

THE Scottish Canadian.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1893.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

We greet our readers this week in a new and, we hope, a greatly improved form. THE SCOTTISH CANADIAN has made for itself a welcome place in the homes of our countrymen on this side of the Atlantic, both on the south side of the border-line and in our own Canada. We are sensible of the support and patronage so generously given by all classes and in our new departure our desire is to place a better article in the hands of our patrons than we have done heretofore. We are not of those who would hold that their own paper or other possession is as near perfection as possible, simply because it happens to be theirs; we freely admit defects and deficiencies, but at the same time we seek credit for having "cut to our cloth," to have done the best we could under indifferent circumstances. Some friends have been kind enough to compliment us on the success we have already attained. We do not hesitate to say that some features of the SCOTTISH CANADIAN have been extremely interesting, equal to anything provided anywhere by more pretentious and expensive weeklies and we gladly avail ourselves of this reference to make our acknowledgements to many of our talented contributors. But the natural thing for a paper like ours to do,—as it works its way into the confidence and esteem of its constituency, as it takes the place of an old friend,—is to redouble its efforts to satisfy and to give pleasure. The reader will observe, at a glance, that the paper in its new form is much neater, better printed and gotten up more expensively than formerly. The mechanical get up has been much improved, and newer and clearer type has been introduced, while, to enable us to devote more space to reading matter an additional form of four pages has been added. A fresh supply of bright topical articles and appropriate news items will be provided from week to week, and special attention will be given to the doings of our Scottish organizations throughout the country. We could easily, and at small cost, fill our pages with admirably written articles, on every kind of subjects selected from current literature, as do some of our contemporaries, but we must keep to our own idea, believing that a Scottish Canadian journal ought at least to be intensely Scottish Canadian, not a collection of paragraphs on things in general dished up with scissors and paste. If we savour of Scotland it is because we cater to Scotchmen, and if we pass by many thoughts of great minds, not relevant to our aims and purpose there

is this consolation, that our constituency, being mostly of the reading kind, are likely to find these thoughts in the course of their ordinary reading. We doubt not our friends will appreciate this our latest advance in the right direction, and that they will rally around their own paper and strengthen our hands so that in a short time we may be able to still further improve it.

PROF. LUSHINGTON'S DEATH.

THE death of Mr. E. L. Lushington, formerly Greek Professor at Glasgow University, is announced. It occurred at his residence, Park House, near Maidstone, at the age of 82 years. Mr. Lushington, who was a brother-in-law of the late Lord Tennyson, was elected to the Chair of Greek in Glasgow University in 1838, in succession to Sir Daniel K. Sandford, and among the unsuccessful candidates at the time was Mr. Robert Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke. For thirty-eight years he held the position of Greek Professor in the Western University, and during the whole course of that long series of years he was a great favourite with the students. Resigning in 1875, he returned to England; but ten years later, on the death of Professor Fawcett, who held the Lord Rectorship of the Glasgow University, Mr. Lushington, who had received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the Glasgow College, was unanimously elected by the students as their Lord Rector, a unique tribute of confidence towards one of whom they had no personal knowledge. In March 1885, he delivered his Rectorial address, and on the occasion of his visit he was entertained at dinner by 150 of his former students. Mr. Lushington exerted a remarkable general educational influence over those whom he taught by a union of intellectual power and tenderness of manner, always, as the late Poet Laureate had said, carrying his "weight of learning lightly like a flower."

A RECREANT SCOTCHMAN.

THERE was one passage in the debate on the Scottish Home Rule Bill in the House of Commons, which will be read with indignation by all true-hearted, leal Scotchmen. Sir Herbert Maxwell could be excused for opposing Home Rule, being a dyed-in-the-wool old-timer, but when one bearing his ancient name says that he looks upon Bannockburn as "the greatest misfortune that ever befell his country" one is inclined to be angry. No passage in Scottish history is so creditable to the people as the chapter relating to the victories of Wallace and the crowning glories of Bruce. When the Scottish nobles sold their country for gold, and the yoke of Edward was well-nigh fastened to his own thorough satisfaction, the common people, the native

born peasants, rose with Wallace, himself a Renfrewshire, Gaelic-speaking Celt, of ancient, but not of noble family, and under the guidance of his military genius, the shackles of England were shivered to pieces. Bannockburn was the copestone to the temple of Scottish liberty, the corner stone of which Wallace laid. What qualities of Scottish character are bound up with that battle no estimate could measure. The sturdy independence then expressed was the same that led to the Reformation under Knox, that inspired and sustained the brave Covenanters on the hillsides of Galloway and the west, and that now marks the Scot as the lover of freedom, the hater of oppression and as the thrifty citizen all the world over. Bannockburn must never be given up. It is not the blaze of glory that shone on the Scottish arms and rewarded the prowess of brave men that is most to be admired in connection with the historic field; it is that Scottish love of freedom, Scottish patriotism, and national pride triumphed against overwhelming odds. The heritage of freedom and love of freedom is not to be made light of much less to be set down as a misfortune, and the softest word that can be said to Sir Herbert Maxwell is that he has disgraced his name, and that he is a disgrace to Scotland.

LITERARY NOTES.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD & SONS, have published "Pleasant Memories of a Busy Life," by Dr. David Pryde, a volume which is eminently worthy of its title. A better-natured book of reminiscences has never been written, nor does Dr. Pryde leave the impression that "he could and he would." Some of the stories are old, and some have become already familiar by repetition. One of the most interesting passages to me was that on Carlyle's friend, Dr. Thomas Murray, author of the "Literary History of Galloway." Dr. Murray, who was honorary secretary of the School of Arts, was singularly optimistic. He would dilate on the excellence of the school: "Gentlemen, we are perfect" (he pronounced it *perfit*). If an absent friend was mentioned, "He is the best of men," he would say, and holding up his glass would add, "We will drink with all the honors." Then it would occur to him that some important member of the company had been overlooked, and he would say in a voice trembling with emotion, "Gentlemen, I could not lay my head this night on my pillow with a comforting sense of having done my duty did I not propose the health of Mr. So-and-so," and he would launch into a sympathetic eulogy of the person in question. Of Carlyle, whose literary eminence he was the first man to foretell, he would say, "Tom Carlyle is wonderful as an author, but distressingly un-comfortable as a fellow-creature. He is a social dog-in-the-manger. He cannot