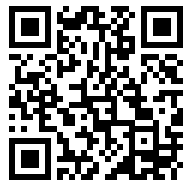


---

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>





73



PR  
+1988  
.M2  
Z5  
A1



Frances J. [unclear]



**OVERDUE FINES:**  
25¢ per day per item

**RETURNING LIBRARY MATERIALS:**  
Place in book return to remove  
charge from circulation records

~~DEC 26 1993~~

DEC 06 1993

7066923

#2  
BE

M  
G

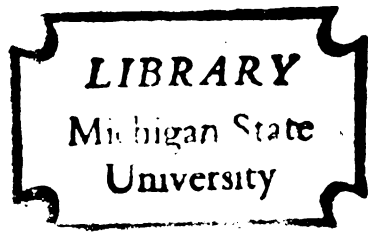
EF

PR  
4988  
.M2  
Z5  
A1

MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES



3 1293 00848 1677



Frances J. McKee



**OVERDUE FINES:**

25¢ per day per item

**RETURNING LIBRARY MATERIALS:**

Place in book return to remove charge from circulation records

~~DEC 06 1993~~  
DEC 06 1993  
~~7066925~~

B2  
E

M

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12



**MRS. STORY'S  
LATER REMINISCENCES**



PUBLISHED BY  
JAMES MACLEHOSE AND SONS, GLASGOW,  
Publishers to the University.

---

MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD., LONDON.  
*New York, - - The Macmillan Co.*  
*Toronto, - - - The Macmillan Co. of Canada.*  
*London, - - - Simpkin, Hamilton and Co.*  
*Cambridge, - - Bowes and Bowes.*  
*Edinburgh, - - Douglas and Foulis.*  
*Sydney, - - - Angus and Robertson.*

---

MCMXIII.





*Janet Leitch Story*

# LATER REMINISCENCES

BY

J. L. STORY

AUTHOR OF 'CHARLEY NUGENT,'  
'EARLY REMINISCENCES,' ETC.

GLASGOW

JAMES MACLEHOSE AND SONS

PUBLISHERS TO THE UNIVERSITY

1913



8687981

TO  
F. B.  
THE TRUE AND TRIED FRIEND OF MANY YEARS  
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK IN GRATITUDE FOR  
MUCH LOVING SYMPATHY AND  
FAITHFUL FRIENDSHIP



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
MRS. STORY, 1912, FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE	
Frontispiece	
THE CHURCH, ROSNEATH - - - - -	16
ROSNEATH - - - - -	32
EARLY DAYS - - - - -	48
THE FAMILY - - - - -	48
ROSNEATH VILLAGE - - - - -	80
THE YEW TREE AVENUE - - - - -	96
THE UNIVERSITY, SOUTH FRONT - - - - -	224
DR. STORY, FROM A SNAP-SHOT IN ABERDEEN - -	240
THE UNIVERSITY TERRACE AND PRINCIPAL'S HOUSE -	304
DRAWING-ROOM IN NO. 13 THE COLLEGE - -	336
THE PRINCIPAL, PORTRAIT BY SIR GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A. - - - - -	352





## CHAPTER I

I HAVE promised to try to recall some of my later recollections, which are said to be and are more difficult to remember than those of an earlier day, and I shall do my best. But I feel as if the cream were gone, and at any rate the cream of my life has departed ; and now I can only see what I can make of the skim milk still left. In Holland they make very good cheese of it, and in some parts of Scotland !—but I must say I feel that nothing can equal the “ wild freshness of morning,” and as the poet sings, “ her clouds and her tears are worth evening’s best light.” No doubt there is a verve and freshness about youth and its accompaniments that once gone can never be recalled.

I must go back to the year of my marriage, which was also the year of the marriage of our late gracious King Edward and her Majesty Queen Alexandra, then the young and lovely Princess Alexandra of Denmark. When the royal couple arrived in this country just after their wedding, they came to Edinburgh and stayed in the Douglas Hotel, St. Andrew Square. Either my father

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

or I or Mr. Story had a friend among the officials of the hotel, for I obtained permission to take up a position in the hall on the occasion of the royal couple going out to dinner at the Lord Provost's. I stood in a recess along with several other people who had been similarly favoured ; and as the Prince and Princess were to pass very close to our hiding place, we should see them quite well.

We had a long wait, but could amuse ourselves in looking about us, and in watching the two equerries who took up their position one on either side of the staircase at the top where a passage led to the rooms occupied by the Prince and Princess. They stood lounging easily, leaning on the balustrade, but presently they sprang to attention and stood like two ramrods in expectation of the advent of their royal master and mistress.

Then they came, the gallant happy young Prince and his lovely bride, a perfect vision of youth, beauty and joyousness, clad in a white dress and sparkling with diamonds, while a light wreath of scarlet poppies and wheat ears crowned her fair brow, and gave the last touch to a costume as tasteful as it was becoming. They walked quickly through the hall, bowing from side to side, for they observed that they had a " gallery," and then getting into the carriage they drove off to the Provost's.

One incident of the dinner I heard afterwards. Just before the descent of the guests from the drawing-room to the dining-room, the Provost signed to the Prince to lead the way. " After the Princess," said His Royal

## MARRIAGE OF PRINCE OF WALES

Highness, indicating by a wave of his hand that the Provost and the Princess were to take the lead.

We who had remained in the hotel were afterwards taken out on the roof, where we had a very fine view of the magnificent illumination of the City as seen from that coign of vantage. Along with us on the flat platform of the roof was an interesting group composed of Sir Thomas Moncrieffe and several of his beautiful daughters, two of whom became afterwards Duchess of Atholl and Countess of Dudley. They lounged about the roof on rugs laid for their benefit, and very simple and beautiful they looked in their unstudied attitudes while admiringly gazing on the wonderful sight the City presented ; a sea of dazzling light stretching in every direction as far as the eye could see. We completed the performance of the evening by going to supper at the Castle, and again viewing the illuminations from the ramparts, while drinking the health of the royal pair in bumpers of champagne.

The next event of importance was my own wedding, all the proceedings of which I have already described in my previous volume. It was to me a real *terra incognita* on which I had now entered. I felt that there must be a strong prejudice against me in the minds of many of my husband's parishioners, and that I had a good deal to live down. Echoes of old Melville Street doings, no doubt much exaggerated, had found their way to the distant parish of Rosneath. While some friends feared I should find the life there a dull one after the whirl to which I had been

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

accustomed, others quoted the old saying of how could two walk together without being agreed ; and a whole multitude pitied the poor misguided man who had chosen so unwisely and put the very square woman into the very round hole, which they would both probably find did not suit her at all.

At first I found it all very new and attractive. I was naturally fond of the country, and Rosneath was a lovely spot. I liked gathering my own flowers in my own garden, and I planned several little improvements in which my husband heartily seconded me, and I put in a number of new roses, which were an after-joy to me and throve delightfully. We had secured an old cook of Mrs. Story's, a very capable servant but not much of a cook, and a smart young Orkney woman came as house-parlour maid. More than these we could not afford, and they made us extremely comfortable. My husband was never in the least given to the pleasures of the table, a good dinner had no attractions for him : well-boiled potatoes (in their skins) were one of the few things he ever noticed. If I wanted to please him very much I used to treat him to a haggis or black or white puddings ; he had also an especial liking for tripe, a viand I detested.

After I had sorted my house and arranged all my wedding presents, there was certainly not much left for me to do, and I was a person of great activity. I took the mending of the house into my own hands, and developed great excellence in the matter of darning. I used to collect

## EARLY DAYS AT ROSNEATH

various articles and fill a basket with them, and at any leisure moment, preferably in the evening, would sit down and tackle my darning, while my husband read aloud to me. He read poetry very beautifully—he had a full mellow voice, with a ring of pathos in it—and it was a rare treat to hear him read some of the special poems he loved ; he did it with his entire heart in the feeling expressed, and often he used to bring the tears to my eyes as I sat and listened to him, and could no longer see to gather together the holes that were waiting for my busy fingers. He read prose equally well ; to hear him read Dickens was charming ; he knew Pickwick almost by heart, and made you see the various characters whom he reproduced, so perfect was his imitation of their peculiarities.

Many happy evenings we spent so employed, and I never dreamt of missing my former gaieties. But our parishioners and neighbours would not permit us to lead a life of total seclusion ; they desired on their part to do something for my amusement and to evince their goodwill towards their minister and his bride. So a certain number of entertainments were organised, and the one cab the parish possessed was chartered to convey the ‘ upper ten ’ to a series of hospitable functions, all devised in honour of the minister and his new wife. All told, the members of the dining society of Rosneath were only seventeen. There were many more residents, but they did not give dinners, restricting their hospitality to less formal functions. A very common form was tea followed

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

by music and sometimes cards, and then a good solid supper as a wind-up to the evening.

I remember one party of this kind given by a very genial old lady, a particular friend and favourite of mine. We had tea, and then a succession of songs and musical performances, till the evening was pretty well advanced; when the old lady rose from her chair, and taking my husband's arm, she advanced towards the middle of the room and thus addressed the assembled guests :

“ Ladies and Gentlemen, I am sure we have all spent a very pleasant evening, and we are very much obliged to those who have so kindly played and sung to us, and now I think we shall all be the better for a little rest and refreshment. Them that's dry, folly me,” and off she went with Mr. Story to the dining-room, whither her no-wise reluctant guests immediately followed her, and where a noble array of good things met the hungry eye.

We called on some of our neighbours at the different large farms dotting the widely spread parish, and there we met with a no less friendly reception than from the better-class houses and villas. Whether we were expected or no, the heartiest of hand shakes awaited us; and while the farmer conducted us round his yard and outhouses and proudly showed us his fine cows and strong cart horses, the wife spread her hospitable board, and by the time we returned was awaiting us with piles of newly made scones and her best tea and thickest cream, blae-berry jam and the most luscious honey; there we fed as

## FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS

heartily as at more pretentious boards, and had the warmest of welcomes into the bargain. I remember one noble-looking old farmer to whom we went frequently, for the Story family knew him well and esteemed him greatly. He was a singularly handsome man. I never knew whether to give the palm to him or to another old parishioner for good looks, well cut features, noble old heads crowned with abundant silver locks, and well set up figures, though one of them had begun to show slight traces of his close on eighty years of hard and honest toil.

The wife of our farming friend was a sweet and gentle woman, with the manners of a perfect lady, and they had two sons, who were the apple of their eye, fine young men, who have since done well in life. From him Mrs. Oliphant drew the farmer in her novel, *A Son of the Soil*. When first told of this he was rather indignant at the liberty she had taken, and by no means looked upon it as a compliment. But on hearing that she wrote books for a living his wrath melted, and he remarked compassionately : “ Oh, poor body, that alters the case.”

The parish schoolmaster was a very remarkable man, one of the most notable specimens of his class. His name was Dodds, and he was grandfather of Sir James Dodds.\* He had come to Rosneath as a young assistant ; but so very conspicuous were his abilities, that on the death of the old schoolmaster, Mr. Dodds was unanimously chosen to succeed him, though his age was at the time but twenty-

\* Under-Secretary for Scotland.



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

one. He was now an elderly man, but his powers were as alert as ever, and he had turned out whole classes of pupils who did him credit in every walk of life.

I used to listen with utter amazement and great admiration to his teaching of his various classes, especially that of arithmetic. He asked them questions in mental arithmetic which would have taken me hours to solve, even if I had ever been able to solve them at all; and if there was a moment of hesitation, he stamped his foot, and out shot the answer like a bullet from a gun, and they were almost invariably answered directly he had propounded his question. In history and geography the same astonishing ability was displayed.

For a smart lad I could understand such knowledge being extremely valuable, but for the great mass of the scholars it seemed to me rather beside the mark. They were mostly destined to hard manual labour, and it struck me that a fair acquaintance with the three R's would have been quite sufficient for them. I would have every village child taught to read well and easily, and to understand what he is reading about. Then he would not fall into the mistakes committed by the young servant of an old lady whom I knew. She had failing sight, and asked the girl to read her a chapter of the Bible, which the girl did, calling the patriarchs the *partridges* steadily through the whole chapter, and entirely muddling the meaning of what she read. What sense the word partridges in this connection presented to the little servant she was unable to

## MODERN EDUCATION

fathom, but the girl seemed quite satisfied with her performance.

That the children frequently do not in the least understand what they are reading about is amply proved in the reports of school inspectors and others. A very amusing instance of the absurd mistakes sometimes made through ignorance was told me by the Rev. Dr. M'Adam Muir. At a school inspection before the Government Inspector and one of the large farmers of the parish, the school-master asked a class of boys, " Can anyone of you tell me who wrote *Hamlet* ? "

Utter silence, till presently a small boy held up his hand. " Please, sir, it wasna me."

A laugh from the audience, and then the farmer visitor said heartily, " The wee rascal, and it was him all the time." Comment is unnecessary, but the farmer's education had probably been conducted at a time before the school-master was abroad in the land.

The over education of the present day is a mistake, as we are gradually beginning to find. The days of honest toil are within measurable distance of extinction, the labour achieved by the sweat of the brow is beginning to be a thing of the past. Soon will a great army of pallid clerks and shop assistants overrun the land, and straining thews and brawny muscles will have gone from the physique of uneducated and pauperised England. I am not against education in the proper place, but let it be useful, let it be thorough, not a smattering of a few *ologies*

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

of no good whatever in the practical battle of life, but a firm grip of facts and an acquaintance with things that will help a man to surmount the trials and troubles of the existence that lies before him.

All my first year spent at Rosneath was to me full of pleasant intercourse. I got to know and love most of the parishioners, and I made acquaintance with many of my husband's old friends and with the clergymen and their families who lived in the neighbouring parishes, and who were mostly very kindly and friendly. Opposite to us in Row, was Mr. Laurie Fogo, a delightful old gentleman of a sweet simplicity and geniality of character, who had a kindly wife and a large family of sons and daughters. In the neighbouring village of Cardross was Mr. Dunn, a tall fine-looking man, with a brisk genial manner and a very remarkable head of hair for a man of his age. He must have been close on sixty, and his hair was still glossy brown with not a streak of silver in it, and he was generally supposed to be somewhat indebted to art for its very youthful appearance. His wife was aware of this supposition and was very indignant at it.

"There's no dye there," she said, "Mr. Dunn never requires it. When I see his hair getting a little thin or dull, I just send for a bottle of Sturrock's hair grease, and by the time he has finished the third, it is all right again."

Mr. Dunn was a good and very popular preacher. He was especially a great favourite with the humbler members of his flock, and when he preached in Rosneath the church

## MR. DUNN

was always very full. He always wore grey gloves in the pulpit, and had a curious manner of rubbing his hands together as if he were pressing something between them. On one occasion somebody met an old woman on her way to church and accosted her.

“ Well, Marget, just going to the kirk, are ye ? ”

“ Aye, I’m just awa to see what Mr. Dunn ’ll squeeze out o’ his thooms the day.”

Mrs. Dunn was a shrewd, active, kindly woman, a notable housewife, and famous for her fig puddings, and for a very capable parlour maid called Kitty, well known to all visitors at the Manse, for no one was five minutes in the house before the call for “ Kitty, Kitty ” sounded in his ears, and “ Kitty, Kitty ” rose on the air at intervals all the waking hours.

Over the hill from us there was a bachelor clergyman, Mr. Shanks, a youngish man, counted one of the eligibles of the neighbourhood, and at Garelochhead there was Mr. Paisley, a widower, with a large family. Mr. Laurie Fogo and Mr. Dunn were more intimate with us than the others, and on the occasions of my husband’s annual school examinations they assisted him, while he usually went to Row and Cardross when the examinations were held there. After our Parish School proceedings were over, we all adjourned to the Girls’ Sewing School, close at hand, where a more modified examination took place. This school had been established and promoted by the Duchess of Argyll, and was conducted by an old Miss

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

Campbell and her niece Lizzie Cameron, who taught Needlework in all its branches to the girls of the parish, and also instructed them in the first principles of housewifery. At the close of the gathering the two ministers said a word or two to the assembled girls and their friends, and Mr. Dunn, who was usually the last spokesman, invariably finished by a well-merited eulogium of the teaching the girls received, ending with admiring the condition of the floor of the room, on which he stated anyone might comfortably dine, it was so immaculately clean. This compliment, annually repeated, always delighted old Miss Campbell, who blushed and bridled, and attempted faint disclaimers to conceal her pride at being so exalted before her youthful pupils and their kinsfolk. The Duchess's kind endeavour to instil the rudiments of house management into the minds of the village girls did not meet with all the gratitude it deserved. Some of the mothers were foolish enough to object to their being instructed how to clean the floor that Mr. Dunn admired so much, and two or three girls were taken away in consequence.

When the old schoolmistress died and her niece left the place, the Girls' Sewing School dwindled and finally became extinct. The Parish School still flourishes vigorously. After all the examinations were over, the ministers attending and the schoolmaster and his wife dined at the Manse, and many were the good stories we heard then, frequently supplemented by a song from worthy Mr. Dodds, who had a fine baritone voice, and could sing a good racy song of

## SACRAMENT SUNDAY

the sea or a mellow Scotch ballad, and was always ready to oblige the company.

Another Manse function occurred on the Sacrament Sunday, directly following the celebration of the Communion, when all the elders came to dine with us. They had previously come about ten in the morning, when I had the sacred vessels and the cut bread all ready for them. I used to watch them out of the window, as they slowly wended their way down the gravel path to the church—Mr. Dodds in front with the wine, John Maclean and John Mackellar following with the bread—grave, orderly men, decent of character and of aspect, chosen for their high office because of their unblemished reputation and steady life. Never was any minister better supported than Mr. Story was by those worthy men, who acted up to their lights, and set a good example to all who came within their influence, and are now all gone to “the rest that remaineth for the people of God.”

At this time the half-yearly celebration of the Communion and the accompanying Fast Day were events of the very highest importance, the Fast Day being held if possible more strictly than a Sunday, and entertaining of any sort being a thing unheard of. As an Episcopalian I had no idea of this, and in my ignorance I had invited some friends to lunch on the very day. When my husband told me this could not be, there was still time to put them off, and none appeared except one from a distance who had not received his postponement in time. When he

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

came I was very much distressed ; the more so as we had to leave him in the middle of a hasty lunch I had improvised for him, and proceed to church. He was gone when we returned, and I felt much overcome when I reflected on all the discomfort of his reception, and on my having so ungraciously to leave him to his own devices. I said something of this to my husband, adding that I thought I might quite well have remained at home under the circumstances. He responded rather caustically. I felt hurt, and went off to a secluded part of the garden, where I gave vent to my feelings in tears ; and leaning on the bars of a large wooden gate I was sobbing bitterly when I felt an arm placed round me, and soothing words addressed to me in a very kindly tone. I was soon appeased and comforted, and I did not so transgress again. I had a very good temper, and few and faint were the clouds that arose on our horizon. When they came they were almost invariably of my bringing.

My unfortunate love of hospitality was answerable for an occasional breeze ; as I must own that my husband was less sociably disposed than I was. He enjoyed seeing his friends, but it must be in his own manner ; and when place and society were to his taste, no one could be a more delightful companion than he was, but I could never get him to appreciate the large parties I loved to gather about me. He called them mobs, and got out of them as soon as he could, saying his room was much better than his company, in which I was unable to contradict him. But

## THE BLATHERWICKS

he got used to my little ways in time, and I never put undue pressure upon him in this respect. In later days he found that even " mobs " have their good points, and he joined in them, if not heartily, at least with every outward semblance of friendliness and goodwill.

We had very good friends at Row, Dr. and Mrs. Blatherwick, who were most hospitable in entertaining. He was a man of versatile talents, he sang, he painted, he acted, all in an incomparable manner, and was also a man of great social ability and charm. We were often at parties at their house, which always necessitated spending the night there. On one occasion I and the other ladies had retired, leaving the gentlemen to go to the smoking-room. It was not late, and I took up a book, and read by the fire for some time ; then feeling sleepy, I decided on going to bed. Then I discovered I had forgotten my matches, without which I never travelled, for I liked to have always at hand the means of striking a light. I meditated, then an idea struck me. Our bedroom was on the ground floor, not far from the drawing-room, where I felt sure I should find vestas on the writing-table. I went out just as I was, in my dressing-gown, all ready for bed, and crossed the hall to the drawing-room, where I could see quite well, as the fire still burnt fitfully in the grate. A match-box was on the table, but it was empty ; so I had to look further afield, and I recollected I had seen a box of matches lying on the table in the front lobby. There was no sound of the gentlemen moving, so I left the room



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

and silently advanced along the lobby to the entrance hall. There was some light from a fanlight over the door, but not enough to enable me to see objects distinctly ; so my heart was in my mouth when I suddenly trod on something very soft, that instantly moved under my foot, and rising up quickly became visible in the faint light as the big yellow dog that had noisily barked on the lawn when we arrived, and which I had then thought a ferocious and most unpleasant looking quadruped. I was horribly alarmed, but I stood quite still and made no sound, neither did the dog, which I had momentarily expected to fly at my throat. After a pause of a few seconds I summoned all my courage and backed gently from the animal, which never stirred. On and on I went, the dog never moving, till I reached the door of my room, which I quickly entered and closed the door, and then I breathed freely. On mentioning the matter at breakfast next morning I was assured that under no circumstances would the dog have done me any harm ; but I had had a very unpleasant fright, and I defy anyone to say they would not have felt the same had they been in my shoes when I trampled on the soft mass that rose under my stealthy tread. It was one of the bad moments of my life.

With my husband I paid numerous visits to old friends of both families ; among others we visited old Sir John Maxwell of Pollok, and were most hospitably received at his beautiful old mansion within a few miles of Glasgow. Sir John was a fine specimen of a gentleman of the old



THE CHURCH, ROSNEATH



## POLLOK

school, and his reception of me was very charming. He was a widower, having married Lady Matilda Bruce, a daughter of the Earl of Elgin, and her sister Lady Lucy Grant of Kilgraston was a guest in the house, assisting Sir John in dispensing hospitality to a small party, including Mr. Erskine of Linlathen and Dr. Macleod Campbell, well known as the deposed Minister of Row, and hero of the famous controversy connected with his so-called heresy.

These two gentlemen, with Sir John and Mr. Story, indulged in discussions on many abstruse religious questions, and I listened for the first time in my life to sustained argument on such matters as Freewill, Predestination, etc., all of which were matters of which I was entirely ignorant. I listened, but without much comprehension of the subjects they were discussing, my confusion greatly increased by the philosophic terms they used. The discussion long remained in my mind, and it seemed to me that the reverent and earnest speakers were gradually wandering from their own meaning and losing themselves entirely in the involvements of their intricate arguments. The theme was Freewill, and Mr. Erskine, who seemed to me a little hazy and long-winded, had selected the old illustration of a bull wrecking a china shop as typical of some phase of his argument.

"Well," said Sir John, with great firmness and an air of finality, "I can assure you that if you were a bull, you would have no responsibility," and there I think the discussion stopped.

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

I also remember Lady Lucy and my husband talking one evening on the merits and demerits of some of the clergy, and Lady Lucy said some of them were so ill-read, and did not attempt to keep abreast of the theological literature of the day. She named two or three well-known books, and said she doubted if many of the ordinary Parish Ministers had even heard of them, much less read them. My husband replied that he entirely agreed with her, but that he feared the price of the volumes in question was beyond the means of most clerical incomes.

"But surely," said Lady Lucy, "they are in every circulating library, if there were any desire on the part of the minister to read them."

"It may seem strange to your ladyship," my husband replied, "but in many clerical incomes the cost of a library subscription would be no inconsiderable item."

So little does one half of the world know how the other half lives.

C., the old family butler, was quite a character, combining the utmost reverence for his master with a care of him and a solicitude for his welfare not to be met with in the modern servitor. As Sir John was about to help himself to some appetising dish presented to him, C. touched his arm and said, "The doctor said you were not to take that, Sir John."

"Did he?" said Sir John, "Well, well, it smells very good, I think I must have a little," and proceeded to give himself a comfortable helping.

## A SHARP RETORT

This reminds me of the story of an irascible gentleman between whom and some of his friends a discussion rose as to when a certain guest had left the house where he had been staying. Some said one day and some another, when the butler, who was behind, observed quietly, "It was on Tuesday that Mr. A. left."

"Oh! if you are about to join the conversation," remarked his master, "you had better pull in a chair and take your seat," so reducing the excellent man to a condition of pulp.

## CHAPTER II

THE first winter after my marriage passed very pleasantly. We spent some time in Edinburgh with my father, and received much hospitality from my old friends there. I discovered that my father missed me very much and also the music I used to give him in the evening; and he listened with much eagerness to a plan I proposed to him, which was that he should come to Rosneath and live with my husband and myself, and sell the house in Melville Street. We talked the matter over, and it was finally arranged that he should come to us in the spring, and if he liked it and found it suited him, he should spend his remaining days at the Manse. This he accordingly did; and in the early summer of 1864 he arrived and was very much delighted with the beauty of the Manse and its surroundings. We made him very comfortable in a large front room with a beautiful view of the loch and the opposite promontory of Row; it also overlooked our lawn and shrubbery, so that he saw all that was going on, and could besides see the various steamers going up and down, and any passing maritime

## “THE CAPTAIN”

traffic which, as an old sailor, was to him always very interesting.

My father was very happy at Rosneath, and became very popular there ; all the people whom he met on the road knew him well, and they always exchanged kindly greetings. We got a bath-chair for him, and were thus able to drive him along the pretty country roads, and he sometimes felt well enough to take out his drawing materials and make sketches, which for skill and accuracy were in no way behind those of earlier days. All his life this gift had been a great pleasure to him, and it did not fail him now, when he would pass hours and hours over a sketch till he had got it to satisfy his critical eye.

He, as well as my husband and I, had been anticipating the time when another crowning blessing was to be added to our already happy lot, and an infant voice was to be added to those already in the Manse. My father saw my dead baby, and it was a great sorrow to him, as at his age he might not be spared to see another. But to me, after a time of great and critical illness, the knowledge that it had been all in vain, the total disappointment of all my long cherished hopes, brought anguish that was almost overpowering, and only my husband's thankfulness for my own preservation reconciled me to a life which seemed to have been shorn of everything that made life desirable. My little baby had lived, but only for a short time. He was buried in the village churchyard,



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

and there he sleeps sweetly till the resurrection morning, when God grant I may behold my child again.

In the early months of my marriage I made acquaintance with most of my husband's special men friends, all of whom I took warmly to my heart. Most of them came to our wedding, and nearly all of them paid us early visits at the Manse, and soon found that the new wife, who they feared might prove somewhat of an obstacle to their hitherto untrammelled intercourse, was delighted to foster it, and made them even more welcome than they had hitherto been.

With Walter Boyd and Tom Niven I was already acquainted, but Alex. Peddie, Henry Smith and Macfarlane came then to be known to me, and some of them are my good friends to this day. What fun we had at the Manse in these days, and what light hearts went with some of these rather serious faces. Chief among the uproarious ones was John Tulloch (the dearly loved Principal), who had a laugh that was quite irresistible, and brought mirth and jollity with him wherever he came. The two Cadell cousins, George and Frank, were special favourites of mine ; both, alas, with us no more, but George was one of the people who was most interested in the production of these memoirs, which he has not lived to see completed. Walter Boyd, with his happy, cheery, buoyant nature, was much loved by us both, and was one of my husband's dearest friends. He had unfailing good spirits, and was ever ready with a quip

## WALTER BOYD

or a joke. He much shocked my mother-in-law on one occasion. She met him at a dinner party where there was a roast goose for dinner, and Mr. Boyd, who sat next her, was asked if he would have stuffing with his goose. "Most certainly," he replied, "a goose without stuffing is like a body without a soul." Sometimes he offended people without intending it, for he had a sharp wit and could answer back anyone who assaulted him in ready coin, and his rejoinders were oftentimes more caustic than polite. What merry days those were, and what shouts of jubilant laughter I used to hear proceeding from the study where they gathered for their final smoke. My husband, who looked so solemn, was the prime mover in all the jocularities. He was an admirable *raconteur*, told a Scotch story as only a Scotsman can, and above all he was a first-rate mimic, and could take off any person he wished to the very life: his eye twinkled at such moments, and his whole countenance lighted up. No one would have imagined who did not see it how the grave and reverend signior could be transformed, and how sallies of laughter would be evoked by his happy remarks.

Many new acquaintanceships and friendships date their commencement from those early days now so very long ago. The Cummings of Barremman and the Marjoribanks were among them, and two families with whom we soon became on intimate terms, and whose society added much to the amenity and happiness of our lives, the Richardsons of Hartfield and the Campbells of

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

Warrambeen. Never surely had anyone kinder friends than Mr. and Mrs. Richardson ; they were the soul of hospitality and warm-heartedness. They were neighbours on the other side of the hill, and had a large house and very fine gardens, and Mr. Richardson also owned a most beautiful yacht which had been a great racer, and had won for her owner many fine cups, which duly ornamented his ample sideboard and were a source of very legitimate pride to their possessor. The *Cythera* was now made more of a family yacht, and took her owner and his family on many delightful trips, some of which we were privileged to join. I liked sailing on a fine summer day, when the sky and sea were blue and sunny, when no clouds were on the horizon, and when there was no unpleasant motion to speak of ; but I was always a coward at sea, and when I used to lie awake listening to even the gentle wash of the waves against the yacht's side, it used to come over me how small a safeguard existed between me and the mighty ocean, and I used to wish myself once more on *terra firma* walking in the Manse garden or anywhere else, where I could stand steadily and watch things about me standing steadily too. I was ever a poor specimen of a sailor's daughter.

Our friends at Warrambeen were a family circle of rare fascination. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell I had previously known, having met them at dinner at the house of our friend Mr. Longmore. Mrs. Campbell was a tall, handsome woman with very pleasant manners. Two brothers

## WARRAMBEEN

of hers, of the name of Thomson, lived with them, a third brother lived with Mr. Campbell's two sisters at Glengair. They were a very delightful family circle. On an occasion long years before, when my father and I had gone to the Bridge of Allan for a little change, I was looking out of our sitting-room window when I perceived a tall and very fine-looking man coming up the rather steep road that led to our house. He was closeted some time with our landlady, and then I ascertained he had secured rooms in the house, and he and his party would arrive in a day or two.

I was at home when a cab well piled with luggage came up to the door, and on the ejection of its contents peals of merry laughter sounded all over the place, and presently inside the house and in the room next where I was, which was the sitting-room of the new arrivals. I never heard such laughter; clear and merry, ringing out whole-heartedly and with a jovial air of merriment that it was impossible to resist. The speaker laughed, all his hearers laughed, and finally I subsided into a chair and burst out into a fit of irrepressible giggles, so funny it was to be seized with fits of laughter, and to have not the slightest idea what it was all about. Later in the evening I met one of the new arrivals in the hall, and discovered it was the Mrs. Campbell I had before met at dinner at John Longmore's. There commenced a friendship that was one of the greatest pleasures of my life. Warrambeen, where the whole party lived, was near Cove, on the

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

opposite side of the peninsula from Rosneath, some miles away, but not too far for frequent pleasant intercourse, and I saw much of my jocund neighbours. They were all very fond of music, and greatly enjoyed my singing.

The two Mr. Thomsons were very cultured men, and spoke French like natives, having lived for some years at Bordeaux. The elder brother, Mr. John, was a singularly good-looking man—not now in his first youth, but “nane the waur o’ that,” as the song says. We used to call him Dr. Riccabocca, from his strong resemblance to what we fancied Bulwer Lytton’s hero must have been; he looked a prince in disguise if ever there was one. His manners were perfectly charming; one would never have imagined that he had been an Australian squatter, which was indeed the case, previous to the Bordeaux episode, and Warrambeen was the name of the station in Australia which the brothers had occupied, and where they “made their pile,” not an immense one, but sufficient for them to live on the lovely banks of the Clyde in a comfortable and even luxurious manner. They were very kind-hearted too, the two good brothers; for their sister’s husband had not been fortunate in business, and they brought the husband and wife to share the home at Warrambeen, and established them there as master and mistress, themselves taking a very secondary place in the household, though they undeniably held the purse strings. Anyhow, the arrangement worked admirably, and the greatest comfort resulted for all concerned. I never saw a more united

## F. L. ROBERTSON

or a happier household. No quarrel or disagreement could exist for a moment, when, a jarring word occurring, it would have been directly extinguished in peals of hearty laughter. I found the Warrambeen circle an immense acquisition during my Rosneath life, and I doubt not the benefit was reciprocal. Also a young relative resided with them, Fanny Greig, who was an intimate friend of my husband's and mine; "Grigsby" he used playfully to call her, for he was fond of a pet name for favourites, and she was assuredly one.

A great friend of my husband's, who was much connected with our lives in these early days, was Mr. Frederick Robertson, the Minister of St. Andrew's Church, Glasgow, a remarkably fine-looking man, strangely enough almost a double of Mr. Story—they were constantly mistaken for each other. "F. L.," as we familiarly called him, was a great favourite with my father, who admired his fine proportions and handsome appearance, and was also much pleased with his invariable attention and kindness to himself. Mr. Robertson was frequently our guest, and he was sedulously good and gentle to the old gentleman, who said to him on one occasion: "Ah! Mr. Robertson, you ought to have been a clergyman of the Church of England. You would have been a Bishop."

To which "F. L." replied, "I know you mean that as a compliment, Captain Maughan, but you will be surprised to hear that I do not feel it to be one; I think

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

I am quite as well off as I am, and as good as any bishop going."

My father said no more, but evidently was not at all convinced, and thought Mr. Robertson much mistaken.

About this time we had a visit from Miss Mulock, authoress of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, who was a friend of Mr. Story's. I had met her previously at an evening party in Edinburgh, and being asked to sing, I had chanced to select "Could you come back to me Douglas, Douglas," a very great favourite of mine, in utter ignorance of the fact that it had been written by Miss Mulock. After I had sung a line or two I observed a tall, elderly lady rise from her seat and come and stand close by the piano, where someone directly placed a chair for her. She listened to me very attentively, till I had finished, when she thanked me and observed, "I see you make a little alteration in the last line; and I think it is decidedly an improvement."

"I think so too," I replied, "it seems to finish it better."

"Yes, it does," she said; "it had not occurred to me before."

Something suddenly struck me, and I added nervously, "I beg your pardon, but I am not speaking to Miss Mulock, am I?"

"I am Miss Mulock," she rejoined, "and very much pleased to hear my song so charmingly sung. I never thought it so pretty before."

## VISIT OF MISS MULOCK

“ Oh ! ” I said, “ had I known it was you, I would never have dared to do it, much less to alter the words ; I am quite shocked at having ventured to do such a thing.”

We talked for a while and became very good friends ; I did not see her again, but I awaited with great pleasure her visit to us at Rosneath. When the steamer stopped at the pier, my husband and I, who had gone to meet her, welcomed her very cordially, and as she was walking away with us, we asked her to point out her luggage. For reply she held up a tiny black bag, such as ladies use as a handbag.

“ Is that all ? ” I asked, in much surprise ; for I had at least expected some kind of small box.

“ All,” she replied placidly, and we walked on ; I felt rather chagrined, for we had invited some friends to meet her at dinner, and it was evident that she had been quite unprepared for this. When I took her to her room I mentioned the fact ; but she took no notice, and seemed quite unconcerned ; so I went off, thinking to myself that she felt she was Miss Mulock, and could please herself in her attire. Therefore, great was my astonishment when, a little before dinner, a perfectly well-dressed gentlewoman entered the room, wearing a rich black silk dress with fine old lace at the neck and wrists, and a flat piece of the same on her soft grey hair. She was not a handsome woman, but was tall, with a good figure and a gentle, pleasing countenance and a very sweet smile ; and her manners were very winning and attractive.



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

She charmed all our guests ; and when the evening was over, I accompanied her upstairs, and she revealed to me the secret of her transformation.

“ I saw you were surprised when I told you I had no luggage, and I saw you glance anxiously at my rough tweed dress, so I thought I would play a little trick on you.”

Then she explained. Taking off her silk skirt she rolled it up with infinite care and exactitude in very narrow folds, till she caused it to assume the appearance of a black roly-poly, and this she placed at the bottom of her bag, which it exactly fitted. Lighter articles took up the remaining space ; and being a clever packer, she had in her bag everything a lady would find needful for a visit of one night's duration, which was all she had time to give us. Some time afterwards she married Mr. George Lillie Craik, a gentleman fifteen years younger than herself. He had met with a railway accident close to where she lived, and was taken to her house with a broken leg, and nursed by her most devotedly, and the romantic sequel of this episode was their happy marriage. They were very well-mated, in spite of the disparity in their years, and she made him an excellent wife.

### CHAPTER III

THIS summer of 1865, I went abroad for the first time. It seems strange that my father and I had never gone there, when we went about so much ; and when he would have so much enjoyed visiting the various splendid picture galleries to be found on the Continent. But he was apparently quite satisfied with the galleries to be found in London, and he had seen the Louvre, and foreign travel would have required more money than we had to spare ; so before my marriage I never visited the Continent, and was filled with joy at the thought of doing so for the first time. My two cousins Helena and Maggie Arnott arranged to accompany us ; for though my husband and I should have preferred going alone, we could not refuse the girls when they asked us to take them with us, and so it was agreed that we should all travel together.

We were to be a month in Paris, Mr. Story undertaking the duties of the Scottish Chaplain during part of his holiday, and having nearly all the week free for sight-seeing, as my husband had only to conduct one service on Sunday and that in the morning. We felt unable to

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

undertake the large expense that would be involved in going to a hotel, so we arranged to live *en pension* in the house of a very worthy Englishwoman, Mrs. Woolley, who lived in one of the quieter streets behind the Boulevards, not very far from the Place de la Concorde. She had a large *clientèle* of guests, for her charges were moderate and every reasonable comfort was to be found in her establishment. The cooking was excellent and plentiful, and there I first tasted in its perfection real French coffee, made as you never get it in England. Coffee poured from one pot, hot milk from another, in equal proportions, both mingling with a flavour unapproachable by anyone who has not the true French knack.

Mrs. Woolley, assisted by a daughter, ran the *ménage*, but the pivot of everything was "Pierre," who, though he might be a jack of all trades, was equally at home in them all, and was table and housemaid and butler and *valet de chambre* and anything that might be required. He was a most admirable servant, supplied your wants almost before you knew them yourself, and seemed never weary and was never cross though he was never one moment idle, and, when not claimed by his table duties, was to be met at all hours of the day and night, with a hard brush affixed to one foot, sedulously *frottering* the polished wooden passages and stairs: one had to be very cautious indeed in walking along the slippery floors when Pierre and his brush and bees-wax were about.

"Point de rognons de mouton, madame!" he exclaimed

ed in  
on in  
alley,  
oule-  
She  
rate  
her  
ful,  
ee,  
ed  
as,  
ne  
%,  
h  
n  
t



ROSNEATH



## PARIS

in horrified accents one day at dinner when I declined some succulent kidneys, and I felt as if I had committed a crime ; but though Pierre could be familiar on occasion, as is the way with the true French domestic, never did he overstep the bounds of the strictest propriety, and nothing could exceed his zeal and readiness to do any service for those on whom he waited. Often did I wish I could carry him off to Scotland, and feel all the cares of housekeeping drop once and for all from my shoulders.

We did Paris very thoroughly, and were fortunate in having the most lovely weather, enabling us to enjoy life to the utmost in that gayest of gay cities. The Emperor Napoleon the Third was then in the zenith of his splendour, and was to be seen daily with the beautiful Empress driving through the Champs Elysées and along the Boulevards, a gay and stirring cavalcade. They had handsome carriages and very fine horses ; the whole turn-out was very striking, and every head was turned to watch them as they passed. The Empress was a very lovely woman, most exquisitely dressed ; and it was evident that she much desired to please her gazing subjects, for she bowed gracefully from right to left with a very sweet smile on her charming countenance, in marked contrast to the somewhat stolid-looking Emperor, who kept his finger at the salute, but gazed rather indifferently at the loudly cheering spectators. Every day we saw them thus driving through the Champs Elysées to the

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

Bois de Boulogne, and always their appearance evoked loud demonstrations of admiration.

But an even prettier sight was one we also saw frequently, and that was the little Prince Imperial being taken for his morning airing in the sunny gardens of the Tuileries, which were perfectly open to everyone, and where the high railings alone separated him from the crowds that gathered to see the little boy disport himself on the broad terrace in front of the palace windows. A smartly costumed nurse was in close attendance, and sentries guarded every entrance; but the child was securely guarded in the affection of the people, who were loud in approval of his *gentil* appearance, and eagerly compared his height and manliness with that of their own little "Pierres" and "Jeannots," holding up those embryo citizens that they might better see the Imperial boy. Little did they think of the stormy days that lay in front of that same Imperial child and the lonely death on the African veldt that awaited him, while their humble little ones rested in security in the vine-clad valleys of France.

Paris was very gay and brilliant in those sunny days of the Empire, it never seemed to me afterwards to have the same air of *insouciance*; the look of the people who occupied the little tables in front of the cafés appeared to me in after years to have suffered an alteration and to have become less *débonnair*. One Sunday we went to the private chapel which was attended by the Imperial

## SIGHT-SEEING

couple, who occupied a large pew well in sight of the large congregation, and both of them, especially the Empress, appeared to be very reverent and attentive worshippers. Suddenly, in the midst of the almost total silence, we heard in strident tones "à bas les lorgnettes," and became painfully aware that we were the objects of general attention; "à bas les lorgnettes" came again more decidedly, and I saw what was the cause of offence. My cousin Maggie, being very short-sighted, had brought with her a pair of opera-glasses, and had just got the Imperial couple into comfortable focus when she was so sternly interrupted. Very reluctantly she had to lower the objects of offence, and the cry was not repeated. We heard afterwards that looking at the Emperor or Empress with hand glasses was not permitted; and had my cousin persisted she would have been promptly removed from the building.

Another day we had a curious experience. A lady who sat next me at dinner at Mrs. Woolley's had dwelt at great length on the fine spectacle presented by the *Corps Législatif* when engaged in its deliberations, and had advised me to try and obtain tickets of admission. I did so, and two were sent to us, which of course enabled only the half of our party to enter the sacred Chamber. We decided that my husband and my cousin Helena should go, while Maggie and I remained behind, not being greatly interested in political affairs. But when the others had gone, Maggie suddenly declared that she



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

had wished very much to go, and was immensely disappointed at being excluded from the spectacle. "Get on your hat," I exclaimed, "and we shall go and see what can be done; we can only be refused, and we shall be no worse than we were." The lady who had recommended me to try and see the *Corps Législatif* had spoken much of one of the deputies, a certain M. Garnier Pagès, and had said he was a most obliging man, with a very especial liking for the English. A brilliant but most impudent idea had come into my head, and I proceeded to act upon it. Maggie and I drove to the *Corps Législatif*, and without hesitation I gave my card to the doorkeeper, and asked him to give it to M. Garnier Pagès, and say I wished to speak to him. A few minutes passed, and then the doorkeeper returned, accompanied by a tall gentleman in a frock coat, to whom I explained our position, dwelling much on our anxiety to see the French way of conducting business, and using all the soft sawder I could without being too gushing. I also drew his attention to my pretty cousin, and added that she too much desired to have the opportunity of viewing the famous Chamber, and how vexed we should be to have to return to England ungratified in this particular.

M. Garnier Pagès mused and consulted some papers in his note-book, then, looking at us with an agreeable smile, "venez," he said, and opened a door near where we stood, saying he would see what could be done. Then along a wide passage, out of which we were ushered into

## CORPS LÉGISLATIF

a lofty hall, and finally into a kind of wide pew with very comfortable seats ; and behold we were in the very centre of the *Corps Législatif*. Hardly daring to believe in our success, we gazed eagerly about us. The hall was quite crowded ; the deputies sat in long rows ; the President stood at a raised desk, from whence he could view the proceedings. He had a little bell beside him, which he rang when he thought a deputy had spoken long enough, or was uttering sentiments of which he did not approve. If the deputy did not heed him, as was often the case, he rang the bell loudly and continuously, and the other deputies got wildly excited and used all the means in their power to check the offender, uttering loud cries, and even tugging violently at his coat tails to induce him to desist. It was a scene of great uproar and confusion ; but I have witnessed similar scenes in our own House of Commons, but without the bell, and I shall not draw invidious comparisons between the two august bodies ; suffice it to say that the deliberations of the *Corps Législatif* were conducted amid scenes of the wildest vigour and excitement.

We saw Herbert and Helena come in and take their places in a very inferior position to ours : their astonishment was great, for they had never expected such a thing, and we smiled affably from our coign of vantage, and looked quite as if we had anticipated being there from the beginning.

Another of our interesting and agreeable excursions

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

was to Rome, which had for long loomed on my horizon as a *ne plus ultra* of foreign travel, and which we carried out under the happiest conditions. My brother William had been living there for some time occupying a position of importance in a well-known British bank, and he asked us to go out and pay him a visit. As he had no spare room in his own lodging, he took rooms for us close at hand, in the Via Popoli, just opposite the Pincian Gardens, with a very fine view of St. Peter's from the sitting-room windows. We dined at a *trattoria*, but breakfasted at home; the entire livelong day being devoted to sight-seeing. We were strong and healthy, and we went through an amount of work that would have finished most ordinary people, for I did not wish to leave a single object of interest unvisited. I had long pined to visit Rome, and when I found myself actually there I was in a state of enchantment. A day or two after our arrival we met our old friend Dr. Pirie, who hailed us cheerfully and informed us that he had just been doing Rome, and that it had taken him exactly three days to see it thoroughly.

“ I've seen everything there is to see, Vatican and all, and I did it easily in three days, so now I'm off.”

We gazed at him in astonishment, but he persisted in his statement. We were told that he had an interview with the Pope, and made the same announcement to him and received the reply, “ Yes, I have no doubt you can see Rome thoroughly in three days. You

## ROME

can see it a little in three months, and not at all in three years."

We were there in the year of the Œcumenical Council, the winter of 1869-70. Rome was full of great churchmen from every part of the world, and the variety and magnificence of their ecclesiastical robes made the streets appear like a parterre of gay flowers when the daily Council broke up its deliberations and the many Bishops and Archdeacons and the more soberly clad Monsignori spread themselves over the streets, or gathered together in little groups to discuss the burning questions on which they had been engaged. The great leading Cardinals might be seen driving about in their handsome carriages; we soon got to know many of them by sight, notably Cardinal Piccolomini and the dark, saturnine-looking Cardinal Antonelli, then at the height of his celebrity, and believed by everyone to nourish strong designs upon the papacy itself, whenever its present aged and infirm occupant should shuffle off his mortal coil. The Cardinal was a fine-looking man, but one felt it would be better to have him for a friend than an enemy. He was credited with a very autocratic will, and with having poor old Pio Nono quite under his thumb. The old Pope himself never stirred beyond the walls of the Vatican, except to the equally closely encircled Vatican Gardens, where, when in good health, he took a daily stroll, and we were told interested himself considerably in the growth and progress of the many beautiful flowers that blossomed

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

there, and which were all of the country that the poor self-restricted prisoner ever saw, as he believed himself only safe within the walls of his secluded home.

We had met Dr. and Mrs. Rodger of St. Andrews on our outward journey, and travelled some part of the way in company. They had just been married, and were on their wedding journey; but they were not troubled with any unnecessary shyness, and were the pleasantest companions anyone could have wished; both of them sympathetic and well informed, and he especially with a very remarkable memory, and ready with full information regarding all the interesting localities we were visiting. We met them again in Rome, and went to many places together, generally finishing by dining at Bedeau's, a well-known *trattoria*, much frequented by tourists. Here there was a waiter called "Ettore," whose talent in carrying dishes was perfectly extraordinary, and was more like the performance of a clever juggler than anything else. He frequently carried at one time nine or ten loaded plates, and skilfully bestowed them on their hungry recipients without an error as to the contents, or the spilling of a single drop of gravy.

After our meal was over we sometimes wandered about the streets, and occasionally listened to the strains of strolling musicians, who abounded in Rome; or we were trysted to attend an "at home" of some hospitable hostess. Many invitations came our way, for which we were indebted to my brother's good offices or those of

## DAYS IN ROME

Mr. and Mrs. Macbean, who were most kind to us all the time we were in Rome. We went to one large party at the house of Mrs. Hamilton Ramsay, who with her sister Miss Garden had long resided in Rome, where she was a prominent member of the British Society. Her husband was the well-known Purse Bearer, who held a leading place in ecclesiastical circles at Holyrood ; but the lady and he had differed on grounds important to themselves, and she was never seen at Holyrood or he in the Eternal City. The story went that on the occasion of Mr. Ramsay's marriage, the miners on the estate of his uncle, Lord Belhaven, with whom he was very popular, arranged to have a ball to celebrate it. When Mr. Ramsay heard this he declared he would be there, and would lead off the ball. This, they said, they would never expect, as it was his wedding night, but he stuck to his point, and promised to come. The lady was deeply offended at his having made such an engagement and refused to go with him, and as he was equally determined to go, the dispute became so sharp that they parted then and there.

We were at many large and pleasant parties, but all were given by British entertainers, the Italians kept almost entirely to themselves ; still we saw occasionally low-browed and dark-haired ladies, not so beautiful as I had anticipated, with the olive skin and melting black eyes that betrayed their nationality, and almost always wearing fine jewels of evidently great value, heirlooms of the old historic house whose name they bore.

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

Sometimes there was music at these entertainments, but I do not recall any that specially impressed me ; light refreshments, ices and sundry weak vinous compounds formed the refreshments, and there was no attempt at supper of any kind, the guests being all away by midnight at the latest, often much earlier. On the glorious nights that were prevailing, we invariably walked home ; it was delicious to inhale the soft breezes of the lovely Roman night, and to gaze at the brilliancy of the moonlight as it fell on the old historic buildings ; but it was less agreeable to enter the precincts of the dimly lighted Piazza del Popolo, and climb the long obscure flights of stairs, any angle of which might have concealed a robber, probably not unprovided with a stiletto, and by no means unwilling to use it.

Many friends warned us of the risk of nocturnal rambles, and cases of burglarious attack occurred on various occasions, but we were fortunate enough to escape totally ; no marauding night robber ever came our way. I had one experience which I may mention. At one of the churches one day, as we were all dispersing at the conclusion of the service, I suddenly felt a hand in my pocket and fingers feeling about in every direction. I had nothing in my pocket but a handkerchief and a pair of newly purchased gloves, so I took no notice at first ; but as the searching continued, I raised my voice and said to the close crowd round me, " Take care, ladies and gentlemen, there is a thief here."

## FOUNTAIN OF TREVI

Instantly the search ceased, and I conclude the thief vanished, for I was left in peace, and nothing was taken from my pocket, nor from that of anyone else so far as I knew.

We drank of the water of the Fountain of Trevi, which is said to be certain to ensure the drinker's return to Rome ; but it has not exercised its spell in my favour, for I have never been back again, and shall never be so now. But I well remember our delightful time there, and the charm cast on us by the lovely after-glows that lighted up the glorious old ruins and cypress-shaded gardens that still lingered in Rome ; the fragrance of the past that clung around the world-famous haunts and recalled the days of their past glories ; the evening light that rested on rounded hill and broken wall, the whole enchanting atmosphere that made Rome the all-embracing mistress of the world.



## CHAPTER IV

NOTHING of importance occurred during the summer of 1865, except that we observed a gradual diminution of strength in my father. But he was very cheerful and contented ; he read a great deal, and was always happy to welcome the kind friends who often came to see him, and of course I and my husband were much with him, my husband's visits being always a source of great pleasure. Everything possible was done for him, but his strength gradually decreased, and on Monday, the 13th November, he passed quietly away in his sleep, while I was sitting writing in his room.

It was a great shock to me, and I much grieved that neither of my brothers was there at the time, but we had no warning of my father's illness sufficiently grave to induce us to bring them down from London till just at the last, when they were too late. They were both present at the funeral, which took place in Edinburgh, a service having been previously held at the Manse. He was laid to rest beside his wife in the lovely Dean Cemetery, not far from the spot where

## MY FATHER'S DEATH

many members of our family circle also sleep their last sleep.

We then returned to Rosneath, where I much missed the kindly presence and unfailing interest in all our affairs of my dear old father, and felt most truly glad that the evening of his days had been happily passed under my roof. He always liked and valued my husband, who invariably showed him the kindest attention; and though their opinions on many subjects were widely different, they never had a word of disagreement, but always got on most harmoniously.

