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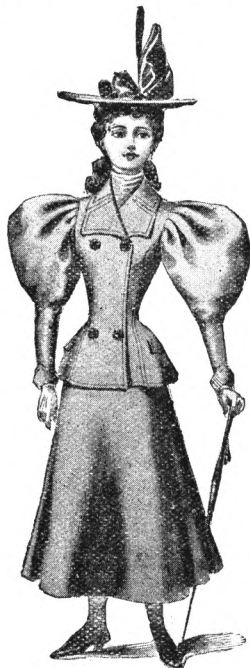
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SCHOLA clara, hodie
Grato te laudemus
Nos alumni carmine,
Matrem quam fovemus.

Prisca nutrix militum,
Vincla qui rupere
Scotis, et pro patria
Bello cecidere.

Semper viros nutrias,
Domos qui tutentur ;
Patrum facta fortia
Semper aemulentur.

Gloria detur monachis
Qui te condidere,
Juvenesque artibus
Bonis imbuere.

Gloria detur civibus
Qui te refecere
Lautius, et splendidis
Donis ditavere.

Edidisti plurimos
Gnaros disciplinae,
Res gerendi publicas,
Legum, medicinae.

Urbs in colle posita,
Terrae sis vicinae
Lux ; per aevum faveas
Studiis doctrinae.

Prospicis caeruleum
Taum, quem carina
Multa navigat, gravis
Merce peregrina.

Urbs illustris veterum
Laudibus, praeclara
Navitis impavidis,
Minervae haud ignara,

Dives auctis opibus
Anxio labore,
Praedita per aevum sis
Prudentia et candore.

Omnes nos discipuli,
Quoquo pervagemur
Semper tuis laudibus,
Schola, gloriemur.

Semper tui memores
Nominis vivamus ;
Semper esse decori
Tibi studeamus.

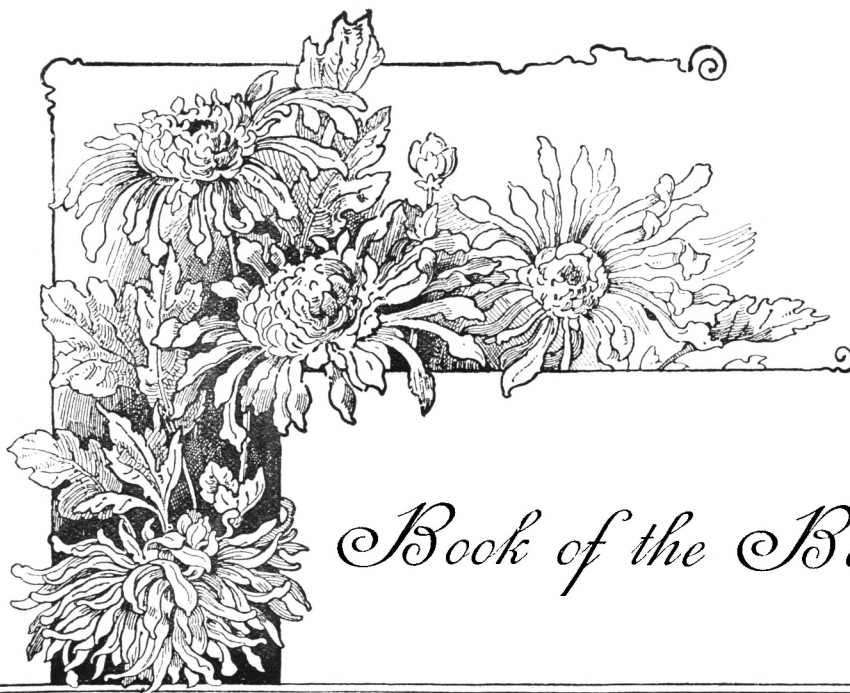
Chorus—Taodunum floreat ;
Floreat mercatura ;
Floreas, schola nobilis,
Aeternum sis mansura.



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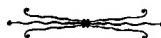
OF THE

Dundee High School Athletic Union



To aid in acquiring a Field for the
Pupils of the

High School of Dundee

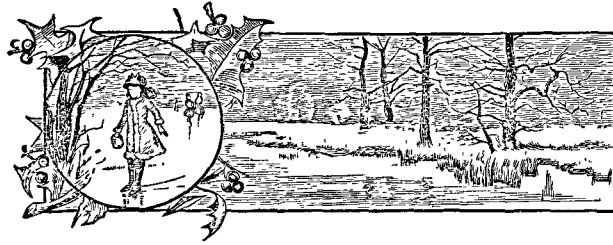


October 1896.

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PREFACE.

IT is hoped that the present Bazaar will furnish the School with enough money to acquire for school purposes a suitable field. The lack of such a field has fettered school development and inconvenienced school life for years. For years it has been impossible to give to outdoor exercise the place it should have in a boy's education. No systematisation of sport, no fostering of suitable games could be attempted. Such work as has been attempted has been rather an excrescence on, than an ingredient in, school life.

It is not right to patronise overmuch boisterous games. There are other games requiring agility and skill, games that will broaden the back, give style to the gait, strength to the arms, and alertness to the whole bearing. The latter games ought not to be starved, or even depreciated, in the interests of the former. But for the due arrangement and grading of games a school must be in permanent possession of a field in some accessible spot.

It says much for the stamina and spirit of the High School boys that under unfavourable conditions they have in their school sports been able to exhibit qualities of endurance, dash, dexterity, and vigour that would not shame those who have every facility for attaining excellence in outdoor games.

It is not to be forgotten, too, that the High School is a girls' as well as a boys' school, and that any effort to provide the girls with outdoor recreation must be preceded by the acquisition of a field that is the property of the School.

The friends of the School, with the concurrence of the School authorities, think that the present undesirable state of things should end, and they appeal to the good sense of the parents of present and future pupils, to the devotion of former pupils, and to the good feeling of the general public, to help them to provide the means to their end. The High School has profited much in the past by the munificence of wise and liberal citizens who have regarded it as a civic institution, and the constraining power of their example ought to be, and doubtless is, still felt.

The Bazaar Committee is heartily grateful to all those who are at present giving their time, talents, and means to the promotion of the object of the Bazaar. The Committee desires also to thank cordially those who have supplied the literary matter of this book.



ERRATUM.

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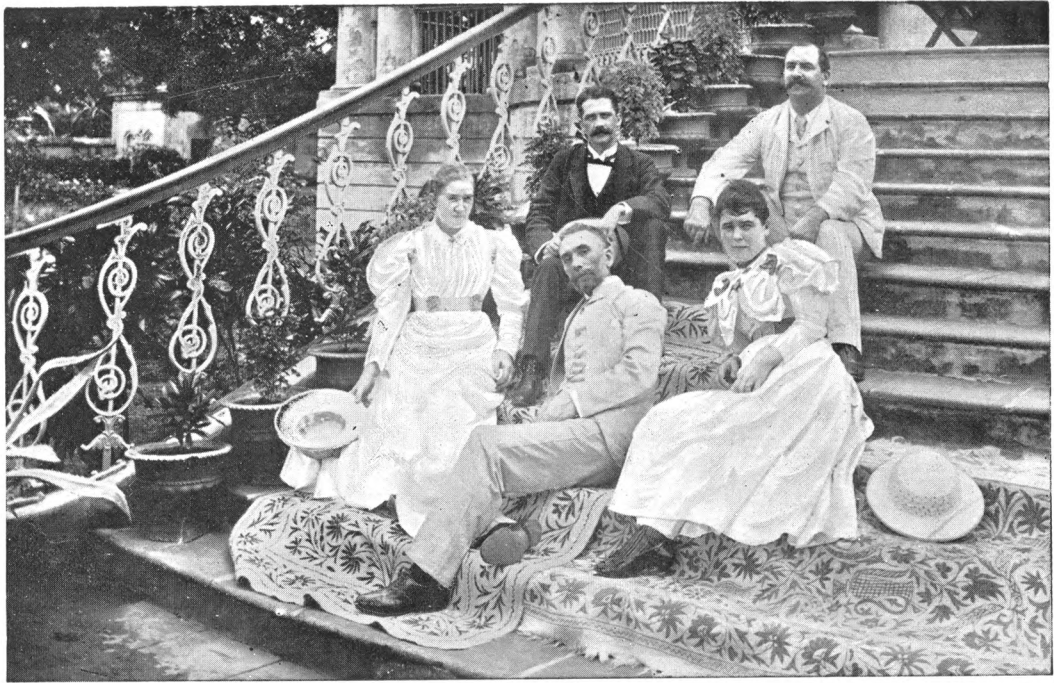
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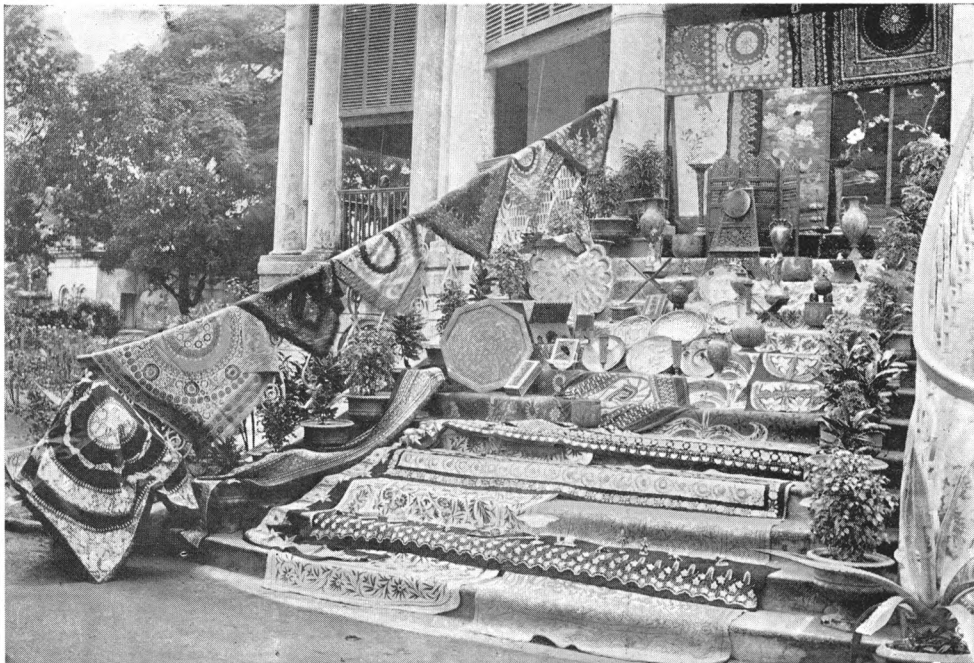
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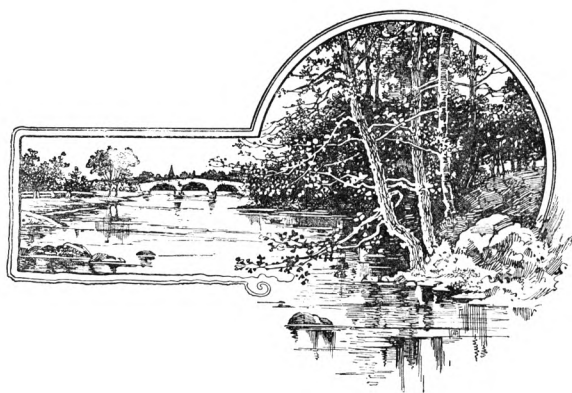
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The Genesis of the High School.

THE HIGH SCHOOL OF DUNDEE is the legitimate successor to the old Grammar School of the burgh, and can boast of a very ancient lineage. The origin of education in Dundee is "lost in the mists of antiquity," but its history can be traced with comparative coherence and certainty for nearly seven hundred years. In early times education was necessarily left in the care of the ecclesiastics, and it was by the monks and the Romish clergy that the lamp of learning was kept alight not only through the Dark Ages, but during the long period when Scotland was ruled by the sword, and every man had to fight bravely for his existence or submit to the stronger force of his enemy. There can be no doubt that learning was preserved in a lawless age chiefly through the superstitious dread with which the rude, unlettered soldiers regarded the unarmed clergy. The priest who had power to condemn the soul to torment after death was more to be feared than the warrior who only had power over the body ; and thus learning was conserved by the clergy as a means of protection against violence. Hence it was not to their interests to make education popular, for that would have been the resigning of their only defensive weapon. Education was sparingly afforded even to noblemen in Scotland in early days ; and at the time of the Reformation many of the Scottish nobles could not sign their own names. Schools were few and scholars were select in those dark days ; and it is an indirect proof of the importance of Dundee that there was a Grammar School in the burgh in the early portion of the thirteenth century.

Dundee had a corporate existence previous to 1174, at which time it was granted by William the Lion to his brother, David, Earl of Huntingdon. Before that date the Parish Church of Dundee was dedicated to St Clement, but there is no record of any school being then in the burgh. Some time earlier than 1198 David, Earl of Huntingdon, founded the Church of St Mary of Dundee, and it became the parish church of "Earl David's burgh." When Earl David founded the Abbey of Lindores in 1198, he placed the church at Dundee under the charge of the Abbey ; and it is in the existing records of Lindores, now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, that the first reference is found to a school in Dundee. A pastor had been appointed by the Abbot of Lindores previous to 1214, but about 1220 the burgh had increased so much in importance that John, the second Abbot of Lindores, obtained leave from Gregory, Bishop of Brechin, to place a Vicar in charge of Dundee, and the same decree empowered the Abbot and Convent "to plant schools wherever they please in the said town." No records remain to prove that this project was carried out, though a curious tradition seems to support the notion that there was a Grammar School in Dundee shortly after this date. The statement is distinctly made in Blind Harry's "Wallace," that the Scottish patriot, having begun his education at Dunipace, pursued his studies at the School of Dundee. It is certain that his first teacher, Roger, the priest of Dunipace (supposed to have been Wallace's uncle), had much influence with Gilbert de Umphraville, Earl of Angus, who was Governor of Dundee in 1290 ; and it is probable that the Earl may have placed William Wallace at the School of Dundee, then under the charge of the Vicar,

William de Mydford. It has also been long a tradition in the Argyll family that Sir Niel Campbell of Lochow, ancestor of the Dukes of Argyll, was educated along with Wallace at the Grammar School of Dundee.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL IN EARLY TIMES.

