

like to cost me more time than it did Buonaparte to gain it. I met Colonel Ferguson about one, to see his dogs run. It is a sport I have loved well; but now, I know not why, I find it little interesting. To be sure, I used to gallop, and that I cannot now do. We had good sport, however, and killed five hares. I felt excited during the chase, but the feeling was but momentary. My mind was immediately turned to other remembrances, and to pondering upon the change which had taken place in my own feelings. The day was positively heavenly, and the wild hillside, with our little coursing party, was beautiful to look at. Yet I felt like a man come from the dead, looking with indifference on that which interested him while living. We dined at Huntly Burn. Kind and comfortable as usual.

*September 24.* — I made a rally to-day, and wrote four pages, or nearly. Never stirred abroad the whole day, but was made happy after dinner by the return of Charles, full of his Irish jaunt, and happy as young men are with the change of scene. To-morrow I must go to Melville Castle. I wonder what I can do or say about these Universities. One thing occurs — the distribution of bursaries only *ex meritis*. That is, I would have the presentations continue in the present patrons, but exact that those presented should be qualified by success in their literary attainments and distinction acquired at school to hold those scholarships. This seems to be following out the idea of the founders, who, doubtless, intended the furthering of good literature. To give education to dull mediocrity is a flinging of the children's bread to dogs — it is sharpening a hatchet on a razor-strop, which renders the strop useless, and does no good to the hatchet. Well, something we will do.

*Melville Castle, September 25.* — Found Lord and Lady M. in great distress. Their son Robert is taken