

processes known as "hunting up" and "hunting down," and get a first lesson in making changes :—

1 2 3 4 5 . .	In rounds ; hand-stroke.
1 2 3 4 5 . .	" back-stroke.
2 1 4 3 5 . .	Treble in two (or "in 2nds").
2 4 1 5 3 . .	" in three (or "in 3rds").
4 2 5 1 3 . .	" in four (or "in 4ths").
4 5 2 3 1 . .	" behind ; back-stroke.
5 4 3 2 1 . .	" " hand-stroke.
5 3 4 1 2 . .	" in four.
3 5 1 4 2 . .	" in three.
3 1 5 2 4 . .	" in two.
1 3 2 5 4 . .	" at lead.
1 2 3 4 5 . .	In rounds.

(Repeat as above ; treble going to 2nds again.)

Here we have printed the figure 1 (which stands for the treble—your bell) in thicker type ; so that you may more readily follow its course with the eye. In hunting up, that is, from lead to behind, you lead with two rounds, first the hand-stroke and then the back-stroke, as already explained. Then listen and look for* the bell that followed after yours in the round (namely, No. 2), and allow *that* to strike first, and you strike directly after it. (To allow of this, your bell must be held "up" a little longer than usual, as in ringing rounds.) This places you in 2nds. While striking there, listen and look again for the bell which strikes after yours (now No. 4), hold your own bell up again as before—out of its turn, as it were—and let *that* bell go before you, and if you then strike you will be in 3rds. In this way you "hunt up behind," as it is called, until you are the last of the five to strike. In "hunting to lead" or "hunting down," you reverse this process, in each fresh round striking in *front* of the bell which struck just before you in the preceding round—thus striking in *earlier* than usual, each time.

In the next place, we must try to understand "place-making" and "dodging." Here is an example of both :—

3 5 1 4 2
3 1 5 2 4
1 3 2 5 4
1 3 5 2 4
3 1 2 5 4
3 2 1 4 5

Place-making is when a bell strikes twice in succession, in any place except at the lead or behind—those two places being part of the "hunting course," as it is said. No. 3 bell in this example "makes a place" when hunting up to 2nds place, and then returns to lead. This proceeding on the part of 3 will stop all the bells above 2nds (namely, 2, 5, and 4) in their hunting course, and cause them to "dodge," that is to move a step backward in their path and then go on hunting up or down as before. Here, accordingly, we find 5 and 2 "dodging." 5 was hunting up, but when 3 "makes a place," 5 goes back one step (in fact, changes places with 2, which was hunting down), and then goes on hunting up as before. Meanwhile, 2 performs a similar "dodging," and then hunts again in its own direction, which happened to be down.

You have now placed before you all the elements of this great mystery of change-ringing. Out of this hunting, and place-making, and dodging, the whole science is constructed, and the various peals can be rung upon the various methods. There are rules laid down for each movement in the several books on change-ringing which have been published, and to which we must refer the curious reader who thirsts for more information. These rules, however, are preserved simply by tradition in country villages, and are handed down orally from one generation of ringers to another.

STUDENT LIFE AT EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.

"**H**ARD students," says queer old Burton, author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," "are commonly troubled with gowts, catarrhs, rheums, cachexia, bradypnoea, bad eyes, . . . consumptions, and all such diseases . . . They are lean, dry, ill-coloured, and all through immoderate pains and extraordinary studies." Surely he is too hard on learning, or times and constitutions have changed. The members of the British Association, as a body, do not resemble patients in a home for incurables. The average college don is as well-favoured and contented-looking a being as you can well find anywhere : quite as robust as an alderman, for instance. And in Scotland—to take younger specimens of the learned genus—the youths who frequent the Univer-

sities are as muscular and healthy as need be ; and yet, for their years, they are certainly the hardest students in Britain, and only equalled anywhere by Germans. That they are, as a class, healthy, is largely accounted for by the fact that they come from the country, most of them. They are stout workers for very sufficient reasons : they are poor, and they come to their Universities for nothing else than learning. A young fellow who has run about barefoot in the fields after his father's cattle, or the son of an Orkney minister with a stipend of £150 a year, or the pupil-teacher who has to learn in winter and teach in summer, does not save and borrow shillings and pence, and half starve himself for four years in a dingy and barren city lodging-house, working hard all day, and most likely acting as tutor to schoolboys in the evenings, and again pursuing his studies into the small hours—he does not do these things, be sure, except from a hunger for knowledge that is well-nigh

* In actual practice the ringer, especially when learning, has not only to keep his ears open, but to use his eyes, and watch the other ringers.

irrepressible, and that makes him a most dogged gormandiser when mental food is at last brought within his reach.