The evidence regarding the early history of the Dundee School is very meagre, yet it proves that such an institution was in existence, whether it had been founded by the Abbot of Lindores or by some private benefactor. If it were the latter, there seems to be only one person of that period connected with the burgh who would be likely to establish a school. Though merely matter of conjecture, it is not unworthy of consideration. After the death of David, Earl of Huntingdon, in 1219, his property in Dundee and the neighbourhood was divided amongst his children. His eldest daughter, Margaret, was married to Alan, Lord of Galloway, in the Church of Dundee, which her father had founded. Besides a house in the burgh, she had the estate of Longforan as her share, and it is very probable that her daughter, Devorgilla, was born in Dundee. It is certain that Devorgilla founded the Franciscan Monastery in Dundee, and took some interest in the welfare of the inhabitants. Now, this same Devorgilla was no other than the wife of John de Balliol, and it was her task to complete the foundation of Balliol College, Oxford, which her husband had initiated. It is by no means improbable that if Devorgilla, with her deep interest in education, found that there was no adequate school in Dundee—the burgh that had been given to her grandfather, and which was her own birthplace—she would include provision for a Grammar School in connection with the monastery which she founded. Unfortunately no records of the Franciscan Monastery have been preserved; and this can only be conjecture. It would certainly be the irony of fate if it could be proved that Wallace was educated at a Grammar School founded by the mother of his great opponent, King John Balliol. However, it must be owned that the fact that the Abbot of Lindores had the oversight of the school in the middle of the fifteenth century rather discountenances the notion, unless we suppose that there were two schools in Dundee.

Little is known regarding the working of the school in early times. In 1434 Gilbert Knycht, priest, had been placed in charge of the school by the Abbot of Lindores. His method of conducting the school did not meet with the approval of the Bishop of Brechin; and when Knycht was called in question he was indiscreet enough to appeal to the Abbot against the Bishop. For this disregard of episcopal etiquette he was summoned before the Bishop, and had to acknowledge his fault and promise new obedience. His apologies were accepted, but he was removed from the office, and Laurence Lownan was appointed to the oversight of the school. An important change took place in the relations between Lindores and Dundee in 1443. Through the agency of Richard de Craig, Vicar of Dundee, an agreement was made whereby the Abbey of Lindores handed over the control of the Church of Dundee to the Town Council and burgesses. As Richard de Craig had taken an active part in the founding of St Andrews University in 1404, it is probable that he would look carefully after the educational interests of the burgh, and he may have taken the first step towards the emancipation of the Grammar School from the domination of the Abbot at this time. At least it is certain that never afterwards did the Abbot exercise paramount control over the school in Dundee, though a fierce conflict took place on this point a century later.



M. & T. Scott, Photo-Engravers, Edinburgh.

DUNDEE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, SCHOOL WYND.



M. & T. Scott, Photo-Engravers, Edinburgh.

DUNDEE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, ST CLEMENT'S LANE.

THE REFORMERS AND EDUCATION IN DUNDEE.

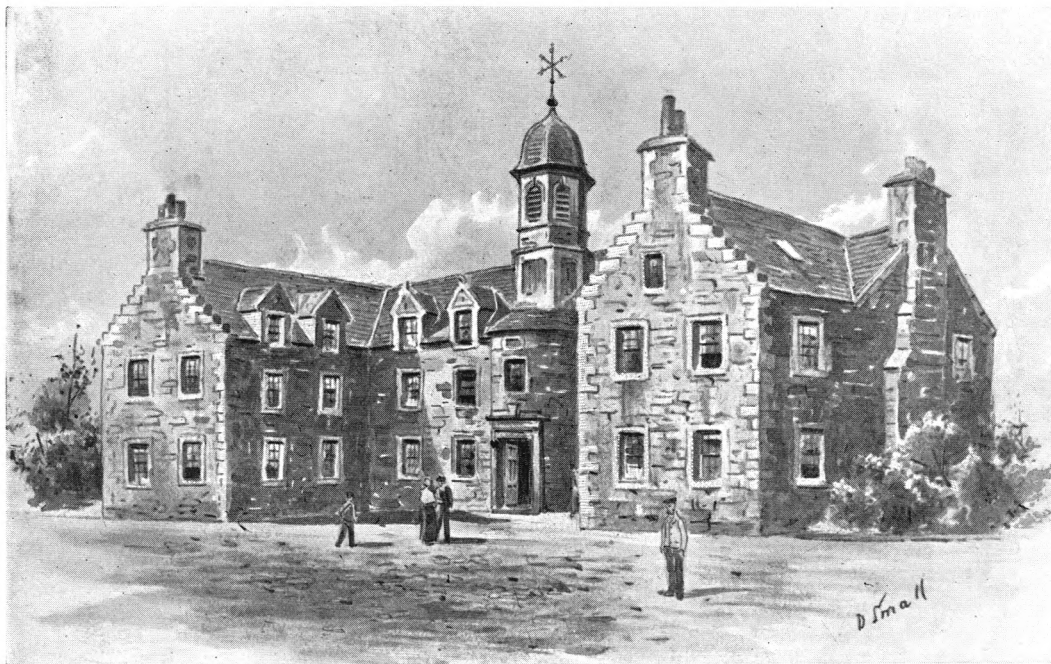
The leading burgesses of Dundee early declared themselves in favour of the Reformation. In 1554 Thomas Makgibbon had been appointed schoolmaster, and, with the connivance of the Council, he had spread "the Lutheran heresy" amongst the scholars. When this scandal came to the knowledge of the Abbot of Lindores he directed John Rolland, Vicar of Dundee, to evict Makgibbon and take charge of the school himself, or by substitutes appointed by him. Rolland's preferment to the vicarage had not been approved by the Bishop of Brechin, and the Council took advantage of the dispute between the Bishop and the Abbot, and strongly supported Makgibbon. A proclamation was issued directing the inhabitants, under pain of fines, to send their children only to Makgibbon's school, and forbidding any others to teach in the burgh. As a counter move the Abbot carried his case before the Archbishop of St Andrews, and obtained a decree that the Council should be solemnly excommunicated and cursed by bell, book, and candle, if they persisted in their contumacy. The Councillors appealed to the Pope's Legate, and had the commination removed, but they were declared rebels, and handed over to the Civil Courts. The process continued for more than five years, but at length the sentence of "putting to the horn" and declaring the Councillors as rebels was suspended. Meanwhile the overthrow of the Romish supremacy and the demolition of Lindores Abbey and dispersion of the monks put an end to all opposition from that quarter. The Town Councillors, now confessed Protestants, at once made liberal provision for the maintenance of Thomas Makgibbon as schoolmaster; and they took the control of the Grammar School entirely into their own hands. From that time until the present century the Town Council maintained complete oversight of the School of Dundee.

THE OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL, ST CLEMENT'S LANE.

No record has been found to show where the Grammar School was located in pre-Reformation times. The Abbot of Lindores had a house in Dundee in which certain chambers were kept for the use of any of the officials who might have business to transact in the burgh, and it is possible that a portion of this tenement was set aside for the School; but on this point nothing certain can be affirmed. Shortly before the Reformation it appears that the schoolmasters received pupils in their own houses, or in places set apart by the Town Council, for which they paid a rent. In 1553 the Town Council made an arrangement to pay for one chamber in which the Schoolmaster might live; but he had to account to the Council for the rent of the school. After the Reformation, when the Town Council took full charge of the education, and when the ecclesiastical property in Dundee was secularised and handed over by Queen Mary to the municipal rulers, a special stipulation was made that the sum of 10 lib. Scots should be paid to the master of the Grammar School out of the Hospital revenues. The Act of Parliament of 1561 relating to education, enacted that the friars' houses that were not demolished were to be preserved for schools; but unfortunately both the Franciscan Monastery, founded by Devorgilla, and the Blackfriars Monastery, founded by Provost Abercromby, had been overthrown before that time. The Council, finding it needful to make some arrangement for teaching the sons of burgesses, instructed George Spens "to big and repair a sufficient place for the master" in

1563. This order, however, was neglected, and it was not until 1589 that the Grammar School in St Clement's Lane was built. It stood at the south-east corner of the block now occupied by the Town House, and was removed in 1871 when the Town House was extended. The Grammar School was a two-storey building, the upper flat being reached by an outside stair that projected into St Clement's Lane. This inconsiderable building was for nearly two centuries the principal school in Dundee, and within its walls such eminent teachers as David Lindsay, afterwards Bishop of Edinburgh, and such distinguished scholars as Sir George Mackenzie, the founder of the Advocates' Library, imparted and received the rudiments of education.

In accordance with the spirit of the time, the Town Council of that period strictly forbade free trade in education. Despite the most strenuous efforts, however, there were private schools started both in the burgh and in the neighbouring barony of Hilltown; and the Councillors found it necessary to expand their ideas if they wished to conserve the teaching profession within their power. The Sang Schule of Dundee was a survival from pre-Reformation times, being a continuation of the school wherein the choristers of the Church of St Mary were trained; and the Town Council assumed and maintained full control of it until it expired as an institution towards the middle of last century. The Music School was situated "on the west side of the kirkyard," and it is not improbable that the building still in existence in the Overgait, known as "the Choristers' House," may have been used, as it had been gifted before the Reformation to the Church for the accommodation of the choristers. In 1637 this house was repaired, and James Fithie, who had been teacher in a school "in the Hill of Dundee," was appointed to assist James Mow, then music master, and to add the teaching of writing to his other occupations. This event is noteworthy, as it seems to be the first instance of the extension of education to other subjects than were taught in the Grammar School. The latter institution was chiefly reserved for the teaching of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics; and very strict rules were laid down so as to make "the perfyting in Latyne" of the scholars a certainty. The use of any other language was forbidden in the Grammar School. In 1664 the Council ordained "that none of the Latin scholars in the Grammar School shall speak English within or without the school, *sub pœna ferulæ* for the first fault; and if they transgress again they shall be publicly whipped by the master, who shall appoint private clandestine captors for this effect." It is difficult to discover from existing records what the curriculum at the Grammar School included. So far as can be learned from stray references in the Town Council Minutes, the scholars at the Grammar School learned neither arithmetic nor geography there, but had to gain their instruction in these branches elsewhere. At length in 1702 the Council found it necessary to found a new school, and its distinctive name was the English School. The writing-master was transferred from the Sang Schule to this new establishment, and a Rector was appointed, with two assistants, called "doctors," who were directed to teach English, writing, reading, and arithmetic. At a later date book-keeping was added to the curriculum, but foreign languages were not included. The staff of the Grammar School consisted of a Rector and two "doctors," a third assistant being added to the staff in 1749. It has been suggested that in the sixteenth century the Grammar School had a Rector and six assistants, and that the curriculum extended over seven years; but it is certain that at the beginning of last century there were only three teachers in the Grammar School, and the course of instruction had then been abbreviated to five years.



M. & T. Scott, Photo-Engravers, Edinburgh.

DUNDEE ACADEMY, THE HOSPITAL, NETHERGATE.

THE KIRKYARD SCHOOL.

During the Siege of Dundee in 1651 the nave of the Church of St Mary was destroyed, and the Tower, or "Steeple of Dundee," was left standing apart from the remainder of the building. When the English School was founded, a building was put up for its accommodation in the vacant space between the Tower and the transepts, and here the two schools—the Grammar School and the English School—were held for a considerable time. At length in 1789, when it was decided to rebuild the nave of St Mary's and erect it into a new parish church—the Steeple Church—a new Grammar School was built at the corner of the Nethergait, and what is now called Lindsay Street, and the two schools were removed thither. The school on the site of the Steeple Church was colloquially known as "the Kirkyard School," and the passage leading to it was called the School Wynd. Local antiquaries have been puzzled by finding the name of the School Wynd in charters of 1720 and about that date, for they could not reconcile the existence of the name with the fact that the Grammar School was not built until 1789; but the explanation is easy when it is remembered that the same Wynd would lead to the Old Grammar School on the site of the Steeple Church, as to the new School at the corner of the Wynd which is now absorbed in Lindsay Street. The new Grammar School took its origin in a peculiar way. The burgh had been so seriously impoverished during the seventeenth century—having been twice besieged and laid waste, first by Montrose and afterwards by General Monck—that it was plunged deeply into debt. In 1707 a special Act of Parliament was passed which conferred upon the Town Council the right to uplift a tax of two pennies on the pint of ale and beer brewed within the burgh, a portion of the proceeds to be devoted to the advancement of education in Dundee. This Act was renewed periodically until 1848, when it was allowed to lapse; but the strange fact remains that for nearly a century and a half the salaries of the teachers of Dundee depended upon the produce of a Beer Tax—a kind of early anticipation of the Gothenburg System. It was from the accumulated funds from this tax that the Grammar School was erected in School Wynd; and a very considerable sum was contributed from the same source towards the building of the present High School in 1832, as will be explained further on in this sketch.

THE DUNDEE ACADEMY, NETHERGAIT.

The two schools, even with the aid of several private schools for teaching special subjects, such as navigation, were not sufficient to provide for the increasing educational wants of the inhabitants. An attempt was made to introduce what would then be called "higher education" in 1785 by the establishment of the Dundee Academy in that year. The Town Council set apart a portion of the old building called the Hospital—an almshouse erected out of the secularised ecclesiastical revenues—which stood in the Nethergait, near the foot of what is now Tay Street. The staff consisted of a Rector, an assistant, a teacher of French and Italian, and a drawing master, who also taught etching on copper. The first Rector was James Weir, a most ingenious person, who devised two methods of solving the perpetual motion problem, invented a double-action stocking frame, and carried out improvements on the sextant which were brought under the notice of the Government, and for which he was rewarded. The first assistant master was James Ivory, son of a watch-

maker in Dundee, who afterwards made a great reputation as a mathematician, and was knighted by William IV. for his services to science. In spite of these competent teachers, however, the Academy was not a success, and in July 1792 it was closed. Meanwhile an important bequest of £6,000 had been left to Dundee in 1789 by George Webster, of London, a native of the burgh, "for the purpose of establishing an Academy in the town of Dundee," at which 65 boys and 35 girls were to be taught the English language, writing, and arithmetic. The capital sum and interest were not to be available until 1802, and it was probably in view of this bequest that the Dundee Academy was revived at the beginning of this century. The new venture was again located in the Hospital, and on 2nd December 1801 the Town Council appointed Thomas Duncan as the first Rector of the Academy. For over eighteen years Mr Duncan held this position, and did more than any other teacher to advance the cause of education in Dundee. He resigned his post in October 1820, when he was appointed Professor of Mathematics at St Andrews University, in which place he remained until his death in 1858. When Webster's bequest came to be applied it was found that no part of the money could be applied towards building a suitable schoolhouse, for the proceeds were required entirely to pay the school fees of the 100 beneficiaries.

PLEA FOR A NEW ACADEMY.

