NOETIC MAGAZINE

PAGE - 89 - SCHOOL BOY DAYS'

"ONE FIRED THE TRAIN THAT BURST THE CASHMERE GATE, ETC"

THE EXPLOSION OF THE CASHMERE GATE.—Corporal Burgess, who successfully fired the Cashmere Gate, and fell mortally wounded on completing the daring act, was a native of Berwick-upon-Tweed, but had lived for several years in Edinburgh, where he completed his education at the High School under the late Dr Gunn. Prior to entering the service of the East India Company, he was employed in the North British Railway, as assistant-storekeepor, at the Waverley Station. On the 7th December last, the detachment with which he went out arrived in India, and he had just proceeded with a party of young engineers to Roorkee, for the purpose of completing his engineering studies at the Thomason College there, when the revolt broke out. With all the available force, he marched to Meerut, under command of the late Captain Fraser, and thence to Delhi, where he fell sick. In a letter addressed to his father during his illness he expresses the greatest ardour to join the camp, and share in the perilous enterprise which was then so near at hand, and with the success of which his name will now be for ever associated. He was only twenty-two years of age, had been just three years in the service, and was as much loved by his comrades in the army as he had been by his companions at home. In the Bengal Engineers he was known as Francis Burgess, but his proper name was Joshua Burgess Grierson.

COURANT. 22/2/1857

ALSO:

A HISTORY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY BY T.R.E HOLMES.

"REF TO SIEGE OF DELHI. - CASHMERE GATE.

"BURGESS A SERGT, HIS FUSE TO FIRE FAILED"

P. 179 THE INDIAN MUTINY IN PERSPECTIVE
BY LIEUT GEN. SIR GEO MAC MANN

"LIEUT. SALKELD TOOK THEIR PLACE - FELL HIT IN THE ARM BUT WAS ABLE TO HAND THE SLOW MATCH TO CORPORAL BURGESS, WHO LATER WAS MORTALLY WOUNDED. DELHI - 1857

CUTTING "THE EXPLOSION OF THE CASHMERE GATE"

LINE 6

"WHERE HE HAD COMPLETED HIS EDUCATION UNDER THE LATE DR GUNN.

1828 - 1830. W M GUNN LAW STUDENT. 20 GRAYFIELD SQ EDINR.

1830 1831. EDINBURGH SOUTHERN ACADEMY 1 BUCCLEUCH PL.
W. M GUNN CLASSICAL MASTER. 20 GRAYFIELD SQ.

1831. 1832. W M GUNN EDIN SOUTH ACAD 1 BUCCLEUCH PL.
HOUSE AT 42 GEORGE SQ.

1832. 1833. Do. Do.
HOUSE AT. 22. BUCCLEUCH PL.

1835. 1836. Do.

1836. 1837 - W M GUNN. SOUTHERN ACADEMY 5. GEORGE SQ.

1838 - 1854. EDINR SOUTHERN ACADEMY - J.F BROWN Do.

1854 - 1866 Do PARK PLACE

SITES OF 5 GEORGE SQ AND PARK PLACE NOW BUILT ON BY EDINR UNIVERSITY EXTENSIONS AND GEORGE WATSONS LADYS COLLEGE.

GUNN ORIGINALLY A HIGH SCHOOL PUPIL RETURNED AS CLASSICS MASTER - IN. 1843.

GRIERSON. — A GRIERSON. HATTER. HANOVER ST EDINBURGH
LIVED AT 6 GEORGE SQUARE 1843. 1850

CORPORAL FRANCIS BURGESS. WHOSE REAL NAME WAS JOSHUA ~~FRANCIS~~ BURGESS GRIERSON.
IS REFERRED TO AS AN OLD SCHOOLFELLOW. -

ONLY TWO SCHOOLS ARE LISTED IN MATTERS REFERRING TO W. M GUNN - HIGH SCHOOL & EDINR. SOUTHERN ACADEMY

LIST OF PUPILS OF HIGH SCHOOL DO NOT SHOW - "JLJ"

GRIERSON COMPLETED HIS EDUCATION AT. HIGH SCHOOL UNDER DR GUNN - JLJ. CLAIMS HIM AS AN OLD SCHOOL FELLOW.
∴ ONLY SCHOOL JLJ COULD MEAN OR CLAIM GRIERSON AS AN OLD SCHOOL FELLOW. MUST BE SOUTHERN ACADEMY.

J.L.T. Born 28.9.1839.

? Age left school. 14

1853

Southern Academy at 5 Geo Sq. 1836. 1852

J.L.T. could have been at 22. Buccleuch Place 1853.4.

before school started at 4. Park Place 1854. 1866

When it finally closed:

Front door of 5 George Sq is now part of the entrance of George Watsons Ladys College George Square. and can be seen today

Hon Mrs B. Lawson Johnston visited — 31/8/1961.

Noetic — "of the intellect"

Spiritualism see

pages 13 - 22

and 77 - 87

THE NOETIC MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. JULY 1867. NO. I.

INTRODUCTORY.

FOR the last sixteen years the "NOETIC MAGAZINE" has existed under various forms; at one time in manuscript, at another lithographed; one year issued quarterly, the next attaining to the dignity of a monthly issue; and occasionally assuming a vacation for an indefinite period. To remedy all this uncertainty, the Noetic Society decided on printing the Magazine at stated periods. Thanks to the co-operation of several kindred Societies, we are enabled to make our most respectful bow before the public.

It is customary on occasions like the present, to lay before the reader a prospectus of our intentions; but we refrain from doing so. We promise nothing beyond opening our pages to all matter of an unobjectionable character, and rendering the Magazine as attractive as lies in our power. We confine ourselves to no single class of articles, but welcome all alike, come from what source they may, so that they are likely to prove instructive or interesting. In return, we would ask each reader to consider himself a book-canvasser, specially retained by the publishers of the Magazine to spread their periodical, and make it as widely known as possible.

THE STUDY OF NATURAL SCIENCE.

THE object of the following remarks is to point out some of the advantages to be derived from the study of natural science, by which is meant the study of all those phenomena which come under our observation in nature, whether these be connected with mind or matter, the relations which they bear to one another, and the laws which regulate them. The term "Natural Science" includes within its range the study of all such phenomena; but in order to simplify the study, it has been subdivided into numerous groups, each of which deals with a special department of nature; *e.g.*, Natural Philosophy, which deals with the properties of matter and the laws which regulate it; Geology, which takes into consideration the construction of the earth's crust, the causes which have produced the existing state of our planet, and the successive forms of life which have peopled it; Biology, whose province is the life of the globe, and which includes Anatomy, Physiology, and Natural History; Metaphysics, which investigates the powers of the mind, and the laws which govern the evolution of ideas. All these and others are included under the term Natural Science, and each forms a special department therein; and my object will be—to show, first, in what way the study of one or other of these departments tends to the elevation and improvement of the mind; and second, how they must be studied in order to produce this result.

First. The study of any one of these sciences enlarges our sphere of knowledge. And surely this of itself is no mean thing; for what makes one race of men superior to another but knowledge? What enables man to triumph over all natural obstacles—to tame the beasts of the field, to find his way over the trackless ocean, to measure the distances of orbs which roll in space around him, to calculate their dimensions, to discover their chemical composition, and even to tell their weight? What enables him to detect the track of those seemingly uncontrolled wanderers in space, the comets, and to foretell unerringly their return to the neighbourhood of our earth? What has enabled him to tame the lightning, and by its means to annihilate time and space, and to bring America virtually within speaking distance of Britain? What but knowledge—knowledge of nature and of nature's laws, gained by a close and persevering study of natural science? For had men not

studied well and diligently the phenomena of nature, they could have had no knowledge of the laws which regulate them, and without such knowledge these triumphs of the human intellect could never have been achieved.

Second. The study of Natural Science tends to liberalise the mind. The more knowledge we acquire, the more will we be inclined to regard with candour and fairness any views which may be opposed to our own. Ignorance is the parent of bigotry. The less a man knows, the more is he certain of his infallibility. This follows naturally; for the man does not know how much he is ignorant of. He pronounces his dogmas upon all things in heaven and earth, time and eternity. He is troubled by no doubts; the idea of his being wrong never once occurs to him. He is perfectly ignorant of the ground on which men may form opinions opposed to his own. He can see no reason why they should differ from him, and consequently he hurls anathemas indiscriminately upon all who hold opinions not coincident with his. Such are the fruits of ignorance—arrogance, bigotry, presumption.

But as surely as ignorance and vanity go hand in hand, so surely knowledge and modesty are companions. And this also is a natural consequence; for the more a man knows, the more he finds he is ignorant of; the further he advances into the great ocean of truth, the more does he feel how illimitable it is. Dr. Chalmers, in one of his lectures, illustrated this very strikingly in this way. He drew with chalk on a black board a circle, and placed beside it a single point. The point and the circle represented respectively the amount of truth known by an ignorant and an enlightened man. In the case of the circle, each point which makes up its circumference represents a question which the man has no means of answering, an ultimate fact for which he can find no explanation. And the larger the circle, the greater the number of such points; the larger the area of light, the greater is the boundary of darkness. In the other case, the man whose knowledge is represented by the point, sees nothing of the vast amount of truth which surrounds him, and which he knows nothing of; he has no doubts, no questionings, and is therefore perfectly self-satisfied. Need I recall to your minds the words of the greatest of England's philosophers, of whom it was said by the poet,—

> Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night;
> God said, "Let Newton be," and all was light,—

when he was congratulated on the marvellous discoveries which he had made in the domain of nature. "When I look back on my life," said he, "I seem to have been but as a child on the sea-shore, picking up now and then a pretty shell or a variegated pebble, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

Such are the fruits of knowledge—modesty, candour, liberality. A wise man knows how ignorant he is, and he is modest and humble; he knows how difficult it is, in many cases, to see the true bearing of facts, and he is candid in acknowledging his own difficulties, and charitable towards those of others. He does not pretend to regulate the universe according to his notions of how it should be done. He does not give out theories as facts, nor dogmas of his own as the infallible truth. He launches no curses against those whose opinions may differ from his own. In short, his is that true wisdom which is "first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated."

Third. The study of natural science exercises a beneficial influence on the mind, by training it to habits of correct thinking,—*i.e.*, a study of natural science worthy of the name; not a mere superficial knowledge, such as is too frequently the case at present. When science is taught in infant schools, and young ladies get a smattering of astronomy, geology, natural history, botany—nay, even, I believe, of anatomy and physiology —till they become at last mere animated cyclopædias, upon one of whom we gaze with astonishment, not unmixed with awe,—

> And still we gaze, and still the wonder grows,
> How one small head can carry all she knows;

or rather seems to know, for you will usually find that their multifarious scraps of knowledge are so hopelessly mixed together, that it is impossible to find what may happen to be wanted.

This, however, is a digression. The principle I wish to establish at present is, that the study of natural science trains the mind to correct habits of thought. All science must be founded on facts, and a science is gradually built up by the observation of facts and their relation to each other; and this trains the mind—(1st) to correct observation, and (2nd) to careful deduction; most important qualities, not only in the study of natural science, but in every department of life. We are thus taught to distinguish carefully between fact and theory;

to observe the bearing of one fact upon another; to avoid, in working out any problem, extraneous matter which has no connection with the subject, and to discover the relation to the problem of facts having at first sight no connection with it; and a mind which has once acquired such habits of thought has gained no small advantage. A man who has cultivated such habits will seldom fail in arriving at a definite conclusion on any subject under discussion. There will be with him none of that weakness and vacillation so common to many men, who either have no opinions on any subject whatever, or if they have, cannot tell by what process they arrived at their conclusions. And such habits of thought can be gained in no better way than by taking up the study of one or other of the branches of natural science.