John Leyden was but a fortunate and glorified example of his class. Humbly born and bred, he struggled up to Edinburgh University, distinguished himself throughout the whole of its Arts course, and before he was twenty had also added to his acquirements a thorough knowledge of French, German, Spanish, Italian, and Icelandic. The brilliancy of his Indian career afterwards was in keeping with his college reputation; but though Leyden was successful beyond many like him, his indefatigable habits of work are shared by most Scotch students to a truly surprising degree.

The avidity for learning seems to be born in them. Only a few years ago a Scotch clergyman died—Dr. Eadie, known to students of Biblical literature—who in many ways resembled Leyden. The son of a quarrier, as a little boy he had to start for school on winter mornings at daybreak, bearing a blazing tarred rope in one hand; but in the other, from the time he could read, he habitually carried "Paradise Lost." Is it not a fine picture, that of this little lad, unbefriended by all save one or two ignorant, though honest, relatives, plodding along in the winter dark, by the foot of the Ochil hills and through Alva woods, drinking up Milton's poetry as fast as the blazing rope would allow him? It was no listless study, that. To the day of his death he could repeat "Paradise Lost" from beginning to end, line for line.

I am proud to say that this is the stuff the Scotch University student is made of. Plenty of imperfections he has, of course. When the University begins the task of exerting its influence over him, it finds him woefully ignorant in many things, and in nothing more than with regard to such matters as constitute "polish." Even when it has done with such a student, he is not, as a rule, the pattern of a finished gentleman. But at any rate it has given him, in the four years of his course, as much solid information as the very stoutest capacity could take in. He has passed—if he be an average student—as searching examinations in Classics, Mathematics, and Philosophy as the Oxford or Cambridge degree-man has to face; and as an M.A., he goes home to be a schoolmaster, or lingers on at the University theological or medical classes, or takes his pen to London, or does anything else with his education for a livelihood, still having about him, perhaps, the air of the country, and even a little of the peasant's mien, but ready to speak on most subjects with the well-informed and thoroughly-trained mind that only liberal learning can bestow.

There is talk just now of reforms for the Universities of Scotland, and the standard of their efficiency is to be somewhat raised—perhaps not before it was necessary. Such reforms cannot be brought about practically for some time to come, however, and the ordinary University curriculum as it stands may be taken as the theme of a few explanatory words.

Many English youths repair to Scotch Universities for their higher education principally for reasons of economy. Some such may desire to know how things are managed in these colleges; and Edinburgh University, though not the oldest of collegiate institutions in Scotland, may be taken as typical of the others, since it only differs materially from them in being larger.

Perhaps I should add that living is somewhat dearer in Edinburgh than at Aberdeen or St. Andrews. The following is a veritable bill presented to two Aberdeen students for a week's board and lodging. Even when we add twenty per cent. for rise of prices since 1855, the bill will be found more moderate than anything of the kind would be further south. It is quite a curiosity of economy; yet the gentleman to whom it was presented, when he and his brother were students, declares that they fared rather above the average in point of comfort:—

Aberdeen, March 10, 1855.

Mr.....	s.	d.
To meal, 1s.; beef, 1s. 6d.	2	6
„ loaf, 10½d.; rolls, 6d.; potatoes, 7d. ..	1	11½
„ syrup, 7½d.; coffee, 5d.	1	0½
„ tea, 5d.; apples and flour, 4d.; milk, 8d. ..	1	5
„ sugar, 8d.; barley, 1½d.; sago, 1½d. ..	0	11
	7	10
Rooms	4	0
	11	10
Each	5	11

But the nearer the south, the further from cheapness, though it shall be shortly made apparent that even at the Metropolis of Scotland the student lives at a rate which is calculated to raise a smile on the lips of his Oxford brother.

The University of Edinburgh, incorporated by a charter which dates from 1620, is a handsome enough, but rather sombre, building in the Old Town, on the slope of the street known as the North Bridge. During recent years its accommodation was obviously becoming more and more inadequate to the number of students it had to provide for; and next winter the Medical faculty hives off to new and commodious quarters provided for it not far away, in the vicinity of the enormous hospital whose very windows it takes £400 a year to keep clean. During the past year 3,247 students have matriculated at the University. Of these, 3,023 attended in winter, 1,008 being Art students, 446 law, 90 Divinity, and the remaining 1,479 Medical. All the Divinity, most of the Law, and many of the Medical students prepare themselves for their special courses by taking the general Arts curriculum; and to this we may for the present confine our attention.

