

ST. ANDREWS.

"This City boasts a royal and ancient college,
 Where you'd think the leading industry was Greek;
 But you'll find the favourite implements of knowledge
 Are a 'putter,' and a 'driver,' and a 'cleek.'"

SO sings a local bard, one of the students, whose scarlet gowns brighten the grey streets of the "City of old St. Rule" in the winter months; and it is certainly impossible to spend ten minutes in St. Andrews without realising that it is the home and temple of golf.

The small local train that brings one from Leuchars Junction runs for some distance by the side of the links, where, to the uninitiated eye, men fling themselves into strange attitudes, and step out across the heathery turf with unnecessary eagerness. The swing and swirl with which the long club is brought round the shoulder seem ludicrously disproportionate to the little white ball. Little white ball, forsooth! Before a week is over the new-comer will have learnt to speak respectfully of it as "the globe," or technically as a "guttie." There are men in the streets too respectable to be cab touts, too shabby to be grooms, too frivolous to be regular working-men. These be the "caddies," who carry the sheaves of clubs required by the golfers, and suffer, as a class, from the peculiar degradation inevitable to those who find their occupation in attending on other men's pleasures.

Wee Robbie, whose flaxen head, above his dingy pinafore, has only braved the winds of three springs, is playing golf in the gutter, struggling with a miniature "putter," still much too large for him, and a battered ball. When wee Robbie grows up, he will probably be a professional golfer, a winner of matches and money, till whiskey destroys keen eye and steady hand. Then he will sink into a caddie, earning enough each morning to make him pleasantly drunk each night.

There was never an easier town to find one's way in than St. Andrews. The three chief streets—North Street, Market Street, and South Street—run parallel, one behind the other, beyond the "scaurs," the sea-front. Quiet grey streets, whose cobble-stones would be noisy were there much traffic; but, in sober truth, there is but one hansom cab in the place.

The conventional seaside villa is beginning to lift its unlovely head in the immediate outskirts; but the majority of the houses are old and very charming, with unexpected stairs and passages, and long green gardens, which, in some cases, are entered from the first floor.

The house where Queen Mary lived during the few occasions when she could fling aside her dismal state, and fancy herself happy once more, still stands at the end of South Street. It is easy to imagine the boom of the cannon that announced Chastelard's execution coming heavily to its windows from the Castle by the sea. St. Andrews is passing rich in ruins. The beautiful little chapel of the Grey Friars, with its broken, ivy-grown roof, which stands in front of the "Madras College," is all that now remains of a great monastery. It was one of the Grey Friars who betrayed young Patrick Hamilton, student, gentleman, and martyr, who in the very May morn of his youth was burnt by the wicked Cardinal Beaton. Tradition has it that the treacherous Grey Friar went mad with remorse, and that his restless shadow lingers in the chapel; those who are bold enough to watch may see it flicker in the moonlight.

The strange square tower of St. Regulus, fabulously old, and a puzzle to antiquarians, stands as a tombstone above the ruins of the wonderful Cathedral, of which enough still remains to show one what its beauties must have been before that terrible day when Knox bade the people "break down the idols." It once had a great roof of gilded copper, a wonder to the sailors leagues out at sea; now its roof is the winter clouds and the summer sunshine. And the greater part of its walls, that were so good, have vanished utterly; their place is only marked by lines in the green turf. One of its walls now serves to bound a garden; fruit-trees are trained there, and glass-houses built against it; but land taken from the Church is never blessed, and even in this present day there are whispers that ill-fate attends that house and garden.

The Cathedral ruins long served as a quarry for economical builders. Stones embedded in old walls, here and there in the town, show mutilated but unmistakable traces of the carving that once adorned them. Was it from there, I wonder, or from a tomb, that they carried a certain stone, whose legend is still clear on a wall in a little street—"They have said, and they will say; let them be saying"? Then follow initials and a date of long ago. For whom were these words graven so deeply, whose suffering chose this mode of expression? The heart of youth, or the pride of age, love that defied law, or penury that wronged others? We shall never know.