Another member of our family circle died this year, a source of keen regret to us all—Ludovic Dunlop, my husband's cousin, who had also been his best man at our wedding. He was a tall, fair, fine-looking man, a great favourite with us all. He had much admired my pretty cousin Maggie Arnott, and I had arranged a little romance in my mind, for he told me how much he admired her. But he added, "On so short an acquaintance it would not be fair to tie a girl like that; and she will probably be married before I return." Poor Ludy! He never came back, but died of fever in far-away Shanghai, and my little dream of what might have been never came true.

The next few years passed peacefully and pleasantly, and two little daughters were added to the happy home at the Manse. I never had another son, and though I regretted it, I do not think my husband did, but was as proud of, and as devoted to his two little girls as any

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

father could possibly be. They were certainly delightful children, healthy and happy, and as good as gold, though I say it who should not. One day I was very much shocked at the naughtiness of one of them, Elma, the elder of the two, who was usually a very good and biddable child and generally behaved to visitors in a very affable manner. On one occasion, however, when one of the old Miss Campbells of Glengair began to ingratiate herself with her, and I observed, "Kiss Miss Campbell, Elma; put your arms nicely round her neck," Elma drew herself up and replied peevishly, "No want kiss nasty lady."

I was horrified, and rushed out some hasty excuse; while Miss Campbell good-naturedly remarked, "Don't bother her, poor little thing, she doesn't want to be noticed just now, so she shan't be teased."

And nodding her good old head with the pendant grey veil, she turned away and began to speak to somebody else. What had come over Elma that particular day I cannot think; she never acted in such a manner again, and was almost invariably a pink of propriety in her behaviour.

I remember one time when old Mr. Niven of Balfron was staying with us, I suddenly missed the child, who had been playing in my room, and went out into the lobby to look for her. Mr. Niven's door was open, and there I saw the child standing solemnly by the dressing-table, Mr. Niven as calmly brushing her hair, while she seemed to be enjoying the operation, and neither of them

## MR. NIVEN

was speaking a word. We were all very fond of Mr. Niven, and his son Tom was one of my husband's dearest friends, and is still so of mine, I am happy to say. He was at our marriage, and was also present at a luncheon Mr. Story and I gave on the anniversary of our silver wedding, many years later, when Mr. Niven proposed our health as one of our oldest friends, and added that it was fitting we should make much of our silver wedding, as he feared we should not live to celebrate our golden one.

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Niven," I said when he thus concluded, "I don't know what you are thinking of, but I have every intention of trying to keep it. The thing is by no means impossible, though you speak so dolefully about it."

Mr. Niven attempted a disclaimer, and utterly refused to allow me to put such an interpretation upon his words; but he had said them, and alas! they have proved only too true a prophecy. There will never be any golden wedding for me, however long I may be spared.

Among our earlier visitors was a great friend of my husband's, Mrs. Oliphant, the well-known authoress, a very talented and remarkable woman. I had met her before my marriage at Miss Blackwood's in Charlotte Square. The Blackwoods were her publishers, and she was on terms of great intimacy with all of them. She told me that I was supposed to be the original of the heroine in her novel *Miss Marjoribanks*, and she had been anxious to meet me, especially when she heard that

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

I was to become the wife of her friend Mr. Story. I never was particularly struck by my resemblance to Miss Marjoribanks. We were both only daughters, and rather liked our own way, and both our names began with an M. The resemblance seemed to me to end there. I only met her once before she came to visit us at Rosneath.

Mrs. Oliphant was one of the most remarkable women I ever met. Her appearance was not striking, for she was a little woman, with nothing especial to distinguish her except a pair of piercing black eyes that when she was speaking lighted up her whole countenance. She had a soft, round, white throat, a clear, pale complexion and dark hair deeply streaked with grey. Her small head was nicely set on her shoulders, and she had very pretty hands ; but she had very projecting teeth, which spoilt the lower part of her face, and her figure was what is usually termed dumpy.

When she pleased she could be very agreeable, but she did not always so please, and when indifferent to her company, she was very silent and took no part in general conversation. Though generally running a serial story and also engaged in numerous other literary labours, she was never seen to be writing. But after she had left us, my servants told me that she asked for a pair of spare candles each night, and they were invariably consumed, telling of long hours of midnight toil. When the household began to be roused in the morning, her light could still be observed through the chinks of the shutters ;



THE FAMILY



EARLY DAYS



## MRS. OLIPHANT

shortly afterwards it was extinguished. She did not usually appear at breakfast ; but in the course of the morning would come down serene and smiling, with a packet of letters for the post, and sometimes a bundle of proofs ; thereafter she abjured writing, and was ready to join in whatever might be going on.

She was a widow, and had two sons, to whom she was perfectly devoted, too much so for her own comfort or their advantage. They were being educated at Eton, a great mistake, as they would have been much better at a more ordinary school. But their mother thought an Eton education the only one suitable for a gentleman, and was prepared for any sacrifice on her part for what she fondly imagined the good of her boys. At the time I saw much of her they were young lads, Cyril the elder, a handsome boy of fifteen or sixteen, Francis, the second, commonly called "Cecco," a year or so younger, as plain as his brother was good looking, but the cleverer of the two, though both were possessed of considerable ability. There had been a girl, whom Mrs. Oliphant could never bear to speak of, so deep was her grief at her death. Mrs. Oliphant had lost her husband in Rome, and for years she could never bear to return to that city ; but Principal Tulloch, who had not been well, had undertaken a voyage to Greece, and was to be accompanied by his wife as far as Rome, where she was to await his return. They persuaded Mrs. Oliphant to go with them and with her children to spend the winter in Rome.



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

This she did, with the unfortunate result that Maggie Oliphant was seized with fever and succumbed to it, to the inexpressible grief of her mother, who never entirely recovered from the shock caused by the premature death of her much loved daughter.

She was a most staunch friend, and clung closely to those to whom she had given her heart. She had a great friend, a Mrs. MacPherson, wife of a well-known and most admirable photographer in Rome. As is sometimes the case with highly strung artistic natures, Mr. MacPherson was rather unsteady in his habits, and was easily led away by people who proved but unsatisfactory companions for him. He fell into bad habits, and his work deteriorated, while he indulged in the society of those whose folly contributed to his downfall. Mrs. MacPherson, in connection with the foreman, carried on the studio, and supported the establishment for some time. Then she was seized with a fatal illness ; and when aware that her days were numbered, she wrote to Mrs. Oliphant begging her to come and see her once more before she died. Mrs. Oliphant was in England, but she set out immediately for Rome, where she found her poor friend on her deathbed, and very near her end. The poor woman was very composed, and said she was quite resigned and had no regrets in dying, " Except for my children, my poor children. Oh ! who will care for them ? " she sobbed. " I could die happy, only for leaving my poor children."

## MRS. OLIPHANT

Mrs. Oliphant took the dying woman's hand in hers and said, "Have no fear for your children; they shall be mine."

And she soothed the last hours of poor Mrs. MacPherson with this promise, which she most faithfully kept. She was not a rich woman and she had children of her own; but she took the little MacPhersons and brought them up as if they were her own, and when the eldest of them, a fine boy, died a few years afterwards, she mourned him as she might have done a son, and indeed as such she had ever regarded him.

Her brother Mr. Wilson had died, leaving two young daughters totally unprovided for, and them also Mrs. Oliphant had adopted as her own and was bringing them up; a deed of kindness which entitled her to what she always received from them, their constant love and gratitude, and the unstinted devotion of two young and loving natures.

In the pretty church of Rosneath stands an unfading memorial of Mrs. Oliphant's affectionate remembrance and regret for the death of her daughter and her husband in the form of a beautiful stained glass window which she caused to be erected there, and which she came to Rosneath to inspect; when she still further added to the ornamentation of the church by having an illumination of the Ten Commandments placed as a reredos against the eastern wall, so as to make a suitable finish to the colouring.

Mrs. Oliphant paid us various visits at Rosneath, and

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

we also went to see her at a nice old house in Windsor, which she had taken to be near her boys at Eton. We were there on the occasion of the visit of the Emperor of Russia to England, where he had come to visit his daughter, the Duchess of Edinburgh. A fog had detained the vessel *en route*, and he did not reach Windsor in time for us to witness his arrival, for which Mrs. Oliphant had secured us excellent seats. She had invited a dinner party for the evening, so we were also unable to go out and see the Czar's later arrival, which took place amid the most brilliant illuminations and the loud clashing of all the bells of the various churches. I had given my nurse permission to go out and see the festivities; so on the conclusion of the dinner I went upstairs to see how my sleeping baby was getting on. She was in the soundest slumber possible, so I descended to the hall and stood for a few minutes at the open door to listen to the melody made by the many different bells. I remember now the harmonious jangle they made as they rang out in the soft summer air, and how much I wished there had not been a dinner party, and that I could have started for the High Street and seen the mighty Potentate make his triumphal entry, cheered by the enthusiastic Windsor citizens, who had come out in their thousands to render all due honour to the father-in-law of their Sovereign's son.

I saw the royal party next day, and certainly the Czar was a grand-looking man, and towered far above the

## VISIT TO WINDSOR

princes of our own royal house, though they were a good-looking set of men, and I thought our princesses most attractive, especially the fair young Princess of Wales, who had not been long married and was indeed a most winning creature. Rumours were current of there having been some questions of the precedence of the royal family in view of the imperial addition that had lately been made to it ; I heard also, in contradiction to this, that our princesses and the Russian Grand Duchess got on remarkably well.

## CHAPTER V

ONE family of great friends—they are now friends of four generations—were Dr. and Mrs. Wylie of Carluke, and their sons and daughters. Mrs. Wylie was a very kindly old lady, Dr. Wylie a most charming old gentleman with very courtly manners. Mr. Hood, the famous tailor of Exchange Square, used to describe him very correctly as an old clergyman with “the hat of a cabman and the deportment of a duke.” Dr. Wylie dressed well, generally speaking, and had a fine dignified figure and a magnificent chest, but he was notorious for his bad hats.

Mr. Story had taken me out to Carluke almost immediately after we were engaged, and I then first made the acquaintance of a family of whom I afterwards saw much, for they were among our most valued friends, and the youngest daughter was one of my bridesmaids. I also met for the first time at Carluke Manse Mr. Story's mother and sister, and was most warmly welcomed by them; and the Wylie family from that time became of the number of our most intimate friends.

A great friend and fellow-student of my husband's

## OLD-FASHIONED VIEWS

had two old maiden aunts, who lived in Melville Street, and who were great admirers and supporters of Dr. Muir of St. Stephen's, a clergyman of the very strait-laced school, between whom and Mr. Story there existed a decided antipathy. Dr. Muir supported all the old orthodox views, while my husband led the van in promoting many new ideas, such as opening Picture Galleries and Museums on Sunday, abolishing Fast Days and the like, all of which were *anathema maranatha* to the worthy doctor; and already various passages of an acrimonious nature had occurred between them, and each had his own following of friends and disciples, the Misses Macfarlane, of course, swelling the lists of the adherents of the venerable minister of St. Stephen's, while their nephew equally warmly embraced the views of the opposite party.

During the sittings of the Assembly, the good ladies had invited their nephew to consider their house as his own, and ask any friends he wished to see to come there freely; only one "black sheep" they objected to receive, and though he was not named, Mr. Story easily guessed who the exception was. This friend told many amusing stories of his early days. He began life as assistant in a country parish, and on sallying forth to make acquaintance with the parishioners, he commenced at the house of a good woman, who received him with a look of grim inspection and then said, "Come awa ben. You'll be the new helper, I'm thinking. I'm glad ye hae na a rid

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

heid. The last helper had a rid heid. I canna bide a rid heid."

In time he was presented to a parish, and my husband went to his induction and was present at the induction dinner thereafter. Proceedings were of the most harmonious description, and at their close one of the guests, a jolly farmer, went round the party bidding them good-night, and addressing separately a few words to each. When he came to the new minister, he remarked, "Good-night, sir, and if you're as quate (quiet) a man in the house as ye are in the pulpit, yer wife's a happy woman."

They had dined in an inn, and when the waiter announced their conveyances, he observed to the clergyman nearest to him, "Yer machine's come, sir," then, with a comprehensive look around, he said "A' yer machines has come," and left them to depart at their pleasure.

I duly made my appearance at the meetings of the General Assembly, and felt very proud of my handsome husband when I saw him sitting among his clerical brethren, not one of whom I considered worthy to hold a candle to him in looks or anything else! I soon discovered that he was considered one of the rising lights of the Church; and when he spoke he was listened to with great attention, and generally received a large amount of applause.

The Moderator at the time of my first appearance as a minister's wife was, I think, Dr. Pirie, and he sent me

## MY FIRST GENERAL ASSEMBLY

an invitation to one of his breakfasts. I went, and was taken in to breakfast by an elderly man of rather uncouth appearance and a most pronounced accent. He called me "mum," and asked where I should like to sit.

"Anywhere," I replied.

"Here is a very fine hawm, mum," he observed, "I think we might be nane the waur o' sittin' opposite it."

I felt rather indignant that such a partner had been assigned to me, and did not make myself particularly agreeable to the poor man, who found the "fine hawm" had entailed on him a large amount of carving, everyone soliciting a slice from such a tempting-looking joint. I told the Moderator afterwards that he had treated me very badly, and the matter proved a crow for us to pick for many a day after.

The agent of the Church, Mr. William Menzies, was one of my earliest and kindest ecclesiastical friends. He was the very embodiment of the spirit of hospitality, and in his comfortable house at the foot of the Braid Hills dispensed most generous entertainment to the various ministers young and old who were members of Assembly, and who gathered there with their wives (when they had them) to look at Mr. and Mrs. Menzies' beautiful flowers and partake of the delicacies dispensed at his hospitable board. He gave a dinner party on the opening day of the Assembly, and there assembled all the officials of the Church, the Moderator of the previous year, and a goodly number of the most notable fathers and brethren, who



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

on that festive occasion sank all their differences and met together in the bonds of the greatest harmony. What pleasant dinners those were, and how often I look back to them now; the genial host and hostess and some members of a very capable family, and the rows of happy guests, most of whom are, alas! now no more, for I am speaking of nearly forty years ago.

For many years my husband and I were taken out to Canaan House, as Mr. Menzies' abode was called, by Mr. Edmund Baxter, a well-known Writer to the Signet and member of the Assembly. He and his daughter lived in Rutland Square and had a handsome carriage, in which the worthy old gentleman arranged to call for us and drive us out to White House Loan. We had few better friends than Mr. Baxter; and with him I must associate another very kind and valued intimate, Mr. A. D. M. Black, also a member of the legal body in Edinburgh, and for long a notable member of the General Assembly, which he attended most regularly, and where his neat, dapper little figure, with its gay buttonhole of some brilliant blossom and his smiling animated countenance was one of the generally recognized sights of the Assembly Hall.

I have seen many gatherings of notable men in every profession; you see many a fine head in our own Parliament Houses; but never have I seen so fine a collection of heads old and young, and faces that speak of strength of intellect, as in the close ranks of the ministers of the

## FATHERS AND BRETHREN

Church of Scotland when assembled in their high hall of deliberation. You see faces there with the look of men that might guide a nation ; heads that seem fitted for a crown, while round others you almost see the nimbus of the saint, and yet those are mostly men of humble extraction, some of them sons of toiling fathers and mothers, who have risen to the position they now hold in the Church by lives of poverty and privation and by efforts that would have placed them in the front rank in any vocation which they might have selected. How often I have sat and admired the rows of beautiful old heads in the Assembly Hall ; always returning in the end to one black head deeply streaked with grey, which loomed in my opinion far more distinctly than any other head there, and was far more precious to me than head of emperor or saint.

I attended the Assembly fairly regularly in those early days, and heard most of the good speakers of the day. None of them came up to Principal Tulloch, who was an orator of the first rank. He was also a very fine-looking man, with something leonine in his face and bearing, his tawny hair and ruddy countenance contributing to that appearance, while his broad chest and stalwart figure made him a very fitting representative of the Church Militant, of which he was one of the foremost warriors. He was at this time the leader of that section of the younger men who were in favour of more advanced and liberal ideas, and who were gradually but

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

surely acquiring an influence, and against whom a large and highly prejudiced section of the older clergy had equally steadfastly set their faces.

Those were the days of the persistent persecution of Dr. Robert Lee, whose endeavours to introduce more liberal ideas were for a long time steadily rejected or frustrated. It seems difficult now to think of the hot opposition that was offered to them in those days, when Dr. Lee was looked upon as an enemy of the true Church, and those who agreed with him in his views and in any way attempted to follow him in practice were ostracised by the orthodox party, and looked on with the greatest suspicion by all old-fashioned Presbyterians. He was a great friend of my husband's, who frequently preached in his church, and Dr. Lee returned the compliment by officiating in Rosneath whenever he chanced to be visiting us. He had the reputation of being a sarcastic and ill-natured man, but I never found him so. He did not suffer fools gladly, and could administer a very biting reproof when he saw fit ; but he was a most gentlemanly man, and not unkindly in his nature.

Mrs. Lee was a very precise old lady, but was really very warm-hearted. She had rather an absent manner at times, and did not always attend to what was going on ; I heard Dr. Lee speak very sharply to her one day when she tried his rather short temper in a more than ordinary manner. Dr. Lee and Mr. Story had been discussing some mutual friend for some time, when in a

## PRINCIPAL LEE

pause in the conversation Mrs. Lee interpolated an enquiry for the very friend in question.

“ My dear,” said Dr. Lee, “ if you had been listening you would have found out that we have been talking of Mr. A. for the last twenty minutes.”

Old Principal Lee of the University, no relative of the Minister of Greyfriars, was another old ecclesiastic who strongly held by the ancient rules. He was a dry but humorous old gentleman, of whom many good stories were told. In Edinburgh resided two old ladies, aunts of the late Sir John Skelton, rather grim old virgins, not celebrated for their good looks. Meeting one of them one day, she stopped Principal Lee and said to him, “ I hope I see you pretty well, Dr. Lee.”

“ I am neither pretty nor well, Miss Skelton, but I am happy to see that you are both,” he replied ; and walked on without further observation.

Principal Lee lived in a very nice house in the University with two daughters who were great friends of mine, Isabella Lee, the best dancer in Edinburgh, a very clever and agreeable girl, and Mrs. Thomson, widow of the Professor of Music, a young and very attractive widow. They entertained largely, and were very leading members of society in Edinburgh. There were several sons, all distinguished in various ways.

Those were among the palmy days of Edinburgh, the days when people stayed more at home and were contented with the society they found there, and did not

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

think it necessary to rush off to London incessantly, declaring that Edinburgh was a mere country village with no culture worth mentioning, and that those whose tastes led them to seek cultured manners and really good society could only hope to find it in the Metropolis. The very reverse was really the case. Edinburgh possessed a society of both men and women, members of which would have graced the highest station, while the literary circle included names that have since risen to the highest eminence.

## CHAPTER VI

IN one of the criticisms on my former book, exception is taken to my never having even alluded to the Disruption, an event which caused the greatest sensation in Edinburgh, and was the occasion of an amount of recrimination and heart burning that took many long years to die down. But in 1843, when it occurred, I was too young to feel much interest in it, especially as I did not belong to the Church in which it took place, and none of our own family or any very near connections were involved in the struggle, so we were not called upon to take sides with one or other of the conflicting parties. I did not even see the exodus from the Assembly Hall to Canonmills, though I heard much of it ; but I was witness to a scene in a friend's house which filled me with horror, and showed how bitter was the feeling engendered by what seemed to me a most unholy strife. One evening when I had been dining with some friends, some members of the party fell into a very hot argument on Free Church matters, and continued their observations even after the servants had come into the room and all present had taken

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

their places for family worship. The moment prayers were over, before they had risen from their knees, the excited couple began again, one of them even remained kneeling while he delivered what he evidently considered a crushing retort. It was a painful scene, and took place in the house of very good people ; but it was not a very striking evidence of Christian charity. Discord was introduced into many families, parents and children attended different churches, and each looked on the other as quite beyond the pale ; servants and their employers occupied totally different camps, and some ultra rigid people would not even deal with shops where the owners belonged to the Church of the enemy, for in that light many regarded the ministrations of the opposite party. It was a long and bitter strife, but I was not much mixed up with it, and felt quite impartial on the subject. I think, as a rule, Free Church people were looked on as occupying a lower position in the social scale than those of the Established Church, certainly the ministers did not rank with the incumbents of the parish churches, except among the members of their own communion.

One time I was staying in the country, in a house where one of these heated discussions took place. It was a fine evening and summer, so I rose from among the combatants, and the drawing-room window being open I went towards it and stepped out of the room into the garden. There I remained wandering for a considerable time ; when I returned to the house everyone had gone

## THE DREAM

to bed. I followed their example and slept, and strangely enough was visited by the following dream, so clear and distinct as to be almost like a reality.

The first part of my dream reproduced the events of the night up to the time of my going into the garden ; there it changed. I seemed in my dream to quit the garden and walk over grass downs which finally changed into grassy cliffs, on the edge of which there stood a great lighthouse. As I looked a man came up to me and asked if I should like to visit the lighthouse and see its working. Now I had never done this, and thought it a good opportunity, so I accepted the man's offer and followed him up the stair. We went on till we came to the chamber where was kept the revolving light. It was surrounded by many panes of coloured glass, through each of which the light flashed in turn.

" This is very strange," I said, " surely sailors must be misled by those coloured lights, and instead of leading to safety they will lead to destruction."

" It is not so," the man replied, " this lantern is a type of the Christian religion, so long as the light that shines through the glass is the true light, it does not signify what colour it shines through. It will always guide the sailors, for it is always the true light."

The dream seemed to me to end here, and I felt that I had received a warning not to look slightly or contemptuously upon those who differed with me in matters of religion, for their belief might be equally true with



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

mine ; they only saw their light through a differently coloured pane. And so my dream had taught me a lesson.

After I was married I came much more into contact with the Free Church. Several of my husband's relatives belonged to it, and I soon found that nothing that was in the least unpleasant was to be feared from them ; on the contrary, all was peace and harmony, and no shadow of dispute ever fell between us as regarded our theological views. I was certainly very peaceably disposed, and in no way inclined to trail my coat across their path. I went impartially to their church or my own. I had, of course, joined the Presbyterian Church on my marriage, and now usually accompanied my husband to the church he went to, except when in visiting Free Church hosts, I often attended with them the service of their particular persuasion. I wished very much to hear Dr. Guthrie, and happening to call on some friends one day, I casually mentioned this wish, saying it seemed strange that I should have been so long in Edinburgh without hearing him, and that I did not mean to let any further time pass without doing so.

“ Then let me put you in the way of doing so,” observed a lady, who was sitting near me. “ I am Mrs. Guthrie, and shall be very happy to give you a seat in my pew any day you may choose to name.”

I thanked her, and she was as good as her word, for on going to the church next Sunday, Mrs. Guthrie was on the watch for me, and I found a place reserved for me

## POPULAR PREACHERS

in her roomy pew, where I heard Dr. Guthrie to the very best advantage. He did not, however, on that occasion favour us with one of his more realistic discourses ; no striking metaphors or glowing flights of rhetoric were there, merely a good practical sermon, filled with fine thoughts and holy counsel. On this occasion he did not picture for us a burning house and people escaping from it or shipwrecked sailors trusting their lives to a raft, as I had half expected to hear ; more everyday topics occupied his thoughts, and I think I liked his sermon much better in consequence.

I heard Spurgeon only once. I was very much impressed by him, for he had a wonderful power of enthral-ling the attention of his hearers and an impassioned eloquence that carried all before it ; but he rambled up and down the outside of the pulpit stair in a manner which I thought undignified, to say the least of it, and went through some manipulations with candles that were meant to illustrate Gospel truths, but only struck me as being grotesque and irreverent.

One of the popular preachers who appealed most to me was the American evangelist Moody, who, with his coadjutor Sankey, came to this country and created a great sensation. He was no doubt a sensational preacher, but he had in him the elements of better things, and he told a pathetic story in a manner impossible to surpass. Once he had affected his audience he kept it up ; for myself I wept steadily through his discourse, and all

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

round me I saw people moved in the same manner, so thrilling were his accents, so exciting the incidents he related and the language in which he couched them. He used no notes, but spoke entirely from memory ; and there is no doubt that that gives a man a great advantage over his fellows ; no looking up and down and so destroying the wave of affinity between speaker and hearer. He had a steady flow of psychic influence that passed from brain to brain and mentally connected the preacher with those whom he was seeking to persuade. Mr. Sankey, too, was a sweet singer, and had a large share in the attraction of these Evangelistic services. He spoke too, and much to the point ; but the master mind was Mr. Moody, and there is little reason to doubt that much success of a certain kind attended those so-called Revival Services, and for a time, at least, great numbers appeared to be turned from the evil of their ways and disposed to accept the teaching of these two earnest men, who ranged north and south and east and west, and everywhere left the traces of their work behind them.

To many they are but a name, but they were a very real force to thousands ; and for a time at least they turned many from darkness to light. Alas ! that in too many cases those Revivalistic waves are followed by a chaos even greater than before.

I have heard many of the most celebrated preachers of the present day, stretching over a long period of years. I do not arrogate to myself any special judgment ; I can

## SERMONS

only name those whose eloquence appealed to me most forcibly. I speak now of Scottish divines ; and I must say that as a rule the Scottish minister generally much surpasses his southern brother both in oratory and in excellence of treatment. You rarely hear a really poor sermon in a Scottish pulpit ; many may not reach to a high level, but the ordinary discourse is generally well-thought out and reasoned, seldom sinking to mere twaddle and inanities, and often it is thoughtful and interesting ; while the daily routine of too many English pulpits is an empty embroidering of the epistle or gospel, amplified to suit the intelligence of a bucolic congregation, and not containing much fitted to satisfy the understandings of a flock of hungry listeners, pining for better things. A hard-headed Scotch lad will turn out a sensible, well-reasoned sermon when an English one of the same standing can hardly manage to speak what a child could listen to ; indeed to be able to speak fitly to children argues no inconsiderable merit, and I have heard preachers of some eminence fall very short of the standard required in that apparently facile branch of the subject.

Chalmers, naturally, ranks high in the estimation of every one who ever heard him. It was a rugged and unpolished style, but contained the elements of true oratory, and the man evidently spoke from the depths of a highly strung nature, and uttered in impassioned accents what he clearly felt to be great truths. Dr. Candlish was a clear and logical speaker, and attracted many.

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

In later days one of the leading men was Principal Tulloch, a man of great learning and wide range of intellect, and an orator of the first rank, who swayed multitudes and carried all before him when he threw out his arms and lifted his leonine head and shoulders as if to breathe in more deeply the true inspiration that was bearing him on his heavenward flight. He had a very fine voice too and used it well. He was a born orator, and his support ensured the success of every cause he advocated. It was a wonderful sight to see the Assembly Hall when he was speaking on one of the great questions in which he was interested ; the sea of upturned faces all raised to the glowing countenance that fronted them, and listening to the powerful accents that held them as it were spell-bound. He was a great friend of ours, and came often to the Manse at Rosneath, where his hearty ringing laugh brought mirth and goodwill with it, and was a sound we could not hear too often.

We visited him at St. Andrews, too, where he presided over one of the Colleges of that ancient seat of learning, and brought crowds of young disciples to listen to the weighty words of the youthful teacher, for I think he was only twenty-nine when he became Principal of St. Mary's. In his house, and in that of Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, I learnt to know and love St. Andrews, then, as it is now, a gathering point for all that is clever, original and advanced. My husband had been a St. Andrews student, and loved the place as all its students must do ; and he returned to it

## A. K. H. B.

again and again, and always with renewed pleasure. Dr. Boyd was another great friend of his and also of mine, for we both penetrated beneath the flimsy veil of cynicism that hid him from so many, and found the bedrock of kindness and true friendship that lay beneath it. Countless were the anecdotes told of his cynicism and lack of reality, but they were but as motes on the surface of a mirror; below lay the crystal clearly shining, and no truer heart beat beneath broadcloth than that of the Rev. Andrew Kennedy Hutchison Boyd, or "A. K. H. B." as his intimates and indeed the public generally familiarly termed him.

He was also a preacher of eminence, though best known by his secular writings, which were graceful and pleasant, and commanded a wide circle of readers; while those who went to hear him on Sunday were certain to be the recipients of much wise counsel and many wholesome truths told in graphic language and delivered with an eloquence and earnestness that appealed to the most careless. There was a tone in his voice when speaking on certain subjects that touched the inmost heart of the listener; and there were certain of his discourses that certainly reached the greatest heights of pulpit eloquence, and were not behind the flights of even the acknowledged masters of oratory. I was very fond of A. K. I knew him and his brothers before my marriage, and had always found them good and true friends, and such they ever continued when circumstances brought us into still closer

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

terms of acquaintanceship than had been the case in our earlier days. While he was Minister of St. Bernard's in Edinburgh, and a very popular preacher, I sometimes went to hear him. On one particular Sunday in these far away days "Mr. Story of Rosneath" was announced to preach in St. Bernard's, and I thought I would go also to hear him. I had just become engaged to Mr. Story, but so far no one was aware of the fact. I sallied forth, and on my way I met A. K.'s two brothers, who stopped to enquire if I did not know that the minister was not to preach that day. When I rejoined that as I had come so far I thought I would just go on in spite of it, James said slyly, "It is my impression that Miss Maughan knows very well who is going to preach in St. Bernard's to-day!"

Of Dr. M'Gregor I shall speak hereafter. He did not appear upon the scene till some years later. I have just said these few words of comment on what struck me most forcibly in the characteristics of a few of these eminent names whom we have been considering.

In the earlier years of my marriage we were sometimes subjected to inroads from a class of men, nowadays much less frequently if ever met with—the travelling preacher, a species of "levite," as Mr. Story termed them, who wandered over the face of the country, turning up towards the close of the day, preferably on Saturday, ready to barter their services for a very trifling hire, and quite prepared on the shortest notice to enter the pulpit and preach a perfectly passable discourse. These poor men

## THE LEVITE

had been regularly trained for the ministry, in some few cases had actually entered within the portals, when some cruel fate—in not a few cases love of strong drink—had come in the way and quenched all their aspirations, and finished by sending them forth to labour on the high-ways and by-ways of life. They possessed not a spare shirt nor pair of slippers, and were in no way ashamed of the omission.

When I became aware that one of these wayfarers was in the Manse, if my husband, as was usually the case, had bidden him welcome, I had to go and see that a room was got ready for him, night gear of Mr. Story's put to the fire, slippers and a comb and brush provided, and additional supplies purveyed for the table, for the preacher had a good, hearty appetite. I cannot say that I enjoyed these invasions, but they had to be endured, and occasionally the preacher was entertaining, and so rewarded us for our hospitality.

One evening my husband was not feeling at all well—he was really sickening for measles, when one of those preachers arrived. He was a German, and had somehow missed the steamer connection and found himself stranded on the shores of Rosneath. Enquiries had guided him to the Manse, and, as usual, we exercised hospitality on his behalf. Seeing that my husband was really very poorly and next day was Sunday, I bethought me of turning our hospitality to account. The man was a foreigner, but he was also a preacher, and he spoke



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

English fairly well. I explained the position, and found him not at all reluctant to assist us in our extremity. He offered to read a printed sermon provided such was given him, and Mr. Story looked out one for him of a simple calibre, and he took it with him to his room on retiring. His room chanced to be next ours ; and through many hours of the night we could hear the poor Levite walking up and down and reading aloud the sermon he had undertaken to deliver. This gave me confidence, for I had felt rather nervous ; but the end justified the means. Next day the wandering preacher went through the service very creditably, and nothing special was to be observed except that he pronounced the word Job, about which deserving prophet the sermon treated, as Yob, which must rather have obfuscated the intelligences of a good many of his hearers. It was exasperating too, after all the anxiety I had gone through, to see sitting just in front of the pulpit a well-known Glasgow minister who was taking a holiday from his own charge, and would have been very willing to help a brother in need had he only been aware of the circumstances.

Not often, but on a few rare occasions, were we forced to have recourse to "guinea-pigs," the well-known description of a type of minister who was ready with his services for that modest honorarium and board and lodging at the Manse.

Once a young man arrived in Mr. Story's absence, and rather alarmed me by his air of being perfectly at home,

## “THE GUINEA-PIG”

even going the length of informing me that I need have no uneasiness about the proper conduct of the service, for he was quite accustomed to large and educated congregations, and had on one occasion preached when royalty was present. I told him no royalty was to be expected, but that he would have an educated and critical congregation, for it was a Sunday in the middle of summer, when the pews were usually filled with hearers from Glasgow and the adjacent cities, all very critical and much interested in the kind of discourse which many of them had come several miles to hear. The young man entered the pulpit and instantly became almost pea-green. I thought he was going to faint, and became extremely nervous till I saw that he had somewhat recovered his composure and was beginning the service in very trembling and shaky tones. He contrived to get along somehow, though in a more or less confused manner, repeating himself frequently, and showing his agitation very plainly, so that I was relieved when the service came to an end and the congregation dispersed. The guinea-pig was very frank afterwards, informing me how much upset he had been on first encountering the congregation to which he was expected to minister.

“When I went into the pulpit and saw yon congregation I just sweated most dreadful.”

We never had any escapades at Rosneath, such as one I heard of. Some friends of ours at Dunoon entertained to dinner the stray preacher one Sunday; he left them

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

about ten o'clock, and the lady and gentleman proceeded to retire for the night. After they had been some time in bed they were alarmed by a great noise of crashing windows. The lady jumped out of bed, and seizing a life preserver which she always kept ready for use, she dashed out of the room, calling to her husband to follow. The worthy man only waited to induct himself into a pair of pants, and then he set off after his helpmate. He found her violently belabouring a prostrate figure extended on the sill of the broad staircase window, where he lay surrounded by broken glass and smashed flower-pots, gasping forth in strangled accents, "I'm a minister," while the irate lady exclaimed, "A minister! you're a burglar, that's what you are!"

"Oh, no! I'm a minister."

As he never moved nor struggled, the old gentleman made a closer examination, and then observed, "My dear, I think he's right; he looks like a minister."

A stoppage of the steady rain of blows and a further inspection revealed the fact that the victim was attired in clerical garb, and was in fact no other than their guest of some hours before, and he began to explain how he chanced to fall upon such evil times. His host had been as hospitable as Glasgow merchants generally are, and the young minister had partaken somewhat freely of the potatoes pressed on him, and when he left the house he had forgotten to take his hat with him. Seeking to repair this omission, he retraced his steps; but on approaching

## A MISADVENTURE

the house he had taken the wrong turning, and found himself in the back premises. By this time the fresh air had reduced him to a condition of stupor, and the climbing of an outhouse and the forcible demolition of the window were the result. He was attended to by his kind entertainers, who put him to bed under their own roof and nursed him there till he had recovered from the not slight wounds inflicted on him by the excited hostess. Never did they breathe a word that might be recalled against the unfortunate young man; his name even never transpired, and as it had been an accidental aberration and not an habitual one, the young man did not so blunder again, and I believe is now the much respected pastor of an important congregation. I never heard his name, my old friends preserved his secret inviolably; so, should he ever happen to read those pages, he may rest assured that all details of his nocturnal escapade lie buried in the graves of his worthy hosts.

## CHAPTER VII

AMONG the various incidents to which a country minister's wife is exposed is the unexpected arrival of guests at a time that may or may not be convenient. Rosneath was one of the spots to which people were much addicted to bringing their friends ; and it was no uncommon thing for us to find several wandering guests added to our modest table. I felt it necessary to be prepared for this contingency, and felt inclined to second the declaration of a friend of ours who remarked, " You're never taken aback if you have a pie. I always like to have a pie." Her pronunciation of " pie " baffled description.

I was seldom " taken aback," but on one occasion my husband and I had been from home and returned on a Saturday by the steamer that reached Rosneath in the middle of the day. A pile of letters awaited us, and I sat down to peruse mine, which I found included one from our great friend Dr. Boyd, then visiting his brother Walter at Skelmorlie, informing us that he and his wife, Walter and his wife, and two English friends were all coming to Rosneath that day, and hoped, if quite con-

## DOMESTIC DILEMMAS

venient, to lunch at the Manse. Whatever was to be done? I looked out of the window and saw the Greenock steamer, by which the expected guests were coming, just then crossing from Row, and realized that in little more than ten minutes the Philistines would be upon us, and we utterly unprepared for them. *Lunch*, in the ordinary sense of the term, was out of the question; we had been from home, so there was no cold meat, I had no *pie* in readiness, and I felt that our reputation for hospitality was a thing of the past, when some good fairy came to my aid, and with her assistance I evolved a scheme that luckily proved a great success. There was no time to think of lunch, breakfast was the only meal possible, and breakfast it was. My six hungry guests arrived, and in less time than one would have thought possible—for my servants were willing and capable—a good comfortable meal was ready for them, and they were seated round the dining-room table, with tea and well-made coffee, rolls, scones and a large dish of steaming ham and eggs in front of them, and all my difficulties had vanished like the morning dew.

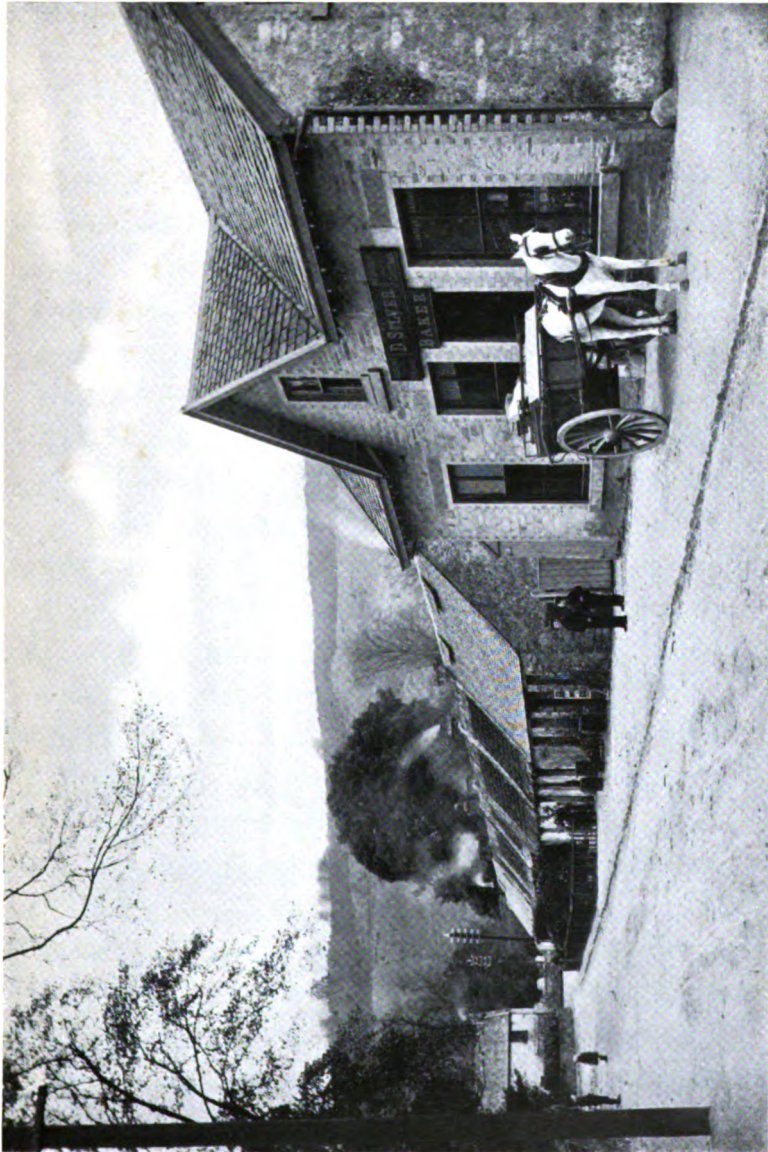
On another occasion I was taken by surprise, but this time Mr. Story was the defaulter. He and I were walking in the garden one summer afternoon watching the 5 o'clock steamer cross from Row, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Oh! I fear I have forgotten to tell you something. I asked Mr. K. of A. to come to dinner to-day and to stay all night, and I believe he is in that steamer now."

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

Pleasant for me ! I rushed to the house and ordered a room to be prepared for the guest, which was an easy matter ; but dinner was quite another affair. The cook, a clever Irish girl, said there was nothing in the house that would be suitable, and only a little veal cutlet arranged for our own dinner. Then reflecting, she added, " There's a big piece of stock beef in the pot for soup, and I can put some vegetables round it and send it to table if you'll be sure to keep the gentleman from eating it, for it will be as hard as wood, and make him eat the cutlet."

I gave the required promise, but it was of no avail. Mr. K. arrived, and at dinner, when asked what he would have, he immediately selected the forbidden beef ; nay more, he said it was excellent, and had a large second helping !

This Irish cook was the best at helping one in a difficulty that I ever had. She minded no *contretemps*, and could always be relied upon in an emergency. Unluckily she soon married ; and her successor was of a very different calibre. Her name to begin with was Selina, and she was English ; and after being a week with us, and sending up each day a worse cooked dinner than the one before, I asked her to tell me what dishes she *had* cooked, and I would order them, for it was evident she had never done one of those I had named in her life before. She looked abashed, and when urged to say what she could do, she named everything that had to



ROSNEATH VILLAGE





## THE HOUSEHOLD

do with geese and pigs, and I discovered she had been cook at a large English farm, where the people lived almost entirely on the products of the above-mentioned animals, all bred on the farm. Giblet soup, giblet pie, roast goose, fat pork and all its concomitants she did excellently, but in nearly all other matters she was quite at sea ; and when on one occasion she made a soufflé, using ten eggs, and of course only the whites, and threw the ten yolks into the dunghill as quite useless, I felt she was hardly the servant for us.

On the following Sunday she still further distinguished herself by going out in a boat during service hours with a very ill-doing young man of the place, when she was very nearly drowned, and when reprimanded for her behaviour she remarked that Sunday was her own day, and she would do what she pleased on it ; whereupon we parted company, as such principles were not suited to any respectable country manse. There was no unnecessary austerity in our domestic life, but I expected the servants to conform to all reasonable restrictions, and these extended to their boating during church time with idle young scamps. The time had been, and not so long ago, when a boat could not have been hired in Rosneath on Sunday for love or money, a state of matters much altered now. I called one day at a house where a worthy Highland housekeeper took charge of a widower's cottage, and brought up his children. The poor woman had her hands full, for they were very

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

unruly, disobedient children. In particular she objected to their riotous conduct on the Sabbath, and they minded her not one pin.

“Childer is not what they was in my young days,” she said. “When I was a bairn my faither used to pull doon the blin’ on the Sabbath and daur ony ane o’ us hae lookit behind it.”

It did not seem hard or strange to the good woman that the free light of heaven should be shut out, and the poor children condemned to a dismal obscurity; it was only the fitting observance of the Lord’s Day. When I came to Rosneath I found that a walk on Sunday, even after the morning service had been attended, was regarded as rather a light proceeding; a turn in one’s own garden, when one had one, might be tolerated, but people who had no garden would not be approved of if they took a stroll along the high road, especially if they did it in company, unless that of members of their own family. Though they might not have so expressed it, there can be no doubt that Sunday was a day on which a spirit of gloom was expected to prevail: laughter was a sound that must never be heard, and even a smile was rarely seen and cheerful conversation never, if possible, indulged in. One of the nurses of my children made a clean sweep of the nursery every Saturday night, and removed all toys and secular picture-books, putting them quite beyond reach of their little owners; but she left them a large Noah’s Ark, and one or two picture-books

## SUNDAY OBSERVANCE

which contained stories from Scripture illustrated in very flamboyant colours. The children never questioned the propriety of her conduct, and I thought it better not to interfere, as our little ones were allowed all wholesome liberty and did not at all miss the sequestered play-things.

A cheerful old lady of my acquaintance told me that she saw no harm in reading the newspaper on Sunday, but to avoid hurting the feelings of her servants, she always lowered it and hid it behind her petticoats while they were in the room. In some houses no kind of meal was cooked on Sunday, everything was prepared beforehand and eaten cold. In some extra severe households, even potatoes were forbidden with the cold meat. A young man, a friend of ours, who was in business at Greenock, lodged in a house where the landlady absolutely refused to give him hot potatoes with his cold meat on Sunday. So rigid were the views held by some of the stricter members of the Presbyterian Church, so absolutely unbending their adherence to the letter of the law as respected the Mosaic dispensation.

Milder ideas came in the course of time, and we have possibly now followed the swing of the pendulum too much in the other direction ; but certainly at the time of which I am speaking, Sunday was a dark day in many households. In my own childish days we did not use the drawing-room on that day, and when we had finished breakfast we sat silently in a corner, reading a good book

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

till it was time for us to attend the class which Dean Ramsay held for the youthful members of his congregation, the curate instructing the little ones while the Dean himself took the seniors. We were well taught. I had an extensive knowledge of Scriptural subjects, and could place most of the characters of Bible history very correctly, and this knowledge has remained with me all my life, and enabled me to train the Sunday scholars at Rosneath very efficiently. Twice to church we went as children, and then, for we were not of a very rigid persuasion, we walked, a large family party, out the Dean Bridge Road as far as Craigleith Quarry, a proceeding greatly the fashion on Sunday, when the broad handsome road generally presented the appearance of a fair.

Otherwise Edinburgh on Sunday wore a very lugubrious air, for many families (like ourselves) did not sit in their drawing-rooms, but ate and lived entirely in the dining-room, in order to save the servants the trouble of cleaning the room. The heavy clanging of innumerable bells, not the bright carillon of musical chimes which would have been considered unsabbatic, broke upon the ear all day long, and added a portentous note to the already prevailing lugubriousness.

I do not wonder that foreigners complain bitterly of the terrible sadness of the Scottish Sunday. Nothing can possibly be more attractive than the spectacle of a Sunday in the country, when all sounds are hushed except

## DRINKING HABITS

the murmur of some running stream or the wind playing among the branches of a neighbouring forest mingled with the sweet music of the rejoicing birds and the lowing of cattle or bleating of resting flocks. Contrast this with the dull grey streets, the melancholy air of the few passers by, the absence of anything like cheerfulness in the scattered groups of squalid down-trodden looking men and women, and then think of the bright public garden on the Continent, where father, mother and children are all assembled together, often the grandparents too, lying on the greensward or indulging in some mild refreshment that does not brutalize or stupefy them, and all of them so happy and contented, pleased with each other and themselves.

Drinking habits were at one time very prevalent in Rosneath, and both my husband and his father had sedulously endeavoured to discountenance them. Things were very much improved when I came to the parish, and very disgraceful scenes were now but rarely witnessed. My husband offered at one time to abstain from all alcoholic liquors for a twelvemonth as an inducement to one bad case to follow his example. It had not the desired effect, and the sudden strain on the constitution produced by the total absence of the accustomed stimulants acted injuriously on Mr. Story's own health, and at the end of his term of voluntary abstinence he was compelled by the doctor's orders to return to his ordinary moderate allowance of stimulant.

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

The Duke of Argyll, as superior of the parish, had much in his power, and he set his face strongly against drinking, and only permitted one licensed house to be open in the entire peninsula, which had the natural result of causing the opening of shebeens and irregular places where strong drink could be obtained. An old woman, a hawker, known by the sobriquet of "Fish Mary," was also much more than slightly suspected of having other things in her basket besides the ostensible supply of fish and apples. She was a decent old body herself and a universal favourite, but on more than one occasion I convicted her of bringing bottles of whisky to our servants who wished to entertain hospitably their various friends on the frequent occasions when they came to see them.

"Fish Mary" was one of the landmarks of Rosneath, another was "Mussel Kate," who was of a much lower type than the other, though she had been born much higher in the social scale. She was a farmer's daughter and a schoolmaster's widow, but had taken to evil courses, and, gradually sinking lower and lower, had come to be looked on as the recognized pariah of the parish. She had no home, but had a *lair* on the sea shore, where a strip of dirty sacking stretched over two whin bushes, and a filthy mess of straw and old sacks marked the spot where she slept and was believed to carry on orgies of a more or less disreputable nature. Benevolent people had frequently intervened and offered to pay the expenses of a home where she would at least have a roof over her

## ‘MUSSEL KATE’

head, but she stoutly refused all such offers, and said she preferred to stay where she was. The law could not touch her or did not. She did no harm, was not known to rob anyone ; and there she remained for many long years, nobody meddling her, till she finally died, in a farm shed at the last, owing to the kindness of neighbours who tended her closing hours when she could no longer care for herself, and she now lies buried in Rosneath Churchyard.

I often spoke to her when passing her *lair*, for she spent much of her time there ; and she seemed pleased, though she never begged, to accept my little articles of food or clothing, which I occasionally took her. She was a clever, and had been a well-educated woman, and she was perfectly well aware of the heights from which she had fallen and the depths to which she had sunk. I found her interesting and I think she liked me, though I never could make any impression on her or induce her to abandon any of her evil habits, often as I tried to do so.

But I had an idea that she had a friendly feeling towards me, so I was much shocked by an incident that took place on one occasion. One afternoon I was sitting at the piano singing, when there came a tremendous crash of glass, and a large stone fell on the carpet at my side. I rushed to the window and saw Mussel Kate standing outside with her apron evidently full of stones, from which she was just engaged in selecting another for a second



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

throw. My husband at this moment entered the room, having heard the noise of the broken window, and instantly ran to the front door and stopped Kate just as she was taking a good aim. She was hopelessly drunk ; and the policeman was sent for, who came and took her into his safe keeping. She afterwards stated that " she thocht it wis the factor's window " ; she hated the factor, who was averse to her lodging on the shore.

" She would na hae broken Dr. Story's window had she kent it was his."

My husband let her off punishment, and advised her next time to intend to break *his* windows and go for the factor's instead.

Maggie M'Lachlan was another of our parish disreputables ; a pretty, bright-eyed Irishwoman, who was most attractive when sober, but a spectacle for gods to weep at when she was drunk, which was almost invariably the case. She was an admirable worker, could clean with the best, and was in great demand as a helper when any extra work was going on. It seemed then impossible to believe that she was as bad as she was represented to be ; and many were the efforts made on her behalf, to induce her once more to become a respectable member of society. My brother, who was then resident in the parish and a strict teetotaller, walking briskly home in the gloaming of a snowy afternoon, noticed a snow-covered heap in the ditch, which, as he looked at it, moved slightly. Going closer, this he found to be Maggie helplessly intoxicated.

## AN OLD OFFENDER

He hailed a passing cart, and with the assistance of the carter got Maggie laid flat in the bottom of the conveyance; but she would not lie still, and to prevent her from throwing herself out, my brother was compelled to sit on the top of her, holding her forcibly down, in which condition they drove back to Rosneath and deposited Maggie at her own door. By this time she had somewhat recovered her senses, but instead of showing gratitude at being rescued from a probable death in the snow, she flyted her rescuers roundly for bringing her home when *she* meant to go to Kilcreggan!

Once only, when one of the Duke of Argyll's daughters, Lady Frances Campbell, interested herself in her case, did Maggie make anything like a serious attempt to behave better. Lady Frances offered to give her a warm cloth cloak if she would remain sober for a given length of time—six months I think it was. She won it, and appeared in it proudly on various occasions, but one day she returned the cloak. After this she was regarded as quite incorrigible, and she went on in the old way—a tidy, smart-looking woman when sober; a dirty, unkempt object at other times, reeling across the road, singing loudly, but apparently able to take care of herself, never coming to any harm or doing any mischief to others or to herself. She was finally persuaded to enter the Dunbarton poorhouse, and there she spent many years in enforced sobriety and decency, though she often lamented her seclusion and her obligatory abstinence from what

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

had hitherto been the chief solace of her life. Poor Maggie !

I have said that Rosneath belonged to the Duke of Argyll, who had a residence there, which the family sometimes visited, and to those times I look back with much pleasure as occasions of great and increasing happiness. Old Mr. Story had occupied the Manse when the Duke was a boy, and had seen him grow up and bring a fair young bride to the Castle, as the ducal residence was most unsuitably called, and he had christened the first child of the marriage. The "Castle" so called was a stately building in the Italian style, with a noble portico and the design for a row of stately pillars to surround the outside. They were commenced, but the design was not carried out, for reasons of expense probably, as we were told that each pillar cost no less than a thousand pounds. They were brought all the way from Garscube Quarry, near Glasgow. An Italian was chosen for the architect, and he, unluckily, held the idea that in Scotland all influence from the bitter North was to be sedulously avoided, so he acted on this principle and built all the principal rooms of the Castle looking South, where they had only a moderate view, and disregarded altogether the magnificent prospect towards the North, which was the glory of the place, and which unites all the elements of beauty and grandeur and has won the unqualified admiration of many of the greatest artists.