Fourth. A knowledge of science invests with a vast additional interest the common objects around us. It is a very commonly received opinion that science is incompatible with sentiment; that to a person who is ignorant of science, the objects of nature present an aspect in which there is more of the poetical and imaginative than that in which they present themselves to a scientific man. There was never a more complete delusion. Science incompatible with poetic feeling! Nay, rather it invests the commonest objects in nature with an air of beauty of which an unscientific mind has no conception. Does it diminish the elevation of the feeling which a noble mountain landscape produces, to know that those huge masses of rock were deposited untold ages ago in the depths of the ocean, and then upheaved, broken and contorted, into their present position? Does it jar upon the poetic sentiment which rises in the mind when we contemplate an aged oak which has for centuries been monarch of the forest, to think of its minute structure, and the wonderful powers which it possesses of changing inorganic matter into living tissue? On the contrary, does not such a knowledge excite in the mind a truer and nobler feeling than can be reached without it?

But further, a knowledge of science invests even the most prosaic objects with an air of interest. In the dense clouds of smoke and the black heaps of coal which characterise a colliery district, an ordinary mind sees nothing but unsightliness (unless, indeed, he be proprietor of the pits, in which case they are invested in his eyes with interest enough, but not exactly of the

kind which we are considering). But when we consider that in those unsightly masses of coal and shale we see the remains of ancient forests and jungles, which existed in a past eternity, and the soil in which they grew; and that in those clouds of smoke we see returning to the atmosphere the carbon which was absorbed from it by these same trees ages and ages ago, and imprisoned in their textures more closely than Ariel in the pine-tree, until at last set free after their long imprisonment. Do we not feel that even in these at first sight most prosaic objects, there is an untold wealth of poetry? and are they not invested in our eyes with a higher and a nobler interest? I have taken one illustration; many others must occur to you. And is that knowledge to be counted a small thing which can invest such things with such sublimity?

You will frequently hear it said, that the idea which the progress of science is tending more and more to develope—that, viz., of all-pervading law, ruling even those objects which we are accustomed to consider as absolutely free, is fatal to the spirit of poetry, nay even of religion. It may be, to a sickly, whining sentimentalism; but I cannot see how it should be fatal to the true poetical or religious spirit, nor why disorder, confusion, and anarchy should be more favourable to such a spirit, than order, law, and government. On the contrary, it seems to me one of the grander ideas that law pervades all things, regulates the forms and movements of the clouds, controls the seemingly unfettered winds, rules over the very raging of the sea. At the same time I cannot too much insist upon the fact, which seems to be very frequently overlooked, that what we call Law is in fact only the statement that certain circumstances are invariably succeeded by certain others. The word *law* is only the expression of our inability to proceed further in the great chain of causes and effects, and does not by any means imply that we understand the reason why certain causes should be followed by certain effects. We see that a greater mass attracts a less, that a stone thrown from the hand inevitably returns to the surface of the earth, and we say that this is the effect of the law of gravitation. But you must see that this does not explain the matter, it is merely stating the fact in general terms. And so the deeper we penetrate into the mysteries of nature, the more do we feel how much there is still beyond of which we can explain nothing.

Fifth. The study of natural science improves and purifies the mind by bringing us into contact with nature, which has always been the delight of all the pure and noble souls the world has ever seen. Time does not permit me to do more than simply to allude to this; and all that I might say is contained in a beautiful passage in Wordsworth's poem on Tintern Abbey:—

> Knowing that nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
> Through all the years of this our life to lead
> From joy to joy; for she can so inform
> The mind that is within us, so impress
> With quietness and beauty, and so feed
> With lofty thoughts, that neither idle tongues,
> Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
> Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
> The dreary intercourse of daily life,
> Shall o'er prevail against us, or disturb
> Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
> Is full of blessings.

Lastly. The study of natural science leads us to see more of God, and of his ways of dealing. And this is the most important of all the benefits which it confers; for no study can be said to be in the highest sense improving unless it leads us to the great Fountain of all knowledge.

I do not say that this study of nature will infallibly lead your minds to the contemplation of God. But I say, that if it does not, you have missed the greatest lesson nature teaches.

You may obtain all the other benefits which the study of nature confers, and yet want this one; for you may limit your contemplation to the phenomena themselves, or you may look beyond them, and there discern the presence of the Invisible. George Herbert, in one of the beautiful poems which compose his "Temple," illustrates this idea with great force in these words:—

> A man who looks on glass,
> May on it stay his eye;
> Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
> And then the heavens espy.

So you may look on the phenomena of nature, and no further; or through them, as through a glass, you may see the glory of God.

And dare you despise anything which can help you to a clearer conception of God? Is it not your duty to endeavour by every means in your power to acquire more elevated thoughts of the great First Cause; loftier views of His infinite power, and wisdom, and love; nobler ideas of His character and govern-

ment? And will the objects of nature seem less pleasing to you when you see God in all things? Nay, rather, everything will be ennobled in your eyes, even the meanest; and in all nature around you, you will discern a temple raised to the honour and praise of the Creator. It is said that Galen, when writing his treatise on the anatomy of the human body, felt that he was composing a hymn of praise to God. So, when you become acquainted with the truths which science teaches, you will feel that from all nature around you an unceasing song of praise rises to the throne of the Infinite Father. And so shall your minds be raised, and ennobled, and purified, while you are ever conscious of the presence of God.

> All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
> That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
> Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame,
> Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
> Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
> Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
> As full, as perfect in a hair as heart;
> As full, as perfect in vile man that mourns
> As in rapt seraph that adores and burns.
> To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;
> He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all.

And is it not a grand thought, that in thus studying the laws which regulate the phenomena of nature, your mind is occupied with those very thoughts which occupied the mind of God? Does it not make you think more nobly of man, who has such a capacity within him for understanding something of the divine ideas? Is it not a glorious privilege that man possesses, of bringing his mind directly into communication with the mind of the Infinite One?

And to obtain these advantages from the study of science certain qualifications are necessary, the principal of which are, a power of observation, a simple desire to discover truth, and freedom as far as possible from prejudice.

There has been of late a good deal of attention drawn to certain recent scientific theories, which we are asked to discredit because they are, or seem to be, opposed to certain preconceived ideas, or seem to lead to certain supposed dangerous consequences. I for my own part protest against such an unfair and illogical method of argument. What have we to do with consequences?

the rubbish which ages have accumulated round its foundations may be removed, yet the foundation itself shall stand secure, and the grand symmetry of the whole shall be the more fully displayed to the admiring gaze of all men. We are somewhat too apt to think that we are in possession of all truth, and that we can be taught nothing new; for, place any new discovery fair against our preconceived notions, and it startles us for the moment. But consider this, that it has been so in all ages. Remember that the light which Galileo cast upon nature was nearly extinguished by a spirit of bigotry and ignorance, as opposed to the prevailing notions of biblical astronomy; and that it has been the same with every new discovery. Yes, the world advances slowly. The old battles have to be fought over and over again, and often the reign of darkness seems to gain upon the realms of light. But it does advance; truth will at last triumph over all forms of ignorance, superstition and darkness.

> For I doubt not through the ages one unceasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns.

Like the flowing tide upon the shore, whose waves alternately advance and retreat, until they cover all the mud, and rocks, and weeds of the beach in their depths; so the tide of truth, often seemingly repulsed, yet ever advancing, shall rise higher and higher, gaining ever more and more upon the darkness and the falsehoods and the superstitions of the world, until they are all buried in its bosom, and the great ocean of truth shall reflect in its placid depths the image of the heaven above.

It is ours to do our part, however little that may be, to help on that time. Let us at least be diligent, honest, truth-seeking, doing all we can, each in his own way, to make whatever of the truth we have discovered more widely known, avoiding on the one hand cowardice, and on the other presumption; endeavouring to realise the truth that we are, in all that we do, helping to work out the divine plan, and so working with God. And for all those mysteries by which we are so thickly surrounded, we will simply trust in God, knowing that it is not for the finite to comprehend the infinite; and welcoming every ray of light which helps us to see more of Him, and to understand Him better.

JOHN KENNEDY, M.D.

MADELINE THE PROUD.

Down by the forest yonder, where the shadows
Amongst the silver beeches rise and fall;
Where the young lambs are frisking in the meadows,
And the doves coo their wildly plaintive call;
Hoary now and grey,
Crumbling to decay,
Are seen the ivied turrets of Conabury Hall.

Ne'er again shall the welkin hear the ringing,
The tramp and chorus of the many feet:
The golden-breasted merle now is singing
Where in old times the minstrels used to meet.
Sound is none of life,
Of human joy or strife,
But only leafy music, and bird-notes warbled sweet.

There hoarsely murmurs near the restless ocean,
Sparkling as bright as in the days of yore;
But ne'er again with easy graceful motion
Shall galleys glide across it as before.
Strange and foreign sails
Are driven by the gales
That roll their crested billows upon the rocky shore.

Tall rank weeds flourish in the stately chambers;
And where the sentry paced his measured way,
All noxious creatures undisturbed are rangers:
Where children once held games and noisy play,
The quick-eyed owl,
With screech-like howl,
Darts from the mossy wall upon its cowering prey.

And where the yule-log fire, with cheerful blazing,
Flashed forth on merry faces long ago,
Thick grows the grass, and silent sheep come grazing—
And e'en the stone-emblazoned shield lies low.
The merry faces sleep
In vaulted chambers deep,
Apart from joy or sorrow, unconscious of all woe.

But when of yore this hall was in its splendour,
The baron like a prince kept up its state;
And none amid the revelry and grandeur
Could see the shadow of its coming fate.
Then Conabury Hall
Was strong in tower and wall—
In bands of brave retainers, in friendship with the great.

Lord Hugh of Conabury had a daughter—
No other child—but only Madeline;
And from her birth both lips and eyes had taught her
That none so fair had mortal eye e'er seen.
Thus year by year she grew
In pride more like Lord Hugh,
Until in conscious beauty she thought herself a queen.

But it was seldom that a gentle spirit
Shone in her face, or lighted up her eyes;
From stern line, stern will she did inherit,
Without the meekness of the good and wise.
Yet many suitors came
Proud Madeline to claim,
But all in vain they strove for this fair and haughty prize.

Lord Hugh one morning to her chamber hurried,
And found his wayward daughter seated there;
An open letter in his hand he carried,
And with stern voice he bade the girl prepare
Before a month had fled
To listen to and wed
A brave and far-famed noble, the lord of Castle Clare.

Soon the time passed, and came the wedding morning;
Crowds of gay guests rode trooping to the Hall!
Rich banners waved; and flags were hung, adorning
The churchward path for this great festival:
While by her father's side
Stood the unwilling bride—
Nor cared to veil her scorn for this enforcèd thrall.

And later from the room where guests were feasting,
She softly stole—half-blinded with the glare—
And sought a terrace on the rampart, breasting
All the wild storms that poured their fury there.
Here, restless, to and fro,
With bitter words breathed low,
And frenzied eyes, she paced, as bent some deed to dare.

Coldly the moon across the heaven was sailing,
And all around was shimmering in the snow:
While on her ear there fell the low sad wailing
Of the wild sea—its ceaseless ebb and flow.
Deaf to its sullen roar—
Increasing more and more,
She paced the rampart still, nor felt the night wind blow.

Up to her chamber soon Lord Hugh ascended,
With stern-knit brow, and lips firm set and pale;
He knew full well what turn of fate depended
On this same marriage; that it should not fail
He straightway vowed,
Then called aloud
Her name. No voice replied, but moaned the rising gale.

Wondering they sought her through the chambers eerie,
Throughout the gardens wildly then they sought;
White gleamed the snow, and the dim sky looked dreary,
Hushed was the wind—its lull no answer brought,
For, bitter woe!
Cold—dead—below
She lay upon a rocky ledge round which the surges wrought.

She has been mouldering in the grave for ages;
But when old Christmas comes with song and glee,
When tales are told while stormy winter rages
O'er the wild billows of the restless sea,
The noisy mirth
Round cottage hearth
Is hushed when they speak of this bride of high degree.

For by the peasants still it is related,
That when the Christmas night begins to fall,
The shepherd lone, or traveller belated,
Will see a maiden fair upon the wall—
A bride all white
Walks there at night,
The spirit of proud Madeline of Conabury Hall.

JNO. F. MILL.

SPIRITUALISM: ITS TEACHINGS AND TENDENCIES.

