



Elliot & Fry.

MR JOHN WILSON.

Photo.

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Mr John Wilson, M.I.C.E., M.I.M.E.

VISITORS to the library of the Institution may notice on their right hand as they enter, a plain-looking, unadorned clock on which is displayed a plate with the following inscription :—

“MR JOHN WILSON

M.Inst.C.E., M.I.Mech.E.

Engineer-in-Chief of the Great Eastern Railway, a former pupil of Dollar Institution, presented this Clock and system of Bells to his old School.—January 1910.”

Though not set off with outside ornament, the Clock by means of its wonderful electric mechanism controls, as by one master spring, the system of bells in all the class-rooms, and renders it possible that the changes at the close of the periods may be made simultaneously with perfect exactitude. It gives us great pleasure to present our readers with excellent portraits of the generous donor and his highly-valued gift.

For the following short sketch of Mr Wilson's distinguished career we are much indebted to *The Railway News*, *The Railway Gazette*, and *The Railway Times*, which at the time of his retirement in January 1910, published articles in which some of his achievements in the department of engineering were recounted, and commented on in most laudatory terms. A native of Argyllshire and born in 1846, he received his education at Dollar Academy, recognised in the sixties as the best Mathematical and Engineering School in Scotland. He proved an apt pupil of Dr Lindsay, then known throughout Scotland as one of the finest mathematicians and instructors of his time. From school Mr Wilson went to the Great Western Railway, at Worcester, under his uncle, Mr Edward Wilson, then locomotive and permanent way engineer of the narrow gauge system of the Great Western. After serving three years in the locomotive shops at Worcester, he put in three years at the Worcester Engine Works, acquiring a fine knowledge not only of locomotive but of marine engine building. During his last year at Worcester Mr Wilson was given charge of the construction of a large bridge over the Usk at Abergavenny, a work of a heavy nature, comprising several spans and requiring cylinder sinking some 35 feet below the river bed.

Coming to London he was articled as a Civil Engineer, and here he acquired a wide and varied railway experience, and soon was assumed as a partner in the firm of Messrs E. Wilson & Co. The next step in promotion came in 1883 when he received the position of Engineer-in-Chief for the Great Eastern Railway, a position which carried with it the entire charge both for new works and maintenance. From that time the Great Eastern with its 1,945 single miles of line and 400 stations, its docks and quays with its enormous passenger traffic and vast developments, always progressive in adopting new systems and safety appliances, has absorbed Mr Wilson's entire attention.

His record is written in the proud engineering position the Great Eastern holds to-day, in the comfort of its fine track, and the convenience of its spacious stations. *The Railway News* of 29th January 1910 has the following:—

"Of Mr Wilson himself it is only necessary to say that the friends of his youth are his friends to-day. He is naturally loyal to the land of his birth, and shows his interest as an active Director of the Highland Society of London, a member of the Scottish Corporation, and a past President of the Caledonian Society of London."

Lord Claud J. Hamilton, M.P., Chairman of the Great Eastern Railway, speaking at the ninety-fifth half-yearly general meeting of proprietors, said: "Mr John Wilson is well known in the engineering world as a most capable and able engineer and a delightful companion. He has done his work with us in a most admirable, satisfactory, and thorough manner, and he leaves us, also, with the regret of the Board and of his fellow-officers. He is also extraordinarily popular with his men owing to his versatility of mind and talent. He is as ready to throw a bridge over one of our rivers as he is to don the Highland kilt of his native country. Therefore he is a type of man we are very sorry to lose."

Quoting again from *The Railway News*: "Mr Wilson is a good sportsman in every sense. For thirty years he has fished without a break on Loch Leven, and his fishing, like his other records, has been a good one. Few fishers on the Loch have had a better average. Mr Wilson took his son up with him the other season. The first fish the junior hooked was a three-pounder. After that he lay down in the boat and wanted no more fishing. 'Why,' asked the father. 'Because I don't want to spoil my average,' was the reply. Like son, like father, perhaps. At any rate Mr Wilson, satisfied with the best, in his work and in his friendships, has never sought to 'spoil his average.'"

We notice with the highest satisfaction that members of Mr Wilson's staff, to the number of 271, took advantage of his retirement to present him with a souvenir of their long and agreeable association and with their best wishes for his future health and happiness. In making the presentation the Chairman of the Committee, Mr Wilmer, said: "The work that a man has performed during the limited years allotted to him constitutes the claim which he has to remembrance, and it is on the work that he does that the judgment of posterity will be given. And judged by that record I am sure Mr Wilson need have no fears."



A. Drysdale.

THE WILSON CLOCK.

The gift, which included a chaste Rose Bowl for Mrs Wilson, was a valuable one, including—Desk, Inkstand, Candlesticks, Table Ornament, and an Album with the inscription :—

“PRESENTED

TO

JOHN WILSON, ESQ.

TOGETHER WITH

Silver Tea and Coffee Service and Tray, Claret Jug and Cake Basket by his fellow Officers of the Great Eastern Railway Company, upon his retirement from the high position of Engineer-in-Chief of the Railway as a souvenir of their long association, and with cordial wishes that he may have good health to enjoy many years of freedom from the cares of office.—January 1910.”

We most heartily join in the sentiment here expressed.

Dollar Institution continues to send out annually a goodly number of engineers; and we would recommend them to follow the example of Mr Wilson, and in their early training to combine the practical with the theoretical if they wish to attain to eminence in their profession.