A very beautiful and delightful room was the library,

## “THE CASTLE”

a large apartment rounded at the corners, fitted with many bookshelves, and looking to the garden, which, with its glowing flower-beds and encircling evergreen hedges, presented a sylvan retreat of great beauty, and was still further ornamented by rows of splendid old trees, which formed a noble background to the hedge-bordered flower-beds within. How often we have gathered for tea round the large oaken table in one of the corners of that library, and how sociable were the hours passed there, listening to wise talk from the Duke, who had always something original to say on every subject, or discussing parish matters with the Duchess and her daughters, who took the keenest interest in all that went on, and knew the names and histories of the parishioners as well as I did myself.

There was a large family of them, a round dozen of boys and girls of all ages from twenty downwards, and with their patrician-looking father and mother they were a very striking group. Some of them were extremely handsome; and in nearly all of them their brilliant golden hair and fair complexions attracted attention to them wherever they went.

I remember old Mrs. Lee, wife of the professor, saying on one occasion to Lady Frances, one of the younger members of the family, “My dear, do you know I would just like to stand you in front of me and sit and look at you,” so charming did she find the brilliant hair and snowy skin of the youthful damsel, who had all the Argyll characteristics in their highest perfection.

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

The Duchess had been a very beautiful woman, and was so still, with an air of great stateliness and dignity : she was rather formal in manner, and kept one somewhat at a distance, though at the same time very kind and considerate. One of their governesses once said to me that the Duchess possessed all the big coins of character but none of the small change, and I understood her to mean that her Grace could take an interest in all important matters and discuss all the leading topics of the day, but could never condescend to trivialities ; above all she hated gossip, and such subjects were never broached in her presence. She was the helpful companion of the Duke in all his manifold pursuits, and on all occasions put her husband before her children, being in this the complete antipodes of my mother-in-law, Mrs. Story, who invariably gave the children the first place, saying the husband was able to take care of himself, but they were not. But both as wife and mother the Duchess held a pre-eminent place, and her memory is held in great veneration in Rosneath.

Once when Lord Lorne and Lord Archie were boys, they came to the Castle with two gentlemen with whom they were reading in preparation for some examination. We asked them to dinner, and the night of this dinner having arrived, I was waiting in the drawing-room for the announcement of the guests. My Orkney parlour-maid generally acquitted herself quite well at those times ; so my horror was great when, on the advent of the gentle-

## THE ARGYLLS

men, she threw widely open the drawing-room door and loudly and distinctly announced " The teachers from the Castle." I do not know if the gentlemen in question heard ; no notice was taken on either side, and we spent quite a pleasant evening.

The Argyll family came and went for several years, our intimacy with them steadily growing, till an event happened which brought us more closely into touch with them and inaugurated a friendship that in some instances became a very dear one and exercised no small influence on some of our lives. That friendship is now in its fourth generation. The event alluded to was the occurrence of a destructive fire at Inveraray Castle, the principal home of the Duke of Argyll. In the middle of the night the family were aroused by the dread alarm of " fire," and one of the daughters told me that she only stopped to get hold of a favourite parrot, and then followed the messenger out of the room. When she got outside the room she looked down from the gallery into the hall, which was then like a seething furnace, and felt as if she were looking into the mouth of hell ! All were got safely out. No life was lost or anybody seriously injured, but much valuable property was lost and more damaged.

The townspeople of Inveraray, in their anxiety to help, tore the books from the library shelves, and threw them out of the windows pell mell. The library seemed at one time to be in great danger, but by playing hose upon the great wooden door, that risk was averted, and the

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

books might have been left untouched, whereas they suffered terribly in their rough transition, and in too many cases a volume or two were lost altogether, thus destroying a complete edition. The rebuilding of the burnt portion of the Castle took a considerable time, and during the period that elapsed until it was ready for occupation the family transferred themselves from Inveraray to Rosneath, and thus we happened to see much more of them. The younger girls and their governesses came very often to the Manse, and many a cosy tea-drinking we had at the oak table in the round library.

We lived in the centre of a very hospitable neighbourhood, and there was always something or other going on. Our kind friends the Richardsons gave frequent dinners, to which they conveyed us in their comfortable carriage, sending us home again in the same way. At Warrambeen entertaining was usually done in the form of luncheons of a very *recherché* description, for the Thomson brothers had lived too long in France to put up with inferior cookery ; and we afterwards adjourned to their beautiful garden and lawn, where Mr. Charles Thomson amused himself by forming his assembled guests into groups and then photographing them, which he did remarkably well.

Week-ending had not come into fashion then, and my husband seldom deserted his own pulpit, unless for some very special reason. He was not what is commonly called a "popular" preacher, but he was a very good one, and he was constantly invited to preach in other pulpits,

## SUNDAY SERMONS

and at Rosneath he attracted large congregations from both sides of the loch, and was even considered a great factor in the letting of the summer houses, for many people openly declared that they came to Rosneath for summer quarters in order to have the benefit of his ministrations. Many a letter he used to receive from grateful hearers who felt constrained to write and tell him the pleasure and, they hoped, *profit* that his sermons had afforded them. I used to beg him to preserve those letters, but I do not think he did it, for the destruction of all letters and notes was one of his favourite fads, the very reverse of my inclination, which was never to tear up anything in case it might be of use hereafter. Large brakes full of passengers used to come round from the Hydropathic at Shandon, and on most Sundays in summer the small church was uncomfortably full, though it was added to on more than one occasion.

One very interesting addition to the congregation on Sunday was a large contingent of boys from the training ship *Cumberland*, which lay off the shore of Rosneath. It lay nearer to Row than to Rosneath, and on Sunday morning the boys attended the service at Row, but in the evening they came to Rosneath, and were a very prominent feature in their long rows of neatly attired, smart, healthy lads, all behaving admirably, and seeming to pay great attention to what was going on. They contributed lustily to the singing, and it was touching to hear the volume of sound that came from their fresh young



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

throats, although resonance rather than sweetness was its more prevailing characteristic. When the service was ended the boys waited until the congregation had dispersed, and then they rose, and row by row got themselves out of church, all halting on the gravel outside, and forming up into proper marching order, when they filed off, and, if the evening were fine, took a short stroll before going down to the pier and boarding their boats. Many of the churchgoers waited also to see the departure of the boys, who were a subject of great interest to their neighbours on both sides of the Gareloch, and were, generally speaking, a remarkably well-conducted set of lads, while the education and training they received were of the best. Occasionally it happened that one of the boys, chancing to have indulged in the reprehensible habit of tobacco-chewing, was taken sharply ill in church, and most disastrous consequences ensued. But this was a rare event.

One terrible night people on the lochside were awakened by a red glare, which increased and increased, and soon the baleful tidings spread far and wide that "the *Cumberland* was on fire." Some of the worse conditioned among the lads had devised the dastardly scheme of setting the ship on fire in revenge for some well-merited punishment, and a very alarming scene of terror and anxiety was the result. Owing to the bravery and sagacity of the officers, no lives were lost, but the ship was ruined, and had to be replaced, which it was in time by H.M.S. *Empress*,

wa  
rvia  
hai  
mem  
side.  
they  
trol  
pats  
ture  
their  
ere,  
of  
ere  
the  
ible  
rch.  
was  
  
ned  
oon  
er-  
ong  
the  
ent,  
the  
ers,  
to  
ess,



YEW TREE AVENUE.



## ‘CUMBERLAND BOYS’

which remains to this day, a perfect school for young aspirants to a sea-faring career or for any boys whose parents, finding them beyond their own control, wish to give them the benefit of salutary discipline combined with a capital education. Many a boy has had good cause to bless the day when he joined the *Cumberland*; and often do I recall those lines of fresh-faced young lads who filled the Rosneath pews, and must now be hardy seamen tossed on the bosom of the deep, and bearing, I feel sure with credit, the name of Britain to every corner of the civilized globe.

The citizens of Glasgow always took a warm interest in the affairs of the *Cumberland*, and a grand annual entertainment was held on board, where the boys went through a number of exercises and displayed their various accomplishments, while their band played and a delighted audience of Glasgow and Gareloch spectators looked on, and some great lady afterwards presented prizes to such of the boys as had distinguished themselves. On one occasion the late philanthropist, Lord Shaftesbury, performed this duty, and horrified the audience by beginning his address to the boys in sonorous tones: “Boys of the *Cumberland*! you whom I may call the scum of the earth.”

They had boat races and different aquatic sports, and also were encouraged in feats of swimming, a most useful accomplishment for lads whose ultimate destination was probably the sea, and who, even while in the *Cumberland*,

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

were exposed to constant risks, living, as they did, on a loch famous for its danger ; for the cross currents of the Gareloch had furnished a watery grave to only too many of those who essayed to cross its treacherous waves.

The sudden shelving of the shore constitutes another danger on the Gareloch, and a most mysterious accident happened one dark night in winter. One of the Helensburgh doctors was visiting at Rosneath, and had to return across the ferry, and his carriage had been ordered to meet him at Row point. When he got across no carriage was there ; he went on to the Inn at Row, and there heard that the brougham and man had been seen passing down to the point some time previously, but no one had noticed their return as it was then quite dark. Search was made, but from that moment nothing more was ever heard of them.

It was surmised that the man had driven down on the narrow point in order to save his master a long walk up the shingle—possibly may have sat down inside the brougham for shelter and fallen asleep, and the horse, startled by the rush of the rising tide, must have made a plunge which took him over the edge into the water, where he was swept off his feet by the powerful current, and once within its deep eddies there is very little chance of its giving up its prey. The finding of a cushion and a hat some days afterwards confirmed this supposition. About twenty years later, when some dredging operations were being carried on, the bones of a horse and some

## DR. MACLEOD CAMPBELL

remains of the framework of a carriage were brought up from the bottom two or three miles further up the loch, showing the powerful suction of the under-current which had carried them so far from the scene of the disaster.

The short crossing to Row always filled me with fear, and I understood the sensations of a poor sempstress who used to work for me in Edinburgh, and whom I fetched down to see me in Rosneath. As a great treat I sent her over to Row with one of our servants who was taking a parcel across, and the day being a lovely one I thought the little expedition would gratify her. She told me afterwards, "I know you meant it kindly, Mrs. Story, but I never was in a boat before, and I was just in mortal anguish the whole time, thinking every moment would be my last."

Poor Miss Martin—and I meant to give her a great treat! I took her up one day to a high point of our glebe, where the view was certainly charming. For a little she was silent, and then she remarked, "Eh! Mrs. Story, I'm just thinking it must be very easy to be good here. This place makes me feel as if I were in Heaven."

Among our neighbours on the loch side were Dr. and Mrs. Macleod Campbell, the well-known Minister of Row. He was a man of the most saintly disposition. I always felt that he dwelt apart in a higher atmosphere than those by whom he was surrounded, and the idea of anyone indulging in profanity or the lightest ribald jesting in

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

his presence was a thing that would have been perfectly impossible. He seemed to sanctify the room he entered. In all my life I have never met so thoroughly good a man ; and yet the General Assembly of 1831 had driven this man from its borders, and had passed a sentence of deposition on him for holding opinions that are now universally received. Such a thing could never have taken place nowadays ; but at the time of which I am speaking the fathers of the Church were imbued with an atmosphere of austerity that seemed to blind their eyes to all influences of charity and truth. Similar to the old inquisitors of by-gone days, they grimly held to their own views, and handed down to all succeeding generations the spectacle of a persecution as bitter as it was unavailing. He and his family resided for many years in Rosneath ; and at Shandon on the opposite shore lived several members of the well-known family of the Macleods, who bore a name that has become celebrated in every quarter of the globe.

Norman Macleod, the liberal, large-hearted, cheery soul, whose tenderness was never failing, whose sympathy extended to all who needed it, who was the friend of the rich and of the poor, swaying hearts from the Queen upon the throne to that of the lowliest beggar by the loving warmth of his grand nature. Norman Macleod, whose name brings back the large, stalwart figure, the jolly face and hearty laugh, the warm Highland welcome, the fund of endless anecdote and repartee, the all that

## THE MACLEODS

made up this rare and inimitable man, forming a personality as delightful as it was uncommon, who has left a name behind him that will last as long as the beloved Highland hills that encircled his old home of many generations. Who that has read the *Starling* and *The Old Lieutenant and his Son*—and who has not?—but loves the kindly and sympathetic writer; and who that ever heard him sing, above all his own grand verses, “Dost thou remember soldier old and hoary,” could ever forget those soul-stirring accents that seemed to awaken the echoes of ancient days and bring before one the battle fields of the Peninsula with all their ringing names of glorious victory and never-dying renown?

Fortunately this spell can yet be worthily exercised by his brother Donald, who, though an octogenarian, can yet stir the blood as it is good for it to be stirred, and thrill his hearers through and through by his magnificent rendering of this fine song. I have never felt more moved than when listening to Donald singing “Dost thou remember,” to his own splendid accompaniment, representing with the chords the measured tramp of the advancing battalions, while his voice trolled forth the long string of far-famed Peninsular battlefields, and seemed to bring the whole heroic scenes vividly before the imagination. Never did Donald’s singing of this noble war ditty fail to touch my inmost heart, and with it I would bracket Dean Stanley’s reading of *Ruth* and Dr. Macgregor’s fine recital of *Captain Paton no mo’*.



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

This I had the good fortune to hear one day entirely by chance, the conversation at lunch happening to allude to old Glasgow days and manners, when Dr. Macgregor all at once burst into the delivery of this touching and well-known ballad. I had heard it sung before, and very delightfully, by a Glasgow gentleman of great musical ability ; but I am inclined to give the palm to the recitation, for Dr. Macgregor held the entire company spell-bound while he declaimed the simple but pathetic history of " Captain Paton," and when his last " no mo' " had faded away into silence, nobody spoke, for everyone was in the grip of sensations that precluded speech.

I have named Dean Stanley's reading of *Ruth* as one of the vivid recollections of my life. Beautiful as is that most touching history of love and devotion, he gave to it a charm, a pathos that once heard could never be forgotten. He was one of our many visitors at the Manse, a lovable, most interesting personality, small of stature, with head and features cut like a cameo, and with an expression of the most engaging goodness and simplicity. His conversation was delightful. He seemed to have been everywhere and done everything, and he told it all with perfect frankness and readiness, bringing the pictures of all that he described so exactly before you that every scene rose clearly to the sight while the words flowed easily and graphically from his lips. He had not long before been to Oberammergau to see the *Passion Play*, and what he told us of his experiences there interested

## DEAN STANLEY

us all greatly. He said that the word *irreverence* was not to be used in connection with it, the whole performance and everything connected with it was steeped in an atmosphere of sanctity, and those who took part in it seemed to feel as if they were in a measure set apart from their fellows, and acted accordingly. One thing he told us. He lodged with some friends in the house of Joseph Meyer, the man who personified Christ ; and so greatly were they impressed by the man's demeanour and moved by his acting, that they requested him to give over waiting on them at table, which as host he was accustomed to do.

His sweetness and amiability struck everyone with whom he was brought into contact. One day we had some people at dinner, all pleased and proud to meet the celebrated little Dean. Among them was an old clergyman afflicted with deafness, and I saw him vainly straining to catch some charming story which the Dean was relating. When he had finished his anecdote he beckoned the old clergyman to a vacant seat beside him, and for his benefit told the whole story over again, for he had observed that the poor man had been unable to follow his first relation of it. I thought more of that instance of consideration than of all the Dean's brilliant talents, and old Mr. P.'s gratitude was unbounded and warmly expressed. His handwriting was, unless to one accustomed to it, quite undecipherable ; his letters looked as if some insect had been rescued from an ink bottle and placed on the paper to straggle its way to liberty.

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

A friend told me that one time when he was visiting them, her butler came to her with a packet of letters which the Dean had given him for the post, saying, "Oh! my lady, is it any good sending these? No person could ever read who they're addressed to. They'll just lie in the post office."

She took them, and quite agreed with the man; but chancing to know to whom the Dean was writing, she was able to improve one or two of the addresses, and make them such as the officials of a modest country office might be able to decipher. The Dean preached in Rosneath. He attracted an immense congregation, for his hearers came from far and near; and I think it was on that occasion that he read the chapter from *Ruth* that filled me with such intense admiration.

When we were in London we visited the Deanery and were entertained by Lady Augusta, the delightful wife of the Dean. She had been a lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Kent, mother of Queen Victoria, and the Queen was believed to have made up the marriage which proved so happy, for to the Dean Lady Augusta was the very light of his life, while she perfectly idolized him, and looked after him with a tenderness that it was very touching to witness. He was such a helpless little creature that he needed it all; and he relied upon her with the confidence of a child on his mother, going to her for aid in his most trifling difficulties. It was beautiful to see them together, they were an ideal husband and

## NAPIER OF SHANDON

wife. Lady Augusta had the wonderful fascination of manner that seems to belong to the Elgin family. She was not a good-looking woman, though she had that something that is often more attractive than beauty, and everyone who met her was won by her simplicity and the high-bred ease of her bearing ; these were only the outward cloak of a sincerity and goodness of heart that made her friends wherever she went.

I must not omit to mention one of the most outstanding of the residents on the Gareloch, Mr. Robert Napier, the head of the celebrated engineering firm, who had a handsome house at Shandon, in which was a large picture gallery and many other rooms filled with every imaginable kind of curio, from lacquer work from the Summer Palace to a boomerang from the South Seas and chinaware from every country under the sun, mixed with fine statuary and ancient bronzes. In short, it was an *olla podrida* of quaint and wonderful things, and the collection was one of very great value, and had taken its owner many years to collect. He was always most happy to show it to strangers, and visitors came from far and near to see Mr. Napier's wonderful museum. He loved exhibiting his treasures himself and relating the history of each. He put a cracked plate into my hands, and then told me it had cost him three hundred pounds. He was much amused at my anxiety to return it to him, and I could see he was quite well pleased when it was once more safely deposited on its shelf.

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

He exacted a fee from his lady visitors, and that was a kiss, to which he said he considered himself entitled, and which I never heard of anyone refusing him. The day I saw the collection first, we had taken Principal and Mrs. Tulloch with us, and she and I both had to submit to the inevitable fee. When we were driving home the Principal loudly expressed his indignation at Mr. Napier's audacity, and wondered how the ladies could possibly submit to such treatment from a perfect stranger. Mrs. Tulloch and I took the side of Mr. Napier, and said that after he had been so very kind to us it would have been ungracious on our part to refuse so small a return, and we particularly observed that Mr. Napier was such a nice and, above all, such a very *clean*-looking old gentleman that it was quite easy to grant him a liberty that one would not accord to everyone. Whereupon the Principal performed an exact *volte face*, and began to sympathize with Mr. Napier, enquiring seriously about what age a man might begin to presume upon his years and aspire to follow Mr. Napier's example. We shouted with laughter, and assured him that he need not turn his thoughts in that direction ; he was many years from the time of life when he could venture to dream of such things, and the Principal laughed his fine hearty laugh and said no more of the kissing performance at Shandon.

Old Mrs. Napier, a sweet, gentle old lady, received amiably the countless visitors that crowded the hospitable house, and sat and span while her husband conducted

## SHANDON

his guests all over the sumptuous mansion. After Mr. Napier's death the famous collection was dispersed, and the house has now passed into other hands and has become a well-known Hydropathic Establishment.

## CHAPTER VIII

A FEW years after we were married Mr. Story was returned regularly as a member of the General Assembly, and every spring saw our regular pilgrimage to Edinburgh to attend the meetings of that august body.

The first Lord High Commissioner who reigned at Holyrood in my day was Lord Belhaven, who had for Purse-bearer my great friend Robert Hamilton Ramsay, whose career I have dwelt upon at length in my previous recollections. He was a very fine-looking and most courtly man ; and to him much of the dignity and grandeur of the Court at Holyrood was owing, for he insisted on maintaining a state and seemliness that had not always prevailed. He was Purse-bearer for the long period of thirty-nine years, "Forty I always call it," he said to me once, "it sounds much better, and is so nearly true." Lord Belhaven was his uncle, and made a very good Lord Commissioner, though he was a very dry and stiff old gentleman, and Lady Belhaven of much the same type.

Her sister, Lady Ruthven, was a very masterful old lady of the true Scottish type, always accustomed to

## ASSEMBLY STORIES

take and to have her own way. She was very deaf, and used a trumpet, and nothing delighted her more than to get hold of a young minister and engage him in a long and argumentative conversation, during which the entire roomful of auditors were edified by hearing every topic under discussion, all shouted at the top of a most strident and masculine voice. I entered the Exhibition on the Mound one day, and might have imagined some public orator with very powerful lungs was addressing a vast assemblage, till I perceived Lady Ruthven slowly perambulating the well-filled gallery, accompanied by an unlucky clergyman, to whom in stentorian accents she was imparting her opinion of the pictures. He looked as if he would have been grateful if the floor had opened and swallowed him up. But she was a very fine old woman ; she had great riches, and she expended her large revenues most generously, and stretched out a liberal hand to the poor and needy.

During one of my early years of attending the General Assembly, I was dining one night at Holyrood, and was asked to sing. Lord Haddington was the Commissioner that year, and it was Lady Haddington who asked me to sing. I had not long begun, when I was interrupted by a loud voice, as I fancied of some elderly country minister who had certainly not learnt manners. He was talking *à pleine voix*, as the French say, and I felt that I could not possibly continue under such circumstances. Lady Haddington was sitting close to the piano,



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

and I felt more than a little surprised that she had not checked the conversational powers of the old minister till the song was finished. So I stopped suddenly and said, " I am very sorry, Lady Haddington, but I really cannot go on while that old gentleman is talking so loudly."

" Oh ! I am so vexed," she replied, " but it is not an old gentleman, it is Lady Ruthven, and she is so deaf that she has no idea anyone is singing. I am sure she will be much distressed " ; and she was, for she heard of it, and spoke to me most warmly of her regret ; I had a great liking for the good old lady, who was always very civil to my husband and me, and had a most friendly feeling for the ministers of the Church of Scotland.

I attended the receptions of many Lord High Commissioners, and must say that they were a well-selected and courtly set of men, some of them, no doubt, standing out more pre-eminently above their fellows. They were, as a rule, stately and dignified, and worthily sustained the *rôle* of representative of the sovereign ; but here and there came a ' Lord High ' whose notions of viceregal stateliness were more lax than at all times suited the strict *régime* of his courtly Purse-bearer, and who indulged in a joviality which that rigorous official considered to be a lessening of the distance that should separate the throne from those who merely basked in its light. Of such was the kindly and genial Lord X., whose natural gaiety was scarcely tempered by the restrictions of a Court, and

## ASSEMBLY STORIES

who carried into public life the same heartiness and *bonhomie* that distinguished him in private. In particular he loved the telling of a good story, and he carried his predilection to such an extent that the anecdotes related were sometimes of a kind scarcely fitting for the ears of the Fathers and brethren. But of this his Grace took no account, rather indeed did it add a point to their vivacity, and much did his Grace enjoy telling a rather *risqué* story to some reverend parson who struggled between his duty to the Lord High Commissioner and the propriety that urged him to turn a deaf ear to the voice that charmed him "not wisely but too well."

One day I was sitting in the ladies' gallery close to the throne when the time came for departure, and to my great amazement, for it was a most unusual proceeding, Lord X. offered to drive me home. I could not do otherwise than accept so gracious a proposal; and presently I found myself beside the Commissioner, a smart young aide-de-camp sitting opposite us, and going home as fast as the four spanking horses could take us. We spoke of indifferent matters for a little, and then his Grace said cheerfully, "Oh! Mrs. Story, I have such a good story to tell you," and instantly commenced the preamble to an anecdote, which filled me with dread, for the countenance of the poor young aide-de-camp became suddenly scarlet, and he tried his best to arrest the full flow of Lord X.'s eloquence in its commencement. I seconded him to the best of my power, for I was terrified at what

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

lay before me : the grandeur of the Castle Rock, the beauty of Princes Street, all and everything I tackled in turn, and if ever I found my zeal abating or my courage giving way, one glance at the agonized face of the young aide-de-camp spurred me on to renewed exertions. We won the day, and Lord X. never saw we had done so. One futile effort after another he made to achieve his object, but we always circumvented him ; and presently we had left Princes Street behind us, and were dashing along Atholl Crescent. Lord X. gave it up. " I must tell you this story another time," he remarked, " I have not time now, and it is a very good one," and we halted at my own door, and the much relieved aide-de-camp handed me out of the carriage, and I never heard that story, whatever it may have been.

I was at the Palace one evening, when some music was going on, and most of the company was assembled in the large room, which was lighted (for there was no gas then) by a number of moderator lamps, which had not been properly trimmed, and emitted a most disagreeable odour. I sat talking to a clerical friend, when I suddenly rose and said to him, " Let us go into the next room ; I can't stand the smell of the moderators."

My remark caused such an outburst of mirth as quite to astound me, for I never saw the *double entendre* in my harmless observation, and had not noticed that several of the heads of the Church had been gathered about where I was sitting. When told of the gist of my remark

## ASSEMBLY SPEECHES

I was very much shocked, more so when I found that it had gone the round as the latest piece of gossip ; it did not take very much to raise a laugh in those days, and this was a most unintentional joke.

The private parties of the Lord High Commissioner were often very pleasant, especially to me who knew the Purse-bearer so well, and was always sure of good treatment at his hands. I had the free *entrée* of the throne gallery, and generally went there when I wished to hear any special debate. I always went when I knew that my husband was going to speak, and used to feel my heart swell when I heard his musical voice ring through the large hall, as he spoke forcibly and eloquently on some of the leading questions in which he took a warm interest. At first he had a strong body of clerical and of public opinion against him ; but he was slowly but surely creeping on ; and on a vote being taken on one of those important measures, it was curious to observe the increase in the minority, and to see the leading lights in the clerical world who rose and walked out of the ' approving ' door.

Once, many years later, there came an occasion when my allegiance was rather divided and I could look in an unbiassed manner on both sides of the question. One of our greatest friends, Dr. Mitford Mitchell, brought forward a motion in the Assembly, asking that the singing at the opening of the Assembly should henceforth be led by the organ that already stood in the Hall, instead of being unaccompanied as had hitherto been the case.

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

I felt inclined to side with Dr. Mitchell from purely personal regard, and he made a very fine and telling speech in support of his measure. His arguments seemed so unanswerable that I felt there could be no doubt as to the acquiescence of the House, when I perceived that a change of some kind had occurred, and suddenly I observed my husband stand up in his place and draw himself together, and then he began to speak. I never had heard him deliver such a speech as he did that day ; he had scarcely begun when every departing hearer was arrested, and resumed his seat ; he had not uttered many sentences when one could read on every upturned face that the views of its owner had undergone a thorough change, and Dr. Mitchell, who stood near me, said sadly, but decidedly, " It's all over now, my motion is lost."

Of course the motion was lost, and I had to sympathize with Dr. Mitchell, even while I felt proud of my husband to my heart's inmost core, for he had covered himself with glory that day, and many and warm were the congratulations I received : the Lord High Commissioner and his entire suite swelling the number, for they had remained to the end and listened closely to Dr. Story's eloquent appeal, that this one thing should be left unchanged " for the fathers' sake."

## CHAPTER IX.

BUT I have wandered on very far ahead, and must now retrace my steps and relate some of the earlier details of my married life. The years slipped easily on, only marked by fresh and greater happiness ; all the ills and troubles of life seemed to pass us lightly by. My brother had made Rosneath his home, and had built himself a pretty house on the land belonging to the glebe, so that I could enjoy his society as much as I desired. The building of that house was a great interest to us all, and then the finding a suitable name for it. Kilarden—the hill of the Church—having a Gaelic flavour, was finally adopted, on the suggestion of Dr. MacLeod Campbell, and then came the furnishing, which was left very much to me.

Our old friend Mr. Longmore had died and left handsome legacies to me and to my brother ; on the money left to him my brother had treated himself to a voyage round the world, and he came home bristling with travellers' tales, besides having written most interesting letters of description during his absence of nearly a year. He told us that, much as he had seen of beauty and of interest,

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

he would place the Yosemite valley in the front of all that he had seen, and would consider all the toils and perils of his journey well rewarded had he seen only that most marvellous of nature's wonders. He brought home many charming souvenirs of his journey, and distributed them with a liberal hand, while his newly furnished house of Kildarden became the repository of a large collection of curios of all kinds, and he delighted in exhibiting them to his numerous visitors.

I have neglected hitherto to mention one Rosneath character of surpassing excellence, our dear old beadle, John Sinclair. John had long occupied the position, and none could have filled it better. To see the air of consequential responsibility with which he hirpled out of the vestry and up the pulpit stair was most edifying. He was very proud of my husband, though he mildly disapproved of many of his ways, for John was of the old school, and did not hold at all with the so-called innovations that were now gradually being introduced—standing to sing, kneeling to pray, and various other seemly alterations that Mr. Story had by degrees brought into general use, and of which nearly all the congregation approved, with the exception of a few very stiff-necked members, who stood out for the old forms, and set themselves as much as possible in opposition to their neighbours who held more progressive ideas. John's method of objecting to the change, whatever it might be, was to enter the vestry at the close of the service, firmly clasping the big pulpit

## THE OLD BEADLE

Bible, and then to lay it heavily upon the table, saying, "I'm dune wi' ye noo, I'm fair dune wi' ye; I canna thole it ony langer. I hae carriet the Bible for thretty years, but I canna cairry it ony langer; I'm fair dune wi' ye."

My husband simply replied, "Hoot, toot, John, you'll think better of that."

"Na, na, sir, I canna thole yon. I'll cairry the buiks nae langer; I'm dune wi' ye."

But John did think better of it, and was in his place as usual next Sunday; few things would have grieved my husband more than if John had kept his word. It was a sore trial to John when a lady belonging to the Parish worked with her own hands and presented to the church a very handsome cloth for the Communion table, beautifully embroidered and exhibiting prominently the letters I.H.S. skilfully traced in gold thread. I felt rather nervous about this myself; and it proved a staggerer to several others besides honest John. One old lady of very rigid orthodoxy left the church; but I cannot say that I felt much distressed in consequence. She had formerly sat in the Manse pew, where I found her a dreadful trial, owing to a habit she had of untying her bonnet strings and stretching them between her fingers, producing a swishing noise that was to me extremely exasperating. I used to look at her fixedly, with great disapproval in my glance, but that produced no effect; so I was delighted when, in consequence of her seat being



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

occupied by Manse visitors for two or three Sundays in succession, thus depriving her of a good view of the minister, she betook herself to another seat, and relieved us of her trying contiguity.

Old John found the crimson cloth a great trial, and went through his ordinary formula of disapprobation ; but he got over this innovation too, as he got over so many others, and to the end of his blameless and much respected life he remained with my husband as his sure and trusty henchman, and died at Rosneath in 1871, " an honest man, a true friend, a faithful servitor," as my husband wrote in his epitaph.

His wife, a worthy helpmate, was a rather austere character, and was said to keep John in very good order. It came to my ears that the little orphan daughter of a son of old John's had come to stay with the old couple, and was being rather harshly treated by Mrs. Sinclair. I went up to call, and found an odd tousle-headed girl of eight or nine sitting at the kitchen table, with a large plate of porridge before her, and her grandmother standing severely over her while she consumed her meal. " That's a nice addition to your family you've got, Mrs. Sinclair," I remarked ; " she'll be a pleasant variety for you and John in your old age."

Mrs. Sinclair looked at me grimly, and then replied, " Deed, Mrs. Story, she's a variety John and me could hae verra weel spairt. As it was the pleasure o' the A'michty that she needed to come to us, we maun say naething

## COUNTRY VIRTUES

about it ; but if it had been his pleasure that she hadna needed to come, we'd hae been jist as weel pleased."

And then she signed to the listening girl to go on with her porridge. With all their asperity of language, and sometimes roughness of treatment, these humble parishioners were true and consistent Christians, and their kindness to one another in sickness and misfortune cannot be too highly extolled. Women who led toiling lives and had many household cares of their own would sit up at night with an ailing neighbour for nights at a time, and think nothing of it, while young children left orphans would be taken in and cared for by people who, one would have thought, had enough ado to fend for their own numerous families, but who could not bear to see the child of a friend or neighbour consigned to the tender mercies of the poorhouse. They seemed contented with their lives of honest toil, grey enough as some of them seemed to be ; resignation was their key-note, and a perfect confidence that the trial, whatever it might be, was the will of the Almighty.

I was much struck with this submission in the case of an old couple, who lived in the Castle woods, and who lost their only son under circumstances of a peculiarly distressing character. The lad was a joiner, and was working at the Castle during the occupancy of one of its several tenants, when it so chanced that a heavy plate chest was being despatched to the steamer. It was very heavy, and he was asked to help ; the necessary strain of raising so

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

great a load proved too much for the young workman, and he burst a blood vessel in the attempt. Everything possible was done for him but without success, and he fell into a consumption and ultimately died. No word of repining ever passed his parents' lips, and they never even blamed the owners of the plate chest which had caused the mischief, and who did all in their power to atone for the catastrophe so unintentionally caused. Often since that time have I watched in railway stations young porters lifting weights that were manifestly too heavy for them, and the veins standing out on their throats while they strained to raise the heavy trunk that would have taxed the sinews of a horse. Surely a law should be brought in forbidding boxes to be filled beyond a certain weight, and ordaining that the quantity should be distributed in two or more cases, so as to lessen the dead-weight to be lifted by one man. Often laws are passed dealing with much more trivial matters, while this grave fault of such daily and hourly occurrence is passed over unnoticed.

The Reverend Stewart Wright, one of the friends of my husband's student days, came frequently to visit us at Rosneath. He had been an Indian chaplain, and used to furnish us with many recollections of his Eastern experiences, of which I shall relate one or two that occur to me after this long period of time. He had dismissed his congregation one day, and was presently following them, when he found many of them gathered about the door looking at something that lay on the ground. It was a

## THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY

very deadly snake, which someone had just killed. A man came out of the church, and kicked the snake to one side, when the reptile turned over and its head fell on the foot of the man, which was naked all but a light slipper, and the fangs penetrated the bare skin, leaving two little punctures plainly visible.

“ I am a dead man,” he exclaimed, and it too truly was so ; no remedies were of any avail. The poor man was dead in twenty minutes.

It was a gruesome anecdote ; another was of a different description. A man in the regiment was dying, and Mr. Wright, as chaplain, had been giving him spiritual consolation. One evening, when he was at mess, a summons from this man was brought to him. He was just dying, and wished again to see the chaplain. He went and found the poor man very near his end, and after a few more remarks of a consolatory nature, he said to him, “ Can I do anything more for you ; is there any message I can send to your friends at home ? ”

“ No, sir, thank you,” the man replied ; “ I have seen to all that. But there is just one question I should like to ask you.”

“ What is it ? ” said Mr. Wright ; “ I will answer you if I can.”

“ Well, sir, it's just this. You see you have made me hope that when I die God will take me to heaven ; do you think it's any way possible that I might gae round by Aberdeen ? ”

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

The man was very eager and anxious ; Mr. Wright hesitated : he had not expected such a question. After a moment's pause, he replied, " My good man, that is a question which I cannot answer certainly ; but if that is a wish very near your heart, as it appears to be, I see no reason why it should not be granted."

" I thank ye, sir," said the man, and died ; but Mr. Wright never heard whether any apparition of the dead soldier was seen in Aberdeen.

My husband was laid aside by a heavy cold, and had been unable to secure assistance in his necessity, when I learnt that Dr. Flint was staying at the Shandon Hydro-pathic. He was known to be very averse from undertaking any pulpit duty since he had abandoned the ministry for the professorial chair, so I felt extremely reluctant to ask him to preach on this occasion. But no one else could be got, and the week-end was at hand ; so I went over to Shandon and personally attacked Dr. Flint, who at first decidedly refused, and only yielded after repeated entreaties both from myself and from his sister, who kindly seconded me in my desperate endeavours. Still, he had consented, and I felt inexpressibly relieved ; so, judge of my horror when on Saturday evening a man called and was shown into the vestry, and on my going to enquire into his business I found that he had a child to be christened, and that he wished the baptism to be carried out next day. I argued with him, but all to no purpose ; it was all arranged, and some relatives had come from a

## A CHRISTENING

distance, and the ceremony must take place or it would inconvenience them all greatly.

In the end I had to yield, but I did it most unwillingly, and sorely dreaded having to tell Dr. Flint of the fresh service imposed upon him. As I expected, he was indignant, and at first refused to have anything to do with it ; but in the end Miss Flint and I prevailed. Dr. Flint preached a splendid sermon, and all went well till the time for the christening. When the church door leading from the vestry was opened, a nurse came out carrying the child, who was roaring at the full pitch of a very fine pair of lungs ; and continued to do so all the time of the solemn questions addressed to the father, which were quite unheard by the congregation. But when the crucial moment came, and the splash of cold water fell on the child's face, it redoubled its cries, and made such a terrific uproar that the indignant nurse rose at once and, taking the child from its father, she departed straight for the vestry and consigned the infant to the arms of its mother, exclaiming, " Tak' yer bairn, she has black affrontit us."

I think I had felt the pain of the incident nearly as acutely as Dr. Flint ; anyhow, he mercifully refrained from adding to my distress, and I made all the apologies I could for the unpleasantness of the scene through which he had had to pass. Mr. Story had a nervous dislike to all noises in church ; the children all behaved with the strictest propriety in Rosneath, and one or two old ladies afflicted with spasmodic coughs used nearly to choke them-

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

selves in their anxiety to check the incipient symptoms of one of these attacks. Coughing was well restrained in Rosneath, as it might no doubt frequently be were the congregation only to exercise a little self-control.

This reminds me of the anecdote of a well-known divine, who, preaching in a church where he was constantly disturbed by loud and unrestrained coughing, stopped, and severely said, "This is either the most irreverent or the most diseased congregation I ever preached to," and the remark was well appreciated, for there was immediately afterwards a perceptible improvement in the behaviour of the congregation.

One or two scenes in the church I can remember. Through the open door a dog wandered in one Sunday in summer, and the beadle promptly rose to eject it. The dog, however, was not dislodged so easily, and in the scuffle that ensued he bit the beadle, who quickly withdrew his hand and the dog again perambulated the passage, in full view of the congregation.

"Is the dog's owner not in church?" asked a tall and rather severe-looking lady, rising up in her very conspicuous position, totally regardless of St. Paul's denouncement of women speaking in churches. No one replied, but the dog's owner either appeared and quieted him or he tired of his investigations in the church, for he vanished from sight and no more was heard of him.

On another occasion, also in summer, when the windows were all widely open to the air, a cock began a crowing

## A WEDDING

crescendo outside the window, just beside the pulpit. I knew my husband's extreme sensitiveness to noises, and perceived that he was much disturbed, but I did not see what I could do. Presently a crow of great resonance came almost, it seemed, at his ear, and this was beyond what he could stand unmoved.

"Remove that bird," he said, turning round to the beadle, who, we heard afterwards, had been so engrossed in listening to the sermon that he had heard nothing else, and who dashed to his feet and looked wildly among the rafters of the church for the bird he supposed to be flying there; then, seeing nothing, he resumed his seat with a bewildered air. Once more resounded the cock, once more Mr. Story made his ineffectual appeal; but a friend's gardener observed the situation, and came to the rescue. He rose and quitted the church, and directly afterwards the cock was heard in full retreat, crowing less and less loudly as he went down the street of the village.

Long afterwards there was another experience, but it did not occur on a Sunday. The post-mistress was going to be married. A very faithful large retriever always accompanied her on her rounds, and this dog, missing her on her bridal day, searched everywhere for her, and finally discovered her in the little church, where she was then in the very middle of the wedding ceremony. Not deterred by the number of people present, the dog went right up to the Communion table, where the bride and bridegroom stood, and going to the side of his mistress he assumed a



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

begging attitude and remained solidly at attention. When she did not notice him he made a waving motion with his paw, which was his urgent reminder that he was being neglected, but except for that he sat immovable till the service was over, and then he trotted out after his mistress, who was now at liberty to attend to him.

My husband attended a funeral service one day at a house which was so small that the kitchen could not nearly contain all the mourners who had assembled, so the coffin was taken outside and laid on a table there, and a considerable number of the friends came out, and Mr. Story conducted the service in the open air, the window being raised to enable those inside to participate in the service. A number of ducks belonged to the family, and they were all gathered just outside, where they kept up a continuous quacking, very seriously disturbing the propriety of the service, but nobody seemed to be in the least annoyed. My husband said that the prayer was rendered at times perfectly inaudible by the terrific noise of the ducks, and he found his own gravity very seriously imperilled by the persistency with which they quacked.

He saw the humorous side of a situation very easily, and had sometimes much ado not to smile when anything very ridiculous occurred. I am sure he could not have stood unmoved, what I once saw occur in the Park Church in Glasgow, when Dr. Charteris was the minister. An old lady came in rather late, and, after settling herself into her place, very nearly below the pulpit, she was seized

## “LITTLE MEN”

with a sudden and irresistible fit of sneezing ; not common and easy sneezes, but fits that shook her all over, and reverberated all through the well-filled church. After the first five or six, heads were turned in her direction, as they still continued, broad smiles became visible, and two or three people bent their heads over the bookboard ; but the lady calmly continued to sneeze, and Dr. Charteris, equally calmly, continued to speak. Seventeen times the lady sneezed, for I counted them, and then, either exhausted by her efforts or observing that she was disturbing the equanimity of the congregation, the lady rose and quitted her seat, and left the church. I knew Dr. Charteris very well, and asked him afterwards how he had managed to remain apparently unmoved by such a trying display ; when he told me, to my amazement, that he had not the slightest knowledge of what had occurred, the whole performance had remained totally unnoticed by him.

We had always dogs at the Manse, for my husband loved “ the little men,” as he used to call them, and liked to see them about. When I first came to the Manse, there was a very handsome dog called Pam, but he had a hot temper, and by-and-bye he got old, lost his teeth, and had to be put away, a great distress to my husband, who had had him a long time. Then came a very nice little terrier pup called “ Charlie,” a dear little man, who specially attached himself to my father, and became a great favourite with him. He used to know quite well when the bath chair was brought out for the old gentleman’s afternoon

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

drive, and he went out with him and Mary Anne, and remained in close attendance. When my father died, Charlie lay outside his door, but did not attempt to enter the room ; and every day at the accustomed hour he came to the front of the house in readiness for the usual drive. On the funeral day, when the coffin was carried down, he made many ineffectual efforts to jump upon it, and he followed it all the way to the ferry, and tried to accompany it on board the steamer. There may be some sense in animals of which we know nothing. I always had an idea the little dog knew my father was being taken from him ; he acted as if he were conscious of it, and from that day onwards he acted as if he knew that his former friend had left him, and, though for a short time he continued his habit of being in waiting for the afternoon drive, he gradually ceased to put in an appearance, and clearly understood that these walks were ended.

He was a very affectionate little beast, and my husband and I greatly regretted his early death, which took place in consequence of a heavy blow given him by a gentleman, who called one day with a large rough dog, which immediately attacked Charlie, who was quietly sitting on the doorsteps. The blow was meant for his own dog, but it caught Charlie instead, and it was a very severe one, and effectually separated the two dogs. Charlie slunk away to the shelter of some rhododendron bushes on the lawn, giving me, as he went off, a look which I never forgot. As soon as our visitor was gone I went out and found the

## A CAT EPISODE

poor little beast, who was lying on the grass evidently in great pain. My husband had the pony put in, and he and I took the little animal down to Clark, the keeper in the woods, I holding little Charlie on a cushion all the way to protect him from the jolting. Clark said he had been gravely injured, and we left him in his care, going down daily to enquire for him, and getting very gloomy reports. On the second visit Clark told us it was a hopeless case ; the dog had been internally seriously injured, and no cure was possible. On leaving, I patted little Charlie for the last time, and the poor little man softly licked my hand ; I think he knew it was a farewell. We mourned the little dog very faithfully, but in time he was succeeded by others.

My own old dog, Wasp, had remained with my father when I married, and had accompanied him to Rosneath, where he ended his days in the fulness of old age, and was buried, where all our dogs lie, on a little grassy promontory in the shrubbery.

After the death of the two dogs, mice began to show themselves at the Manse, and became very troublesome. I disliked cats very much, but I disliked mice more ; so we looked about us for a cat, and in course of time we heard of one. It was brought to the house in a basket, placed in the study, with a saucer of milk beside it, and the lid of the basket unfastened. It had shown great signs of fear on first arriving, and we wished to accustom it to its surroundings. Some time later, on entering the study, we found the basket lid open, the cat gone, the

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

milk gone, but not the slightest trace of Pussy anywhere, so it was concluded that someone had inadvertently opened the study door, and the cat had slipped out unobserved. So no more was thought of the matter, but nothing was heard of the cat. Some days afterwards there came a very cold day, and Mr. Story put a match to the fire, which always stood ready for lighting in the grate. I was in the room talking to him about something, when a faint, distant sound of mewing began to steal upon our ears. It grew louder, and I said, "There's the cat," and the cat it was; for, as the smoke increased, the mewing grew louder and louder. The fire was hastily removed, the blacksmith sent for, and after a considerable amount of rummaging in the grate, a miserable, grimy, bedraggled object was pulled out, snarling and struggling, and this proved to be the lost cat. She was half starved, wild with terror, and had to be restrained by force from again retreating to her old quarters in the chimney. By degrees she quieted down, but did not remain long with us, not finding the Manse to her mind. Neither my cook nor I liked cats, so she was not made welcome either in the kitchen or the drawing-room. She did not return to her old home, so she either found another shelter or, what is more likely, met with her death at the hands of the Castle gamekeeper, who nourished a strong antipathy to cats, and destroyed them whenever he met with them in the woods.

Our old gardener had the same aversion, and on one occasion, when I missed a cat that I had seen several

## A DARK DEED

times in the garden, I asked him what had become of it.

“ It’s deid,” he replied in a sinister tone.

“ Oh, Thomas ! ” I said, “ perhaps it was some old woman’s favourite cat ; do you know whose it was ? ”

“ I dinna ken whose it *was*, but I ken whose it *is*—the midden’s,” was the disconcerting reply.

I was told of a present made to the Duchess of Hamilton, by all the gamekeepers in Arran, of a most beautiful carriage rug made of cat skins, and when her Grace was told the history of its origin she declined to receive it, saying she could not sit happily under a covering that had probably cost many a grieving old woman much sorrow. I quite approved of Her Grace’s sentiments.

## CHAPTER X.

YEAR in year out my husband had been quietly but steadily working, and the service at Rosneath Church was, as nearly as possible, that which should be in a well-conducted parish church. It was now considered one of the most advanced parish churches in Scotland, and with its lovely windows and general decoration, I must say it was as nearly perfect as we could have wished it to be. Mr. Story was regarded as in the forefront of the ministers of the Church ; and we had the satisfaction of knowing that many were striving to follow in his footsteps, and that he had set his candlestick on a hill and not hid it under a bushel. Other parishes sought to tempt him from his secluded Highland pastorate, and more than one good charge was offered for his acceptance, but he could never be persuaded to quit that peaceful home. He now knew and loved his people and they valued him, and he was not one to seek popular acclamation nor to set his affection on the things that are usually regarded as the rewards of a ministerial career.

Rosneath was a home such as could rarely be found,

## A 'CALL'

and my husband and I were both deeply attached to it ; besides, while his mother lived, he did not care to leave it, so he said " No " to all appeals to him to go elsewhere. I remember one time that a deputation came to confer with him, seeking to tempt him from the green hills and blue waters of Rosneath to the smoky purlieus of a great city : they lunched with us, and we walked with them afterwards to the pier. It was a lovely summer afternoon, or rather evening ; exquisite reflections lay on every side ; it was one of the most beautiful of the many beautiful days that summer, and the loch lay stretched beneath the departing sun, which shed its warm rays on sloping hill-side and waving woodlands.

" Can you wonder that we do not wish to leave this ? " I asked of one of the members of the deputation, with whom I had been speaking.

" No, I do not," he replied, " I think we were fools to come and try ; it would be a poor exchange to go to . . . "

The one temptation that *was* a temptation was to come later, and it always hung over me like the sword of Damocles. Among our most intimate friends had always been the family of Dr. Wylie of Carluke. The youngest daughter, Christian, my bridesmaid, had married the Rev. John Sime, Minister of Dundonald, in Ayrshire, while the eldest had become the wife of Professor Edward Caird, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow, younger brother of Principal Caird, who presided over the University. My great friend, Emily Chiene, had also married



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

Professor William Lee, who occupied the Chair of Church History, so, with two close friends settled in the University of Glasgow, we were frequently there, and made acquaintance, not only with many who have since become very near and dear to us, but with the intimate arcana of college life, that was by-and-bye to mean so much to us.

The Principal, John Caird, was adored by all his colleagues, and was a man of great learning and intellectual power. He was considered by many to be distant and rather forbidding in manner, but when he chose to unbend from his rather silent bearing he could be very charming, and his conversation was most stimulating and delightful. His face was rugged and not good-looking, but extremely powerful, and he was a very dignified and commanding personality. He was a preacher of the very first rank, and it had early attracted royal notice, besides gaining for him the universal approval of his countrymen, and had ensured for him the occupation of several important pulpits in succession, culminating in his appointment to the position of Principal of the University. He had been offered, but had declined, the great position of Moderator of the Church. His tastes were simple and rather those of a recluse. He was scholarly in his tastes, and did not much care for society, and he avoided the great banquets which were so prominent a feature of the life of Glasgow, and only appeared at gatherings which partook more or less of a friendly character, where he unbent his scholarly mind and became a very centre of

## THE CAIRDS

brilliant and uplifting conversation. His wife was a very handsome and striking-looking woman, admirably adapted to his tastes, for she, too, disliked promiscuous society, and confined herself very much to intercourse with a few particular friends.

Professor Edward Caird and the Principal were the most devoted of brothers, and seemed hardly to require any other society, generally ending their day by a long country walk in company; when it was frequently observed by people who saw the two brothers walking together, that they appeared never to be exchanging a word. Professor Caird, even more highly gifted than the learned Principal, was at the same time a man of a most silent nature, and it was reported that when he asked, as he frequently did, an exemplary student to accompany him on a walk, and a very shrinking young man nervously put in an appearance, the excellent professor started beamingly on the walk of probably some two hours' duration, and never uttered one word the whole time. His wife, who had been Miss Wylie, was of a very different nature, and was very cheerful and conversational and extremely kind to the young men who attended her husband's classes. She was also a very worthy helpmeet to the professor, and in one respect helped him greatly, for, like many other eminent scholars, he wrote a most shocking hand, and Mrs. Caird used frequently to transcribe his almost illegible caligraphy, and so enabled it to be read by those who could not otherwise have deciphered it.

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

Echoes of the far-off days sometimes visited me on the shores of the placid Gareloch, but they came rarely, and did not disturb the even tenor of my way, nor ruffle in the least the happy contentment that lay around my path. One afternoon late in summer, I was looking out of the drawing-room window, when I observed a small tug-steamer coming round the point, and making for Rosneath. It was a late hour for a steamer, and I noticed that the little tug was bent on business of some kind. Shortly afterwards, I was absorbed in a book, when I heard a rapid crunching of steps on the gravel outside, and this was followed by the ringing of the door bell. The maid went to the door, and a colloquy ensued. I rose and went into the lobby, thinking it might be someone wishing to see my husband, who had come in without the servants being aware of it. A gentleman came forward, and I no sooner saw him than I recognized Colonel A. of the B.'s, who had been a great friend of mine before my marriage. The regiment was now quartered at Y., and as there were at the moment some seditious disturbances in the south of Ireland, they had been ordered to the spot to restore tranquillity. They had come as far as Greenock, meaning to catch the Irish steamer that evening at ten o'clock, and proceed in her to their destination. They had some time to wait for the steamer, and my friend, the Colonel, thought he would seize the opportunity to pay me a visit, and had chartered a tug for this purpose. All this he rapidly explained to me, while I warmly welcomed him,

## THE MAD COLONEL

being at the same time well aware that he was running a considerable risk in acting as he had done. The regiment was on active service and he was in command, and ought on no account to have deserted his post.

