

## THE ENCHANTED BRIDLE.

## A LEGENDARY BALLAD.

[The legend upon which this ballad is founded is well known in Ayrshire. It is briefly as follows: Sir Fergus of Ardrossan, otherwise known as the "dell o' Ardrossan," procured, through Satanic agency, a bridle which enabled him to perform wonderful feats on horseback. Having on one occasion to go from home, he charged his wife not to allow their son to use the enchanted bridle; this injunction, however, was not obeyed. The wayward youth mounted his father's steed, rode off, and was afterwards thrown from the saddle and killed on the spot. On his return, Sir Fergus slew his wife in a fit of rage, and subsequently retired to Arran, where he passed the remainder of his days in solitude.]

## I.

"Get up, get up, my merrie young men,  
And saddle my guid bay steed;  
For I maun ride to St. Mirren's Kirk,  
And the time draws on wi' speed."

Then up and spak his bonnie young wife,  
"What for sude ye gang there?  
'Tis past the hour for vesper sang,  
'Tis past the time for prayer."

Then up and spak his only son:  
"I hear the sad sea's maen;  
O think on the mirk and eerie night,  
O think on the wind and rain."

The shore is wild, the glen is deep,  
The moor is rough and hie;  
And he who rides on sic a night  
Suld hae guid companie."

"Ye speak but true, my bonnie young wife,  
The time o' prayer is by;  
Ye speak but true, my only son,  
The wind and waves are hie."

The shore is wild, the glen is deep,  
The moor is cauld and wide;  
But I hae a trust at St. Mirren's Kirk,  
And I trow I downa bide."

He mounted on his strang bay steed,  
Nor dreamed o' rain or wind;  
The lanesome whaup cried on before,  
The houlet screamed behind."

"Speed on, speed on, my guid bay mare,  
Nor heed that melody;  
'Tis but the sang o' the lone mermaid,  
As she sings to the wintry sea."

Haud up, haud up, my bonnie bay steed,  
Till ye wun to bank or brae;  
For the wan water o' Fairlie burn  
I trow has tint its way."

The thunder brattled wi' eerie thud,  
As he rode ower the moor o' Kame;  
But when he cam to the Baidland hill,  
The lichtin' spell'd his name."

When he gaed by the mountain tarn,  
And through the Biggie moss,  
He saw a lowe on St. Mirren's Kirk,  
Abune the guid stane cross."

And when he cam to the auld kirkyard,  
Wow! but he shook wi' dread;  
For there was a ring o' seven witches  
A' dancin' abune the dead."

There were twa grim hags frae Saltoats toon,  
And twa frae the Kirk o' Shotts,  
And twa cam ower frae the Brig o' Turk,  
And a frae John o' Groats."

O wha was he in that hellish ring  
Wi' buckles abune his knee?  
He was clad in a garb o' guid braidcloth,  
I see warrant the Dell was he!"

And aye he keeked, and aye he flang,  
As the hags gaed merrily round,  
Till the frightened bane o' the kirkyard mool  
Lap up through the quaking ground."

Then by cam a muckle cormorant,  
And it jowed the auld kirky bell;  
The lowe gaed out, the witches fled,  
And the Dell stood by himself."

The wind blew up, and the wind blew doon,  
Till it fell'd an auld ash-tree;  
And the Dell cam ower to the kirkyard yett,  
And he bow'd richt courteously."

"O cam ye here to be purged or shriven,  
Or cam ye here to pray?"  
"O cam ye here to the bonnie bridle  
Ye promised me yesterday."

I wad ride on the back o' the nor'-east wind;  
I wad prance through driving storm;  
And I wad own the guid bridle  
That wad keep me aye frae harm."

"Gin I gie you the gift ye seek  
O what will you gie me?  
Gin I gie you the bonnie bridle,  
O what sal be my fee?"

"I am chief o' the knights o' Cunningham;  
I am laird o' the green Cumbray;  
And I'll gie you a bonnie white doo  
When ye pass by that way."

He is aff on the wings o' the nor'-east wind,  
Wi' a speed that nane may learn;  
He has struck red fire frae black Kame hill,  
And flash'd ower the Baidland cairn."

And aye he shook his strange bridle,  
And aye he laughed wi' glee,  
As his wild steed danced doon the mountain-side  
Uncheck'd by rook or tree."