SPIRITUALISM, looked at no matter from what point of view, is one of the great facts of our age. Brand it as a delusion, if you will, still it is a fact of immense significance that there are in the United States of America from five to six millions of Spiritualists; of these we are told there are 500 public mediums, 50,000 private mediums, 1000 lecturers, and 2000 places for public circles, conferences, lectures, &c. In Europe there are more than one million Spiritualists; in the city of Lyons alone there are 30,000.

Nor is it the low and uneducated that are being converted to this new faith; on the contrary, the majority belong to the educated class, while not a few are persons of rank and position; some, even, whose names are well known to science and literature, as the deceased Dr. Gregory, Drs. Ashburner and Eliotson, Professor De Morgan, Robert Chambers, and William Howitt, with many other names equally distinguished in the United States. One would think that the very fact that such minds had, after long and careful investigation of the phenomena, been compelled, not only to admit their reality, but to adopt the spiritual theory of their production, and that in the teeth of preconceived beliefs and opinions, ought to make men pause in their condemnation of the whole movement as the result of fraud or delusion.

We say this by way of introduction to our subject, because there is no subject of which the majority of intelligent men know so little, or are so ready to condemn on that account. A few there are, however, who having read some little on the subject, or, it may be, attended one or more *séances*, so as to have witnessed some of the lower phenomena: these are in advance of the general subject in so far as to admit the reality of the manifestations, that they are not due to trickery or collusion, but genuine facts, though not produced by spirits, whatever else may be the cause. And the main reason they assign for coming to this conclusion is, the exceedingly trivial character of the manifestations. Now, these do not believe, just because they do not know all the facts; they go as far as their limited knowledge will permit, which is quite right and reasonable; but they err exceedingly in thinking that they have seen all that is to be seen, or that they know all that is possible to be known on the subject. Why, they might as reasonably take our imperfect English alphabet as the whole of literature, or its mastery as the sum total of education. In order to form a just estimate of Spiritualism, one must become acquainted with all of its phenomena,

from its mere alphabet of table tipping and rapping, up to its sublime and beautiful trance revelations, its writing and drawing by spirit hands, its visions of the departed, its hearing of celestial music and the spirit voice.

But in our humble estimation, the question for consideration is not so much what are the phenomena of spiritualism, as what are its teachings. Not so much what is the mysterious agent at work behind these manifestations, but rather what has it got to say to us. You tell us that a certain intelligent something—call it spirits good, bad or indifferent; nay, call it devil if you will—is knocking at the doors of our understanding. Well, what does it mean? What has it got to tell us? Let us by all means hear that, then, as, thank God, we are blest with reason and sound judgment, and can judge for ourselves as to the nature of the intelligence. This we think is the most practical and straightforward mode of treating this subject.

To meet this sensible demand, let us now endeavour to bring before the reader some of those great leading truths or principles which have been communicated by this mysterious agent; though we would remark by the way, that the truths so communicated are not so much *new* truths, as tending to confirm certain ideas or opinions which have been long struggling to assume a definite shape in the minds of the more intelligent; certain truths which we have been long dimly, yet instinctively, groping after.

I need hardly say that the great fundamental doctrine of spiritualism is, that communication between the spirits of the living and those of the so-called dead, is not only possible, but that it has been carried on in all ages. Again, the fact that spirits can and do come back to hold communion with those still in the flesh, affords the most clear and satisfactory evidence of the immortality of the soul, a doctrine which no amount of reasoning is sufficient to demonstrate; and this is why so many have been driven from the strongholds of atheism by these manifestations; and, perhaps, no age ever produced such a number of minds so constituted that nothing short of the evidence of the senses is sufficient to convince them of the existence of the supernatural, or the soul's survival of the body.

Hence, this great fact of the possibility of spirit commmunion completely upsets the orthodox notion that the spirits of men, at death, pass at once to one of two places, viz., heaven and hell, from which there is no possibility of return to earth; those in the former being too happy to think of returning to revisit the scenes and connexions of the earth-life, while the latter place being of the nature of a prison, wherein souls are shut up to endure eternal punishment for the deeds done in the body, must afford still less opportunity of escape.

Now the spirits all but agree in denying the doctrine of eternal punishment; they tell us that the remorse and suffering which the wicked really undergo is a remedial process, which enables the most depraved to progress to a better condition, however protracted the term may be; moreover, that the future state of the human spirit is one of endless progress and advancement. Here, then, is a doctrine, and that an essential one, which has long been struggling for a place in the minds of even intelligent Christians, just because it commends itself to their innate consciousness and highest reason; for, in spite of ourselves, we cannot help questioning the consistency of a God of love and mercy taking pleasure in the endless torment of millions of human beings, particularly in view of the fact, that even in human laws, imperfect as they are, there is a tendency to render the punishment of crime remedial. Are we then to suppose that man is in advance of his Maker, or that human laws transcend the divine? Surely not. "As far as the heavens are higher than the earth, so far are my ways above your ways, and my thoughts above your thoughts."

The teaching of spiritualism, then, on this head, is that the old scripture doctrine of an intermediate state—held by the Christian Church up to the second or third century—is correct, although in the Roman Catholic Church it degenerated to purgatory, which through the avarice of the priests and the superstition of the people became so much abused. As to the nature of this intermediate state, the spirits tell us that it consists of a number of spheres which surround our planet, and which are adapted to the moral condition of spirits when they leave the body; the low, grovelling, and undeveloped naturally gravitate to the lowest sphere, there to herd with kindred spirits, and reap the legitimate fruits of the deeds done in the body, till sufficiently progressed to ascend to a higher sphere, from thence to a higher still, etc.; while by the same law, the pure and unselfish spirits ascend to the higher spheres, there to enjoy an eternity of happiness with the great and good of all ages. Thus the happiness or misery of every human being is solely determined by the life it has led in the body; one of the favourite spirit axioms being, that the present life shapes that which is to come. Consequently, no amount of faith or theological knowledge will avail a man in the world to come, without a corresponding developement of his moral, intellectual, and emotional nature.

Hell, then, according to spirit teaching, is the lowest sphere of the intermediate state; it is the condition of those who have neglected their opportunities of improvement in this life, who have abused and perverted their faculties of body and mind, so as to unfit them for the enjoyment of the heavenly spheres, having lived

chiefly to develope that portion of their being which derives gratification from the material world. No sooner are those animal instincts cut off from the source of their gratification by death, than these same instincts become a source of fearful torment, till such time as this divinely appointed discipline shall have done its remedial work in developing that higher nature which can alone enable it to enjoy the higher spheres. On the other hand, heaven, according to our spirit monitors, is the blessed condition of those whose lower instincts have in this life been governed by their moral, intellectual, and religious faculties, who have used those faculties in acquiring and storing up that wealth which is alone capable of being carried with us when we leave the body; those whose lives have been in conformity with the divine law of Christ,—love to God and our neighbour.

But, as the reader must admit, by far the fewest number of those who die are in this condition, it follows as a natural consequence, that the great majority occupy a position betwixt the two extremes, viz., the truly good, and the desperately wicked: they are too good for hell, and not good enough for heaven, and for these our orthodox theology has no appropriate place; and for this we have to thank the fathers of the Reformation, who in their zeal to reform the abuses of the church, annihilated at one fell sweep one of the most essential doctrines of the Christian Church.

Now, let us look at this question from another point of view. From published statistics,* I find that the whole population of the globe amounts to 1,274,000,000. Of these, 793,000,000 are pagan idolators; 120,000,000 are followers of Mahomet; 8,000,000 are Jews; making in all 921,000,000; all of whom, according to our theological notions, are excluded from salvation, simply because they are without the pale of the Church of Christ. Setting these aside as lost, we have still left 353,000,000 professing Christians of one kind or another—observe, however, that the idolators amount to at least three times this number. But, to be orthodox in our estimate, we must still further reduce the number of those likely to be saved—first, by all the Roman Catholics, of whom there are 182,422,532; also the Greek Church, amounting to 74,624,300,—the two latter amounting in all to 257,046,832. This leaves us only the Protestant churches, the united members of which only amount to 95,755,534, being not much more than a third of the whole Christian Church. Shall we then stop here, and take our 95,755,534 Protestants as the number of those for whom salvation is possible? No, says our theology: you must deduct from these, at least, the Unitarians, 183,000; the Mormons, of whom there are

* Chambers's Encyclopædia, art. "Religion."

100,902, the Swedenborgians 12,000, and some would even include the Universalists, amounting to 656,000; thus reducing the Protestants to 94,803,632. But we must remember that these figures embrace a great variety of sects and denominations, as the Lutherans, Calvinists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Quakers, Moravians, Morisonians, and others of less note, in each of which it is only the more advanced minds that will admit the possibility of salvation out of their own communion. And were it possible to ascertain the precise number of those who are really the followers of Christ, perhaps our total would dwindle down from millions to as many thousands.

And so, for all the rest of this vast multitude of human beings bearing God's image, our orthodox theology provides only an everlasting hell. Well, then, supposing all this to be true, what does it prove? Why, simply this, that the whole scheme of God's creation and Christ's redemption is a complete and total failure. Why should it fill us with joy, admiration, and gratitude, to contemplate the cosmical history of our planet, with its beautiful succession of races, animal and vegetable, illustrating the grand law of eternal progress, from the low to the high, from the simple to the complex, each link in the chain being a type and a prophecy of Him who was to be creations's crown and lord? We repeat, why should we take pleasure in all this, believing as we do that man, the last and noblest of the Creator's works, is not included in this grand law of progress and development? Is it conceivable that men in the middle of our nineteenth century should entertain such God-dishonouring ideas? Is there one intelligent Christian in every hundred that believes them in his secret soul? Surely, then, it is high time some effort were made to harmonise our theology with sound philosophy and common sense.

From this it will now be evident that the chief element which characterises the teachings of Spiritualism, is progress. The human mind is in its nature progressive, and religion being, not a certain something apart from man, but rather a part of man, must be progressive also, otherwise it ceases to be of value. Herein, then, we believe, lies the chief defect of our modern Christianity,—we have made it a finality, a thing of the past. We have run it into the strong moulds of creeds and church dogmas, so as to give it a fixed and unalterable shape; depriving it of its growing and expanding force, just as the Chinese put iron shoes on the feet of their infant daughters for the same purpose. But though the foot of a child may be thus dwarfed and thwarted in its growth, the human mind will not be so "cabined, cribbed, confined." The human mind outgrows its creed, just as the youth outgrows the jacket of his

boyhood. And is it not a fact patent to all who are capable of discerning the signs of the times, that our theological jacket is very much out at elbows—is, in fact, rending and bursting in all directions. What, we would ask, are the so-called heresies of our Macleods, our Smiths, our Lees, our Tullochs, but so many indications of the breaking up of the old jacket which has become too strait for the strong and earnest workers to do their God's work in? And in our opinion, all attempts at union based upon existing creeds and systems, are but so many attempts to patch up the old garment, which can only result in its being cast aside altogether.

There can be no doubt, therefore, that one of the greatest hindrances to human progress has been the attempt, so often made, to make all men believe alike, to make the religious opinions of one age suit all succeeding ages; in short, to fabricate a religious system that will suit humanity throughout every stage of its terrestrial career.

Thus acted the upholders of paganism, and we know the result; thousands and tens of thousands suffered themselves to be cruelly butchered, rather than yield up the right of free thought and religious liberty. In the very same way acted the Romish church towards those more advanced minds who saw and condemned the abuses and superstitions that crept into it. They resolved in the strength of God to shake themselves free of its degrading yoke, and the result was, that humanity lost fifteen millions of its best and bravest sons and daughters by relentless persecution,—rather a heavy price to pay for liberty of thought and freedom of opinion. Yet notwithstanding all this, it is a fact that the same relentless spirit of intolerance is cherished in our churches at this present hour—nay, is rampant in our presbyteries and church courts. Indeed, so confident are the upholders of our present systems of theology in their absolute perfection, that the very idea of progress in religious opinion is reckoned nothing short of blasphemy.

Now, let us hear what Christ says of that religion He came to teach and establish in men's souls: "For the kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." Such was the nature of that Christianity introduced by Christ into the unleavened mass of humanity; the leaven was the Divine Spirit operating through human instrumentality, whether in preaching, prophesying, or miracles.

