
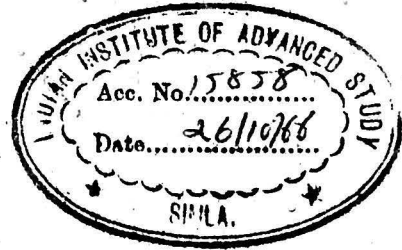
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THE PRESENT-DAY EDUCATION OF GIRLS

AN INDICTMENT

No thoughtful person will deny that one of the greatest evils of the present age is the tyranny of catchwords and phrases.

To take an example: the term 'progressive' is now applied in a quite meaningless fashion to all those tendencies and movements which aim at levelling down the natural differences between men and women. To maintain that the sexes are almost, if not quite, identical in mental and moral attributes, and that they should enjoy identical education and pursue identical careers, is to be 'progressive.' On the other hand, those who see a profound meaning in the eternal polarity of the sexes, and maintain that civilisation will be enriched and vitalised through a full cultivation of this fruitful diversity, are without further ado stamped as 'reactionaries.'

Historically considered, there is no doubt a reason for this apparently quite senseless use of labels. In the early stages of the Woman's Movement it was necessary to struggle for woman's right of entry into many professions and occupations from which she had hitherto been barred, and accordingly to lay special weight on the factors common to men and women. The idea of progress thus became associated with an approximation on the part of women towards masculine modes of life and thought; and the Woman's Movement has never really disentangled itself from the mentality of these early stages.

It no doubt appeared to John Stuart Mill and the Victorian rationalists, who knew nothing of scientific psychology, that the difference between the sexes was purely physical. But since those days there has been an immense development of psychology, biology and sociology, and many new avenues of thought have been opened up. The study of physiological psychology has shown that human personality must be looked upon as a single whole, that mind and body act and react so intimately that it is practically impossible to say where the one begins and the other ends. It thus follows that the sex of a given individual must exercise a very important influence on all his or her mental attributes.

In view of the valuable researches of such students of sex psychology as Stanley Hall (in America), Havelock Ellis (in England), and Moll, Freud and others (on the Continent), it is puzzling to imagine how anyone can maintain, as do many feminists, that sex is a matter of little or no significance in education or vocation. Such a statement, for example, as that in *Women and Economics*, by Mrs. C. P. Gilman, 'There is no female mind. The brain is not an organ of sex,' now appears wholly obsolete.

The influence of the above indicated Victorian rationalism, with its peculiar sexless utilitarian life-outlook, is unfortunately still very great. A large proportion of the teachers in our girls' schools and colleges were themselves brought up in its shadow, and their whole view of woman's education and her place in society is coloured by preconceptions which date from a bygone age.

The refusal of feminists to accept sex distinction as a basic social principle has made it impossible for them to develop any positive aims or ideals of their own, since these could only arise through a recognition of woman's specific character. As a result, the superior positivity of the male has triumphed. The progress of modern feminism has come to mean little more in practice than the penetration of women into a man-made social and industrial system. To-day it is the woman, with her inborn pliability of character, who is busy adapting herself to all sorts of masculine careers. The girl of to-day has been hypnotised by male influence. Devoid of any philosophy of life of her own, she is content to follow where men have gone before.

After these few words of introduction, let us look a little more closely at the problem of sex psychology.

In a recent lecture to the Ethnological Society, Dr. Bernard Hollander gave a very clear explanation of some of the main characteristics of the typical woman, and related these to the specific structure of the body, brain, and nervous system. Owing to the greater relative importance of the sympathetic nervous system in women, and its greater fineness, women are more capable than men of experiencing and expressing feelings, such as joy, fear, grief, hope, and are more instinctive and subjective in all their reactions. Men will never equal women in intuition, quick receptivity, adaptability and 'emotionality.' On the other hand, the greater stability of the male nervous system is the result of a different constitution. Nature knows her own job; and if women were in nervous constitution like to men they would be unfitted for their racial functions. (Even George Eliot, so often quoted by feminists as an example of

feminine genius, admitted that she was 'wayward, excitable, over-emotional and unstable.')

Dr. Arabella Kenealy, in her thought-provoking work *Feminism and Sex Extinction*, lays weight upon the basic significance for our civilisation of sex difference. She makes it clear that masculinity in girls or women is as much a symptom of degeneration as would be femininity in men, and carries with it dangers no less serious for the welfare of society. Amongst savages on a low level of culture sex differences are not highly marked; they 'become ever further intensified and more complexly defined as development rises in the scale.' Dr. Kenealy explains that, while each parent transmits something of his or her sex type to the child, in the normal girl the feminine characteristics are dominant and the masculine recessive. Each sex contains potentialities of the other. The best men are those with a dash of the woman. But should the opposite sex characteristics be *over*-developed, we get degeneracy. The forcing of girls along masculine lines may result in serious and lasting injury to health. As leading feminine characteristics, Dr. Kenealy classes—instinctive qualities, intuitive sensibility, 'psychic capacity,' and 'delicacy of aptitude'; while men excel in the rational qualities, in judgment, analysis and general objectivity. Men have more initiative than women and more *available* energy; but women possess more latent vitality and more endurance.

In reviewing the opinions of psychologists on the subject of feminine character we find remarkably little difference of opinion. They are all in agreement with Professor Möbius, who attributed to women a superior instinctive power, a closer relationship to Nature, and a greater emotional sensibility as compared with men. The views of Havelock Ellis are so well known that I need not expand them; he emphasises very strongly the depth and importance of the psychological sex distinction (along the foregoing lines), and, while befriending the emancipation of women, severely criticises that section of the feminist movement which seeks to minimise the importance of sex in education and life in general. Perhaps less known in this country is the work of Stanley Hall, who during many years of study collected an immense mass of material indicating the vital significance of secondary sex characteristics in the educational world, and underlining the danger to national health and efficiency which must follow from their undervaluation (see *Adolescence*).

Space is lacking for a detailed account of the painstaking labours of the many German investigators in this field. Dr. Otto Lippmann examined with extraordinary care the results of over 8000 observations made upon schoolchildren in England, Germany, Sweden and America. He drew the conclusion that

girls excel markedly in 'keenness,' in quickness of apprehension, and in patience and docility. They took first place in religious subjects, in languages, and in many tests requiring imagination and intuition (in all the nationalities alike). Boys showed a clear superiority in mathematics, geometry, in the technical sciences, in drawing, and in all subjects of a logical nature. (Very interesting was a test in drawing railway trains: the boys, for the most part, drew the technical details accurately; while the girls paid little attention to these, but carefully put in the people travelling in the carriages; here we see at an early age the personal tendency of the feminine mind and the objective masculine tendency.)