"O up and see this eerie sight!"  
Cried a shepherd in Crosby glen;  
But as he spak the swift bay steed  
Had pass'd ayont his ken."

"O up and see this wild horseman,  
And his horse wi' the clankin' shoon!"  
But ere the eye could be turned to look  
He had clanged through Ardrossan toon."

And aye he rode, and aye he belaughed,  
And shook his bridle grim;  
For there was a rider in 'a' the land,  
Could ever keep sight o' him."

## II.

"Get up, get up, my merrie young men,  
Get up, my sailors gay;  
For I wad sail in my bonnie white boat,  
To the shores o' fair Cumbray."

He set his face to the sant, sant sea,  
He turned his back to land;  
And he sang a lit o' the guid luvie-lay,  
As he gaed doon the strand."

He hadna been a league frae shore,  
A league but barely three;  
When out and spak his only son:  
"Send my guid page to me."

Now saddle me fast my father's steed,  
Put his new bridle on;  
For I maun ride to Portincross  
Before the licht is gone."

Then up and spak his young mother:  
"My son, that maunna be;  
The rocks are high, the steed is wild,  
And I fear the guriy sea."

I dream'd a doleful dream yestreen,  
And grat till my een were blin';  
O if ye ride that wild beast steed,  
I fear ye'll ne'er come in."

"Come cheer ye up, my mother dear,  
Fause dreams ye maunna dre;  
What gies sic joy to a father's heart,  
Will no bring grief to me."

Now he has mounted the bonnie bay steed,  
And he has seized the rein;  
"Cheer up, cheer up, my sweet mother,  
Till I come back again."

The first dance that he rade along,  
His feet danc'd in his shoon;  
And ere the fourth mile he had rade  
His brain gaed whirling roon."

He flang the reins frae out his han,—  
The steed gaed briskly on;  
Ower rock and fen, ower moor and glen,  
By lock and mountain lone."

The sun blink'd merrily in the lift;  
Pearls gleamed on lika tree;  
The bonniest hues o' rainbow light  
Were flickerin' on the sea."

O sweet is the smile o' the opening rose,  
And sweet is the full-blawn pea;  
And sweet, sweet to the youthful sense,  
Were the ferlies he did see."

Fair forms skipped merrily by his side,—  
The gauze o' goud they wore;  
But the blythe queen o' a' the train  
Danc'd wautonly on before."

"Come here, come here, my bonnie young May,  
Sae sweet as I hear ye sing;  
Come here, come here, my ain true love,  
And I'll gie ye a pearlie ring."

He urged the steed wi' his prickly heel,  
Till the red blude stain'd his side;  
But he ne'er could reach that fause young May  
Sae fast as he might ride."

He rade and rade ower the wide countrie,  
Till mirth gave place to pain;  
The sun dropp'd into the cauld, cauld sea,  
And the sky grew black wi' rain."

"Haud in, haud in, my guid bay steed,  
Sae fast as ye seem to flee;  
I hear the voice o' my dear mother,  
As she greets at hame for me."

O halt ye, halt! my bonnie bay steed,  
There's dule by the sounding shore;  
Nae pity dwells in the bleak, bleak waves,  
Sae loud as I hear them roar."

O help me, help! my sweet mother;  
Come father and succour me!  
But the only voice in the lone mirk night  
Was the roar o' the grewsome sea."

He has lookit east, he has lookit west,  
He has peer'd through the blinding hail;  
But the only light on the wide waters,  
Was the gleam o' his father's sail."

He has lookit north, he has lookit south,  
To see where help might be;  
But the wild steed leapt ower the black headland  
And sank in the ruthless sea!"

O when his father reached the shore,<  
Sair did he greet and maen,  
When he thought on the fair young face  
He ne'er might see again."

"Come back, come back, my bonnie young son,  
Come back and speak to me!"  
But he only heard thro' the grey, grey licht  
The sough o' the pitiless sea."

"O gie me a kiss o' his red, red lips,  
Or a lock o' his golden hair!"  
But the heartless wind, wi' an eldritch soun',  
Aye mock'd at his despair."

O could was the bite o' the plashing rain,  
And loud was the tempest's roar;  
And deep was the grief o' the father's heart  
As he stood by the hopeless shore."

"Wae, wae on my trust at St. Mirren's Kirk,  
That bargain I sairly rue,  
When I took ower the Dell's bridle  
And sold my bonnie white doo!"