Now, it is precisely this element that is wanting in our modern Christianity; we want the leavening, the life-giving and expanding power, the power to convince and convert not only the simple-minded sinner, but the man of science, the philosopher, the material-

ist—the Sauls and Didymuses of modern times. Saul must be made to see, though it cost him his eyesight, and Didymus must be permitted to put his scientific fingers into the prints of the nails, though paralysis should strike him in the act; no matter, so that the thing is proven to be true. This is the kind of intellectual material that Christianity has to contend with in our day.

On the perplexing subject of miracles, the teaching of spirits is, that the so-called miracles of the Bible were not miracles in the sense of a suspension of the ordinary laws of nature, but that they occurred through the operation of certain occult—though none the less natural—laws, the very existence of which we are only at this late day beginning to discover. Now, the effect of the orthodox view of the nature of these extraordinary occurrences has been to place a stumbling-block betwixt science and religion,—the former denying the very possibility of a miracle, as ordinarily understood; hence those wonderful occurrences which in the youth of Christianity were reckoned the vital evidence of its truth, are now looked upon as its greatest weakness.

Renan well expresses this opinion in his celebrated work, "The Life of Jesus." He says: "The lapse of time has changed that which constituted the power of the great Founder of Christianity into something offensive to our ideas; and if ever the worship of Jesus loses its hold upon the mind of mankind, it will be precisely on account of those very acts which originally inspired belief in Him." Now, *we* say, on the contrary, that if ever the religion of Jesus comes to sway humanity in its whole, or even its majority, it will be precisely on account of this original power being restored to it.

The Church has all along been guilty of a fatal error in teaching that the supernatural ended with the age of the apostles; it has existed in one form or another up to the present hour; but, afraid of the sneers of philosophy, the clergy of most denominations have endeavoured to stamp it out, rather than cultivate it. In no case has this tendency been more apparent than in the late revivals in Ireland and other places; not by the earnest men who took the more active part in the work, believing and rejoicing in the extraordinary phenomena, as proceeding from a spiritual source; but by those who stood aloof with folded arms, and finding the phenomena in question altogether beyond the reach of their materialised conceptions, solved the difficulty by declaring the whole movement to be the work of the devil. In refusing to cultivate, or even recognise, the spiritual element in the shape of physical manifestations, the church has sacrificed much of her efficiency; while in no age has the want of these been more felt than our own,—an age when everything is brought to the tribunal of reason, when nothing is

received as truth till it has passed through the fires of the laboratory. In the early days of the Christian faith we find in Saul of Tarsus a mind of the modern stamp, a mind so trained and so constituted that no amount of mere hearsay evidence was sufficient to convince of the truth of the new religion, or the claims of its Founder; nothing short of actual demonstration could convince him. But how comparatively few were minds of this description in that age, to those of our own. In that age it was possible for the church to deal successfully with such minds so long as it possessed those divine gifts which rightfully belong to it; but now that this power is ignored by the church, it finds itself all but powerless to deal with such cases. And yet, it is among this very class of minds that Spiritualism has been most successful. Atheists, materialists, and secularists of the deepest dye have been brought to acknowledge with thankful hearts the existence of the Deity and the immortality of the soul, just because Spiritualism affords that tangible evidence which has been so much needed and so long denied.

And it is not a little remarkable that these manifestations should occur at a period when all the teachings of science and philosophy tend to ignore the spiritual; an age in which we are taught to believe that the human race are the descendants of apes and orangs; that thought is merely the action or function of the brain, just as digestion is the function of the stomach. And on this ground they argue, that to assume that thought or reason can exist apart from brain is simply nonsense. An age, moreover, when the entire efforts of men—Christian men too—are devoted to the accumulation of material wealth, to the neglect of that only real treasure which the Master urged his followers to lay up in heaven. An age when his professed followers pray daily for the coming of the Messiah's kingdom, while practically they are building the altars of mammon or matter-worship. Surely in the face of all these tendencies of our age, it is not difficult to see the great need there is for spiritual manifestations. Several theories have been started to account for these manifestations; one of these is what is termed unconscious cerebral action, that is, that the communications spring from the involuntary and unconscious action of the brains of the investigators. Now, is it conceivable that the brains of a company of honest truth-loving men and women should thus conspire to maintain a lie, viz., that the messages and other phenomena are caused by disembodied spirits? Why, the theory is far more improbable than the other.

Another theory is, that the whole of the phenomena are produced by Satanic agency. To this we reply, that if it is in the power or nature of Satanic agency to heal the sick, restore the insane, cure

the lame, the deaf and the blind—for such have already been some of the blessed results of Spiritualism—besides lifting thousands out of the darkness of atheism into the glorious light of day and hope in God and immortality,—I say, if devilism can do all this, so much the worse for the upholders of a religion which confesses itself without the power to do such things, yet professes to have had such gifts when they were perhaps less needed.

Woe to that church or denomination which accounts its best and brightest intellects madmen and heretics, because they have the boldness to stand up for free thought and progress. Just such a soul was that great and good man Edward Irving, who, because he believed and taught that the church might and ought to have restored to her those divine gifts which are guaranteed to follow the true disciple, and that the not having such was a sure sign of its own lifeless condition,—was expelled from his church as mad and heretical. And yet Thomas Carlyle, one of the greatest thinkers of this age, who knew and loved Irving, speaks of him in such terms as these,—"His was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine ever came in contact with; I call him, on the whole, the best man I have ever, after trial enough, found in this world, or ever hope to find."

The teachings of Spiritualism fill whole volumes of the literature of the movement; and however the unseen intelligences may differ on minor points, they all agree in teaching the same great truth, that man is nothing more nor less than a matter-clothed spirit; that the body having performed its uses drops off, leaving the spirit as the real man in a more real state of existence. "Spiritualism," says its able and indefatigable advocate, William Howitt, "at once, like a living, stirring wind, sweeps away all this fog and feeble theologic smoke from the human mind. It asserts and shows on the evidence of ever-recurring spiritual communication, that the souls of men and women leaving the body, instantly find themselves in the spirit-world in spiritual bodies, palpable and substantial, but at the same time more etherial than those they have left. They not only know their friends, but find them waiting to receive and welcome them to their beautiful and heavenly homes, if they are morally fit for such homes. They find there all that they have lost, if they are worthy of finding them, and stand on the threshold of a life infinite, inconceivable, and for ever advancing nearer to God and perfection." Have we then not reason to exclaim, in the words of the same writer, "Oh, inestimable knowledge! oh, unspeakable gift of God to this unspiritual age! worth all the knowledge piled in libraries; all wealth of the world; the culmination of all honours. To know, not through reasoning or

tradition, nor even through the true scriptures themselves, but by direct perception, and from the living lips of our still living and loving friends, that the inner world with all its glories and wonders and populations of purest wisdom and sweetest love—a vision more romantic than all romance, more poetic than all poetry, more wondrous than all wonder,—is the great substantial and eternal reality of the universe."

JAMES NICOLSON.

Tales of Edinburgh.

BY IAN MOHR.

I.—THE HANGMAN'S KNOWE.

ONE bright sunny forenoon in September 1745, the streets of Edinburgh presented a scene of joyous animation, that had never before been equalled, and assuredly since that date has never been surpassed. The windows of the High Street and the Canongate were thronged with happy faces; the strains of the bagpipes mingled with the shouts and acclamations of the populace, and clouds of handkerchiefs fluttered in the hands of the fair ladies of the day.

At the Cross, heralds and pursuivants proclaimed James the Eighth; and Mrs. Murray of Broughton sat near them on horseback, with a drawn sword in one hand, and with the other distributed white cockades, the symbol of attachment to the house of Stuart. But the day before, and not a person dared speak of allegiance to the exiled monarch in tones louder than a whisper; to-day, every one was a Jacobite, and all were unanimous in proclaiming that "the king would enjoy his ain again."

About an hour after noon the hero of the day, Bonnie Prince Charlie, made his appearance on horseback, escorted on either side by the Duke of Perth and Lord Elcho, and followed by a large train of his attendants. His noble mien and graceful horsemanship, says Mahon, could not fail to strike even the most indifferent spectators; and they were scarcely less pleased at his national dress—a short tartan coat with the star of the order of St. Andrew, a blue velvet bonnet with a white satin cockade, a blue sash over his shoulder, small-clothes of red velvet, and military boots. The

joy of the adherents of the house knew no bounds. The air resounded with their acclamation; and as he rode onward, "his boots were dimmed with their kisses and tears."

Among the multitude who crowded close round the prince was one sinister-looking man, who seemed even more anxious than the others to approach the royal person, and in his efforts to do so received a trifling blow on the face from the velvet bonnet of Charles, who was at that moment bowing to some ladies of noble birth, occupying a balcony. Had the blow, instead of being merely accidental, been given in earnest, it could not have produced greater emotion in the man; for his repulsive face reddened, and a dark angry scowl shot across it, while his hand worked convulsively in the breast of his coat, and he made a spring towards the unwitting cause of his anger, but was prevented from reaching him by the horse of Lord Elcho, which rudely jostled against him, nearly overturning him on the causeway. Muttering an exclamation of rage and disappointment, the man pulled his bonnet deeper over his brows, and turning aside, was soon lost among the crowd, while his royal aggressor, unconscious of the offence he had given, continued his progress towards Holyrood, the ancient palace of his ancestors, where he celebrated his return to the Scottish metropolis by a ball in the evening.

Using an author's privilege of changing time and scene at liberty, we will now carry the reader over the space of a few days, and change the scene from the halls of the prince's courtly residence, to the pleasantly situated little village of Duddingston, where, two days previous to the battle of Prestonpans, a meeting of Jacobite leaders, presided over by Prince Charles in person, was convened to concert measures relative to meeting the royal army under Sir John Cope, at that time advancing from Dunbar to meet the Pretender. With the resolutions passed at this meeting we have nothing to do here, having merely alluded to it in order to state that when the chiefs had been dismissed to their respective quarters, one of them left the council-room, and, taking the road round the eastern end of the loch, walked in the direction of Craigmillar Castle.

As he neared the spot now occupied by the crossing of the "Innocent" railway, he paused and looked across the sheet of water extended at his feet. A smile of mingled pleasure and melancholy overspread his features as he surveyed the Highland camp, then occupying the high grounds above Duddingston Loch. It was a beautiful evening, and the calm, placid moon, that silvered the rocky summit of Arthur Seat, flashed on the muskets and accoutrements of the sentries as they patrolled the camp. Save an occasional burst of laughter from some of the tents, or the shrill

cries of the coots as they chased each other from the reeds and marshy ground along the bosom of the water, not a sound broke the solemn silence which pervaded the whole scene. The beholder, as he gazed upon the spot where the soldiers slept, shook his head and sighed. "Poor fellows!" he said, "I fear your devotion to an unfortunate house is all in vain."

The appearance of the chief was exceedingly prepossessing; he was tall and handsome, of a fair complexion, with large blue eyes, well-formed and regular features, and lofty brow. His mien was dignified and his manner graceful. Proceeding a few yards further on his way, he stopped at the door of a mean-looking hut, and it was not until he had knocked repeatedly with the hilt of his claymore that his summons was answered by a shrill voice asking "Wha's there?"

"Open the door, my good woman, and you will see for yourself," replied the soldier.

"Na, na," returned the voice; "I'm no just free to open my door to ilka ane that gangs stravaigin' about the kintra side at this time o' nicht."

"Why, you fool, are you afraid?" asked the other.

"Frichted! Maybe I am, and maybe I'm no," answered the woman; "gang on your way peaceably, and no be disturbin' folks at an hour when a'body should be in bed."

"But I have business with you," remonstrated the chief; "at least with Adam."

"Adam! wha's Adam? Be aff wi' you. I dinna ken ony Adams."

"Come, come, woman, this is trifling; open the door," said the visitor, impatiently.

"Weel, weel, a stubborn beast maun hae its way," muttered the woman, as she unfastened the door and admitted her unwelcome guest.

Scarcely had the door closed behind them when a man stepped swiftly and silently across the road, and peered into the miserable little window of the house. A savage gleam burned in his small grey eyes, as he beheld the two occupants together in the centre of the apartment.

