

an account of the room by C. R. Leslie the artist, and the other from the pen of Hogg the "Ettrick Shepherd." "I had seen him (Lord Melbourne) for the first time years before in Murray's drawing-room in Albemarle Street. In that room Murray held every evening such levées as were not to be matched in London. Everybody who knew him, and had any business with him, walked into it without announcement or ceremony; and there were to be found all the most eminent authors and politicians of all parties drawn together by the common bond of literature."

Lastly, the words of the shepherd are few but graphic: "Eh, mon, it was such a dinner; and such drink as nae words can describe."

BY THE SEA

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

Why comes this sorrow from the outer void
To check my heart with a vague agony
When it would dance in pleasure unalloyed
Or dream without desire or memory?
Thus have I known the tide turn on a bench
Of quiet rocks with loud, exultant sound,
The sun-warm golden seaweed toss and wrench
And triumph over them when they are drowned.
Yet would I not command the tide to be
Motionless water, nor by will restrain
The current of vague sorrow, nor decree
Peace to my heart from this reviving pain,
Nay, I would cleave it open to the core
For the remorseless surge to flood once more.