The Dutch psychologist G. Heymans, in his work on the *Psychology of Woman*, sums up the results of a wide series of experiments in Holland, England, France, and elsewhere (mostly on students). He finds the girls leading in perseverance, industry, in a 'sense for the concrete,' and above all in 'instinctive apperception'; while the men excelled in logical sense, in initiative, and in the practical application of knowledge.

The reader will notice that the feminine qualities and characteristics suggested above correspond closely with the interpretations of womanhood in the works of our great novelists and poets. Many interesting illustrations might be taken from Shakespeare, Balzac, Goethe, Meredith, or George Eliot. I am not aware that any first-class intellect has ever supported the modern feminist view of the almost negligible importance of mental sex distinctions. (With the possible exception of Mill; and there are many passages in his works which tell against the neuter philosophy of the feminists—notably where he lays weight on the significance of variety and diversity in human development.)

Sir Rabindranath Tagore is unquestionably right in looking upon the equalitarian movement as the temporary product of a materialistic age, unable to perceive the deep spiritual meaning of sex polarity:

If woman's nature were really the same as that of man it would be a superfluity, a mere tautology. . . . If women acquire the view that sex difference is only physical, and that mentally and spiritually they are of the same nature as men, and if they act on this assumption (thus giving life a one-sidedly masculine form), then our civilisation will sooner or later sink into utter confusion and chaos [from an article in *Die Frau*].

I do not, of course, maintain that the foregoing brief review of some of the results of sex psychology gives us a clear-cut scheme. There is no such scheme. But if we should err in attempting too sharp a differentiation of the sexes, those err far more who believe, with the feminists, that sex distinction can safely be ignored in education and occupation. Red may fade

imperceptibly into yellow. Nevertheless, there is such a thing as red and such a thing as yellow. And, however vague may be the borderland of mental and emotional sex distinctions, there is a masculine psychology and there is a feminine psychology, and these possess certain fairly well-defined qualities which I have sketched above.

It is very important to emphasise that the outstanding feminine characteristics are not empirical. They are not simply the qualities that woman happens to have. *They are those that she must have.*

For untold thousands of years women have developed along lines biologically different from those of man's development ; and this history is stamped in woman's physique and mentality. Even if we wished to work against this line of development—and why should we ?—it is now too late to do so. It would be as impossible to reverse, at this time of day, the qualities that woman has acquired in a million or so years as it would be to reverse any other product of evolution, such as the shape of the human skeleton or the habit of going upon two legs !

It is dangerous and unscientific obscurantism to maintain that men and women do not differ essentially in their psychological structure and hence in their social needs and aptitudes. Such an argument places those who use it on the level of the ' Kentucky die-hards,' who sought to prohibit the teaching of evolution in that State. The wide prevalence of this prejudiced and wholly doctrinaire attitude towards the question of sex difference is a peril to the cause of education, which is thus placed at the mercy of catchwords the very meaning of which has never been defined by those who use them.

The line of social progress consists in duly recognising the broad distinction of sex and so moulding the educational system that it shall bring to full fruition all the potentialities of human bi-polarity. It is my charge against the existing system that it tends to obliterate the life-giving difference of sex, that it trains girls to imitate and compete with men, rather than to fulfil their own natural gifts and to rejoice in all their feminine potentialities, welcoming even such limitations as they may impose.

The utilitarian and unpsychological philosophy which lies behind the modern education of girls has caused their teachers to forget the great truth that men and women are *complementary opposites*. Each best fulfils itself by developing precisely those qualities lacking in the other. Polarity is a law running through the universe ; and it is the polarity of sex alone that can enable human culture to reach its highest activity and its richest content. Sex equality in the cheap sense of the catchword (which ignores the spiritual significance of sex difference) is the most reactionary

of doctrines, since it seeks to reverse the purpose of evolution, working towards a higher and higher differentiation of species.

The entry of women into politics, which I do not seek to oppose, loses all its meaning if we conceive of women as being in no really vital way different from men. It is just in so far as women represent a female element in life, as distinct from the male element, that they are able to bring fresh forces to bear upon our political life and that their presence in Parliament has any purpose at all. (Curiously enough, the argument that women should enter politics because they can carry with them a new view-point is often used, most illogically, by the very feminists who, at other times, deny vigorously that there is any important psychological difference between the sexes!) Logically all supporters of woman's suffrage should be opponents of sex equality, since the best argument in favour of the suffrage is undoubtedly that based upon the importance of sex difference.

We must endeavour to cleanse our schools and colleges of those false modes of thought which cause every attempt to make a wise distinction between the sexes to be regarded with suspicion as a probable attempt to assert male superiority. There is here no question at all of superiority or inferiority. In the light of male standards the female sex will certainly seem inferior. In the light of female standards the males would seem inferior. But if we adopt the comprehensive view-point of biology the sexes are seen to be equal in value while differing in function.

Under the influence of the utilitarian-equalitarian philosophy which dominates them, girls' schools are degenerating into adjuncts of the economic machine, turning out yearly so and so many thousand potential secretaries, teachers or chemists.

It is commonly supposed that the new *régime* has created a type of girl much superior in health and capacity to the 'fainting miss' of early Victorian or Georgian days. This is a complete delusion. The women of the nineteenth and latter eighteenth century period were certainly less masculine and less fit for sport or business life than the modern girl; but they were extraordinarily vital and capable in their own sphere of life. In maternity they suffered less than the wife of to-day, and were better able to nurse their children. We know that they mothered a race of great personalities. The woman of to-day will be well justified in boasting her superiority when she has given England such personalities as Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, Wordsworth, Rossetti, Gladstone, Stanley, Gordon, Darwin, Spencer, George Eliot, the Brontës, Jane Austen, Florence Nightingale, Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Despard, George Meredith, Swinburne,

Shelley, Keats, Walt Whitman, Morris, Thomas Hardy—to pick out a few names at random !

There is every reason to believe, with Dr. Arabella Kenealy, that the efficiency of the modern girl in all sorts of masculine occupations and sports has been paid for with a high price. Nature has built up the physique and nervous system of woman with a view, primarily, to her racial functions, which require a large potential energy; and when girls are unduly 'forced,' or when they develop a masculine robustness of muscle (unnecessary for women), much of the nervous force which should remain stored up for future racial uses is either used up or deflected into other channels. In *Feminism and Sex Extinction* we read :

Just at the age when Nature locks the door upon her constitutional resources for the purpose of evolving these to higher organisation, the schools and industries do a strenuous best to keep the door forcibly open, and to wrest the resources from the storehouse of potential . . . the natural languors and disabilities of the girl's adolescent phase are vigorously combated.