Mr Duncan took up the question of school accommodation with ardour, and in a pamphlet, published in January 1815, he strongly urged upon the inhabitants the necessity of their subscribing privately for the building of a suitable Academy. After explaining the mysterious influence which the exterior of a venerable college or an elegant academical edifice has upon students, he proceeds thus:—

"Now, in this respect, how stands Dundee? None who sees the building [part of the Hospital] can be at a loss to form an opinion. Is it not the mere fragment of an old hospital for decayed citizens? Does it even retain any traces of that dignified because humane destination, unless the inscription on its walls? Does it present one venerable feature, unless the mould of antiquity and the stoop of age? Is it not liker to an old barn than to a temple of science? Is there even a parochial school in Scotland that would not feel itself disgraced by the building in which you expect your sons to be taught the philosophy of Newton? You embellish churches; and why? It is not surely to gratify human pride, still less from the presumptuous motive of increasing the glory or the happiness of the Eternal. The only rational motive is in order to aid religious impressions. But does the pure and spiritual worship of God, does the piety of the devout, does the sober fancy of the aged, demand the attraction of external splendour; and will you deny it to the young, who are called upon to climb the arduous steep of Knowledge? You build splendid lunatic asylums, and I question neither their great utility nor the humane motives of their founders. But is an institution, to which this town may send two or three unfortunates in the course of a year, to be compared in point of utility with another which is addressed to a great part of the rising generation? which does not, indeed, propose to repair or to soothe a shattered intellect, but which lays the foundation of a healthy mental constitution by vigorous exercise? which, in short, is one of the chief means in the place of saving the community from comparative barbarism? You erect magnificent theatres—as if to demonstrate, in the eyes of the young, that everything, even the most trifling amuse-



BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL. *M. & T. Scott, Photo-Engravers, Edinburgh.*



GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL. *M. & T. Scott, Photo-Engravers, Edinburgh.*

ment, possesses an importance superior to learning. You place the ruin called an academy in a range of splendid houses—as if to illustrate its insignificance by contrast.”

This eloquent remonstrance did not have the immediate effect which Mr Duncan contemplated, but there can be no question that the ultimate result of its plain-spoken arguments is visible in the magnificent pile of the present High School ; and this fact may excuse the long quotation from the Rector’s pamphlet. Years passed away, and the Academy still dragged on its existence in the miserable ruins of the Hospital. Mr Duncan left the institution in 1820 still lodged in its unsuitable home, but it was the fortune of his immediate successor in the Rectorship to witness this scandal removed from Dundee. On October 21st, 1820, William Murray, M.A., who had been an assistant at Heriot’s Hospital, was appointed Rector of the Academy in succession to Mr Duncan. About this time the staff consisted of the Rector ; George Gauld, M.A. of Aberdeen, appointed 1816 ; Jules Legendre, a French officer, who had found refuge in Scotland during the Napoleonic Wars, and who was appointed teacher of foreign languages in 1814 ; and D. R. Andrews, drawing master, appointed in 1822. The staff of the Grammar School in 1822 was John Millar, Rector ; John Black, assistant, appointed in 1813. The English (or Parochial) School was under the charge of William Wyllie ; and there was a separate Navigation School conducted by William Mills. These gentlemen had the whole task of educating the youth of Dundee at this period, with the extraneous aid of seventeen teachers in private schools—a number totally inadequate at a period when Dundee was advancing at a rapid rate. The difficulty of overtaking the work of education led to an important movement, out of which the High School sprang into existence.

“ THE DUNDEE PUBLIC SEMINARIES.”

In 1829 the notion originated that some steps should be taken to provide a suitable form of education. On the 3rd April in that year Major Guthrie issued a circular calling a public meeting in Budge’s Hotel to consider as to the providing of an adequate building for the Academy. This meeting was held on 6th April, and Alexander Ramsay, M.D., Tay Street, submitted the draft of a letter to be sent to the Town Council and the Ale and Beer Commissioners, suggesting the combination of the various Dundee schools within one building, and asking that funds should be set apart for that purpose. The proposal was favourably received, and at a meeting held on 28th April Lieutenant-Colonel Chalmers read the draft of a proposed Constitution under which the three separate schools might be amalgamated. Meanwhile the Town Council had been considering the matter, and two reports by Committees specially appointed for the purpose were printed in September 1827. While the Town Council were willing to assist in the movement, the burgh was then in so impoverished a condition that it was impossible to take money from the public rates for building a new school. The ale and beer impost, which was granted by the Act of 1707, expressly directed that the money raised was to be applied to repairing the harbour, and various other public works, and to pay the salaries of efficient teachers ; but no provision was made to permit of a building scheme. When this Act was renewed in 1827 a special clause was inserted permitting the expenditure of £2,500 on building a school, but this was inadequate. The only method that could be followed was to organise a public subscription so that the proposed new building might be erected, and then the Town Council could freely

apply the ale and beer money towards the payment of teachers. There was an initial difficulty. It was not to be supposed that private citizens would subscribe a large sum of money for a public institution if the subscribers were to have no share in its government. The scheme proposed by Lieutenant-Colonel Chalmers was that twenty Directors should be appointed—ten by the Town Council and ten by the subscribers, to be elected annually—that the subscribers should make up the fund to £2,500, and that the Ale and Beer Commissioners should set apart a similar sum, so that a suitable building might be erected for the accommodation of the three schools—the Academy, the Grammar School, and the English School. This proposal was adopted, and the Town Council engaged “to pay annually to the Directors the sum of £338 17s. 10d., being equal to the yearly amount of the salaries of the teachers of the Academy; and also £11 2s. 2d. from the Hospital funds, as formerly, thus making the annual contribution from the Town Council amount to £350. The public subscription was earnestly taken up by well-wishers to the scheme, and within a month’s time the sum of £3,763 6s. was subscribed in sums from one guinea to £100. The first step had thus been taken towards the building of the institution that latterly became the High School of Dundee. The Constitution for “The Public Seminaries,” as the High School was then called, was adopted at a meeting held in the Guild Hall on 23rd May 1829, under the presidency of Provost Thomas Bell, and the ten Directors first appointed by the subscribers were these gentlemen:—Lieutenant-Colonel Chalmers, Major John Guthrie, David Hunter of Blackness, Rev. Heneage Horsley, Dr Alexander Stormonth, Patrick Scott, James Ogilvie, William Lindsay, Dr Alexander Ramsay, and Alexander Christie. The representatives from the Town Council were:—Provost Bell, ex-Provost Balfour, ex-Provost Anderson, Bailies Patrick Whitson, George Thoms, Alexander Reid, and James Brown, and Messrs Miln and Sturrock, and the Rev. Mr Adie.

The first duty which the Directors of the Public Seminaries had to undertake was the procuring of a suitable site for the new building that was to be erected. This was no easy task, but a Committee appointed by the Directors set about it without delay, and gave in a report on 25th July 1829. It is interesting to learn from this report that there were no less than six sites examined, and that strong objections were urged against the site where the High School now stands. The following places were reported upon:—

- 1st. Site on the north side of the Nethergait, of which the house and garden belonging to Mr Bell, surgeon, would be the centre. It extended eastward from the shop at the east corner of Long Wynd, with a frontage of 163 feet to Nethergait, and it was proposed that the ground should be acquired northward to the Overgait. The chief objection was that the feu would cost £6,000.
- 2nd. Site in the public Meadow, the buildings to form the north termination of the proposed street from the High Street northward through Budge’s Hotel [Reform Street]. The objections were that the place was surrounded by manufactories, and these would likely increase, so that the smoke would be detrimental to the health of the scholars. Ultimately, however, this was the site selected.
- 3rd. Site in West Chapelshade near that part of it known by the name of Culloden. This was one of the favourite sites with the Committee. It consisted of two acres bounded on the east by Constitution Brae Road, on the west by the wall

bounding the railway, on the south by a forty feet road in the line of Bell Street, and on the north by a mutual wall. In fact this was the ground at present occupied as the New Cemetery. The principal objection was the likelihood of works being erected in the immediate vicinity.

- 4th. Site on the west side of Tay Street, between Tay Square and the works erected by Mr Duff, machine-maker, with a frontage of 213 feet to Tay Street. The Committee most strongly recommended this site.
- 5th. Site of the old Hospital houses and their gardens at the foot of Tay Street, with a frontage of 133 feet. This was the position most in favour with the inhabitants, and it was proposed that a portion of the ground might be reclaimed from the river by an embankment. The cost of the site was a fatal objection.
- 6th. Site to be obtained by embankment at Yeaman Shore, with access from the east by Union Street; the Yeaman Shore Road to be made "one of the most agreeable and convenient streets in Dundee." The delay necessary to permit of the reclamation and embankment was an objection, but the Committee unanimously recommended this as a most suitable site for the Public Seminaries.

After many serious debates in Council, the Directors ultimately decided upon the site in the Meadows; and designs were obtained from several architects. Two of these designs were regarded with especial favour—one by Mr George Angus, and one by Mr George Smith, both of Edinburgh. At length Mr Angus was instructed to prepare a design which would combine the advantages of the two plans; and the present High School building was the result. It was commenced in June 1832, and so far completed as to admit of the reception of all the classes on October 1st, 1834. The total cost of the building, with playground and enclosures, amounted to £10,000, the greater portion of this sum being obtained by public subscription.

The "Dundee Public Seminaries" had now "a local habitation and a name," but the difficulties of the Directors were by no means over. The three schools—the Academy, the Grammar School, and the English School—were kept, as far as possible, distinct from each other. The Grammar School, though really the original successor of the old monastic parish school, was placed in the second rank; and the Academy obtained the premier position. As the headmasters of these two schools both bore the title of "Rector," some jealousy arose between Mr Murray, of the Academy, and Mr John Black, of the Grammar School, as to their rights of precedence; and this strained attitude continued for some time, and was at length terminated in an unfortunate way. In 1833 Mr Murray's name had been so prominently mixed up in a Court of Session case that the Directors felt bound to dismiss him; and when they appointed Mr Alex. M'Laren as his successor, the designation of Rector was dropped. At a later date it was arranged that one of the Directors should be appointed as Governor, and should perform those acts of general supervision usually assigned to a Rector. The title of Rector was in abeyance from the dismissal of Mr Murray until it was revived under the Harris Endowment Act of 1882, and the present Rector, George Ross Merry, LL.D., became the first Rector of the High School in 1883.

“THE HIGH SCHOOL OF DUNDEE.”

When the constitution of the Public Seminaries was adopted in 1829 one of the clauses was framed thus :—“If the Directors decide that it would be advisable and practicable to obtain a Crown Charter in conformity to the stipulations herein detailed, they will take the necessary steps for carrying this into effect.” It was not found needful to have a Royal Charter for 30 years after the settlement of the Public Seminaries ; but many changes had taken place during that period. For instance, a very important alteration occurred in 1848. The Ale and Beer Act of 1707 expired in that year, but though at a public meeting, held in October 1847, resolutions were passed requesting the Town Council to apply for a renewal of the Act, no action was taken by the Council, and the Act was allowed to lapse. The Public Seminaries, being thus deprived of a free income of £400 per annum, had again to appeal to the liberality of the inhabitants, and the appeal was not made in vain. But as the Town Council, *ex officio*, no longer contributed to the funds of the Public Seminaries, it was deemed prudent that a Charter of Incorporation should be obtained so that the interests of the subscribers should be properly safeguarded. Accordingly a petition was presented to Her Majesty, and on 31st October 1859 a Royal Warrant for a Charter was issued under the Union Seal, and the Charter of Incorporation was sealed at Edinburgh on 30th November 1859. Under this document the name of “The Public Seminaries of Dundee” was changed to “The High School of Dundee,” the title which it has since borne. The Corporation was to consist of the Provost, four Bailies, and the Dean of Guild, *ex officio*, together with four other persons chosen by the Town Council, and also of ten persons annually elected by the subscribers. This Charter formed the Constitution of the High School until an important change took place in 1882, under the Harris Endowment Act.

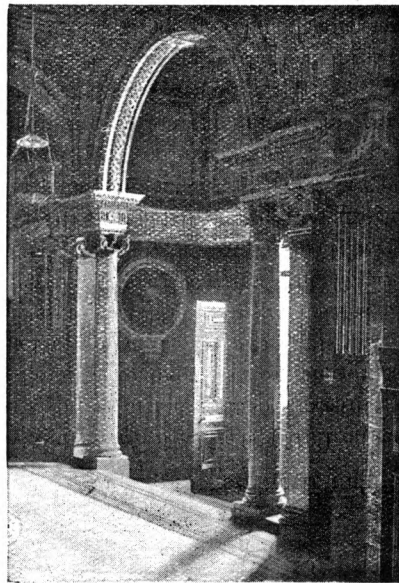
THE HARRIS ENDOWMENT ACT.

After the Education (Scotland) Acts of 1872 and 1878 came into force the School Board of Dundee claimed control of the High School as representing the Parochial School of the burgh. The Directors of the High School repudiated and resisted this claim, and there was every prospect of a long and expensive litigation between the two bodies. At this juncture, when the debate between the High School Corporation and the School Board had become acrimonious, the late Bailie William Harris came forward as mediator. He offered to contribute the sum of £30,000 for the purposes of education in Dundee, provided a Minute of Agreement betwixt him and the two disputants were sanctioned by Act of Parliament. This Minute was signed on 14th December 1881, and declared that the High School Directors should receive £20,000, and that the constitution of the Board of Directors should be altered according to a specified plan ; while, on the other hand, the School Board, on receiving £10,000, should renounce all claim to the High School which it might have under the Education Act, and should establish a public school in Dundee, making special provision for “education in advanced branches of knowledge.” The William Harris Endowment and Dundee Education Act received the Royal Assent on 19th June 1882. By a clause in the Act, twenty-one Directors were appointed to hold office till November 1888. After that date the Directors were to consist of the Provost, the Dean of Guild, the minister of St Mary’s Established Church, six persons elected by the Town Council, seven persons

elected by the Subscribers, three persons by the Dundee Chamber of Commerce, one person by the Guildry Incorporation, and one person by the Nine Trades of Dundee. Another clause in the Act provided that a Rector should be appointed "to take an efficient superintendence, charge, and oversight of all the educational departments of the High School," and he might also be appointed headmaster of one of the higher departments in the school. Following upon this Act the Harris Academy was erected by the School Board as a Secondary School; and the High School has since been conducted in accordance with the terms of the Act. Bailie Harris only survived long enough to see his educational benefactions initiated. He died on 17th March 1883, in the 77th year of his age.

The education of girls had not received special attention during the early years of the century. The Webster Bequest certainly made provision for the training of girls in reading, writing, arithmetic, and sewing, but no apparatus was in existence for the higher education of girls, nor was that object contemplated until a comparatively recent date. This became one of the favourite schemes of Bailie Harris and his sister, the late Miss Harris. By his will he set apart a portion of his estate to be applied to the erection of a Girls' Department in connection with the High School, leaving his sister life-rented in his property. Actuated with the same zeal as her brother for the advancement of education, Miss Harris gave up her claim, and as she was anxious to see his plans carried out in her lifetime, she handed over to the Directors the money necessary for the building of the Girls' High School. In 1890 this splendid structure was completed at a cost of £15,000, besides £10,000 paid for the building that occupied the site. Miss Harris died on 28th August 1894, having survived to see the Girls' High School in full operation. Here terminates the story of the Genesis of the High School. Its history has been outlined from the dim and distant period of 1220 A.D. up till the present day—an honourable record extending over nearly seven centuries.