The Play of “Troilus and Cressida” in Contemporary History.

BY MRS HINTON STEWART.

EARLY in the seventeenth century, when there were few books and no newspapers, the stage was much used for instructing and guiding public opinion, and for bringing before the people questions of social, political, and historic interest, and writings for such purposes naturally took chiefly the dramatic or ballad form. The theatrical manager was thus in the position of the publisher of the present day, undertaking all the business of placing the literary work of others before the public, and was, in consequence, brought into intimate relation with the authors. We learn from many sources, and more precisely, from Ben Jonson in his preface to “Volpone,” that the custom of representing real persons and actual events upon the stage had become so general that it had given rise to a new profession, that of interpreter of plays. In the reign of King James I. of England this feature of the stage had apparently reached its climax, for we are told by a writer of the period that “the actors do not forbear to represent upon their stage the whole course of the present time, not sparing either king, state, or religion in so great absurdity and with so much liberty that one would be afraid to hear them.” By such means public opinion was brought to bear upon the conduct of persons in high places as well as upon public and national affairs, and, we may suppose, exerted an influence similar to that attaching to the “press” of our day. It is important that this attitude and use of the theatre should be kept in view in any study of the plays of that period.

The play of “Troilus and Cressida” was first published in 1609, when James had been six years on the throne of England, and it bore the name of

Shakespeare in full. The earlier copies stated on the title-page that it had been "acted by the King's Majesty's Players at the Globe." The later copies of this edition (the only one before the folio of 1623) omitted this statement, while a preface was introduced which appears to contradict the assertion of the first issues, and which is altogether too unique and interesting to be overlooked. "Eternal Reader," it begins, "you have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical."

This seeming contradiction may be explained on the supposition that the performances at the Globe were of a semi-private nature, from which the vulgar, or illiterate, either by authority, or by prohibitive prices, were excluded.

The preface then proceeds to what seems an apostrophe to the author: "For it is a product of your brain, that never undertook anything comical vainly, and were but the vain names of comedies changed for the title of commodities, or of Plays for Pleas: you should see all the grand censors, that now style them such vanities, flock to them for the main grace of their gravities." The preface goes on to assert that "this author's comedies are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit, that the most displeased with plays are pleased with his comedies. Amongst all there is none more witty than this; and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not!" "Take this for a warning," the writer concludes, "and at the peril of your honour's loss and judgment's, refuse not, nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude; but thank heaven for the scape it hath had among you. Since by the grand possessors' wills, I believe you should have prayed for them rather than have been prayed."

This preface, when noticed at all, is generally attributed to the inevitable "piratical publisher," but it seems more likely to be the composition of one in the author's confidence, who knew of a hidden and closer interest veiled by the legend, on which he might have commented if he would.

By the "grand possessors" can hardly be meant the stage company. Gaily as they might "flaunt it in their satin suits," such an expression applied to them would have been absurd. It is possible that here, as in a former case connected with Shakespeare, "divers of worship" were concerned with the comedy, who were doubtful of the propriety of its being made public. It does not seem ever to have been made the property of the "vulgar," since no reference is made to any further performance; such as there were must have been private and unrecorded. Even when the collected works were printed in 1623 there must again have been some hesitation in including "Troilus and Cressida," and it was apparently inserted at the last moment when the volume was already complete and classified without it.

Thus, from the first, there must have been some mystery attached to this comedy, and the mystery is maintained to the present day.

Swinburne speaks of it as "the insolubly enigmatical 'History of Troilus and Cressida,'" and Professor Raleigh tells us that the play of "Troilus and Cressida" is the despair of all critics who seek in it for unity of purpose and meaning.

Dowden writes: "The interpretation of the play itself is as difficult as the ascertainment of the external facts of its history. With what intention and in what spirit did Shakespeare write this strange comedy? All the Greek heroes who fought against Troy, are pitilessly exposed to ridicule; Helen and Cressida are light, sensual, and heartless, for whose sake it seems infatuated folly to strike a blow; Troilus is an infatuated young fool; and even Hector, though valiant and generous, spends his life in a cause which he knows to be unprofitable, if not evil. All this," proceeds Dowden, "is seen and said by Thersites, whose mind is made up of the scum of the foulness of human life. But can Shakespeare's view of things have been the same as that of Thersites?"

Judged simply on its apparent merits as a play, compared with its classic and other sources, "Troilus" is, and must ever remain, an enigma.

If, however, we allow ourselves to contemplate the play as the possible creation of one living within the circle of the court, and in closest touch with all its movements, it then assumes a different aspect, and reveals itself as a reflection, cynical and half concealed under the veil of a popular legend, of King James and his court between 1604 and 1609. It is upon this hypothesis that I now propose to deal with it, and, as we have seen, it is in this respect but one of many.

The popular plays, whose chief aim was to mimic and caricature the king and his ministers, together with the frequenters of such performances, may be rebuked in Ulysses' stern censure of the great Achilles, who

"Lies mocking our designs. With him Patroclus
Breaks scurril jests, . . .
And with ridiculous and awkward action
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,
He pageants us. Sometimes, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, he acts thy greatness.
At this fusty stuff . . . the large Achilles
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause,
Cries, 'Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor, hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he being dressed to some oration.'"