In consequence of this mistaken type of education, the finer and softer attributes of womanhood, which are as indispensable to the race as they are superfluous to the machine of industry, often fail of fruition. We get ' Amazons of the hockey, football, tennis or hunting-fields, only just distinguishable in general characteristics from the male ' ; and later in life these types often pay severely for their unnatural development. Dr. Kenealy points out (p. 120) that when adolescent girls are ' strained by athletics, by over-culture or industrial exhaustion, the vital resources are so diverted from the evolution of function as to cause incapacitation in them, partial or complete, for wifehood, and for the bearing of sound and fine offspring.' On p. 135 she quotes a well-known American gynæcologist, Dr. Gaillard Thomas, who estimated, some years ago, that ' only about 4 per cent. of American women proper were physiologically fitted to become wives and mothers.' Professor Stanley Hall also published a large mass of statistics (see *Adolescence*) showing the positively alarming unfitness of the Anglo-Saxon woman for maternity; and he attributed this very serious state of things largely to the failure of present-day educators to pay sufficient attention to the vital difference of the sexes. Another well-known authority, the late Professor G. J. Engelmann, who possessed an exceptionally wide experience in America, wrote: ' It appears to be a fact that women who develop their muscular system highly suffer exceptionally in child-birth ' (quoted from *Weib und Mann*, by Dr. Heilbronn).

No one will dispute the right of the most distinguished of English writers on sex subjects, Havelock Ellis, to express a

weighty opinion on this matter. We find him throwing all his authority against the masculinisation prevalent in our schools. If space permitted I would quote him at length; but I am compelled to limit myself to a couple of passages, both from *Sex in Relation to Society* (Chapter II.) :

A proper recognition of the spécial nature of woman, of her peculiar needs and her dignity, has a significance beyond its importance in health and hygiene. The traditions and training to which she is subjected in this matter have a subtle and far-reaching significance according as they are good or evil. If she is taught, implicitly or explicitly, contempt for the characteristics of her own sex, she naturally develops masculine ideals which may permanently discolour her vision of life and distort her practical activities. . . .

I have noticed that women who have lived a very robust and athletic outdoor life . . . sometimes, in confinement, have very seriously difficult times, imperilling the life of the child.

He speaks, further, of the 'extreme frequency' of sexual arrest and nervous breakdown amongst overstrained adolescent girls; and, while referring to swimming and dancing as excellent recreations for girls, is very severe in his condemnation of boyish sports: even violent tennis-playing or cycling is dubious, and games such as hockey or football are dangerous to the welfare of growing girls.

Mr. A. M. Ludovici (see *Woman: a Vindication*) emphasises the same point of view :

Genuine and gentle reverence for the body, particularly for the young female body, is startlingly rare in England . . . ; frequently owing to a deliberate refusal to recognise the needs and fragility of an equipment that is vital, elaborate and easily disordered, girls are as much as possible handled and treated as if they were boys of their own age.

Feminists will boggle at the term 'fragility.' But those very qualities in which women are so much superior to men are the accompaniments of a nervous organisation more responsive and more susceptible to disorder than that of the average man. A girl who is as hardy as a boy is most likely suffering from some nervous disturbance that has blunted her natural fineness. When once we have confused our values to the point of judging a girl's qualities by boyish standards we have departed from every sound principle that can guide our educational practice. In England we possess, in the great boys' schools, what is (in spite of all defects) probably the finest system for the training of men in many qualities that the world knows; it is all the more pity that we have so signally failed to evolve a corresponding organisation for the rearing of womanly women.¹

¹ It would take me too far afield if I were to elaborate the plain connexion between the above described state of things and the deplorable condition of our

Dr. J. W. Harms, who has made a special study of the problem of adolescence in its relation to the internal secretions (the ductless glands), comes to the conclusion (in which he is supported by other students in the same field) that the conditions of growth for boys and girls are so widely different that we should remodel the educational system in order to bring it into line with our psychological knowledge. Girls should certainly not be prepared for the same examinations as boys, since this involves a forcing of the female nervous system at the wrong time ('It is monstrous that girls should be thrust into the masculine educational scheme . . . ; there are deep-going mental differences'). We must not forget, he says, that the existing system of higher education, with all its examinations, etc., was evolved to suit boyish needs and periods of growth, and is totally unsuited to girls. In the interests of national health and of the happiness and well-being of the female half of the population, he considers it 'urgently necessary' to set up a system of girls' education (including special universities for women only) adapted to the specific psychology of women.

Amongst other doctors who have studied the education of girls are Stratz (Amsterdam), Menge (Heidelberg), and Sellheim (Tübingen); and we find that they agree on the following points: that girls should have a very thorough general education, including domestic science and the care of children, lasting till the nineteenth year, by which time the nervous system will have become stable; that no intense specialisation or preparation for difficult examinations should be allowed before this age; that technical schools for further training should be specially graded; and that only such girls should take up academic work as are thoroughly fitted for it in mind and body. They lay weight on the fact that no people can be vigorous and productive which allows its girls to be educated in such a manner as to injure their functional potentialities.

The ego-centric, materialistic, unpsychological and unbiological mode of thought which now sets the tone in our girls'

national health. In France it has been shown that districts in which breast-feeding is the rule yield a proportion of first-class recruits double that found in the districts where it is neglected. In many parts of England barely one-third of the adult manhood is in normal physical health. Sir Auckland Geddes described the Army reports as to health as 'appalling.' The *British Medical Journal* speaks of 'a mass of physical inefficiency.' In Devon, which is certainly not the worst part of England, the medical inspector for the county refers to a 'steady and progressive decline in the general physique of the children.' He puts this down to bad housing, bad feeding and bad breeding (low fertility of the best stocks). To fight against these gigantic evils is woman's true task. But for this purpose we need women who are home- and race-builders by nature and by training.

schools and colleges is firmly entrenched, and those who are fighting against it have a hard struggle before them.

They must aim at nothing less than a re-orientation of the whole system. It must be placed upon a sound socio-centric basis, relating the growing girl from the beginning to the life of the community and to her own racial tasks. The new philosophy of education must take fully into account the facts of biology and do adequate justice to the deep social significance of the psychological differences between the sexes.