"Ha, ha!" chuckled the man, as the chief lifted his bonnet from his head. "I was right then; 'tis the very man. Now my revenge is sure."

Sullenly turning his back on the visitor, and leaving him to shift for himself, the woman, a wrinkled old beldame, sat down on a low three-legged stool by the fire, and placing her elbows on her knees, continued to gaze into the flames as if she were alone. The soldier looked round the room for a minute, and then said,—

"You have a very comfortable place here, my friend."

"Ay, ay, it's gude eneuch," was the laconic response.

"Are you not afraid of robbers, with so many valuables lying about the house?" asked the man.

"If I had been, I wadna hae letten you in."

"Humph!" returned the Jacobite; "it seems to me you are the very essence of civility, my good woman."

"Gude woman!" cried the hag; "ha, ha, ha! and wha may ye be, that ca's Madge o' Cairntows a gude woman?" and she shook with laughter, as she held up a candle to examine her companion's features.

"My name is Stuart, Mrs. Madge o' Cairntows," replied the chief, nowise abashed by her inspection.

"Stuart, quotha? There's owre many Stuarts in the land the noo," muttered the old woman.

"Where is Adam, Madge? Has he not returned from the east country yet?" asked the soldier, abruptly.

"Ou ay, Adam's hame lang syne."

"Where is he, then?"

"Adam!" cried this amiable specimen of a landlady, raising her withered voice; "Adam, ye can come ben; it's only ane o' the Hieland sojers speerin' for ye."

In answer to this summons, the door of an inner apartment opened, and a man made his appearance. "Ha!" he exclaimed, on beholding the stranger; "the ——"

"Hush!" said Stuart, moving towards him; "let me step into this room, Adam, and talk over the matter you wot of;" and together they disappeared into the other room.

The old woman, left to herself, resumed her seat and began to croon over an old ditty, which was interrupted by a small stone striking her on the head and falling at her feet. Instinctively turning her head to look for the aggressor, she beheld a human countenance gazing at her through the window, and heard a voice saying in a low tone,—

"Madge Green! Daft Madge, come here."

"Daft Madge, eh? I'll daft Madge ye, an' I had a grip o' ye," cried the female.

"Whisht, you idiot," was the rejoinder; "come oot, I want to speak to you."

The hag immediately left the hut, with the intention of wreaking her displeasure on the person who had the audacity to impugn her sanity. As they emerged together from the shadow of the cottage into the brilliant moonlight, Madge burst into a smothered fit of laughter on recognising her companion.

"Ho, ho, ho! what dae ye want here, Tam Sanderson? Ho, ho, ho! Put your airm roond my waist, man, and we'll tak' a walk roond the loch; or will we gang to St. Anthony's Chapel on sic a fine munelicht nicht? Od, man, but we'll mak' a braw pair—the witch o' Cairntows and the Edinboro' hangman."

"Haud yer tongue, ye bletherin' spawn o' Satan," exclaimed the irate finisher of the law; "mind there's jougs at Duddingston Kirk, and a ducking-stool for witches."

"And what gin there be, hangman? what gin there be?" exclaimed the dame of Cairntows, crossing her arms, and confronting Sanderson.

"Never heed, Madge, never heed!" was the reply. "Dinna let us quarrel. There's ower mony sojers aboot here the noo for that. Wha's yon you've gotten in the house?" he asked, as they moved away from the building.

"Wha dae ye mean?" asked the female.

"Ye ken fine wha I mean," was the answer; "the man in the big cloak."

"Oh, he's a sojer."

"I ken that."

"Then ye ken as muckle as I dae mysel'," returned the dame.

"Madge, what's his name?" asked Tam.

"The mischief's in ye, hangman, what dae ye come here speerin' sic questions for? It wad be far wiser like if ye gaed and axed some o' the sojers on the ither side o' the loch. What for dae ye want to ken?"

"Naething particular," replied the man.

"Then I'm no very sure what they ca' him," said Madge.

"Weel, I'll tell you his name, Madge. It's Stuart; and I've watched and dodged him ever sin he struck me on the face wi' his bannet; ay, and before that tae; but till the nicht I've never had a chance to settle with him. Curse me! but he'll be troubled wi' an unco shortness o' breath the morn, I'm thinkin'," and the scoundrel tapped his hand significantly on the haft of a knife concealed in his bosom.

"Gude save us!" exclaimed the astonished woman, "what ails ye at the man?"

"Never mind what ails me at him," continued Sanderson in a softer tone. "D'ye mind when you and me were bairns, hoo we used to rin aboot the braes o' Arthur Seat, and pu'ed the bits o' gowans and buttercups; and hoo I made chains o' the gowans to hing roond your snaw-white neck, and twisted the gowden buttercups in your broon hair? Alake me! but your head's white eneuch noo."

"Ay, ay, Tam, weel I mind thae days," replied his companion,

a feeling of former tenderness and innocence springing up in her withered bosom.

The tempter continued: "And hoo I used to fecht wi' the ither laddies aboot ye, and gied the big lassies their paiks when they ill-used ye? Eh me! but it's mony a lang year sin syne! Ye was fond o' me then, Madge." No reply was made to this.

"Wha used to see you home in the gloamin' roond Samson's Ribs and the Windy Gowl, crackin' to ye to lichten the road, and singin' the 'Wells o' Weary,' and 'The shepherd's wife cried owre the lea,' eh, Madge?"

"It was yoursel,' Tam, and I think ye had little need to speer," was the chilling response.

"Weel, then, Madge, for the sake of the days that are gane for ever, will ye dae me a favour?" asked the hangman.

"What d'ye want me to dae?" inquired the woman.

"I want ye tae gang and fetch me the pistols that the sojer left lying on the table beside the cloak."

"And what am I to say when he comes oot and misses them?" asked the witch.

"He'll no miss them," answered the man; "I only want them for a minute, and ye can put them back before he comes oot."

Madge paused a short time ere she replied. At length she said, "Tam, will ye no tell me what ails ye at the man? What is he?"

"If I thocht ye could haud your tongue, Madge," said Tam, "I would tell ye; but I daurna lippen to you."

"Oh, very weel," returned the other; "ye dinna need to tell me; in fac', I dinna want to ken noo, and ye ken I'm no obliged to get the pistols for you. Gude nicht, Tam, I'm awa; we've been owre lang oot already."

"Stop," cried the rascal, seizing her arm, as she turned to leave him, "Will ye no be reasonable, Madge? Weel, weel, I'll tell ye, it's Prince Charles."

"And what if I kent that a' the time?" asked the female.

"Then a gude story is nane the waur o' being twice tell'd," replied Sanderson, sulkily. "Noo, will ye get me the pistols—yes or no?"

"What if I dinna?"

"Then," said the ruffian, in a hoarse whisper, "then, Madge Green, you will never leave this spot alive noo that ye ken my secret."

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the witch; "d'ye think to frichten me wi' your gully? Do ye think I'm feared for a' the hangmen and knives in braid Scotland? Pooh!"

"Madge, I'll give you five minutes to mak' up your mind; then—," and he played ominously with the haft of his knife.

"Five minutes, hangman! Five minutes to mak' up my mind whether I'll betray my prince or no! My certie, but that's a lang time for your patience. Sit doon, man, and I'll gie you ane o' your auld sangs to wear awa' the time," and the reckless creature began an old song—

"The sun shines bricht owre auld Edinboro' toon,
Making a' things look young and cheerie;
Sae, Minnie, I'll awa', and spend the afternoon
By the lanesome Wells o' Wearie.

Then gang wi' me, my bonnie Minnie Grieve,
There's nocht in the world——"

At this moment the door of Madge's hut was opened, and the Pretender, followed by Adam, made his appearance.

"Too late!" exclaimed the ruffian, when he saw them approach. "Madge, for your life be silent!" and so saying he turned aside from the road and disappeared.

Next morning, an hour before sunrise, the Jacobite army were under arms, ready to march against the Royalists; but, previous to starting, they were to witness an execution. In the course of the night Adam had brought Tam Sanderson into the camp, charged with the murder of Madge Green.

It was too true. The previous evening, after the prisoner's interview with the old woman had been interrupted, Madge had disclosed to the Pretender the particulars of the villain's designs against his life, to which narration Sanderson had been an unseen listener; and fearful was the oath he had sworn to be avenged on the old woman for her disclosure. Watching her as a cat does its prey, he had followed Madge, after she had left Adam and the Prince, to her hut, and seizing her as she was about to enter the door, dragged or rather pushed her into the house, where, after upbraiding her for her treacherous conduct, he had murdered her.

The foul deed, however, took him longer to accomplish than he anticipated, and ere he could make his escape he was surprised by the entrance of Adam, a strong, powerful man, who had returned to the hut in time to seize the prisoner.

By Charles's orders the scoundrel had been condemned to death, and the troops were now assembled to witness that order carried into effect. Sanderson had been tried by a drum-head court-martial, a system of trial always short and speedy; and for his special benefit an impromptu scaffold had been hastily erected on the mound or knowe lying between the Windy Gowl and Duddingston Loch. In the cold grey dawn of the morning the wretched hangman was led to the place of execution, guarded by half a dozen wild-looking Highland soldiers with loaded muskets.

Short space was allowed the criminal for repentance, and the amateur executioner advanced to adjust the rope round his neck, when Sanderson, impelled probably by a love of life and a hope of escape, dashed past the soldiers who stood near him, and leapt into the loch, with the intention, it is believed, of swimming to the other side. But he had no sooner risen to the surface after his plunge, than he was struck by several bullets, and sank to rise no more.

Several days afterwards, the body of the unfortunate Sanderson was found by some villagers at the margin of the loch, among the reeds, but so disfigured by wild fowl and fish as to be scarce recognisable. In commemoration of the tragedy, the mound on which the gallows stood was called "The Hangman's Knowe," by which name it is known to the present day.

THE DESTINY OF MAN.

I.

WE propose to consider this subject under two aspects:—*first*, Man considered as an Individual; and *second*, Man grouped together in Nations. This paper shall be devoted to the first of these divisions.

When we consider man as an individual, we become aware that he is possessed of two natures, differing not only in degree, but also in kind. These two natures we shall denominate the animal and the intellectual; they are the *anima* and *animus* of the Latins, the ψυχη and φρήν of the Greeks. The first man possesses in common with the lower animals; the second in common, shall we say, with his Creator. It is upon this second nature man must take his stand if he would have himself considered as a being differing in kind from the animals over which he has the rule.

First, then, as to man's animal life. When man comes into this world of care and sorrow, joy and pleasure, he is a poor helpless being; living he can be said to be, but living is all that can be predicated regarding him. Left to himself but for a short space of time, he would perish; he requires to be made the object of the most tender affection; a mother's love needs to entwine him in her arms, to shield and protect his feeble body from the rude shocks by which it would be apt to be assailed. Longest of all known animals he requires the watchful care of his guardian.

After a few years his life, however, becomes stronger: the infant becomes the boy, his eye kindles, and his cheek flashes with

the quickened flow of blood as it courses through his veins. Like the half-fledged eaglet quivering on the peak of its rocky perch, looking into the giddy depths beneath, or glancing its eye over the expanse of country beyond, anxious yet fearful to launch forth and try its pinions on the elastic air,—the youth, feeling the pulsing throb of his growing life, looks out on the ocean of life surging beyond his domestic hearth, and longs to mix therein. A few years more and this wish is gratified. His manhood's sun is now flaming high in its meridian sky. The fierce rush of passion is now flowing onward in full tide, and requires a restraining power to keep it within its appointed bounds. The word Man is now stamped upon the brow of our youth, and he is anxious to prove the genuineness of the mark by deeds of manhood's daring. He feels his arm strong, and his heart courageous, and thinks he has nothing to fear. He steps forth into the world intent upon fighting in its battles bravely. Onward! then, let nothing daunt you; but

> Keep the name of man in mind,
> And dishonour not thy kind.

After a few more years we look upon our man again, and behold a change. His sun is beginning to decline in its western sky; his step less firm, and his bearing less erect. The bustle and turmoil of the world afford him no pleasure; he seeks quietness, and longs for rest. The heights which he formerly scaled with elastic tread make his senses reel when he looks up to them. The joys of life have lost their hold upon him, and, like the stricken deer, he retires from the flock to seek a place where he may lie and be still.