These performances, however, dealt only with outside matters, oddities of appearance, tricks of speech and manner, &c., and although irritating, they could be ignored. But in "Troilus and Cressida" the great moralist, using for the first and only time the weapon of cynicism, (for "Timon of Athens" is of a totally different spirit), strikes from within and exposes to contempt and ridicule those sins which the most tragic warning would have left untouched.

For, with a few individual exceptions, the court of James I., in the low tone of its morality, was second only to that of Charles II. An English Helen, as beautiful and as erring as she of Troy, with her lover had just passed away; an English Cressida, scorned by her deceived prince and courted by his successful rival, was just beginning her notorious career; a Pandarus, whom history, as well as the dramatist, has branded with the name, held one of the highest offices of State, and belonged to one of the noblest and most powerful families of England.

The contemptible Thersites of the play, with his scurrility and appalling coarseness, was hardly an exaggeration, but rather a concentration of the evil manners of the time. In other plays of the period we find language little better introduced as the ordinary discourse between gentlemen. The private letters of the Earl of Northampton, we are told, set both morals and decency at defiance. Even Thersites' curish submission to Ajax's blows had one of many counterparts in Philip, Earl of Montgomery, whose mother, the beautiful Countess of Pembroke, wept when she heard that her son had accepted a blow without either returning it or challenging his assailant. In effect Thersites flings back in the faces of the courtiers and their following the very meanesses, scandals, and coarse expressions in common use among themselves, showing them up in their real light by the loathsome deformity of his body and soul. At the same time, as one who passes through the world seeing only the evil in it, he acts as a kind of degenerate chorus, adding, not without shrewdness, the lowest touches to the various characters of the drama.

Yet Swinburne's words are not too strong when he asserts that "out of this most inadequate and unattractive material Shakespeare has been pleased to fashion some of the most glorious poetry of the world; from this unpromising point of departure he has swerved aside and forged ahead so as to attain and to comprise within the strange scheme of his poem a philosophy as sublime in its truth as Hamlet's."

It is thus shown that at this very time there lived in the midst of this most inadequate and unattractive court and State (whether in one person or in two) a "most glorious poet" and a "sublime philosopher." Who can fail to see in the wise Ulysses a humorous, and, to some it may appear, a self-drawn, portrait of the statesman and genius, Sir Francis Bacon? Their policy is identical. Ulysses, in a long, magnificent speech, maintains the supremacy of Agamemnon and the necessity of each "degree" in the scale of authority being subservient to the one above:

"The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place."

Any breach in this observance of degree and obedience to superior authority must be disastrous:

"Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows!"

The description of the resultant discord or chaos concludes with the wonderful hyperbole:—

"And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded by will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up itself!"

Bacon's ideal form of government, according to Gardiner, was one in which the sovereign, assisted by councillors and ministers selected from amongst the wisest of the kingdom, was responsible to no one within the limits of the prerogative. The House of Commons was called upon to express the wishes of the people. The House of Lords was a means of communication between king and commons. These, king, lords, and commons, were the three great platforms in Bacon's ladder of degree, the intermediate steps

being clearly defined by the place and position of the various servants of the State.

It was the invariable effort of Sir Francis Bacon in each of the seven degrees of the ladder to which it had pleased James to advance him, from Solicitor-General to Chancellor, to maintain the supreme authority of the king and to bring about an adjustment of the grievances between him and the Commons by mutual consent. He foresaw as no one else could, the possible result of acute opposition between king and Parliament, and whatever may be the attitude now towards that long fratricidal struggle between Royalist and Roundhead, everyone must admit that, if the same result could have been attained without the need of regicide and civil war, it would have been a thing much to be desired and striven after. The earlier history plays of Shakespeare had been directed to revealing the horrors of civil war and the personal vices of egotism, hatred, greed, and ambition that were so often the real factors in it. Now, in this outwardly cynical play, the author makes a solemn and earnest protest against involving England once again in this national disaster.

But at the period of which we are writing the opposition between king and Commons was a mere rift in the rock, giving little indication of the explosion which was to follow; the open and declared enemies were the advocates on the one side, and the opponents on the other, of James' Spanish policy.

The choice of this particular legend in which to disguise a modern struggle was not original. Little more than fifty years had passed since a great battle had been fought out at the universities between the pioneers of the new learning, led by Erasmus and Colet, *versus* the adherents of the conventional theological school, under the names of Greeks and Trojans. It was, therefore, not unnatural that the same nomenclature for the divisions in London society should occur to one who had been a student at Cambridge or Oxford. As a proof that public attention *had* been turned in that direction, it may be mentioned that, in 1615, a play was published with the title "The Palsgrave, or, The *Hector* of Germany," referring, of course, to the husband of Princess Elizabeth.

In the court of King James the Spanish and anti-Spanish parties were almost as factious as the Greeks and Trojans on the Plains of Troy, while the well-known history of the latter, the frequent skirmishes, the long truces, the occasional interchanges of courtesy were no inapt representation of the attitude of the different statesmen and courtiers towards each other. James who, although no hero, was, in his own pretensions and his real position, as great as Agamemnon, kept state at Whitehall, surrounded by his favourites and ministers, Somerset, the Diomed of the play, Lord Ellesmere, the aged and faithful Nestor, Sir Francis Bacon, now Solicitor-General, the wise Ulysses, while the Earl of Salisbury, who, though accepting a pension from Spain, yet opposed the Spanish policy, and, though the faithful "little beagle" of James was a bitter opponent of his favourite, Somerset, may perhaps be represented by Æneas, the frequent ambassador between the Greeks and Trojans.