The existing system is profoundly dysgenic. It might almost have been invented with the object of accelerating the deterioration of the race. The girls with the best abilities and the richest store of hereditary qualities are picked out for higher education, and go on to the universities and technical schools, where a large proportion break down in health. Two-thirds of those who survive pass into celibate careers, and their valuable racial characteristics perish with them. True, some marry on the way; but these, often weakened in health and mentally alienated from domestic ideals, produce very few children, and often cannot feed these few. It has been shown that every 100 girls entering into technical and academic careers produce some 50 to 60 children (this is less than one-fifth of the proportion needful to secure survival of the racial characteristics of the mother). I submit that this is a state of things which a nation conscious of a purpose and a future simply cannot afford to tolerate. It is more than time for an energetic attack upon the entire system.

The girls' school must cease to aim at turning out women whose first aim in life is economic independence. *The school must relate itself to the life of the race.* The nation has a right to demand from the schools which it supports women who shall be fitted in every respect to carry on the cultural and biological tasks of the nation.²

We must begin by breaking down the tyranny of cheap phrases. The phrase 'sex equality' is utterly meaningless unless it be accurately defined. To secure absolute equality it would be necessary, not only for women to have the right of entry into masculine pursuits, but conversely for men to enter into feminine

² Some readers may urge that it is essential to train girls solely for careers in these days of poor marriage opportunities. We find ourselves here in a vicious circle. It is precisely the entry of so many girls into the labour market which more than anything else destroys the marriage chance of girls. The natural excess of women over men is very small, barely 10 per cent. As far as nature is concerned 90 per cent. of girls could marry. But we have set up an educational system which plays straight into the hands of home-destroying competitive industrialism, with the result that in the more educated classes barely 40 per cent. of the girls marry, while nearly half the men of this class under forty years of age are unmarried.

pursuits, of which the most important is maternity. Since this is impossible, it is clear that full equality of the sexes is impossible, too; and we must content ourselves with justly balancing the different functions of the two sexes, so that woman's work shall be *in every respect classed as of equal value*, morally and financially, with man's work. We must combat in every way the idea, so deeply ingrained in the mind of the modern girl, that she can demonstrate her equality only by copying everything done by men—an idea which is rooted in an 'inferiority complex,' (itself derived from the over-valuation in current thought of the mechanical, rational, one-sidedly masculine aspect of life).

What England needs to-day is a great revival of feminism—in the original and proper sense of the term. On every side we see statues of generals, politicians, discoverers, erected to do honour to the masculine side of life. I should like to see statues of women—not of women who have done something which a man might also have done, but of women who have excelled in their own specific tasks. Let us have a statue of Mrs. Jones, of Camberwell, who was left a widow with six children and brought them all up to lead useful lives, single-handedly. She did more than most generals! Or why not a monument to Miss Robinson, of Ealing, who worked hard for twenty years nursing an invalid father? She well deserves it. Or if on the north side of a square we have a statue of a famous statesman, why not, on the south side, have a memorial to his mother, to whom he very probably owed much of his success? In modern England we are suffering heavily from the fact that public opinion underrates the value of woman's work in the home: this, perhaps even more than material factors, has helped to break down family life. Spirited girls feel that they will not work where their efforts meet with no proper appreciation.

Is there any hope that the educators of the young womanhood of to-day will break away from the tyranny of empty phrases and the stale philosophy of the last century in order to play their part in such a revival?

MEYRICK BOOTH.

THE FOLKLORE OF EDINBURGH

II

Passing from Myth to Legend, we enter a somewhat different sphere, and perhaps encounter a separate layer of racial tradition, for while the myths of Edinburgh seem to be of mingled racial provenance, its early legends are almost exclusively Celtic, although its later märchen certainly exhibit other influences. The legend which details the circumstances of the founding of Holyrood Abbey and the miraculous intervention whereby King David I. was saved from the horns of an infuriated hart displays every sign of deliberate manufacture, yet is replete with the spirit of popular folklore. But whether it had its origin in the minds of priests or people it is now impossible to say. It is not to be found in the *Chronicle of Holyrood*, which was written within the abbey walls, and which closes its record some thirty-five years after the date of the alleged miraculous occurrence. The tale is first encountered in the pages of Bellenden's translation of Boece's history, published in 1535, as an interpolation, and the abbey seal first bears a stag's head in the reign of James I. of Scotland.

The tradition affirms that David, hunting in the forest of Drumselch, which then surrounded the mediæval burgh, and which seems to have been the last vestige of the ancient Caledonian forest, had broken the sanctity of the day of the Holy Rood, the feast of the Exaltation of the Cross (September 14). Separated from his companions, he espied a great hart with branching tines and gave chase. But the deer turned; lowered its mighty antlers, and charged him. Horse and man went down before its onset, and as the king fell he commended himself to the heavenly mercy. Suddenly he found a crucifix in his right hand, and the deer, terrified by the light which shone from the celestial symbol, fled in the direction of the 'Rude Well,' where it vanished. The site of this well is now lost, but is indicated on a map of Edinburgh dated 1817 as 'St. David's Well.' This seems to signify that the animal was a pagan spirit resident in the well—the deer in all mythologies has a close connexion with pools and springs—which had sought to take advantage of the king's

neglect of the holy day. Demons and enchantresses who assume the cervine shape are commonly to be encountered in Celtic legend, as, for example, in *The Lay of Gugemar*, a Breton story of the Arthurian cycle in which the hero wounds a fairy deer which lays him under a spell. David, the legend concludes, founded the Abbey of Holyrood in gratitude for his miraculous rescue, and deposited therein the crucifix which had been the means of saving his life.

It is impossible in an article of this scope to deal adequately with the very considerable mass of legendary material relating to the cycle of King Arthur, which is so definitely associated with Edinburgh, and which reveals itself in place-names as well as in tradition. That Edinburgh was at an early period inhabited by people of Brythonic stock speaking a 'P Celtic' or 'Welsh' dialect, and that it had cultural and other relationships with the British kingdom of Strathclyde, admits of no doubt. The district of which it was the nucleus was known in the sixth century as Manaw of the Gododin—that is, the settlement of the Gododin or Otadini tribe, who had formerly worshipped the British god Manawyddan, and in the epic poem of the Welsh bard Aneurin it is alluded to as Dinas Eiddyn. German scholarship has associated the site of Edinburgh with the Grail legend and its holy mount of Montsalvat, and the claim of the locality to be the actual centre from which the Arthurian myth emanated has been warmly discussed. In reality it seems to have been a kind of debatable land between Cymri, Pict, and Saxon during the sixth century; but be that as it may, all that it is necessary to discuss here is the place-name 'Arthur's Seat.' I can discover no folklore sanction for the name save the remark made to Sir Daniel Wilson by Sir J. Y. Simpson's butler that 'Arthur and the auld Picts are sleeping beneath the hill.' This is sufficiently slender, but reveals an undoubted traditional horizon, as it is most unlikely that the man would have of himself invented such a legend. A similar story is told of Eildon Hill, however, and is reminiscent of the legend of Barbarossa's slumber in the depths of the Greifenhorn.

