

beautiful, and so full of historic associations. I cannot bid it farewell just yet; for I hope, to see it again and again, before I go to the Celestial City, not made with hands.

In 1836 my brother John and I were sent to the Grange Academy—a somewhat famous school at Sunderland, Co. Durham, where we remained two years—going home for the summer holidays, which was a great event in our lives. Sometimes by the coach route via Dunbar Alnwick and Newcastle, and at other times by the ‘Waverly route’ via Langholm and Carlisle. Once at least we returned by sea from Shields to Leith. Dr. James Cowan was the proprietor and headmaster of the Grange, and had under him a good staff of teachers. With the exception of the teachers of French and German they were all Scotchmen. Speaking generally, Latin and Greek occupied a prominent place in the curriculum, Mr. John Cowan, the Doctor’s brother taught the higher branches required by those who had a University course in view. He was a grand scholar, and was a candidate for the Greek chair in Glasgow when Sir Daniel Sanford died, but he was not nearly so popular with the boys as his brother, who, while a strict disciplinarian, was a genial kindly man. Dr. Cowan’s forte was administration, and he certainly managed the establishment with consummate ability, resulting in marked success financially and otherwise. The Grange might not have been comparable with Eton and Rugby, but in the estimation of Scottish gentry it had greater attractions, and drew to it many scholars from the best families in the North. Dr. Cowan was a square-built, muscular man, of heavy weight and prodigious strength. Well was it for us that his strength was tempered with some degree of clemency, for he was red-haired, and naturally of a violent temper. It took little to arouse his anger, but the sun never went down on his wrath: he might be a terror to evil-doers, but he had a tender heart. He not only took a lively interest in our games but was easily first at foot-ball, cricket, and tennis. If there was any thrashing to be done he claimed sole right to do it himself. He absolutely forbade the use of the lash by any of his subordinates; but did it himself *con amore*, and thoroughly. It never had to