A little way from the Cathedral, along the "scaurs," is the sea-washed Castle of Cardinal Beaton, the Bastille of Scotland, now a crumbling ruin. One day, as I watched it, a poorly-dressed man stopped near me, and seemed to read my thoughts. He phrased them thus: "Yon's been a grand house the day; but their heids dinna ache now hat danced there." Strife and turmoil, revel and brawl, have passed away, and there reigns a great peace. "Tired heart and burning brow, ye are very patient now." Some day, perhaps, the castle and all its bloodstained memories will be engulfed in the ever-encroaching sea; but at present it is a place for children's mirth

and lovers' meetings, and there are many quiet nooks to sketch and read and dream in.

The caretaker, an old man bent with age, must be summoned from the damp, dark, guard-room, whence he emerges, blinking like an owl at midday, to show the "Bottle Dungeon." Pass through a low door, stumble down a few steps, through another door, and you find yourself looking over a low parapet down what seems, in the dim light, to be a well. Two lighted candles at the end of a string are let down, spinning as they go, and, behold, the horrible well widens to a damp, earthy space many, many feet below. It was here that young Rothesay lived a few long miserable days before he was taken away—drawn up with a windlass through the "Bottle Neck"—and taken to his place of death. Here it was that men who died for their faith were imprisoned, measuring the days, no glimmer of whose light could reach them, by the beating of the tide on the rock without, and knowing that when their eyes next saw the sun, it would be shining upon the faggots and the stake.

Under the moat, now dry and grass-grown, is the secret passage, but that is a disappointment, a fascinating story which is never continued. The passage is a recent discovery, and to explore it further might imperil the foundations of an inopportune house, ignorantly built above it. No one doubts that the passage led to the Cathedral Monastery, but every one would like to be quite certain.

Even now, in spite of the ruins and the shouting children at play round the well in the courtyard, one can vividly picture that early morning when "a handful of resolute gentlemen" entered the Castle, Cardinal Beaton's stronghold, found the terrified old man crouching in the corner of his room, and slew him, relentlessly and gravely, holding solemn parley with him the while, and using many words of Scripture. "I am a priest. I am a priest"—that was his one defence, and little it availed him. After the last gasping sob and his last words, "Fie, fie, all is marred," the "honourable murderers," who deemed that they bore the sword of Heaven, hung him from his window, the window where he had sat to watch his human bonfires, a terror in the morning sun. That window still remains, a square in the wall, but the floor of the room has long since fallen away.

But all this was in time long past, and a little distance from the Castle wall shows happier sights. There is the Royal and Ancient Club-house—a group of expectant "caddies" waiting near; the red coats worn as danger signals by the golfers make pleasant flicks of colour on the green expanses; and children are building fortresses on the "West Sands."

These "West Sands" stretch between the "links" and the sea, and form a dry walk in all weathers, the distance, along them to the Eden mouth, where the little river joins the sea, is about two miles. Shells of many kinds are to be found at the mouth of the Eden, and there are the mussel beds so precious to the fishing community. Pass

where you will by the cottages near the harbour, you will see the fisherwomen with heavy trails of brown lines and pails full of shelled mussels, deftly baiting each of the many hooks. The mussel is provided with a species of natural button-hole, and the quick movement of the fingers that fastens it to the hook is very like that of crochet. Now that the fish is sold before it is caught, and the fishmonger's cart waits at the pier as soon as the returning boats are sighted, it is unusual to see a fisherwoman with a heavy creel on her back. A picturesque sight the less, and as such one is sorry to lose it, but the new arrangement must make the lives of these hard-working women a little easier.