The winter session of the University begins at the end of October, and closes with the beginning of April. Into these five months and a half the academical year, so far as the Arts faculty is concerned, has to be compressed. Leaving aside the wealthiest youths who attend Scotch colleges, we may take as an example one of those struggling young men who arrive in Edinburgh after perhaps two or three years

of saving, or else with money advanced by friends on the prospect of repayments to be derived from sums earned by tutorial services by-and-by to be rendered to school-children, or bursaries and scholarships to be won. Such a student comes from his country home prepared to spend £40 or £50 from first to last on his winter's work—not more. After engaging lodgings for about ten shillings a week, he makes his way to the University, and discovers the secretary's office by the crowd at the door. Swaying with this crowd towards a semi-circular counter, he holds tightly in his hand one of those greasy £1 bank notes that always suggest much labour spent in their acquisition. As he approaches nearer to the secretary or his clerk, he tempts the functionary by waving the bit of paper on high like a flag; and when at length notice has been accorded him, he inscribes his name, and that of his birthplace, and his age, in an album, and parts with his money for a card which certifies that he is enrolled as a matriculated student, and may duly proceed to join such classes as he has a mind to attend. This matriculation over, he probably spends part of the afternoon in listening to an address delivered at the opening of the session by the Principal. Usually the address is formal and lifeless, and the audience make more game than account of it.

The evening passed in arranging his effects, and the night spent in uneasy dreams, the student sallies forth in time to reach College by nine o'clock, at which hour Professor Blackie,* who teaches Greek, will perhaps inaugurate the work of his junior class by delivering an address on culture, or ballads, or Gaelic, or anything that comes into his strange but clever brain. After this lecture the student will produce three more of the dirty £1 notes, with three attendant shillings looking so clean and shining by contrast, and these he hands to the Professor of Greek, who attests him a member of his junior class, and delivers him a ticket inscribed with his own name and number. At twelve Professor Sellar, author of "The Roman Poets of the Republic," opens his junior class for Latin, and takes his three guineas likewise from the student, as from perhaps 150 others. These two classes are all the tyro takes for the session. He buys a few text-books, and then buttons up his pocket, so far as the University is concerned, having spent eight or nine, or at most ten guineas in all. His session's work is now cut out for him. In the Greek class he will read a dialogue or two of Plato, some chapters of Thucydides, and of course some books of Homer. Besides, he will write weekly exercises in Greek prose, and study a conversational phrase-book written by the Professor, who calls up the students one by one, and chats with them in Greek. You may imagine that the conversation does not ooze out of the raw Scotch lad very copiously while he is under this ordeal. In Latin the work covers study of Roman history, and translation from Virgil, Horace, Livy, and Tacitus. In this class also,

as indeed in every Arts class, the Socratic method is allowed pretty full play, and each student is examined orally from time to time. During the session there are three great written examinations in addition. Such is the kind of labour the first Academical year at Edinburgh has to do with.

It would be tedious to enumerate here the precise stages by which, during the three following winter sessions, the student proceeds to his degree. What a new world of thought is that he breaks upon, when the philosophical classes are entered, and in the room where Sir William Hamilton taught, he learns to ponder the Categories of Aristotle, or puzzle over the irrefutable quibble of Berkeleyanism! Later he studies in the lecture-room which has resounded to the reason of Dugald Stewart and the eloquence of Christopher North, while he pursues the argument for and against the Idealism in moral science which is here at present fostered. Whether the Idealism will hold out much longer is doubtful; but at any rate it is fine pure mental training, and the Edinburgh students of Moral Philosophy compete well with their rivals from the other Scotch Universities in the examinations for inter-University fellowships.

In so short a paper as this one need not touch—and spoil—the merrier side of Scotch student life—the frolic and business of the various undergraduate associations, for instance. What nights are to be remembered in connection with the splendid battles of words waged in the debating societies! "These were the happiest moments of my long life," I lately heard an old Edinburgh judge say, talking of the well-remembered evenings when he ascended the president's chair at the University Dialectic Society.

I have seen an unpublished letter of Lord Cockburn's regarding another of these societies—an association not strictly academic, but chiefly composed of Edinburgh graduates—in which he declares: "I am conscious that I owe everything I have to the Speculative Society; and every member who makes a right use of it may be assured that he will hereafter be enabled to make the same declaration truly."