On the other side the Queen, Ann of Denmark, whom we may regard either as Hecuba or Andromache, kept a separate establishment at Denmark

House ; young Henry, Prince of Wales, the Troilus of the drama and the real head of the anti-Spanish party, had also, young as he was, his own palaces ; the Earl of Pembroke, the prime favourite of the queen and the most loved man of his day, deserves to stand for Hector, although, in some respects, this valiant son of Priam suggests Sir Walter Raleigh, who, had he been at liberty, would probably have been the most active opponent of the Spanish policy, as he was, even in the Tower, the friend and adviser of Prince Henry. The Earls of Bedford and Montgomery and other anti-Spanish nobles make up the rest of the Trojans. This party would fain have carried on the traditional war with Spain, while James hoped, by policy and statecraft, to bring about a mutual understanding between Protestant and Catholic powers.

This peace-loving policy was branded by his opponents as cowardice. In the words of Ulysses—

“ They tax our policy and call it cowardice.”

The main theme of the first two acts, however, is not the struggle between the Greeks and Trojans, but the revolt within the camp, the sulky defiance of Achilles :—

“ The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehead of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs.”

Who, in all that sliding scale of “degree” stands for Achilles? It is useless to look in James’ reign for any great soldier, for all the battles of the day were fought out by statesmen, lawyers, and favourites ; nor among statesmen can we find an Achilles, since the tactful policy of Sir Francis Bacon is so much better exemplified in Ulysses ; but it is very certain that if any scholar of the present day were asked who, in James’ reign, was the Achilles of the *Law*, his unhesitating answer would be Sir Edward Coke.

It happens that at this very period, in 1606, and the play, as we know, appeared in 1609, a complete change of front had been executed by this eminent lawyer. From having been Attorney-General he had been raised to the position of Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, “thenceforward,” as Spedding expresses it, “to be no longer the champion of the king in his encounters with parliaments and judges, but the champion of the Bench in its encounters with the king.”

Bacon at once realised the danger of this access of strength to the democratic side, seriously unsettling the balance which he was so anxious to preserve, and he made no secret of his anxiety to cripple Coke’s strength, and to win or force him back to his allegiance to royal authority.

In the collisions which now frequently took place between James and Coke, Bacon’s efforts were directed towards maintaining the prerogative, not because he considered the prerogative altogether desirable, but because he deprecated the violent and disloyal opposition to it. His optimism tempted him to believe that mutual forbearance and willing self-sacrifice were not impossible either to English king or English people if wisely presented for their consideration.

There were many points in common between the Achilles of Shakespeare

and Sir Edward Coke. In the first place, he was an exceedingly handsome man, large and well proportioned of form and comely of face, a formidable rival (as Bacon had found) in love as well as in law. He was more broad than tall, however, which gives point to Nestor's expression, "the broad Achilles." He was exceedingly wealthy, having married two wives, each with a fortune, and accumulated money from various sources, some of doubtful morality. Hence Achilles' exclamation, most extraordinary for a warlike hero, when the Greek captains pass him coldly by:—

"What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune
Must fall out with men too:
But 'tis not so with me.
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks."

But, combined with Coke's undoubted mastery of law details and precedents which made him of great value to any party with whom he identified himself, we find other qualities less admirable. One writer asserts that, except in Judge Jeffries of infamous memory, the scurrility and vituperation of Coke had no parallel; therefore the "scurril jests" referred to, and even the coarse scenes with Thersites, have their justification. Other writers describe Coke as selfish, arrogant, harsh even to brutal insolence and utter injustice, fierce of demeanour, never the centre of genial friendships, conversing freely only with his underlings (of whom Patroclus probably represents one), jesting at any man without respect to the person's dignity, and as insulting over misery.

Most of these attributes appear in Achilles in his attitude towards Hector, and in the fierce and unjust murder of that hero, when unarmed, by his myrmidons from behind, (a complete departure from history), and in his brutal and insolent treatment of the body.

In Coke they reached their climax in the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, in his brutal insults, his fierce denunciation of him, the unjust condemnation to death by means of *his* myrmidons, first the witnesses who, like those of Achilles, did not dare to face their victim, but stabbed him in the back with their falsehoods, and the "obsequious jury" who pronounced the verdict at his bidding. It is true that Sir Walter Raleigh was still living, but his career was at an end.

Even Coke's notorious insult to Raleigh, "*I thou thee, thou traitor!*" is reflected in Achilles' words to Ulysses:—

"*I will forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou!*"

In the first act Ulysses proposes to bring Achilles to a sense of his duty by depreciating him and exalting Ajax at his expense, and by praising and putting forward the latter to answer Hector's challenge to single combat. This scheme is heartily seconded by Nestor and carried out by Agamemnon. It is fully successful in so far that it rouses Achilles from his apathy, but a secret message from his mistress throws him again into his antagonistic attitude.

The whole episode bears the appearance of a humorous travesty of Bacon's attitude towards Coke. "No one," remarks Gardiner, "could be more

convinced than Bacon that it was the duty of the government to lead, and not to be dragged helplessly along without a will of its own," and he seems to have taken almost a mischievous delight in circumventing by his own tact and ingenuity the narrow doggedness of his rival in the law.