We turn our gaze but once more to the place where he is, and behold dissolution's impress on him now. The stately form upon which we looked with so much pride is now weak, almost as when it came first upon the scene. The kindling eye which carried love and joy in its glance is now fixed and glassy. The strong arm now lies nerveless by his side. His panting, slow-drawn breathing tells that the last throes of nature's anguish are upon him. He with bald head, and forelock on his wrinkled brow, stands by his side, and points to the minute hand on the dial-plate of his existence nearing the hour of call: a few more pulsations, and the last grain of sand in his glass has run. This may be taken as a fair statement of man's animal life here, even in its best state; but there are numerous cases where the thread of his existence is snapped asunder long before it has reached what, to us, would appear its end.

Let us turn now to man's other nature, and contemplate his intellectual life. Here also we perceive progress. How soon do

the signs of inquiry and desire of information manifest themselves. Before the child can properly lisp the words, he inquires as to the nature and cause of things, and how far-searching and profound are some of his questions! Sufficient, nay, more than sufficient, to puzzle the wisdom of the deepest of thinkers. The *animus* or intellectual nature is beginning to manifest itself.

As the child increases in years, the aspiration for knowledge likewise increases. The kind of knowledge sought, will depend upon the state of the society in which the child happens to be placed. If in a savage state, it will be the arts of war and of hunting which will be most eagerly sought after; the making of the respective implements, and the skilful using of them. The hollowing of the canoe, the chipping of the flint spear or arrow-head, the handling of the bow,—these and suchlike things form the objects of study; but even should the ambition rise no higher, there is sufficient to indicate a life different in kind from that possessed by the animals which he hunts.

In a civilized state of society the objects of knowledge are more various, and it is there that man's highest power of intellect can find its fullest development. To whichever of the arts or sciences you turn, there are heights which the loftiest flights of genius have not yet surmounted, depths which no human plummet has ever yet sounded. High as the aspirations of the young student may be, on every side he will find goals worthy of his strivings to attain. Pause for one moment before you launch your bark on the ocean of learning, and consider the limitless expanse of knowledge spread before you. Far as the eye can reach, the undulating surface stretches far and wide: buoys, however, mark the various courses which the different explorers have pursued. These, near where you stand, are thickly placed, and you are apt to be bewildered by their number; but, as you glance your eye along, they become fewer and fewer, and then, as you look still farther, you find a solitary one placed here and there, and still beyond a mist hangs on the horizon, and enshrouds from your gaze the immensity which lies in its bosom.

Fix upon your beacon, launch your bark, and ply your oars. Be not dismayed at the surging billows which roar around, but hold boldly on your way. As yet you have plenty of companions, anxious as yourself to reach the mark. Let honest emulation nerve your arm to deeds of courageous doing, and you will find yourself the better for it. Never, however, stoop to take a mean advantage of your fellow-voyagers. Scorn all deceit and trickery, and be ever ready to accord to a brave companion the due reward of his deeds. Bear Honour inscribed in golden characters upon your colours, and

never let it be tarnished, much less effaced. If you see a brother sinking, stretch forth a helping hand and assist him if you can; or if that be impossible, and he sink beneath the whelming wave, drop the tear of sorrow o'er the place, and then resume your journey. As you advance, one by one your comrades will sink by your side, and you may be left alone. Happy if by this time you have nearly reached your aim, and the beacons on every side of you have become few. If you have strength, still press on. Now you have passed the utmost beacon, and your own lamp shines dim amid the surrounding gloom. It may at first be taken for an *ignis fatuus*, a mere will o' the wisp, and it may be doubted and scoffed at; but be not discouraged; if you have pursued your course truly and faithfully, one day a halo will surround it, transcending in effulgence the splendour of the meridian sun.

But now as you advance, a thick mist enshrouds you on all sides, except on the one by which you have come. In vain you attempt to pierce to any distance before you its thick encircling folds. Grope forward cautiously but steadily. Am I nearing the opposite shore? you nervously ask yourself, and at first your heart rebounds with joy at the thought that it may be so, that you may be able to sound your trump, and proclaim to those far behind that you have discovered the limit of the sea. Gushing delights fill your soul, and make you feel young again. But a moment more, and the illusion is dispelled, and you come to a wiser and a juster conclusion. The mist is becoming thicker, and the cold curling waves are surging around you as they come with a dull booming sound from out the misty unexplored expanse of space. That sound indicates that there is no land ahead; it is the roaring of the waves as they are heaving in the boundless future; it strikes upon your soul, carrying with it the conviction to your spirit that you are on the Ocean of Eternity. Your frail bark reels and staggers, and the engulfing waves suck you down; but ere you sink you fix your beacon as a comfort and a guide to those who may have courage to follow in your track.

But why strive? some one may ask; or, Whither direct your course? What real and substantial advantage do you gain, even should you be so successful as to reach your mark? which, nevertheless is very doubtful. The quiet peasant plods on in his unobtrusive way, while the student or man of science is ever fretting himself about some new thing; and what gain at the end of their lives has the latter over the former? Or, again, two men are in comfortable worldly positions; the one takes life's enjoyments as they flit past him, and feels happy; he gives little or no thought to learning or science, and spends his leisure time in social intercourse or amuse-

ment. The other, on the contrary, pursues some laborious investigations in science or art, spending, it may be, many a sleepless night, and denying himself many of the comforts, not to speak of the luxuries, of social life, to enable him to carry on his investigations. Now the question naturally suggests itself, Has the studious man any real advantage over the other: when their career here is ended, will the one be in a better position than the other? Or, to put the question shortly, What real substantial incentive is there to engage in continual study?

And while this question is still on the lips, another suggests itself. What course of study should be pursued?—whither should the course be directed, in order to reach that which shall profit? Do you strive to amass wealth? How rarely are your efforts crowned with success? and even should success attend them, in a few short years you must leave your treasures to others. Do you pursue learning? To which of the numerous fields would you turn your attention? or what real benefit do you derive from all your knowledge to compensate you for the many wearisome days and laborious nights spent in its acquisition? True, you may be able to boast for a short time that your knowledge extends farther than that of your fellows; but after all, what real benefit accrues to yourself? When you begin your studious course, you are dazzled and bewildered by the multitude of subjects which present themselves for your consideration. As you advance, the field, or, to employ the simile before used, the ocean, widens out before you; but, at the same time, that knowledge which you so eagerly coveted is trampled under your feet and despised after you have attained it.

But again, the pursuit in which you engaged is one of uncertainty. Your acquisition of the coveted possession depends upon your health to pursue your investigations, and how often are the most melancholy spectacles of this giving way under the pressure presented to our view! In the words of an eloquent Roman writer, bewailing the death of a friend: "O fallacem hominum spem fragilemque fortunam et inanes nostras contentiones! quæ in medio spatio sæpe franguntur et corruunt, aut ante in ipso cursu obruuntur, quam portum conspicere potuerunt." Why not, then, adopt the maxim of one of the ancient sects of philosophers, and say, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

Let us endeavour to find answers to these various questions and objections; and *first*, as to the incentives to study, or the real advantages to be derived therefrom. Here we will touch but lightly upon the worldly advantages of wealth, rank, and honours. No doubt they have their value, and a great value it is; and they form

withal a strong incentive to labour, and, with many, the sole incentive. They form an excellent means to an end; but when pursued as an end and for themselves only, they are the very opposite of *real* benefits, in the higher sense of that word,—nay, they are the most evanescent. In one sense, they are undoubtedly the most tangible; and the successful speculator may draw a comparison favourable to himself between his own position and that of the careworn furrow-checked student, who has spent his life in the acquisition of something which is not so splendid to the common gaze. But in a few years a change of positions takes place. The merchant leaves his wealth to others, and enters upon the new stage poor and shivering; the clay has been stripped of its gaudy trappings, and the spirit's garments are found to be in tatters. The case of the other is very different; the disguise is but stripped off which concealed the treasure within. The faded coverings of the tabernacle are removed, but the spirit is discovered in a golden casket set with the most precious gems. On which side does the *real* advantage lie? We think there can be little difficulty in deciding.

When worldly advantages are, however, not pursued as an end, but come in merely as accessories, they are most valuable. Yet they can afford us no true incentive to labour; for, as we have seen, when they form the only incentive, no real substantial benefit can be derived from them. They are of the earth, earthy; valuable, truly valuable to us while here, but ceasing to give us any aid the moment we step beyond their domain. As, then, we do not always continue in their domain, let us see if we can find anything which we can take with us, wherever our lot may be cast. Something which, although it may be less tangible, will yet be more real.

We remarked in the beginning of this paper, that man was possessed of two natures, very different in kind. These natures must have been given to him for some specific purpose; he must have been sent into this world for the performance of some certain duty. We do not intend to adduce proofs, but take for granted, that man is not the creature of chance, but that he is the handiwork of a Being possessed of infinite wisdom and goodness. What, then, could be the design of such a Being in creating man? It may be that in attempting to answer this question we will lay ourselves open to the reproof, "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" Yet we think there is nothing impious, but the very opposite, in attempting to give a true answer. But let us at the very outset confess our inability to give an exhaustive answer; yet we may be able to discover sufficient for our present purpose.

What is the one great dominant desire in man—that to which all his other desires are but in a manner subservient? If we reflect a moment, we will have little hesitancy in answering—The desire of happiness. Various as are the feelings and temperaments of men, this desire seems to be at the bottom of them all. Oh! the longing of the human heart after what is contained in that one word. It is the word which falls with the sweetest cadence on the ear of man. Take away all hope of this, and you leave his life a blank, a something without an aim, helpless as the ship deprived of her rudder, when tossed by the raging storm. Seeing that these things are so, is it too much to conclude that one of the principal ends in view in the creation of man was, that the creature might be happy, that he was created in order to enjoy the happiness of an immortal being. And what more consonant with our notions of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator? But wherein is man to find this happiness? How various have been the answers to this question! and how more various still the practical modes which have been followed in order to attain it! Let us not be thought presumptuous if we attempt an answer.

Wherein could a creature with faculties such as man is possessed of find greater happiness than in the contemplation of the attributes and works of his Creator, and in attempting to imitate his perfections as far as in him lies. In such a pursuit, and in such a pursuit alone, will man find his true happiness; in the exercising therein of those faculties with which he is endowed. This would seem to be true happiness and true wisdom, the one not existing where the other is not If this be the case, have we got any true incentive to study? any labour from which we may derive real and substantial benefit, which will not vanish when we cease our present ways? We think we have. For as the contemplation of the attributes and works of our Creator forms our true happiness and highest privilege here, we cannot conceive a more fitting employment in which we could be engaged in that life to which we look forward. Whatever we gain then in that study here, we carry with us to form the basis of more extended discoveries in that other sphere; for our discoveries do not end, we conceive, with this short span of mortal life. No! the dark rolling waters of the mist-enshrouded ocean are not for ever to form the cerements of the trembling bark which sunk amidst their waves. The day, we believe, is yet to dawn when the hungry waves shall give up their victims, and the mist shall roll back its enwrapping folds from their resting-places, and the feeble mortal forms shall rise to new immortal life to prosecute their onward way in the shoreless Ocean of Eternity. What advantage then has he who went down where the mist was

thickest, and the beacons fewest, over him who sunk close beside the margin from which he started? Great advantage surely, very great. When they again commence their course, the one will be far in advance of the other. He will sweep with his keen immortal eye a wider range of vision, he will possess a more extensive knowledge of the attributes and works of his divine Master; and consequently, we conceive, will have a larger measure of happiness. Call you that nothing worth striving for? is there not in that a true incentive to study? is there no real advantage gained from labour there? We are inclined to think there is.