## HUXLEY ON EDUCATION.

CLASSICAL AND SCIENTIFIC TRAINING CONTRASTED—HE DECLARES THAT CLASSICAL EDUCATION IS A MISTAKE.

At the opening of the Mason Scientific College in Birmingham recently, the inaugural address was delivered by Professor Huxley. He said that for the children of the nineteenth century, the establishment of a college under the conditions of Sir Josiah Mason's trust had a significance apart from any which it could have possessed a hundred years ago. It appeared to be an indication that we were reaching the crisis of the battle, or rather the long series of battles, which had been fought over education in a campaign which began long before Priestley's time, and which would probably not be finished just yet. In the last century the combatants were the champions of ancient literature on the one side, and those of modern literature on the other;

but some thirty years ago the contest became complicated by the appearance of a third army ranged under the banner of physical science. From the time that the first suggestion to introduce physical science into ordinary education was timidly whispered until now, the advocates of scientific education had met with opposition of two kinds. On the one hand they had been pooh-poohed by the men of business, who prided themselves on being the representatives of practicality; while on the other hand, they had been excommunicated by the classical scholars, in the capacity of Levites in charge of the ark of culture and monopolists of liberal education. The practical men were of opinion that science was speculative rubbish, that theory and practice had nothing to do with one another, and that the scientific habit of mind was an impediment, rather than an aid, in the conduct of ordinary affairs.

But for those who meant to make science their serious occupation, or who intended to follow the profession of medicine, or who had to enter early upon the business of life—for all those, in his opinion, classical education was a mistake; and it was for that reason that he was glad "mere literary education and instruction" was shut out from the curriculum of Sir Josiah Mason's College, seeing that its inclusion would probably lead to the introduction of the ordinary smattering of Latin and Greek. Nevertheless, he was the last person to question the importance of genuine literary education, or to suppose that intellectual culture could be complete without it. An exclusively scientific training would bring about a mental twist as sure as an exclusively literary training. The value of the cargo did not compensate for a ship's being out of trim, and he should be very sorry to think that the Scientific College would turn out none but lopsided men. There was no need, however, that such a catastrophe should happen. Instruction in English, French, and German was provided, and thus the three greatest literatures of the modern world were made accessible to the student. French and German, and especially the latter language, were absolutely indispensable to those who desired full knowledge in any department of science. But even supposing that the knowledge of these languages acquired was not more than sufficient for purely scientific purposes, every Englishman had in his native tongue an almost perfect instrument of literary expression, and in his own literature models of every kind of literary excellence. If an Englishman could not get literary culture out of his Bible, his Shakespeare, his Milton, neither, in his belief, would the profoundest study of Homer and Sophocles, Virgil and Horace, give it to him. Thus, since the constitution of the college made sufficient provision for literary as well as for scientific education, and since artistic instruction was also contemplated, it seemed to him that a fairly complete culture was offered to all who were willing to take advantage of it. But he was not sure that, at this point, the "practical" man, scotched but not slain, might not ask what all this talk about culture had to do with an institution, the object of which was defined to be "to promote the prosperity of the manufactures and the industry of the country." He might suggest that what was wanted for this end was not culture, nor even a purely scientific discipline, but simply a knowledge of applied science. He often wished that this phrase, "applied science," had never been invented. For it suggested that there was a sort of scientific knowledge of direct practical use, which could be studied apart from another sort of scientific knowledge, which was of no practical utility, and which was termed "pure science." But there was no more complete fallacy than this.

## MARK TWAIN'S LAST JOKE.

HE TELLS GENERAL GRANT THAT THE AMERICAN PEOPLE HAVE TREATED HIM SHABBILLY.

Mark Twain having been appointed one of the speakers to welcome General Grant at Hartford, joked hugely. He said:

"General Grant: I also am deputized to welcome you to the sincere and cordial hospitalities of Hartford, the city of the historic and revered charter oak, of which the most of this town is built. (Laughter.) At first it was proposed to have only one speaker to welcome you, but this was changed, because it was feared that, considering the shortness of the crop of speeches this year, if anything occurred to prevent that speaker from delivering his speech you would feel disappointed. (Laughter and applause.)