It is interesting to find a letter dated 1608, in which it would appear that King James had really taken a leaf out of Ulysses' book, by telling Coke that "Crompton" (that is, Sir Thomas Crompton, Judge of the Admiralty Court) "*was a better man than he.*" Coke had asserted that the king was defended by the law; James would admit no defence but of God. "He was exceedingly angry, and had not Coke most humbly on his knees (continues the letter) used many good words to pacify His Majesty, and to excuse that which had been spoken, it was thought His Highness would have been much more offended." So far Coke also had been brought to his senses, but the attraction of his mistress, the law, was too strong, and did not relax its hold till it had been instrumental in overthrowing the government, and bringing James' son and successor to the block.

Ajax, whose place in this single instance Crompton seems to fill, suggests several persons. In his attitude, thus described:—

"Ajax is grown self-willed, and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a pace
As broad Achilles."

he most resembles Sir Ralph Winwood, who by one writer is described as "worse than Coke" in his uncompromising temper.

But in Thersites' parody of Ajax's absurd and haughty taciturnity when made to believe himself more valiant than Achilles, we are reminded of the note placed by Bacon against the name of Attorney-General Hobart, Coke's successor in that office: "Solemn goose: they have made him think he is wondrous wise." Perhaps "they," whoever they were, had been praising Hobart's wisdom as an antidote to Coke's vanity.

Thersites, in his character of chorus, comments on the lack of mother-wit and tact in Ajax and Achilles in spite of their brute courage, or, in the case of their prototypes, of their legal knowledge. "If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall themselves." He calls upon Jove and Mercury to "take that little, little less than little wit from them that they have, which short-aimed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not *in circumvention* deliver a fly from a spider without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web."

Nor does Ulysses himself escape criticism: "O the other side, the policy of these crafty, swearing rascals, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is not proved worth a blackberry: they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion."

Elizabeth had been wont to call Bacon her "watch-dog." On the lips of Thersites and under the lash of cynicism he becomes the "dog-fox" of James.



R. K. Holmes.

DOLLAR FROM CASTLE WYND.

This forms the political part of the play, which Professor Raleigh describes as being in Shakespeare's full-armoured, mature style, laden with thought and richly decorated with eloquence. "Love and politics," he continues, "are made to engage our ardent sympathies in turn, without any interaction." So it was in truth during this period of history, and we shall find that in the affairs of "love" the analogy is still stronger than in those of "policy."

(To be continued.)

Lady Wake's Version of John Macnab's Will and the Building of Dollar Institution.

ABOVE a hundred years ago a child named Macnab was left an orphan in the little town of Dollar, not absolutely uncared for, for the neighbours were kind, and he was taught to read by the village schoolmaster, Mr Macorby : but wearied of the sort of life he led, the child disappeared, having told his companions he was going to make his fortune. For a little time his father's fellow-workmen talked about the orphan lad, and then he was forgotten.

Forty years afterwards the quiet of the village was disturbed by the unusual sight of a post-chaise driving up to the door of the little inn : from it descended a tall, good-looking man with intelligent countenance and hair sprinkled with grey ; he had the dress and appearance of a gentleman, and as travellers frequently visited the old castle, though it was observed he took no guide with him, he did not excite much curiosity. On his return to the village, he walked straight to the schoolmaster's house and requested the old man to take a stroll with him about the village. Whether or not he revealed his connection with it is not known ; if he did, Macorby kept his secret. But this is certain, that expressing his deepest interest in Dollar and its inhabitants, he asked him what he thought would most benefit both. The schoolmaster said, "It wants a better school than this." That evening they parted.

Again some years passed away, when it was announced to my father, as the principal heritor, that the sum of £80,000 was left by the will of a Mr Macnab, a native of Dollar, for the benefit of the place, reference being made to the above-mentioned visit, but without distinctly stating in what way the money was to be employed. Then succeeded a long struggle as to what really could be the greatest benefit both to the place and to the country. It cannot be better stated than in a quotation from a note in a work by Rammage, of which the subject strangely enough is the present state of Italy. After stating the circumstances of this bequest, it runs thus:—

"The clergyman of the parish (the Rev. Mr Watson, an old man) proposed that it should be laid out in the erection and support of a gigantic poorhouse or hospital ; but this did not coincide with the enlightened views of Mr Craufurd Tait, a large proprietor in the parish, who believed that such

an erection would tend to pauperise the district and prove a curse rather than a blessing. He succeeded by steady opposition in the Court of Chancery in delaying the settlement of the question till the death of the clergyman, when by judicious appointment to the vacant charge, of which he was patron, he was able to carry out the noble scheme which he had originally proposed. To Mr Tait, therefore, Scotland is indebted for this celebrated institution: he thus became as great a benefactor really as the donor of the money."

His scheme was entirely educational. He foresaw all the benefits which might be produced by this vast sum of money, which in the fourteen years' discussion had doubled itself, not only to the inhabitants at Dollar, but to the country at large by offering a first-class education at an extremely low rate for the sons of many whose means did not enable them to educate their children for the liberal professions, according to their rank in life. To the inhabitants of the place and the district round, all the advantages of the institution were entirely free. Moreover, if any labourer's son possessed sufficient talent and a desire to fit himself for one of the learned professions—in short, to rise above his position in life—every encouragement was offered to him and his parents. After he passed an examination to ascertain his capacities, an annual sum was paid to his father while his education was being carried on, equivalent to that which he would have earned as a labourer. The benefits of the institution were open to girls equally as to boys. The Dollar Institution soon attracted to the valley numbers of families to whom it was an object to secure a complete education, both classical and modern. The scheme was eminently successful, and extraordinary was the quickness with which it was carried out. Always sowing, never for himself, always for others, my father lived to see this ripen into fruit,—not, indeed, to that maturity which it has now reached, but still sufficiently to prove itself a widespread blessing to those whose need is greatest; many a widowed mother, for instance, rejoices in its benefits.