It was a grave subversion of military duty, and I felt that my old friend had acted foolishly. I had hastily ordered some dinner for him, and had to warn him that it must be eaten with great despatch, for my husband, whom I had called in consultation, assured him that he had no time to spare, and that it was barely possible that he could reach Greenock in time. He did not. I watched the little tug rounding the point on her return, and, looking at my watch, I feared the worst, for no tug could have covered the distance and caught the larger steamer, which took on board its allotment of passengers and cargo, and with the regiment on board proceeded to Ireland, leaving the Colonel behind. It was the end of his career as a soldier, for such neglect of duty could not be overlooked ; and he fell into the background and was heard of no more. I never quite understood what prompted his reckless action. He did not seem to have premeditated it in the least, and, on the contrary, as the regiment was to be in Edinburgh the spring following the incident, he had asked me to be in Princes Street and see him ride in at the head of it, so I think he fully intended to be there. It so happened that I was in Edinburgh and in Princes Street, and witnessed the triumphal incoming march of the gallant corps ; but my old friend did not head them,

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

and I thought sadly of his blighted career and ruined hopes when I missed him among the dazzling warriors that rode in that bright spring morning, amid the acclamations of the admiring crowds.

We had many visitors at the Manse, old friends of my husband's and mine ; it had always been a hospitable house, and its credit did not suffer in our hands. We entertained simply, but well ; but the days were over when a herring and a well boiled potato would have been considered quite a sufficient dinner. We drew the people of the parish more together than had hitherto been the case, and I organized meetings of various kinds, which had the effect of bringing people together, and so promoting sociability. We had work parties and reading parties ; and one winter we tackled Shakespeare, and read several of his best-known plays, and very amusing scenes we had on some of those occasions. One worthy, but uncultured old lady, in the line beginning " Oh, Phebe, Phebe," would pronounce Phebe with only one syllable, and got into great difficulties therewith ; while, as she read from an old unbowdlerized copy of her own, she plunged herself and us into agonies over passages which should have been omitted. But they were very pleasant meetings all the same, and wound up with a most cosy and chatty tea-drinking ; and they helped to pass the long monotonous days that will occur in a quiet country neighbourhood, and to spread abroad a spirit of kindness and cordiality that was not without its good effect in the

## BAZAAR

parish. And we had parish meetings of various kinds, when my husband and helpful friends entertained us with readings and with music ; and, on the whole, we made ourselves wonderfully cheerful, and did not find the winter nights hang too heavy on our hands.

For a needed addition to the church we one year got up a Bazaar, and all friends set to work to ensure that it should be a success. I undertook to make a large four-leaved screen, covered with coloured pictures cut from many illustrated papers, and my kind friends, the Misses Pott, volunteered to help in its construction. It was to be a raffle at five shillings each ticket, and our good friend Dr. Eatwell, who was staying with us, and who greatly admired the screen, which was growing daily more beautiful, took a large number of tickets, and said that if he won the screen it was to become the property of our children. When the Bazaar took place, Dr. Eatwell did win the screen, and it ought, therefore, to have been handed over to our children ; but my husband would not allow this, as he said it would look ill that we, who made the screen, should retain it ; so it was handed over for the Bazaar authorities to raffle over again. The screen appeared to be unwilling to leave the Gareloch, for it was won by Mrs. Parry, wife of the Captain of the *Cumberland*, and a few days after the Bazaar was ended we saw a little procession of the *Cumberland* boys carrying the screen down the village street, and sadly mourned over the departure of what had for long been an interest and a joy to us, and which we

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

only occasionally saw afterwards in our rare visits to the training ship.

The church was by degrees finished by the addition of two transepts, which were rendered necessary by the increased demand for accommodation, and an organ was also added, and was opened by the late Dr. Albert Lister Peace, who was a first-rate performer; and, on that occasion, we had a very good concert of sacred music, which brought people to listen to it from near and far. Our choir sang, and I sang as a solo, "Angels ever bright and fair," and with my friend, Mrs. Walter Boyd, the duet, "O, lovely peace," and both performances elicited great approval.

## CHAPTER XI.

My husband was a good oarsman, and sometimes took the little girls and me out for a row when the state of the loch was such as to permit of our doing so with safety and pleasure. We did not go very often, for I was a terrible coward on the water ; and when a naval friend assured me that it was almost impossible that a well made boat should sink, I told him that my feeling was that it was almost impossible that it should swim. One fine summer day I had been persuaded to undertake an expedition to see the Whistler's Glen, a very pretty glen on the opposite side of the loch. Elma and Helen accompanied us ; and four of the younger Campbell girls from the Castle, Lady Evelyn, Lady Frances, Lady Mary and Lady Constance, with their governess. The Duke was at that time in his yacht among the Western Islands, and had left his daughters at the Castle to await his return. Mr. Story was to row us, and he hired a good boat belonging to one of his parishioners, who was in the habit of letting it to boating parties. We started gaily and happily ; the



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

loch like glass, not a breath of wind, an ideal day for the expedition.

All went well till the middle of the loch was reached. Mr. Story was resting on his oars to recruit, and we were all admiring the lovely view, when my eyes chanced to light on the bottom of the boat, and there I was surprised to observe water flowing all about our feet and the bottom of our dresses. I did not think of danger, but only of annoyance ; for the Campbells had on mourning dresses, and I saw that the heavy crape would be irretrievably ruined. Calling my husband's attention to the water, I was alarmed by seeing him look grave ; and I then noticed, what I had not done at first, that the water was increasing and was steadily trickling down the sides of the boat. The boat had not been out that summer, and had become so dry that the planks had parted a little, and were letting in water, and the more that came in the heavier became the boat, and the more it sank in the water, letting in water more quickly the more the planks became submerged.

I instantly realized the danger, which was great, and must say I felt horribly frightened, though I strove to hide it as much as possible, so as not to alarm the others. We were exactly in the middle of the loch, but the water was not quite so deep at the edge on the other side, and Mr. Story decided to make for it. He rowed as fast as he could, and we seemed to fly through the water ; but it had now risen considerably in the boat, and I saw that

## THE WHISTLER'S GLEN

our position was very critical, for we were still a long way from the shore. We all sat perfectly silent—what could we say? I had the unconscious Helen close beside me and I gripped her very hard, but uttered no word of ejaculation, for it would have been useless, and my husband was doing his best, with a set face and strongly labouring arms. The Argyll girls were very white, but all sat with perfect composure, and showed the result of their training in the calmness with which they viewed the momentarily increasing peril. I reflected that, bad as the situation was, we at least were all together, and should not be separated at the last; but I could not help thinking of the poor Duke, stopping for letters somewhere, and opening the paper that should break to him the frightful news of the drowning of four daughters.

We were by this time so low in the water that little wavelets constantly flowed over the boat, and of course added to her already mounting contents. But my watchful eyes could trace through the limpid water seaweed and pebbles on the margin of the loch; and telling my husband of this, he renewed his efforts, and in a few vigorous strokes brought us into a depth of water where we should have been safe even had the boat sunk below us, as I every moment expected it would do. But it did not. It took us close into the shore; and we all got out trembling and very very wet, but, thank God, safe. What a blessed relief it was to stand once more on the solid land, and congratulate one another on the successful

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

close of our perilous voyage. No Whistler's Glen for us that day. The boat was baled, and some of the party were plucky enough to return in her ; but I walked with the children and one or two of the others to Row and crossed by the ferry, and the rest joined us shortly afterwards.

In the year 1878 the melancholy news came to the parish of the death of the Duchess of Argyll, who had been seized with paralysis when dining at the house of Lord Frederick Cavendish, and was never able to be removed from the scene of her illness. Her body was brought north to be buried in the family mausoleum, the yacht in which it lay resting for a night in the bay in front of the Castle ; I remember how sad it looked with its flag at half mast and the dark mass of the coffin and its surroundings lying on the deck, for the body was not removed from the vessel. My husband attended the funeral, and preached the funeral sermon on the Sunday following. He spoke of the sympathy so universally felt with the bereaved family, and of the heavy loss sustained by the parish to which the lamented lady had been so warmly attached. He spoke very feelingly on the subject. On such topics he had the gift of saying just the right thing and no more, and the Argyll family, who were in church, highly appreciated his observations, which were as true as they were touching and beautiful. Four Dukes, relatives of the Duchess, attended the funeral, and an onlooker from Rosneath, who happened to be

## THE QUEEN AT INVERARAY

present, remarked proudly that "nane of them looked sae like a Duke as oor ain Minister," so much did his good looks strike even the humbler members of his parishioners.

In the year 1875 my husband paid a visit to Inveraray Castle, where he was invited to meet Queen Victoria, who was a great personal friend of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll. She was accompanied by Princess Beatrice and attended by John Brown, a Highlander who had risen very high in Her Majesty's estimation, and was her principal personal attendant. The party at the Castle, besides the royal *entourage*, included the Marquis of Dufferin, Lord and Lady Kelvin, Dr. Macgregor of Edinburgh, and one or two others. Her Majesty had a separate table, and invited two or three of the Castle party to dine with her—the Duke or the Duchess dining with her; the one who did not dine presiding over the remaining members of the party, who had a very hilarious meeting, enlivened by the brilliant conversation of Lord Dufferin and Dr. Macgregor. At night, when a general retirement took place, the gentlemen adjourned to the smoking-room, and then followed a most jovial time, culminating in a series of blood-curdling ghost stories, also related by Lord Dufferin and Dr. Macgregor. Much was done for the entertainment of the guests, and one day a party was organized for salmon-fishing, which was a novelty to many of them. Lord Archibald, who headed the fishers, politely asked John Brown to accompany

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

them, to which he readily agreed. At the time appointed the party all assembled in front of the Castle, and John Brown was there, but clearly with no intention of accompanying the fishers.

“Are you not going with us, Brown?” asked Lord Archibald.

“No, A'm no' going,” replied Brown bluntly; “I was speakin' to the Queen about it, an' she said I wadna care for't.”

He was a very gruff, unpolished man, and spoke with no attempt at courtesy. His roughness appeared to endear him to Her Majesty, who seemed to fancy it represented honesty and faithfulness. A friend of mine, a director of the Aberdeen railway, told me that once when the Queen halted at the station on her journey south, he was standing near the royal carriage and heard the Queen send for John Brown, to whom she said that something was amiss with the lamp that lighted the carriage. John got inside, and after working with the lamp for a little, he said in most sulky tones, “Wull that dae noo? ye're that fashus.”

Brown was not a favourite with any one at Court, from the members of the royal family downwards; and much displeasure was felt when on the occasion of some distribution of honours, John Brown's gift was addressed to him as to John Brown, Esquire! He was given a special room in the Castle at a time when rooms were very scarce, and when even ministers and men of position had to be

## FRESH AIR

content with very modest accommodation ; for in the early days and for many years afterwards it was but a small house, and was much taxed in finding house room for a Court and the many visitors that came to see Her Majesty in her much prized Highland home.

The Queen very much enjoyed her visit to Inveraray, and she and Princess Beatrice each planted a young tree in commemoration of the event. Her Majesty was a great lover of fresh air, and the drawing-room windows had to be thrown open in the evening to admit a cool current, which was very trying to some of the less hardy members of the circle. It was rather sharp weather too, and some of the ladies wore shawls and scarves till the moment of the Queen's entrance, when they hastily discarded them and hid them behind cushions, while all the windows were hurriedly thrown open, and the room reduced to a temperature more pleasing to the royal taste. The Queen always drove in an open carriage, and some of the ladies complained bitterly of the long and inclement drives which were *de rigueur*. But there is no rose without its thorn, and courtiers will endure much more than a cutting breeze to bask in the smiles of royalty.

One or two rather amusing incidents occurred during this visit. One evening Lord Kelvin chanced to upset a small flower glass, and as the water threatened injury to some handsome books in its vicinity, he looked for something with which to mop it up, and finally had to

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

have recourse to his pocket handkerchief, with which he stemmed the course of the current. It became soaked and he did not know how to dispose of it, so he finally selected a tea cup which some one had put down, and deposited the wet handkerchief within it. Thereupon the Queen, who had closely observed the whole proceeding, was so tickled by it that she burst into a hearty fit of laughter, and recurred to it once or twice during the evening.

Among the guests was Professor Blackie, the well-known occupant of the Greek chair in Edinburgh, a man of very great talent and equally remarkable eccentricity. He was then engaged in trying to bring forward the study of the Celtic language, and had set his mind on establishing a chair of Celtic Literature. Her Majesty was aware of this and desired to hear about it ; so Professor Blackie was summoned to expound his views on the subject. He did this very fluently, and was proceeding to enter into some financial details, when Princess Beatrice, who was also listening to his explanation, observed, " But will not that be very expensive, Professor Blackie ? " on which the Professor waved his arms in rather a derisive manner, and exclaimed, " Oh ! that's a vulgar view to take of it."

The Princess's rejoinder I did not hear, if she made one.

Professor Blackie was a very well-known landmark on the streets of Edinburgh, where he passed along with an

## PROFESSOR BLACKIE

alert and jaunty step, a soft felt sou'wester on his long flowing grey locks, and generally a tartan plaid twisted round his shoulders, while he carried a stick and sometimes brandished it in a manner alarming to the passers-by. He had an air as if the street belonged to him, and was frequently seen to be whistling or talking to himself. He and his wife lived in Douglas Crescent, and he was often to be seen perambulating that quiet locality in a grey dressing gown, tied in by a broad crimson silk sash, and his white locks crowned with a broad flapping Panama hat, in which guise he certainly presented a most extraordinary spectacle, to which he appeared perfectly indifferent, or rather seemed to glory in the astonishment his strange appearance excited. He was very amusing and outspoken, and said exactly what he thought ; and he did not mind in the least how many conventions he broke.

Mrs. Blackie, who was rather prim but very kind-hearted, got many a rebuff from him when she tried to soften the asperity of some utterance which she fancied might hurt the feelings of a visitor. He meant nothing in the least ill-natured, but merely spoke his mind freely ; and there are times when the whole truth, even when it is absolutely the truth, must not always be uttered aloud. His unconventionality he carried to a very great excess. He had a charming house at Oban, and once, when we were on a visit to friends there, I went out to return the civility of Mrs. Blackie, who had called upon me. I



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

reached the half-street half-road in which the house was situated, and was about to enquire if Mrs. Blackie were at home, when hardly had I opened the iron gate that led into their little garden, than I was hastily seized by the shoulders and firmly forced to sit down on a seat surrounding a tree that stood in front of the house.

Next moment Professor Blackie, for it was he who had taken possession of me, threw himself into an attitude, and remarked, "Did you ever hear me sing 'The bonnie house o' Airlie'?" and straightway began that most charming Scotch ballad. He had a very good baritone voice, and sang with intense expression. It was really a great treat, and so many thought beside myself, for, as he proceeded with the lengthy ballad, a considerable crowd gathered outside the railings and listened to the Professor's admirable rendering of the song, which he finished amid a round of applause of which he took not the slightest notice. On this occasion he was attired in his dressing-gown with the red sash and the large Panama hat, which he frequently removed from his head to wave a point to some special portion of the song. I was then permitted to pay my long-delayed visit to Mrs. Blackie.

On another occasion he called on me one day in Edinburgh, where we were then lodging in a house in Rutland Street, and after a little conversation he burst into a well-known song of his own composition, in which was introduced the incident of Jenny Geddes flinging the

## MISS BIRD

cutty stool at the Dean's head. He sang with his usual animation, and when he had reached the point of the stool throwing, he glanced round him wildly, and to my horror seized a large and heavy book that lay on a table near him, and imitated the action of Jenny Geddes by throwing the volume from him to the other end of the room. It luckily fell on the floor and did no damage ; but it might have broken all the china in the room for anything the Professor would have cared.

I remember calling on the Blackies one afternoon, and finding Miss Isabella Bird there, between whom and Blackie there ensued a conversation which for cleverness and piquancy I never heard equalled. Miss Bird was a talented woman, and spoke well and readily ; the Professor kept up the ball ; Mrs. Blackie sat at the tea table dumb, while I remained a delighted listener to the brilliant encounter of the two wits, thanking my stars that I had chanced to call on that particular afternoon. Professor Blackie was not exactly a good-looking man ; but he had very finely cut features and an air as if he were walking upon heather ; every one was attracted by his appearance as he passed along the street.

Miss Bird was a very pleasant woman and the author of several very popular books of travel. Her health was extremely delicate, and she suffered from a disease of the spine ; it seemed impossible that a woman so fragile could have taken the tremendous rides and penetrated to

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

the remote fastnesses which she described in her books ; but they made very fascinating reading, even if one felt compelled to accept them with the customary grain of salt. A friend of mine once stayed in a country house with Miss Bird, and one afternoon went with the authoress for a country walk. They returned to tea, and during the meal Miss Bird entertained the whole party with a relation of the events that she said had occurred during their walk. There was no untruth in her narration, everything she mentioned had really taken place ; but in Miss Bird's skilful hands the incidents were totally transmogrified, and the most trifling occurrences assumed a different complexion, and were surrounded by a fascination entirely lent to them by the thrilling manner in which they were presented. My friend said she listened with widely opened eyes, and heard each trivial incident that she had hardly noticed at the time related in a way that she could barely recognize it, and she felt that she envied the talent that could so transmute ordinary facts and colour with romance the details of a country walk. Miss Bird I knew very well. She was a most agreeable woman, the very best of company, and, in spite of her undeniably bad health, she could go through an extraordinary amount of fatigue without apparent injury, and could relate her adventures afterwards with a vivacity that delighted all her hearers, and created the immense popularity of her books. She married late in life Dr. Bishop, a man of great ability, who had been a very good

## MISS GORDON CUMMING

friend to her and an unmarried sister ; and to whom she made a very excellent wife.

A dear friend of hers was Miss Gordon Cumming, also a great traveller, who has given us detailed and charming accounts of her adventures, and who at this time of writing is, I am happy to say, yet alive and vigorous in her sweet northern home at Crieff. She was a very handsome woman in her youth, and is still so in her old age ; with a great charm of manner, natural to the members of the family from whom she sprang, the Gordon Cummings of Altyre. She became strongly interested in the cause of the blind Chinese, and endeavoured with much ardour to interest her fellow-countrymen on their behalf. Being herself an artist of some ability, she opened a small exhibition in Edinburgh and showed there a series of water-colours of Canton and Hong Kong, which struck me as bearing a very great resemblance to some of the lower reaches of the Clyde, especially those of Rosneath and Row. Miss Gordon Cumming charged a small sum for admission, which went to the cause she was advocating. Except for the difference in vegetation and in the houses of the people, the likeness was very strong indeed ; and I more than once heard people standing in front of the pictures and making remarks to the same effect.

Miss Gordon Cumming was sister of the famous lion-hunter of the same name, of whose exploits and bravery I have treated with full detail in my previous volume. I knew Roualeyn Gordon Cumming well, and many a

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

long talk I had with him in his *furry* exhibition in Princes Street, where he astonished visitors with his marvellous trophies of his African deeds and charmed some of them by a relation of the actions that had enabled him to have those wonderful spoils on the walls of his saloon. He was a very handsome man, with a grand figure, a fine head of hair, and a red beard so long and luxuriant that he often wore it in a net to prevent it from being too rudely blown about by the fierce gales of Edinburgh.

## CHAPTER XII

YEARS passed on, and in the year 1879 our particular friend, Lady Frances Campbell, was married. Two of her sisters had married before her ; Lady Edith the eldest, to Earl Percy, son of the Duke of Northumberland, and Lady Evelyn to James Baillie Hamilton, nephew of the Earl of Haddington. To her my daughter Elma was a bridesmaid, and the marriage took place in Westminster Abbey. We were not present at either of these marriages, but we went up to London for that of Lady Frances, which took place in the Presbyterian Church of St. John, Allen Street. My husband performed the marriage, assisted by Dean Stanley.

When Mr. Story and I went to the church, he was taken off to the vestry and I was conducted to a seat ; and after I had settled myself properly, and begun to see about me, I perceived that I was sitting in the same pew with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, the latter then a very prominent figure in English life. When the service began Mrs. Gladstone vainly looked for the place in her prayer book ; and seeing that she continued her search, I whispered

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

to her that she would not find it in any book. She seemed surprised, but imparted the information to her husband, who laid down the book with which he too was fumbling, and paid great attention to the service going on. There was a printed paper containing the selected hymns, and to this I called Mrs. Gladstone's attention at the proper time. When the service was over, and the congregation was dispersing, I rose and quitted the seat, as Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone showed signs of wishing to depart. Mrs. Gladstone thanked me very cordially for my assistance, and asked if I were a Presbyterian. I replied, "Yes," and told her I was the wife of the officiating clergyman. She told this also to Mr. Gladstone, who stopped as he was leaving the seat and thanked me again for assisting them to understand the service.

He spoke in a low, deep voice, and it was then that I properly saw his eyes, which absolutely seemed to transfix me. They were well sunk under overhanging brows, deep, glowing, lambent. I never before or since met such eyes. Mrs. Oliphant's were something of the same nature, but hers did not have that far-away living glow that Mr. Gladstone's had; they made me feel the secret of his extraordinary mastery over men; there was no standing against the compelling power of such a glance. He had a very masterful look, and I believe he took an adverse opinion very badly; a friend told me once that at a dinner at which Mr. Gladstone spoke, he propounded some statements which my friend knew

## MR. GLADSTONE

to be the reverse of correct, so on the conclusion of the speech this gentleman rose and denied the truth of the statements in question. When he sat down he was almost immediately given a small slip of paper on which was written in pencil :

“ *We never contradict Mr. Gladstone. C. Gladstone.*”

So careful was his devoted wife over the slightest possibility of his being annoyed.

During the progress of the Midlothian Campaign, when constant telegrams were arriving telling of disaster and defeat, Mr. Gladstone's indignation became more and more uncontrollable, and when the final announcement came which told of Colonel Wauchope's reduction of the majority, the veteran statesman, filled with a great access of fury, raised a large carved chair in his arms, and dashed it violently from him, breaking it into pieces ; in this way getting rid of some of the intense indignation that possessed him. A well-known peer of the party, on being questioned as to how Mr. Gladstone took the news of his defeat, answered shortly, “ He broke furniture,” which was another way of putting the smashing of the chair.

On one of our visits to London we went down to Exeter, and hearing of our intention, Dean Stanley gave my husband an introduction to the Bishop, who was at that time Dr. Temple. His lordship, who kept house with a very kindly elderly sister, called on us and invited us to the Palace, where we were treated with the greatest



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

hospitality. The Bishop was a great teetotaler, but he did not extend the restriction to his guests, and we were supplied with excellent wines. I entered into a discussion on the subject with his lordship, but he was unbending in his denunciation of all alcoholic liquors ; and when I told him I thought a glass of old port would do him all the good in the world after a day of hard episcopal labour, he assured me that a basin of beef tea would be far more beneficial, and that he knew this by experience. The Bishop was very kind to us during our stay in Exeter, and sent his carriage for us once or twice that we might drive to special places in the neighbourhood of which he had spoken to us.

We went one afternoon to Teignmouth and saw that pretty watering-place ; but our especial reason for visiting Exeter was to see my aunt Mrs. Deane's old servants, Mary Brown and Susan Evans, who had retired after her death to Devonshire, which was their native county, and resided there at no very great distance from each other, somewhere near the town of Honiton, so famous for its beautiful lace. But though living not many miles from each other, the two old women chanced never to have met since the days when they were in my aunt's service ; and I, knowing this, had planned that they should meet and dine at the hotel where we were staying, and spend at least some hours together, when they might talk over the former days at Cheltenham, and indulge in recollections that must have been familiar

## OLD RETAINERS

and dear to them both. Our children were with us, and I anticipated no small pleasure from exhibiting them to my old friends, who were also eagerly expecting the sight of the little creatures of whom they had heard so much, for I had not been silent regarding the perfections of the small people ; and fine and bright shone the sun on the happy day that was to see this cherished scheme carried out, and I went down to the station to await the arrival of the trains that were to bring the two ancient travellers to Exeter. It so happened that they came in at different ends of the long station, and both trains were unluckily late.

I received old Susan Evans on alighting from her train, and welcomed her warmly, and I told her that we had made the harrowing discovery that there was but one train in which Mary Brown could return home, and that was the very one by which Evans had travelled, and that she must just get into it as quickly as she could. I tried my best to induce Evans to go quickly to the other end of the platform and be able at least to shake hands with her former fellow-servant, but she was very fat and very stiff, and before we could reach the waiting train, it had moved and was going steadily on its way, and all my plans for the meeting of the two old women had come to nothing. I was bitterly disappointed, and felt as if I must have bungled somehow ; but it was all owing to alterations in suburban trains. The two old women never met again, and both died not very long afterwards.

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

Old Mary went in the train back to her house, but Evans returned to the hotel with us, and stayed till a much later hour. She was greatly interested in seeing my youngest girl being put to bed, and sat and watched her in her bath with intense enjoyment, exclaiming, "Lor', if iver I seed sich gambits;" this when Helen executed a particularly lively splash in the water, and covered the old woman with a shower of drops. They were very lively children, and made up all manner of little games for themselves, and were the best of friends and always sufficient to each other, never requiring to be amused or looked after. One game they had consisted in impersonating members of two different families, the Bandersnatches and the Blinds, and I have heard them keep this game up for a very long time.

After we left Exeter we went to visit friends at Clifton ; and it happened one day that my nurse took the children into the public gardens, where she sat down and began some needlework, while Elma and Helen played about her, and commenced their favourite game. A lady was sitting on the same seat, and seemed much interested in the little girls, speaking to them several times and attentively watching them. At last she turned to the nurse and observed, " What pretty little girls these are ; what a terrible pity that they are both idiots."

" They are not idiots," exclaimed the indignant Smeaton, " they are just playing themselves."

That game of the Bandersnatches and the Blinds lasted

## YACHTING

for a long time ; and when Elma was able she dressed little penny wooden dolls, and they were named after the chief personages of the two families. Henry Blind and Matilda Bandersnatch, I think, were engaged ; and not long ago I came upon Henry Blind in one of my cupboards, and was straight taken back to the time when my children were little, and those two families and their concerns loomed large upon the horizon of my daily life. How such trifles as this come back to us in after days, when things of far greater importance are forgotten.

When Inveraray Castle had been restored after its disastrous fire, the family returned to it as their place of residence, and the Duke let Rosneath for several seasons to a very pleasant English family. Sir William Richmond Brown was a wealthy baronet, devoted to yachting ; and he owned a large and beautiful yacht, the *Lyra*, in which he and his family used to go and watch the numerous regattas that took place all up and down the West Coast, and frequently they sent us an invitation to accompany them and to take our children, as theirs were going too. What days of enjoyment these were. A smart gig came for us and rowed us off to the yacht, where Sir William and Lady Brown often had a large party of guests on board, and where we followed the many interesting races, in which several yachts belonging to special friends generally took part. Often there chanced to be a considerable tossing for us all, and sometimes a few nervous ladies showed the white feather and also got extremely

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

sea-sick ; but we knew that Sir William was a notable yachtsman and could sail his boat with the best, so we felt every confidence when he was in charge. We were most hospitably entertained, and sometimes, when the races ended rather early, we were taken for a sail among the many picturesque reaches of the Clyde, and grew very familiar with its many beautiful bends and bays, the very paradise of yachters, and opening out some of the most lovely scenery in the kingdom. We often went yachting too with our kind friend Mr. Richardson, who took us long trips and showed us much of the romantic coast scenery of the West.

The Browns were very good and hospitable neighbours and kept the Castle very merry ; for they had many pleasant visitors and extended their invitations to meet them to many of the residents of Rosneath. They were much in evidence too ; and drove most beautiful black horses—a pair of large carriage ones and a pair of spirited ponies, which we used to admire excessively as we saw them dashing up and down the road with gay handsome carriages to match and a number of smartly dressed ladies inside. Rosneath was very busy and lively in those happy days, the houses all generally let, and a congregation on Sunday that would have done credit to a city church, and filled our little shrine quite to overflowing.

When the Argyll family had returned to Inveraray, we of course saw less of them, but the former intimacy

## VISIT TO INVERARAY

continued, and a very close correspondence was kept up between the girls and us, varied with occasional meetings when the Duke's yacht put into the bay, with some of the family on board, or when one or other of the girls came to pay us a little visit at the Manse, and renewed the familiar intercourse of earlier days. We went to Inveraray too: the good and gracious Duchess presided there no longer, but her place was occupied by Lady Elizabeth, and she was a most kindly chatelaine, and did the honours of the Castle most admirably. We were invited on one occasion to meet Mr. and Mrs. Phelps, the American Ambassador, and his wife; and the day came, but with it a fog so thick that no steamer could possibly call, and we thought our visit was at an end, when the idea of trying Kilcreggan suggested itself. We got a cab and drove over there; but no boat was touching there either, so we were just turning away when we heard the sound of paddles, and in a minute or two a steamer came through the fog and stopped at the pier. It was a much belated boat to Dunoon, and there might be a chance of going that way, as it was possible to drive from Dunoon to Inveraray. We went on board, and when we reached the opposite side the fog lifted as if it were a curtain, and a clear beautiful day lay beyond. It had a very singular effect; the fog on one side was as a sheer white wall, on the other brilliant sunshine, which continued all the way, and we had a lovely drive, having managed to secure a carriage and a pair of good horses

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

at the hotel. We telegraphed our movements, as we were of course arriving much later than had been arranged.

We found Mr. and Mrs. Phelps at the Castle, the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, and Sir John and Lady Emma M'Neill, and a most pleasant circle it was. Lord Salisbury was then Prime Minister, a very dignified and courtly personage, tall and stately, if not exactly a handsome man, with a manner of extreme suavity and graciousness, a gentle bend of his courtly head, and a full, rather stout figure, which he held upright, and a very pleasant voice in conversation, distinct and well modulated, rather low. Lady Salisbury was hearty and kindly, but quite the *grande dame*; she was fair, and decidedly *embonpoint*, and was very active and energetic. Mr. and Mrs. Phelps were a pair of charming Americans, with just a trace of the American accent to give piquancy to their animated conversation. Mr. Phelps was then Minister at the Court of St. James's, and certainly he and his wife were two model representatives, for their manner was perfectly delightful, and yet they in every way supported the dignity of their position. Sir John M'Neill was a man of old Highland family, and had been in the Indian Medical service and officially employed by Government at the Court of Persia, where his services had been universally recognized. He was a very striking-looking man of great height. His wife, Lady Emma, was the sister of the Duke and rather like him in many ways; the girls all adored her, and Lady Victoria, the delicate

## THE CASTLE

daughter, had been chiefly brought up by her, and the affection of the two was extreme ; they were hardly ever separate.

The Castle, restored and greatly improved by the Duke, is a splendid house, above all most thoroughly warmed, as I have never felt a house before or since. When you went out of a room, instead of encountering a blast of chilly air, a warm, soft current blew across your face, and no icy shivers were ever felt in crossing the long corridors which extended from end to end of the huge building. An open central tower reached to the bottom of the Castle, its walls festooned with old armour and weapons and notable shields, and the lowest floor fitted up as a sitting room, and filled with sofas and chairs of all kinds, and tables and *armoires* of ancient and varying styles, all united so as to make a most comfortable room as well as a very handsome one. The living rooms were all very handsome too, and contained many fine paintings, one or two priceless ones among them having been destroyed by the fire—chief of all, the famous portrait of the beautiful Miss Gunning, who afterwards became Duchess of Argyll, and the portrait by Jameson of the Great Marquis. These were the saddest losses caused by the fire, although other paintings were lost and much fine armour and weapons, but these had been very skilfully restored or replaced.

The walks about the Castle were all delightful, including a very favourite one to the top of Duniquoich, a high



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

wooded summit at one side of the Castle, from which a very fine view was to be obtained. The indoor society was most fascinating, for so many of the company were good conversationalists. It was a treat of the highest description to hear the Duke, Lord Salisbury and Mr. Phelps engage in one of their animated discussions on some knotty point ; no one else ventured to join, or rarely ; and we all sat silently drinking in the words of wisdom that fell from these sapient lips, and deriving, let us hope, fresh stores of information from the sources that they so readily communicated. It was most interesting listening to them, for each was master of his subject and many hard problems came under discussion ; and if each guest did not rise from table, like the wedding guest, a " sadder," he certainly arose a " wiser man " or woman, as the case might be. We took long lovely drives through the grand Highland glens, and the Duke told us legends of by-gone days, and the time passed delightfully by till the sad hour came when we must bid adieu to the kindly circle and retrace our steps for home.

There was no fog on our return, and we came by another and even grander route. I could see the wild precipices that fell on either side of our path, and I must say that they filled me with terror, when one saw how dreadful the effects of a false step might be. It is a very picturesque but a very dangerous road, but, often as we have traversed it, I am thankful to say we never met with any mishap either by land or water.

## CANNA

Years rolled gradually on and many changes came, bringing altered days for Rosneath. The Duchess of Argyll, whom we knew, had a successor, a very kind and gracious woman, who did all that was in her power to fulfil the duties of her high position, and was a good wife to the Duke ; but her health was very delicate, and she was an Episcopalian, which did not commend itself to the parishioners, who would have preferred her to have been of their own church. Two or three heads of families had been removed, and one or two properties had changed hands. Our old friend Mr. Robert Cumming of Barreman had died, and the estate had been bought by Mr. Thom, who, with a kind wife and a large family of sons and daughters, had come to live in the old house, and were exceedingly popular.

Mr. Thom also owned the Western Island of Canna, a sweet and lovely isle not far from the Hebrides. We all visited him there on one occasion, and I shall never forget the charm of that distant and rock-strewn islet, all covered with the most lovely short turf and a wealth of wild flowers that I have never seen surpassed, not even on the Continent. There were wild roses of every variety, wild thyme quite gorgeous and with an ineffable perfume, orchises so splendid as to seem like some rare garden bloom, stone crop much finer than I had believed existed, and other varieties of flowers too numerous to mention, sending a cloud of fragrance all over the island, mingling with the delightful odours from the ever-rolling sea that stretched

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

its blue waters on every side of us as we lay extended on the velvet turf. As we sat on the little rocky headlands, we could hear the great Atlantic rollers breaking on the sandy shore and echoing far up the interior of the huge caves that burrowed into the island, and there was something eerie in the long, dull, thunderous sound, as it echoed from cave to cave, and finally died away amid the incoming breakers. That sweet island ! I do not marvel that its owner loved it so ; he who was accustomed to the tropical luxuriance of the West Indies cared not for all their verdure and wealth of beauty, when compared with the briny gales and rock-girt terraces of his own Canna, where no trees broke the line of the horizon or even sheltered his roof tree, and the westerly gales sent the wild spray dashing far over the thyme-covered plateaux that formed the chief landscape of Canna.

## CHAPTER XIII

I MAY mention that during all the years of our residence at Rosneath, and for many years afterwards, our household enjoyed almost perfect health, that greatest of earthly blessings. I had come of a very healthy stock, my husband's health was uniformly good, and beyond trifling ailments, and in the case of the children, the ordinary diseases of childhood, we had usually a clean bill of health, and little occasion to call for the services of any doctor. But there came a time when my husband, generally so impervious to outward influence, succumbed to it, and had an attack of illness which had far-reaching consequences, and which told on his constitution for many a day afterwards, though he seemed to have completely shaken it off. He preached one Sunday evening in Helensburgh, and, as the shades of night were falling, he returned to Row, there to avail himself of the ferry-boat to take him over to Rosneath. Preaching always over-heated him, and, though he drove to Row Point, he was kept waiting for some time for the arrival of the boat, and he was still very warm from his recent exertions. The result was that

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

he caught a bad chill and developed a cold, which we treated with simple remedies and did not much regard, till one afternoon, when Dr. Macgregor of the Tron chanced to call, and I took him into the study where my husband was. He remained there for some time, and then came back to me.

“Your husband’s not well, Mrs. Story,” he said; “I don’t like that little cough he has; you should get a doctor for him.”

The doctor was got at once and then another, for the patient grew worse, till the time came when matters looked very grave indeed. The Duke of Argyll sent his own personal doctor from Inveraray, a man in whom he and we had implicit confidence, but still the gravity of the illness increased, till at last all hope was well nigh abandoned. Kind friends had taken the children away that the house might be kept quiet, and everyone in the neighbourhood was filled with the deepest sympathy and unremitting in their enquiries and attentions. The doctors had told me that if a certain pain from which my husband was suffering did not appear elsewhere, that would be a good sign; but that if it occurred in any other part, it was an unfavourable symptom. Late in the evening he complained of pain in his leg, and I shuddered at the thought of what it might mean. I had left his room for a little, and was walking up and down in the drawing-room, my heart filled with sad thoughts and mourning over the impossibility of getting a doctor at that hour,

## MY HUSBAND'S ILLNESS

when the clock struck eleven, and its chimes were immediately followed by the ringing of the door bell. I knew it could only be a doctor, and the revulsion of feeling almost overwhelmed me. I shall never forget the effect of that quiet tinkle of the door bell. It almost seemed an answer to prayer, and perhaps it was.

It was Dr. Blatherwick, our dear friend at Row, and he had crossed the ferry at that late hour, in case his services might be required. He had been dining out, and said to his wife as they drove home from the party, " I am going over to have a look at Dr. Story ; I did not like his appearance this afternoon."

Remedies were applied, the pain disappeared, and from that moment all went well. But it was a slow recovery, and for many a long day he was very weak and unable to do much ; and the kindness of all our friends at that trying time can never fade from my recollection. Fathers and brethren preached for him, every duty was willingly undertaken for him, and good friends came to see and sit with him, who kept him in touch with current events, and made a wholesome break in the monotony of his life ; and, though last, but not least, wines and delicacies of every kind were heaped upon him, and anyone who thought they knew some viand particularly strengthening made haste to convey it to him. Good old Mrs. Robertson of Stroul sent him constant supplies of her unrivalled brown soup, which carried health and strength in every spoonful ; Caroline Campbell made large tureens of her nice Friar's

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

chicken soup, which in its own line could not be surpassed ; while game, wine, fruit, every possible luxury came liberally to the Manse, and it witnessed such a filling of the larder as might have been imagined had a royal prince been the recipient.

Our kind neighbours, the Richardsons, overpowered us with their goodness, and but for them I scarcely think my husband would have rounded the very ugly corner that had to be passed ere recovery could be confidently counted upon. I declared that their light cart was never off the road with one good thing and another, while after a time, when convalescence had actually set in, that truly hospitable pair insisted on our all going round to Hartfield for change of air, children too, and their governess, that my husband might always have at hand the society that was most congenial to him, and that his mind might be relieved from even the slightest touch of anxiety respecting them. For several weeks we stayed there, with every imaginable care lavished upon the invalid, and health and convalescence came back apace. It was then Christmas, and a right jolly one we spent there, several additions to the house party coming to join us, including our dear and steadfast friends, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tulloch, he a son of our beloved friend, Principal Tulloch, a young man who has always been as a son to me ; his wife a jolly little Irish woman, a connection of my own, and whose happy marriage to her stalwart and most admirable husband we flattered ourselves we had no small share in bringing

## A WINTER ABROAD

about. We spent a very hearty Christmas season, and when it was over Mr. Richardson stopped me one day, when I was quitting the library where we were alone. "Now, Mrs. Story, I want to speak to you. I've been talking to the doctors, and they say there must be no work for Dr. Story yet awhile, and he ought to winter abroad; so we have arranged all the pros and cons, and you must allow me to be your banker." And so the good man settled it all, and we had nothing to do but to fall in with his arrangements.

With the exception of a month at Bournemouth, which we most thoroughly enjoyed, we spent the winter months on the Riviera, and what a very delightful time that was; and neither of us had ever been there before, so it was all fresh to us. We had been told of a quiet residential hotel at Cannes, the *Hôtel des Anglais*, and thither we went, having previously secured rooms, and a very comfortable place we found it. Paris, through which we passed and halted for a day or two, was bitterly cold, and we felt the great comfort of the warmed cabs or *voitures chauffées*, as a ticket exhibited outside informed you, containing simply an exaggerated form of hot bottle, very pleasant when the thermometer was many degrees below zero. We heard appalling accounts of the extremity of the cold in several of the central and more mountainous provinces, and the ravages of wolves were added to the ordinary winter horrors; for those ferocious animals still roam the woods in some of the more secluded parts of France. We heard of



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

their attacking belated travellers and lonely farm yards, and began rather to dread the long journey that lay before us ; and when (I think it was at Lyons) I quitted the carriage to take a little turn in the station, in the middle of the night, and put my extended foot deep into snow, cold shivers came over me, and I seemed to hear the hideous cry of the gathering pack as they rushed on the storm-stayed train and mangled every passenger who rashly strayed from the shelter of the railway carriages.

Soon I fell asleep again ; and oh, never shall I forget that waking, when we had passed the white houses of Marseilles, and come into the sunny influence of the blue Mediterranean, the sea and sky of a blue which until then I had never seen, save in pictures, the cliffs and rocks of a warm glowing red, and the lovely swelling landscape stretching away to the far distant Alpine ranges, while in front, just outside the railway carriage, lay the dazzling sheet of sparkling waters, breaking in tiny wavelets on the golden shores of France. We rolled steadily on, passing one charming town after another, the day becoming more heavenly, the landscape more enchanting, till we rounded a corner and presently found we were whirling into the crescent in which is located Cannes, that queen of the maritime towns of the Riviera. An omnibus took us to the Hôtel des Anglais, and soon we were settled in our comfortable room, and felt quite at home there. The hotel stood pretty high up, and the road that led to it was the dustiest I think I ever encountered. You went into it

## THE RIVIERA

deep at every step, and it was so light that it rose in clouds and covered the unfortunate wayfarer with a choking white veil, while the hedges and flower-hung walls were quite overwhelmed, and looked as if a sprinkling of snow had fallen and covered them.

In the hotel there was a large English colony, and very pleasant we found most of them ; we soon discovered mutual acquaintances, and presently became very sociable with our fellow-boarders ; for this hotel, as, indeed, most of them were, was on the *pension* system. There were few foreigners ; they did not seem to be encouraged, and would not have found it very agreeable had they gone there, for the English language was the only one spoken ; all the guests, though unquestionably people of education, preferring to keep to their own language, and displaying the utmost aversion to indulging in a conversation in any other.

So much was this the case that one day, when an unlucky Frenchman had sought the refuge of the hotel, all the ladies gave explicit instructions to the waiter that he was not to be put next them at table, and I found poor Alphonse in a state bordering on despair, till I comforted him by permitting him to seat the obnoxious guest next me, for which Samaritan deed he overwhelmed me with thanks and gratitude. I was no great hand at French, but I thought I knew enough to carry me through dinner, and I felt sorry for the poor man, who received a very cold shoulder from the rest of the guests, and had no resource

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

but to confine his attention to the one individual who was inclined to listen to him. We got through dinner in a fairly satisfactory manner ; I made plentiful blunders, and he corrected me in a polite and straightforward manner, without once smiling. We became very good friends ; I improved much in my French speaking ; the gentleman was very grateful to me, and showed me many polite attentions, and he became known in the hotel as " Mrs. Story's Frenchman." But I do think it was a shame, and greatly to be deplored, that such a thing should have taken place in a hotel frequented by people, all of whom must have included the French tongue in their list of acquirements, and yet, when it came to the necessity of using it, they were reluctant to put it to the most feeble test. It is the more surprising, too, as French people, indeed foreigners generally, are so invariably polite and helpful in their reception of the defaulting observations of those occasional English, who are bold enough to make a few hazy remarks in a language, which really ought to be almost as familiar to them as their own. Educated people nowadays ought certainly to speak French at least. If they do not, they deprive themselves of one of the greatest charms of travelling. It is most depressing to sit dumb beside people for a whole day, when one might be receiving much useful information, and gaining and communicating many pleasant ideas. In passing the little town of Frèjus, I spoke of it as Frèju, sinking the s, when a young French lady politely corrected

## CANNES

me, saying Frèjus, sounding the consonant quite clearly. I thanked her, and felt very grateful. She did it in kindness ; few Englishmen or women would have been so good-hearted, and some would not have received it as amiably as I did ; but I know now how Frèjus should be pronounced.

We spent a month at Cannes, revelling in its beauties, and enjoying to the full the warmth and amenity of its delightful temperature. We made some very agreeable acquaintances, among them Miss Hawkins, the talented authoress of *Blue Roses*, who, with some other members of her family, lived in a pretty villa not far from our hotel. We also met the Honourable Mrs. Anson, whom we had previously met at Rosneath visiting the Duke of Argyll, and whom at that time we had predestined to the position she filled later, that of Duchess of Argyll. Her house in Cannes, called " The Villa Anson," was a delightful one, large and roomy, and surrounded by a beautiful garden and a lawn, of which Mrs. Anson was very proud, as green lawns are very rare objects on the Riviera, and require the most sedulous attention to preserve their verdure in the generally prolonged drought. But this one was as green as if it had been in the Emerald Isle.

A lady told me that on going one day to call at Baroness Burdett Coutts' beautiful villa, she and her husband went for a turn in the garden, and, on stepping across a bit of the lawn, a gardener came up and requested him to come off the grass, as no one was allowed to walk on it. Her

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

husband was a very distinguished man, and not accustomed to being ordered off any place, but they submitted peacefully to the stringent regulations which were enforced in the interest of the grass.

One of the large villas on the bay had been taken by the Empress of Russia, who was in very delicate health and died not long afterwards. At one period of her illness she used to drive out with some of her ladies, a most mournful cavalcade of the ghastly pale Czarina, and two or three sad and silent ladies ; but latterly she was unable for the exertion, and lay on a sofa in the garden, sadly regarding the beautiful view stretched before her, the calm blue waters of the lovely bay, the olive woods that fringed the shores, and the violet range of the Esterels on the western horizon. When the poor Czarina died, the Czar had her body conveyed back to St. Petersburg, and we stood on one of the railway bridges and watched the train pass slowly beneath, and slowly and solemnly it proceeded on its long journey, due honours being accorded to it at every important place which it passed.

We remained for a month at Cannes, and then went on to Mentone, a place which my husband liked better, but I adhered to my admiration for Cannes. In Mentone we stayed in a hotel close to the shore, and it was very pretty to look out of the windows at night and see the exquisite phosphorescent light on the little wavelets as they broke on the shore ; otherwise we had a more charming view at Cannes ; but Mentone is certainly a beautiful place,

## MENTONE

surrounded as it is by high mountains and lovely valleys, many of which we penetrated on the backs of donkeys, which are much patronized by visitors to Mentone. They were sure footed, but very slow, and had an annoying habit of keeping as close as possible to the wall, by which trick they rubbed their rider's foot and leg painfully against the rough stones, when hard blows and much angry language was the result, to both of which the donkey remained equally indifferent.

We had heard much of the sad experience of meeting so many evident invalids, and of seeing death clearly written in faces that we should encounter every day. We did not find this so frequent an experience as we had anticipated, not really more so than in most British health resorts. One old lady interested us, who slowly walked by the side of an evidently dying son ; her anguished look of deep love told the sad story of one last attempt to check the fatal malady which was gradually sapping the young man's strength, and which brings so many predestined victims to Mentone. We watched this one growing thinner and paler, and his sad mother more and more melancholy, till there came a time when we did not meet them for many days. Then there came an afternoon when we met the poor old lady alone, and knew too well that the heart-breaking blow had descended, and that one more victim had gone to swell the list of the painful Mentone tragedies.

We rode up and down the rough paths that formed the

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

only approach to the picturesque valleys surrounding Mentone, and we saw much of the village life of the place ; we watched the country people going up and down with huge baskets on their heads, which contained fruit and vegetables going to the various great hotels, and we much enjoyed the spectacle of the busy washerwomen pursuing their avocation in the river, especially when we knew we had no clothes undergoing the severe operation of being cleansed, for the stout buxom women flung the articles about and beat them upon the wet stones, till it seemed impossible that any linen or cotton that ever was made could resist a process so vigorous and destructive.

We were in one of the much-frequented hotels, and were often interested and amused by observing the guests of varying nationalities that passed through it *en route* to other places, and halted perhaps only for luncheon or tea at the Victoria, which was the name of our caravansary. The landlord and his wife were M. and Madame Milandri. She had formerly been maid to the Duchess of Argyll, by whom we were recommended to try the hotel, and most comfortable did we find ourselves in every way, as Madame knew what were our probable requirements, and attended to them at all times. We had a charming balcony, and as the one next to ours was occupied by a most fascinating widow, with whom I speedily struck up an acquaintance, she and I had many a pleasant chat across the low iron railing which separated our respective balconies. She was Mrs. Alexander, of

## INTERESTING VISITORS

the family of Ballochmyle in Ayrshire, and was travelling with a young stepdaughter, who looked like a younger sister, and they were evidently on the most agreeable terms. We got to know these two ladies very well, and they contributed much to the enjoyment of our stay in Mentone. Mrs. Alexander was both charming in manner and extremely pretty; we heard of her marriage not long afterwards to Mr. Stewart of Carnock, younger brother of Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart, a very delightful man, noted for his peculiarly attractive manner, who had once handed me to dinner at a party long ago at the house of Major Chalmer at Larbert.

A distinguished visitor came one day to lunch at the hotel; this was the Grand Duke Vladimir (I think), a brother of the Czar of Russia. He was a singularly handsome man, of great height, six feet two or three inches, and he carried himself with all the air of an aristocrat and yet with the most perfect simplicity, bowing deeply to the assembled company when he entered, and following the obsequious waiter to a small table in a window recess, which he occupied with the two military members of his suite. Luncheon went on as usual, but all eyes were focussed upon that window table; and I think His Imperial Highness must have been decidedly uncomfortable at finding himself the observed of all observers, only probably he was well accustomed to the experience.

We met here one couple of whom we saw a good deal, a



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

Mr. and Mrs. Buddicombe, who, with a daughter, were spending a holiday time on the Riviera. They sat next us at table ; and before we had finished our first dinner together, we discovered that they knew Scotland and indeed the West Coast well, and had actually spent their honeymoon at Garelochhead, so they were fully acquainted with Rosneath. This naturally brought us into friendly relations, which were increased when we found out later that their pet dog, which they had left at home, was of the celebrated Rosneath breed, and that we had ourselves selected him for them from a family of puppies owned by Clark, the Duke's keeper, we imagining he was going to the cousin who had commissioned us to procure the dog. Mr. Buddicombe was an engineer, and had organized the railway between Greenock and Glasgow, which accounted for his knowledge of the west side of Scotland. They were very pleasant people, and had purchased a piece of land at Bordighera, that pretty little promontory where the sun is always shining, even when he shines nowhere else, for often on a dull day I have noticed the brilliant gleam that lighted up the white houses of Bordighera, when the rest of the landscape was shrouded in a dreary mantle of slaty grey.

One old lady at the hotel diverted us very much. She was quite alone ; and each day after dinner when we went into the drawing-room, she took a small table out of a corner, placed it before a comfortable chair, seated herself, and pulling a pack of tiny cards from her pocket,

## THE ABBÉ

proceeded to play Patience for an hour or more, quite regardless of the interest she excited and taking no notice of the large " gallery " that surrounded her. In time we became acquainted, and she told me that if she omitted her game of Patience she did not sleep that night. I am a great Patience player, but I have never found my game, however successful, act as an anodyne, while a series of unfinished " Miss Milligans " has a most exasperating effect on the temper, and must, if they have any effect on the brain, be rather against sleep than otherwise.

The most notable guest in the hotel was certainly a French Abbé, a most choice specimen of the Roman Catholic persuasion. He spoke French with a clearness and nicety that I never heard before, in which he reminded me of Madame Ristori, whom I once had the good fortune to hear in Paris, and whose specially beautiful and distinct pronunciation filled me with the greatest delight and admiration. I could follow every word she uttered, though French poetical tragedy is not very easy to follow, owing to the accent always employed in French poetry. The Abbé Tissier was the observed of all observers in the hotel; he was always surrounded by a circle of admiring listeners, and certainly he discussed a great variety of topics in a very interesting manner, using, as Frenchmen usually do, an immense amount of graceful gesticulation to give emphasis to his speech, and evidently impressing his audience favourably with all the views he advanced. We were told he was a celebrated preacher,

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

and I was not surprised to hear it, for his voice was a rich and mellow one, and his command of choice and refined language very remarkable ; I could well imagine his swaying a large congregation and making many converts to his faith. The French, indeed all Catholic priests, are chosen with much discrimination, and those with the gift of oratory are retained more especially to fill the pulpit and not expended on parochial work. One good lady, a somewhat prim old maid, was a special friend of the Abbé, and he went to see her when he visited England in the small country town in which she lived. But she subsequently confided to me that her whole pleasure in his visit was destroyed when he insisted on buying some fine plums he noticed in a shop, and eating them out of the paper-bag as he paced by her side down the street—a proceeding that struck horror into her conventional soul.