The Scottish connexion of Arthur is to some extent strengthened by his identification with Airem, a hero of Gaelic romance, and, as Rhys indicated, the names Airem and Arthur certainly proceed from a common verbal root. Professor Lloyd, the eminent Welsh historian, also inclines to the belief that Arthur's associations were Caledonian rather than Welsh. 'Wales,' he says, 'was not the theatre of his deeds of prowess. So far as the localities of his many battles can be fixed they belong to the north, and thus lend support to the theory of a northern Arthur.'

Other of the Arthurian personages seem also to be associated with Caledonian soil. Thus Lot, who appears to have been the same as the Brythonic god Llud, or Lud, from whom Ludgate Hill in London takes its name, was the mythical King of Lothian, having his headquarters at Traprain Law, now unveiled as a site of ancient British culture, and the find-spot of a large hoard of early silver plate. He was associated with Glasgow as the grandfather of its saint, St. Kentigern. And Merlin, the Druidic companion of Arthur, is frequently alluded to in Arthurian story and Welsh bardic literature as 'Merlin Caledonius.' It seems, therefore, not improbable that the mount called by Arthur's name at Edinburgh had formerly a close connexion with his myth, and that it was a centre of the Druidic faith we shall see.

There is a possibility, too, that the name 'Arthur' in its connexion with Arthur's Seat may refer to the Brythonic hero in his later character of a giant, for just as gods are frequently degraded into heroes or mere enchanters, so heroes in popular story may develop into giants. Thus in some parts of the south of Scotland certain hills are associated with William Wallace, the hero of Scottish emancipation, who by the people in their vicinity is regarded as having been a giant. A portion of the mountain between Salisbury Crags and the peak of Arthur's Seat is known as Samson's Ribs, and another part of it, towards the north-east, as Samson's Grave. The name Samson would seem to be a mediæval and ecclesiastical rendering for that of one of the race of giants in which these islands were so prolific. Did the legend of Arthur and that of this giant become fused, and is 'Samson' only the early Arthur in terms of mediæval legend? There are several sites in Britain where Arthur is locally regarded as of giant race, and in any conclusion regarding the folklore of Arthur's Seat such a possibility should be borne in mind.

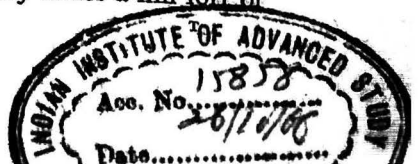
The legends relating to the patron saints of Edinburgh, St. Giles and St. Bernard, are only of slight local interest. St. Giles, if he ever existed, never trod Scottish ground. Probably the name of the saint was bestowed upon Edinburgh's first parish church by some member of the Frankish monastery of which St. Giles had been the original abbot. The deer shown in the city arms is associated with him, and, says tradition, he was wounded in its stead whilst Wamba, the Frankish king, was pursuing it, an occurrence which brought him to the notice of that monarch. St. Bernard's Well, in the Stockbridge district of Edinburgh, and situated in the Dean Valley, perhaps the most beautiful and romantic civic area in Britain, was in Sir Walter Scott's time a 'spaw,' where drouthy advocates assembled of a morning to purge their mouths from the staleness of last night's claret. To a

cave in the vicinity came St. Bernard of Clairvaux, bent on preaching the sacred crusade. The cavern was filled in by the building of the retaining wall of Randolph Crescent. From this hermitage the saint observed that flocks of birds frequented an adjacent spring and that these appeared the sprightlier after drinking its waters. He followed their example with benefit to himself, and drew the attention of the inhabitants to the medicinal virtues of the fountain. The legend is given in the *Acta Sanctorum*, and appears to be of venerable age. The healing fountain indicated by birds and beasts has numerous analogies from China to Peru.

That the Calton Hill, not much more than 100 yards from the General Post Office, was once the resort of a cult which believed itself in touch with the elfin realm so lately as the year 1670 or thereabouts, might seem incredible, were it not vouched for by Captain George Burton, an Englishman, who visited the city about that period, and who communicated certain information regarding it to Richard Bovet, the author of *Pandemonium, or the Devil's Cloister*, published in 1684. Shortly before the Great War a zealous guardian of public morality described this mount of many monuments as 'a vestibule of hell.' But nothing is new under the sun, and he had been forestalled by at least 230 years.

Burton, taking his ease at his inn at Leith, had his attention drawn to a strange boy about ten years of age, who was introduced into the common-room by his hostess. The lad entertained the company by telling them that every Thursday a band of revellers assembled beneath the Calton Hill, where they danced and regaled themselves with choice viands, he himself acting as drummer to the party. He suddenly broke off his narrative, saying that he was due to be present at such a festivity that night, and left the room. Burton, greatly interested, followed him, and says that the 'Fairy Boy of Leith' was 'set upon in the street' and carried off swiftly into the darkness.

This story bears a close resemblance to the general circumstances of what is known of the cult of witchcraft, so common in Scotland at that period. Witchcraft, it is now recognised by students of folklore, was no mere phantasy of diseased mentalities, but a definite cult having a well-defined ritual of its own, the last survival of a very ancient folk religion connected with the rites of fertility. This especial story is valuable in that it identifies this cult in some measure with the popular notions concerning the subterranean Kingdom of Faerie, and therefore constitutes a notable link between the popular conceptions of witchcraft and elfdom. It seems probable, moreover, that the Calton Hill (*choille dun*, or 'wooded hill'), more anciently known as the Dow or Dhu Craig (the Black Height), was in early times a hill fort or



other human dwelling, which at a later period came to be regarded as an abode of the *sidhe*, or fairy folk. Such a tradition would naturally be seized upon by the adherents of the witch-cult as affording sanction for the use of the site in connexion with the amorous revels which are known to have been associated with their ritual, and the hill would thus acquire that tradition as a somewhat disreputable nocturnal locality which seems to have haunted it until quite recent times.