The traveller now looks down upon a charming scene—a noble building of Grecian architecture standing in the midst of beautiful botanic gardens, the little town of Dollar, still picturesquely grouped on the banks of the united streams of Care and Grief, pretty villas scattered about upon the banks and braes, many of them the professors' houses, and above, remaining in all its desolate majesty, the Castle of Gloom, left untouched, but more accessible—the spirited inhabitants of Dollar having themselves planned and executed a wonderfully beautiful approach through the rocky pass up the mountain glen. What could have been the feelings of the orphan boy who, penniless and barefooted, left Dollar so many years ago, could he have foreseen what would be the result of his having gone to push his fortune? Nothing whatever is known of his intermediate history save the visit which has been detailed, but we fear his life could not have been a happy one, as he left neither wife nor child to benefit by the hard-earned fruits of his industry, nor had he any associations more tender than those of his orphaned childhood.

ARCHBISHOP TAIT'S FIRST SERMON.

His sister informs us this sermon was delivered at Renshaw, her husband's country house in Derbyshire, towards the end of the year 1829. "I remember," she says, "that it was to what might really be called a congregation one Sunday evening that Archie preached his first sermon. The text was, 'The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life.' He drew a vivid picture of the Judgment Day, dwelling upon the opposite condition of death and eternal life. I asked him why he had not also pointed out the difference between the 'wages' and the 'gift.' He told me that he had written his sermon (and a very striking one it was) first, and chosen the text most appropriate to it afterwards. This, his first essay in preaching, was listened to with profound attention. The scene returns to me now: the long, low-roofed hall, supported by pillars; the large, old-fashioned fireplace with a heavy projecting chimneypiece, over which was a picture of St Jerome and the lion; the brilliant light at the upper end near the fire, where sat the family and guests; the shadowy distance filled by the servants, who, with Sir George's stable establishment, numbered thirty, made altogether a striking picture. At the close the future Archbishop of Canterbury whispered to me, 'I thought I should have fainted when I discovered there was no Lord's Prayer in the book, I was in such a fright that I should break down.'

"He would have been not a little surprised could he then have had a vision of himself in St Paul's preaching to assembled thousands, and the breeze through the open windows lifting from before him the slender sheet of notepaper on which was jotted down the heads of his sermon, and wafting it through the church into the lap of the Duchess of Sutherland, while he calmly continued his discourse, in no way inconvenienced by the loss.

"DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP TAIT'S FATHER.

"While Archie was carrying on his Oxford life the health of our dear old father was rapidly failing. He declined to look forward to the spring visit to Harviestoun which had always been to him the source of sad, yet sweet enjoyment, replying to the solicitation of his eldest son to allow him to plan a journey there, reminding him of the scenes in which he had always taken so much delight: 'No, I do not wish it; I shall soon be walking in fairer gardens with your beloved mother.'

"He was mercifully spared all increased suffering of body, all pain of parting. For long his nights had been nearly sleepless. In the evening of the 10th May 1832 he laid himself down as usual, but he never rose again: if he slept, his sleep had no awakening, for in the morning he was insensible and gently breathed his last."

REMARKABLE UNCONSCIOUS PREDICTION OF THE FUTURE DISTINCTION
OF YOUNG ARCHIBALD TAIT AND ROUNDELL PALMER.

In 1833 young Archibald Tait joined a reading-party, having Johnson of Queen's, now Dean of Wells, for coach; his companions were Alexander Hall, and Roundell Palmer, afterwards Lord Selborne, Chancellor of England.

The place that had been selected for their studies was Seaton, a quiet village between Dorsetshire and Devonshire. It possessed among its rural inhabitants a poetic and dreamy schoolmaster, whose attention was attracted by the reading-party, and a curious circumstance related to me not long ago by the Dean of Wells is worth recording. The young men with the Dean were reading in some quiet nook out of doors, when this man appeared among them and addressed them in lines of his own composition :

“He whom near yonder cliff we see recline,
A mitred prelate may hereafter shine ;
That youth who seems explaining nature's laws,
An ermined judge, may win deserved applause.”

It seemed as if the gift of prophecy was his, as he looked from the future Archbishop to the future Lord Chancellor. “But,” said the Dean, with the twinkle of dry humour, for which he is remarkable, “he did not look my way.”

VISIT OF THE FUTURE ARCHBISHOP TO BROUGHAM HALL ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, AND COMMENT ON THE NON-OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH THEN AMONG THE UPPER CLASSES IN SCOTLAND.