We spent a delightful time on the Riviera, and then came home by the south of France, halting at several interesting places on the way, and visiting at Nimes the superb Roman remains, which struck us as more wonderful than almost any we have seen. While there we drove some miles to see the celebrated Pont du Gard, a most wonderful structure, erected by the Romans, and in a surprising state of preservation, its arches almost perfect, and while much of the parapet is gone, a good deal remains to show what it must originally have been. Truly the Romans were a marvellous people, as evidenced

## PONT DU GARD

by the fragmentary remains of their handiwork ; nothing of the present-day architecture will stand the test of ages as theirs has done ; and we stood under the arches of the Pont du Gard and mentally recalled the old legions passing across those now crumbling arches, and felt how strange it was that while all those thousands of human beings had passed so completely away, we could still contemplate and admire the work of their long-vanished hands.

At Montpellier we saw another wonderful bridge of more modern construction, and still quite perfect. It used to be a local custom for a man on horseback to ride across the bridge once a year, and it was naturally considered a daring equestrian test, for a false step on the part of the horse would have sent both steed and rider to instant and frightful destruction. Later, more humanitarian ideas prevailed, and the feelings of the horse were more considered ; crossing the bridge was forbidden, except on foot, and few were found willing to expose themselves to the chance of such a hideous possibility as losing their equilibrium and falling into the depths below ; so nowadays the bridge is closed to traffic, and is usually only approached by adventurous tourists.

We made a long halt at Biarritz, then as now a fashionable watering-place, having been brought into great prominence by the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie, who had a beautiful villa in a wood near the centre of the town. We visited it in its now altered condition, for it was the property of the Republic, and

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

had ceased to be an appanage of royalty. But the old rooms were there, and we were shown over them by an old soldier, who, discovering from our interested and reverential attitude that we were imperial at heart, unwittingly betrayed his sympathies, and allowed us to gather that he had been an old soldier of the army of the first Napoleon and had followed him to many of his victories, and alas ! to his reverses, which the poor man spoke of with tears in his eyes and in the most melancholy language. He apologized to us for being where we found him, for his heart was clearly true to the old *régime*.

“ Mais, que voulez-vous ? ” he exclaimed, with a true French shrug of his shoulders, “ Il faut vivre, j’ai une femme et des enfants,” he added in further excuse of his apostasy. We parted the best of friends, and he accepted gratefully the good tip my husband gave him, for we all felt kindly for the poor man faithfully doing his duty by the grim republic, while his thoughts went back to the thrilling glories of the days of long ago.

One day during this journey we were having lunch in a restaurant when we saw Lord and Lady Salisbury and some members of their family similarly employed. We had not then met Lord Salisbury, and were greatly interested in observing the great Conservative leader, who was then beginning to realize the approaching downfall of his administration and receiving adverse tidings every day, almost every hour. Several telegrams were handed

## BIARRITZ

to him as he sat at table. He received them in the most impassive manner, glanced at them carelessly, and then handed them to Lady Salisbury, who read them with a slight motion of disgust and then laid them down. We knew that each message contained news of the loss of a seat, and could not but admire the stoic reception of what had excited Mr. Gladstone to fits of irrepressible fury. Lord Salisbury did not even look annoyed, whatever his private sentiments may have been.

We were very happy at Biarritz, having glorious weather, all outward things propitious, and a pleasant party in the hotel. There was a delightful golf course, much patronized by the English visitors, and we often went there, for the view was beautiful beyond words; but the heat was quite over-powering, and I really think I had a slight sunstroke one day, while gathering blue gentian on the side of the slope leading to the golf course. My legs suddenly gave way under me, and a great swimming of the head came over me. It was a considerable time before I came to myself, and I did not search for any more of the gentian, which was the finest and bluest I ever saw.

The beach was very attractive at Biarritz, but nothing to me exceeded the charm of the Basque coast, which was reached through great boulders of rock that just seemed to open and permit the passage of pedestrians to view their carefully guarded beauties. Here rollers of gigantic height dashed in upon the shore, hurling

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

themselves upon the cliffs beyond, and scattering their white spray in every direction. One had to be careful in selecting a standpoint to watch the waves, for they often threw themselves much further than had been anticipated, and many a thorough ducking was received by onlookers who had not wisely chosen their point of view. Not long before we were there, a bride and bridegroom had posted themselves on a small terrace of the cliff, supposed to be quite beyond reach of the waves, but one gigantic breaker had thrown itself against the face of the cliff, and on its return it swept away the luckless couple and carried them out to sea, in sight of numerous spectators who were unable to afford them the slightest assistance. We were very cautious in our proceedings, but nevertheless we contrived to see much of the superb display, and certainly it was well worth running some risk to obtain, for the waves came rolling in from afar, and then hurled themselves against the almost perpendicular cliffs with a fury that sent their spray hundreds of yards around. I always finished my day by a visit to the Basque coast to look at the waves, for the spectacle was a magnificent one. We penetrated no further into the Basque country, though many did so, and brought back strange accounts of the wild people who lived there—their appearance and ways so different from that of the Spaniards, their neighbours.

A friend of ours had an old Highland maid with her who did marketing daily, and on being asked how she

## LOURDES

got on replied, " Fine ; I talk to them in the Gaelic, and they understand me grand."

The Basques belong to the Celtic races, we know, and probably many words in their dialect bear the same meaning as in Gaelic. In any case Mary felt herself quite at home among them.

We went one day to Lourdes and visited the well-known shrine, which was crowded by pilgrims of every nation, and the healing well was full of earnest votaries essaying to cure their manifold diseases by bathing in the curative waters. The magnificent church erected by the munificence of grateful patients was full of their votive offerings, taking in many cases the form of models of the formerly afflicted limb which had been (so they said) miraculously cured, while in other cases it consisted of valuable jewels devoted to the decoration of the numerous Madonnas and saints that adorned the church, and where the donor was a man of small means, of tapers of every imaginable size burning before the altar of the chosen saint. Everywhere people were kneeling, apparently in rapt devotion ; there was an atmosphere of living enthusiasm about the place, and one could not help feeling that those people believed in what they professed, and had no false shame in betraying it to those around them. That hysteria may be at the bottom of some of those *cures* is very probable ; we are told that faith can remove mountains, and it may possibly mitigate or even remove lesser obstacles.



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

We carried home a bottle of water, filled from the shrine, and sometime after our return we presented it to a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church, who received it with much outward respect, but with a twinkle in his eye that spoke volumes. The hierarchy of the Church do not absolutely commit themselves to an assurance of the truth of these miracles, or of their belief in the visions of Bernardine Subeyron, but that many of their number do believe in them is undoubtedly true; and that they have sincere followers among even the educated among the laity is no less a fact. Among the thousands of anxious devotees who thronged to Lourdes on this occasion was the Duke of Norfolk, who had brought his sorely afflicted son, Lord Arundel, to try the efficacy of the healing spring; but in his case there was no answer to the earnest prayers that, we may be sure, were offered on his behalf. We came away swathed in carved wooden rosaries, which were sold all over the place, and afterwards decorated our bedrooms at home, interesting reminders of a most delightful expedition.

Another of our foreign excursions was to Homburg, where my husband accepted the post of summer chaplain in the Presbyterian Church. For this duty there was a certain honorarium, and in addition to this free quarters were provided in the house of the organist, where we were comfortably housed for several weeks. It was a regular German household, and a very comfortable one. Madame Baer managed everything. She was a woman of educa-

## HOMBURG

tion and refinement, and yet a perfect *haus frau*, making the most delicious coffee and omelettes, though she had not undertaken to cook for us : we were to take our meals in a restaurant near at hand, but if weather or illness prevented us from going out, Madame was quite equal to the occasion, and could send up a very nice little meal ; we never went out to breakfast. We had a delightful sitting-room, a long roomy apartment ; in the middle was a window-door, opening on a flight of steps leading to the garden, full of fruit trees and flowering shrubs, and every variety of sweet flowers. The garden sloped to the lower level of Homburg, and at the end of a great stretch of rich country, finely wooded, might be seen the city of Frankfort, a mass of white houses and many great buildings. It was a charming view, very pleasant to gaze at from the open door-window of our *Salon*, and still more beautiful from my bedroom window upstairs, where I often stood entranced by the loveliness of the scene, for my window enabled me to command a stretch of the Main, on which Frankfort stands.

Homburg was a most agreeable experience for us—a bright, cheerful little town, with gay bustling streets, the chief one, the Louisen Strasse, full of splendid hotels, all covered with lovely flowers, and of florists' shops, whose beauty could not be exceeded, their tasteful arrangement displaying to the best advantage their natural charms. We never saw a drunk person in Homburg, though we saw lots of people drinking ; even when we returned home

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

late at night, through streets inhabited by the lower classes, we heard much merriment in various humble abodes, and often very good part-singing, but never a sound to denote that the joviality within had exceeded proper bounds, and that the next sounds heard would be those of discord and quarrelling.

The *Kursaal* was, of course, the centre of attraction : we went there daily. Beautiful gardens, a fine band, and the spectacle of all the beauty and fashion of Homburg drinking the waters, brought immense numbers of people together, and a very animated gathering was the daily result. Lord Salisbury, his daughter, Lady Gwendolen Cecil, and some other members of his family were in Homburg then, and we met them one day when dining with Mr. Eustace Balfour on the open-air terrace in front of the *Kursaal*. It was very pleasant, for the look out on the gardens was charming, the air cool and fragrant at that hour, the dinner was admirable, the company of the best ; and we enjoyed our *al fresco* entertainment most thoroughly. Very good fireworks were provided when it was sufficiently dark, and proved a telling finish to the evening ; then slowly and steadily the large assemblage dispersed, and night and silence reigned over Homburg, broken only by an occasional burst of melody from some light-hearted passers-by.

We were struck with the frequency and violence of the thunder storms that occurred, every week saw at least two or three, the lightning of most exceptional brilliancy,

## THE KAISER

and the thunder instantaneous and ear splitting. They often came at night ; and I remember how I lay awake watching for the bright flashes, which illumined every object in the room, and made it indeed as bright as day. At the foot of my bed was a coloured engraving of the Emperor and Empress, taken just after their marriage—a young couple, arm-in-arm, he a gallant young soldier in full uniform, she fair and blushing in all her bridal array, looking very proud of her smart husband. At each flash they came into full prominence, and I had their likenesses well stamped on my memory.

Towards the close of our stay at Homburg, the Imperial party came to spend some time at the old Schloss, and we had many good opportunities of seeing them as they drove repeatedly through the Louisen Strasse, to the great delight of their loyal subjects, who rushed to doors and windows, and evinced their joy in many ways, notably by loud exclamations of "Hoch, hoch," which I do not think half so stirring as the good English "Hurrah," though it may sound as hearty to German ears. I thought the Kaiser a decidedly good-looking man, a soldier every inch of him. The Kaiserin, a comely, pleasant matron, fair, with pretty light hair and blue eyes, very tastefully dressed, and with a sweet and gracious bearing. "Die Kaiserin ist so lieb," the people always said.

The young people of the family excited much attention ; their fresh young faces and happy looks were very attractive, especially the one sister in the large group of boys, a

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

fair sprightly girl, who turned quickly from side to side, and showed extreme pleasure at the vociferous welcome of the Homburgers, which she cordially acknowledged. She was not actually pretty, but had a singularly frank, intelligent face, and a very nice expression. It was said in Homburg that her father doted on her, and that she could twist him round her finger, and from what we saw of her we could easily believe it might be true. We saw the Kaiser unveil a bust of his mother, the Empress Frederick, which had been placed in the public gardens. There was an immense gathering of people on the occasion, and the Kaiser made a speech after he had unveiled the bust, which struck us as a very fine deliverance, distinguished alike by a true sonly feeling and a very noble testimony to the many striking excellencies of that deeply lamented woman. The entire family afterwards walked up to, and round the bust, and we had time to observe them leisurely.

We passed the Kaiser frequently on the roads around Homburg on his visits to out-lying military stations, on which he kept a most scrutinizing and watchful eye. He tore past us at excessive speed ; our driver knew the signs of the advent of the imperial cavalcade, and immediately drew to the side of the road and halted till the cavalcade had passed, the Kaiser sitting solitary in the carriage, unless the important Count Eulenberg was with him, a very military-looking and handsome man, at that time in the zenith of imperial favour.

## THE OPERA

We left the bright, pretty town with great regret. My husband had been ordered to drink the waters, and had derived much benefit from them. We had made many delightful excursions into the picturesque neighbouring country, and enjoyed delightful *al fresco* expeditions in the Taunus woods ; we had also gone several times in the evening to Frankfort, and attended performances in the Opera House, which was a most charming form of entertainment. We dined at a restaurant in Frankfort, because it was more convenient for us ; and then we walked with great ease to the Opera House, in company with the greater portion of the audience, and listened to a performance of the masterpieces of the great masters with unclouded enjoyment. One night we heard the "Meister-singers," and at the risk of shocking all true lovers of Wagner, I must confess that I found it a long and dreary experience ; but, then, I cannot honestly say that I thoroughly appreciate Wagner, his music is rather above the heads of most ordinary people.

But what I did appreciate was the ease and simplicity which attended our going and coming from the Opera, and the extreme moderation of the cost of what was, after all, an evening of high enjoyment. Railway charges included, we paid for the whole night's work very little more than three shillings ; this brings good music within the reach of very slender purses, and may help to account for the notable absence of drunkenness and noisy revelling from the streets of most German towns. A love of brow-

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

ling is not consistent with an admiration for Wagner and the other famous German Maestri. To the plainly upholstered, but not uncomfortable seats, the German ladies went in very simple dress ; no bare arms or necks were ever dreamt of, but a pretty clean blouse was the smart finish of a dark plain frock, and many ladies brought their knitting with them, and worked busily while they listened to the harmonious strains. The gentlemen went out and in at intervals, and had a *bock* or a smoke, but they retired quietly and did not disturb their neighbours, who presently went through the same performance. We went to Frankfort several times ; it was a pleasant variety from the somewhat monotonous evenings at the Dorotheen Strasse, where we generally went early to bed and slept off the fatigue of our busy and well-employed day.

As a proof of the cheapness of things in Frankfort, we took it into our heads to try a regular table d'hôte dinner of the middle classes, served in true German fashion, and we entered a plain café, or rather restaurant, where the floor was sanded and the furniture of the simplest description, and ordered the dinner of the day, rather to the surprise of the white-aproned Kellner who took our orders. We had an excellent soup, fish, and were offered our choice of two meats, winding up with a variety of sweets and then ices. A huge bock of beer was placed before each of us. Helen was amazed at its size, and also that the waiter should imagine her capable of imbibing such a quantity ; whereupon Dr. Story took a long pull at his own bock,

## GERMAN BEER

and then filled it up from Helen's, who was left with a quantity she could very easily consume. She did consume it, and then the waiter silently removed her glass, and replaced it with another brimming bock of similar dimensions. Helen must have given him a nice idea of the drinking capacity of the British *fräulein*, as at the end of our repast he came forward smiling to ask "Wünschen die *Damen* noch Bier?" All this very excellent meal cost us a trifle over one and ninepence each, beer included; the same repast in England would have been at least five or six shillings, and the beer would have been extra.



## CHAPTER XIV

WE had passed more than a quarter of a century of almost unbroken happiness in our beloved Rosneath, when the blow fell that made us strike our tents, and uprooted us from the soil that had nourished us so long.

My husband's mother had been for many years an invalid, but she preserved her faculties, and took the same warm interest she had ever done in all that concerned her son and his family. My little girls went daily to see her, and their visits, together with my husband's and mine, were among her chief pleasures. Her daughter was devoted to her, and never left her, and her gentle life sped placidly on to its inevitable end, and one day the dread summons came, and she passed away in the autumn of 1882.

In the autumn of 1886 our old friend, Professor William Lee, died suddenly, but his health had not been good for some time, and we had feared that the blow was coming. He was the husband of my intimate friend, Emily Chiene, who had died herself only two years before, and both husband and wife were close friends of ours, and we were

## THE CHAIR

in the habit of meeting frequently, both in Glasgow and at Rosneath. Dr. Lee was the occupant of the Chair of Church History in the University, and I had often heard my husband say that the one temptation that would take him from Rosneath would be a Church History Chair, so I had little doubt of what the result would be, especially as his name began to be constantly spoken of in the newspapers and among private friends. One morning a letter arrived from Mr. Balfour, who was then Secretary for Scotland, offering him the Chair, and, as it met with every requirement he most desired, and there were no absolute objections to his leaving Rosneath, he finally decided to accept it, after giving it long and anxious consideration. Now that his mother was dead, my husband felt that one great link to the parish was gone, and he felt very much drawn to the studies and interests connected with such a chair, besides the inducement of entering within the influence of the many cultured minds and the wider range of thought that contributed to University life. At Rosneath he missed the conflict of opinions that appealed to him, and besides he longed for the training of young minds in that special course of studies that was his particular bent. A schoolmaster's grandson, he had the teaching faculty very largely developed, and he loved the training of young minds in the studies that were his *forte*, and spared no pains to ensure that his aims should be successful.

But neither he nor I had reckoned on the pang it would cost us to leave Rosneath, and tear ourselves free from

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

the many clinging tendrils that had grown round the dearly beloved place. More than a quarter of a century we had passed there ; it was our first wedded home, and our children had all been brought up there, and one of them lay sleeping beneath the churchyard sod ; friends whom we loved very dearly rested in quiet graves in that same churchyard, and many of those who were left were dear to us as members of our own family. It was not with light feelings that we viewed the breaking up of ties so closely welded to our hearts, and saw the time gradually lessening when we must bid adieu to our loved home and to all those kind friends and parishioners who had made our lives happy for so many long years, and whose regrets at parting with us were warmly and touchingly expressed. To every house in the parish we went in turn to say good-bye, and to as many as we could of those of our neighbours across the water. We assured them all that it was by no means " good-bye," for we hoped to be often back to see them ; but it would not be the same thing, and that they and we knew quite well.

We felt the place was changed, and my husband and I were no longer young, and I especially felt the water-belt that separated us from the other side an increasing difficulty. The long passage from the train to the boat at Craigendoran was a good bit for elderly legs to traverse quickly, and at the close of a long journey one felt that the worst of the route was still to come, in the hasty rush, often in darkness and pouring rain, perhaps laden with

## THE LEAVE-TAKING

awkward parcels, down the long stretch of slippery plank ing, to where the waiting and impatient vessel lay, ready to cast off her gangway and start for her destination. But when it came to counting the days and realizing how they were creeping in, our hearts began to fail us, and we recognized what a momentous change we were making, and how our many happy and peaceful past days were about to be exchanged for we knew not what in the future. What a packing up it was ; though many willing hands came to our assistance. *Lares* and *penates* had gathered round us in the Manse, representing much that was dear and precious to us, though it might not have seemed so to other people.

Not long before, when my husband had completed his quarter century of service as their minister, the people of the parish and other generous friends had presented him with a cheque for five hundred pounds as a token of their regard and esteem, and at this time, when we were about to leave them, the ladies of the parish presented me with a cheque for fifty pounds, to be more especially applied to the decoration of the new drawing-room, a piece of kindness which I felt exceedingly, and which enabled me to furnish my room in a much more artistic way than I should have felt justified in doing, had I depended on our own limited ways and means. A friend presented me also with a large and beautiful Persian rug, and when the room was finished I must say that I was perfectly satisfied, and felt I had achieved a drawing-room that in after days met

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

with many a warm compliment. It was a low long room, and lent itself to pretty furnishing. In the old days of our predecessors, it had been a white room, which I never admired, and thought looked chilly ; we selected a red paper in one of Mr. Morris's gracious tones, and I strove to live up to the paper in the general toning of everything else in the room. I was very vain of my drawing-room, and I was very proud of my china, too ; my father and mother had both appreciated good china, and had on different occasions picked up some fine bits they chanced to come across.

In my small drawing-room at Rosneath I had not been able to display my possessions to the best advantage ; more especially was this the case with two very fine large jars which my father brought home with him from China, and which had been obliged to occupy a rather hidden position at the Manse. They now were placed where their beauties were better shown ; and many of my friends, in admiring them, told me they had never seen them before, so carefully had they been concealed from view.

We had many kind invitations from friends to stay with them at the period of our removal, but we declined them all, preferring to go at once into our house, which was really very nearly ready for us, though I can remember taking my first meal, which was a cup of tea, seated on one of the lowest rungs of a ladder ; but I think that must have been more from choice than necessity. We

## PRINCIPAL CAIRD

were not long in settling in, for I never liked dawdling over things, and my daughters were most efficient helpers.

Soon our College neighbours began to call, the friends who, as the years went on, became so dear to us all. The Principal and Mrs. Caird were among the earliest. We had known them before, but not, of course, intimately, and they showed us great kindness. The Principal was very fond of dogs, and owned at that time a charming fox terrier called Smoker, which was the pride and also the plague of his adoring master and mistress. Endless were the stories about Smoker, who was always getting into some scrape or other. He was frequently found in bad company in town ; and being a very well-known little animal, he was conveyed home by friendly policemen and obliging students. He quarrelled constantly with other dogs, and often got the worst of the battle, his master having to drag him off by the scruff of the neck, risking many a bite in so doing. On one occasion when the Principal was leading him by a string, to keep him out of mischief, Smoker walked round and round a lamp-post till he had tied himself into a regular knot, and when his master tried to disentangle him he walked round him in the same way ; and as it was a very muddy day, and the Principal had been obliged to walk in the gutter the better to get at the culprit, he slipped and got his legs all covered with mud, and was in a very sorry plight for the venerable head of a great University. The scene took place in one of the streets near the park, and in front of

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

a house where it was witnessed by the master and mistress, who, knowing the Principal well by sight, and compassionating his predicament, begged him to come inside and submit to some cleansing processes, while they administered a grateful cup of tea and sent for a cab to take him back to his own house.

One heard endless charming stories about Principal Caird, who was as kind-hearted and simple-minded as he was learned and clever. One was that he was visiting a friend who had been unwell, and this friend begged him to undertake for him the duty of marrying a couple, which he did not himself feel able to carry out. The Principal duly consenting, went to the church where the couple were to meet him, and then for the first time became acquainted with the fact that the bridegroom was a negro; the bride was a very pretty young girl, and the incongruity of the pair as they stood before him, so struck the Principal that he delayed the service and asked the bride to speak to him in the vestry. There he pointed out to her the extreme gravity of the step which she was taking, and asked her whether she had considered it in all its bearings, some of which he clearly pointed out to her.

The bride hung her head, and replied, "Yes, sir, all you say has been told me before, and I can't say that I don't know what I am about, but," and here she hesitated, "you see, sir, I *like* him."

"Oh! if you like him," said the Principal, "then I

## THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE

have nothing more to say," and he returned to the church and married them. The Principal might have made answer like the beadle in the story of the minister who had wedded a plain wife, and felt it necessary to explain to his beadle that beauty is but skin-deep and that the lady was like the Kings' daughters, "all-glorious within." "Eh! minister," replied that worthy, "it's a peety ye canna flype her."

We came to the College at the end of the session, when nearly everybody was gone on holiday, and we left again ourselves almost directly afterwards, and went to London to visit our friend Dr. Eatwell. It was the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria, and before quitting Glasgow, we were present at the Commemorative Service in the Cathedral, which was conducted by Dr. Burns, assisted by several other clergymen, of whom my husband was one. A great crowd filled every corner of the Cathedral, and the service was most impressive. A day or two afterwards we went to London, and a few days later we were all present at the magnificent procession that was held in honour of the Jubilee of Her Most Gracious Majesty, and which attracted enormous crowds from almost every part of the world. We had most excellent seats in a stand on the Embankment, and saw the whole procession admirably, both in going to the Abbey and in returning from it. The Queen looked extremely well, and stood the long strain splendidly, though I am sure she must have felt very much fatigued. She was surrounded by



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

a large bodyguard of Royal Princes, most of them dignified and fine-looking men ; but chief among them all towered the Crown Prince of Germany, who in a white cavalry uniform was the observed of all observers, and was the very *beau ideal* of a dashing cavalry officer, and showing no premonitory signs of the terrible fate that overtook him not many months afterwards. His wife, the Crown Princess of Germany, and the Princess of Wales, as well as Princess Beatrice, were in the carriage with the Queen, and just as it came opposite to the stand where we were sitting, a pretty little incident occurred. Her Majesty evidently felt oppressed by the heat, which was great, and put up her hand to loosen some scarf or handkerchief which clasped her throat too closely. She could not manage it unaided, and the Princess of Wales bent forward and strove to unfasten the covering, the Crown Princess's and Princess Beatrice's services being also required. It looked so pretty to see the three young Princesses assisting the aged Queen, who was finally relieved of her stifling encumbrances and sat upright in the carriage with an air of much cheerfulness ; she had seemed very hot and worried before.

We had come early to our places, though not so extravagantly early as we had been told was needful, and we did ample justice to the good cheer provided for us by our excellent host. Some people were in their places almost at cock-crow ; the crowds were certainly enormous, but so skilfully were they manipulated that a very moderate

## LONDON CROWDS

amount of inconvenience was felt ; we did hear afterwards of people having never been able to reach their seats at all, though distant not many yards, through the impossibility of penetrating the dense crowds that separated them from their allotted seats, which in many cases remained vacant during the entire ceremony.

One of the most remarkable features of the Jubilee was the extraordinary crowding of the streets ; the crush of vehicular traffic was often so great and the multitude of carriages, cabs, omnibuses, and other conveyances so excessive, that it seemed as if never again could they disentangle themselves from the dead-lock in which they were placed ; and yet, such is the marvellous dexterity of London Jehus, that, in less time than it takes to tell, they were once more moving forward, and soon a smooth flow of vehicles proceeded to their various destinations.

Late one afternoon I was going home in an omnibus along Piccadilly. No one was in it but myself, and at Hyde Park corner we got into one of the worst blocks I had encountered, and the driver could do nothing else but stand still and wait the progress of events. The ticket collector was a pleasant young fellow, very spick and span, and good-looking too. He picked up a very pretty tidy little boy of six or seven years old, who was waiting on the road, and put him on the seat at the door, apologizing to me for doing so.

“ He’s my own boy,” he said, “ and whiles I

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

gives him a bit of a ride, and it pleases him very much."

"No doubt," I replied, "but do you mean he is your son? You look far too young to be his father."

"Well, as to that, m'am, I'm his father, sure enough; I was married at eighteen, my wife was the same, and we've three children, and you'll not find a happier couple than her and me if you search Lunnon for it."

"You must have been a kind husband," I said, "and an industrious one, to be able to say this."

"Give and take," he replied, "Give and take, that's always been my motto, and a very good one I've found it. A man can't expect to get all the smooth, he must take his share of the rough; I've had a good wife, and I'm not one that drinks; she may give me a rough word at a time, and I may give her one, but we never fall out. Just give and take, that's my motto, and a very good one it is," and he settled his little boy more firmly on his seat.

I admired his well-kept spruce appearance; he was well-mannered too, and I saw he was a good and loving father; so we chatted on, while our detention, which was little under an hour, lasted, and I gathered a large stock of information from the young ticket collector, who was a shrewd young fellow, and talked well and sensibly on many topics; and I passed an interesting and not, I hope, an unprofitable time.

The weather was beautiful and the parks most lovely

## FESTIVITIES

with their parterres of brilliant flowers imitating the colours of the rainbow ; certainly the Jubilee time was a time of universal gaiety and brilliancy ; never had dingy London looked more charming, and one really felt proud of the city and its purlieus animated by one broad and unanimous spirit of loyalty. The behaviour of the vast crowds was admirable, the police had very little to do, and all the far-seeing precautions taken by the authorities were quite unnecessary in view of the excellent demeanour of the crowds that gathered wherever there was anything to be seen. The streets were very gay and bustling, foreigners were everywhere and strange tongues were to be heard on every side, while frequently there drove past one of the royal carriages with its splendid horses and dazzling scarlet liveries, conveying some of our foreign royal or distinguished visitors to or from some stately function to which they had been invited.

Everybody was entertaining that year. We ourselves came in for a share of the general festivities, and went to some very smart parties. My husband dined at the Mansion House, where he tasted the traditional turtle soup and shared in the amenities of the loving cup. We were invited to a reception at Lord Salisbury's, where were several members of the Royal Family. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were most in evidence, and went about the rooms very freely, a courtly circle being directly formed round them wherever they halted, while they conversed with two or three of the more highly

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

favoured among the guests. My husband was presented to the royal couple, and they conversed with him for several minutes ; he told me afterwards that he was much struck with the Duchess's perfect familiarity with English, a thing for which foreign royalties are not always distinguished. I was delighted when I recognized many of the notabilities familiar to me from the public prints. I enjoyed seeing Gladstone walking about in the flesh ; and as it was a large house and contained many large rooms, the collection of well-known people was certainly considerable and to me exceedingly interesting.

We went down to Hatfield one day with Lady Frances Balfour, and saw all over the very interesting and beautiful house and gardens, not much changed since the days of Queen Elizabeth. There was a garden party, and as I was going with Lady Frances along one of the garden paths, our present Queen, then Duchess of Cornwall and York, came down the path accompanied by two or three ladies and gentlemen. We, of course, stood aside, and waited while the Duchess passed through a little wicket gate held open for her by one of her suite, and as she passed very close to us, we saw her well. She was then little more than a girl, and she wore a white serge dress, very simply made, and I thought she looked extremely handsome and walked with great grace and dignity, with the figure and gait of one who was destined to fill an important page in the world's history.

A little further on we passed a small tent in which was

## AT HATFIELD

gathered a group of people, noticeably prominent among them being our late Gracious Sovereign King Edward. He was speaking to his son the Duke of Cornwall and York, and the topic must have been an amusing one, for the Prince laughed in the heartiest manner, and I could quite well hear what a mellow jolly laugh he had. I had not till then realized how short he was ; previously I had generally seen him on horseback, where his height did not show ; but standing on the turf beside other gentlemen, it was shown more distinctly ; but he carried himself with such an air of dignity and command, that his small stature passed almost unmarked. He was certainly the most noticeable person there. The garden party was a most striking *spectacle* ; the beautiful house and grounds, the varied and charming dresses of the ladies, who displayed every colour of the rainbow, the smart military and diplomatic uniforms, combined with the bright sunshine and the stirring strains of a military band, all presented a very charming scene which, in its own way, we had never seen equalled. One cloud indeed had been over it all, Lady Salisbury was ill and unable to be present ; but we were told she was watching the scene from the windows of her room, and the younger members of the family did all in their power to make up for her absence, so a most pleasant afternoon was passed, and we came away well pleased to have seen Hatfield and all its historic old associations.

Another interesting function which took place at this

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

time was the presentation of an Address to the Queen from the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Dr. Story had been appointed a member of the deputation, and in the following letter to a friend he describes the ceremony, which was held at Windsor :

“ Our Deputation, headed by Lord Hopetoun, went down yesterday at 1.15, and on arriving at Windsor found the Queen's carriages waiting, in which we drove up to the Castle. There we were shown through several of the rooms into the Waterloo Chamber, where we had a very handsome luncheon along with the officers of the Household and the other deputations present—from the two Universities, and the Province of York. After luncheon the Universities, headed respectively by the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Salisbury, were called off and presented their addresses.

“ Then we went in, and were presented by Lord Hopetoun. The Queen looked extremely well, and was most smiling and gracious. The Moderator handed her the Address, and she handed him her reply. He, Dr. Phin, and the Procurator kissed hands, and we then filed out, succeeded by the Archbishop and clergy representing the Province of York. The only thing regretted was that the Queen did not knight the Procurator, which it was thought she might do. Possibly it may be done yet.”

We stayed a short time in London, and then went to Cheltenham to visit our cousins the Watsons, who lived

## CHELTENHAM

in one of those delightful villas for which Cheltenham is so famous, surrounded by a lovely garden with a large lawn and shrubbery, and full of fine flowering trees, beneath which were rustic seats laid out to tempt sitters ; and where we generally spent most of the day, for it was too hot for any active exertion. Mr. Watson, who was a skilful whip, had a large double dogcart with a pair of spanking horses, and he gave us some pretty drives in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham. One, I remember, was to Tewkesbury, where the twelve miles of high road lay between thick green hedges, almost buried in swathes of honeysuckle. The perfume abides with me still, as little light breezes brought it in puffs of enchanting fragrance to our nostrils, and the never-ending sight of it as hedge after hedge came into view almost smothered in its luxuriant golden cloak ; I had never seen any quantity of honeysuckle before, and the spectacle was charming. What a delicious drive that was, and Tewkesbury at the end, where we lunched, an old world town, full of quaintly built houses with projecting roofs and latticed windows, and the whole air of the place as if we had suddenly gone back two or three hundred years. The Abbey, too, a fine old building, we thoroughly explored ; altogether we had a delightful day, and it was only one of many excursions the dear old gentleman took us. He was close on eighty years of age, and had been for long blind of one eye ; but he had been a Master of Foxhounds, and he sat his horse as straight as a dart,



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

and never allowed any obstacle to interfere with him. He had a charming, child-like simplicity of disposition, and was an Irishman, singing a good Irish song and playing delightfully on the Jews' harp, which under his skilful fingers assumed quite the dignity of a musical instrument.

We drove one day into the heart of the Cotswolds, and saw the remains of a Roman villa that had recently been discovered, with a floor in which the mosaics were almost as fresh as when first laid down, and part of the frescoes on the walls in the same remarkable condition. There we also found crawling among the stones some of the large white snails which are said to date from the Roman occupation of Britain, and are only found where there are the traces of a Roman colony.

We spent a very pleasant time in Cheltenham, and I took my children to visit the haunts which their mother had known so well as a girl. We went over Mrs. Deane's house, which had changed hands many times since her demise and was much altered in various ways, but the double dining-room was the same with the oriel window commanding the street in the front room, where I sat so often in my girlhood. I remembered sitting there after dinner while my aunt calmly slumbered in her chair, and I varied my leisure by crunching the very excellent gingerbread biscuits which the Georges made in those days, but alas! do not make now, for I called at the celebrated shop and enquired. Every day for dessert my aunt had

## CHRISTIAN-MALFORD

a special crystal dish put on the table containing a sponge cake and round it several of those admirable biscuits, and she never varied this fare from January till December. I went out to Charlton and visited her grave and that of several other members of the family. It was not a picturesque churchyard, but it was well kept, and I saw there the graves of many of the old ladies who used to assist at my aunt's whist parties, and recalled Mrs. Morgan's sarcastic speeches and the soft answers of good, fat, old Mrs. Clutterbuck, and thought kindly of those quaint gatherings of worthy people whom I had never seen since and should never in the flesh behold again.

We went from Cheltenham to visit Jane Mullings of Eastcourt, who had married one of the curates of their parish, now a rector and settled at a place called Christian-Malford, where they had a charming rectory and a very nice garden. They had a parrot too, the most diabolical bird I ever encountered ; I verily believe that bird was possessed. It could talk almost like a human being, and though generally most voluble, it knew well when it was especially desired to talk, and on such occasions it remained resolutely dumb. I tried experiments by going casually past its cage, which stood in a long passage, and then stopping and hiding behind a projection of the wall, where I flattered myself I could not be seen. But the wretched bird knew that I was there and would not utter a word, just stood on his perch and cocked his head, giving perhaps an insulting whistle ; not until I was

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

quite beyond hearing and had gone away in despair would he yield a point, and then he began a torrent of language, which lasted as long as nobody really wished to hear him. He could mimic the whistle of the rector to his son so exactly as often to bring the luckless youth home when he had gone some way off, and when he saw the boy back again in response to what he imagined his father's call, the parrot gave way to shrieks of elfin laughter, louder and louder as the boy in a rage scolded him violently and sometimes even shook the cage in which he was confined.

At Christian Malford I, for the first time, became aware that rooks could snore ; we were told of the fact, and we went out one night and realized it for ourselves. There was a rookery near the garden, and we constantly saw the rooks flying about overhead and filling the air with their cawings. So one evening, after they had all gone to roost for the night, we stole out and stationed ourselves under one of the large trees of the rookery. We had not long to wait, the rooks did not behave in the manner of the parrot. At first all was still except for the occasional caw of a sleepy bird, and then gradually began a slow, steady deep snore, increasing in volume as more rooks joined the ranks of sleepers. It was unmistakably a snore, ridiculously like a human one, varied with frequent snorts, and broken by an occasional scuffle, when one or two birds moved too close to one another and were awakened by the contiguity. Then all would

## A FAMILY PARTY

become silent again, and the steady snoring would recommence. We listened for some time, and then came away with a new fact added to our ornithological lore.

On another occasion we saw a very pretty nocturnal spectacle in natural history. We were told of the spot where some foxes had their earth, and where a vixen had a litter of cubs, and we made a pilgrimage to see it. Here also the greatest caution was necessary, for foxes have very sharp ears, and the slightest noise will alarm them, so we proceeded to the place as silently as possible, and even then we waited more than an hour without uttering a word or making a movement, our eyes steadfastly fixed on the mouth of the hole. At the end of this time, when our patience was nearly exhausted, a small yellow object appeared at the opening, and was then hurriedly withdrawn; directly returning increased in size, and presently a little fluffy light brown cub stepped out timidly, and after one or two similar performances was followed by a second, and then by several others. It was a charming sight. Once fairly clear of their earth, the little creatures grew bolder, and after rolling and gambolling about for a little, they entered upon a regular game of play, chasing each other round some small hummocks that lay close by, watching each other and exercising little feints of surprise, just as their little human brothers and sisters would do. It was so charming a spectacle that we lingered long watching it; and to it was added another feature, for the vixen came to the mouth of her earth, and for a

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

few minutes inspected the gambols of her youthful family ; then after administering two or three smart taps with her paw to her cubs and quite rolling over one fluffy object, she started away from among them and made a bee-line by the wooded side of a large field till she was finally lost to view in a coppice that bounded the meadow in that direction. She was closely followed by the fox himself, and we concluded they had both gone to forage for the supper of the family. The result of the raid we did not remain to witness, but doubt not it was satisfactory.

## CHAPTER XV

1887

THIS was the year of our settlement in Glasgow, and after our various wanderings we were not sorry to find ourselves in the comfortable house that we hoped we might inhabit for many years, and which the servants had got into nice order all ready for our reception in good time for the opening of the College session. One of the first University events in which we shared was the visit of the Lord Rector.

Lord Lytton was the Lord Rector, and his rectorial address was a very fine one, most strikingly delivered. Lady Frances Balfour was staying with us ; she was a great friend of Lord Lytton, and he came over to our house after the function and had tea with us, when my husband interested him greatly by showing him the MS. of his father's (Sir E. Bulwer Lytton) "Address to the Associated Societies of Edinburgh University in 1854," which was in Dr. Story's possession. He was a very charming man, and was at that time our ambassador

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

at the Court of France, an office which he filled with much dignity and ability.

Soon our College neighbours began to call, the friends who, as the years went on, became so dear to us all. Principal and Mrs. Caird, and Professor and Mrs. Edward Caird, dear old Dr. and Mrs. Dickson, who lived only a few doors from us with their son and daughter, close and valuable friends from the first. Our next-door neighbours were Sir William and Lady Gairdner, with a large young family of promising sons and daughters, causing us much perturbation of spirit by their reckless excursions on the top of the garden walls, long black-stockinged legs being frequently visible in most unconventional and unrestrained attitudes, of whom we all predicted that the owners would certainly come to grief some day on some of their expeditions. But they did not; never a broken leg or sprained ankle came near one of the wild young acrobats, though for years and years we daily looked to hear of one, and they steadily grew up into fine young men and women, handsomely fulfilling their share of the world's destinies. Lady Gairdner was a fine-looking dark-eyed woman, who filled with dignity the position of a professor's wife, and Sir William himself, one of the very best of men, and a most distinguished member of the Senate and of the medical profession, was the most peaceable neighbour anyone could wish to have. He was delightfully absent-minded, and had been known to send an unlucky would-be

## SIR WILLIAM GAIRDNER

patient to bed, and desire him to remain there till he returned to him, and straightway to go out and clean forget all about him, till the wretched man, prone and waiting, wearied of his seclusion, rose from his bed to find the doctor had evidently forgotten him altogether.

I asked him to lunch one day to meet our mutual friend Mrs. Robert Lee, widow of Dr. Robert Lee of the Greyfriars, and I carefully explained to him who he was coming to meet. For many years my husband's predecessor, Dr. William Lee, had been the next-door neighbour of Sir William, but both he and his wife were dead; so I was rather surprised, on Sir William's arrival, to hear him remark as he shook hands with Mrs. Robert Lee, "How do you do, my dear madam; I'm very glad to see you, but you are not the Mrs. Lee I expected to meet. I thought I was coming to meet my former neighbour."

Mrs. Robert Lee, being rather deaf, missed a good deal of what he said, and I did not attempt any explanation, and the lunch proceeded quite smoothly, no difficulty of the kind occurring again, and I imagine Sir William gradually found out which Mrs. Lee he was addressing, for I heard many references to past days in Edinburgh. He was a most amiable man as well as a very capable one, and a very devoted admirer of my husband, whose sermons he valued greatly, coming across the water from Row, where he sometimes spent the summer, to attend the ministrations of Dr. Story in Rosneath Parish Church,



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

and assuring us that the practicability of this had much influenced him in his choice of summer quarters.

Our friendship survived one very severe test ; for shortly after our arrival in the College, Lady Gairdner wrote me a note telling me that they were quite unable to sit in their drawing-room owing to the dense clouds of smoke proceeding from the fire in our corresponding room. I went in and inspected for myself. The rooms were very large and had two fireplaces, a second fire being strictly necessary in cold weather. We had lighted one, which it seemed our predecessors had never done, and the unpleasant result of the smoke had followed. I sent for the Clerk of Works, and heard from him that the thing was incurable ; one chimney had been built to serve for two fireplaces, and a plentiful discharge of back smoke ensued. We could not subject our neighbours to such an annoyance, and we ourselves required a fire, so we ended by putting in a gas one, and had no more complaints of the smoke. The College houses were, generally speaking, most comfortable, but nearly all of them had one or two rooms that smoked in special winds, and we had one in particular that was practically useless in winter, as it smoked beyond endurance. But by degrees we got to understand it and could use it with due precautions, and very cosy and contented we were for eleven years in our happy home at No. 8 The College.

From our drawing-room windows we had a very fine view, of which I was extremely proud and used to exhibit

## GLASGOW

to strangers with much exultation. We looked down over the College grounds to the open country beyond the Clyde, bounded to the west with the low line of the Kilpatrick Hills. Of the Clyde itself we saw little, on account of the masses of houses that intercepted our view ; in only one or two spots was there a gap visible between houses that gave a glimpse of the broad river, and sometimes I could trace an ocean liner or a smaller craft slowly wending its way towards the ocean, heralded by the penetrating sound of the sirens that sounded at intervals to give notice to other vessels to get out of the way. At Govan, especially, and lower down the river there were larger reaches of the river visible, and on a clear day one could trace the progress of a large vessel for a long way down the windings of the Clyde, beyond Renfrew and much further, and often did I watch vessels in this manner, my eyes following them till their funnels and hulls gradually disappeared and became absorbed in the surrounding landscape. Very often we could see distinctly the island of Arran, with its peaks standing out against the evening sky.

The people of Glasgow have always been renowned for hospitality, and we came in for a large share of it, both from our colleagues in the University and from the still larger circle outside, a number of whom called on us, some of them people whom we had previously known. I must recall the personalities of some of these by-gone friends, many now, alas ! long since crossed over to the

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

majority, but fresh in my memory as if I had met them only yesterday. Of our colleagues there were Professor and Mrs. Ramsay, very near neighbours in the College, and very dear friends always; he tall, handsome and debonair; she fresh, winsome, and most reliable, a friend to be counted on at all times, though it took some little time to understand her thoroughly. She was ever a very true friend to me, and I felt the world much poorer when she was suddenly taken from all those who loved her well, after a long illness patiently borne. He, I am glad to say, still remains with us, frank, popular, delightful as ever; and still one of the best looking men you will meet on a long summer's day. Their two charming daughters are among our chosen friends, and are special intimates of my own girls.

Then Dr. and Mrs. M'Call Anderson had been known to us for years, and most valued friends they and their family have been for all our life in Glasgow. She a niece of our beloved friend Mr. Richardson of Hartfield, and he a prominent member of the University circle, they became to us the closest of friends, and Dr. Anderson also kindly undertook any medical attendance we required; till, from his persistent generosity in refusing a fee, we finally decided on calling in a medical adviser who could not advance the excuse of being a colleague, and for many years we entrusted our very excellent health to the keeping of Dr. George Dickson, the son of our much-esteemed friend and neighbour the Professor of Divinity. He was



THE UNIVERSITY, SOUTH FRONT



## DR. DICKSON

the kindest, the most untiring of doctors, and I had the most perfect confidence in him, for he told me the truth and said exactly what he thought, though not roughly or unpleasantly, and I never found him to be wrong in any diagnosis that he made.

His good old father we all dearly loved ; and many a time we watched the sturdy old figure step up the stairs from his house and wend his way to the College Library, which was the scene of his daily labours ; for all of the time not given to the duties of his chair was bestowed on his beloved library, the scene of his most cherished work, the kingdom where he ruled supreme. Mrs. Dickson was a delightful old lady of a charming simplicity of character that endeared her to all her friends. She was thoroughly honest and truthful and spoke her mind freely, but there was never any venom in anything she said ; she merely said what she thought, and she had the kindest of hearts, and never thought ill of anyone unless they very richly deserved it. It was a real enjoyment to sit round their comfortable tea table and get a cup of Maggie Dickson's own special brewing. She always made the tea herself, not trusting it to servants, who, she said, never knew when the water boiled. Anyhow, it boiled properly for her, in an ordinary kettle on the drawing-room fire, and a very fine cup of tea was the result, seasoned with a racy gossip over our own and our neighbours' concerns.

Two other old ladies held a very special place in my

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

affections, and also relished a spicy gossip, and could contribute their fair share to it, Miss Murison and Miss Janet Murison, two wealthy spinsters, who lived in a nice house in Hillhead, where they handsomely entertained their friends, and almost invariably concluded their evening with a rollicking game of cards. This was an amusement my husband and I did not appreciate, so we never played; and out of consideration for us Miss Murison never proposed any games till we had departed.

I have related in my first volume that near our house in Melville Street, Edinburgh, an itinerant fishwife sold oysters at eighteen pence the hundred; at Miss Murison's one day, as a sequel to a discussion on oysters, Miss Murison mentioned that those we were presently consuming had cost fourpence halfpenny a piece or four and sixpence a dozen. Oysters were oysters in these days, food only for millionaires and merchant princes.

Very luxurious dinners were given in these days; some of the old city magnates rivalling one another in the costliness and excellence of their banquets, for indeed they could be called nothing else. Sir James Watson and Sir James Bain bulked largely among the dinner-giving community. Both had been Lord Provosts, and memories of former civic entertainments must have clung to them in their retirement; for their dinners stand out in my recollection as most wonderful feats of the culinary art; and at their boards was always to be seen the cele-

## GLASGOW DINNERS

brated Roman punch, that insinuating if deleterious combination which had too often far-reaching consequences, and made many a one painfully recall the seductive compound and the splitting headache that followed a too liberal indulgence in its tempting ingredients. I have tasted it, but I never went much further, as it did not specially appeal to me, as very many much-bepraised delicacies do not. Caviare, for example, is a thing which I cannot comprehend being reckoned as a dainty ; both its smell and its flavour are utterly repugnant to me. With all due respect to the Glasgow dinners and their generous givers, let us be thankful that we live in less luxurious times, and that we can entertain our friends without offering them half a dozen *entrées* which I have often seen, and Glasgow punch, which has now disappeared except from the tables of one or two hosts, who still cling to the traditions of old times.

To one thing I must bear most truthful and ample testimony, and that is to the great excellence of the conversation one generally heard at these often Lucullian tables. The company one usually met was a mixture of money and brains ; the brains had brought them to the top of their avocation, whatever it might be, the money had opened to them all available sources of information, of which most of them had taken every advantage and profited by to the fullest extent ; while some of them were men whose natural abilities had been fostered to the utmost, and who must have distinguished themselves



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

in any walk of life, many of their names being well known in every part of the world.

I remember on one occasion, when dining at Sir James King's, I sat next to Lord Coleridge, and very close to Lord Young, the well-known Edinburgh judge. Many pleasant dinners rise to my memory, but that one can never be forgotten by me, for it and one other were the most agreeable at which I ever assisted. Both these famous men were masters of the art of conversation, and the one seconded the other in every way, anecdote, repartee, apt quotations passed from one to the other in rapid succession ; it was a conversation of a brilliancy seldom heard, and everyone present was spellbound in listening to those two giants, who discoursed of widespread topics with easy fluency and brilliant fervour—Lord Coleridge with his high-bred English tones and Lord Young in the caustic telling Doric so familiar to those who knew him, and which gave such point to any story he related.

The other special occasion in which I took part in a memorable dinner party was at Lord Tweedmouth's, or rather at Mr. Marjoribanks as he then was ; and his opponent in the duel of wits was Mr. Grey, afterwards Earl Grey, who, I was informed, was considered the most agreeable man in England. Mr. Marjoribanks took me in to dinner, and Mr. Grey sat on my other side, and I did so wish that that dinner could go on for ever, so enchanted was I with my position between those two brilliant men. The conversation was often general, for the party was

## LORD ROBERTS

a small one ; and then the charming hostess, Lady Fanny Marjoribanks, joined in with telling effect, for she also was a brilliant conversationalist and a very clever and well-informed woman. Her sister, Lady Sarah Wilson, and her husband were staying in the house ; a graceful, pleasing woman, but not, in my opinion, to be compared to Lady Fanny, who had always been one of the leaders of society, and a worthy scion of her illustrious house.

But I must return to Glasgow and the dinners there. On another occasion I sat next to Lord Roberts, and was very proud to do so ; and I found the world-renowned soldier one of the simplest and most modest of men. He in no way avoided military matters, and we soon found we had many mutual friends, and I gave him my opinions on many subjects, and recalled some old stories about which he seemed rather surprised to find that I knew anything. We discussed a dear old friend of mine, whose fate had always seemed to me a very hard one, and I did not hesitate to say so to Lord Roberts. This was Sir Edward Bruce Hamley of the Royal Artillery, a great friend of ours in old Edinburgh days, and an officer at the very top of his profession ; his history of the *Art of War* being of world-wide celebrity. He was an extremely clever and capable man, and had most fascinating manners when he chose ; but he was not of a compliant nature, and when he had formed an opinion, he was reluctant to abandon it, even if it ran counter to the expressed judgment of his superior officers. He

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

took part in the celebrated march on Tel-el-Kebir, and arrived at an opinion on that well-known engagement that was adverse to the published dictum of several military authorities. To this opinion he adhered, and when his statements were quite overlooked by those in command and a perfectly different version given to the country, Sir Edward Hamley wrote a full and thrilling account of the affair, and published it in a leading magazine, where it attracted great attention. Of course, it reached the military authorities, whose verdict had been otherwise given; the offending author was quietly shelved, and the talented writer of the *Art of War*, a soldier of the rarest excellency, never again prominently appeared before his countrymen, and his days of military service were over. He retired to a quiet country home, and ended his days there. I had often sorrowed over my old friend living in enforced retirement, when I knew how his active spirit must have loathed it, and how the iron must have eaten into the soul of the man whose life was a fever of energy and ambition. All this I poured into the ears of Lord Roberts, who, of course, was perfectly cognizant of all the details, but expressed no opinion upon them; nor even permitted me to see clearly where his sympathy lay; but he said to me, "You're a good friend, and I can fancy that you are also a good enemy."

He came to call on me next day, and I got him to sign his name in my book, where I rank it as one of the most precious of the many signatures therein contained.