A. H. MILLAR.



ENTRANCE HALL, GIRLS' SCHOOL.

From the Greek Anthology.

WHITE violet, myrtle, daffodils,
Lilies that laugh, and saffron sweet,
Hyacinth blooms with purpling bells,
The blushing rose, for lovers meet,
I'll twine, that all these flowers may shed
Their perfume round thy fragrant head.

WHERE is thy crown of beauty, Dorian maid ?
Corinth ? thy towers, thy wealth, of old uplaid ?
Gone are thy fanes, thy palaces, thy proud
Sisyphean domes, thy once unnumbered crowd.
O ill-starred city, War hath reft away
Thine all,—no relic of thee lives to-day.
Only, like sea birds that outlast the storm,
We Ocean-nymphs still haunt thy ruined form.

LEWIS CAMPBELL.

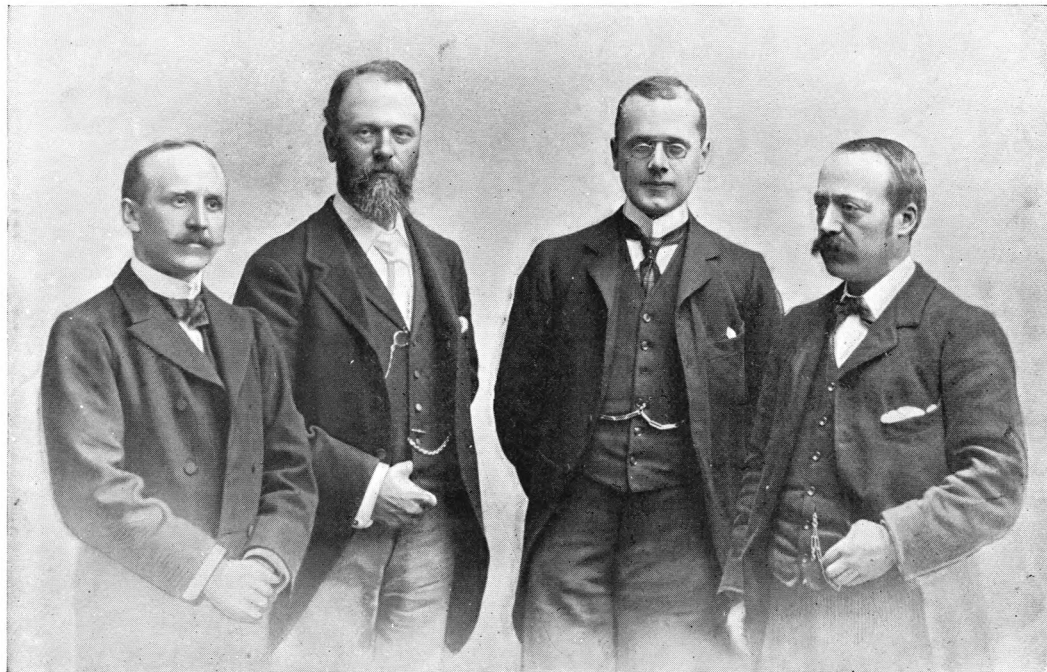


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P E P P E R :

A STORY OF A RARA AVIS.

ONE fine morning in June I left the town by train, and, getting out at a small station, wandered over a bit of country that was new to me. Now, between village and village in the midlands of England, a country road is apt to be monotonous on a hot day : one would rather be among Scotch crags and heather. But when I come upon one of those snug old settlements which date, perhaps, from centuries before Domesday, all discontent vanishes from my mind, and I am an Englishman heart and soul. So it was that morning : I was tired, and wanted something fresh to look at ; and I was right glad to find my road making a sharp descent into a little wooded valley, in which I could catch sight below me of an old church tower, and a line of snug thatched cottages.

In a few minutes I stood upon an old grey bridge, and leant on its solid parapet watching the dark forms of trout in the clear water below me, and listening to the clamour of children just released from morning school. In front of me stretched a village green sloping gently to the brook on one side, and bounded on the other by cottage gardens all aglow with summer flowers ; by the water-side was a row of tall elms, and under one of these was an enticing well-worn seat ; while a little further on, where a group of boys were disporting themselves with loud shouts, was an object which roused my curiosity. I went on and took possession of the seat, and then discovered that this object was one which may still be seen here and there in England—a pair of stocks, as fresh and fit for use as it was on the day when the legs of the last village culprit were locked in its pitiless embrace.

As I sat there, thinking of the good old times when small offences were thus easily and effectually atoned for, a stone fell into the brook with a splash that roused me from my reverie. I looked up, and saw that five or six boys were pelting vigorously at something in the elm at the foot of which the stocks were fixed. In another moment a bat—though the sun was shining hotly—flew out of the tree, wavered about a little, and then settled on another one. Of course, the boys went after it, and stones began to fly about again ; it was time for me to interfere. I ran in among them, and began to deliver a lecture ; but before six words were out of my mouth off went the bat again, and off went the boys in pursuit of it. Clearly eloquence was not the weapon to use on this occasion : I had a more substantial one in my hand. I started after the urchins, stick raised in air, and just contrived to collar the last of them, who seemed a trifle lame, while the rest faced about to see what would happen, and the bat escaped to the dark hiding-place from which he had so imprudently emerged into the sunshine.

My prisoner threatened to give me some trouble : he kicked and plunged most lustily, being incited by his friends, who called him by the strange name of Pepper, to wriggle under my legs, to leave his jacket in my hands and bolt, to fasten on my leg and turn me over into the stream ; but they judiciously refrained from giving him more substantial aid, and he soon tired himself out and let me have a good look at him. Pepper was about twelve years old ; his brown eyes were full of intelligence and mischief. As I looked

down at him his large mouth opened in a broad grin, which showed that his sudden capture had not disturbed his temper for a moment. Those eyes, I knew at a glance, saw the humorous side of things in the world ; and, as I learnt afterwards, Pepper, in spite of his name, had never been known to lose his temper in all the twelve years of his existence.

"Pepper," said I, turning him round towards the stocks, "what were those stocks made for?"

"To put tramps in," said he, without the smallest hesitation.

"Tramps," I said, somewhat incautiously, "and what do you mean by tramps?"

"Folks as come here without any business."

Again the big mouth widened and the brown eyes sparkled. The home-thrust upset my gravity and loosened my hold on the boy, who made the same instant a violent struggle to free himself, amid renewed cheers from his comrades.

When these convulsions had subsided, I did my best to assume a stern and serious aspect.

"Pepper," I said, "which would you rather, sit in the stocks and talk to me there, or sit on that seat and promise on your honour not to run away?"

Pepper's countenance followed the lead of mine, and he answered at once, "Sit on the seat, and honour bright." Thereupon I released him, and we sat down.

"First of all," said I, "is Pepper your surname, or your Christian name, or your nickname?"

"Nickname," replied Pepper, still with great gravity.

"And will you tell me how you came by it?"

"No, I won't tell 'ee that," said Pepper, decidedly. Then on second thoughts, "Maybe the doctor'll tell 'ee if you want to know very bad."

"And who is the doctor?" I was beginning to ask ; but at that moment we were interrupted by a person who I knew by instinct must be the schoolmaster.

This great personage made me a grave bow, and asked whether any of his boys had been in mischief ; to which I answered that they certainly had, but might now be considered to be out of it again, and that I did not wish to incriminate them. "I should like to ask you a question myself, Mr Schoolmaster," I added, "as I can't get an answer to it from this boy. Pray, why in the world is he called Pepper?"

The precise features of the pedagogue relaxed for a moment, and there was the faintest ghost of a twinkle in his eye. "Pepper, be off," he commanded ; but Pepper had that very moment made himself scarce, and was vanishing at a great pace, in spite of his slight lameness. The master sat down beside me, and presently lit his after-dinner pipe ; I followed suit, and we soon became communicative. I told him about the bat, on the condition that no steps should be taken to avenge its persecution ; and he told me the story of Pepper. But as I heard it afterwards from both the principal *dramatis personæ*, when I made closer acquaintance with them and their village, I shall here take leave of the schoolmaster, and tell the story in my own words.

The doctor was in his study one fine morning, a year or so before my chance arrival at the village, very busy with his cabinets. His grey head was bent over a magnifying glass, with which he was examining the legs of a rare beetle. All round the room there were cabinets full of specimens, cases of stuffed birds, collections of fossils and flint instruments ;

the window stood open, and in front of it was a large brown pan of water, in which several small birds were taking a morning bath.

There was a ring at the bell, but the doctor did not hear it. A tap at the door followed : it was very gently opened, and a maid peeped in nervously—for it was a serious thing to disturb the doctor in his study. He was quite unconscious as yet of any intruder.

"If you please, sir, there are some boys here wanting you."

"Tell them to go away," said the doctor, "I don't want them now, nor you either, Mary."

Mary withdrew, and more beetles were examined. In half an hour or so she appeared again. "Please, sir," she said, "those boys won't go away ; they say they've found a very rare bird, and they must see you."

The doctor looked up and sighed. "Ask them what sort of a bird it is, and tell me whether Jemmy Jackson is with them."

Once more Mary departed, and again the doctor fixed his glass upon a beetle. But he had not got a good look at its hind legs when in she came again.

"Please, sir, Jemmy Jackson is not there, and they say it's a Golden Hoary Owl."

"Golden *what*?" said the doctor, but he put down his beetle and pinned it safely in its place. "Golden Oriole, indeed! what have those little idiots got hold of! And Jemmy Jackson not there—the only boy that knows a rook from a robin!"

A dim suspicion that he was going to be made a fool of floated across the doctor's mind, but he dismissed it as he reached the hall door and confronted half a dozen urchins with faces as serious as they could assume. Jemmy Jackson was not there ; and Jemmy, though he knew every bird in the neighbourhood, and had even found a beetle which the doctor was for calling *Podicularia Jacksoniana* until he found that it had already been added to the British list by a friend in the Island of Mull—Jemmy, his favourite, was the *pickle* of the place, and without him no tricks were to be looked for. Only a few days ago Jemmy had filled up the slit of the village letter-box with clay, so that no letters could be posted in it : he was probably still smarting from the results of this enterprise, and hiding a diminished head.

"Well, lads," said the doctor, "what have you found? What is the bird like?"

"Please, sir," said a small spokesman, "it's a big yaller bird, and it's up in the big elm in Paddock Close ; and, please, sir, its wings be a bit black."

"Golden Oriole, sure enough," said the doctor to himself ; "and the only one ever known in the county was thirty years ago. Are there two of them?" he asked the boys.

"No, sir, there be only one, but he be a beauty," was the answer.

The doctor did not stop to ask how they came to know it as a Golden Oriole—without Jemmy, too ; he was meditating on the great question whether he might legitimately shoot it. The doctor was a great enemy to the wanton destruction of birds ; but then he had a collection, and there was not a single British Oriole in it. A stray solitary bird would certainly be shot by someone ; its gay plumage would betray it, and it would find its way to the local bird-stuffer, and be consigned eventually to a glass case in some public-house parlour. Why should not the doctor possess it? White of Selborne always shot a bird when he wanted it ; and the thought of the great naturalist and his gun gave the doctor new courage.

"Go on quick," he said to the boys, "and mark it down if it flies away. I'll put on my hat and follow you at once."

But, alas ! it was not only his hat that the doctor went to fetch. He took down an old fowling-piece, loaded it with dust-shot so as to avoid spoiling the specimen, and hurried down the lane towards Paddock Close. It was a deep winding lane, and the boys were out of sight ahead of him : as he neared the tree, which stood just inside the Close within a few yards of the lane, he saw the last of them disappearing over a gate into the field. He wiped his glasses and looked up into the tree as he stood there in the lane. Sure enough, there was a slight movement in the foliage not far from the top, as of a bird changing its position. Another moment, and a glint of yellow caught his eye. The doctor swallowed his rising compunction, raised the gun to his shoulder, and fired, just as a loud scream burst from the upper branches. But the explosion of the gun drowned the cry ; something was falling through the foliage, and the doctor rushed into the field—springing over the gate as if he were twenty instead of sixty—to secure his prize. There on the ground under the tree was a yellow object, upon which the doctor pounced, then let it drop from his hand and stood utterly dumbfounded. It was a stuffed Indian Oriole ! and he had no difficulty in identifying it as the property of Jemmy Jackson's uncle, who had bought it cheap with other foreign birds in a glass case, and who had more than once importuned the doctor to buy it of him.

At last the doctor raised his eyes from this unpleasant object and saw the boys running off with all their might. He shouted to them to come back, but they only ran the faster, and he and the Oriole were left in solitude. Then suddenly from the top of the tree arose a sound of wailing. The doctor pricked up his ears and listened : a new light appeared to dawn upon him.

"Jemmy," said the doctor, "come down from that tree."

"Please, sir, I be shot," said a feeble voice, which fell again into wailing and sobbing.

The doctor tightened himself up to make the best of it. "Jemmy," he shouted, "come down from that tree, or I'll shoot you again."

There was an awful moment of suspense for the doctor, whose face looked dark and anxious. Then the branches began to move : the doctor breathed again. Slowly, and with many stoppages, and with an outburst of tears at every halting-place, Jemmy descended. When he reached the last bough and was hesitating about the drop from it, the doctor caught him in his arms, and, if the truth must be told, he kissed him. Then he was laid gently on the grass and examined.

"Well, Jemmy," said the doctor, as he turned down the short trouser, with a countenance visibly brightening, "you've caught a tartar at last, *and pepper with him !*"

All the rest of that day the doctor and Jemmy spent together in seclusion. Boys were seen looking over the garden wall and through the door into the back yard, but they were motioned away by the maids and ignominiously put to flight by the gardener. What happened inside can only be conjectured from the fact that Jemmy always kept a neat little collection of very small shot in a pill box, which he showed only to his most intimate friends. But he and the doctor became sworn friends from that time ; and a compact was made between them, that the doctor should lay his gun on the shelf for ever, while Jemmy was to play no more practical jokes—anyhow, none on the doctor.

This, then, was the story of Pepper, which I heard from the schoolmaster as we sat in the shade by the stream and the stocks. I heard it again from the doctor when I came to



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 THE SEWING EXHIBITION (JUNE, 1896).