When young Archibald Tait finished his brilliant career at Edinburgh Academy by carrying off six first prizes and two medals, he went south to Derbyshire to spend his holidays with his sister Charlotte ; but on his way down to Scotland to begin his studies at Glasgow, he received and accepted an invitation to Brougham Hall from his father's old friend, James Brougham. Speaking of this incident long afterwards to Lady Wake he told her that he thought himself quite a great man as he drove to Brougham Hall to breakfast on Sabbath morning. “Henry Brougham,” he says, “had been expected, but did not come.” The party consisted of James Brougham, Sir George Strickland, William Marshall, Apollo Hamilton, and myself. We spent the whole day in riding to Ullswater and back. Old Mrs Brougham, as all the world knows, was a splendid specimen of an old Scottish lady, and I daresay would have preferred to see the Sunday better spent under her son's auspices, but she must have been accustomed to it, for in those days men of that school did not generally consider the seventh day as set apart for any other purpose than for relaxation or for those occupations for which they had not time on the other six. There was this difference between Whigs and Tories : the Tories acknowledged that the day should be reverently kept but did not do it ; the Whigs utterly denied any such necessity.

Dollar Revisited.

I PASSED this morning through the gate
By which we used to go to school ;
The tall grey pillars in the sun
Cast two broad shadows, dark and cool ;
Between them, to the polished portico
Ran the white road our footsteps used to know.

To left and right the grounds were green,
The still trees slumbered in a trance;
The hastening hours here seemed to pause,
And linger in a classic dance.
The dear old place was as it used to be,
With but one difference, you might guess, for me.

A quiet rested o'er the scene;
From one wide-open window came
The murmur of a master's voice,
Dear old preceptor still the same.
And save for that, the cuckoo on the hill,
Blackbird, and mavis, everything was still.

The green hills looked upon the school
Veiled in a sleepy summer haze,
And like a fire between the trees
The whins' gold glory seemed to blaze,
As if no autumn ever dared to come
Where such unfading memories have their home.

A boy walked whistling up the road
A careless, sentimental air;
The gods had granted a spare hour—
Trust him to meet no phantoms there!
And yet we walked there once, and how
Can that path be like other places now?

Did no soft influence touch his heart,
No sudden beauty in the scene?
As in the sunshine there alone
He followed footsteps of a queen?
A queen, indeed; perhaps she did not know
She had one subject sworn to hail her so.

Do others miss no vanished grace?
Where'er my lonely footsteps range
I see the things I used to see
Unchanged, yet eloquent of change;
I walk the old familiar paths, and seem
Like one reminded of a happy dream.

Oh, when in fancy you return,
A happy schoolgirl wandering here,
And see again your ancient realm—
These scenes for your sake doubly fair—
Then count, omitting none, old friendships o'er—
A gentle spell—that I may dream once more!

The Beast of Dal Ard.

[This story, embalmed for centuries in the dog-Latin of a forgotten chronicle, is believed by competent authorities to belong to the early history or mythology of the Devon Valley. The scholar who exhumed the narrative regards it as a fragment of the life of the first proprietor of the lands upon which Dollar now stands, written either by himself or perhaps more probably put into his mouth by his bard or minstrel. Certainly the name Dollar is said to be derived from the Gaelic *dal ard*, meaning a high field.]

Now the slaying of the Beast, called of Dal Ard from his abiding place, which so changed my fortunes, befell after this manner.

Day by day the king's ears were full of complaints of his ravages, hunters and herdsmen appearing constantly before him clamouring for royal deliverance from this great pest and terror. Moreover, not a few princes of that country promised fealty to him should he rid their land of the scourge. And so at length the king, wearied of their importunity, made proclamation by trumpet in the court that to whomsoever should slay that loathly thing he would give the hand of his daughter in marriage. The Princess—she whom we called Aude the Fair and Sister of the Dawn—she, I say, sitting at the left hand of her father, the queen being upon his right, heard this speech of the heralds spoken aloud in the stillness after the trumpets; and I watched her from the corner of my eyes. Straight and tall like a true Princess she sat in her carven chair, gowned in blue from neck to heel, her long plaits of hair, golden and ruddy, bound with a silken riband of white. Her face flushed and her eyes shone as she heard it, and with one fair hand she tossed back the heavy plait that fell over her shoulder, while beneath lowered eyelids she flashed scorn amongst us standing there. And I, because I was her friend from childhood, grew very sorry for her sake, knowing her untamed pride of spirit.

Those great tourneyors Jounce and Bernard, standing arm-linked beside me, swore by their beards that the prize was noble, were there any way to win it but by slaying the Beast; and I heard another, he who smote the firedrake as minstrels sing, vow upon his sword to win that prize or die. This Garneil of the Iron Arm had a stout heart, and kept his word, and I loved him. Therefore that night I was doubly sorrowful to think that either that great knight who taught me arms must perish, or the Fair Aude—she once my little playmate, a flower that sang amongst the flowers—must wed him, grizzled and grim with no smile save for the bray of the war-horn, and no talk but the warrior's endless tale of arms. Bravely, indeed, he rode forth, but returned no more; and after that what knight so bold as venture? Therefore the Beast still did his will, and the northern valley his abode none dared traverse, and daily to the king came the poor churls of the country crying for deliverance.

Then in due time came to the court that great knight Ganelon you wot of; he heard the king's promise and he laughed. Four-square he stood upon his feet, taller by a head than us all, with the neck of a bull, the head of a mastiff, and the two hands of the famed Herakles himself. Confidence sat vaunting in his eye, and before him went the terrible glory of his deeds.

Seeing him I said to Geldacœur, my friend and squire: "Behold him who will wed Aude the Fair."