## CHAPTER XVI

IN the year 1886 these three honours came to my husband : he was made a Queen's chaplain ; he was elected second clerk of the General Assembly ; and he was appointed to the Chair of Church History in the University of Glasgow. We were staying with the Blacks at the time of the election to the Clerkship. I knew what was going on, but felt too nervous to trust myself in the Assembly Hall, so I waited in the house ; and towards lunch time, when I expected Mr. Black to return home with the news, I stationed myself at the drawing-room window and looked down the Crescent, to watch for the coming of the cab that usually brought Mr. Black home at that time of day. Katie, his eldest daughter, had gone with him, and they were all warmly interested in my husband's success. Presently I saw a cab approaching, and as it came nearer a couple of white handkerchiefs were wildly waved from the windows ; then I knew that all was right, and rushed downstairs to hear the pleasant tidings more fully, and to be told of the large number of votes Dr. Story had received. We had a jolly dinner that

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

day, and drank the new Clerk's health in bumpers of champagne. Mr. Black was a devoted friend of my husband and very kind to us all ; many a pleasant visit we paid to him and his family, both in their nice house in Glencairn Crescent, Edinburgh, and in various delightful country residences which he took for the summer months in the vicinity of Edinburgh, one of them being close to Habbie's Howe, in the very near neighbourhood of the spot sacred to the memory of the "Gentle Shepherd" and all the visionary characters of that charming idyll. It was a sweet, old-fashioned house, buried in old woods, and in one corner of a wood not far from the house was a small cemetery, in which were the graves of several members of the family to whom the place belonged. One was that of a child of very tender age, and the half-effaced inscription on the stone told his name and age, and added the information that "he was an uncommonly fine child." The little graveyard was at the end of a dark walk that went into the wood from the garden, and every day I wandered down this path leaving a message that I had gone to see the uncommonly fine child. Poor little fellow ! He had been the idol of some fond mother's heart ; and no doubt his premature decease had caused the shedding of many a bitter tear. A handsome little fellow too, for a small medallion of him on his tombstone gave the impression of well-cut features and a frank open countenance, and yet one never could look at that ancient tombstone without smiling, as one

## THE JUNIOR CLERK

read the quaint old epitaph of "an uncommonly fine child."

How different were the feelings with which I visited the English corner of a hill-side graveyard on the Riviera, and stood beside the neglected grave of two little Indian Princes, who had evidently been brought to that sweet spot in the faint hope that the southern air might arrest the fell disease to which they were slowly succumbing ; but it had not the desired effect, and there lie the two little royal aliens, far away from their kith and kin and the land that gave them birth, their simple grave-stone covered with wild climbing tendrils till the few lines telling of their ancient lineage are almost entirely hidden. It is very pathetic to stand there and study that neglected little grave (I think the British authorities might see that it is kept in at least decent order) and reflect that in their own country these children would have been tended like little gods, while here they lie neglected and forgotten on the shores of the far distant Mediterranean.

The position of Junior Clerk rendered it necessary that Dr. Story should be in Edinburgh during the entire sitting of the Assembly, and as we all felt a very strong interest in the proceedings of the Assembly too, the habit was formed of a regular exodus of the entire family from Glasgow to Edinburgh for a fortnight or three weeks, when Edinburgh opened its hospitable doors and a perfect carnival of dissipation became our lot for all the time we

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

remained there. We lodged in different places on these occasions ; sometimes we were the guests of hospitable friends, but more generally we engaged rooms for ourselves for at least part of the time. 15 Atholl Crescent was our rendezvous for many years, a most charming and comfortable house, where we were in the vicinity of many friends, conveniently situated for trams and other means of locomotion, and not too distant from my husband's club and from the Assembly Hall. Just after breakfast on the first morning a carriage called for Dr. Story, in which were seated the Procurator for the Church, Sir John Cheyne, the Chief Clerk, Professor Milligan, and the Agent, Mr. William Menzies. I watched my husband go down the steps and take his place with much pride ; for in his rich silk robes and black tights he was a goodly figure of a man, and I knew that no handsomer would be in the Assembly. Sir John Cheyne too was a man of fine presence, and who did not love the dark head and genial countenance of Mr. Menzies, always kindly and benevolent, full of playful sallies and *bonhomie*, always ready to do a good turn to a friend, and who was *not* his friend ?

They drove off to the duties of the day, and after a time we followed them and listened to the deliberations of the vast Assembly that then formed the chief interest of Edinburgh. All the ten days that the Assembly lasted, Edinburgh was in a whirl of gaiety ; nobody but had friends among the black-coated ministers, and big dinner

## HOLYROOD

parties and every form of social entertainment were the order of the day. It was not easy for the Junior Clerk to accept the numerous invitations that came his way, for he was expected to be in his place in the Hall at eight o'clock or very shortly after ; but the limit was not too rigorously drawn, and the two Clerks between them managed to enjoy many pleasant dinner parties. One annual function that must be mentioned was a large luncheon party given by one of the City magnates, Mr. Skinner, the Town Clerk, which invariably took place about the middle of the Assembly, and to which all the principal clergy from the Moderator downwards were invited. I could never convince the kind host and hostess that the two Clerks could not be there at the same time ; we were always told *we* must come certainly, and if possible the other. I had a great regard for Mr. Skinner, and the house in which they lived in George Square was the identical house in which Dr. Story and I originally met, as it had previously been the house of Lord Provost Lawson and the scene of the party where my husband and I first became acquainted.

We generally received invitations for what is known as the Keys dinner at Holyrood Palace, a dinner given by the Lord High Commissioner on the evening before the Assembly opened, to entertain the Lord Provost and the other City Authorities on the occasion of their Presentation of the Keys of the City to the representative of Royalty. This was before the opening of the Assembly, and con-



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

sequently before His Grace had assumed the position of "Lord High," and it was regarded as a private party, and was usually of a more specially select nature, only the more important members of the clergy being present, and the guests being chosen from among the leading society of Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, and the private friends of their Graces. We assembled in the Ante-Room, and found there many friends and also a good many strangers, mostly standing about in expectation, and after a long pause doors opened simultaneously at either end, one door admitting the Lord Provost, followed by his attendant civic satellites, the other giving entrance to the Lord High Commissioner, accompanied by Her Grace and the ladies of her Court. The Lord Provost carried a velvet cushion, on which reposed the Keys of the City, which he presented to the Lord High, while he addressed him in a few phrases of kindly welcome ; to which His Grace replied equally graciously, at the same time returning the proffered keys. An old and time-honoured observance, and yet surrounded with a halo of interest and dignity that made it seem always fresh and new. Each time that I witnessed the ancient ceremony I stood on tiptoe the better to observe the proceedings, and felt interested in watching the ceremonious observances that carried one back to other days and peopled old Holyrood with characters and personages of long ago.

The guests were then presented to the Lord High

## FELLOW-GUESTS

Commissioner and told off for dinner, their names being sonorously mentioned by the Purse-bearer. What a moment of anxiety that was, till one knew one's fate. When Dr. Ramsay was Purse-bearer, I was pretty sure of a pleasant dinner, for he took good care of my husband and myself ; and a long succession of pleasant partners made my dinners at Holyrood occasions of agreeable remembrance. After the lamented death of our old friend, other Purse-bearers appeared " who knew not Joseph," and our fate at dinner became then a very precarious one. Sometimes I was fairly well off, sometimes not so much so ; but at length there came a time when I considered I had reason to feel aggrieved, and when for four weary years in succession the same partner was told off to me, and he by no means a special favourite of mine. My dislike was known to some people, and an attempt was made by a great friend at Holyrood to alter the scheme of handing so far as I was concerned, but the Purse-bearer was firm, and said his arrangements were made and could not be changed.

I had many nice dinners to remember, for I often took part in those functions at the Palace, and had on more than one occasion the honour of being conducted by His Grace himself when it had so happened that no lady of rank was present, and by right of the position of my husband I was the first lady there. Once I was taken into dinner by Dr. Arminius Vambèry, the distinguished scholar and linguist, and I anticipated at the least a

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

highly interesting meal, but I was disappointed; on no subject did the celebrated scholar care to speak except on the many crowned heads he had known, and the intimate terms on which he was with a numerous list of Royalties.

On another occasion Colonel St. George of the Royal Artillery handed me to table; and he was the only person I ever met who had personally tackled a ghost. He mentioned that he was a twin, and had an understanding with his fellow-twin, a brother, that whichever died first should appear to the survivor. They were both grown men, and had not met for some time, when the Colonel, then serving somewhere in India, was suddenly awakened one night, and on looking up perceived his brother standing by his bedside dressed in full uniform; he was in the Navy. So perfectly life-like was he, that Colonel St. George put out his hand, which the other grasped just as if in life.

"I have come to fulfil my promise," he said; "I have gone over to the majority."

"You mean you are dead?"

"Yes," he replied, "and I said I would let you know," and next moment he was gone.

The Colonel told his wife what had occurred, and then he marked down the date, feeling sure something had happened to his brother, who was never more heard of, so they concluded that his ship and all on board had perished. I found this anecdote received with incredulity, especially the part where they clasped hands; but chanc-

## BALMORAL

ing again to meet Colonel St. George, I got him to repeat the story, and I asked him particularly about the hand-shaking.

“ Did you seem to grasp a real flesh-and-blood hand ? ”

“ I did indeed,” he replied ; “ it was as if my brother himself stood there,” and Colonel St. George was not at all a fanciful or excitable man, but a calm, hard-headed soldier, who evidently believed every word that he uttered ; so I tell the story as he related it.

When Principal Caird resigned his Chaplaincy, Her Majesty Queen Victoria nominated Dr. Story to the vacant office ; he had previously preached before her and been honoured by her approval ; but from that date he was asked regularly to Balmoral, and admitted to a greater intimacy with Her Majesty, who always commanded his warmest reverence and admiration, and was to him the model of everything that was excellent in a sovereign and praiseworthy in a woman. When he returned from his visits we used to ply him with questions on all that he had seen and done ; but very vague and general information was all that we were afforded ; he told us nothing that might not have been repeated on the house tops. The most interesting bit of information was the fact that finger-glasses are never used at the Royal table, originating from the days when passing the wine-glass over the finger-bowl at the toast of “ The King ” indicated *which* King’s health was being drunk. All temptation

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

was thus removed from the *habitués* of the Court to drink to the King "over the water."

I heard then for the first time, that it was customary to use the words "Sir" and "Ma'am" in replying to the Queen and members of the Royal Family. It seemed to me a curious form of address from people often of very high rank, but it was applied to all alike, no distinction being made, at least in public. Her Majesty maintained the Court etiquette very strictly, and it was an understood thing that the Queen must always start a new subject in conversation, though my husband told me he had frequently broken this rule, and no evil consequences had followed; and I feel persuaded that many of those whom Her Majesty honoured with her more intimate regard must have done the same thing.

While on this subject I will relate an anecdote told me by the late Principal Tulloch, which, as all connected with it are now beyond recall, may be told exactly as it occurred. The Principal, who was ever an immense favourite with the Queen, had just arrived at Balmoral, where he was to preach in the Parish Church next day, and on proceeding to his room he received a message that Her Majesty wished to speak to him. He obeyed the summons at once, and was conducted to a room that was empty and also very dark, as the Venetian blinds of its three windows were all drawn. While he was debating what to do, a door opened, and the Queen entered. "Oh! how dark it is," she exclaimed, and walking up to a window she



DR. STORY

From a snap-shot in Aberdeen



## THE QUEEN AND DR. MATHESON

began to pull up the blind. The Principal knew that it was not etiquette for him to interfere, so he stood uncomfortably by, and Her Majesty then proceeded to the second window and then to the third. But some difficulty occurred here, and the cord refused to do its work ! The Queen tugged, the blind remained immovable ; flesh and blood could stand it no longer, etiquette or no etiquette.

“ Allow me, ma’am,” and the tall powerful Principal had taken the cord from the Queen’s hand, and had easily pulled up the recalcitrant blind and admitted full light into the room. The Queen started back and cast on the Principal a look of mingled surprise and indignation ; he said, “ She just withered me with a look ; I felt it down to the very end of my toes, and had never supposed it possible for such an expression to come into her eyes ; she just finished me then and there, and I fell back feeling perfectly stupefied. Then seeing that I was reduced to pulp, she held out her hand most graciously, and entered into conversation exactly as if nothing had occurred ; but she may pull up every blind in the castle before I will offer to help her again.”

To my husband she was invariably kind and considerate ; and I heard from Dr. Matheson, the blind minister of Innellan, strong testimony as to her consideration and kindness of heart. It was her habit, on the departure of the minister who had preached to her when she was at Balmoral, to present him with a photograph of herself as a reminder of his services on the occasion. In the case



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

of Dr. Matheson, having heard that he was blind, she substituted a small bronze bust that he might be able to feel her features for himself, as he was prevented from seeing them in a photograph. The Queen also made Dr. Matheson sit beside her on the sofa, and then occurred one of those curious incidents when truth is stranger than fiction, and but that the blind minister was a good man and true could hardly be accepted as a fact. His blindness was not total ; there were occasions when by a combination of circumstances known to oculists, a ray of light was enabled to visit the usually dark retina, and for a moment sight was vouchsafed to the tantalized victim. Dr. Matheson told me that on looking out of his window at Innellan, which he often did though seeing nothing, when this conjunction of rays occurred, he would see the hull but not the sails of a passing ship, or the sails and not the hull ; the next instant it was gone with no hope of its return. Then he told me that on this occasion, just as he placed himself on the sofa beside Her Majesty, one of those marvellous visitations came upon him, and for a second of time he saw the Queen plainly and well. It was just a glance, but he had seen her, and he retained the impression in his inmost memory. He did not mention it to the Queen, for she had given him the little bust with many kind words, and he did not wish her to feel that all this seemed almost unnecessary ; but he felt thankful and pleased that this privilege had been granted him.

## AN AMUSING ENCOUNTER

Her Majesty, when at Balmoral, occasionally visited the neighbouring proprietors, and it was when calling on Lady Clark that the following curious incident occurred which was told to me by a friend of the young lady concerned. Miss A. (we shall call her) was paying a visit to Lady Clark, and one afternoon, when the other ladies had gone up to their rooms, she remained in the drawing-room to finish a letter, and was just ready when she heard a great noise of wheels and of trampling horses. It was not the usual hour of callers, so she advanced to the window to see what it might be, when she perceived to her dismay that it was a belated visit from Her Majesty the Queen. There was no time to escape; she would have met the advancing party face to face. But in the drawing-room there was a curtained door which opened into a large closet, where Lady Clark kept some of her choicest specimens of fine old china. Into this den Miss A. retreated, and had barely closed the door when Her Majesty entered the room and found no one present to receive her, though a message instantly came from Lady Clark to announce speedy arrival. But to the horror of the nervous visitor the Queen did not seat herself, and commenced a tour of inspection, stopping to examine any curious object that struck her, and finally arriving at the door of the china closet, the use of which she knew perfectly well. Miss A. seized the unlocked door and held it as fast as she could, while Her Majesty pulled from without; and having a handle to give

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

stability to her pull, she had much the advantage of Miss A., who merely held on by her nails. Finally, a firm tug wrenched open the door, and Her Majesty won the victory ; but just at that moment Lady Clark entered the room and saved the situation by presenting the trembling girl to the Queen, who laughed heartily and said she had no business to be looking about her in such an impertinent manner, and after a little talk with Lady Clark she took her leave, and Miss A. escaped to her own room.

A lady residing in the neighbourhood of Balmoral, who was honoured by the Queen's occasional visits, told me that the whole period the Royal party was at the Castle her husband and herself never were away from the house together, so afraid were they that no one might be there to receive the Queen when she called. Another lady told me how sad it was, as time rolled on, to observe the gradual change in the Queen's habits. When Her Majesty first went to see this lady her health was good, and she got out of the carriage easily and stepped briskly along the gravel path. Then came the time when the two Indian servants, who always accompanied Her Majesty on her drives, descended from their seat and gently assisted the Queen from the carriage, and led her slowly up the gravel path to the house and to the seat she was to occupy in the drawing-room. At first this seat was at the upper end of the room ; but later a change took place here, and one of the Indians lifted a chair and placed it just within the door, and there the Queen seated

## LATER DAYS

herself. Then came the time when Her Majesty did not quit the carriage at all, but sent for the husband and wife to come and speak to her. Towards the end of her life her strength failed greatly, and though she still took long drives and enjoyed them, she often fell asleep and remained so most of the time.

## CHAPTER XVII

WE had been at the Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1887, and we were also present at the Diamond Jubilee in 1897, which presented many of the features of the previous one, but was still more interesting because the Queen was then ten years older, and every one felt it was probably one of her last public appearances. We had extremely good places given to us ; my husband was on the steps of St. Paul's, where there was a very notable gathering of distinguished people, while her Majesty sat in her carriage at the foot of the steps and joined in the service held there by the great dignitaries of the Church. The girls were on the roof of Dover House, in places given by Lord Balfour of Burleigh ; and they saw the procession admirably both in going and in returning, while Lord and Lady Balfour entertained their friends at luncheon in the interval.

I had a seat in Buckingham Palace Gardens, in a long stand that had been erected for the household, from which I had a splendid view, as the procession passed just below the foot of the stand, and we could see all the faces most

## THE DIAMOND JUBILEE

distinctly. It was a long and weary wait, for I had to start very early in the morning, so as to be sure of getting to my place in good time. For some time beforehand all cabs and carriages had been engaged, and omnibuses were ordered off the street at a certain hour ; so I had been very doubtful of my means of transit. Dr. Story and three other clergymen had secured a carriage at a great price to take them to St. Paul's, and by wonderful good luck one of the occupants of the carriage was not to be picked up till they had passed St. George's Hospital, where I had to descend to go to my seat in Constitution Hill. I found it easily, for though the crowds were enormous, there was comparative peace here, and soldiers kept the roadway quite clear. I had two tickets, and had taken my friend Mary Crawford with me, and she and I walked down a quiet walk in the Palace Gardens, till very near the Palace itself, when we mounted the large wooden stand and found ourselves in a charming position, right among the household, several of whom we recognized. I can scarcely say it was a weary wait, though a very long one, for we were there not long after seven, and the procession did not pass till about one o'clock. But there was so much variety, troops passing in constant procession, and grand carriages going to fetch royal and distinguished personages and presently returning with those important personages seated inside, well-known ones being greeted vociferously by the mob, who were in high good humour and delighted

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

with the magnificent spectacle that was spread before them.

The various members of the Royal Family passed by and received tremendous ovations, especially the Prince and Princess of Wales ; the royal children were also greeted with much enthusiasm ; a great reception awaited the always popular Duchess of Teck, whose massive proportions and very handsome face were instantly recognized, and who cast beaming smiles and happy nods right and left, and specially noticed some members of the household who sat near us, waving her hand to them and smiling broadly, her handsome features lighted up with pleasure. We watched the procession turn out of the Palace and proceed down Constitution Hill ; the flickering light glancing on the gay uniforms and magnificently-dressed ladies, and lighting up a scene of splendour hardly to be equalled elsewhere. But the cynosure of all eyes, the crux of this great gathering, was the little old lady who sat by herself, every eye focussed upon her, majestic and yet humble, the acknowledged centre of this vast assemblage, all met in her honour, all considering her far and away the mightiest person there. She sat there, looking so calm, and really feeling so intensely. She could not avoid a feeling of natural pride and exultation as she witnessed the amazing enthusiasm of her adoring subjects ; but her thoughts were full of consideration for others, and her first enquiry on returning home on the conclusion of an exhibition such as no monarch

## THE PALACE GARDENS

had ever before witnessed, was whether Lady Salisbury, who was recovering from illness, had been able to see the procession, and if she had not been over fatigued by doing so.

She was still more gratified by the result of a drive which she took through London a little later. On this occasion Her Majesty went quite simply through her capital, showing thereby her complete trust in the affection of her people; no gorgeous troops filled the densely-crowded streets, but the inhabitants of London came out in their thousands from the low streets and alleys and gazed for probably the last time on their Queen, and that Queen stated afterwards that she considered this was the prouder occasion of the two.

When the first rush of departure was over on the memorable Jubilee day, we left our seats and were proceeding towards the gate by which we had entered, when I took it into my head that I should very much like to have a peep at the beautiful gardens, which, in all probability, I should never be in again. Tickets were displayed, desiring visitors to keep to the straight path, but there seemed no officials about, and seeing a most tempting little side path that ran behind some bushes, I strayed into it and presently found myself on the borders of a sweet little pond or lakelet, with a boat on it and numerous swans, and all as perfectly sheltered and secluded from human view as if it were fifty miles away. I could see beautiful lawns and flower beds stretching in every



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

direction ; the whole scene was perfection (with magnificent trees arching overhead) and felt so utterly retired, the very tumult of the mob and of the streets was heard as though far off. I had no conception such thoroughly secluded gardens could have been found in the very centre of London. We then returned to the entrance gate and tried to find our way home. The first cabman I hailed demanded a guinea ; the second half a crown, and him I accepted, and we got back to Kensington in safety, well pleased with our expedition.

In the evening we went out to see the fireworks, which were splendid ; we went by underground railway to the City, and met in the carriage the Archbishop of York and Mrs. Maclagan, and I had some talk with His Grace, for I used to know him well as "Willie Maclagan," and he recognized me at once. The decorations of the chief public buildings were most beautiful ; we saw them all well, but the crowd was appalling, and horrid bands of hooligans traversed the streets and much alarmed the quiet pedestrians by joining hands and bearing down upon all who opposed them. I was greatly alarmed several times by their roughness, but we came to no harm. Great crowds gathered before the residence of the Baroness Burdett Coutts, and cheered the old lady, who was sitting on her balcony surrounded by friends. We walked the whole way back, though some of the party, myself included, became terribly fatigued, but not an empty vehicle was to be had for love or money. I with difficulty dragged

## DEVONSHIRE HOUSE

one leg before another, and when about Holland Park I utterly gave way, and announced that I could no further go ; so we waited a little on the road and mercifully presently an empty hansom come by, into which several of us got, and I found myself thankfully sitting on the floor, for I had not strength enough to raise myself to the level of the seat. Oh ! how tired I was. I got into bed with the feeling that I had never known what bed was before ; my limbs were stiff and my back aching, and my eyes felt as if they were too big for the sockets. But we had seen the Diamond Jubilee, and nothing was of any importance in comparison.

On one of those Jubilee occasions, I forget which, we were invited to a garden party at the Duke of Devonshire's in Piccadilly. We went with Lady Frances Balfour, and were received by the Duke and Duchess, who shook hands with all their guests after they had passed through the house and gone down a flight of steps into the garden. There on a good-sized lawn were assembled a considerable gathering of people ; a band was playing and several tents had been erected for the convenience of the company. I did not wish to be a burden to Lady Frances, so, after accompanying her for a little while, I stopped to speak to the Bishop of Ripon and Mrs. Boyd Carpenter, and then I slipped into a side walk, and following it a little way I presently found myself in a little coppice at the end of the garden, and entirely removed from the gay gathering assembled there. What I afterwards learnt was, a corre-

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

sponding garden at the back of Lansdowne House joined this one ; the two combined occupied a large space of ground, and formed a most delicious oasis in the great desert of London. Some fine trees towered above the greenery below, and sheltered the nests of many delightful singing birds, whose warbling I could hear quite distinctly as I traversed the perfectly deserted paths that percolated this enchanting wilderness. I thought as I walked there how charming it must be to own such a choice dwelling, combining all the advantages of town with the pleasures of the country ; for where I stood, I experienced as I had done in the gardens of Buckingham Palace the sensation of being far away in the depths of the country. All was so green and shady and apparently so removed from the noise and bustle of life, I fear I was guilty of breaking the tenth commandment as I stood there, the contrasts in life seemed so inexplicable, so very unfair. Then I began to retrace my steps and came slowly back to the more crowded part of the garden, and standing where I was hidden by a large bush, I surveyed the gay scene before me. I saw presently that I was affording intense interest to one or two quiet-looking men whom I took to be detectives, and who kept me well under their supervision, not being able apparently to understand the meaning of a solitary female wandering about the grounds and stopping at intervals to survey what was going on.

At one end of the lawn a very pretty tent was erected, and in it was a table covered with good things, by which

## ROYAL GUESTS

were a number of comfortable chairs, all laid ready for expected arrivals. Presently the flaps of the tent were held widely open and the Duke of Devonshire appeared, conducting the Princess of Wales, as she then was, while the Prince followed them escorting the Duchess of Devonshire. After them came the members of the suite, and soon all were engaged in the consumption of strawberries and cream. Shortly after they entered the tent, a royal mandate evidently went forth, for I perceived the well-known figure of Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, making her way into the royal tent, and directly afterwards peals of merry laughter proclaimed the exhilarating effect of that lady's society. "Maria Marchioness," as she was familiarly called, was a great favourite at Court ; and she was indeed a very attractive-looking and brilliant woman of fashion, though no longer in her first youth. After she had entered the tent, flaps were closed, and we only heard the merry converse and hearty laughter that proceeded from within. Later in the afternoon I saw the Princess of Wales come down one of the garden walks accompanied by an elderly gentleman, to whom she was listening very courteously. She was then in the very zenith of her beauty and charm, and was indeed a most exquisite creature. She wore a white silk dress, covered with little sprays of rosebuds, and it hung in easy folds round her graceful figure, while a small white bonnet trimmed with rosebuds finished her tasteful costume. She walked slowly, talking to this gentleman ; her slight limp was

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

scarcely perceptible, rather it seemed to bestow an added grace, so skilfully did she conceal it, pausing every moment or two as if to listen more earnestly to her companion. I thought I had never seen anything sweeter than she looked as she strolled down the walk, and I did not wonder at her being, as she was, the idol of the English people.

We went to a grand reception at the Foreign Office, and witnessed there one of the great social functions of London. It was a magnificent party ; the flowers alone making it worth seeing, for the whole place was buried in the most exquisite roses and carnations, while trails of greenery, swept from banister to banister, and joined the great banks of flowers into one harmonious whole ; the sweetness shed on the air by this wealth of fragrance was indescribable. All London was there, and the spectacle a very fine one ; a large royal circle, the Ministers of State and representatives of Foreign Courts, military men of every grade in the service, and the *crème de la crème* of British society—all that was best of rank and beauty were gathered together under that stately roof. We were a long time in getting up the staircase and I had ample time to look about me, and muse upon the gay and stately scene that met my eyes on every side. I had been told before going there that I should probably find I was wearing the only cap in the place, but I could scarcely credit this, as I was sure there would be plenty of old ladies present, and I did not realize that the genus "old lady" no longer exists in the fashionable world ;

## LONDON PARTIES

but that everyone, no matter how many her years, is resolved to remain youthful as long as possible, and to eschew all outward semblance of the ugly progress of time. Look where I would, I saw plenty of dowagers, fine stately old ladies with massive shoulders and grand aristocratic heads silvered over with the rime that speaks of advancing years; but then to my grief I saw nothing but large clumps of feathers or masses of clustering blossoms; the lovely old lace that shrouds so becomingly the grizzly locks and sharpening features of age was conspicuously absent; my trim little lace head-dress was indeed the only one visible. I looked for the two Miss Monks, daughters of a former Bishop of Gloucester, two virgins of unimpeachable respectability and fashion, never missing from any large gathering, their simple presence being a testimonial to its unblemished character. There they were, dressed to the very pink of perfection, but on their excellent old heads never a vestige of elderly head-gear. Flowers, flowers, in every direction, as might have suited any girl of nineteen.

I was also very much shocked by the *décolletée* condition of the ladies, young and old alike, the old ones perhaps the greater sinners of the two. I was told it was the fashion, and much regretted to think that those in high places had not better taste than so to outrage the simplest rules of modesty, and exhibit an example only too sure to be followed by those who think the fashion set them by those above them in the social scale, is one to be unhesi-

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

tatingly followed by all who would aspire to be thought like them in however remote a degree. Among those lightly clothed elderly Venuses were noble and virtuous English matrons, mothers of large families who were growing up to be the pride and glory of their country ; surely they would have looked better with a sheltering drapery of lace that would have relieved the eyes of the beholder, and certainly need not have destroyed the wearer's pretensions to be called a woman of fashion ; at least such was my opinion as I gazed on the rows of *décolletée* dowagers, and I give it for what it is worth.

London is a most charming place in which to spend a short time, but a long time wearies me ; one feels such an utter nonentity in that great Babylon of cities, where you are lost in the multitude of varying interests, and where one may live next door to a man for ten years and hardly know his name, much less his aims or interests in life, or whether he is happy or miserable in his outlook on the world around him. We do not enjoy our lives as foreigners do ; and we are too ready to attribute that to the influence of climate, and not to the hardening effect of British temperament. We have too much regard for ourselves and too little for others, and are apt to sneer at the simple pleasures and views of life that content what we are pleased to call " foreigners," their principal demerit being that their coat is not cut according to our measures ; therefore we will not allow that it is cut after any measure at all.

## CHAPTER XVIII

BUT I digress, and must retrace my steps a long way, for I am wandering very much out of the right path. We had now been resident in the College for some years, living a happy life among a galaxy of kindred professors, and I think I may say, on the whole, much liked by them all. We entertained a good deal, and were always ready to join in any functions in which it was considered that the University should take a part. But above all, we had much assisted to bridge over the gulf that had long existed between Town and Gown, and which had exercised a very detrimental effect on the best efforts of those who wished to see more friendly relations prevail between them, and to interest the great mercantile community more understandingly in the welfare of the grand scholastic foundations that flourished in its midst. We cultivated friendly relations both with those within the walls of the College and with numbers of people outside, more especially with the members of the City Corporation, who were mostly people of importance and wealth. For many years in succession we knew intimately the Lord



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

Provosts and their wives ; some of them were indeed among our most valued friends. The wife of one of them, Lady Bell, who died some little time after the completion of her husband's term of office, was one of my dearest friends, and her death made the world poorer for all who had estimated her gracious personality and sweet womanly disposition as it deserved. She had been an incalculable aid to her husband in discharging the somewhat onerous duties of the position, and dispensed the civic hospitalities with ever-ready grace and kindness. A woman of great personal attraction, she possessed a charm of manner vouchsafed to few ; and she was as good as she was charming.

At their delightful place in the country she had established a Home for poor girls, where they might be sent from the slums and purlieus of Glasgow, and where for some weeks they were enabled to enjoy the pleasures of open air and freedom from the squalor and poverty of city surroundings. This home she superintended herself, taking a warm interest in everything that concerned it, and entering into all the joys and sorrows of her little *protégées*. I was often there, and a very pretty sight it was to watch the children unfolding daily in the atmosphere of love and kindness, till you would not have known them for the same little creatures who but a few days previously had entered this sweet and happy abode. They had been sickly, dirty, neglected, and miserable little outcasts ; they became transformed into healthy,

## GLASGOW LIFE

clean, joyous children, happy in this new life with its altered conditions, and only sorrowing at the thought of having to leave this Eden and return to the harsh experiences outside. Lady Bell pointed out a nice-looking little girl to me one day, and told me she had been informed by the matron that the child had startled them all at breakfast that day by suddenly remarking, "They're hanging ma mither this morning," and by not appearing to be much put about by the ghastly incident. Indeed, so little did it affect the other children that the poor motherless waif from that moment seemed to gain in importance with her companions, and was elevated into the position of a heroine, so callous do the minds of even children become to the sordid influences of crime and retribution.

If it was a busy and hard-working life that we led, it was also a very pleasant one. Country friends came to visit us, and on the not rare occasions of University functions we held open house, and at such times we had visitors both interesting and distinguished. Mr. Arthur Balfour came to deliver an address at a time when I was unluckily just recovering from influenza, and unable to go and hear him. He and his sister were the guests of Lord and Lady Kelvin, who lived quite close to us, and great was my delight when my husband told me that Mr. Balfour had announced to him that as I could not go to see him, he was coming to see me. I was in bed at the time, and still very weak ; but I shot out of bed and dressed as

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

fast as I could, and went down to the drawing-room in time to receive the expected visitor. He came, and was most kind and sympathetic ; I felt grateful to the influenza that had procured me a visit all to myself, and did not grudge the extra several days in bed that the exertion entailed upon me. Miss Balfour also kindly called for me, and came up to see me in my room, though I had many qualms of conscience lest I should be the unwitting means of conveying infection to either of my friendly guests. But nothing untoward occurred.

We had a charming visit from the Bishop of Ripon and his wife ; the Bishop came to preach in the University Chapel, and they stayed with us on the occasion. What a charming visitor the Bishop was ! He spoke fluently and agreeably on every subject, and he poured out a constant flow of the liveliest stories and anecdotes on every possible topic, the narrator never seeming to weary any more than did his delighted hearers. He told us of a wonderful power of thought-reading possessed by him and also by Mrs. Boyd Carpenter ; and related that on one occasion when in church he found he had forgotten the sermon he was going to preach, and seeing his wife in her place, he conveyed to her the information, intimating, at the same time, where the sermon was. She replied that she would instantly go and fetch it.

“ No,” he rejoined. “ Don't go yourself ; send John,” meaning a son who sat by her in her pew.

He went, and the sermon duly reached the Bishop.

## COLLEGE GUESTS

He gave other instances, but I forget them ; this one has remained with me and is very remarkable ; but as Hamlet observed, " There are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy " ; this is one of them, whether it will ever be better understood or not is another matter.

Another Bishop visited us, much beloved by us all, the Bishop of Peterborough, married to our friend Lady Mary Campbell, sister of Lady Frances Balfour. He was, and I am glad to say still is, a most delightful man. We had a large evening party when they were with us, and the Bishop much enjoyed it, and said he had never been in a room with sixteen professors before, and he felt it quite an occasion. Lord Balfour of Burleigh also stayed with us, and his very charming wife and eldest daughter. I never had a more delightful guest than Lady Balfour ; she just brimmed over with geniality and goodness, and had a manner so simply fascinating that the most determined misogynist could not have withstood her. She related the sweetest little stories, and she told them delightfully, half acting them, and mimicking the voices she personated so admirably that the whole scene was perfectly visible to you. On one occasion she told us Lord Balfour was from home, and had left her in charge of the telephone in a very important political crisis. She was to send him news of what was taking place as soon as she learned it herself. To do this she made frequent application to the telephone, and no doubt considerably

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

worried the operator, who seemed to be chatting with a friend, for she was amused on taking up the receiver one time to hear quite distinctly, " Tut ! there's that tiresome Lady Balfour again," instantly changed into a respectful " Yes, my lady," when the operator discovered that they were actually in communication. We found his big " lordship " very genial and pleasant, and also a very agreeable guest ; but he was over-shadowed by the charm of his wife.

The years slipped happily by, without any special event to mark their progress. More and more we had become engulfed in the whirlpool of society ; my husband had developed a very pretty gift of oratory ; his after-dinner observations had got to be highly appreciated, and he was the recipient of a large number of invitations to public dinners, when some important toast generally fell to his share, and his performance of this public social duty was always very felicitous. He took part in those public banquets not only for the pleasure they afforded him, but also that he might increase his knowledge of the civic dignitaries who took part in them, who might in the future be valuable allies in his far-reaching schemes for the good of the University. Sometimes, on such occasions, I accompanied him ; and it was gratifying to my wifely heart to see how thoroughly he was appreciated by the company among whom we found ourselves, and how eagerly his pronouncements on his own special and many other topics were received.

## PROFESSORS' PARTIES

Once, at one of these dinners, I sat next to Lord Strathcona, and was delighted with my conversation with that Canadian veteran. In the course of our talk he mentioned that he had four, I am not sure if it were not *five* houses, and lived in them all some part of every year. I told him that I sincerely pitied him ; as it was impossible that any one of them could be a home. He assured me that this was not the case ; and said if I would come and visit him, he would have pleasure in proving it to me. I said I should be happy to go ; but I must honestly state, the invitation has never come.

There were all kinds of parties in the University ; the Principal and Professors entertained, the University entertained, and the students gave very lively dances, and did their best to keep the ball rolling. These dances were given by rival factions, and each vied with the other in support of their political party. The professors' wives were generally invited to grace the entertainment, and I used to go with my daughters and plant myself on a bench against the wall, with all the other chaperons, till the hour had come when we thought we might decently withdraw. We ourselves never attempted a dance. We had heard doubts cast on the perfect stability of the College floors ; but we had large evening parties, when music of varying excellence was given, and when the students often contributed songs or recitations that were sometimes of great merit, and excited immense interest and applause among their fellows, who looked

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

admiringly on, and listened with generous eagerness. We once attempted a small play, which was a great success. I wrote it, and intended it to be more of the nature of a charade, but it really was a little play, a kind of skit upon words, and it was admirably acted by the two sons of our neighbour Professor Jack, who had a strong turn for histrionic performances, and made this small affair the success it undoubtedly was. After the evening was ended we all went down to a substantial supper, and our hungry guests did full justice to the plentiful viands provided for their refection, ushered down by the impressive tones of Crowther, the janitor, "Supper is on the table, ladies and gentlemen!"

At the beginning of a session we gave a series of luncheons to the students, and by the end of the course we had worked through them all. We usually invited about a dozen, which, with ourselves and sometimes an extra friend, made a sufficiently large party. We gathered in the drawing-room to receive them. Instead of entering singly, as we expected, they nearly always came in a body; this was effected by the first comers waiting on the steps for the later arrivals, and then all made the plunge together.

But relations with the students were not always of this amicable nature. On various occasions there were scenes of great uproar and disturbance, and an exhibition of very unpleasant feeling took place, which redounded little to the credit of its perpetrators. After one of those ebullitions, in which Dr. Story, with one or two

## RIOTOUS STUDENTS

other professors, had opposed the students, the evening came, and the sun had gone down upon the angry passions of those concerned in the riot. My husband had gone to attend a lecture given by Professor Edward Caird, and my daughters and I were sitting in the drawing-room, which was at the back of the house. The first intimation that there was anything wrong was a very violent ring at the door-bell, and then excited voices in the hall, causing me to rise quickly and go into the lobby. It was a large body of students I was told, and they wanted to speak to Dr. Story. I went downstairs and threw wide the outer door, holding up my hand as I went outside to the top of the steps. Just previous to this, while I went downstairs, volleys of stones were thrown against the door and the windows, and sticks were beat noisily against the front door. There was also a great groaning and hooting among the large band of students assembled outside. But there was a silence as of the grave when I went out on the steps.

“Gentlemen,” I said, “I understand you wish to see Professor Story. I am sorry he is not at home. He has gone, in the performance of his duty, to attend the lecture of Professor Caird, and now I advise you all to attend to your duty too, and go back to your homes as quickly as possible. I wish you all good-night.”

Shouts of approval and loud hurrahs sounded all over the Quadrangle; “Three cheers for Mrs. Story,” came from several points, and a decided movement towards



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

the entrance gate became visible. I must mention, to their credit, that several of the students had done their best to keep a clear space round me while I was speaking ; and, by joining arms across the stone steps on which we stood, they had effectually prevented anyone from entering the house, as some of the more adventurous spirits showed a strong inclination to do. I instantly re-entered the house, the students rapidly dispersed, and there was an end of what might have been a rather unpleasant *émeute*. The misconduct of the Glasgow students on most occasions of ceremonial has now become proverbial, and has apparently proved beyond the power of principals and professors alike to cope with, though many plans of checking their overflowing spirits have been tried, and as yet all unavailingly. Professors for whom the students entertained a warm esteem and affection have met with no better treatment than have those to whom their regard was not so strongly drawn, and the voice of Principal Caird, whom the students much respected and liked, was at times no more listened to than was that of professors whose methods with them were drastic, and for whom the juniors were known to cherish feelings the reverse of affectionate. Yet these young men, when taken singly, or when met in the ordinary intercourse of life, were as nice young fellows as you would wish to meet, and had every cause to be so, for they were the sons of worthy parents, and had been brought up in the ways of decency and kindness

## THE QUEEN'S VISIT

and had walked in the right path till they came under the unfortunate influence of unruly and ill-disposed spirits, who had led them in paths which were not those of pleasantness and peace. Year after year the same scenes took place, year after year the same remarks appeared in the newspapers, and still the old game went on, and principal and professors mourned over the decadence of the University, and laid their wise heads together with apparently no result to show for it. Perhaps, in the misty future, a time may come when the students will themselves see the folly of their proceedings, and when such remarks as a lady made on one occasion will no longer be applicable to Glasgow University. She was lunching with one of the professors previous to going to a graduation ceremonial, and she said lightly to her host during lunch :

“ I do hope the students will be nice and noisy, and that I shall see a regular good row. I am so looking forward to seeing one.”

She was gratified, and saw a good row ; but such admirers of the uproar at the Bute Hall were few and far between.

On one occasion Queen Victoria visited the University, not alighting from her carriage, but merely driving through the grounds and Quadrangle and passing along the broad terrace fronting the University buildings. We invited a good many friends to lunch, and gave them positions where the royal cavalcade would be distinctly visible. In upper windows were placed some humbler

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

spectators, chiefly people keenly anxious to see Her Majesty, but unable through age or infirmity to undergo the fatigue of waiting outside. Among our guests at lunch was Sir Charles Dalrymple of Newhailes, a very kind friend. I had given a window to the servants, from which they too could clearly see the royal party drive past ; but our cook, who had been with us nearly forty years, I treated with extra partiality, and placed her at a small window on one side of the entrance door, which she was to have all to herself, and inspect the royal party in comfort. I went to see if she was all right, and to my surprise found her sharing the window and in full conversation with Sir Charles Dalrymple.

“ This excellent woman has just been explaining to me how she is here, and I have been instructing her at which side of the carriage to look for the Queen,” observed Sir Charles ; and Elizabeth had profited by his advice, and in consequence had a most excellent view of Her Majesty, who happened to turn her head towards our house as she passed, and bestowed a gracious bow in return for the many demonstrations of loyalty that met her eyes.

Another royal visit to Glasgow was that paid by H.M. King Edward and Queen Alexandra in the summer of 1903, when they drove up to the University, stopping at the entrance under the Tower to receive an Address. Great preparations were made, and many functions were crowded into the short day, beginning by the laying

## KING EDWARD

of the Foundation Stone of the Technical College ; and the Principal, after lunching in the Municipal Buildings with the royal party, had to hurry back to receive them at the University. At luncheon "morning dress with trousers" was the order ; but for the University, the Principal had to appear in full dress, knee-breeches, silk stockings and shoes under his Principal's gown, so a very hurried change was necessary and effected, and he started for the Senate Room in all haste as a message came that their Majesties were on their way. What was my horror, on taking a final look after him as he went up the Unicorn Staircase, to see appearing—instead of a pair of buckled shoon—the solid leather of a pair of strong boots with beautiful silk legs above them ! A daughter seized the forgotten shoes, which were discovered in a corner, and ran after him in breathless haste, and at the door of the Senate Room the needed alteration was effected by her, just in time. The bedellus in attendance with the mace, and adorned with a pair of tight white gloves, was much too agitated and fussed to render any effectual service. Their Majesties came smiling and gracious ; the Address was read and replied to ; some presentations were made, and the Queen graciously accepted a bouquet from the students, the offerer of which was with difficulty restrained from advancing with an umbrella tightly clasped in one hand and the bouquet in the other—and then they drove off to fulfil further parts of their day's programme. We "College ladies"

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

watched the proceedings from the balcony above the great door. "The Queen was so nice and plain" was the comment made by an onlooker in one of the humbler streets through which she passed, according to whose standard no higher encomium could have been passed.

## CHAPTER XIX

I HAVE spoken of the excellence of the Glasgow dinners ; I must not omit to mention the super-excellence of the Glasgow balls, of which a number were given each year, and which were certainly among the nicest balls at which I have ever been, and I have been at a good many. While the young people were provided with a good floor and the most delightful of orchestras, the elder people were not forgotten, but had the privilege of viewing very prettily decorated rooms ; for at the chief balls, given by private combines, such as the Bachelors' and Benedicks' balls, and others of the same stamp, the decorations, of flowers and greenery and variegated lamps, were sometimes extremely beautiful, and were altered from year to year, till one wondered how they could devise such marvels of tastefulness and beauty, which afforded much delight to the admiring onlookers. Herr Iff's charming and much famed band was nearly as good to listen to as to dance to ; good little Mr. Iff himself blandly beaming on his whirling auditors, and looking as pleased in their enjoyment as if it were his own, and never seeming in

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

the slightest degree wearied. Then the gorgeous supper that crowned the labours of the evening, and supplied a greatly needed stimulus after the exertions that had preceded it. The finest of oysters always formed part of the entertainment, and it was an understood thing between Sir Thomas M'Call Anderson and myself that we should go into supper together, and simultaneously commence an attack on the succulent bivalves, which were usually the first and last material of supper for me, with a glass or two of creamy champagne. Then we retired to make way for waiting youngsters, till the whole company had been fed, and had returned duly revived to profit once more by the energy of Herr Iff.

Concerts, too, of the very best quality were given at intervals. We had the regularly recurring orchestral concerts, in which the best music was performed by musicians of first-class rank ; and we had also star concerts, in which many of the most noted singers and players of the day displayed their powers to enraptured audiences and enabled them to hear the newest and best productions of the musical world. We frequently attended those concerts, for we all loved music ; and we also patronized the theatre, when a star, or when any piece of particular merit attracted our attention. We were all great admirers of the acting of the late Sir Henry Irving, and for many years enjoyed his intimate friendship, which brought much interest and pleasure into our

## IRVING AND ELLEN TERRY

lives. The great actor, accompanied by Miss Ellen Terry and by that prince of good fellows his secretary, Mr. Bram Stoker, lunched with us each visit that they paid to Glasgow, and we assembled a large party of congenial guests, who came with delight to meet them and enjoy the always interesting conversation of Sir Henry, and the playful sallies of Miss Terry, who was as fascinating as she was beautiful.

As to the much loved Bram Stoker, now, alas, gone for ever from our midst, as is also the courtly and kindly Sir Henry, I can only say that a more delightful Irishman, for he hailed from the Emerald Isle, never existed. Filled with the milk of human kindness, he was never happier than when he could do a good turn to a fellow-creature ; and his lamented death a few years ago caused many to mourn for the loss of a dear friend and the source of much wholesome mirth and generous enjoyment. Never did that warm-hearted party enter Glasgow but a box for the play that was the vogue of the moment was offered for our acceptance, and in most cases we were only too happy to accept. Thus we saw all Sir Henry's greatest impersonations and enjoyed them most thoroughly ; I think I admired most his performance of Shylock ; he was very great in the part, and even in that most repulsive character, so great was his skill that he contrived at the end of the play to excite sympathy for the Jew, and I remember the tears coming into my eyes when the defeated and broken money-lender retired from the scene, wailing



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

for all he had lost and for the disappointment of all the schemes he had unavailingly cherished.

Chancing to call one day when no one but myself was at home, I had a long and interesting conversation with Sir Henry Irving. He told me on that occasion that the most difficult character he ever personified was the palsied old soldier in *The Waterloo Veteran*, where he had to enact for a long time the part of the invalid soldier, which entailed a close and rigorous attention on his part, which was extremely fatiguing and exhausting. He said he always felt completely worn out when this piece occupied the stage ; for he had not only to copy faithfully the voice and manner of a very old man, but also to imitate the occasional twitchings and tremblings of advanced age ; and all this entailed an expenditure of force and feeling that tried him very much. He had beautiful hands, well formed, with long taper fingers, and when one considered the many years he had been behind the footlights, and the variety of pigments he must have been compelled to use in the make up for his numerous characters, it was certainly remarkable to note the beauty of his skin. I have looked at his face when close to me, and the grain of his skin was as fine as that of a baby, no trace of rouge or any deleterious compound being visible. He was a most lovable man, always gracious and courteous ; we all loved him much, and I think he was equally fond of us. He had a warm admiration for my husband, who cordially returned it. He

## SIR HENRY'S LL.D.

stayed with us once, and, on coming down to breakfast, he carried in his hands a parcel which he begged I would do him the honour of accepting, as a souvenir of the pleasure he had had in his visit. On opening the parcel, I found it was a most beautiful inlaid ivory box, which I told Sir Henry was only fit for Portia in the great scene of the Caskets, but which I accepted with much pleasure. It is a beautiful box, and has been greatly admired, and I value it highly as a memorial of many pleasant evenings when we were all under the spell of the generous donor. Sir Henry was too liberal in money matters, and loved not wisely but too well to give to others what he should in justice have reserved for himself. He was only able to remain one night with us; and he gave my three servants a sovereign each for the slight services they had rendered him, which was quite unheard-of generosity; but I found they were all determined to have a hole pierced in the coin, that they might keep it in remembrance of the great man who had been so pleasant and courteous in his behaviour to them all. This was the occasion of his receiving the degree of LL.D. from the University. Sir Henry valued this degree very highly, and always spoke with much gratitude of the share my husband had in bringing it about. He made himself most charming to everyone, and delivered a very delightful speech at the Senate lunch that took place after the graduation. He was also the magnet of a large dinner party which we gave in his honour.

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

Miss Ellen Terry, with her still marvellous beauty and winning grace, lent an unfailing charm to our parties, and, with her wide black silk cloak and the never-absent black bag, was the "thing of beauty that is a joy for ever." I have never seen an actress whose acting gave one more unqualified pleasure than that of Miss Ellen Terry. Her graceful movements, her charming voice and manner, the silvery laugh that rung out so bewitchingly, how delightful they all were. Long ago I heard Mrs. Nesbit laugh, that actress whose laugh was like a peal of bells, and who was famed for it all the world over ; and the nearest I ever heard to it was that of Ellen Terry. It pealed out so spontaneously, so mirthfully, as if she really enjoyed the joke whatever it was ; her by-play was so natural, so realistic. Ellen Terry in her best days stood at the very head of her profession, and well justified the rapturous applause with which she was everywhere greeted. I saw her in her youthful days in a piece called *The Belle's Stratagem*, in which she acted with Irving, and I told Sir Henry, on that memorable occasion when he and I had that long histrionic chat, that whoever had seen them in that play had seen light acting at its best. I also asked him why it was now never included in their repertoire.

"It's indeed a charming play," he observed, "and I know we liked it very much, and were not amiss in our parts ; but alas ! both Miss Terry and I are now too old for such youthful personifications."

## DUNBAR

How sad it must be when the veteran actor or actress has to acknowledge the sting of this truth, and to feel that the part in which they used to bring down the house must now be entrusted to younger though not more capable powers. Well it is when they realize the painful truth, and do not insist on lingering on with failing powers, to revive the scenes of their past triumphs when the result is but to drag a time-honoured name in the dust, and fill one with pity for the declining performer who does not acknowledge that his work is done. On some the mantle of eternal youth seems to have rested, as in the case of Madame Patti, Sarah Bernhardt, and the veteran Santley, but these exceptions only prove the rule, and serve to emphasize the fact that "All that's bright must fade ; the brightest still the fleetest."

We passed many of our summers at Dunbar, the most delightful of all pleasant watering-places on the East Coast. It was a bright, pretty little town, possessing two most comfortable hotels and numbers of good houses which were occupied by their owners in winter and let in summer to the numerous visitors whom the salubrity of the climate and the excellence of the golf links brought to the little town, which had also the advantage of being within moderate distance of Edinburgh. Many notable mansions were scattered about the neighbourhood, beautiful and stately houses, belonging to owners who generously permitted the public to enter the grounds on certain days and view the lovely gardens for which

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

East Lothian is celebrated. Here is Whittingehame, the fine house of Mr. Arthur Balfour, a noble house, with fine gardens and a beautiful park, where the famous statesman retired at times to recruit his exhausted energies and brace himself by regular rounds of golf—a pastime of which he is extremely fond. We knew him, and he would occasionally drop in for a cup of tea between his rounds. Very proud was I then, and gladly gave him a cup of my best bohea and some of the admirable rye-rolls that were provided at a shop in the High Street, and which were the best I ever tasted. Mr. Balfour on one occasion brought with him Mr. Asquith, not then risen into the eminence of his present position, but a man well in the public eye, and giving ample promise of the brilliant career that lay before him. We had very merry luncheons and teas in our little villas; our friends were chiefly golfing people, and they fought their battles over again over the tea and the rye-rolls, and we had very happy days, for many pleasant summers in succession, in bright little Dunbar, which we all loved dearly.