One of the best girls' schools in Scotland is at St. Andrews, and the rosy bonny pupils may be known at a glance by the "college hat" they wear. White sailor hats, with distinguishing ribbons for each house, which prove becoming alike to dark or fair faces, short curly hair or heavy straight locks. These happy girls are allowed a great deal of liberty, and fully deserve the confidence placed in them, which encourages a healthy *esprit de corps* not to be found in all schools. Not for them is the dreary daily walk, a long procession, two and two; one meets them in groups of four or six, big girls and little girls judiciously blended, shell hunting on the sands, or returning flower-laden from country rambles. To this school belongs the honour of having educated Mrs. Butler (Miss Agneta Ramsay), the Senior Wrangler.

Golf is a subject that requires at least one whole article to itself, but it is difficult to think of the links at St. Andrews without saying a few words concerning this fascinating game. Opinions are very much divided as to its suitability for girls, though "small golf," such as is played on the "Ladies' Link," is a charming pastime, needing no especial strength, exacting no particular costume, and affording pleasant training for eye and hand. But golf on the "Long Links" is a serious undertaking, and should only be attempted by girls who possess the precious gifts of health, strength, good-temper and common-sense: for without these advantages no girl can be even a mediocre golf-player. I know girls who can "drive" as far and "putt" as well as, if not better than, the average man, and have noticed admiringly that the strength of their strokes does not entail ungraceful attitudes nor any affectation of mannishness. Very pretty and business-like they look too in their trim serge skirts and coats, white blouses and plain sailor hats; but to set against this pleasing picture, I have sundry irritating memories of girls in fantastic dresses, flying ribbons, and feathered hats, with which the sea breeze dealt mercilessly, struggling and straining in most awkward positions, and keeping the whole "green" waiting during their ineffectual efforts to hit their ball.

A golfing dress cannot be too neat and simple. It must be short enough to walk in easily, and loose enough to allow the arms free

swing ; while for headgear the choice should lie between a "deer-stalker" cap, a cloth or velvet "Tam o' Shanter," or a plain sailor hat ; the last being perhaps best, as the brim shades the eyes.

There is even a certain art in "walking round with a match," simple as that act may seem, and the secret of good behaviour on such an occasion is self-effacement. The game may be of small interest to you ; but it is very absorbing to the players, and when they are considering the "lie" of the ground and the best direction to send their balls your brightest remarks will be inopportune. At these times a little silence will be very golden. Terrible accidents have occurred owing to lookers-on thoughtlessly standing close behind a man about to play ; your place is several paces behind and well to the left of the player, that during the swing back your fluttering skirts may not catch his eye, and "put him off his stroke." For the same reason boas and streamers should be left at home. These facts once remembered, to "walk round" is a most delightful form of exercise ; the turf is soft and springy, enamelled with bluebells in summer and heather in autumn, and there is the yellow furze which flowers all the year. The old saw has it,

"When the furze is out of bloom,
Then sweet love is out of tune ;"

and as that last can never be, the furze is always blossoming, and its fragrance comes in gusts on the fresh sea-wind. I suppose the links must sometimes be bleak and dreary, but I have seldom, if ever, walked on them without finding a gleam of sunshine, and hearing a skylark sing.

From a distance, and especially from the sea, one loses sight of the modern features of St. Andrews ; the ruined Cathedral and Castle seem still to be stately buildings, and the town looks much as it must have done to the longing eyes of John Knox, when the galley wherein he toiled passed near the coast he knew and loved so well.

This little grey city by the sea is not like a Scotch town ; a charm difficult to define, but easy to feel, haunts its quiet ways, an old-world shadow enfolds it ; it has a spell, a gentle influence, the stronger for its very gentleness.

When those who love it are very far away, they can still see, through closed eyes, the stately grey ruins ; the cottages by the harbour, the green stretch of the links, bordered by golden sands, and the clear blue of the waves in the sunshine. As the dream-picture grows more distinct, they hear again the murmur and moan of the sea that breaks on the walls of the Cardinal's Castle.

"A stranger, I have wandered
By foreign hills and streams ;
But still that ceaseless murmur,
Has followed me in dreams."

ALICE MACDONALD.