If it seems strange at first to discern the legend of Faust buried among the wynds of Leith, the port of Edinburgh, it is necessary to recall the former intimate association of the locality with the Hanse Towns of Germany and the Low Countries. The story of *The Warlock Laird* reproduces almost exactly the details of the German mediæval legend, with the exception that the gracious figure of Marguerite is not to be encountered in its gloomy narrative. The Warlock Laird, we are told, dwelt in that part of old Leith known as the Lees, the site of which is now covered by the Kirkgate, but the period of his residence there is uncertain, although by internal evidence it may be fixed at some time early in the eighteenth century. His habitation was an ancient house to which was attached a tall, circular tower, graced with curious little turrets, and lit by narrow, old-world casements. Anthony Gordon, our local Faust, arrived in Leith after serving for many years at sea, and, finding employment in a cooperage, rented the mysterious old dwelling in the Lees very cheaply, living there alone. He took an occasional holiday, from which he invariably returned with a well-filled purse. This naturally aroused suspicion, and on one of these trips he was followed by a curious neighbour disguised as a woman, who tracked him to Kirkcaldy, whence he rowed down the Firth in a ferryman's boat, attended by a single companion. His acquaintance chartered a similar vessel and followed him. The holiday-maker and his pursuer eventually arrived off Dirlerton, near North Berwick, where Gordon was seen to steer his craft to the rocky islet opposite that village known as the Lamb. On this he landed, and the Leith man, gazing ahead, thought he could discern two gigantic figures moving to and fro upon the island engaged in digging. But the boatman who rowed the amateur detective grew nervous and insisted on returning to the Fife shore.

Gordon returned as usual, and this time startled the neighbourhood by purchasing the entire buildings on one side of the North Wynd. But when his tenants came to pay their rents, they found him closely attended by a tall dark man of authoritative mien, who seemed to control his every movement, and who forced his callers to cut capers of the most fantastic kind. On the next occasion when they came to pay their dues a dreadful

hubbub sounded in the passage outside, and Gordon rushed into the room, piteously imploring their assistance. Too late, however, for his dread companion was at his heels, and, with loud cries for aid, the doomed wretch was dragged from the room. A terrible detonation shook the house to its foundations, and the tower with which it was connected fell into ruins, from which a strong sulphurous odour arose. Never again was Anthony Gordon seen of mortal man.

The manner in which the legend ends bears a strong resemblance to at least one version of the Faust story—that given by Wierus or Wier, the great demonologist, who in his *De praestigiis daemonum* (Basel, 1563) tells how Faust was found with his neck wrung after his dwelling had been shaken by a terrific din. Some students who occupied a chamber in the neighbourhood said that between twelve and one o'clock at night there blew a mighty storm of wind against the house as though it would have shaken the foundations out of their place. The students, alarmed, leapt from their beds, and then they became aware of a hissing in the hall as of thousands of snakes and adders. With that the hall door flew open, and Dr. Faustus rushed out crying 'murder, murder'; but after a little they heard him no more. Next day they found his mangled remains in the hall. There can be very little doubt that the Leith legend was based, in part at least, upon the German. The story of Faust was commonly known in Britain by the end of the sixteenth century, and so had plenty of time to take on local colour and evolve under local superstition into the shape in which it is here given.

But the tale has other than a mere traditional interest, for it seems to the writer to have given Robert Louis Stevenson the basis for his 'Legend of Tod Lapraik' in *Catriona*, some of the details of which bear a strong resemblance to certain passages in *The Warlock Laird*.

Less tragic, but still vivid with the unfailling colours of legend and of real mythical importance, is the romantic story of *The Flower of Leith*. The ancient feudal superiors of the town were the Logans of Restalrig, whose residence was the moated Castle of Lochend, the site of which is now occupied by an old but substantial dwelling-house. They exercised a tyrannical sway over the burghers of the port, and at the end of the sixteenth century the race was represented by a nobleman who regarded the inhabitants of Leith as fair game for spoliation. The chief instrument of his exactions was a certain Ludovic Wilson, a man of giant height, whose savage and remorseless character made him the terror of the neighbourhood.

In the year 1599 there resided in Leith a merchant of substance and repute named John Balfour, whose only daughter

Lucy, because of her exceptional beauty and charm, was known as 'the Flower of Leith.' One moonless night she was abducted by Logan's gigantic retainer, whose master's reputation was such that he was at once suspected as the originator of the affair. But, as everyone feared him, few were found who dared accuse him openly. Lucy's brothers, however, were not to be trifled with, and, collecting a band of young men of their own age, they proceeded to Lochend Castle for the purpose of demanding an explanation from its lord, who treated them with contumely.

Time passed, and Logan fell upon evil days. He was accused of being an accessory to the Gowrie conspiracy, and was forced to seek concealment. In his absence the people of Restalrig and Leith began to make matters unpleasant for his retainers. Pressed by hunger, Ludovic Wilson and three of his companions came to Leith with the object of obtaining supplies. They were returning to Lochend, when they were confronted on the Links by the brothers Balfour and their friends. A fierce combat ensued, and, though several of the townsmen were killed, the giant and his three comrades were overpowered and slain. A great crowd collected on the spot to exult over the downfall of the monster who had so long harried and tormented them, and it was agreed that he should be buried where he had fallen.

A huge grave was dug, and into this the bodies of the giant and his friends were cast. The crowd, not content with this, dug out the earth in front of what is now Vanburgh Street, and piled it on the top of the grave, either for the purpose of marking the spot or in accordance with ancient tradition to make sure that the spirit of the dreaded giant would not 'walk.' For many years after this occurrence the place was known as 'the Giant's Grave,' but in course of time the name became corrupted into 'the Giant's Brae.' Lucy Balfour was discovered unharmed in a chamber in Fast Castle, another residence of the Logans of Restalrig.

Not long ago a farm hand whom I met on the road near Lochend Castle pointed out the adjacent and solitary tomb of a well-known Edinburgh bookman and antiquary, whose library was recently disposed of at a London sale for over half a million, as 'the Giant's Grave.' The mausoleum in question, which was built a generation ago, stands near the car-line, and is conspicuous for its gorgeous bas-reliefs of the destruction of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea and the triumph of the Israelites. In such a manner do local traditions become confused with the sites connected with later unusual circumstances. But the legend of the Flower of Leith is easily recognisable in Cymric myth. Indeed 'Ludovic,' the name of the Restalrig giant, seems rather obviously to identify him with Lud, or Llud,

the Sun god, or Lot, the tutelary deity of Lothian, later regarded as a giant. The maiden whom he abducts is known locally as 'the Flower,' and this at once identifies her with that Blodeuwedd, or 'Flower Face,' who in Celtic myth was the wife manufactured for Lud out of flowers by Math and Gwydion. The derivation seems plain enough, and in all probability 'the Giant's Grave' marks the spot of one of the traditional burial places of Lud or Lot.