But it has been asked which of the numerous paths is to be taken; what labour is to be followed in order that we may gain the true end. We answer, the particular path matters little as each path is endless, and in each you will find plenty to engage your attention. Of course in one sense the particular path is to the individual a matter of very great importance, as he may have a liking greater for one than for another. Some delight to read their Creator's love on the surface of a smooth unruffled sea quietly kissing the prow of their boat; some in wavelets gently lapping; while others like to see His might in the heaving of the crested billow, and to hear His voice in the roar of the storm-lashed ocean. Paths there are to suit each mind. Let every one choose that which he likes best, and pursue his way nothing doubting. The whole expanse lies before in which to exercise yourself. In the words of the preacher, taken from that most wonderful book where human joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, are so vividly described —that mine of deep thought and accurate observation guided by consummate wisdom—"I gave my heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under heaven: this sore travail hath God given to the sons of men to be exercised therewith."

The last objection which now falls to be noticed is the uncertainty of the struggle in which you engage; the frequent cases coming under our notice in which the individual has not reached the goal towards which he was tending. When this objection is directed against the pursuit of mere worldly advantages, it is almost unanswerable; but, as we have endeavoured to show, these form but false inducements. Does it form then a good objection to our engaging in study when we are actuated by the proper motives? We think not.

If, as we have said, the noblest study of man is that of the attributes and works of the Creator, does the change which comes over him when he quits this scene unfit him for such study? We are inclined to say, it does not. From what we know of the nature

of spirit, it would seem that bodily organs such as we possess are not in all cases necessary to enable it to acquire knowledge; on the contrary, in many instances they are an incumbrance. That being the case, the change, far from being a preventive, will rather be an accelerating one for the acquisition of knowledge. When your work is accomplished here, and your mission fulfilled, and you are called upon to leave, be under no apprehension that your means of acquiring knowledge will be lessened. Nor will you be called upon to go before your appointed time. Even the child who dies has not lived in vain, however short may have been the span of its mortal life. The part it was to play in the plan of the divine government has been done, and its further presence can be dispensed with. Of course we speak not of the grief natural to others on such occasions; but the very calling forth of that grief may have been its special mission, although the message was not delivered till the messenger was about to depart; nay, it may have but left a sealed message which will be read and fully understood only after the visitant has departed. Take courage, then; there is no such thing as uncertainty in this warfare when pursued from proper motives; for apparent defeat is the warrior's crowning triumph.

Whether the field was lost or won
On which ye perished, reck not ye;
Success is sure in duty done,
To die for right is victory.

VICTOR AMARANTHUS.

THE SPHINX'S ENIGMA.

HEAR my legend dark and dreary
Of an age long since gone by,
When the hundred-gated city,
Thebes, rose proudly to the sky.

How a monster huge and hideous,
Of a mixed and hateful race,—
Serpent, lion, dog, and woman,—
All that's cunning, cruel, base,—

Lurked around the Theban city,
Till she clutched some passer by;
Who that could not solve her riddle,
Then might yield himself to die.

Thus the race of Cadmus dwindled,
And appalled the bravest stood;
For she sucked from beating pulses
Every tasteless drop of blood.

Creon saw his city wasted,
Corpses thick around it strewn;
And he cried, "The man who conquers,
Wins Jocasta and a crown."

But no Theban's heart took courage,
Still was heard the awful cry—
"Son of Cadmus! read my riddle,
Or, if not, prepare to die."

Last a stranger came who listened,
While in vain the monarch cried,—
"Jewelled crown I'll give the victor,
And Jocasta for his bride."

Friendless was he, poor and homeless,
Dauntless, and profound in thought;
So he risked the dire encounter,
And the dreaded monster sought.

"What's the animal," she thundered,
"Walks on four at morn, on two
When 'tis noon, on three at evening?
Theban! die, or tell me true."

Long he ponder'd o'er her saying,
Search'd through devious ways in vain;
Issue from her fatal mazes
None to light and life could gain.

Baffled, faint, and nigh exhausted,
In his face the monster smiled;
But his stubborn will ne'er faltered,
Till the tyrant thus he foiled.

"I have seen in life's fair morning,
Man creep round his mother's knee;
When the noon of life has strengthened,
Seen him stand erect and free;

Shake the earth beneath his footstep,
Grasp in rage the lion's mane;
Whirl aloft that fiery monster,
Dash him lifeless on the plain.

Ha! thou tremblest? ere life's evening
With a staff I tottering go;
Ere this arm with age grow nerveless,
Monster, feel its deadly blow."

But her head aside she turnèd,
Dashed it on a rock and died;
So he won the crown of jewels,
And Jocasta for his bride.

J. C.

MACNAB AND THE BAILIFFS.

ONE of the wildest and most romantic parts of Scotland is the mountainous district surrounding and adjoining Loch Tay, the country of the Macnabs, a clan which we are informed "was a branch of the soil of Alpin, and took its name (*i.e.*, sons of the Abbot) from the ancient head of the Culdee Abbey of Glendochart." Here, in the centre of a beautiful valley, stands Killin, formerly the head-quarters of the Macnabs, from whence this turbulent and unruly clan were wont, in olden times, to issue forth on those lawless depredations so common to our Celtic forefathers.

The most celebrated of these raids has become a matter of history, and originated in an insult offered to the head of the clan by the Macneishes, at one time a powerful sept, but then nearly exterminated. The Macnab having, on one occasion, sent his servants into the low country for some provisions, they were waylaid on their return by the remnant of the Macneishes, and the booty carried off to their place of refuge, a small wooded islet at the eastern extremity of Loch Earn. Macnab being informed of this outrage, a party of the clan, commanded by the chieftain's son, vowed that they would exterminate the robbers before the dawn of day. Accordingly, taking with them a boat from Loch Tay, they launched it on Loch Earn, and arriving at the den at the dead of night, fell upon the Macneishes by surprise, and put them all to the sword. They returned to Killin the same night with the head of the robber chief; and in commemoration of this event the Macnabs assumed for their crest a bloody head, with the motto "Dreid Nocht."

Such is a specimen of the innocent little pastimes with which our Highland predecessors amused themselves, but which I am glad to

say, have not been handed down to the present day, when their places are much better filled by friendly matches at golf, football, or curling, between different parishes, and the rifle contests of our gallant volunteers. Alas! for the honour and glory of those good old days, when might was right, and men slept in their tartan plaids, claymore in hand, lest their pleasant dreams should be rudely broken by the efforts of a foeman's knife to insert itself between their ribs; when broken heads were plenty, and hard knocks numerous as fallen leaves in autumn.

I say, alas! for these good old days; but I cannot say I wish them to return. No; I love to see "the moon on the lake and the mist on the brae" all very well; and I feel an inexpressible glow of pride and patriotism in my bosom as I dig my foot into the purple heather, and brandishing a stout hazel rung, with a scowl on my face and murder in my eye, exclaim, "This is my own, my native land," or "My foot is on my native heath; my name's Macgregor," after the manner of stage-struck heroes and heroines. All this, I say, is very well, and so is everything else connected with "the land of the mountain and the flood," except the confounded east wind, the only true and legitimate curse of Scotland. Dear old "Caledonia, stern and wild!" thou hast many faults; but "with all thy faults I love thee still."

Some time ago—I cannot be certain as to the exact date, but I rather opine it was before our time. Well, some time ago, in consequence of the sad degeneration which had fallen upon the "Sons of the Abbot," in common with their sister clans, the then chief of the Macnabs found his resources inadequate to meet the expenditure caused by his carelessness and hospitality, and, as a natural consequence, drew upon himself the rather pressing and particular attentions of a number of base-born tradesmen, whom the great Highland dignitary had condescended to honour with his custom.

To their repeated solicitations for a settlement, Macnab returned a profuse number of excuses and promises, which style of proceeding was so often repeated, and so little relished, that Messrs Baker, Tailor, and Co. held a council of ways and means, at which it was unanimously resolved to burden the hospitable master of Killin with two guests, in the persons of John Hodge and Allan Cumin, two sheriff-officers, more commonly known as bailiffs.

With heavy hearts, and sorely against their wills, these two worthies started on their journey towards Killin, and it required all the Dutch courage contained in their pocket-flasks to get their lagging feet to move at all. Sundry uncommonly good-natured friends, hearing of their intended mission, had favoured them the night before with a painfully minute account of the manner in

which several emissaries of the law had been received on previous occasions by the redoubtable chief whom they were about to visit.

In short, before starting, their minds were so wrought up by the tragic tales they had heard, that they felt strongly inclined to adopt the Maclellanic school of America, which favours the notion of retrograde movements for strategical purposes; and I believe that, had they not been restrained by the fear of ridicule, and the dread of the great men in office, these two free-born Britons would have turned tail.

Very little poetical feeling or love of scenery filled their hearts as they journeyed on towards their destination. The lovely sunrise was lost upon them; the dew-drops glistening in the rosy light of morn were unseen, and the matin hymn of the sweet-tuned lark was unheard; for them the wild cascades dashed down in vain, and the heather might as well have "wasted its fragrance on the desert air." They were occupied with one idea, and one only—the nature of their reception by Macnab.

"They say that the monster hounded his dougs on puir Sandy Gregor this time twa year, and gied him sic a gliff that he was fit for naething but bedlam," was the encouraging remark of John Hodge as they plodded along the mountain path.

"Ay, and threw Jamie Davidson into the loch wi' a stane tied to his leg," replied Cumin, sinking his voice almost to a whisper, as if afraid that the plovers screaming overhead would carry his words to the dreaded owner of the ground they were now traversing.

"Did ye hear what he did till ane o' his ain men?" asked Hodge, in a tone considerably apart from jocular.

"No; what was't?"

"Weel, it was Thamson tell'd me that nae farther gane than last spring ane o' his bit gillie bodies didna dae just exactly as his maister bade him, and Macnab had the puir body strippet to the very skin, and laid on the grund wi' his face downwards."

"The hellicate wretch!" exclaimed Cumin, shuddering at the very thoughts of being in company with Macnab.

"Bide a wee, man; there's waur to come. When they had gotten the puir man doon that way, and let him lie till he was half dead wi' cauld and fricht, the laird ca'ed for a lighted caun'le and a lang stick o' sealin'-wax, and began to drap the melted wax ower the naked body frae head to heel, back and front."

So engrossed were the two bailiffs with this cheerful conversation, that they noticed not the sun gradually sinking behind Ben Lawers, nor their near approach to Macnab's residence; but a gurring and snuffing about the calves of their legs brought them to their sober

senses a bit, and, not far from them, they beheld the veritable Macnab himself standing with some retainers, calling back a couple of fierce-looking mastiffs, who, on noticing the approach of the strangers, had come out to reconnoitre, and were now growling and prowling about their legs in an ominous manner.

"Well, men, what seek you here?" enquired the chief, as the travellers drew near him.

"I—I believe I have the—the honour o' speakin' to Maister Macnab," said Cumin, trembling in every limb, and bowing to the toes of his boots.

"*Maister* Macnab!" exclaimed the chief, bridling up at the plebeian style of address. "Do you know, fellow, that the chief of a clan is never called *Maister*?"

"Of coorse, of coorse, your lordship," said Hodge, coming to the rescue of his comrade, with a view to avoid an explosion. "Tam, ye're naething but a doited fule; sae haud your tongue, and let *me* speak. Ye see, your lordship——"

"Call me Macnab, sir," said the old chief, testily.

"Weel, then, Macnab, ye see we've been necessitated to ca' upon you in the way o' business——"

"Business! what possible business can you really have with me?"

"Oh, just a trifle, sir," was the answer. "Ye'll see by this paper what the nature o' our business is."

"Give it to me," said the Celt, taking a printed form from the hands of Hodge, and beginning to read the contents: "'Whereas Angus Macnab, commonly called Macnab of Macnab, residing at Killin,'—what the devil is all this about?"

"Oh, a mere fleabite, sir; just three hundred and seven pounds, thirteen shillings, and ——"

"Dioul! what is this money for? Are you bailiffs?"

"Yes, sir," replied Cumin, stepping backwards in order to avoid any sudden demonstration the chief might be inclined to make on hearing the awful truth; but, in retreating, he trod on the foot of a mastiff, which immediately treated the poor man to a sight of its formidable teeth.

"Down, Gauger," said the chief, "down, sir. Hamish, take Gauger and Bailiff to their kennels; and you, gentlemen, will follow me."

In person Macnab was not the fierce-looking cateran they expected to see; on the contrary, he was a respectable elderly gentleman, short and stout, with a pleasant smile on his countenance, and a merry twinkle in his grey eyes.