M. & T. Scott, Photo-Engravers, Edinburgh.
 MODELLING IN CLAY.

know that dear old fellow ; and I have heard it from Pepper himself, and seen the treasures in the pill box. Pepper is now installed as the doctor's permanent assistant ; not professionally, indeed, for the doctor has given up his surgery long ago, but in his researches into zoological science. And the doctor solemnly assures me that Pepper has made a remarkable discovery in the internal economy of a wireworm.

W. WARDE FOWLER.

Did I Dream?

(Sequel to the song "O'er the Moor.")

DID I dream we wandered lonely ?
 Ochon-a-rie, my heart is sore ;
 Favoured hour in frowning weather
 When alone we walked together
 By the sad sea's murmuring shore ;—
 All I knew—thy presence only,—
 Ochon-a-rie, my heart is sore ;
 Kindly thoughts, alas ! unspoken,
 Secrets of the heart unbroken,
 Sealed and silent evermore.

Brighter hour may Hope be sending—
 Ochon-a-rie, my heart is sore ;
 Fairer fields and fresh for ever,
 By the wimpling winding river,
 On some other happier shore ;—
 Loving eyes and voices blending,—
 Ochon-a-rie, my heart is sore ;
 Loving lips not now withholden,
 Hearts unsealed and hands enfolden,
 And the parting—nevermore !

THOMAS DUNLOP,

Shakespeare's "Tempest."

THE "Tempest" is probably the least read of all Shakespeare's plays. Portions of it seem as dark as the "unintelligible world" itself; and yet, sometimes, as by an accidental turn, the light flashes from it as from the face of a gem. How many of the thousands who have spoken Prospero's great speech, "These our actors, as I foretold you, were all spirits, &c." (Act IV., Sc. 1), have fathomed its meaning? No one, however, fails to appreciate Miranda's "plain and holy innocence," her simple words and tender heart; or to understand the ambitious schemes of Antonio, the forethought and secret sympathy of Gonzalo, the devoted love of Ferdinand, or the carouse of the butler and the jester. But we are not satisfied with scraps of intelligence: we desire to understand the play as a whole—its meaning for us, and, therefore, we may say, its purpose.

The story is related by Prospero, the hero of the piece. Twelve years before the opening of the drama, Prospero, the rightful Duke of Milan, had been unlawfully dispossessed by his brother Antonio, aided by Alonzo, King of Naples, "an enemy inveterate." To Prospero, study and a retired life presented greater attractions than the duties of a throne; and so, Antonio, being entrusted with the reins of power by the simple duke, and encouraged in the habit of government, set about supplanting him. In accordance with the poetical fashion of the time, the dispossessed duke and his heiress Miranda are set afloat in "a rotten carcass of a butt (boat)" to sink or swim. By the kindness of Gonzalo, provisions, clothes, and, above all, *some of Prospero's books*, are put on board, and soon after father and daughter are cast ashore on an island inhabited by spirits, over whom Caliban, the deformed and savage son of the witch Sycorax, held sway. The banished duke and his daughter live in a cave, attended by Caliban, "of the earth earthy," whom Prospero had drawn into his service, and by Ariel, the spirit of intelligence, released by Prospero's "magic art" from the cleft of a pine, where he had been imprisoned by Sycorax (Act I., Sc. 2, 271-280). At length, at the opening of the drama, Alonzo, in returning from marrying his daughter to the Emperor of Tunis, is overtaken by a tempest, and the ship, with Alonzo, Ferdinand his son, and others, is driven ashore on Prospero's isle. By his "so potent art" he makes it appear to Alonzo that Ferdinand is drowned, and the shipwrecked king, with his suite, is thrown under the spell of Ariel and the other spirits. Ferdinand, meanwhile, is safe in another part of the island, having been led by Ariel to Prospero's cell, where he sees and falls in love with Miranda. About the same time Sebastian and Antonio plot to murder Alonzo and seize the kingdom of Naples; and another conspiracy is formed between Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, the baser spirits, to murder Prospero, and recover command of Caliban's original domain. But both plots are discovered and frustrated by Ariel, acting under Prospero's instructions. After the culprits are sufficiently punished, it is agreed that Prospero, now that his task is done, shall be restored to his dukedom, and Ferdinand married to Miranda. Prospero sets Ariel free; even Caliban aspires to something better; the "magic book" is drowned; and Prospero seeks to retire to his beloved Milan, "where every third thought shall be his grave."

It is a very simple tale. Literally interpreted it is like "a tale told by an idiot," much more improbable than the wonderful stories of Elizabethan travellers. The age was ringing with marvellous stories of the new lands to the West, where, if the traveller did not behold "craggs glittering with treasure," his senses were enchanted with sweet perfumes and golden groves. One of these tales, perhaps the account of Sir George Somer's voyage and shipwreck in 1609, under the title of "The Discovery of the Bermuda's or Devil's Island," may have attracted Shakespeare's notice. It was deemed enchanted :

"The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears ; and sometimes voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again : and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked,
I cried to sleep again." (Act III., Sc. 2.)

Is, then, the "Tempest" of Shakespeare merely an enchanter's tale, as Charles Lamb believed, and does it not contain "such a quantity of the hateful incredible" as to make it not only unfit for stage representation, but also for mental exhibition as a picture of human nature ? The recent representations of the piece in various theatres have disproved the former assertion ; can we controvert the latter ? The following pages are offered as a solution of the play. The secret lies with Prospero and the desert island. Shakespeare seems here to utilise the popular stories of castaways on uninhabited islands, in order to present a picture of man reduced, as it were, to the lowest terms of his nature—a creature composed of two elements, passion and intellect, sense and spirit, Caliban and Ariel—and, further, to show how these two forces must be employed in order to produce the highest result in a well-balanced and harmonious human life. Every individual must face that struggle if he hopes to realise his destiny. Besides the individualistic development, Shakespeare shows, though not so fully, how the race of man progresses from a rude state of nature to a higher, until the almost entirely animal nature which we see in the rudest savages—the merely sensuous consciousness—becomes transformed into spiritual life. Reason and spirit work themselves upward out of the rude chaos of semi-conscious animalism. This seems to be the general lesson of the play—the necessity of spiritualising the lower life, not by neglecting or ignoring it, but by using it for spiritual ends. In Prospero's case we have an example of a one-sided life. He cultivated one side of his nature at the expense of the other, thereby suffering material loss, which became in turn the gateway to spiritual gain. As a ruler he was untrue to his vocation ; he gradually withdrew from "practical politics," and permitted his mind to be wholly occupied in the study of the "liberal arts :"

"those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies" (Act I., Sc. 2.)

These studies, Shakespeare, for purposes of scenic display, and to suit the beliefs of the time in enchanted islands, represents as devoted to magic. Prospero is, if anything, an

intellectual man, "neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated to closeness and the bettering of his mind"—for him, "poor man, his library was dukedom large enough." His abstraction from that world to which he was naturally allied cost him his throne, for it is not in the hands of the mere recluse, or, if the term be allowed, the intellectual ascetic, that the government of men can be placed with confidence. He may, like Plato's philosopher-king, be the spectator of all time and all existence, but if he remain a mere spectator, things will begin to rule themselves. Goethe has said that genius is formed in solitude, and character in the storms of life. Prospero, before he came to himself in banishment, is all genius and no character; and therefore he must pass through the discipline which will recreate him after a higher image. Men of culture often show a disinclination for action, though there are notable instances to the contrary. The nature of such men as Prospero tends to separate them, or at least make them shrink from particular forms of action. Even in some of the simpler labyrinths of life, which a less reflective mind easily threads, or destroys by a burst of energy almost equivalent to brute instinct, they see so many difficulties invisible to others, so many conflicting claims of duty, so many fearful possibilities even in the most trifling action, that they prefer to linger in the world of their own creation, where everything is plastic, than trust themselves to the mysterious but certain nexus of the outer world. With them, morally, "each road leads to the world's end." In "Hamlet" Shakespeare has devoted a whole drama to the exhibition of such a character, loth to leave the sweet brooding of the imagination, and commit himself to a definite course of action. As Goethe has pointed out, "all duties are holy for him," and therefore his nature is tinged with despair; he feels that the task imposed upon him is too great:

"The time is out of joint. O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

Prospero seems, at first, to have been even less inclined to act than Hamlet, but unlike the melancholy Dane, he proceeds, as soon as the mischief is done, to vigorously reconstruct his fallen fortunes of body and spirit. In a certain sense, therefore, the "Tempest" is the sequel to "Hamlet." In the latter play there is a steady accumulation of disasters, all arising out of the pale Prince's hesitation to act: in the former, the disaster is already over when the play begins, and it becomes the first stepping-stone of Prospero's dead self by which he mounts to higher things. The complete freedom and the perfect life which he had aimed at in his seclusion was, as he soon discovered, a spurious emancipation and delusive existence. His isolation is rudely invaded; he is stripped of his possessions, except his learning and culture—no one can strip him of these—and he finds himself at first utterly helpless. He must rebuild for himself a new and a better spiritual house out of his unpromising materials. He is opposed by a world of which he is wholly ignorant, and whose interference with him he fancied he had bought off. As a sign of this breach, Shakespeare represents his studies as devoted to magic and things above the earth; and so, when he is cast on the desert shore, he is thrown entirely on his own resources. Confronted now with the elements of his nature in apparently irreconcilable dualism, he must work his way upward by their help. But observe as the initial stage of his progress that he is granted by the poet the aid of human companionship in the person of his daughter, Miranda. She assists in his restoration to true manhood. The craving for human fellowship which the shipwrecked Crusoe utters, "Oh, that but one man had been saved! Oh,

that there had been but one !” is happily appeased in granting Prospero the society of his daughter. Aristotle has said that the solitary man is either a god or a beast : he is either so far exalted above human society that he does not need it, or he is so far beneath it that it is too good for him. Shakespeare does not permit Prospero to run either risk ; and therefore, recognising that man’s true life consists in the unity and reciprocity of human society, he gives him Miranda’s company. Consequently, the first feelings awakened in Prospero after his long lapse from human affairs are those of a father. Miranda unconsciously lays the foundation of her parent’s new life. When he was about to succumb under his disaster, she revealed a hidden vein of power within him. She is inclined to think nothing but ill of their ejection, but now that he is come to himself, he sees both the good and the ill (Act I., Sc. 2) :

Miranda

“ O ! the heavens !

What foul play had we that we came from thence ?
Or blessed was’t we did ?

Prospero

Both, both, my girl ?”

And when Miranda exclaims

“ Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you !”

Prospero in reply reveals at once his sympathy, and the channel of his amelioration :

“ O, a cherubim

Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck’d the seas with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan’d ; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what would ensue.”

In his state of isolation and abstraction he could not, as Shakespeare elsewhere says, “ be a perfect man, not being tried and tutored by the world.” But his first step on the barren shore is his first step towards true freedom. He begins to put questions to himself about the reality of things, and the universe seems to be upside down. It is a critical time for Prospero. But he comes to himself, and begins his task in the humblest way, being compelled to attend to what he had ignored before. The necessities of his physical being, food and shelter, first demand satisfaction, and so his first encounter is with Caliban and Caliban’s domain. He alludes to this in speaking of Caliban to his daughter :

“ We cannot miss him : he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood and serves in offices
That profit us.”

The state of the island when Prospero arrived, with Caliban as prince of it and Ariel a prisoner, is a condition which must not last. The two powers, sense and spirit, must be adjusted and harmonised before they can co-operate for man’s advancement. In a rude state of society intelligence is still imprisoned in the grasp of sense, as Ariel was in the pine, while Sycorax, the antithesis of good, holds absolute sway. Ariel must therefore be set free before the well-being of man can be said to begin ; and though Prospero is not

unmindful of the origin and cradle of the spirit of intelligence, nor averse to afterwards remind Ariel of the same, it was his first duty to deliver the captive reason from the dominion of mere sense. Prospero thus repeats in his own career what the race of man learned slowly. But this deliverance of the implicit reason cannot be accomplished all at once : a period of less galling and more congenial servitude must be encountered after the initial claims of reason have been recognised. Hence Ariel enters into a compact of service with Prospero, during which period the latter is in a strait betwixt two—Caliban eager for his destruction, Ariel impatient for total emancipation. Prospero's danger and fear are that he may again become so engrossed in one or other side of his nature as to repeat the old mistake. But the attempt at perfect adjustment and harmony of the two must be made. Caliban, the embodiment of mere sense and passion, who calls himself the lord of the island, because the life of instinct and unconscious animalism is first in human nature, himself describes how Prospero attacked and manipulated the difficulties of his position :

“ When thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me and madest much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night : and then I loved thee
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile.”

—a clear picture of the wooing of nature which is necessary to draw forth her gifts. The gradual ascent from purely savage life to civilised existence is here apparent, lighted by the first glimmerings of knowledge. But Caliban, left to himself, tends to ruin, like unregulated nature everywhere ; and, to show that he has still in him the possibility of revolt, he immediately adds

“ Cursed be that I did so !”

He recalls an insult which he offered to Miranda, whereupon Prospero replies much in the style of St Paul in speaking of the almost invincible body of death to which he is joined :

“ Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill !”

To Prospero the body is wholly vile. It is only through the operation of the higher principle of our nature that the lower can be redeemed from absolute brutality :

“ I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other : when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known” (Act I., Sc. 2.)

We may surely find here poetic intimations of the achievements of the human race in rising from dumb and ignorant savagedom to a self-conscious life through the formation of language and its reaction on the intelligence of man.

Both Ariel and Caliban occupy such an important place in developing the character of

Prospero that they deserve much better treatment than they have hitherto received at the hands of the critics. They are neither unreal personages nor creatures like the other actors. How can their existence be explained and satisfactorily harmonised with the situation and character of Prospero? The general answer has already been indicated: Caliban and Ariel are the two factors of human nature, passion and intellect, taken in their abstraction. What Caliban is opposed to is not so much the spirit of Art or the imaginative genius of Poetry, as Professor Dowden supposes, but to the spirit of Morality and Civilization. The problem of the "Tempest" is chiefly ethical, and all the actors are helping on the ethical end, reconciliation—the reconciliation of opposing elements, the reconciliation of Prospero and his enemy through the happy love of their children, the reconciliation of the estranged portions of Prospero's own nature, of the Ariel and Caliban of human life. Caliban (perhaps an anagram from "can(n)ibal") in and by himself is wholly vile: his race "had that in't which good natures

Could not abide to be with"

—the lower side of man uninformed by the elevating power of reason. Ancient nature, the witch Sycorax, is his mother, and to him the whole realm of things visible descends by right of birth. He is the first possessor, resenting, like mere instinct and untutored passion, all encroachments on his domain. Caliban always regards Prospero as a usurper:

"This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me."

