; taking it in his great palm, he felt that she wanted a thumb. Finding her way like a cat through the darkness, she opened a door, and saying "That's her!" vanished. By the light of a dying fire he saw lying in the corner of the large empty room something like a woman's clothes, and on drawing nearer became aware of a thin pale face and two dark eyes looking keenly but helplessly up at him. The eyes were plainly Mary Duff's, though he could recognize no other feature. She wept silently, gazing steadily at him. "Are you Mary Duff?" "It's a' that's o' me, Hugh." She then tried to speak to him, something plainly of great urgency, but she could n't, and seeing that she was very ill, and was making herself worse, he put half-a-crown into her feverish hand, and said he would call again in the morning. He could get no information about her from the neighbors; they were surly or asleep.

When he returned next morning, the little girl met him at the stair-head, and said "She's deid." He went in, and found that it was true; there she lay, the fire out, her face placid, and the likeness to her maiden self restored. Hugh thought he would have known her now, even with those bright black eyes closed as they were, *in æternum*.

Seeking out a neighbor, he said he would like to bury Mary Duff, and arranged for the funeral with an undertaker in the close. Little seemed to be known of the poor outcast, except that she was a

“licht,” or, as Solomon would have said, a “strange woman.” “Did she drink?” “Whiles.”

On the day of the funeral one or two residents in the close accompanied him to the Canongate Churchyard. He observed a decent-looking little old woman watching them, and following at a distance, though the day was wet and bitter. After the grave was filled, and he had taken off his hat, as the men finished their business by putting on and slapping the sod, he saw this old woman remaining. She came up and, courtesying, said, “Ye wad ken that lass, sir?” “Yes; I knew her when she was young.” The woman then burst into tears, and told Hugh that she “keepit a bit shop at the Closemooth, and Mary dealt wi’ me, and aye paid reglar, and I was feared she was dead, for she had been a month awin’ me half-a-crown:” and then with a look and voice of awe, she told him how on the night he was sent for, and immediately after he had left, she had been awakened by some one in her room; and by her bright fire — for she was a *bein*, well-to-do body — she had seen the wasted, dying creature, who came forward and said, “Was n’t it half-a-crown?” “Yes.” “There it is,” and putting it under the bolster, vanished!

Alas for Mary Duff! her career had been a sad one since the day when she had stood side by side with Hugh at the wedding of their friends. Her father died not long after, and her mother supplanted her in the affections of the man to whom she had given

her heart. The shock was overwhelming, and made home intolerable. Mary fled from it blighted and embittered, and after a life of shame and sorrow, crept into the corner of her wretched garret, to die deserted and alone ; giving evidence in her latest act that honesty had survived amid the wreck of nearly every other virtue.

“ My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.”



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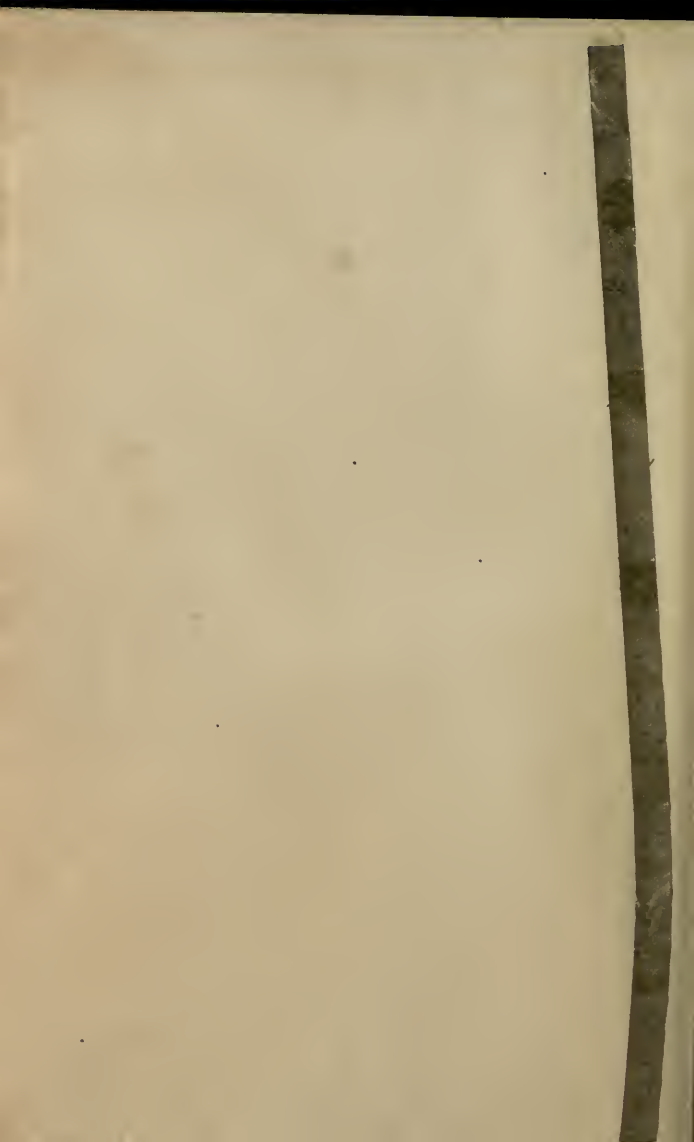
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