It is in one of the rooms of this society that I am now writing these lines, within the college precincts, and as I lift my eyes up to the walls and see the portraits of Dugald Stewart, Sir Walter Scott—long its secretary—Lord Cockburn, Francis Horner, Lord Jeffrey, Christopher North, Lord Brougham, Lord Lansdowne, Sir James Mackintosh, and many other strong workers in the world, it seems to me that no member of the University need complain very much of a kind of college life that produced such sterling stuff as these men were made of.

The faults of the Scottish University system are these: the students live in town as they lived at home, without the civilising influence arising from sociable concourse under the same roof. No "commons" conduce to the amenities of their lives. Their food they bolt in silent solitary haste, as a rule, and society exists for them no more than on the hillside, except during an hour or two of the week at the debating or the musical society. The custom of living

* Since this paper was written the eminent scholar referred to has, we understand, resigned his Professorship.

in lodgings outside of the University further deprives them of that supervision from authority which youths so young as many of them are might be supposed to stand in need of. Their morals cannot be looked after. Even illness or death might come to them through hard work, and yet their teachers know it not. The dangers of this solitude are such as no one long connected with any Scotch college could remain ignorant of; and during the very week in which I am writing, two distinguished Edinburgh students have died from the effects of over-zealous and lonely industry—one of the unfortunate young men from brain fever, and the other hopelessly mad.

The advantages of the Scotch system are equally clear. The students are tempted towards the University by no charms of society or idle pleasure. They are made to work very hard while they are at it. They are accustomed to thinking and living in high realms of thought, and have the opportunity of acquiring a life-long love for such thoughts, before leisure or wealth has had an opportunity to entice them with the more selfish pleasures of existence. And the very habit of extra-mural residence, which is the most serious drawback on Scotch colleges, has

this one compensating advantage—that it teaches the young fellows from the first what every one must learn sooner or later, how to camp out in the big world.

To the perfervid young student, strong in his studies, weak in knowledge of the world as it is, the past is rich and beautiful as the pages of an antique missal, and the future is only a dream that is to come true. The pure atmosphere of thought brightens his eyes, and grand possibilities, like the winds of heaven, breathe about him, and make his veins tingle. Would that more who leave University walls with their glamour over them could better maintain the old student heart and habit! For often we forget what we learned, and grow too busy to deplore what we have forgotten. We are in the case of the youth spoken of by Thoreau, who "gets together his materials to build a bridge to the moon, or perchance a palace or temple on the earth; and at length the middle-aged man concludes to build a wood-shed with them." Yes, it is very sad. Yet in outgrowing these youthful phases—the sweetest and noblest of our lives—we at least gain a still deeper, if less comforting, kind of learning—experience. ERIC ROBERTSON, M.A.

WAS IT WISE TO CHANGE?

By the Author of "A Hard Case," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.



WHATEVER doubts and misgivings George and Agnes might have felt the night before disappeared at the moment of their meeting the next morning. Agnes's wise resolves vanished, George's dissatisfaction was forgotten, and the half-hour which passed before the gong summoned them

to breakfast was unclouded. The time had been too short for anything but his question and her answer, and the light in which their engagement would appear to other people remained yet to be considered, together with all the difficulties which they had been too happy to remember. But a supercilious stare from Miss Hilton as they went in together, and a remark from Mrs. Leighton on the want of fresh flowers, which Agnes had forgotten, suggested coming troubles, and awakened them to realities again.

"Let us keep it quiet for to-day, at least," George found an opportunity of saying to Agnes when breakfast was over; and she was glad to have time to prepare herself for the opposition which she knew must be before them.

She had much to do that morning for the departing guests, and had no time to be either happy or anxious, except while George was hanging about the house, trying to get a word or two with her, and keeping her in a flutter of nervousness, which, if any one had had time to notice her, would have betrayed that something unusual was going on.

The Hiltons were leaving after luncheon; and, pretending to think that it was Agnes's business to see to everything for them, Miss Hilton was standing in the hall, giving her cool thanks for her help, when George came up.

"I was just saying, Mr. Leighton," she said, turning to him, "that we are much obliged for Miss Baring's help. Really it is such a trouble to think of things for oneself; but I suppose we shall scarcely find her here next time we come."

Her impertinent tone and manner were too much for George's prudence, and he answered hastily—

"I hope you will find her here, Miss Hilton, but in a different position. I think you have guessed our secret before any one else has the privilege of knowing it."

Miss Hilton was thunderstruck. So he had really