

hope that the issue of the long-expected song-book will lend such a stimulus to the dormant musical talent of the University, as will lead to the establishment on a firm basis of a Glee-Club which shall be an honour to the University, and a source of pleasure and recreation to the students.

Contributions.

MRS. CARLYLE.*

Jane Baillie Welsh, Jane Welsh Carlyle she afterwards called herself, belonged to a very old Scotch family rich in geniuses and in heroes. "Several blackguards among them but not one blockhead that I ever heard of," was the account of his kinsfolk given to Jane Welsh by her grandfather. Her father, Dr. Welsh, was descended from that most fanatical of old time Reformers, John Knox, who in speaking of Mary Stuart, always called her the modern Jezabel. Through her mother's mother who was a Baillie, a somewhat noted family in Biggar County, Mrs. Carlyle was said to trace her ancestry back to one whose glorious name is for ever dear to the hearts of the Scotch people—Sir William Wallace. But this is one of those traditions which it is very hard to authenticate and whose number is legion. Jane Welsh herself cared little or nothing for those vague fireside rumors of genealogical greatness, but later in life finding that her husband attached some importance to family distinction she took a little more interest in them on his account. In neither branch had the family degenerated. Dr. Welsh was an eminent physician, esteemed alike for his medical skill as for his dignity and honesty, and Carlyle who could hardly bear his mother-in-law was forced to acknowledge that she fell but little short of being a woman of genius, added to which she is described as being a model of elegance and beauty.

This distinguished couple had but one child a daughter, born at Haddington in 1801, the heroine of our sketch. In childhood a brunette with large lustrous eyes, quick, lively and with much bodily energy, she regretted not being a boy and endeavored to console herself as far as possible by learning Algebra and Latin and imitating the boys in their sports. She never by any chance passed through a gate like other girls, but jumped or climbed the fence as most convenient, and this habit she did not lose until a large girl. Long after her marriage when she found the carriage to return for the first time to the place where she had been so happy no one knew her, adversity not less than years had aged and worn her; one of the villagers guessed her name on seeing her instinctively scale a fence. "It is Jeannie Welsh," he cried, "No other woman would jump a fence when she could go through a gate. You are Jeannie Welsh."

Her studies were brilliant. Her aptitude for the sciences was so remarkable that she was sent to the boys class, of which she soon became the head. She made great progress in Latin and the influence of

Virgil may be early traced in her character and conduct. The harsh and exacting Calvinism of her rigid ancestor became mollified by the softer principles of the Latin poets until it was finally dissolved and Jane Welsh came to see that it is a matter of but little importance whether a man believes this or that provided his conduct be fair in the light of day. Not only did she discredit dogma, but she fell into what was considered by her friends a worse error. She doubted the virtue and importance of the observances of the religion of which they were such strict adherents. It was too fine a point for her keen mind, very much alive to inconsistency, to see wherein lay the wrong in having a horse trot on Sunday when it was no harm to make him walk. I abstain from provoking anything like a religious discussion, but I commend her views on the subject of Sunday observance to those gentlemen who think that more legislation is desirable to enforce it. Who, for instance, are so good that they would not allow our streets to be watered on Sunday, but would force the unfortunate citizens to receive the dust in their mouths, noses, ears and eyes, while they themselves enjoy the fresh air of some suburban villa. Jane Welsh thought for herself. Her kind heart and strong brain had forced from her eyes the scales of bigotry and prejudice which the circumstances of birth and surroundings had placed there and she viewed the world through the clear transparent light of reason. This was a great grief to her advisers who said that she had become a sort of pagan but they perceived it too late for remedy.

Fond of logic, she had a clear incisive faculty of seeing through things, hating all that was "make believe" and "sham." She had good sense that almost amounted to genius, industrious and painstaking she worked eagerly at literature with the ambition of winning name and fame. Pretty and witty—she was just the sort of girl to be most dangerous to a susceptible young man. We have dilated on the virtues of our heroine, we must not be blind to her failings. Of a lively imagination and ready flow of language, she was much given to exaggeration and the petting which she had received had tended to foster what was naturally inclined to be an obstinate, wilful and exceedingly irritable disposition. By no means free from personal vanity; a true woman—she was fond alike of society, dress, flattery and flirtation.

Such a girl was not wanting for lovers. For a time the admiration was all on one side but her hero came in the shape of the village school master, a son of the gods, superb and splendid, tall and graceful, with regular features and a musical voice; a man of eloquence and learning. Small wonder that the friendship between teacher and pupil soon ripened into a warmer sentiment. But there had been a *caque* understanding with another person; it was not a definite engagement but she insisted that he must keep it. There had been some trial and a great scandal about some Scotch minister who had broken a promise of marriage, and Jane could not bear that there should be any such reproach cast upon the man whom she loved so well, she would give him up first. And he showed that he was worthy of her by his unflinching resolve to do without her.

* Summarized from a paper read before the University Literary Society, Nov. 1884.