The balm well of St. Katherine, near Liberton, a well into which a deposit of petroleum and bitumen constantly flows, possesses a saintly legend of its own. The surface is perennially coated with an oily black substance, and this gave rise to the belief that its waters were a sovereign cure for cutaneous diseases. The story tells how the pious St. Katherine was requested by St. Margaret, Queen of Malcolm Canmore, to procure for her some holy oil from Mount Sinai. On her return journey from the Holy Land she stopped to rest herself by the Liberton pool, and inadvertently dropped some of the precious oil into its depths. From that moment the supply of oil in the fountain has never ceased. Unfortunately for this story, although vouched for by Hector Boece, none of the five St. Katherines in the Roman Calendar was contemporary with St. Margaret. It is most probable that the proximity of the convent of St. Katherine of Sienna to the well caused her name to be applied to it, and a mediæval lack of chronology would accomplish the rest. James VI. ordered it to be walled round in 1617 for its better preservation, but in 1650 Cromwell's troopers almost totally destroyed the guarding cincture. Near the well a chapel dedicated to St. Margaret was erected, and it is traditionally asserted that in this edifice the bones of St. Katherine, who conferred on the well its miraculous flow of oil, were laid. The place where she rests is still pointed out, but the chapel has long since been removed. The legend was obviously created to account for the association of the well with the saintly name of the patron of the neighbouring shrine.

Edinburgh has also her own Dick Whittington—with a difference—who went to Morocco, and made his fortune, but returned with sentiments to his native town very different from those of his London exemplar. In the reign of Charles I. the Provost of Edinburgh had made himself obnoxious to the city mob, formerly the most violent in Europe, who set his house on fire. The ringleader was a certain Andrew Gray, a man of influential family, who was condemned to death. But he contrived to escape. Time passed, the days of the Civil War arrived, and with them a terrible pestilence. One day a large armed vessel of foreign appearance entered the firth, and was recognised

as an Algerian pirate. Her crew came ashore, headed by Gray, now a captain in the service of the Corsairs, who demanded a large ransom from the city. But when the provost acquainted him with the plight of the community, and informed them that his daughter lay at the point of death, Gray, who had evidently acquired some knowledge of physic during his term of exile, offered to cure her, admitting at the same time that he had returned to Edinburgh for the purpose of avenging himself upon those who had injured him in the past. In the end he restored the maiden to health and married her, ultimately settling down in the city and building the large tenement in the Canongate afterwards known as Morocco Land, and embellished with the carven head of a Moor. Scores of such stories exist in mediæval romances, and we find a very characteristic one introduced in Thomas Heywood's play *The Fair Maid of the West*, first staged in 1617. It is impossible to verify this most interesting tradition, and the civic records appear to present not the slightest trace of it, so one must reluctantly conclude that it partakes more of the nature of a myth than of legend proper.

At the same time, Robert Chambers supplies a variant of it to the effect that a young woman belonging to Edinburgh, having been captured at sea by an African rover, was sold to the Emperor of Morocco, whose favourite wife she became, and it was the brother of this 'empress' who had grown rich in Africa who built Morocco Land. In his *Picture of Scotland* Chambers says that at a place known as Mill of Steps, in Perthshire, dwelt an old woman who claimed to be the mother of the Empress of Morocco alluded to, who had kept up a correspondence with her Scottish relatives. Her sons applied for British aid to assist them in asserting their rights to the throne of their father on the plea that they were of British descent, and an expedition was actually fitted out at Gibraltar in accordance with their request, when news arrived that the two young men had been assassinated. It may be that this accounts for the legend of Morocco Land, and that the tenement was built by the brother of the Algerian empress, but the events described by Chambers are distant from those of the older legend by at least 150 years.

In the sphere of pure folklore—that is, of beliefs the remnants of which have still a popular sanction—the King's Park appears as a nucleus of many of the traditions associated with Edinburgh. Around the lion-like mass of Arthur's Seat the fogs of legend cluster thick as cloud. That the hill was at one time the home of prehistoric man seems undoubted. In 1839 Dunsappie Loch, a lakelet on its eastern shoulder, was drained, and such a treasure of bronze armour was recovered from its waters as made it clear to investigators that a workshop for the manufacture of bronze

tools and weapons must have existed on the hill. That it was permanently occupied, as were Traprain Law and the Castle Rock, is proved by the still visible ridges on its slope, as viewed from the east, the vestiges of irrigation terraces for the growth of barley in the soft hill soil.

That the site was anciently one of great sanctity is proved by its former association with the Celtic ceremony of Bealltain or Beltane, the vestiges of which still survive locally. There is good evidence that the ancient Celtic church confounded, or deliberately fused, this festival with that of the Rood, which celebrated the discovery of the true Cross by the Empress Helena. There seem to have been only two Rood churches in Scotland, those of Holyrood and Peebles, both of which were built on sites where the festival of Bealltain, or May Day, had been celebrated formerly. The ritual of the feast seems to have consisted, in later days at least, in the baking of a custard cake, which was offered to beasts of prey as an inducement to spare the flocks and herds, and one of its especial rites seems to have been the washing of the face in dew, an ancient Druidic custom. This latter rite is still respected in Edinburgh, and on May Day many young women piously repair to Arthur's Seat to renew their good looks for the year by bathing the face in early morning dew. Indeed, it seems to be one of the few spots remaining in Britain definitely associated with the rite.

The Well of St. Anthony, near the ruined chapel of the saint, on the north-east slope of Arthur's Seat, was formerly a place of pagan rites, the partial observance of which only recently died out. Thirty years ago an Edinburgh antiquary, Mr. J. R. Walker, observed three women dip a bandage in the water and wrap it round the eyes of a child, evidently with the intention of restoring its sight. There also remains in the King's Park hard by a great inclined stone, down which, as in other Celtic localities, women desirous of issue were wont to slide. Other strange folk beliefs are associated with the hill and park. It is said that a diamond of great magnitude and brilliancy is embedded in the side of Arthur's Seat, and that its beams can be observed by night from the Castle. It is also rumoured locally that a great treasure lies buried beneath the hill, but that 'the king will not allow it to be dug up'! Can this refer to the burial of some treasure of ancient plate such as was discovered some years ago on Traprain Law? The legendary indication is not infrequently a sound guide to the archæologist, and perhaps the Chapel of St. Anthony was preceded by a still older Celtic shrine, which, like a possible edifice on Traprain, may have been the scene of the hurried concealment of early Christian plate.