The minister of the parish, Mr. Robert Buchanan, was a model of a Scottish parson; a kindly, hospitable, genial, and most warm-hearted man, elderly and white-haired, with rosy cheeks and a twinkle in his blue eye, always ready for a joke, and brimming over with good ones himself; in fact, his collection of stories was never failing, and the slightest stimulus brought them out in a steady flow. You met him at one end of a long street going out

## MR. BUCHANAN

on some probably parochial business. You went home, perhaps wrote some letters, and came out again to post them, and you found Mr. Buchanan standing in very much the same place or only a little further on. The entire time had been taken up in speaking to various parishioners whom he had encountered. He did not pass even the children whom he knew (had he not baptized every one of them ?), but had a kindly word and a pat on the head for " Jean " or " Jock," and often something good out of his capacious pockets, pockets which the children sometimes coolly investigated on their own account. The parish was a large one, and the baptisms were frequent. Chatting one day with a half-witted parishioner, he was explaining to her how busy he had been and not able to visit her as often as she wished, and said, " Do you know, Maggie, I have had as many as forty children to baptize ? "

" Eh, meenister, and were they a' yer ain ? " was the somewhat unexpected rejoinder.

He had a delightful manse with a nice garden, some of the produce of which he often sent us, notably potatoes, which were of superior excellence in Dunbar. He had also a very superior housekeeper called Isabella, who looked well after Mr. Buchanan, and well understood all his little ways. He would address her as follows, when, after an early round of golf, he took a friend with him into the Manse, " Isabella, you'll put a syphon and some glasses into the study, on a tray, Isabella, and you'll

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

put a few biscuits, and, Isabella, just a little from that barrel in the corner, you know—and I think that'll do, Isabella."

Then the visitor knew that he was in for a long sederunt and a vigorous flow of stories and recollections which came out most plentifully after a little stimulus from the contents of the barrel. The dinners at the Manse were incessant, and there was one especial New Year's Day banquet, at which my husband, Dr. M'Call Anderson, Mr. Thomas Fergusson and Frank Tulloch assisted, in which a huge roast turkey figured, that in the narration gradually grew larger and larger, till on many descriptions of the colossal bird it was announced as being as large as a sheep, festooned all over with strings of sausages! How often did I hear of that turkey and of the plentiful libations from the barrel that accompanied it. Alas! for those merry days. All the participants of the gigantic turkey have now gone into the silent land except Frank Tulloch, who, let us be very thankful, is with us still, and long may he be so.

The great lady of Dunbar was the Dowager-Duchess of Roxburgh, who held her state in an old dower house on the confines of the town, separated only by a wall from the links and the sea-shore, which stretched along unbroken for miles, and kept her charming grounds wholly undisturbed on the seaward side. She was a regular *grande dame* of the best type, a noble old Scottish lady, had been a renowned beauty in her youth, and was

## BROXMOUTH

a splendidly handsome old woman, with fine features and a most aristocratic bearing. She had also been one of the ladies of the Court of Queen Victoria, and was a great personal friend and favourite of Her Majesty, who had frequently visited her both during and since the lifetime of the late Duke. She called on us soon after her arrival, and charmed us all with her affability and geniality. She invited us to Broxmouth, where we met some pleasant guests staying in the house, and some of the people of the county. The good Mr. Buchanan was also of the party, and contributed much to its entertainment. There was also a charming Miss Russell, a granddaughter of the Duchess, a tall, slim and very graceful girl, with fair hair and blue eyes, and a face like a flower. She paid the Duchess a long visit, and we saw a good deal of them both, for Her Grace asked us frequently to Broxmouth.

Before my marriage I had been very well acquainted with her son, the last Duke, when he was Marquis of Bowmont; and had danced with him much at various balls in Edinburgh, and he had dined with us two or three times in Melville Street. The Marquis of Bowmont was the last partner I danced with, when I made up my mind that my dancing days were over, and that I was now going to pursue a quieter and a soberer path. The old Duchess was a most entertaining old woman, and used to tell us many charming anecdotes of her younger days, when she was the admired of all beholders, and reigned



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

supreme over a large and devoted circle. One day when we were walking in the garden she told me some facts of her early years.

“ When I was a young girl,” said Her Grace, “ I came to visit an uncle and aunt of mine in Scotland, and we set out one time for a little driving tour to Melrose and the country in that neighbourhood. Among other places we stopped at Kelso, and while the horses were being changed we took a little stroll through the town, and coming to the principal church and finding there was just going to be a marriage, I insisted on staying to witness it. We entered the church, and wandered about a little ; till, noticing a large empty pew, which seemed a good point from which to observe the ceremony, I opened the door and walked in, followed by my relatives. Hardly had we seated ourselves and begun to look about us, when my aunt whispered to me excitedly, “ Susan, Susan, we can't stay here ; this is the Duke of Roxburgh's pew.” “ I don't care whose pew it is,” I replied ; “ here I stay, Duke or no Duke ; we shall see the marriage very well ” ; and we did stay, nobody interfered with us, and we saw the wedding beautifully. “ And the very next year,” said the Duchess, laughing merrily, “ I had the best of rights to sit in that pew, for I was married to the heir of the Duke of Roxburgh, and nobody had a better right to sit there than I had.”

A few drops of rain fell at this moment, and Her Grace plucked up her satin dress and ran lightly across to the

## A STORY OF THE QUEEN

open drawing-room window just across a little bit of lawn from where we stood ; and despite her eighty odd years, she ran as lightly as a roe ; and when I rejoined her she exclaimed, " You would wonder to see me running, but I was not going to stay and spoil my best black satin dress."

On another occasion she described to me how it happened to be her duty to awaken Queen Victoria when the tidings came from Sandringham at dead of night that the illness from which the Prince of Wales was then suffering, a very critical one, had suddenly taken a turn for the worse, and His Royal Highness was thought to be sinking. The Duchess said : " I went into the Queen's room, and gently drew aside the curtain of the bed, and there lay Her Majesty in a sweet sleep, which I hardly liked to break, but I knew I must. I laid my hand softly on her shoulder, and the Queen started up, quite wide awake, and instantly saw me."

" Is he dead ? " she exclaimed, sitting up quickly in bed.

" Oh ! no, ma'am," I replied, " but it is thought your Majesty had better go."

" I'll go directly," and she was out of bed the next instant, and in a very short time off on her long dreary journey, mercifully to find at the end that the Prince had somewhat revived, and was able to see her.

## CHAPTER XX

IN the year 1894 the Church conferred on my husband the greatest honour she had it in her power to bestow ; he was appointed Moderator of the General Assembly, and became then the head of the Church for the space of one year, during which he was termed the Moderator. The election of the next Moderator is made by the body of those who have already passed the chair ; but there usually exists a clergyman who, by his years, his merits, or his ecclesiastical position, seems more peculiarly pointed out for selection. The quarter of Scotland from which he hails is likewise largely taken into account, north and south, east and west have their allotted turns. Edinburgh is not preferred before Glasgow, but all have their chance ; but they must all have been at least thirty years a minister and bear " an unblemished character."

An absurd tradition exists that, for some unknown reason, it is etiquette to preserve silence on the choice of the Moderators for some months at least ; but this rule is frequently broken, accidentally or otherwise, and there are ways and means of revealing the secret, without

## THE MODERATOR YEAR

putting it actually into words. I knew my husband had been chosen, or at least strongly guessed it, from observing the impressive shake of the hand given him in the lobby by a clerical friend who was a past Moderator, and who shortly afterwards bestowed the same gracious and meaning greeting upon myself. Anyway, we were not long left in ignorance of it, and I must say I felt proud of the choice having fallen on my husband, and looked forward with great and quite legitimate pleasure to the time when we should be installed in Edinburgh, and hold our Moderatorial "Court" during the General Assembly fortnight, which is the goal of every minister and minister's wife from the day when they first enter the Assembly and behold the Right Reverend the Moderator sitting enthroned among his fellows, all tricked out in costly lace falling over his broad "buzzom" and gracefully cascading over his wrists. It is customary for the grand new silk gown required for the occasion and the expensive lace necessary for its adornment to be presented to the forthcoming Moderator; and this generous habit was not omitted in the case of Dr. Story, who received the offer of those adjuncts from two different sources almost simultaneously. One offer was from the men who had composed his class as Professor of Church History; the other was from the members of the congregation of St. Andrew's in Montreal, his first charge, and this was the one accepted; it was the first in order of arrival, and though he felt deeply the warmth of the regard which

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

had inspired his former students, to offer him such a generous gift, he was still more touched by the love that had survived so many years of change and absence ; for he had been parted from the Montreal congregation in 1859, and had never seen them since. A very sumptuous silk gown was the result, and several yards of most beautiful Milanese point, on which I fear I laid covetous eyes, for the Moderator's lace, after it has done all the duty required of it, is eventually supposed to become the perquisite of his helpmate and go to assist in her adornment.

The year of anxious preparation passed and we were all ready, and a great incentive to our coming labour arrived in the shape of a very handsome cheque, presented by his friends to Dr. Story in view of the greatly increased demand on his purse occasioned by the expense of living at an hotel during the Assembly, keeping a carriage to convey him to and from the Hall, and entertaining largely all the ministers and their belongings that invariably flock to this great annual festival. The Moderator also keeps a " man " to wait upon him and attend to all that is necessary ; and for many years this office had been discharged by Michael Sanderson, who was as well known to ministers as the Castle Rock, and was quite a recognized figure in many circles other than clerical ones, for he added to his Moderatorial duties that of being a waiter at dinner parties, and knew everybody in Edinburgh. Being a recognized *character*, he was

## MICHAEL

often very familiar in his manner, and has been known to tap a special patron on the shoulder when waiting at dinner and whisper, "Tak' a glass o' port. It's good in this house."

He was a good-natured soul, and took a warm interest in most of the young ministers of whom he saw so much, and who were all very friendly with him in return.

"When's your man going to be Moderator?" he frequently asked me; and I had quite anticipated that Michael would perform for my husband the good offices I had seen him perform for so many others, but, alas! when "my man's" time came, poor Michael was no longer there. Slowly, though we had never noticed it, Michael had grown old; he had grown too much so for the post, and the glories of Holyrood and the Assembly Hall knew him no more, though his round carrotty head and twinkling eyes were occasionally to be seen in the waiting crowd of servants at the door, and well pleased he was when Dr. Story and I, observing the old man, stopped for a moment to speak to him. Poor old Michael, he died not long afterwards, and no other of the same quality has arisen to take his place; though Rankine, his successor, was an excellent servant and knew all the duties expected of him fully as well as Michael, and he contributed in no small degree to our comfort while we remained at Grieve's Waterloo Hotel, which we did for about a fortnight.

Never was there a more delightful hostelry than we

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

found there ; from " Peter " the admirable, up and down, all vied in attending to our comfort ; we had not a wish ungratified, and surely a more delightful holiday never was spent by anyone than we spent on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion. Besides our own party of four, we had with us Lady Frances Balfour, the Rev. Pearson M'Adam Muir, who acted as my husband's chaplain, and the Rev. Walter Lee, our old friend of many years, who filled the post of assistant chaplain, and had never one idle moment, for the calls on his time were incessant, and he was good-naturedly at everybody's beck and call. Dr. Muir, too, was nearly driven off his feet ; indeed it was no time of idleness, something or other was always going on, generally interesting to us all. Our labours commenced with breakfast, when a party of well on to two hundred people came to have the meal with us, and great difficulty often arose in getting them all properly placed, as after the first few couples, who might be entitled to some sort of precedence, there came a great rush of much the same standing, who were greatly annoyed if they imagined themselves in any way slighted or passed over. Dr. Muir managed it all with the most angelic patience and sweetness, but he confessed privately to me that he sometimes felt tried beyond endurance, especially when, having made all his arrangements, as he thought very successfully, they were all upset by the unlooked-for arrival of one or two guests who had either not replied to his card, or having declined the invitation,

## THE MODERATOR'S BREAKFAST

had found that, in the end, they could accept it and had come. I saw this happen two or three times during the prayers that preceded breakfast, and I must add that the incident proved extremely upsetting to my devotion, as I knew the trouble involved in making fresh arrangements, and what it all meant to poor Dr. Muir. I may here mention that I was never once late all the fortnight, though the hour, sharp half-past eight, was for me supernaturally early, and my toilette also necessitated longer time spent over it than usual ; but I put my back to a "stey brae" and accomplished it. The breakfasts were very excellent, and often very agreeable ; there were many of the fathers and brethren in those days who could keep a whole table in fits of laughter, and wherever Dr. Gillespie of Mouswald was to be found, there surely loud fits of merriment were of constant recurrence, for no man had a finer collection of racy stories than the good "Mousie," or was more ready to impart them to whoever cared to hear them ; his beaming, genial countenance lending point to the most excellent of his anecdotes. Thereafter, all the reverend guests took their departure, and the street darkened by the cloud of black coats resumed its ordinary business-like air.

To us, accustomed to the decorous quiet of the College Quadrangle, a bustling street was a novelty, and we loved to contemplate the bright and stirring scenes that were continually being enacted in the broad thoroughfare before us. The Lord High Commissioner's procession,



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

as it daily passed along on its way going to and returning from the Assembly Hall, never palled upon us, and we rushed to the window when we heard the trampling of the horses and heard the military warning that gave notice the cavalcade was at hand. I believe their Graces themselves enjoy their ten days' impersonation of royalty ; they said that they did so, though there was a good deal of strain in the work they went through pleasantly ; and the frequent visits they paid to charitable functions diffused abroad a general warmth of sympathy that had its result in the steady encouragement of those institutions and the increase of friendliness on the part of the general public towards the great charities of the city which could not have other than a beneficial effect towards them. Most marked demands were made on our hospitality by the public, more especially by country ministers, a few of whom seemed to think we existed solely for the purpose of issuing invitations to them and to their friends. A demand for half-a-dozen breakfast invitations was quite common. Frequently people arrived without any invitation at all. Those I should not have admitted ; but I believe they did get in, and I have no doubt enjoyed themselves ; I can answer for it that they had a very good breakfast.

The Lord High Commissioner the year that Dr. Story was Moderator was the Marquis of Breadalbane, and with him and with his stately Marchioness there arose a friendship that for many years cast a pleasant glow

## THE COMMISSIONER'S COURT

upon our lives, and was to us the occasion of many days of great enjoyment. Few of the occupants of the Lord High Commissioner's chair graced it as did the stalwart Highland Marquis, who brought to the ecclesiastical functions the air of a chieftain and the manner of one well accustomed to Courts, but yet well able to lend a listening ear to the fathers and brethren from the far north, for he knew all their ways and could enter into many of their arguments. The Marchioness, too, was a most dignified and gracious hostess, and never neglected even the least important of her guests. Her eye was everywhere, and I have seen her send one of her ladies-in-waiting to speak to some clergyman's wife, whom she had observed sitting in a corner silent and alone, and who was much pleased to be accosted by the winning personality who sat down beside her.

Once, when some of the town council "buddies" lunched at the Palace, the ladies and gentlemen of the Court conversed too much among themselves to please Her Grace; and when the party was over and the guests gone, she administered a good wiggling to her own officials, telling them that they had not been polite to the worthy town's people, and requesting them to act differently in future. She was a very fine-looking woman, and made an admirable Commissioner's wife; while their Graces reigned at Holyrood, everything was done as it should be, and they left a very salutary and fragrant memory behind them. While they were in residence we all dined

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

repeatedly at the Palace ; and on the occasion of the Moderator's dinner at the conclusion of the Assembly, the Marquis honoured my husband by dining with him at the Waterloo Hotel and meeting the large gathering of ministers and special friends assembled there ; while Her Grace and the suite joined later a large evening party I had invited as a final wind-up to the gay doings of this memorable occasion. No Moderator had ever been so honoured before, and I do not think the opportunity ever occurred again ; for soon after this a resolution was come to, that there should be no more Moderators' dinners, the expense being considered too great a drain on the resources of most ministers. Evening and afternoon receptions have taken their place ; and this arrangement has been found to work very satisfactorily.

Lord and Lady Breadalbane invited us all to pass the Christmas of our Moderatorial year at Taymouth, their beautiful home in Perthshire ; and as we had also been invited by the Duke of Argyll to Inveraray, we decided on spending our Christmas holiday between the two places. We had a very early start for Taymouth, but the journey was a beautiful one, ending among a wide range of Highland hills, at this season mostly covered with a mantle of snow. How we did enjoy the beauty of the snowy hills and the wide forests that spread in every direction, also covered with the mantle of winter ; the magnificent pile of the Castle standing in the foreground of a line of hills, with the foaming Tay flowing

## TAYMOUTH

past, the sound of its mighty waters alone breaking the perfect silence of the still winter scene. I do not know whether I admired most the stately grandeur of the Castle or its luxurious comfort. We arrived for a late lunch, and oh! how hungry we were, and what justice we did to the good things that were most amply provided.

We went there for many years in succession, as the hospitable invitation was regularly repeated; until the time came when, owing to a breakdown in my husband's health, he could no longer endure the fatigue of the long cold journey and the exertion of encountering a houseful of visitors, though his kind and considerate hosts begged him to use every precaution and never to over-fatigue himself with the efforts of doing more than he felt absolutely capable of undertaking. The kindness of those truly admirable friends I shall never forget, nor the bright, happy days we spent under that hospitable roof. How often I recall the afternoons when I used to stroll from the Castle and stand on the long wooden bridge that crossed the Tay, very wide there, and at that season often in full spate, and watch its golden brown water tumbling below the bridge, crowned with foaming creamy ridges where any opposition occurred. Taymouth is a beautiful place and well looked after by its noble owners, who attend most sedulously to the requirements of their humbler neighbours, and look after the wants of every household themselves, so that they may make sure no one is overlooked or neglected.

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

Lady Breadalbane has established a Home for orphan boys, where they receive a most excellent education at the Parish School, and are put in the way of afterwards doing for themselves. They are taken at a very early age, and when old enough, if they show any signs of having a good voice, they receive a first-class musical training, and are put into the choir of the English chapel at Taymouth. We had most charming singing there, hymns and anthems admirably rendered ; and at Christmas and New Year time, many of the fine old English carols were given by the boys with great skill and precision. On Christmas Eve we all assembled in the drawing-room and waited until the faint sweet voices of the young choristers floated on the night air. Then the windows were opened, and the well-known carols came distinctly into the room. It was such a pretty scene ; the little group of singers standing on the lawn outside, the gay groups listening to them, the festoons of scarlet holly brightening the rich dark furniture and telling of the season just at hand, in every face happiness, in every heart peace and goodwill. After a time the carols ceased and the little boys came into the house, there to receive the reward of their labours—thanks and a very good supper. Some of those boys had lovely voices ; they rang through the little chapel and could be heard soaring above their fellows as they took the solo part in some fine anthem and delighted the ears of their listeners, of whom they had a large number, for the attendance was good, especially

## THE MASONIC DINNER

on occasions when it was known the music would be of superior quality.

Though it did not occur till many years later, I must tell here of a most amusing incident that occurred during one of our Christmas holidays at Taymouth. Among the festivities of the season there was to be a large banquet given by Lord Breadalbane to the Freemasons of the district, he being Master of the Lodge, and he and Lady Breadalbane requested their Christmas guests to mingle with the Masons and share with them the large supper to be provided. We all got up in our smartest and proceeded to the great downstairs hall, where all had been made ready for a feast. It is a long time ago, and I do not entirely recall the proceedings, but I remember that I found myself between a "gauger" and the skipper of a small Clyde steamboat, who chanced to be paying a visit to the neighbourhood, and had come in for the banquet. They were both very pleasant men; indeed the company were both well-informed and well-mannered, though they mostly belonged to the agricultural or mechanical classes. The Clyde skipper knew my husband's name well and had heard him preach with great admiration, so we got on very well; the "gauger" was also very genial, indeed conversation flowed merrily, encouraged, no doubt, by the generous fare. I can remember the extreme astonishment with which I viewed the performance of my opposite neighbour, a jolly young farmer, who took alternately a glass of champagne and a glass

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

of port, and at the end of a good steady course of these not exactly mild fluids was not a bit moved by them, but was apparently as sober as when he began supper.

Many speeches were made, some of them very good ones ; the health of the host was given and replied to by Lord Breadalbane in a very telling manner, while, on the health of the Marchioness being proposed, her ladyship made a most admirable speech in reply, touching most feelingly on her married life and happiness at Taymouth, and bringing down the house by some allusions well understood by her hearers, who acclaimed her again and again, and continued for some time after she had sat down. Then a speaker rose and proposed " the ladies," in a very tasteful and really beautiful speech, in which he dwelt on the many excellences of woman, and on what we all owed her in her many different capacities from the cradle to the grave. It was a very touching speech ; and very well delivered, though I believe the speaker was only a farmer ; and great and well merited applause followed it. But there was no response, nobody evidently had sufficient courage to succeed so good a speaker, and for some moments perfect silence reigned in the crowded hall.

Then, seeing that there was to be no reply, I summoned all my courage, and rose to my feet without the slightest idea of what I should say, but filled with gratitude to the previous speaker for all the handsome things he had said, and determined that he should not go unthanked

## MY SPEECH

for them if I could help it. Courage came to me and I got on ; loud applause helped me, and I tried to rise to the occasion ; “ where there’s a will there’s a way.” I spoke for some minutes, and more coherently than I anticipated, but I do not remember anything of what I said. Then I sat down and was rewarded by a loud and long burst of applause.

Before it had subsided there arose from some part of the hall a loud and distinct voice, and this is what the voice said : “ Ladies and gentlemen, henceforth let Dr. Story take a back seat.” Then the voice was drowned in the shouts of unextinguishable laughter that rose from every part of the large hall. It was renewed again and again ; all joined in it, no one more heartily than Dr. Story ; while I, feeling too thankful to have got through the trying ordeal, received the compliments of my friends, and was glad to think the gallant proposer of “ the ladies ” had received some slight token of the gratitude felt for his speech.

I never was a public speaker, never wished to be, though on one or two occasions I have spoken a few words when there was reason for doing so. I have opened bazaars on many occasions, but that was not a very onerous business. Once I succeeded three gentlemen, who had between them exhausted, so it seemed to me, every argument in connection with the subject. I forget the object of the bazaar, but one of the speakers had dwelt upon the complaint of most ladies that nowadays



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

they could get no good servants ; that the race had become extinct. I alluded to this when I made my remarks, and said there were good servants still, and that I was fortunate enough to possess one of them, who had been with me for nearly forty years. The previous speaker was the Lord Provost, the kindly and genial Sir John Ure Primrose, connoisseur of a good dinner and a good cigar, with a knowledge of the special brand of tea loved of old ladies, only equalled by his success in the culture of early spring bulbs. I told him she had cooked good dinners for many of his predecessors, and would be glad to do the same for him if he would give her the opportunity, which I may add he did not very long afterwards.

I must not forget to mention one of the great functions of Glasgow, which gave me, I think, more pure and unalloyed pleasure than anything else, and that was the launching of one of the great vessels built on the Clyde and launched on one of the wide reaches near the city. This was a spectacle I had never seen till I came to Glasgow ; and there, through the kindness of several of the great building firms, we were enabled to see the launching of many of the largest steamers ; and I can well remember the thrill of suspense and eagerness that passed through me as the first quiver seized the vessel, and she slid gently down the ways till she reached her native element, when she sat on the proud bosom of the Clyde, and thundering acclamations rent the air. Often as

## WEARING ON

we saw the grand sight we never wearied of it, and I must here record my gratitude to those generous gentlemen who remembered us so frequently and put this great and much valued pleasure within our power.

Those were merry and happy days. I was not yet an old woman, and I retained many of the fresh feelings of youth, though my hair was beginning to silver, and my limbs refused to undertake the long walks of which I had been so fond in the days of my youth. I used to say I intended never to grow old, and certainly, for my years, I was an active woman, and could run up and down stairs with the best. But, all the same, time was wearing on ; and in the year 1898 came a great change in our lives.

## CHAPTER XXI

THE health of Principal Caird, the much venerated Head of the University, had long been causing considerable anxiety, and it was felt that he could not much longer continue to struggle with the fatigue and exertions of his strenuous position ; so when an intimation came that he intended to resign his high office, though deep regret was felt that such a course should be necessary, still it was acknowledged that he was only acting wisely when all the circumstances were taken into account ; and it was hoped that when relieved of the weight of his appointment and all its attendant responsibilities the Principal might in great degree recover his health and be yet spared for some years in an honoured and tranquil retirement. When the notice of the retirement absolutely came, much discussion was aroused ; and many rumours were in the air as to who would be the next Principal. There was more than one of the professors of sufficient distinction to have entitled him to be selected for the important appointment, and many names of much celebrity were also named. Soon I began to hear the

## BATH

name of my husband very freely mentioned ; indeed, for some time past admiring friends had often spoken to me of the strong probability of Dr. Story being the successor of Dr. Caird, but I had never allowed myself to dwell on the chance of such a thing, thinking some more important person was sure to be chosen. The intimation had come in the early summer, and we were all leaving for our annual holiday, and had decided on spending it in the South of England. We passed a little time at Bath, where we had relatives, who did their best to show us the beauties of that very charming town, and where we stayed in apartments kept by two maiden ladies in Rivers Street. Miss Payne and Miss M'Cabe made us very comfortable and had done the same by several others, as was attested by various testimonials entered in a book exhibited by the good ladies, and which contained entries much to their credit written by various occupants of their comfortable apartments. One I remember was as follows :

“ Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart  
Ere I cease to remember that gooseberry tart.”

One of the ladies had a very light hand for pastry, as we often experienced. I went about a good deal in the nice bath-chairs for which Bath is famed, and I liked them very much, for the streets were hilly and taxed my walking powers too much. I had an excellent chairman, whose name was John Bull, and he came for me every day, and took me to all the principal points of Bath. I

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

was disappointed with the Cathedral, which, however, was under repair and covered inside with ugly scaffolding ; but I was charmed with the beauty of the streets and delighted to find myself in crescents and thoroughfares so well-known by name to me as Milsom Street and Pulteney Street, localities both often mentioned in the delightful novels of Jane Austen. Still more exciting was it to sit in the very corner where Mr. Pickwick played his famous game of whist, and to have the identical chairs drawn from their places which were occupied on that memorable occasion by Mr. Pickwick and the other members of the celebrated rubber. The man who showed them to us named them with an intensity of belief that was quite impressive : “ Mr. Pickwick’s chair,” “ Mrs. Colonel Wugsby’s chair.” We almost felt as if the imaginary occupants were sitting there in the flesh, and listened to the man’s observations with the interest due to the description of some historical site. Mr. Pickwick is more to many people than William Rufus, and who would not rather stand an examination on Sam Weller than on Wat Tyler ?

From Bath we proceeded to Minehead, that charming little townlet on the shores of the Bristol Channel, and from thence we went to Lynton, a most beautiful drive through richly-wooded country, and having the Channel on our right hand all the way. There we put up at the Castle Hotel, a delightful one on the very edge of the cliffs ; and on the day after our arrival the important

## THE PRINCIPALSHIP

news came that my husband had been chosen as the Principal of Glasgow University. Three telegrams reached Dr. Story, the precursors of many others. The first was from the Queen or rather from Lady Ely, conveying Her Majesty's best wishes ; the second was from Sir Henry Irving, with many loving messages from him ; the third from the Bishop of Peterborough, also with warmest congratulations. Then came a perfect deluge of telegrams and letters ; by every post they arrived in quantities, and the waiters brought us heaped-up trays of letters and poured them out before us till we were almost ashamed to be the recipients of so alarming a correspondence. We used to retire to a bench in a shady corner of the garden, close to the Hotel, and there one member of the party opened and read aloud the gratifying communications, so full of interest to us all. What a bright and happy time that was ! It was quite delicious to sit there and listen to all those charming letters, everyone kinder than another, to find we had so many kind friends in the world, and to hear the appreciative testimonies borne to our dear one, who, we thought, so amply deserved them all. Yes, this was indeed a happy time, and in what a paradise of beauty was it passed : no lovelier scenery exists than is to be found in that sunny corner of the South-West of England, and with what never-dying memories is it for ever associated in the minds of those who sat so happily in that sunlit garden on those bright summer days. Feeling almost

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

ashamed of our huge correspondence, and thinking it might excite suspicion in the proprietors of the Hotel, I sent for Mrs. Barnett, and began to explain to her the cause of this extraordinary influx of telegrams and letters.

“ Oh, you need not explain, Mrs. Story,” she observed, “ for I saw it myself in the newspapers, and I am sure I wish you all joy,” and we ceased to be nervous any more when the trayfuls of letters made their appearance. Too soon we felt that we must turn our steps homeward, for there was much to be done in connection with the new appointment, and the great question of a change of residence also loomed on the near horizon. We were very fond of our present house, No. 8, and would fain have remained in it, but we were given to understand that this was not considered desirable, much inconvenience having resulted from its having been permitted on a previous occasion. So we should have to move, and that necessitated a good deal of unavoidable work. The Principal's house was a rather larger one, and the rooms mostly of a different shape, and there was a back staircase, which was an improvement ; the changed shape of the rooms was not, as the carpets required great alteration. One thing was a very great pleasure to us all : the view from the back windows was magnificent—first part of the College grounds and a portion of the Park, then a wide stretch of Glasgow ending in many of the suburbs well known to us by name, finishing with the rising ground sloping up to Neilston Pad. It was a very fine



THE UNIVERSITY TERRACE AND PRINCIPALS HOUSE.





## THE COLLEGE WINDOW

panoramic view, and on most ordinary good days we could see Arran very distinctly in the distance, while on a really clear one we could see Tinto in Lanarkshire, and as far as Jura on the far right ; and this was quite true, though many people doubted it, but I had good authority to back me up, for I was very proud of my view. The Clyde might also have been in sight, but it was shut out by tall buildings, and small stretches of it only revealed themselves here and there where there was an opening ; and by steady watching one could see vessels passing up and down, and with a good glass could even trace the markings of the vessels and their flags, and determine to which nationality they belonged. I used to stand and watch them often, and when one well-known regiment was conveyed to the Boer War in a large Clyde steamer, I followed its course for a long time, and could trace its progress from the start, which was announced by the firing of guns and the screaming of sirens, to its passage past Anderston and Govan onwards to Renfrew and even further ; for when the hull of the steamer sunk below the level of the intervening banks, the funnel rose above them and distinctly pointed out the track of the disappearing vessel.

Then at night how charming was the spectacle as viewed from those broad oriel windows ; the calm sky with a brilliant moon lighting up the wide panorama and the myriad glittering lights of the great city twinkling in every direction. Every night I looked out of the window

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

of my room ; and I saw many of the large fires that devastated Glasgow widely reflected in the steady glow that shone in the dark, and told of the fierce progress of devouring flames. Every night there was the lurid glow of Dixon's Blazes, which were hardly to be distinguished from the effect of a great conflagration ; the prospect was very beautiful with or without a fire ; and our fine view did much to recompense me for giving up No. 8, with its placid view over the College tennis-courts and the fine building of the Western Infirmary, where we could see convalescent patients and their nurses sitting on the balconies, and sometimes the doctors and students moving about in the crowded wards.

We all took a warm interest in the affairs of the great Infirmary, and from the time we first went to Glasgow my daughters and I became attached to a surgical ward, where we visited the patients, took them flowers, and read to them, and did anything we could to lighten the pain of these patient and too often hopeless sufferers. I liked going to read to the patients ; my conversation was not so effective, as I had an unfortunate habit of breaking down when the subject became too affecting, and my attempts at consolation were constantly checked by my inability to utter the words, but the patients were on the whole very cheerful and bore their often terrible ordeal with a calmness and resignation that won my admiration and made me still more desirous of helping them in any way in my power. Their pride when any

## “THE WESTERN”

sort of operation was impending was very great ; nothing seemed to them so disappointing as that their case was to recover of itself and no operation be required ; the pain and trouble involved were as nothing in their eyes compared with the honour and glory of having been operated upon by “Himsel,” which in this case meant the great surgeon Sir George Macleod. Some time about Christmas those ladies who interested themselves in wards were permitted to give the inmates a “Tea,” a treat which was anticipated with the utmost eagerness by both givers and recipients. The little variety, which was a great event in the monotonous lives of the patients, became also a great source of interest to the ladies, who ordered many good things for their humble guests, and beat up among their friends for the talent required to ensure the success of the entertainment. Good singers and performers on musical instruments were in great request, and the patients told us of some among themselves who were distinguished by particular ability, and who were quite willing to contribute their services on the festive occasion. Some of them sang extremely well. One little boy I remember was quite beyond the average, but we learnt afterwards that he was a leading member of a church choir. What appreciative listeners these poor patients were, what pretty speeches they did make and evidently felt, and what enormous teas they did eat, clearly enjoying to the full the good things provided for them. The applause was always most

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

hearty, and we did feel they had had a happy evening.

From our windows we had also a very fine view of the gay doings of the students on the various occasions when they held high revelry and gave free vent to their vivacious spirits in impersonating different characters historical or fanciful ; and we used to watch them as they gathered themselves together, and formed motley groups or mounted hired vehicles and disported themselves on the broad terraces of the University. Much rough horse-play went on among them, but it was all taken in good part ; and when a large enough assemblage was gathered they formed into a sort of procession, and after driving round the University and some of the neighbouring streets, they set off for the City, bent on showing themselves to the always interested and admiring populace, who assembled in crowds to look at them and cheer the ever-popular students, who replied by much counter cheering and frequently by the discharge of huge volleys of rice and peasemeal, utterly regardless of the destruction to garments thereby involved. A very pretty sight it was when the students had a torchlight procession, and we could trace their progress along the streets and through the dark avenues of the Park by the long trail of light afforded by their torches ; finally the procession converged upon the terrace of the University, and there, amid much uncouth dancing and much shouting and howls of derision, the torches were dashed to the ground in a heap,

## LORD RECTOR'S DAY

and great merriment continued till they were extinguished, when all the proceedings came promptly to an end.

The Lord Rector's Day, as it was called, was generally the one most noted for its extravagant demonstrations. Then the students gave a free rein to their tumultuous hilarity, and after the Lord Rector's address in the Bute Hall, which was listened to with intervals of noisy outbursts, they paraded the streets all day in bizarre costumes, and finally wound up with a torchlight procession. The choosing of the Lord Rector is one of the students' privileges, and the nobleman or important personage so selected always seems pleased with the compliment, though it adds but little to his already recognized standing in public opinion. Formerly the distinction was conferred on men famed for their prominence in *belles lettres*, science or art in some form or other, and it would have been much better had this system continued; it is now a political demonstration, and as such has no value in a University sense, for a man in no way distinguished for learning or scientific attainments may be a very important member of a party, and as such, from the students' point of view, entitled to be placed at the head of the poll. After my husband became Principal, the entertaining of Lord Rectors and other distinguished personages fell to us, and we had the honour of dispensing hospitality to various celebrated men who came on the invitation of the University, and whose illustrious names gave fresh lustre to its already

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

famous annals. Among such visitors was Mr. George Wyndham, who, with his brilliant wife, Countess Grosvenor, came to deliver his address as Lord Rector and stayed with us. He was a singularly handsome man with a most agreeable manner, and had been Secretary of State for Ireland, where he had won golden opinions by the charm and courtesy of his manner and by his great beauty of face and figure, for no Irishman can resist good looks either in man or woman, and Mr. Wyndham carried all before him. So he did at the University, for the full velvet robe set off his fine figure admirably, and when the Principal and he stood side by side you would not easily find two more striking specimens of men.

Lord Rosebery was another delightful visitor. His conversation was most interesting. He knew everything and everybody, and brought a charming humour and lightness of touch to every subject that engaged his attention. He was also a Lord Rector, and in his very beautiful address he amazed us all considerably by rather falling foul of the classics, and treating them as by no means indispensable adjuncts to a good education. This was the more remarkable, as his observations were addressed chiefly to students whose *raison d'être* for being in the University was to acquire a thorough knowledge of these same classics, and the Lord Rector's somewhat trenchant remarks caused a good deal of comment among the strong adherents of the old classical system. After the Lord Rector left us he wrote me a very kind

## A REPROOF

note, in which he expressed very strongly the pleasure he had had in his visit, and hoped my husband and I would gratify him by going to see him at Dalmeny some time very soon. I replied how pleased we should be, and then I thanked him for his beautiful address, and added that I had been astonished to hear him even in a small way belittle Latin and Greek, for no one who had not made himself thoroughly master of the classics could possibly have delivered the splendid peroration that had been the closing point in his address.

Perhaps I went beyond my province in alluding to such a subject as the classics, and should have remembered the snub administered to my cousin, Mrs. Lindsay, wife of the Reverend Principal Lindsay, by a Dutch Professor, who had called one day to see her husband when Mrs. Lindsay chanced to be in the room. The conversation fell on Dutch literature, and some abstruse point came under discussion, when Principal Lindsay observed, "We shall have to consult my wife, she is a great authority on Dutch literature." The Professor turned to the lady, and looking at her with severe blandness, he remarked with acid sweetness, "Oh, oh! and how are your children?" Mrs. Lindsay felt that she was relegated to more strictly feminine regions, and the conversation on Dutch literary topics did not proceed any further.

We duly went to Dalmeny, and found our charming visitor an even more charming host. The two daughters



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

of the house were absent, but a very pleasant party was assembled there, and the honours were done by Lady Leconfield, Lord Rosebery's sister, a tall, handsome, and very agreeable woman; but the real supervision was done by the noble host himself, who looked after his numerous guests, saw to their entertainment, led the conversation, and was, generally speaking, first and foremost in every scheme of amusement that was going on. We were there on a Sunday, and in the course of his very excellent sermon, the minister made use of the unusual word *accidy*, which none of his hearers understood. It was under discussion at lunch, and still no light was thrown on the disputed word. After lunch an adjournment was made to the library, and some one suggested that the word had a sound as if it might have belonged to the Elizabethan age; researches were therefore made in several of the poetical works of that period, and the gentlemen of the party industriously consulted numerous volumes, Lord Rosebery in particular mounting a step-ladder, and looking carefully into the books arranged on some of the higher shelves. The word was finally traced and located in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, and was found to mean a kind of inertness or condition of sloth, and as such it quite accorded with the subject of the minister's sermon, and everybody was satisfied.

Lord Rosebery took some of us to see the old ruined Castle of Barnbougle, which he has restored and made habitable. It is a very short distance from Dalmeny,

## LORD ROSEBERY

and was the scene of a family tragedy which caused the then proprietor to dismantle and forsake it, but it has been carefully restored, and most comfortably, if not luxuriously, fitted up, and the present lord of Dalmeny retires to it every night after his latest guest has vanished, and does not appear at Dalmeny till the next morning. His Lordship said to me on showing me his bedroom at Barnbogle, " I generally sleep here ; I find it suits me much better, for I am not a good sleeper. The soft splash of the waves against the walls has a very soporific effect." Barnbogle is just on the edge of the Firth.

His well-known devotion to the memory of Napoleon Bonaparte considered, it was most interesting to note the variety of portraits of the great Emperor and his family that adorned the walls of Dalmeny. Of one famous portrait, by David, the noted French painter, he told us a curious history. It had belonged to the Duke of Hamilton, and was purchased by Lord Rosebery at the great sale which took place at Hamilton Palace many years ago. The Emperor Napoleon had given a commission to David for a portrait of himself, and the Duke of Hamilton had commissioned one at the same time. After one of his sittings the Emperor rose and walked about David's studio, and perceiving a picture standing on the floor face inwards against an easel, he inquired, " What's that ? " then seeing it was a portrait of himself, he said, " I like that ; I'll take it."

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

"I am sorry your Imperial Majesty cannot have that," replied David, "it is already sold."

"But I want it," said the Emperor firmly.

"I am sorry, but it is a commission," replied David, "and I cannot sell it to anyone."

Seeing that he was not to be moved, the Emperor turned away angrily, but as he went he flung out his foot, and hit the canvas a blow which imprinted a small mark on the picture. David painted it over, and nearly obliterated the dent, but it faintly remains to this day, a distinct testimony to the Emperor's shortness of temper and complete disregard of moral obligations. The picture represents Napoleon in his study, where he sat much, and walked up and down while he considered the mighty problems that exercised his brain. Two candles burnt down to the socket are evidence of a protracted meditation; while his white stockings have loosened on his leg and fallen about the ankles, equally betraying much patrolling of his study, and great indifference to comfort or personal appearance. The portrait is a very characteristic one, and its present owner is reasonably very proud of it, for it is undoubtedly a very fine likeness of the great Emperor.

Numerous other nobilities came to us on business connected with the University—the Earl of Elgin, a kindly but rather silent man, the Earl of Stair, our distinguished Chancellor, a most delightful old man, and one of the truest of Scotsmen. We visited him at Oxenfoord, his

## CHOOSING A MINISTER

fine old place near Edinburgh, where he and his stately Countess dispensed high hospitality, and where the Countess assembled guests and household, and read family prayers in a fine resonant voice with a clergyman sitting close to her, his services not being required in the least. One of the parishes near Oxenfoord was just then vacant, had indeed been so for some time, the congregation having heard many candidates, and having apparently some difficulty in arriving at a settlement. Happening to meet one of his own farmers, Lord Stair stopped to speak to him, and in the course of conversation he remarked, " Well, have you not decided on a minister yet ? "

" No, my Lord, we have not ; but as soon as we know who your Lordship and the other lairds want, we'll not have *him*."

This was told to Dr. Story by Lord Stair himself, and yet no more popular landlord could be found in all Scotland.

## CHAPTER XXII

DURING this period of our history, my husband became very intimate with several ministerial friends whose society was a great pleasure and refreshment to him, and who also exercised no small influence on his own life and well-being. By this time he had lost many of the familiar friends of his earlier days. Principal Caird was gone and Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, who had been a very close and dear friend, and for whom my husband entertained a very warm regard, which was richly reciprocated. Dr. Boyd had a biting tongue when he chose, and he had been known to say very severe things even of people whom at heart he really liked, but he never said anything disagreeable of Dr. Story; on the contrary, he always spoke of him warmly and heard with pleasure of any step in his career that brought him profit and distinction. His death was a great distress to Dr. Story, and he viewed with heartfelt concern the ending of an intimacy that had been a source of satisfaction to them both.

In conjunction with Dr. Boyd was Dr. George Burns, the distinguished minister of the Cathedral; the three

## DR. BURNS

friends were constantly together, and I often recall now the pleasant evenings in the study at the University or in Dr. Burns' house in Westbourne Terrace, when the familiar circle foregathered over a cigar and a glass of toddy, and the most delightful stories literally poured from Dr. Burns, who, standing on the hearth-rug with his glass in his hand and a captivating twinkle in his kindly eye, beamed upon his listeners and laughed as heartily as anyone, as fresh peals of jocularly testified to the admirable quality of his anecdotes, especially the Highland ones, for he told Highland stories splendidly and could imitate gillies and fishermen as if to the manner born.

In this he was run very close by Dr. Cameron Lees of the High Church, Edinburgh, another most distinguished divine and a member of this select symposium of friends. What happy days and evenings we spent at Dr. Burns' pleasant summer quarters at Phesdo in Kincardineshire, where this special party kept steady tryst for long, and where Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Boyd, and I joined the genial party in the study and laughed as heartily as anyone of the circle. Dr. Lees was a delightful addition to the group, and had a rare gift of conversation, having much that was pleasant to say on any subject that arose.

This reminds me of an amusing anecdote of my old friend, Mr. Longmore, the donor of the Hospital for Incurables in Edinburgh. My husband and I were

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

coming into Edinburgh to visit him one Assembly time, and he came to meet us at the Haymarket Station. In the same carriage with us had travelled Dr. Lees, and on reaching Edinburgh he and I exchanged a few parting words within hearing of Mr. Longmore.

"That's an agreeable man you had with you," he said, as he put me into a cab, "he's very like a gentleman."

"That's Dr. Lees of Paisley," I observed, for he was so at that time.

"Oh! a parson," said Mr. Longmore; "well, he's very like a gentleman."

"He is a gentleman," replied my husband rather hotly, for he much disliked any remark reflecting on the status of his brother clergymen, and there the matter ended, except that Mr. Longmore once or twice afterwards alluded in terms of high approval to the minister of Paisley, who had evidently made a deep impression upon him.

Another intimate clerical friend must not be forgotten, for he formed a cherished member of the inner circle of my husband's friends, Dr. Mitford Mitchell, Minister of the West Church, Aberdeen. He, like Principal Tulloch, had a most hearty laugh, which rang out irrepressibly when anything tickled his fancy, and added much to the conviviality of the dinner party, to which he was an ever popular addition.

One of our most delightful guests was Sir James Reid, the favourite physician of Queen Victoria. We did not

## THE BOER WAR

at all wonder at Her Majesty's great liking for him, for he was indeed one of the most agreeable of men. A manner simple and kindly and yet most courtly, one could imagine Her Majesty confiding her little ailments to him and their being heard with the most ready sympathy ; while the Queen at the same time felt sure that she would soon be well again, for Sir James was both wise and skilful, and under his sagacious instructions his august patient reached an age only granted to a few, and enjoyed a health and vigour that bore her through the many troubles of her later years. Many a good chat she had with Sir James over the passing events of the day and of what was going on in the royal circle ; he always went to Her Majesty the last thing at night and discussed them with her, for she loved to be *au fait* with the little affairs of the household.

The closing years of the nineteenth century and the very beginning of the twentieth were years marked by the occurrence of many events important not only to us, but to many other people. There was the terrible Boer War, which brought desolation to so many homes, and which for many weary months lowered the flag of England in the eyes of the nations, and caused those who were her enemies to rejoice. We had not been prepared as we ought to have been, and the consequences were sad ; and brave men sighed out their hearts upon the dreary veldt and hearts were broken in the smiling villages of England, because we had despised the capa-



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

bilities of the untutored Boers, and hugged ourselves with the boastful idea that we had only to go and see and conquer. Valuable life went after valuable life, and we mourned them sorely ; but never shall I forget the day when the tidings came home that Andy Wauchope, the beloved of all who knew him, had fallen a victim to blundering stupidity on the part of others and misplaced trust and noble rashness on his own. We had all loved him ; who did not love that brave, simple, kindly gentleman, who was transparent as water, and true to the inmost recesses of his soul ? When making his memorable campaign in Midlothian, to see him standing in the front of his platform, frankly and openly, his one action thumping his left palm with his right fist, and speaking right from the heart the truth that was in him ; who did not feel that a true man was there, a man who would never condescend to lies or subterfuges, and who would do what he believed to be his duty while the last breath of life remained in him ? I suppose we won in the end, but at what a price ! From the Queen on the Throne to the lowest of her subjects all mourned their dead.

The Queen told my husband herself that nothing in all her life had tried her as the Boer War had done ; she lost very dear ones, and she felt deeply the sorrows of her mourning subjects ; her latter days were undoubtedly clouded by those terrible trials, though she kept a brave countenance, and did faithfully every queenly duty required of her ; but she was now an old woman, and

## DEATH OF THE QUEEN

many felt that for her the end was drawing nigh ; and too soon this mournful truth was realized, and the time came when all hung on the bulletins that came constantly, and told of increasing and yet increasing weakness that could only have one ending. And soon the solemn tolling of the bells rung out the mournful news.

We knew all day on the 21st of January that the Queen was sinking, and when, late at night, a slight pull came to the door bell, we felt it could only mean the one thing. It was our ever kind friend Professor Jack, who had learnt the sad news, and had come to tell us ; and we all shed many tears and truly felt that we had lost a good friend as well as a most loved and honoured sovereign. The sorrowful events of these mourning days have faded from my memory now ; but I well remember the pang that passed through me the first time I heard the National Anthem with the change that had passed over it, and observed that " Him " and " His " had taken the place of the old familiar words that told of the gentle rule for ever passed away. The Queen is dead ! Long live the King !

A great service took place in Glasgow Cathedral in honour of the departed Sovereign, at which my husband assisted, and then outwardly things went on as before. The King confirmed my husband in his chaplaincy, and he was kept very busy in the duties of the Principalship, and discovered it was by no means the easy post which many of his friends had considered it. In those days,

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

before he had mastered all the duties required of him, he received much valuable aid from two of his colleagues, Professor Jack and Professor Stewart,—indeed but for the never-ceasing services of the latter he could never have managed the half of what he did ; he helped the Principal in every way, and was indeed what the Principal often termed him, “ his right hand.” Whenever I went into the study after breakfast, there I found Dr. Stewart ; the two heads bent together over some long array of figures or some knotty point of College government, in which my husband was only too happy to have the benefit of Dr. Stewart’s superior wisdom.

I have omitted to mention that Principal Caird did not long survive his retirement. We had halted in Dumfriesshire on our way back from England, to pay a visit to Professor Jack, and he met us at the station at Thornhill with the melancholy news of the venerable Principal’s death, which had just been telegraphed. It was a great shock and grief to us all, for we all had the warmest regard for him ; but he had served his day and generation, and had departed, leaving an honoured name behind him.

I must not forget another name well-known and respected in the annals of the College, Lachie MacPherson, the much-esteemed Bedellus, who for many long years held the chief place among the numerous officials, and honoured the distinguished position he occupied as much as it honoured him. He was a fine-looking man, with a

## MACPHERSON

grand port and bearing; his father and grandfather had both been soldiers—one had fought at Waterloo, the other at Culloden, and they had bequeathed to their descendant their military air and bearing. It was a very fine sight to see the Bedellus on Sunday marching into the Bute Hall in front of the assembled Senate, holding aloft the mace that betokened his standing, and finally laying it down in front of the Principal till it should be his duty to resume the charge of it and again conduct the procession from the Hall when the service was over. He was a man warmly regarded by many generations of students, for he was kindly and sagacious in his dealings with them all; and on the day that they received their degree it was by Lachie's hands that they were invested with their hood; he unfolded it and placed it over their head after the capping at the hands of the Principal.

We were invited on a special occasion to Cambridge to take part in a grand function there, where were also assembled many from other Universities come together to do honour to the great scholar Sir George Stokes. I remember so well my pride on the occasion. A long procession of principals and professors marched past an immense gathering of spectators, and among that numerous host I saw no one to compare with my husband either in good looks or in dignity of deportment. I sat in a place allotted to ladies connected with the various notabilities who were concerned in the day's proceedings, and I was surrounded by strangers and had nothing to

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

do but look and listen to what was going on around me. "Oh! what a very handsome man! the one in the purple robe, who can it be? I never saw such a handsome man."

That remark met my ears perpetually. I longed to shout out loudly, "He belongs to me! he is my husband," but I could only sit silently by and watch the rich purple robe and its stately wearer passing silently along, and feel my heart glow with satisfaction that I looked on and beheld it all.

We were on that occasion the guests of President and Mrs. Ryle of Queen's College, a most delightful pair, who were very kind to us and showed us everything they could, taking us to see Girton and Newnham and many of the Cambridge Colleges, and in every way making our visit a very enjoyable one. A tall, stately man was Dr. Ryle, proper man to be at the head of one of the foremost colleges in Cambridge, and a man of rare dignity and also geniality of manner. He afterwards became Bishop of Exeter and then of Winchester, and very pleased was I some few years ago when he walked into my drawing-room in all the bravery of apron and gaiters, to call on one whom he had not seen for long, and to show me that he had not forgotten me when he was a great prince of the Church, and I only a poor little widow who dwelt at home among my own people.

Two great Exhibitions took place in Glasgow during the time we were there, and both of them were highly

## GAY OLD LADIES

successful, and they richly deserved to be so from the excellence of their arrangements and the extreme beauty of the many objects that were gathered together under their artistic domes. We had many visitors while they lasted, for we were within very easy reach of them, and we could visit the Exhibition and also return without difficulty to meals in the University. Two delightful old ladies were numbered among our guests, one was Mrs. Robert Lee, widow of Dr. Lee of the Greyfriars' Church. She was about seventy-five at the time of the first Exhibition, and was rather a fragile person, who moved gingerly and seldom actively exerted herself. The other was Miss Eliza Campbell of Glengair, Rosneath, who was then some years over eighty, but, for that age, quite a miracle of energy and sprightliness. She thought nothing of going up to Glasgow at eight o'clock in the morning, spending the whole day there, and returning at five to Rosneath, and after that going out to dinner, a feat I could never have performed in my youngest days. She took Mrs. Lee, many years her junior, under her care; and looked after her in every way just like a child. Great was my amusement one day to come out and find Miss Campbell watching Mrs. Lee descend the outer steps of our house, and counting them carefully for her benefit, "There you are now, one! two! three! four! and five!" given with a little shriek of triumph as the old lady daintily gained the pavement. Miss Eliza's visit was concluded, and she asked me whether it

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

would inconvenience me very much if she were to remain a day or two longer.