The kingdom of mere sense is hard to conquer; the demon of passion is ever ready for revolt and to echo Caliban's cry; though driven back and confined, like Caliban, in a hard rock, it ever murmurs to its conqueror:

"All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own King: and here you sty me
In this hard rock; whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island."

The whole dialogue in Act I between Prospero and Caliban may be taken as a picture of the first struggle with passion and temptation as we might find it in the unsatisfactory negations of asceticism which ends only in slavery like his. Yet the scene testifies to the power of Prospero's regenerated will. The erewhile weak-willed duke is now making vast progress in the art of self-government, and in learning to rule himself he is preparing for the task of ruling a city:

"I must obey: his art is of such power
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him."

At any moment, however, and out of control Caliban is subject to all irregularities. Stephano and Trinculo appear in the play to emphasise Caliban's nature. They are kindred spirits. He takes Stephano for a god because he is drunk:

"That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor.
I will kneel to him." (Act II., Sc. 2.)

And after another draught from Stephano's bottle he is more willing to serve him than Prospero :

“ I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island,
And I will kiss thy foot : I prithee, be my god ;
I'll show thee the best springs ; I'll pluck thee berries ;
I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve !
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.”

—with much more to the same effect, until he revels in a song at the anticipation of unrestrained liberty :

“ No more dams I'll make for fish ;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish :
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master : get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day ! hey-day, freedom ! freedom, hey-day, freedom !”

Ariel is the antithesis of Caliban. He represents the purely intellectual side of man's nature, without a trace of passion. The philosopher of Laputa is a perverted Ariel. As mere intellect divorced from passion he commands our wonder and admiration, but not our love, any more than Caliban. They are both uninviting characters because they are abstractions. As implicit reason, still undelivered from the grasp of sense, Ariel has more of human warmth and life in him than afterwards—something of the “ fair humanities of the old religion.” When Prospero arrives on the island, he finds simply a state of nature ; intelligence imprisoned in a “ cloven pine,” “ a spirit too delicate to act the earthy and abhorred commands” of mere animalism, and awaiting with travailing pains the redemption of creation, “ venting groans as fast as mill-wheels strike.” Nature everywhere is full of reason, waiting to be delivered. And so Prospero says to Ariel :

“ Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in ; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever angry bears : it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo : it was mine art
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.” (Act I, Sc. 2, cf. Juv. Sat.)

After this enfranchisement, Prospero's next duty is to reconcile the two elements thus forced, as it were, to their sharpest opposition. The first unity of nature must be broken up, before the second and better unity of thought and passion in a harmonious life can be realised. Both sides of his being must be disciplined ; and if Ariel is not like Caliban, a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water, he is subjected to as rigorous a service. Neither takes kindly at first to the limits of his new career. If the grosser creature can find no curses heavy enough to heap on the power which disenthralled his captive and dispossessed him of his realm, Ariel is no less a grumbler, asking “ Is there more toil ?” and boasts of

his work as loudly as Caliban (Act. I., Sc. 2), with Prospero's own original prowess to over-estimate the purely intellectual life :

"Thou think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep," &c. (Act I., Sc. 2, 253.)

Finally, in this dialogue, as in that with Caliban, Prospero shows himself master of both ; and the grumbling spirit erewhile chafing at his beneficent bonds, now humbly replies :

"Pardon, Master ;
I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting gently."

Ariel is thus the plastic intellect of man, with its many-sided transforming power ; the bright and swift spirit that can do more wonders than sylph, sea-nymph, or spirit of fire, "flaming amazement" everywhere, convulsing the very foundations of the world, and anon enchanting the desolate mind of Ferdinand with his tender song which allayed the fury of the waters, and "his passion with its sweet air." All nature yields to his touch. It is his to answer man's best pleasure :

"Be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality."

Having ceased to be the bondsman of passion, he revels in the joy of the new life in a service that at first at least is not galling ; but he pants to be free, and loses no opportunity of reminding Prospero of their bargain. Thus the contest between Ariel and his master is as severe as that which is being fought out with Caliban. To the exiled duke, now recovering his spiritual and every other heritage, the danger arises of exalting the one element of life at the cost of the other without giving both their due dignity and value. Either course would be fatal to Prospero's true discipline. He must neither deny the claims of sense and passion, nor give the abstractions of asceticism entire dominion. In the fretting of Ariel and the baser recriminations of Caliban the struggles to adjust the two factors find symbolic expression ; and as the drama advances we see Prospero, from being a weak unpractical dreamer, become a stern but beneficent ruler of himself and his powers, a true king. In the heat of his fear at the return of his old life of seclusion and abstraction, he even threatens to restore the original state of things, where merely physical considerations were all in all, by "pegging" Ariel into the "knotty entrails" of a riven oak. Both Ariel, therefore, and Caliban must serve in subjection a little longer, till the true reconciliation comes, when the "Ephraim of human life shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim." This higher life to which Prospero aspires is typified by his restoration to power, and reconciliation with his old enemy : the love of Ferdinand and Miranda, so beautiful and perfect in its mutual sacrifice, the plots of the powers of darkness, led by Caliban, and the colloquies of Alonzo and his company, all assist in realising this end.

Nothing need here be said of the character of Miranda. Her "plain and holy innocence" has always commended her as one of the simplest and fairest of Shakespeare's creations. There is sunshine wherever she appears : she needs only to be named to be admired.

In Prospero's treatment of Ferdinand we see a reflection of the process through which he himself had passed. He now knows acutely the dangers encircling the heritage of human life, and therefore, as a means of discipline, he imposes menial labour on the prince, to test his love for Miranda. He constrains the future husband of his daughter to adjust accounts, so to speak, with the lowest claims of being, in order that the higher may be more comprehensibly grasped. In setting Ferdinand to bear logs, like Caliban, Prospero seems to be "crabb'd and composed of harshness," but it is really one of those "poor matters" which, as the toiling lover observes, "point to rich ends" (Act III., Sc. 1). Miranda would fain share with him that mean labour that seems proper for a Caliban only ; and at this electric touch the very lowest service of life is transfigured, as it had been in Prospero himself, into labour worthy of a god :

"The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service ; there resides
To make me slave to it ; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man." (Act III., Sc. 1.)

At last, "star to star vibrates light," and the holy union of hearts is sealed.

Prospero, the delighted spectator of this scene of love and toil, avows afterwards to Ferdinand, in giving him Miranda,

"All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test." (Act IV., Sc. 1.)

He appears to trample on his own affections that he may prove and elevate them ; and remembering his own sad fall through not preserving the balance of his powers, he counsels the young man against evil suggestions. It is no arbitrary doom that awaits transgression, but the natural recoil of broken law (Act IV., Sc. 1). Promises are easy to make and as easy to break :

"Look thou be true ; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein : the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood : be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow !"

Satisfied at length with Ferdinand's behaviour, Prospero agrees to the union of the pair, and from this moment, emancipation from the island and reconciliations of all antagonisms, including those of Prospero's own nature, give the first dawn of the glorious day of strength and beauty for all. But before he finally triumphs and the course of discipline is complete, there is to be one more struggle for supremacy between him and Caliban's rabble rout. It is the issue of the alliance, founded on bacchanalian principles, between Stephano, Trinculo, and Caliban. In his base confederates and their "celestial liquor" the monster finds masters more to his liking, and he is willing to be "for aye their footlicker." They hear his tale of Prospero's usurpation, and the three besotted heads conspire to murder the sage. But even then Caliban bears remarkable testimony to the power of his master, and the feebleness of passion against a strong intelligence and will :

"Thou may'st brain him,
Having first seized his books. . . .
Remember,
First to possess his books ; for without them,

He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
 One spirit to command.
 Burn but his books.
 He has brave utensils—for so he calls them," &c.

Soon comes the crisis. Prospero would fain bestow on the eyes of the young couple some vanity of his art (Act IV., Sc. 1), and he charges the now submissive Ariel and all his band to work their best. The pastoral masque in Act IV. is a vision of conjugal blessing, and, enraptured with the sight of mere enjoyment without duty, Ferdinand, like St Peter, desires to "live here for ever ;

So rare a wonder'd father and a wise
 Makes this place paradise." (Act IV., Sc. 1, 123-5.)

Hence, in the full tide of this delight, Prospero becomes aware of the hazard he is running in thus abstracting himself from the practical affairs of life, and he abruptly breaks off the masque. Even at the last he is almost conquered (Act IV., Sc. 1, 139-142), but he recovers his self-control : his trials are nearly over, and the revels ended. The contemplation of the fairy vision, so easily created, so bright, so beautiful, so soon dissolved, awakens in his soul another vision of the statelier fabric of the world and human life, apparently as baseless, as mysterious, and as transient as any masque. What is the origin of human life, its purposes, its end ? Does human effort begin and end in a dream ?

"These our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits and
 Are melted into air, into thin air,
 And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep." (Act IV., Sc. 1, 148-158.)

The rest of the scene is occupied with the discomfiture of the three conspirators, and the avenging dogs of their own passions "hunt them soundly." Prospero now feels that with the reconciliation of all the conflicting personages and elements in his strange, eventful history, his task will be done. He will then abjure his rough magic ; he will

"Break his staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound
 He'll drown his book."

The victory is won ; there is perfect reconciliation everywhere ; peace within and peace without. Ferdinand and Miranda reach the apotheosis of love ; the wronged duke and the usurper no longer manifest the "hatred of brothers ;" Alonzo is bound to Ferdinand by the tenderest ties ; the dukedom is restored to its rightful owner ; and, above all, Prospero himself, at first the careless fugitive from worldly things, attains to his true spiritual empire of "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control." His whole being, and not merely his library, is now his kingdom, and there is perfect harmony among its subjects. To

crown the work, there is even a final summoning and gracious reception of the baser spirits :

“ There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.” (Act V.)

Even the “ thing of darkness,” Caliban, is acknowledged by Prospero as his ; and the creature admits that the service of goodness is the best after all :

“ I'll be wise hereafter
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
And worship the dull fool !”

Ariel, too, now so cheerful and pliant, when all his strange task is finished, is released from his strict servitude ; and both he and Caliban vanish, as distinct personages, in the harmony of a well-ordered, well-proportioned, beautiful human life.

In learning to rule himself Prospero has learned to rule the world : he has come to and found himself at last, though he was really not his own at first ; and the herald of peace and reconciliation of the diverse qualities of his nature and surroundings find suitable voice in old Gonzalo, who had remembered the outcast duke in his calamity, and furnished him with books :

“ O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars : in one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.” (Act. V., line 207.)

If it be said that according to this interpretation of the “ Tempest” Shakespeare is made to preach a sermon, or write a play with a purpose, the reply is not far to seek. There is always a “ moral” in anything that is true to the laws of human nature, even when it is represented in a parable ; and it lies with us to perceive the truth that is enshrined in the poet's or artist's representation. Besides, has not he himself told us that we may find

“ Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks,
And good in everything ?”

And why not a sermon in one of his plays ?

C. C.



M. & T. Scott, Photo-Engravers, Edinburgh.

GIRLS' ART ROOM.



M. & T. Scott, Photo-Engravers, Edinburgh.

SKETCHING CLASS.

Autumn Beauty.

THY hair is flecked with grey, my love,
Like fallen snow shall it lie hereafter ;
And tiny creeping wrinkles move
In the footprints of thy laughter :
O love ! the lines are gathering fast
Where the old love smiles have long since passed

And dimmer grow thine eyes, my love,
For the mist of tears is deeper growing ;
The footsteps, once so fleet to rove,
Are ceaselessly as ebb-tide slowing ;
O love ! our footsteps gently creep
To the silent world where all things sleep.

Yet art thou beautiful to me
Beneath the touch of Time's soft fingers ;
As on the fading forest tree
A rarer autumn beauty lingers,
So, with a deeper, fuller grace,
Thy soul hath grown upon thy face.

WILLIAM GOW.

B a z a a r s.

IF a political economist or any other sort of rational speculative philosopher were by the light of theoretic principles to devise a plan for raising money for any public object, worthy or unworthy, it is more than probable he would never arrive at the plan of a bazaar. But other philosophers of the practical sort, many of them with gowns, some of them also with muffs and tippets, have discovered by the light of experience, and convinced their contemporaries, that to advance any scheme of general utility, and wide, rather than deep public interest, which can readily connect itself with the sentimental, the showy, the elegant, with the goodwill of open-handed gentlemen, and the accomplishments and the zeal of deft-handed ladies, who are young in heart and probably in years, there is no plan or scheme or method that in our free country can equal a bazaar.

It is a peculiar product of our times and environment, and the sign as well as the result of many complex forces that have been working for two or three generations in the most leisurely, untrammelled, and comfortable strata of British society. The word bazaar comes from Persia, the thing itself as we know it would be impossible in the East; and the Eastern bazaar would be still more impossible in the English-speaking West, unpleasant to the senses of seeing and smelling, and still more to the moral sense. Dr Samuel Johnson does not give the word in his dictionary; and the quarter to which he would have liked to consign the bazaars of Turkey and of Egypt may be left to the prompt sentence and harsher enunciation of less stern moralists. The cynical though charitable Thackeray, in his suggestive notes of a journey "From Cornhill to Cairo," for every interest of Scottish curiosity acts and hints the part of the "devil on two-sticks" for the East and its malodorous bazaars. Because, perhaps, of eastern associations connected with bazaars, and because of alleged flirtations and actual lotteries, some weakish contemporary moralists, who, unlike Thackeray, are too good for this world and all its hemispheres, are inclined to reject the word bazaar in favour of the mild but insufficiently comprehensive phrase, "a sale of ladies' work," or some such euphemism; and they would also, in defiance of scripture and the practice of the East, reject drawing lots if they could, so long as it is known by the profane name of "raffling." But the logic of fact, and the success which entitles or at least enables the means to justify the end both with conscious and unconscious Jesuits, are too much for their strong necessities of weak logic, weaker theology, and grossly heterodox Calvinism, which either misunderstands or vilifies the doctrine of predestination.

Beyond question the western modification or transformation of the eastern bazaars is the most effective charitable organisation of modern times. Every struggling church, college, school, or technical institute, whether for teaching chemistry or carpentry, golfing or bowling, looks in its distress to a bazaar as a *deus ex machina* which it is possible to believe in, and their faith seldom, if ever, fails to be rewarded by the requisite hundreds or thousands of pounds. So long as this is so it will be vain for prudes and pedants and Pharisees to protest against bazaars.