Leading the way into the house, he soon had the tired and

hungry travellers seated at a table, which was spread with a plentiful repast of cold beef, ale, and whisky, to which Macnab helped them repeatedly, and gradually banished from their memories all the anecdotes of his cruelty which they had been discussing on the road. For half an hour or more, not a sound was heard save the clattering of the plates and knives, or the loud smack after each draught; but everything must come to an end, and the remains of the meal were cleared away, but only to be replaced by an immense punch-bowl, full to the brim.

"Now, gentlemen," said the chief, filling up their glasses, "I trust you will make yourselves as comfortable as you can while you stay here, and in the morning it will be time enough to talk over the little matter which brought you here."

The two guests expressed their readiness to do as Macnab said; and, as the punch ascended to their brains, they grew uproariously merry.

"That's a most extraordinar' ladle ye hae there," said Hodge.

It *was* an extraordinary implement with which the chief was serving out the punch. Made of the purest ivory, it was fashioned in the shape of a man's arm-bone, the ladle or mouth-piece being formed of the palm of the hand.

"This is an heir-loom," said the chief, eyeing it with pride, "and has been in our family since the days of King Robert."

"And what is't ava?" asked the bailiff.

"It's the left arm of St. Fillan," replied the host.

"The what?"

"The left arm of St. Fillan; you'll have heard of him?"

"Na," returned Hodge, "I canna say I hae; that is, I canna preceesely tax my memory with the saunt ye speak o'; I'm ower gude a Presbyter to heed aboot thae papish mummeries."

"The more shame to you," said the Catholic chief. "St. Fillan was one of the first Christians in Scotland, and died in the year 649. When the blessed saint was writing the scripture, his left arm gave out a light equal to a dozen wax candles. Robert Bruce was in possession of this arm, which he kept in a silver box; it was carried at the head of the army to Bannockburn, and to this arm he was indebted for the victory. In gratitude to the saint, the king founded a priory in Strathfillan—here, in the country of the Macnabs."

"And dae ye believe thae auld warld havers?" asked Cumin.

"As firm as I believe in Prince Charlie," returned the chief, "and so would you were you not a blinded Lowlander."

"Nae mair a Lowlander than you are, Angus Macnab," retorted Cumin, in whom the punch was getting the better of discretion.

"Ay! and what are you, then?"

"I am Allan Cumin, frae the braes o' Moray; and let me tell you, that a Cumin who has forded Findhorn is worth ten Macnabs or M'Alpines either."

"You have done a bold act and a rash, Allan Cumin," said the laird, "to come here and say that; but it's easy seen ye have drunk too much. Dioul! man, the time is not far past when neither a Campbell nor a Cumin dare cock their bonnets in Strathfillan. If M'Cullum More himself showed his nose over Benvoirlich, he would have been gralloched like a red deer."

"Hooch, ay! blaw awa'; a cock's aye loudest on its ain midden-head," rejoined the bailiff, growing desperate courageous.

"You Cumins are well neighboured with the Grants," exclaimed M'Nab, scornfully. "'*Shud bleider heich*,' (This is the poltroon,) says a Grant, and a false Cumin may say the same."

The Celtic blood, which had so long lain stagnant in the bailiff's veins was rapidly approaching fever-heat, and some explosion was momentarily expected by Hodge, who was at a loss to account for this sudden discord.

"Allan," he said to his headstrong companion, "haud your tongue, and see if ye can behave ceevil as lang as you're aneath this roof."

"Never mind him," said Macnab; "let him bluster. Had I cared so much as a hair of my sporan for what he said, I would have settled him with——"

"With your skene-dhu; dae ye mean that?" shouted Cumin, staggering to his feet.

"No, with a Kilmaur's whittle," replied the chief. "I'd scorn to use a good blade to a bailiff and a Cumin."

"Hoot toot! this'll never dae," exclaimed the peaceful Hodge. "Really, Macnab—Allan, ye gowk, sit doon"—and he gave his brother officer a dig in the ribs that sent him on the floor, where he lay in a drunken stupor, muttering anathemas against his entertainer.

Meanwhile, Hodge endeavoured to calm down the irritated chieftain, and strove to draw his attention from the prostrate Celt.

"Ye've got queer names for your dougs, Macnab," he said. "I think ye ca'ed ane o' them Gauger."

"Gauger! Oh! you mean the mastiffs, Bailiff and Gauger. Yes, they are rather strange names, I admit; but you must know (a Cumin worth ten Macnabs, humph!)—you must know these names serve to keep in remembrance a couple of painful incidents which happened in this house about the time the dogs were born. (The drunken rascal)."

"What was that, sir?" asked Hodge.

"Well, I don't mind telling you the story," said the laird; "but rouse him up, he may as well listen as sleep; the night's young yet. Hamish!" he cried, knocking on the table; and a stout gillie entered the apartment.

"Take him to the spring, and wash his head."

The attendant advanced with a grin to the bailiff, and endeavoured to raise him by the arm; but Cumin objected to this, and made some ineffectual struggles, which exhausted Hamish's patience. Taking the helpless official in his arms like a child, he was borne from the room, muttering something about "living and dying like a Cumin."

"I'll tell you the story when he comes back," said Macnab; "he won't be long; and in the meantime about this ladle. When the priory was built here, King Robert gave the blessed relic to the first abbot, and from him it came to Lachlan Mac-an-Ts'agairt, that is, the Son of the Priest, for some said that was their relationship. Lachlan's son, Tearlach-na-Phasaig, had this ladle made of ivory, an exact copy of St. Fillan's arm, and it has been in the possession of the head of the Macnabs ever since."

This story, which the chief gave at great length, having often wandered from the subject to enumerate a few dozen of his ancestors with their individual peculiarities, occupied a considerable time, and it was hardly finished ere Allan Cumin re-entered the room. He was wonderfully sobered by the copious application of cold water, and looked very foolish as he slunk to his chair.

"Ho! Cumin," cried the chief, "I thought a Highlandman could stand punch better."

"Humph! we'll forget a' about it, Macnab," returned the bailiff; "I've made a fule o' mysel', nae doubt."

"Mony a better man has been as soon knocked up," said the chief; "but here, drain off your glass, 'twill set you all right again."

"Weel, weel, I'll just taste it," said Allan; "but ye maun let that flea stick to the wa', Macnab."

"A Highlandman never forgets," rejoined the other; "but we'll say no more about it. By the Lord! I know not what to make of the poor devils now-a-days. They have no more *fusion* in their stomachs than a withered docken. Two or three hours' spinning about a few miserable long-necked bottles is enough to tumble them heels over head. This is one of the blessed effects of the Union, and be d—d to it. By St. Fillan! it wasn't looking through a millstone to see what change the Southrons would make in our Scotch diet as soon as they got their horses across the Tweed. The very

sight of a haggis is enough to turn their stomachs inside out; and as to hotch-potch and crappit-heads, 'the puir ignorant creatures,' as King James well said, 'are no worthy o' having the like o' them to sain their wizened thrapples.' And our Scotch people are taking after them, devil burst them! The most of their dinners made up of jellies, tarts, and such like trash, and a big ashet in the middle, with nothing in it that I can make anything of, unless it be snow taken off a dyke, with a few green leaves among it. Who the foul fiend could drink a whole night on such a foundation! Oh, for the days that are gone! I mind as well as if it were yesterday, thirty years ago, when I was in Edinburgh, there was old Keppoch, Glenaladale, and myself, went down to Luckie Merrylies' in the Canongate, just to take a friendly glass in her house. Friends we might well be called, for we never crossed the outside of Luckie's door for five weeks; drinking and drinking, till I would hardly have marvelled had we turned into fish, and the very fins had come out at our backs. Ay, ay, those were the days indeed, and fine fellows lived in them. But now everything is changed," and the laird concluded with a heavy sigh for past times.

"Ou ay!" we're clean altered a'thegither noo," said Hodge; "but what aboot the story?"

"I will tell you the story, though I had almost forgot it. Fill up! You see, one night three winters ago, I was getting in some whisky from a friend of mine, a distiller,"—and the chief winked to the bailiffs,—"when an impertinent rascal of a gauger dared to interfere, and so I was forced to ask him inside, and treated him just as I'm doing you to-night;" and here he glanced at them with a look of mischief.

"And what did the gauger do?" asked Hodge.

"Do! Oh, nothing," was the calm reply; "but the strange part of the story is that his friends never heard of him again."

"And—and what became of him?"

"I really don't know; but I am told the loch out there is pretty deep," and here another wink set our friends in a perspiration.

"And—and what about the bailiff?" asked Hodge, wiping his brow with a cotton handkerchief.

"The bailiff? Oh, I forgot. He was here at the same time, and met with a serious accident, poor fellow."

"What micht that hae been?" inquired Cumin, shifting about uneasily on his chair.

"When I was busy looking for the gauger, some of my men took the bailiff and *hanged* him on that tree there," replied the host, pointing coolly to a tree which could plainly be seen from the window.

It were needless to relate the whole of the conversation which followed, or how they were told that another bailiff had been shut up in the cellar of the house for six weeks, and that before he was liberated his friends had put on mourning, and Government had offered a reward of one hundred pounds for the apprehension of his murderers. Suffice it to say, that with the punch, and the stories, and certain hints as to what the loch could divulge, were it only dried up, the poor bailiffs were half dead with fright, after which they were carried to their beds insensible.

A few minutes after they had been taken away, Macnab called his henchman.

"Hamish," said he, "did you put these rascals to bed?"

"Ay, ay," replied the gillie, "and they were baith as fou as pipers."

"Then go up to the room of the one called Cumin, and bring me down all his clothes. Stop," he continued, as the man was about to retire, "you can leave his boots."

In a short time the clothes were forthcoming, and Hamish was despatched to the room of the other bailiff to perform a similar act, which he speedily accomplished. Before long, Macnab had a pair of boots tacked on to the foot of a pair of trousers, and the legs stuffed with straw; after which he proceeded to make up a very good imitation of the human form divine—good enough to deceive any one who did not examine too closely.

Then Hamish and his master proceeded to the court-yard, where they suspended the dummy to the tree which had been pointed out to the bailiffs.

After completing their work, they walked round the tree and expressed themselves satisfied with the appearance of the figure, which they declared lifelike. They then re-entered the house, where Macnab wrote out two notices, which he gave to Hamish, with two tattered kilts, instructing him to leave one paper and one kilt in each bed-room, then go to bed.

The mist clouds were gradually dissolving before the heat of the morning sun, and rolling upwards from the summits of Ben Lawers and Benvoirlich, when John Hodge awoke with an aching head and a choking thirst, the result of his previous night's potations.

For a minute or two he could not make out his whereabouts; at last recollecting whose guest he was, he sprang from the bed, and rushed to the water-pig, when his course was arrested by the sight of a small paper lying before him. His curiosity overcoming his thirst, he took up the note and read:—

"Look at the fruit hanging from the tree opposite your window,

and be thankful that you are not in your companion's place. Be warned from this how bailiffs are treated at Killin."

Springing to the window, he beheld the suspended figure, and never for a moment deemed it other than the body of his companion. In a moment all the stories he had heard of Macnab's cruelty rushed into his memory; his very pulse ceased to beat, and a cold dew broke out all over him.

Intent on saving himself, he did not wait to look for his clothes, but snatching the first garment he saw, which happened to be the old kilt, he hastily stole down the stair and out at the door. In his hurry he did not wait to bid any of them good-bye, and was soon on his road home hot-foot. Hamish and the other gillies, being on the watch for his exit, allowed him to get a short distance from the house, and then issuing in a body, commenced shouting, firing guns, and rushing after him for some space; the wag of a piper pealing forth the strains of *Ha til mi tulidh.* (We return no more.)

These demonstrations considerably augmented the speed at which Hodge was going, and were equally successful with Cumin, who followed a short time after; but owing to the start which the former had gained, he was not again seen until Cumin burst into the sheriff's office at ——, and found Hodge narrating the whole particulars of his companion's murder and his own narrow escape.

"By the bones of St. Fillan!" cried Macnab, as he saw the last of the bailiffs disappear, "they won't trouble Macnab again in a hurry."