"I desire, at this point, to refer to your past history. By years of colossal labour and colossal achievement, you at last beat down a gigantic rebellion and saved your country from destruction. Then the country commanded you to take the helm of State. You preferred your great office of general of the army and the rest and comfort which it afforded, but you loyally obeyed, and relinquished permanently the ample and well-earned salary of the generalship, and resigned your accumulating years to the chance mercies of a precarious existence. (Applause.) By this present fatiguing progress through the land you are contributing mightily towards saving your country once more—this time from dishonour and shame, and from commercial disaster. (Applause.) You are now a private citizen, but private employment is closed against you because your name would be used for speculative purposes, and you have refused to permit that. But your country will reward you, never fear. (Loud applause.)

"When Wellington won Waterloo, a battle about on a level with some dozen of your victories, sordid England tried to pay him for that service with wealth and grandeur; she made him a duke and gave him \$4,000,000. If you had done and suffered for your own, you would have been affronted in the same sordid way. But, thank God, this vast and rich and mighty Republic is imbued to the core with a delicacy which will forever preserve her from so degrading a deserving son. Your country loves you, your country is proud of you, your country is grateful to you. (Applause.) Her applauses, which have been thundered in your ears all these weeks and months, will never cease while the flag you saved continues to wave. (Great applause.) Your country stands ready from this day forth to testify her measureless love and pride and gratitude toward you in every conceivable inexpensive way. Welcome to Hartford, great soldier, honoured statesman, unselfish citizen." (Loud and long-continued applause.)

## VARIETIES.

THE Earl of Dufferin intends to publish his speeches and addresses delivered in Canada during his tenure of the office of Governor-General, in the House of Lords, and elsewhere.

MADAME Adelina Patti, who is shortly expected to return to her Welsh residence, Crag-y-Nos Castle, has promised to sing at a concert at Swansea, the proceeds of which are to be distributed for the benefit of the poor of Brecon and Swansea.

AMONG the languages of civilized nations English is the most widespread. It is the mother tongue of about 80,000,000 people; German, of between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000; French, of between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000; Italian, of 28,000,000; and Russian, of between 55,000,000 and 60,000,000.

Dr. Chalmers used abundant action in his early days as a preacher. Once at Kilmany, on a Sunday, after a sermon, a tenant farmer, who was a trooper in the yeomanry, remarked to a neighbour while quitting the church, "Eh, wasna the minister grand the day? It was as gaud as a dreelin' i' the sword exercise."

AN English tourist, on passing the Free Church of a certain Scotch watering-place, a very unecclesiastical building, asked a boy whose factory it was. The sharp witted lad, after an involuntary consultation with the crown lawyers, replied, "Mr. Kinnear's." "Aye, and what does he manufacture here?" "Sinners into saints sir," was the ready answer.

EDITIONS *de luxe* are the rage. Thackeray lately received the crowning honour of a magnificent series of volumes of his works. Pickwick is being dealt with in the same way. Now Romola is to be given to us clothed in glorious form, for the deep and sincere admiration of the bibliomaniacs of the future. A thousand copies of it are to be issued, and only a thousand. It is to be out on Thursday week. Sir Frederick Leighton has done the engravings. The paper is a speciality. Everything about the book is, in fact, to be of the finest.

## HUMOROUS.

THE reason men succeed who "mind their own business" is because there is so little competition in that line.

EVERY young man who communes with nature in solitude longs for the presence of somebody's sister that he may tell her what a beautiful thing solitude is.

PROFESSOR: "Can you multiply concrete numbers together?" The class are uncertain. "What will be the product of five apples multiplied by six potatoes?" Pupil (quite triumphantly): "Hash."

AN old woman, who went to sleep in church, half awoke when the minister referred to a passage in Genesis, and, forgetting where she was, said loud enough to be heard during the pause, "Tuts! I never heeded what Jenny says."

CHOWDER got a good dinner at home the other day by telling his wife that he was going to bring a judge home with him to that meal. When he arrived, alone, and Mrs. Chowder asked him where the judge was, he triumphantly pointed to himself, remarking, "I'm a good judge of a dinner."

A YOUNG emigrant, recently returned to the land of his fathers, told amongst other things of being in a town in Canada called Hamilton, where he learned there were 150 Smiths. "Tcha," said a home-bred Sawney, "That's naething like brag about; we hae a Hamilton on the Clyde whaur there's Nalsmiths."

## Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. W. SHERAK, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.