“ Not at all, Miss Eliza, we shall be delighted to have you. I am very glad you are enjoying the Exhibition. What is it you like best ? the bands (which were splendid), or the fireworks, or the illuminations ? ”

Miss Eliza hesitated, and then replied in rather a shame-faced manner, “ And what would you say now to the Switchback ? ” naming, to me, a very unpleasant form of entertainment which was then exceedingly popular, and which had evidently found favour with the old lady. Day after day this jovial old virgin had gone bumping over the objectionable obstructions of this most horrible sport ; while I, who from curiosity tried it once, entreated my husband to accompany me, and held on to him like grim death through the whole of that alarming journey, and never again put foot in its precincts.

At the principal bazaars that took place in Glasgow a very leading part was taken for several years by Mr. Walter Campbell of Blythswood and his sister Miss Helen Campbell, who devoted their remarkable energies and great organizing powers to helping many deserving causes, and generally with very satisfactory results to the charity for which the sale was being held. Glasgow has been justly celebrated for the success of its bazaars, by which large sums have been gained to benefit deserving charities. A great one was organized for the University Students' Union, taking place in the Bute Hall, which

## ‘JEAN JAMESON’

was the scene of great fun and frolic for nearly a week. I still retain a picture of Professor Jack found feeding a pig (one of the raffles) with ham sandwiches—a horrid instance of enforced cannibalism! Commencing with bazaars and gradually permeating every plane of society came the delightful song of “Jean Jameson’s Bonnet,” given by Mr. Campbell with a freshness and vitality that captivated every hearer and brought admiration and fame to the author and composer, who were united in the person of Mr. Walter Campbell. What a charmingly humorous and descriptive ballad that is; often as I have heard it, I laughed none the less heartily at each repetition, the humour was so natural and so irresistible that one could not listen to it unmoved. Mr. Campbell told me himself that Queen Victoria had laughed at it as heartily as any of her subjects, and I can well believe it, for Her Majesty had a strong sense of humour, and no one could possibly listen to the tale of “Jean Jameson’s Bonnet” and not be overcome with merriment.

He had a charming curling song, too, in which an old farmer laid low by rheumatism is visited by his laird, the captain of his rink, and strongly urged to come out to a game to be played that day, and win for them by playing the master stroke that had often given them victory before. His refusal because of bodily weakness, his wife’s entreaties and the laird’s, finally his compliance and ultimate success, are all tenderly told; and the fine song often brought the tears to my eyes, for the singer



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

felt all he described, and though he had not a very fine voice, it was well under control, and had the rare quality that appeals straight to the heart.

Another most agreeable singer was Mr. Will Ramsay, son of the Professor, who had composed and who sang a charming strain of a highly humorous kind, called "Peter Paiterson," which delightfully set forth the progress of a parvenu Glasgow merchant till the great day of glory when he saw his wife "gae doon the stair escorted by Sir Jeems." All the local allusions fell on congenial ears, and not even "The Bonnet of Jean" was more popular than the racy and jovial tale of "Peter Paiterson." Mr. Ramsay also had a very telling golfing song, and various others of great merit; those were very pleasant days, when such enlivenings were of frequent occurrence, and when good stories and hearty laughs could be frequently heard, for there were some noted humorists in Glasgow.

I must mention one teller of very good stories who frequently brightened a dinner party in those days, Mr. Archy Robertson. His special anecdote of "the sweep" may not have been heard by all my readers, so I shall relate it; but, alas, not in the happy manner and with the fine Glasgow accent in which he delivered it.

A country minister, while going his rounds, passed frequently a cottage, at the door of which was seated a poor cobbler, who worked away very industriously, singing blithely at the same time. The minister had

## THE SWEEP

approvingly noticed his cheerfulness, and he was therefore much concerned when, on passing the cottage one day, he found no cobbler at the door and no gay song going on. He went in and found the poor cobbler in a most depressed state of mind.

“What was the matter?”

“Oh! it’s jist that I’ll hae to leave ma hoose, and it suited me fine; but ye see a sweep’s ta’en it o’er ma heid, an’ I’ll hae to gang.”

The minister was sympathetic and spoke feelingly to the man. “Aye, it’s very hard on you to have to leave; but my advice to you is, take your trouble to the Almighty, and leave it there; you’ll be sure to find comfort at the Throne”

The man promised compliance, and the minister departed. Passing that way shortly afterwards, he was pleased to find the cobbler once more at work, outside his door, and his song as jubilant as ever. They greeted each other, and the minister said, “Well, I am glad to see that your trouble is lightened. I hope you followed the advice that I gave you.”

“I did that, sir,” replied the cobbler, cheerfully, “I took my ease to the Almighty. I laid it before the Throne, and it’s a’ richt noo; the sweep’s deid.”

“Oh! that is not quite what I meant,” said the minister.

“It doesna maitter, it’s a’ richt; the sweep’s deid,” and there the story ended amid the shouts of admiring

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

audiences, for the story was a favourite one, and never palled upon its hearers.

I must not let it be thought that Glasgow was quite given up to amusement, and had no bowels of compassion for those who had perforce only the darker side to contemplate, and neither leisure nor inclination to look on any but the seamy side of human nature. Among the Glasgow citizens were many good men and true who gave nobly of their time for the good of their less fortunate brethren, and whose names headed many a scheme for the amelioration of those poorer members of the commonwealth who had lost their way in life, and formed what is familiarly known as the submerged tenth. Many names helped to swell this goodly list, and among them ranked two, who by the universal acclaim of their fellows stood high on this golden roll, and were indeed men of whom any city might be proud. These were Mr. Leonard Gow and Mr. Robert Gourlay, both true citizens of Glasgow, and renowned both for the geniality of their natures and the good business qualities that enabled them to neglect no worldly duty, and yet have time at their disposal to cultivate the still more important duty of looking after the good of others, and bringing their beneficial influence to bear on undertakings which in many cases would have totally failed had it not been for their good work and earnest endeavours. Mr. Gourlay was a very busy man, and yet, when I have sometimes interrupted him in the actual discharge of some important

## JUBILEE

piece of business, he always kindly laid aside his pen and accompanied me to make enquiry into the case I had in hand ; and in the many cases where influence was required to bring about a desired conclusion, who so ready as he with not only the kind advice and the liberal contribution, but with the genial pressure that secured a doubtful vote or placed a trembling candidate in the post where he would be.

In our later years one influence loomed very largely both on ourselves and on the College itself, of which he was so steady and munificent a benefactor. I mean that of Mr. Andrew Carnegie of Skibo. Once in bygone years, when staying in the far North Highlands, I had heard the musical twang of the horn that heralded the approach of his Drag, which, with its four spanking horses, presently dashed past ; little dreaming that one day I should sit behind those same smoking horses and listen to the tootling of the horn from the interior of that luxurious vehicle. Mr. Carnegie, by his donations to the Universities, became associated with my husband ; and when the ninth jubilee of the University came to be celebrated, in the list of those deemed worthy of degrees on the occasion was found the name of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. He came in person to receive it, and was seated in the Bute Hall beside Sir John Cheyne, the Procurator of the Church, whose tall form towered above that of his much shorter neighbour, and somewhat hid him from the public view. From my seat I observed

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

Sir John Cheyne, who was a great personal friend, and on a slip of paper I wrote an invitation to him to come and lunch with us, as we had a large party that day. I did not know Mr. Carnegie was there, or I should have asked him, and Sir John told me afterwards he had pressed him to accompany him, but Mr. Carnegie refused to go on his invitation.

The ninth jubilee function was a most successful one ; delegates attended it from every quarter of the globe, and many entertainments were given and many notable speeches made. The women students by this time had come much to the front, and gave entertainments on their own account. At some of these, as well as at others given by the University, the Principal and I presided and received the numerous guests. We shook hands with them all, and on several occasions I shook hands with well over three thousand people, and towards the end I felt as if sensation were entirely gone from my fingers, though I had been prescient and had removed my rings, knowing by frequent experience the effects of a good hearty Glasgow squeeze.

## CHAPTER XXIII

THE death of the Earl of Stair, the much honoured Chancellor of the University, was a very great loss, for though, owing to increasing years, he could not come regularly to public functions, he took a warm interest in all that concerned the University, and did all in his power by his name and influence to increase its usefulness and add lustre to its proceedings. It was resolved, in homage to his great name and in token of the regard and reverence borne him by every member of the University, to offer the Chancellorship to Lord Kelvin, who had done so much to make the name of Glasgow College famous, and whose reputation extended to every part of the civilized globe. He accepted it, great was the joy thereat ; and it was resolved to hold his installation with all befitting ceremony, and numerous invitations were sent out to persons distinguished in the scientific and other worlds, and a great occasion was organized to do honour to our scientific peer. Lord and Lady Kelvin were our guests, along with several others, and we had a large party at dinner, which included among

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

its members the Duke of Argyll and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise. The day was one of the foggiest I can recollect ; few steamers were running ; and I quite anticipated the non-arrival of our distinguished guests, and was full of anxiety on the subject. But punctually to the hour my husband and I descended to the lobby, and almost immediately a carriage stopped at the door, and a charming vision of emerald *velours* and sparkling jewellery entered the house, and set all my dismal forebodings at rest. Her Royal Highness made herself most agreeable. When she entered the drawing-room all the guests were presented to her, and when she retired at the close of the party, she shook hands with them again. One lady had got so completely behind backs that the Princess did not observe her and did not shake hands with her ; and as I felt sure that Her Royal Highness would be extremely sorry to seem to have slighted her, I took the liberty of whispering to the Princess what had occurred. She thanked me cordially, and immediately turned back to where the lady stood and explained her inadvertence. Lord Kelvin had a bad cold, and as he was to deliver an address next day, great anxiety was felt as to whether his throat would have sufficiently recovered to permit him to speak ; his nephew, Mr. James Bottomley, held himself in readiness to take his uncle's place should it be necessary.

The Duke and the Princess called soon after breakfast next day to enquire for the illustrious invalid, and the

## MARCONI

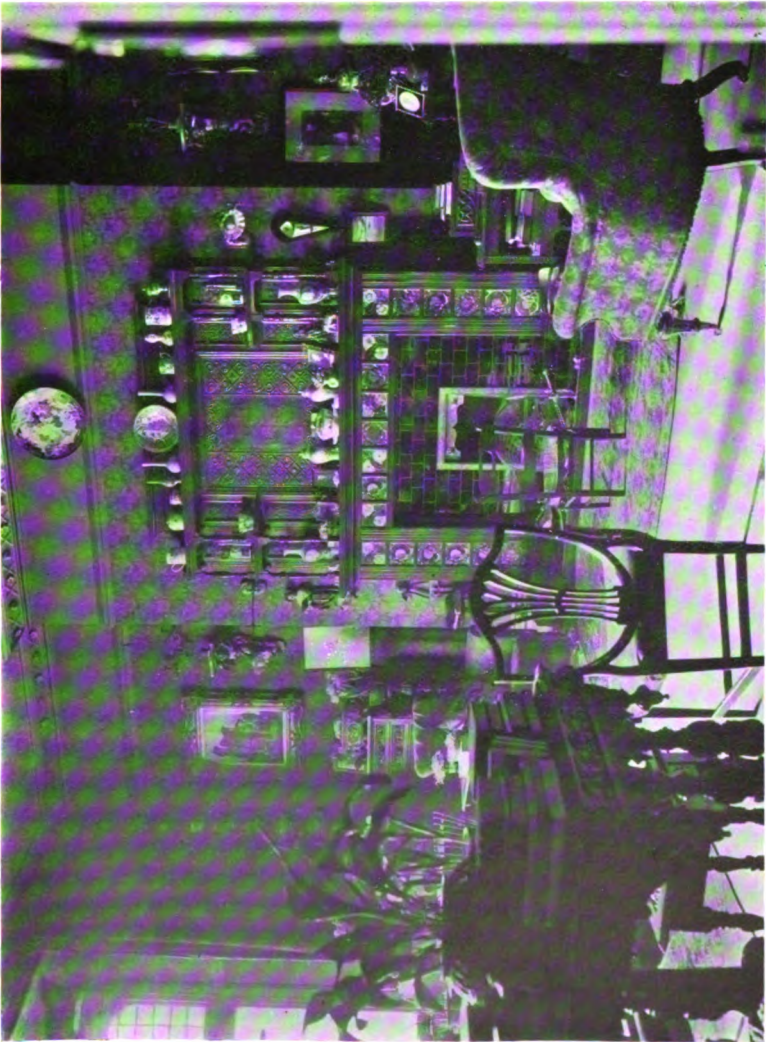
Princess strongly recommended a remedy in which beaten eggs were much concerned. She had the eggs brought to her and beat them with her own royal hands, mixing in the other ingredients, and whether it were the effect of the royal mixture or that the sore throat had really abated in its virulence, Lord Kelvin felt able to speak, and gave a delightful address, enlivened with many interesting anecdotes of his early years in Glasgow, before the Clyde had become the notable river it is now, and while all the great inventions that have made his name famous were still hidden in the grand brain that evolved them. We had a large evening gathering in our own house, and among the guests who honoured us by coming was M. Marconi—a slight, very youthful-looking man of extremely modest and simple demeanour. He was introduced to Lord Kelvin, and it was a most interesting sight to see the two monarchs of the scientific world together. I chanced to look at our bay window one time during the evening, when I witnessed a most interesting meeting between Lord Kelvin and M. Marconi, the elder man bending towards the younger with dignified humility, showing evidently by his manner that he considered himself in the presence of genius, and honoured it accordingly; while the younger man listened with grave attention to all that fell from his senior's lips, and by his simple and reverential air showed that self-consciousness was totally absent, and that he felt himself in the presence of one who was richly entitled to respect and



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

honour. They formed a charming group, and many beside myself were impressed by it, for the two scientists remained in conversation for a considerable time.

On no day during the whole of my husband's term of the Principalship was I so utterly prostrated by fatigue as on this one ; I never had one single moment of repose the whole day long. The opening of the new chemical laboratory took place that afternoon, and by that time I was so exhausted that I thought I should have fainted. I resolved to go home and endeavour to get a short rest before our large dinner party was due ; when, on coming out on to the terrace, a friend seized me and told me she was just dying to be introduced to Marconi ; would I not come and do it now ? He was standing at the buffet—she knew exactly where ; there was no refusing her, and, tired as I was, I turned to re-enter the laboratory, and almost fell into the arms of M. Marconi himself, who was also leaving the place to try and get a little rest. I told him of the lady's strong desire for an introduction, " Just to be able to feel that I have shaken your hand," she declared, and then fleeing from them both, I went home and tried to rest for about ten minutes. No one ever seemed to think that I might sometimes be tired of the continuous strain and of all the bowing and hand-shaking that I went through. I rarely sat down, but went about speaking to people, and my reward lay in the sustained talk and breezy laughter that I heard on every side, and



DRAWING ROOM IN No. 13 THE COLLEGE



## MR. J. A. CAMPBELL

in the various indefinable signs that tell a skilful hostess when her party is going off well.

Though it is rather dragging him in by the head and shoulders, I must not omit to mention one of our guests at this time, a very dear friend of ours, a man whose name was as beloved as it was well known—Mr. James A. Campbell of Stracathro, the truest friend the Church ever had and a man whose time and energies were much devoted to doing good to his fellow-creatures. Truly Glasgow has ample cause to be proud of the list of her sons who are to be found in this roll-call of distinction. Mr. Campbell was a very good man, and his name stood high among those of whom everyone spoke well; yet he was one of the simplest and kindest of visitors, and to no one did we extend a warmer welcome than to him. At one of the Exhibitions I met him on his way to the Central Gallery, as I thought going to gaze at some of the wonderful treasures that had been collected from far and near. "I have just come to inspect my palms," he said, "and see how they are getting on." He had lent some fine specimens from his houses at Stracathro, and was frankly more interested in them than anything else. Mr. Campbell's cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell of Tullichewan, were great benefactors to Glasgow, Mrs. Campbell specially devoting her energies to the cause of Women's Education; and Queen Margaret College as it now stands is a practical demonstration of her success in collecting money, and interesting her friends and the public in this

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

effort. She, Mrs. Lindsay, and Mrs. Edward Caird and Mrs. Elder were a noble quartette, to whose devotion to the cause we owe much gratitude, and to the indefatigable Miss Galloway, the secretary, for whom generations of women students cherish the deepest veneration and affection.

Mr. Campbell was very fond of music, and especially loved "The Four Maries," which I invariably sang to him; and he always paid me compliments upon my manner of singing it, which were very grateful to me, both because I felt he would say nothing but the truth, and because I was now getting to be an old woman, and quite felt that my singing days ought to be over. Not choosing to trust myself entirely, I had begged my husband and daughters to tell me honestly when they began to observe any signs of failure in my voice; for though, I think, I should have myself perceived them, I could not be sure; and I had seen many mournful instances of women, who had been good singers in their youth, clinging to their shadowy vestige of a voice when all melody was gone, and hardly anything remained to tell what once had been. I myself sang regularly till the age of seventy-six, but I think I was exceptionally fortunate. I was very particular in my selection of songs, never attempting anything beyond what I could easily accomplish, and usually choosing songs dependent more on their melody and the beauty of their words than on their range or brilliancy. I had too evident signs that my hearers were gratified for me to feel any hesitation in continuing to give pleasure

## OLD MRS. NEAVES

if they felt it such, but I honestly allow that I think mine was a very exceptional case.

Music after dinner was then very much declining in popularity ; it is now a thing of the past ; and I often felt that I was asked to sing more as a piece of politeness to myself than from any real desire to hear me. Many of the company, no doubt, were gratified and enjoyed the old favourites I gave them ; but I am sure a great number were bored, and would rather have heard their own voices than any music, however good. But I took the bitter with the sweet, and took care they should not be too much interrupted, though I was always happy to sing to any audience, however small, where I could feel myself in affinity with even one or two hearers. I called one day on an old friend, who was a great favourite of mine, and whom I had not seen for several years. She told me it was, I think, her ninety-fifth birthday, and I congratulated her on her age, and the remarkable preservation of her faculties, for she was in no way afflicted with loss of sight or of hearing, and was quite able to walk about her room and enjoy the society of her friends. We began to talk of music, of which she was extremely fond, when she surprised me by bursting suddenly into the opening bars of " Angels ever bright and fair." Her voice was rather thin and quavering, but perfectly true and sweet. When she had finished, I warmly congratulated her, and told her it was a great achievement for a woman of her age.

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

"It is indeed," she frankly replied; "it is not everybody who can say that they have heard 'Angels ever bright and fair' sung by an old woman of ninety-five."

She was a very charming old lady, much loved by all her friends—the stepmother of Lord Neaves, the well-known Edinburgh Judge. I never saw her again, but I well remember the little incident.

After their first pleasant meeting at Inveraray Castle my husband retained a strong feeling of friendship for Dr. M'Gregor of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, and he became a frequent and much cherished visitor at our house. Anyone who knew Dr. M'Gregor felt that he was a unique personality, a man of very rare gifts and great personal charm. He ought to have been a good-looking man, for his head and shoulders were very fine, and while sitting he was a striking figure, but he was undersized and had some defect in his legs, which detracted from his appearance, but in no way destroyed his animated but at the same time dignified demeanour. He spoke with great vivacity, and used a great deal of action in talking; his power of description was marvellous. He brought a whole scene distinctly before you. Never shall I forget his relation of a ghost story which was told so thrillingly that a large circle sat spellbound under the fascination of his weird tones and manner and the compelling glance of his dark speaking eyes, and quite a sensation of relief was experienced when the tale ended and Dr. M'Gregor resumed his usual manner. As a

## DR. M'GREGOR

preacher he stood unrivalled when at his best ; there were certain topics on which he was always superlative. I watched an old gentleman one day in St. Cuthbert's ; it is my belief that Dr. M'Gregor directed his sermon at him, anyhow he was very strongly impressed by it. It was on the subject of forgiveness ; the old gentleman held his hand before his face, but I could see the working of the veins on his forehead, and how he writhed in mental anguish under the scathing language that seemed to be generally addressed to the absorbed congregation, but which one listener felt to be more especially applied to himself. He evidently felt the remarks very keenly, but whether they brought forth any fruit or not, I had no means of knowing. His fame as a preacher was great and most deservedly so ; he held his congregation in the hollow of his hand, and though his small form and want of stature did not seem to make for commanding power, yet when Dr. M'Gregor threw out his arms in a fine frenzy of eloquence, none could stir the heart or sway the minds and passions of men more completely. His church was crowded and numbers were unable to obtain admittance ; he stood at the head of all the preachers in Edinburgh, and no one could be said to have " done " the Metropolis thoroughly, who had not attended St. Cuthbert's and heard Dr. James M'Gregor. He was a most true and warm-hearted friend, and a very delightful guest, for his spirits never failed, and he had a fund of excellent stories, which he was ready to tell



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

on the slightest provocation. For children he had an especial fascination, for he entered into all their little interests, and was never weary of contributing to their entertainment. He always remembered them particularly in his prayers, as well as the servants of the household. He had a great gift of prayer, and when he visited us my husband always asked him to lead in prayer at our family devotions, and I have often felt my eyes fill as he poured out his earnest petitions for the lambs of the family circle, and for the faithful handmaids who ministered to our comfort. For everyone he had a kind word and a cheering observation; no one ever met him without being delighted with him, and when it was known that he was going to preach, the church could hardly contain the crowds that gathered from far and near.

We welcomed the arrival of his very kindly and lovable second wife, and she too became an intimate and valued friend. We had always hoped that he would marry again, for he was a very lonely man, and also a peculiarly domestic one; and we heard with great satisfaction of his having resolved on taking the step that proved such a wise one for his happiness. Queen Victoria was not friendly to second marriages, but with her own hand she wrote to him on his announcement to her of his intention, and gave him her good wishes for his happiness. He was not a strong man, and really required the loving care of a wife; this he had in the amplest measure, as he constantly and warmly acknowledged.

## MR. CARNEGIE

From him I must return to one of whom I had just begun to speak, who was now beginning to exercise a considerable influence on University life. I allude to Mr. Carnegie, whose benefactions were now permeating College life, and though some, among them the Principal, took exception to some of the results of his generosity, yet no one for a moment denied that his intentions were of the best, and his munificence as superb as it was unparalleled. He was hospitable too, as well as liberal ; and he had the idea that by meeting occasionally and discussing collegiate matters together, the heads of the Universities might see their way to evolve schemes for the ultimate benefit of their various schools of learning, and that light might be gained by discussions in which four heads might prove wiser than one. So he instituted what he called a " Principal's week " in the beginning of September, when he invited the four Principals and their wives to go to Skibo, his magnificent house on the Dornoch Firth, and join in a large gathering of friends assembled there ; where amid lovely surroundings, and in the midst of every comfort and pleasure, the kindest of hosts and hostesses welcomed their numerous guests. It was a long but very beautiful journey, but it was hot weather on our first visit to Skibo, and right glad were we to see Mr. Carnegie's flag waving from its flagstaff when we first spied the castle across the blue waters of the Firth. The previous possessors of the place had been the Dempsters, who sold it to Mr. Carnegie. Mr.

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

Dempster was a very fine-looking man, a favourite partner of mine in the old Edinburgh days ; one of his sisters was the well-known authoress of *Blue Roses*. We arrived at Conon Bridge, where we found great refreshment in a most excellent cup of tea, which we all highly appreciated after our long dusty journey. Here we made the pleasant acquaintance of Lord and Lady Shaw, who were likewise going to Skibo, but had come from some other quarters. We then drove along the Conon and the Dornoch Forth to Skibo, a charming drive of ten miles.

Neither my husband nor myself knew the Carnegies, so we both felt a little anxiety on our first arrival, but that was all dissipated when a cheerful little figure ran down the steps and opened quickly the door of the carriage, and a most cordial voice greeted us with, " Glad to see you all ; you're very welcome to Skibo."

All doubt was at an end ; heartiness and goodwill spoke in every tone of that cheery voice ; and from that moment I took Mr. Carnegie into my heart, where he has ever since remained. The greeting of Mrs. Carnegie was not less friendly ; in a little time we felt as if we had long known each other and knew that we were going to have a very pleasant time, which indeed we had. No purse-proud display of opulence was there, only a frank enjoyment of the pleasures of life as they come to a rich man. Much in evidence was an ample supply of new books, magazines and papers that were arranged on the

## SKIBO

tables of the lounge, the most luxurious room in the house, which, by common consent, was the gathering point at every hour of the day ; where armchairs of enchanting softness tempted the reader at all times, and where he too often subsided from his studious fit into a soft doze, not disturbed by the placid conversation of the ladies sitting by the fire or even by the animated discussions held by Mr. Carnegie and the gentlemen standing round the opposite fireplace. That delicious lounge ! How well I can recall it now, with its pleasant groups here and there ; Lord Balfour's stately form and benign countenance ; his delightful wife's animated gestures ; Lord Shaw, with pawky humour and telling wit ; his pleasant and comely wife ; Sir Henry Fowler, an interesting conversationalist and wise and kindly man ; the always genial " Ian Maclaren " ; the astute Sir Francis Mowat ; the towering form of the Archdeacon of London, a scion of the good old family of Sinclair ; Frederic Harrison of scholarly renown, and many others whom I have seen conversing in that hospitable lounge.

Mr. Carnegie loved music, and it was a real pleasure to sing to him. He had standing favourites which he regularly requested, and had a very strong liking for the ballad of " The Four Maries," which I sang to him repeatedly. Mrs. Carnegie sang very sweetly, but she was a retiring woman, and very seldom could be induced to gratify her guests. Her husband does not like jewels, so she wore hardly any. He especially does not fancy

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

diamonds ; but one lovely string of rare pearls he had given her, and that she usually wears. They were some years married before a child came to crown their felicity, and then there appeared a little daughter, who is the very apple of their eye, and is a very bright and intelligent child, being carefully trained for the future that lies before her. She was well but simply dressed, and a faithful Scotch nurse presided over her nursery and accompanied her in all her walks and drives. Every Sunday morning hosts and guests and also little Margaret made a round of the stables and the poultry-yard with apples and sugar, paying visits also to all the outdoor workers, and taking fruit and sweets to their children, who look forward to this weekly visit with the greatest delight, and are made to feel that though the master can richly "entertain the great, he ne'er forgets the small."

Mr. Carnegie had a large stud of beautiful horses, and every day after lunch a great collection of carriages assembled in front of the house, and most people entered one or other of the conveyances and went for an afternoon drive. After the great drag with its team of four galloping steeds, which always commanded a full load, the most popular vehicles were the American buckboards, a very delightful kind of carriage, open and like a brake, all looking the way they were going, and no sitting backwards for anyone. One drive led over a long extent of moor, and then wound among a range of heathery

## ‘IAN MACLAREN’

hills, passing a loch said to have no bottom but to contain excellent fish. Of this drive we never wearied, and gloried in the magnificent air that blew down from the mountains, and brought us in with tremendous appetites for the good tea that awaited us in the lounge, where we exchanged notes on our afternoon's doings, and everyone declared that *their* excursion had been the best. One rather uncertain day Lady Fowler and I had chosen the interior of the drag, a place not usually in request, where we were joined by Ian Maclaren, and a most interesting conversation ensued, which I remember perfectly to this day. It was soon after the introduction of "Bridge," which popular game was then running riot through the land, a fact greatly deplored by Dr. Watson, who told us how it had wrought great havoc in Liverpool, and caused such unhappiness in families that he had felt impelled to denounce it from the pulpit; and he told us of one or two tragedies that had occurred in his own congregation from an unfortunate predilection on the part of members for the all too fascinating but often ruinous game. Dr. Watson's talents as a raconteur were great, and his stories were a never-failing source of delight to his listeners. As an instance of the inherent caution of the Scot and his inability to permit himself to eulogize, he told us a story of an incident of his young days when assistant in Glasgow. Walking one day with one of Dr. Bonar's elders, they passed that divine, who greeted them kindly as they went by, and the young assistant

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

waxed enthusiastic in praise of the saintly and venerated man. "Oh, aye," replied the elder, "there's naething positively veecious about doacter Bonar."

Another anecdote I recall was that of the absent-minded man who could not remember the name of his interlocutor, and ingratiatingly asked :

"Let me see, do you spell your name with an 'e' or an 'i'?"

"My name is Hill," was the stern reply.

We were taken one day to Dunrobin, the famous northern castle of the Duke of Sutherland, a most splendid place on the very edge of the North Sea. The special occasion was the opening of a Technical School, in which the Duchess was interested, for the furthering of the industries of the neighbourhood, and to discourage emigration by finding employment for the younger members of the population. There was a large luncheon at the castle, and the Duchess presided over her guests with great grace and evident contentment. She looked lovely, and every inch a Duchess. The Duke too was exceedingly kind, but he is a quiet man, and I was much surprised by his volunteering to take me to see a special view from the ramparts of the castle, which he said was considered very fine. I had not seen him since I travelled with him and his younger brother when they were infants of about two years old, and in charge of a superfine English nurse. The children were troublesome, no doubt wearied with the long journey; and the nurse and her subordinate

## SUPERIOR NURSES

got irritated, and after trying one or two remedies, the head nurse opened a basket that was at hand, and taking out a most visibly sour green apple, she cut a piece and gave it to the child, then the Marquis of Stafford, who began to suck it with wry faces and clear disapproval. I was surprised at a woman in her position doing such a foolish thing, for though I was quite young at the time, I did know that a sour apple was not a judicious viand for a young child, and as I chanced to have some sweet biscuits among my provisions, I asked if the little boy might have one, as he might like it better than the apple. Leave was granted and the transference made, to the much greater contentment of the little Marquis ; but I saw that even very superior nurses cannot always be counted on to be judicious, and that Duchesses may be ill served as well as humbler people.

Little Margaret Carnegie's nurse, however, was a most sensible woman, and had brought up her charge admirably, not spoiling her in the least, and training her not to be uplifted with the great position she cannot help knowing is hers, but to be kind and considerate to everybody, and to be frank without being forward. Her nursery suite was a delightful one, quite simply though luxuriously furnished. The child had been given a large print of His Majesty King Edward, then on the throne, and she had had it placed in a conspicuous position on the wall of her day nursery, and when any one came to see her she requested them to bow to the portrait before she would



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

talk to them. All visitors of course granted the child's request, and King Edward was saluted by everyone who came into her room. When King Edward in person was paying a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, they drove him over to Skibo, having previously warned Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie of their intentions. Mrs. Carnegie told me she mentioned to the child that she would take her to the door to welcome His Majesty, and that she must make him a low curtsey, but she thought Margaret would be much too shy to carry out her part of the programme. But when the Royal Party arrived and the King entered the hall, the little girl held out her frock very wide and made him a most elaborate curtsey. The King was enchanted, and lifting up little Margaret in his arms he kissed her very affectionately and came into the house holding her hand. In going over the castle afterwards the King was taken to the nurseries, and there he found the child and her nurse waiting him. She took him by the hand, and led him to the portrait, telling him that he must make a bow to it.

"Everybody does that who comes to see me," she said, "and you must do it too," and His Majesty bowed accordingly. She also named her nurse to him, who was honoured by a few gracious words, and then she called the under-nurse, who had modestly retired into the background, and named her too, the King kindly addressing a word to the girl also.

His Majesty was taken to see the famous swimming-

## BATHING

bath, which is one of the features of Skibo. Externally it is like a huge conservatory, inside of which is an enormous marble reservoir filled with water, which is perpetually being changed. The bath is surrounded by a stone gallery, where people may sit or walk round the bath surveying the antics of the frolicsome bathers, who, about eleven o'clock daily, proceed to the swimming-bath to indulge in what was to some of them a very graceful and salutary form of exercise. They wore very smart bathing-costumes, and appeared to enjoy themselves exceedingly. Some more diffident members of the party went at an earlier or a later hour ; the Archdeacon told me he went before breakfast, and had the bath to himself and had a most famous swim, nearly as good as being in the open sea. The King was delighted with the swimming-bath, and told Mr. Carnegie that he much envied him its possession ; on which Mr. Carnegie told him it was at His Majesty's service at any time ; but I never heard that His Majesty honoured the bath by disporting his royal person in it. I never tried it myself, or my husband, but I think we were almost the only exceptions ; but we went constantly to look on at the swimmers, some of whom were extremely accomplished in their art ; the whole scene was very like what one sees in the French watering-places, where ladies and gentlemen enter the water and take their recreation together.

Waking in the morning at Skibo is one of the most delightful features. Into your morning dream steals a

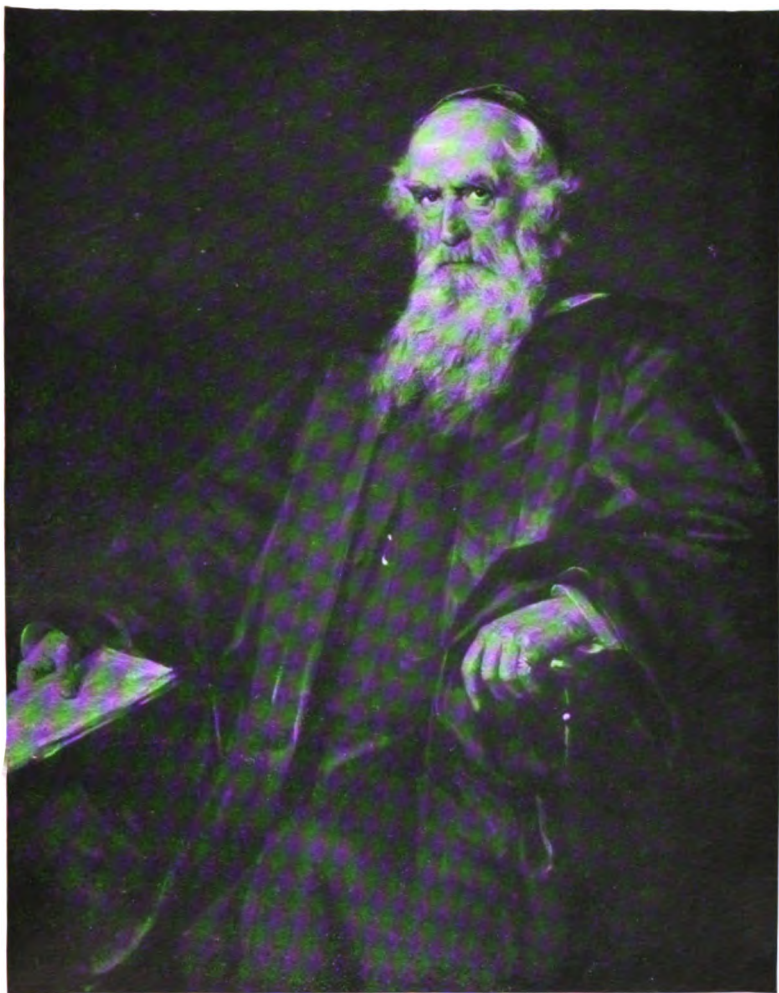
## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

soft sound of music, which proceeds from a piper beginning his round of the castle terraces, gradually drawing nearer, till the full tone of a pibroch comes right under the window, and the sound gently penetrates into the sleeping chambers of the castle, and wakens up the inmates to the glad consciousness of a new day. I always enjoyed that awakening, one woke up in such good spirits, and with such a longing to be up and doing, and in such a vein of contentment with oneself and with the world; not so ardently did I appreciate the pealing organ, which was the next sound that pervaded the house, rolling round and round the corridors as Mr. Egaré drew the full tones from its mighty pipes, and warning everyone that breakfast would soon be ready.

No house where I have ever stayed was ever more completely saturated with the feeling of home.

Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie were there when their guests wanted them, and they saw well to their every comfort and enjoyment, but they did not hunt them from post to pillar, and appeared to believe in the possibility of grown men and women being able to look after themselves; and while having every means of occupation and pleasure provided for them they were at full liberty to avail themselves of them or not, as they pleased.

Our Principal's weeks at Skibo continued over several years, the kindest hospitality marked every one of them, and we always came away blessing the kind host who had made such a green oasis in our work-a-day life. They



THE PRINCIPAL

Portrait by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A.



## AMERICANS

still go on, the Principal's weeks, but, alas! we are no longer of them; my Principal has gone where such things are unknown, and only his memory lingers about the moors and hills of Skibo; but he had great happiness while he was there, and the recollection of it is dear to me still.

On one of our visits there came by telegraph the tragic news of the assassination of President M'Kinley, which excited great horror and sympathy in everyone, and was to Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie a keen personal sorrow. Quite a cloud was cast over the castle while the result remained in abeyance, for at first there seemed some slight hope. Mr. Carnegie heard every day, sometimes more frequently; and one evening, when we had commenced dinner very gloomily, Mr. Carnegie ran upstairs to the telegraphic apparatus towards the middle of the meal, and received a more favourable report, when he came down beaming all over and announced the better news; and the dinner-table assumed quite a different tone, for there were many Americans present, all of whom shared Mr. Carnegie's satisfaction, alas, to be eventually only too sadly disappointed.

We met many Americans at Skibo, some of whom we liked exceedingly; of course they varied in the same way that other people do, but I have a great regard for Americans, some of their leading people being as charming as anyone I have ever met. We renewed our acquaintance there with the delightful Mr. Charlemagne Tower, who had attended the ninth jubilee of our University, and

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

fascinated us all then by his kindly and courtly manners ; we met there Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the well-known Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, a very distinguished and pleasant couple ; Mr. and Mrs. Julian Davis, she very good-looking and amusing. She much entertained me by insisting on it that my husband was " too lovely," an expression that even the best Americans do very much affect, though as a rule they use none of the colloquialisms so generally ascribed to them.

Speaking of other delightful Americans whom I have known, I have already mentioned Mr. and Mrs. Phelps, a bygone Ambassador and his wife, both of them of great social charm. Mr. Andrew White, also an ex-Ambassador, we met at Homburg, and found a most genial and entertaining companion, seeing a good deal of him while we were at that pretty and popular watering-place. Most of all my memory lingers over Mr. Choate, also an Ambassador, and surely one of the most winning and agreeable of men, very good-looking into the bargain. He rather liked me, and showed me much polite attention. I was devoted to him, and thought I had never met anyone more attractive ; indeed his fame is great in many lands, and his *bon-mots* and anecdotes pervade many atmospheres.

" Who would you rather be if you were not yourself ? " he was asked in some drawing-room game. " Mrs. Choate's second husband," was the ready and graceful reply.

Among the many pleasant visitors we had in the

## MAX MÜLLER

University, I must not omit to mention Mr. and Mrs. Max Müller, who for four winters in succession dazzled Glasgow with their brilliancy, and did much to contribute to the success and *éclat* of the many social entertainments got up in their honour. Mr. Max Müller was induced to come to Glasgow to deliver a course of Gifford Lectures at the University; two winters were occupied by them; they were found so attractive that they were extended to another course, and four winters saw the genial Professor and his agreeable wife back in our midst, warmly welcomed by all who had the pleasure of knowing them. The remarkable philologist told me himself that he knew twenty-six languages; he did not converse fluently in them all, but he read and perfectly understood them.

The Max Müllers were visiting us on the occasion of the terrific explosion of an immense gasometer in Glasgow late one afternoon, and he and I were in the drawing-room together when it happened. The noise was deafening, while the room and the sky outside were filled with a great glare as crimson as blood, which lasted for some seconds and then faded away. It was an overwhelming moment. I never doubted that a violent earthquake had occurred, and Mr. Max Müller and I stood transfixed, not uttering a word, and every moment expecting the house to fall about our ears. But nothing followed, and the red light died away, and we began to realize that there had been an explosion of some kind. We afterwards heard that many people thought the end of the



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

world had come ; and one lady in Great Western Terrace, not far from the scene of the explosion, dashed off to the nursery for her baby and then rushed out of the house, thinking to be safer on the open road than within doors. Wonderful to say, when one considers the tremendous explosion, no serious damage was done and no lives lost.

## CHAPTER XXIV

THE first volume of my reminiscences brought me a great many interesting letters, some from total strangers, some from persons in some way connected with characters I had described in the book. I also found that it was considered I had coloured with too lavish a hand some of the incidents I had described, among them the repeated visits to our house of the regiment of Scots Greys, and I discovered that some persons actually disbelieved that such remarkable occurrences had ever taken place. A lady was taking tea with me one afternoon, who expressed this opinion very candidly, and said she had been assured that from a military point of view such demonstrations would have been out of the question. I felt nettled, but did not argue the subject ; and just then a post arrived with many letters ; one handwriting a man's, was unknown to me, and I opened it and exclaimed with pleasure. It was from Mr. George Cleghorn of Weens, who had formerly been a lieutenant in the Greys, and in this letter he asked me if I ever remembered the old days and the afternoons when the regiment used to parade in front of our house,

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

and Colonel Darby Griffith go inside and have tea with me. The letter delighted me, both on account of its tone of kindly remembrance from one whom I had not seen for many long years, and also because it was such ample testimony to the veracity of what we had just been discussing. My friend was completely silenced, for I read the letter to her, and have frequently referred to it since, when the astonishing statement of the Greys' visit has been in any way disputed. Such things, I believe, are not likely to occur now; "old times have changed, old manners gone," and the present commanders of our cavalry corps are as unlike dear old Darby Griffith as the sober-hued khaki is unlike the brilliant scarlet of the old times. We shall never see such days or such men again.

Old people have all a way of saying that "the former days were better than these"; you will say the same to your grandchildren, but I really think they were. I do not think the world is so nice a place as it was when I was a girl. People were happy then, and were not ashamed to show it; now too much is expected of life, and people seem discontented with the things that gave pleasure to those that went before them. This new idea of woman's rights has come greatly into prominence, and is not one for which I have much sympathy. I allow there are some errors in the legislative treatment of women, but these are in a fair way of being remedied, and great strides have already been made in the eman-

## SUFFRAGETTES

cupation of women from the galling trammels of the past. It is much better that such things should come about slowly, than to attempt to hurry them on by such tactics as destroying letter-boxes and smashing office windows ; such things only annoy and alienate people, and do not really help on the cause the suffragettes have at heart. Perpetual dropping wears the hardest stone ; let them quietly drop as perpetually as they like, they will find that the most efficacious way in the end. I confess I read lately with great interest a small volume called the *Suffragette*, written by, I think, Miss Pankhurst. It moved me more than any statement I had ever seen before, and certainly puts before one a very plain and straightforward case for the suffragettes, who have, in my opinion, been very drastically and unfairly treated. Above all, the compulsory feeding practised is a form of torture which should not be permitted in Christian England. The description of it sickens one. Put food in the woman's power, and if she steadily refuses it, on her be the consequences. "Thou shalt not do evil that good may come" is high authority for letting a wilful woman have her way. Suffragettes will either win their cause or it will die a natural death, and I think and hope it will probably be the latter, though I have many good friends who have joined their ranks and whose opinion completely differs from mine.

But politics are not my *forte*, so I will not pursue this argumentative subject.

## CHAPTER XXV

AND now the lights are beginning to grow dim, and the tale of my reminiscences to become exhausted ; indeed there is little else to tell, for the source of the supply was being dried up, and with one or two other recollections, I shall cease my record of bygone years. Skibo and Taymouth, Inveraray and Newton Dee became features of the past, so far as we were concerned. They were too distant for the journeyings of an invalid, and as such my husband was now obliged to consider himself. He was still sedulous in the duties of his post, but he gave up all extraneous work, and his kindly colleagues, thoughtfully considerate of his comfort, arranged to save him the long stairs and passages, and held their conferences round our dining-room table.

The last public appearance he made was at the quatercentenary of George Buchanan, whom he had always greatly admired, and whose memory he wished to honour in as far as it lay in his power to do so. He said what he had to say about George Buchanan well and fairly vigorously, but it was a great effort for him, and he was

## MAUCLINE

much exhausted after he went home. Nothing could exceed the kindness of his colleagues during the whole time of his illness. I can never forget how they waited on him and sustained him by their sympathy ; they had always liked and respected him, but now they showed that they loved him, and he was warmly sensible of their feelings. We spent the last summer of his life at Mauchline, where we had taken the Manse, a nice comfortable house, with a delightful garden, and in the midst of a circle of kind and sympathizing friends, more especially our old and intimate friends the Andersons of Barskimming. Of their care and tenderness I cannot speak ; it was unwearying, and many a pleasant afternoon we spent in that exquisite place, the Principal sitting in a bath-chair in the beautiful garden, or near the house in an easy chair brought out for his comfort, round which we all gathered, and where he watched the glory of the sun setting behind the hills of Arran. We had a splendid view from our own garden, and there was an arbour there where he spent a great deal of time, while I sat with him or mounted guard outside, and long talks we had there which often return to me now. Kind friends lent him their carriages, and nearly every day Marianne Anderson brought a pony trap, and took him for long drives through the roads and lanes of that lovely country. It was a beautiful summer, and we enjoyed it, but for the one heavy cloud. We returned to town in the late autumn, and he was pleased to be back again in his home,

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

and among his friends in Glasgow, for I think he must have felt that never again should he leave it.

In the beginning of 1907 he was evidently very ill, but the time was just approaching for the delivery of Mr. Asquith's Rectorial Address to the students; he and his daughter were to be our guests, and my husband would not hear of any alteration in the arrangements, but wished all to go on as if he were himself able to be present. Our fast friend Lady Frances Balfour had come to be with us, and what she was at this crisis I cannot attempt to say. We had invited some friends to meet the Asquiths, but as the day approached we knew it was not possible for the Principal to appear. We had all met Mr. Asquith before, and, when he understood the state of affairs, he was very kindly and sympathetic, and wished to be allowed to go elsewhere at once, as he felt sure they must be much in the way. But this we would not allow, and they stayed till the address was delivered next day, and then they went to the house of a friend. My husband took a keen interest in all that was going on, and, though he was never able to see Mr. Asquith, he asked many questions, and the next day he mentally followed all the proceedings, and enquired about the address, and as to how the students had conducted themselves.

A little after midnight on the morning of January the 13th he died, surrounded by all his nearest and dearest, and most universally mourned. A dear friend truly

## LAST DAYS

wrote of him : " The Church lost in him a great leader, the Assembly lost an orator and a debater, the University lost in him a Principal who gave to her service the most strenuous toil of his life, men of all shades of opinion have felt the loss of his wise counsel, of his gallant leading in the best causes of the day. His memory will not soon die in that parish where he laboured for the people entrusted to his care. All these circles will feel the loss of his strong personality, but it is those who loved him, as the generous, loyal, true-hearted friend, those who knew him as husband and as father, who must daily realize that nothing can ever fill the aching void, or make other than dark those places which were once brightened and made living by his tender and loving presence." So writes one who knew him well, and I can add nothing to that testimony.

And now the curtain is rung down and the lights are out, and only sad memories linger behind of what once was, and can never be again. My reminiscences are ended, for when that light was extinguished all that gave to my life brightness was gone. But the Heavenly Father who had guided me all my life through was very good to me still, and though He had seen fit to take away the delight of my eyes in a stroke, He had yet left me many mercies for which to thank Him. My two daughters have been everything to me. I only feel myself too undeserving of all their love and devotion. And friends too have gathered round me ; surely no



## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

human being could wish for a more loving circle ; first and foremost the friend to whom I dedicate this book, who has been with me in nearly every crisis of my married life ; who loved my husband dearly, and had much aided him in his career, and who shared with me the vigil around his dying bed. Then Professor Jack, tried friend of my husband and my own, whose kindly offices and never-failing sympathy brought comfort to me in many a lonely hour ; Frank Tulloch, who is as a dear son to me, and his warm-hearted, kindly wife, who have sweetened the past years for me and been only too good and loving. I could name dozens of others, but I refrain, and yet I must say a word of my childhood's friend, Mary Anne Cochrane. We began life together, shared all our childish and youthful interests, never had a cloud come between us, and have now come to the very edge of our long lives with an unbroken record of steady affection and faithful trust that will never now, I believe, be broken. She has had sorrows, and so have I, though I may thankfully say mine have not been many ; but we both look to meet the dear ones we have lost again in the brighter Home. And we gratefully acknowledge the many mercies and comforts that are our portion here. We have indeed had our lines cast for us in pleasant places ; we have wandered by the still waters and lain down in the green pastures, and we both acknowledge it with a deep gratitude to Him who has directed all our lives hitherto, and we trust will do so to their close.

## FAREWELL

My story, such as it is, is now ended ; anything of interest I had to tell ceased with my husband's death, and since then I have led a quiet and uneventful life, enlivened only by the occasional visit of a friend of former days, who came to see me and recall past scenes in which we had taken part together. I felt much pleased and flattered when Lord Reay came to call on me when business had brought him to Glasgow. He had always been a great favourite with my husband and with me, and I was much pleased to see his stately figure and kind face again. The Bishop of Winchester also called to see me accompanied by Sir Donald MacAlister, my husband's successor in the Principalship, a genial, able man, who, with his pleasant and friendly wife, have both shown us every sympathy and kindness.

One day I had a visit from delightful Ellen Terry, who was fulfilling an engagement in Glasgow. Though stouter than of yore, she was graceful and fascinating as ever, with the same winning smile and delicious laugh. We had much talk together, sad and merry, and she signed my visitors' book, where she and " Cosmo Ebor " occupy the same page, as he chanced to come rather before she did, and I have allowed no other name to appear on the same page that contains the names of those two widely divergent, but very attractive personalities. Many other friends of former days drop in now and again and cheer the desolate hours of an old woman, who misses the cheerful society and pleasant

## MRS. STORY'S REMINISCENCES

attention of old times, and is always happy to welcome anything that recalls the radiant past.

I have now passed my eighty-fifth birthday, and I may truly say that I can honestly wish for all my friends as contented a mind and as tranquil an outlook upon life as are my fortunate portion at this present date. I must not let the garrulity of old age grow upon me, but I must add that if it affords my reader but one quarter of the pleasure to peruse this book that it has given me to write it, my purpose will have been well satisfied ; and now, kind reader, farewell.

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

*With Portraits and other Illustrations. Demy 8vo.*

*10s. 6d. net ; by post, 11s.*

# MRS. STORY'S EARLY REMINISCENCES

By J. L. STORY

AUTHOR OF 'CHARLEY NUGENT,' ETC.

*MORNING POST.*

She writes with a vigour and terseness, with an ease and charm, that might well be envied by one with half her burden of years. One could easily fill a column with extracts from this delightful volume, and it is difficult to make selection, but to enjoy its charm it must be read.

*SCOTSMAN.*

Mrs. Story has produced a delightful book. It is not weighty with ponderous sayings, nor grave with the accumulated wisdom of eighty years. It is a sociable and a human book, full of the joy of life and reminiscent of a girlhood and early womanhood in which the colouring was almost uniformly bright.

*YORKSHIRE POST.*

The book is full of pleasant memories, and altogether is a delightful volume of reminiscences.

GLASGOW : JAMES MACLEHOSE AND SONS

PUBLISHERS TO THE UNIVERSITY

*One volume. 424 pages, with Portraits and full-page Engravings. 10s. 6d. net; by post, 11s.*

# MEMOIR OF ROBERT HERBERT STORY

D.D., LL.D.

PRINCIPAL AND VICE-CHANCELLOR OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW  
ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS IN SCOTLAND

BY HIS DAUGHTERS

## *THE SCOTSMAN.*

This Memoir, prepared with pious care by the daughters of the late Principal, reveals an aspect of his character that was little suspected by the multitude, though it was deeply impressed on all who came within the circle of his friendship.

He was intensely tender hearted; he had a rare sense of humour; he was a racy story teller, who enjoyed nothing better than a laugh against himself; he was a great lover of animals; he nursed no personal animosities and kept alive no grudges; he was, in short, 'best loved by those who knew him best.'

## *GLASGOW HERALD.*

This Memoir will be read by many with glad surprise. There was no man of his day who was perhaps more misunderstood and misjudged than the late Principal of Glasgow University. To those who knew him in private he was the tenderest, kindest, and gentlest of men, very willing to help, and laughing half humorously at his own attacks on men and movements that failed to win his confidence or gain his sympathies. Dr. Story's daughters are to be heartily congratulated. They have discharged their pious task with a tact and delicacy which are above all praise.

The record is told in this attractive Memoir, in a bright and interesting way, every page almost being lightened up by a witty letter, a pointed utterance, or a humorous story.

The excellent illustrations which are in the volume add, if possible, to the value of a book whose merits from a biographical point of view are worthy of all praise.

## *BRITISH WEEKLY.*

A notable addition has just been made to the number—not too great—of markedly 'human' biographies. . . . There is nothing to skip—everything is so full of human as well as historical interest.

GLASGOW: JAMES MACLEHOSE AND SONS

PUBLISHERS TO THE UNIVERSITY









MICHIGAN STATE UNIV. LIBRARIES



31293008481677