Why this should be may be difficult to explain, indeed impossible to demonstrate with scientific clearness, but it does not require much insight to recognise that the heart of the convoluted problem is over-laid, inter-penetrated, and inter-twisted with facts, ties, and considerations touching the existing position, powers, and liberties of womankind, more especially those that are not the abject slaves of toil in the lower classes, and the not less helpless slaves of flowery frivolous fashion in the upper classes, and their uppish idiotic imitators among the middle classes. Certain it is, as anything touching classes and masses ever can be, that if there were not many women with education and powers and facilities for business organization, also other women, still more numerous, with leisure, perseverance, taste, skill in ornamental work, others not less numerous, and probably rather younger, who can dexterously sell articles of cunning workmanship at twice their value, and carry all the scripture texts about drawing lots on the tip of the tongue, there would be no bazaars, in what Dr Candlish delighted to call "broad and bible-loving Scotland," and if not there, then nowhere. If the whole statistics of a bazaar—the correspondence, the telegrams, list of hours and half-hours of all the parties concerned, correct notes of all the persuasive, argumentative, deliberative talk—could be recorded in angelic shorthand, there would be work enough for a few recording-angels and evidence enough to satisfy all doubters that whatever may exist in this part of the world without the presence and influence of ladies, the bazaar may not for a day survive the desertion and final departure of the ladies. When they go, some elocutionist may be called in to recite an elegy on the last bazaar, if there be a Campbell or other genius left to write it.

No doubt one explanation of the bazaar of the West is that it fits into our commercial era, and reproduces by way of sport that pursuit of money which is one of the most earnest and engrossing of modern pursuits. Following in the wake of the miracle plays of pious ages, and the tournaments and mock battles of times that gloried chiefly in the work of the sword, the bazaar turns into a festival the toils, and innocent, if not artless tricks of money-making, converting commerce into a comic opera, with the ulterior, almost miraculous result of serving both God and Mammon, which now appears to be a feat not so much beyond the powers of civilised man as it was once broadly, but it is to be hoped not finally, declared to be. Certainly, without the help of money it is not easy to do any good thing in this present time, and there are few heresies for which martyrdom by fire would be so promptly applied as some heresy about the currency, such as bimetallism. Of course in the making and spending of money there is always an element of martyrdom, but in few arenas can it be so mild and amusing as in a bazaar and its preliminaries. Botheration, of course, there is in stitching, knitting, sewing miles of thread and parti-coloured worsted, long enough to reach the moon, plagiarized from rainbows, and extracted from vermilion insects and coal-tar. But there is also botheration in listening to gossip and scandal over "æsthetic tea," as well as in thumping the piano eight or ten hours a-day, the working hours of young ladies not as yet being regulated by any Trades Union or other society for the prevention of excessive and useless labour. The treadmill is considered to be an unpleasant kind of recreation and of punishment, because *inter alia* it produces no useful results; and it is to be feared the same principle of human dislike to the non-useful must bear very hard upon many of the fashionable amusements of young ladies. How pleasant, therefore, it must be for the beautiful and volatile sisters to be relieved from the hard

labour of assaulting the piano, or throttling the fiddle, and enlisted in the corps of workers, or canvassers, or ticket-sellers for a bazaar, where their toil will be no longer useless, and their beauty not always hidden behind a stack of music, or curtained off to blush unseen. How delightful to realise the sense of power involved in shaping the plans of organizing committees, in disputing and dissenting and yielding at last to superior wisdom, just like cabinet ministers and kirk-sessions, in acting the part of fascinating dealers in works of various high, or, at least, difficult arts, in charming money out of the iron-bound masculine pocket and pocket-book, in personally popping questions, instead of being a target for interrogatory pop-guns, in giving advice to young-gentleman acquaintances, and recommending to them such instructive specimens of natural history as appear at bazaars, say, a puppy spaniel to one friend, an irresistibly eloquent bantam-cock to another, a donkey to a third, each with due attention to individual affinities, leanings, and necessities, and to find, at the end of months of fancy work, hours of letter-writing, and two or three gay, but not entirely merry days of tripping lightly, if at last wearily, up and down in the pretty Mayfair drama, so patiently and skilfully prepared for, that the unparalleled masterful influence of modern womankind has been demonstrated by a pile of hundreds or thousands of pounds laid upon the altar of a good cause, so very good a cause that a multitude of very diverse convictions have suppressed their diversity and combined to make it a triumphant cause.

J. C. SMITH.

The New Year.

GRACIOUS, white-robed, with mystic, smiling eyes,
 Gift-laden, there she stands :
 Pure heaven, ere we take up the smallest prize,
 Strengthen and cleanse our hands.

She smileth wistfully with eyes that see,
 Like Love, our worst and best :
 Also, like Love, she holdeth breath, while we
 By choice are cursed or blest.

J. A. A.



M. & T. Scott, Photo-Engravers, Edinburgh
 EDITORS OF HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE.



M. & T. Scott, Photo-Engravers, Edinburgh.
 THE ANTIQUE ROOM.

The Rose Princess.

ONCE upon a time there lived a princess who was so fond of roses that when she was married and was taken by her husband to live in a kingdom where there were none, she began to pine and sulk, and neglect all her duties toward her husband's subjects. She neglected even her little baby, the lovely Princess Rose, and made everyone around her so miserable that at length the king proclaimed that whoever could give the queen her heart's desire should get whatever reward he might ask.

But it was not easy to make roses bloom in that bleak land. The fairies, of course, could have done so, but then these wise creatures know that it is not good for mortals to get all that they fancy they need. So the good people stayed in the forests, and gave help to the poor hard-working peasants.

There was, however, a wicked wizard who had power over the fairy queen at this time, and seeing how he might turn this matter to his own profit, he laid his plans. These were to get the queen to give him whatever he should ask for in the kingdom for the next fifteen years. This the queen readily promised. He then laid a spell which compelled the fairy queen to make roses bloom all over the kingdom whenever the queen wished.

Soon the royal gardens were all abloom with the loveliest roses—crimson and yellow and pink—only, there were no white roses, and on one bush there were no roses at all. This was a tree which grew in the very centre of the royal gardens. It was a shabby little rose bush, thickly covered in every stem with great thorns, but when you looked more closely you could see that the leaves, though small, were of a lovelier green and more delicately shaped than were those of the trees that were in blossom. This rose tree, the fairy said, must on no account be disturbed by any one at any time; so, supposing that the endurance of the spell depended on this, the queen gave orders that, at the peril of their lives, the gardeners should not touch this little tree.

Meanwhile little Princess Rose had disappeared, but the queen was so charmed with the success of the spell that she did not break her heart over her lost baby. The wizard was the more troubled. His scheme had been to get the little princess for his wife when she should be grown up, thinking that thus he should get the kingdom when the king, her father, died. He now suspected the fairy queen of having played a trick upon him to cheat him of his reward, for he well knew that because of his wickedness and greed she was no friend of his. However, he counted that he could get his reward in gold from time to time, and perhaps the lost princess might be discovered before the end of the fifteen years.

Meanwhile roses bloomed over all the land. The queen, not content with the roses which bloomed in the royal gardens all the year round, soon ordered the further planting of rose trees, until field after field grew roses instead of corn; and the poor peasants whose corn land had been turned into rose fields had to starve, or go to other lands.

So, as the years went on, the people learned to hate the rose trees that bloomed in their fields and by the roadsides. The land was certainly very lovely for the queen to

look upon as she drove along, but in the little cottages there were hungry children and tired, over-worked men and women, just because the land grew roses for the queen instead of food for the people. Then, it added not a little to the troubles of the land that the wizard took his reward in gold, for which the people had to be taxed.

When the fifteen years were ended, the princess still lost, and the people reduced to such poverty that scarcely a gold piece could be taken from them, the wizard had a wish to spite the queen by reversing the spell. This, however, he could not do, the fairy queen being by this time out of his power, for the fairies can only be held in power for a certain time, unless of their own free-wills.

All this time a farmer's son, named Eric, had been pondering much over the miseries of the people as he grew up, and having learned to know the fairies, as he herded his father's cows, he asked them why they did not put an end to the evil, but they only answered "Patience."

Now, there is no word so hard to understand as this word "patience," and while trying to understand it Eric often wandered away by himself. One day, while wandering about, he met the fairy queen herself, and begged her to save the land, but the queen shook her pretty head, saying "There is a secret about a certain rose that must be gathered, but it is a little bird that knows the secret."

However, she looked so wise and sweet as she said this that Eric took heart, and resolved to find the bird that knew the secret that should restore the land. So getting his father's permission to go on a journey, he set out in search of the bird. He soon heard of a little brown bird with a wonderful song.

"But," said the people, "it flies so swiftly and through such thorny places that no one cares to follow and hear the end of its song."

"I shall follow for the people's sake while I can move," said Eric to himself, and went on.

Presently he heard the wonderful singing, and, following fast and far over rocks and thorns and streams, he drew nearer and nearer to the sound until he saw the little brown bird perch on a tree close beside him. Then he waited, and the bird sang this song :—

"In royal gardens, wide and fair,
Snow-white a lovely rose tree stands,
Abloom with blossoms rich and rare,
Which sweeten all the summer air,
And gladden all who linger there.

And all who will may linger there,
But may not touch its blossoms fair
That sweeten all the summer air.

It sweetens all the summer air ;
But thorns it has for stranger hands ;
Yet you may kiss each petal there,
For yours that rose-tree rich and rare,
That sweetens all the summer air."

At the end of the song the bird flitted out of sight, and Eric, tired though he was, turned toward the royal gardens. On nearing the place he became aware of a sweeter scent than all the rose-fields gave out.

"This," he said to himself, "is from the magic rose." So he prayed one of the gardeners to show him where the white rose tree grew.

"It is a tree," said the gardener, "which, by royal orders, must on no account be touched. But, indeed, it is quite safe from all ordinary hands, it is so set about with thorns."

With this the gardener led Eric to the wonderful rose tree. Certainly it looked very odd, with its small, delicate leaves, and great, strong thorns about half a foot in length; but close to the stems, protected by the thorns, were clusters and clusters of dainty white blossom, many-petaled, and with soft blushes at their hearts. Such a rose tree had never before been seen in the land.

"An ugly thing, to my thinking," said the gardener. "Of course the blooms are amazingly beautiful; but then no one has done anything to cultivate it. It looks so strange with all its thorns, no one understands it. So, plainly, it is out of place in the royal gardens. It is by the queen's command that no one may touch a single blossom, but I think it is sufficiently protected by its horrid thorns, which would tear off one's flesh."

With this, the gardener moved away, leaving Eric to look at the flower at his leisure. For a moment Eric stood afraid to disobey royal commands in the very royal gardens, but then he said to himself:—

"A people's happiness is of more moment than a queen's whim."

Besides, the song had said that this magic rose tree was his, and in some mysterious way he felt this.

So, regardless of the threatening thorns, he stretched forth his hand to pluck the nearest blossom. Lo! the thorns moved out of the way of his hand, and as his fingers closed over the blossom the rose tree changed. It was a lovely lady, dressed in soft, white, shining silk, whom he held by her beautiful hand, and who smiled upon him with the sweetest blue eyes in the world.

This was the lost princess, whom the fairy queen had turned into the thorny little bush to save her from the wizard. As the years had gone on, the princess had grown up with the tree, and as she had grown a young maiden, the lovely blossoms had broken out. All this the fairy queen, when she appeared, explained to the king and queen.

Soon after, the rose trees died out of the fields, and once more the happy people sowed corn and their own homely, useful things.

The spell being thus broken, it was judged that the wizard must restore the gold which he had gathered. With this gold, the rose princess said, the land should be freed of many taxes.

Then Eric and the princess were married, and together they did so many wise and kind deeds, that in time even the foolish queen-mother confessed that better than fields of roses was a sweet, loving rose princess in the land.

JESSIE ANNIE ANDERSON.

For Courage.

ALL in the grey November
What song remains to sing ?
I sang of hope in snow-time,
Because I looked to spring.

I sang of life in spring-time
To see God's shadow pass,
A sacrament of sunshine
Across the lowly grass.

I sang in happy summer
Contentment all the time
To see abundant promise
Pass to fulfilment prime.

And in the golden autumn
Could any song be sad,
When all with fruit and corn
The pleasant land was glad ?

But now ? Yet, lo ! a robin,
Because of winter near,
Breaks suddenly for courage
Into a song of cheer.

J. A. A.



THE LABORATORY.

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Some Lecture Stories.

ONCE upon a time I was giving a Gilchrist Lecture in a very populous English centre. Everything, of course, has to be pre-arranged in order that a lecture of this kind may go smoothly from beginning to end. There is the limelight to be seen to, the lanternist has to test his apparatus, and the ticket-takers and other officials have to be early at their posts to see to the big crowd that assembles on such occasions. Now, I have one direction which my limelight operator is always bound to remember. He has my instructions to see that the water-bottle, which is usually regarded as the indispensable appendage of a lecturer, is duly taken away. The drier the lecture, the more water, naturally, does the lecturer imbibe.

That water-bottle is my *bête noire*. I generally knock it over. That's a small thing however. I have sent it flying into an old lady's lap before now ; I have twice spoiled my watch, which I keep lying on the table, by drenching it with the water-bottle ; and I have come solemnly to vow that no such vessel will ever figure with me on any platform whatsoever.

So much for my reasons for dispensing with the bottle—on this occasion at least. Well, on the night of the particular lecture to which I refer, the Secretary had (as usual) placed the water-bottle prominently on the table. My operator was strolling round with me watching the people crowd into the big hall.

"Garbutt," said I, "there's that bottle on the table. Take it away." And Garbutt, with a smile, remarked that he had had it in his eye all the evening. He proceeded to the stage, and, in full view of the audience, removed the bottle, hiding it below the table. It was concealed from view, of course, by the tablecover.

The Secretary, bustling about, next came on the scene. He glanced into the hall from the side door of the platform.

I heard him say to himself—"That's funny. I could have sworn I put a bottle on the table."

I was about to explain, but I scented a little fun, and stayed my explanation.

Away goes Mr Secretary, and returns with another and a larger bottle than before, which he placed on the table and vanished. There was a titter from those of the audience who had seen Garbutt's performance in disposing of the other vessel.

Garbutt was busy in the hall with his lantern and his slides. Suddenly looking up, he caught sight of another bottle on the table. With a very severe expression of face he came on the platform, removed the bottle, and laid it to rest beside its companion under the table. The audience tittered again.

About five minutes before the lecture, the Secretary, hot and breathless, again hove in sight.

He glanced into the hall. "Now, Dr Wilson," said he, "I think we're all ready for you, and—oh! excuse me," he added, and abruptly rushed away. Then in a few

minutes I beheld Mr Secretary appear, carrying this time a big beaker of water. His store of bottles had evidently been exhausted. I let him go on the platform, where he was received with a round of applause. He set down the beaker on the table, and came to me wiping his noble brow and saying—"It's really very annoying, but this is the third time I've put a water-bottle on that table for you. Where, in the name of goodness, have they all gone to?"