The Grange district, on the south side of Edinburgh, seems also

to have been in ancient times a nucleus of Druidic worship. It constituted the grange or church lands of the Cathedral of St. Giles, and it is well known that such ecclesiastical properties frequently descended to the church from Druidic ownership. Its Lovers' Loan, a walled lane skirting the Grange cemetery, has all the appearance of a walk which led to one of those Druidic cromlechs, where lovers were wont to plight their troth, and which had the significance of fertility. Towards its southern end the walk has a slightly serpentine shape, in which it resembles many other Druidic avenues in Britain and elsewhere. Further to the east, in Grange Loan, is the Penny Well, or Pinny Well, one of those wells into which pins were cast as an offering to the presiding genius in lieu of an anciently more valuable pledge. Not far away, also in Grange Loan, and built into the lower part of the retaining wall, is an ancient 'wish-stone' at which children were once in the habit of casting pebbles, their desires being granted or otherwise as they hit or missed the boulder.

The remains of other time-honoured Celtic folk beliefs may be traced in the legend of the 'death-coach' formerly seen and heard at Leith, which recalls the Breton story of the Ankou, or skeleton who patrols the countryside with a cart in which he carries off souls, and in the presence of 'Green Ladies' who haunt the wells at Caroline Park, near Granton, and Craighouse, and who are undoubtedly one and the same with the Breton Korrigan and the Welsh Keridwen. We seem also to find a Celtic basis in the superstition formerly prevailing at Newhaven that dead fishermen became seagulls, and in the former presence in the same locality of a special 'boat language,' which, though its verbiage is English, is nothing but a plain translation of the Gaelic terms employed by the fishermen of the North of Scotland when at sea. Thus, if the word 'salmon' were mentioned, the whole crew would grasp the nearest metal object, and exclaim 'Cauld iron,' in order to avert the omen, iron presumably being the magic metal which alone could ward off the sorceries of a bronze-working folk. The name of the minister or priest was also taboo, and cat and dog must be called 'Theebet' and 'Sandy.' These observances in all probability had reference to the belief that at sea a separate set of deities had to be placated, and that an allusion to land spirits or divinities might bring upon the fishermen the wrath of the ocean gods.

The outstanding fact which emerges from the consideration of the traditions of Edinburgh is that the great majority of these are of Celtic origin and association. Only one, 'the Warlock Laird,' seems to be of Teutonic provenance, and only two appear to have more remote associations—that connected with Brounger, which appears to indicate a possible Slavonic relationship, and

the Shellycoat legend, which may have come from the far north. The greater number are undoubtedly Celtic, and Brythonic Celtic rather than Goidelic Celtic at that, although Goidelic influence is apparent in some instances.

So far as the typology of Edinburgh's traditions is concerned, its outstanding mythical stories fall into well-known classes of tradition. The story of Triduana is a legendary memory of the myth of Bridgit or Brigantia, pure myth metamorphosed into personal legend. The tale of Brounger is obviously ætiological, that is, it was invented to explain the existence of a flint fetish. 'Totems,' says Jevons, 'aroused curiosity and necessitated explanations,' and he considers that when the beliefs connected with them were dead and forgotten, the stories invented to account for them would appear no longer as reasons or explanations, but as statements of facts which occurred 'once upon a time.' So Brigantia becomes the actual living Saint Triduana, and Brounger the 'old fisherman.'

The tale of the Piper who essayed the underground passage is connected with the great Cycle which once described the journey of the soul through the Underworld, and which later disintegrated into the story of the search for the fairy queen in her hill. The legend of the Giant's Grave is plainly the remains of a myth intended to explain the movements of the constellations, the sun, Lud, and the 'flowery' sky, Bloddeuwedd.

In the sphere of legend, that connected with Holyrood is clearly explanatory of the circumstances of its foundation, and probably late in origin, as is the tale of St. Katherine's Balm Well. The 'Warlock Laird' is a pure legend, imported during the sixteenth century and applied to the local scene. The legend of Morocco Land seems to be partly ætiological and partly accounted for by an obscure personal history. The folklore beliefs are one and all obviously survivals from Celtic ritual.

This provisional survey of the traditional data relating to Scotland's capital may possibly serve to arouse a keener interest in the mythical and legendary lore of the Northern Athens, which, if she cannot boast of a pantheon as rich and classical as her Hellenic prototype, may still rejoice in the ownership of palladia of her very own, of shrines not ignoble or unconnected with the great names of British myth, and in the possession of an Olympus which will bear comparison, as regards interest and variety, with that of any British community

LEWIS SPENCE.

CONRAD'S SHIP

SHE was fast, she was dry, she was beautiful to look upon. In the days of her prime she was famed for her speed, and could still boast of being able to show a clean pair of heels to nine out of ten barques on the long sea route from Gravesend to Port Jackson. She could beat across the Bay when steamers had to slow their engines and lie to. She could wing her way across the tropics when other ships would lie almost becalmed. She could make her easting in the 'Roaring Forties' at 300 miles from noon to noon with the wind right aft, as steady as a P. & O. liner; yet she never dipped her catheads under water or ever shipped a sea aboard the poop. In stays she was a marvel of perfection and rode the biggest seas with the ease of contempt. She could tack through the Backstairs Passage careening like a yacht to the off-shore breeze, and it was even asserted by her bo'sun that she could sail three points closer to the wind than any other square-rigged craft on the surface of the globe. Be that as it may, her sailing capabilities were unrivalled at the time—she all but broke the record in sixty-four days on the great trade route to Australia.

She was christened the *Torrens*, and was a composite copper-bottomed clipper—in fact, a 'ship' of 2500 tons burthen, square-rigged on the fore, main and mizzen, 135 feet from stem to stern, with a beam of 27 feet. Her poop was 90 feet or more in length, and her double-ported state-rooms (twenty in number) would have done credit to many a modern liner. A ship of bygone days that still weighed her anchor to the chant of the crew at the windlass and manned her capstan to raise her heavy spars.

She was cradled in Sunderland in the seventies in the yard of a world-famous firm, and was the envy of every packet owner in the United Kingdom. Every twelve months she turned up in one of the Australian ports with the regularity of the seasons, and the history of the Colonies could be traced from her records. Expressly built for speed, she lived up to expectations and never lacked for passengers or cargo. Even to the end of her career she was sought out by those who travelled for the sake of the sea and longed to be far from the madding crowd. Her freights had varied as the years went by, and many a yarn could