I kept Mr Secretary in conversation, while I fixed my eye on the platform. I knew what would happen. Up comes Garbutt, fuming with ire, and as he descended towards us, this time carrying the beaker, and accompanied by a roar of laughter from the audience, the Secretary's face was a study. I left Garbutt and the Secretary to fight it out. Judging by their chuckling and smothered laughter, I gathered they had enjoyed the little joke. The Secretary promised that when I next lectured there he would provide something stronger than *aqua pura*.

Sometimes a Lecture Committee has engaged the local brass band to play the Combe Lecture audiences in and beguile the tedium of the half-hour of waiting for the lecture. In the course of these lectures I use a skeleton to illustrate my remarks on the bones. On the occasion of my first lecture in a certain small town, the platform being ornamented with the full-length skeleton, the band played me in to the tune of the "Dead March in Saul." This was a lugubrious start, but I said nothing. Next lecture night, after a choice selection of Scotch and Irish melodies, at five minutes to eight I again heard the strains of the "Dead March," and I was ushered in with the doleful, if impressive, music.

I could, however, stand it no longer. Next night I interviewed the bandmaster, a solemn individual, with what a friend of mine with an eye for the picturesque calls a "three storey head," and possessing evidently a due sense of his own importance in the community. To him, I protested against the doleful strains.

"Man," said he, "ye hae nae sense o' the fitness o' things. It's my opinion that sae lang as ye hae thae fragments o' mortality hanging up there, the 'Deid March' is just the proper accompaniment for ye, and enables folk tae compose their minds."

I persuaded him, nevertheless, and on the third night I waltzed in to my work to the "Edinburgh Quadrilles." But I think if ever I go back to that centre I shall have to give way, and let the master of the music return to his beloved "Dead March" as a testimony to the "fitness o' things."

ANDREW WILSON.

Theseus at Taenarus.

*Amatorem trecentae
Pirithoum cohibent catenae.*

Pirithous and Theseus were, it is imagined, fetched at Hercules' request from their torture to be rejudged. Pirithous' doom was confirmed, but Theseus was allowed to return to earth, and on emerging from the lower world thus speaks his thoughts.

WHAT gloom must henceforth cloud my life on earth,
 Deprived of dear companionship. Our plans
 Are now defeated, and my friend immured
 In Pluto's prison-house. The sun has set
 On colloquy and counsel unrestrained—
 The leaden past doth press my spirit down ;
 The future, visionless, hides hope from me ;
 And all because fond friendship drew me on
 To help Pirithous. Who had not dared
 Such quest of power to share, such friend to help,
 High-souled Pirithous, who nobly thought
 To realise desire and probe the unseen
 By goddess' agency divine ? Ah, vain
 His hopes, his dauntless disregard of doom—
 I saw him haled by horrid warders' hands
 Back to Tartarean terrors, unreprieved ;
 For Hercules could only move the king
 To grant a partial pardon. He was judged :
 I saw the varied visages of both,
 Prosérpine's pleading look and goddess' grace,
 Pluto's conceit and rancour marital.

J. C.

Genius is Born to Blush Unseen.

“Blessed is the man who has found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness.”—CARLYLE.

THE fearful unbelief is unbelief in yourself. Jacob Spencer had just come to realise this great truth. He felt within him the stirring of a mighty genius. This prodigious motion had come into being just one week before. At that time he was possessed by the overshadowing conviction of being called to a high destiny—to accomplish the commission which from birth he had.

It was in this wise that the call dawned upon him. He had failed in everything else. His father and mother were in despair. He was their only son ; and dear to their loving eyes was their Jacob. Possibly this fondness did not much contribute to his success in the world's broad field of battle. He had been a clerk, an engineer, a haberdasher ; he had failed in all. So by sheer inspiration he conceived that Heaven had reserved him for a nobler work.

He had a message for his age, he reasoned, a fateful message locked up in his breast and striving for expression. How then to give it utterance was the question. Should it be in prose or verse ? In verse surely !

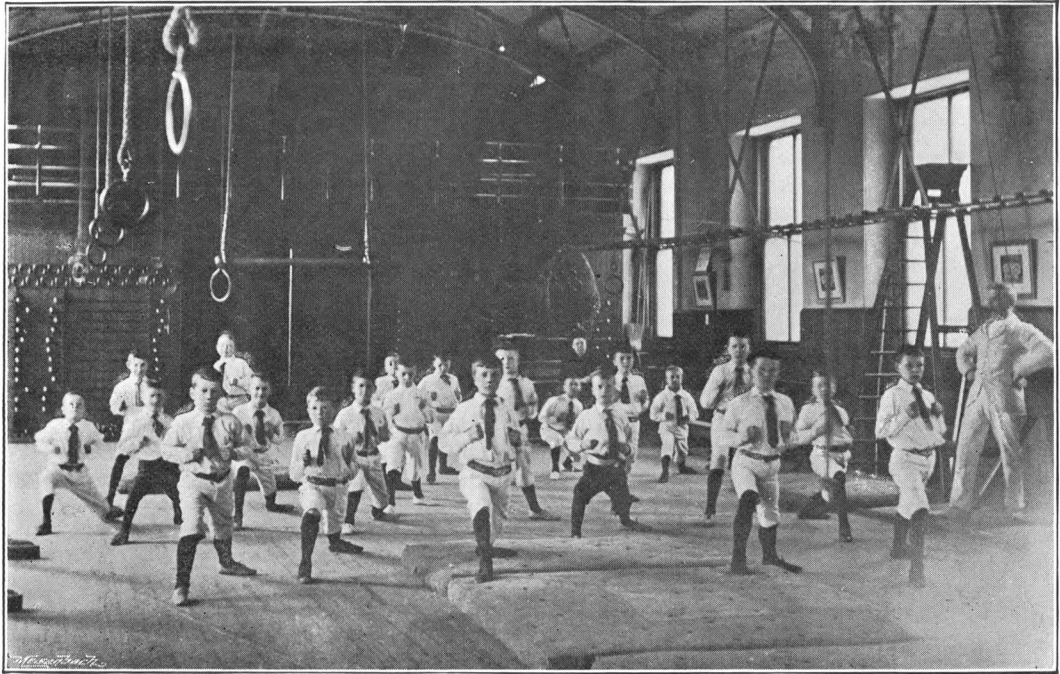
So he sat him down to listen to the great stirrings within, and to heed at length the admonitions of the spirit. Do what he would, however, he never could succeed in hearing anything tangible. His head began to feel a little blank ; but luckily the tragic death of his grandmother's cat occurred to his recollection. As well begin with that pathetic theme as anything more ambitious, he wisely thought.

A poet, however, is born, not made in the space of a week. And though Jacob knew he had all the fine frenzy of a true bard, he could get nothing of it fixed on paper. He sweated hard at reading the message for his age from the death of Rachel, the cat aforesaid ; but it was not to be. He did hammer together an introductory verse, which he considered very fine ; but farther his Pegasus refused to go :—

“ Long will I remember
The spot where one lies dear,
Although it be but kindred dust,
And lies where moth and rust corrupt
The ashes of the dead.”

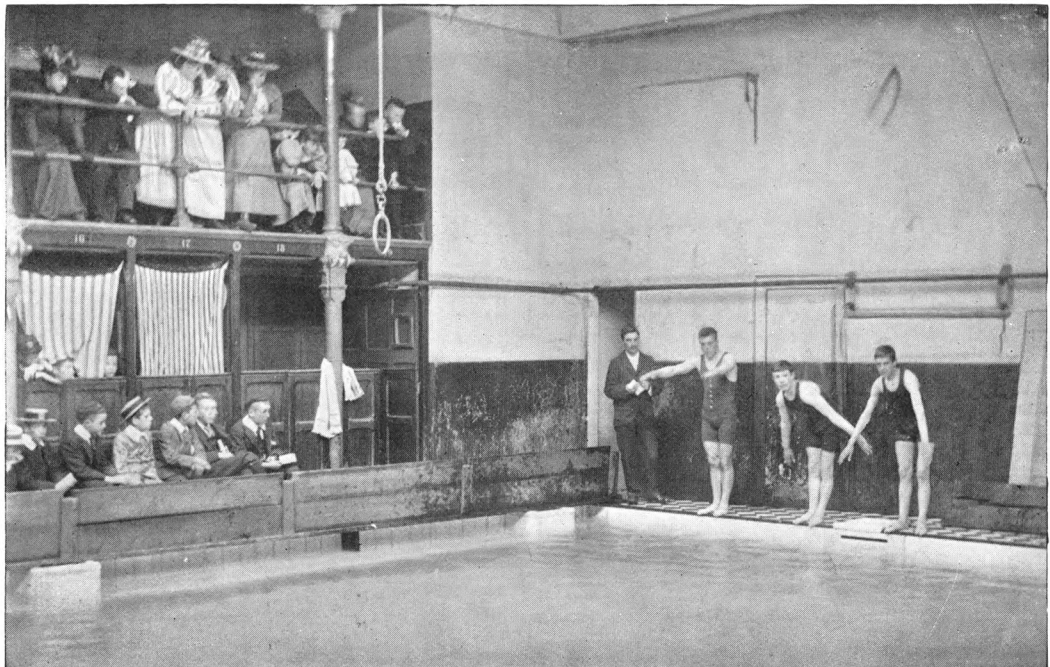
As he read this for the fiftieth time the word “dead” suggested Death as a new subject for his inspiration. Here was a good field for a genius with a message. Who could write great poetry on the decease of a tabby cat ? This theme, however, proved as intractable as the first. The divine afflatus upbore him for one verse only, and then let him down to earth again. This is it—

“ From the wide world so bright, so fair,
Men hasten ever onward ;
They march to join the greater throng,
They hurry heavenward, homeward.”



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THE START FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP RACE (PUBLIC BATHS, 1896).

M. & T. Scott, Photo-Engravers, Edinburgh.

At last he began to lose faith in himself—at least in verse. He was reluctantly driven to the conclusion that his message must be given in prose. For an hour and a half he sought for a subject and found nothing. Just as he began to despair a flash of lightning blazed over the earth and the thunder roared.

He started. Then with enthusiasm he recognised in the phenomenon a happy omen. He seized his pen once more. What would he now write? Why not write of the spirit of the storm? Here was a splendid subject ready to hand. Great, grand, and glorious thoughts hovered in his mind; but somehow they just contrived to elude his grasp when he thought he had them. However, after much labour he began—

THUNDER IN THE NIGHT.

“Day that shows man so great and God so small.

Man is but a sunflower after all. When the rosy-fingered dawn, child of the morning, smiles upon his little world he feels his courage revive again. He wonders why he trembled so at the beating of the sable wings of the Spirit of the Night. He wonders why he felt so overwhelmed with the awful oppressive sense that his fellow-beings were annihilated to him, and that he was alone with the Spirit of the Universe. At such a time unresting imagination tells him that there are but two essences within the vast Illimitable—himself and the Great Unknowable. It tells him that he is very weak, and small, and lonely, and that the other is age-during, all pervading, and omnipotent. His vaunting pride is quenched, and he is fain to confess to his own heart his true position and bulk in creation.

When he is thus in his “right mind” suppose we add the appalling roar of the thunder and the lurid glare of the lightning bolt——

At this point, alas! Jacob, in spite of all his genius, stuck fast. The above divine fragment had been evolved after a brain torment of three hours. His head was now at a fearful temperature. Wet cloths seemed but to add fuel to the raging fire within. Next day he was worse. The doctor was called, and diagnosed the case as a severe attack of brain fever. For days after he lay in delirium.

He is better now; but he will never again essay to deliver a message to his age, and has now betaken himself to the grocery trade.

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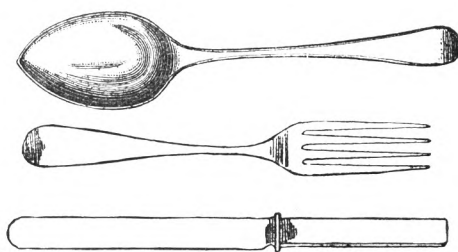
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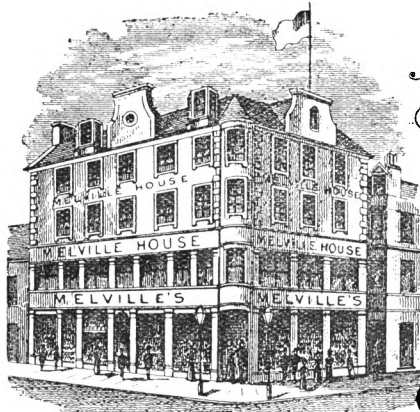
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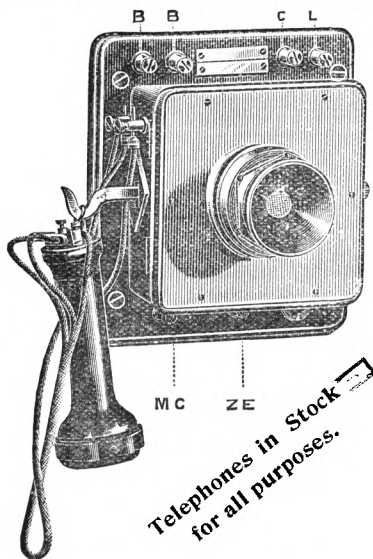
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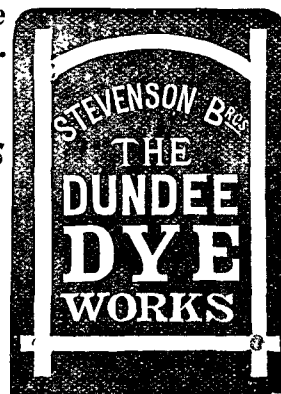
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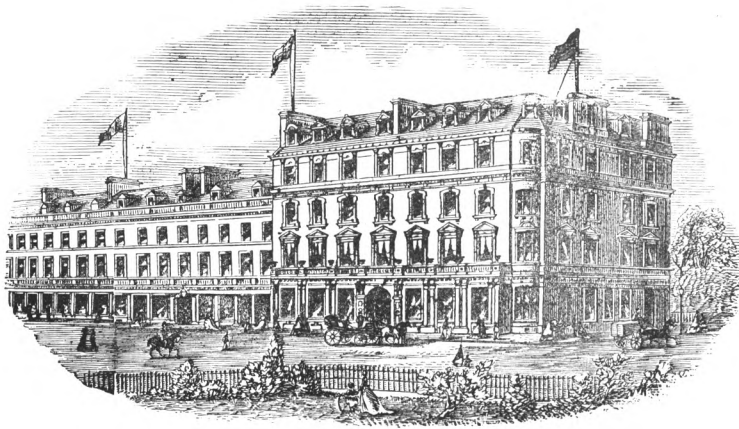
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