Now Ganelon came to court weary from long wandering; three days (said he) he would rest, and on the fourth ride out and slay the beast. And from the hour she heard those words the Fair Aude grew silent, and her swift foot lagged in the dance. To comfort her because she had been of old my friend, and I supposed she feared for Ganelon, her new-found lover, I bragged in her ear of his valiance, how by no man or beast was he to be withstood, and of the state she would hold as his dame, and how all the ladies of the court were full of jealousy of her. It was in the dance I talked thus to her, watching her proud face, her hand lightly holding mine.

"Sir Ingomar," she said at length, "valiant he may be, bold of word and look he is, and that he is the famed Ganelon I know well, yet I like him not."

"Whim of a girl," said I to myself, but whim it was not; with her steadfast eyes the girl had seen what then no man had guessed—the black heart that was hidden beneath that knightly show.

At my foolish talk of her as his dame the tear sparkled on her lashes, and from that sight I fled, stooping with her hand to my lips but with no word. For what could I, Ingomar, a poor knight, say to her the Princess. Yet straightway I sought Geldacœur, my squire and brother, and told him what had passed between us.

"Now," said I, "I am only Sir Ingomar, an unblooded knight of but five days, and it is hard to die in a first exploit. But have me Red Berold saddled betimes, and I will fight this beast, for the tears upon the lashes of Fair Aude—rain dimming the dawn!—I must dry or must forget for ever."

No word spake Geldacœur, as his manner was, but in the grey morning we rose together. Piece by piece he girt me in my bright armour, never yet worn save at the tourney, and then, bearing my lance, followed me to where a varlet held Red Berold armed from crest to tail, fierce as fire, swift as wind, tireless as hope. (This is that Red Berold loved by minstrels, he who died when we fought the painted people beyond the mountains.) "How goes it with the horse?" asked Geldacœur of the varlet, and the fellow swore that none but a child of the gods was worthy to bestride him.

So I rode forth with Geldacœur behind me, the brightness of my armour dimmed by the morning mist, to encounter that foul Beast of Dal Ard. Beneath the blind casement of Fair Aude's bower I curbed Red Berold for a breathing space, but none stirred, and sad of heart a little I rode on. And yet in my helm I carried, withered already, the red rose she kissed and threw me, laughing, that day I first wore the golden spur upon my heel.

The sun was up and the sky clear as we drew near this Dal Ard. In a certain place amongst the woods on the low hill that overlooked the valley, I bade farewell to Geldacœur, bidding him await me till even, and then return carrying my worship to the Fair Aude.

All the vale lay empty beneath the sun as I rode down the hillside, and upon me, lonely there, the northern mountains looked contemptuous and high. Never a creature moved, there was neither song of bird nor any other sound, so that Red Berold's hoofs rang loud, and my heart beneath my breastplate beat like the armourer's hammer.

I had not ridden far into the valley before I was aware of an evil savour upon the unstirring air, and the brave horse I sat snorted, with head erect. Here and there I saw great trees lying, riven and splintered, that the dragon had torn down with his claws in play, and here and there bones lay scattered.

Anon I came to his den in a dark place, shadowed by a cleft running into the mountains, whence flowed a sparkling stream. This cleft, widening towards the valley, was spread before the cave into a level plain, meet for joust or tourney, but fouled then by bones and rotting carcasses. Amongst these relics—great bones of beasts and men, broken and scattered like dry twigs—I saw the red-rusted mail of the iron-armed Garneil, my tutor in war, dented and rent, and beside it the shaft of his broken lance.

No cheering sight this ; but Garneil was, at least, a great worthy to follow. Therefore, squaring my horse before the den, I set the slug-horn to my lips and blew a blast that rang in a score of challenges from the watching hills. A second time I sounded, and before the echoes failed something moved in the gloom, the likeness of two embers glowed within, and there came a sound as of a snake that drags its loathly body over dry stone. Red Berold himself trembled to see and hear and to scent the dragon, and would have wheeled aside had not I held him fast with rein and spur. And then slowly into the fair sunshine crawled forth the famed Beast of Dal Ard.

I had called him foul and loathly, and so indeed for his great lust of blood he was ; and yet greatly as I feared him then, I knew that he was beautiful exceedingly. As for his size I say but this ; that his body alone was larger than the body of the horse I rode, without regarding his mighty neck and train. The polished scales that plated his upper parts were his glory—flashing with strange colour at every movement of his body in the sun, so that now he was all green, now blue, now scarlet, and anon shining and shimmering with all three. His head was dun and the small pinions upon his shoulders. Beneath he was covered with rough and shaggy hide, tawny hued like the aurochs. In their deep sockets, shadowed with warty lids, his eyes shone quick and cruel globes of cold fire, red flashing to green as he darted his head hither and thither. His strength I knew when I saw him rush upon me roaring with open jaws. That was no hour to praise his beauties ; swift and terrible as a sword sweep he darted upon us. Red Berold, snorting, leaped aside, rearing terror-struck, and the beast whirled past us in his fury. Ere he could gather himself and turn, quick though he was, I mastered the horse and wheeled him, driving in my spurs and crying aloud, and with a mighty bound Red Berold sprang into his gallop and I knew that his hot heart had taken fire. We thundered upon the dragon as he reared aloft, and my lance-point pierced his throat and broke against the bone. Smoking blood boiled from the wound, and the beast, screaming, whirled erect and plunged upon me as the falcon on the heron when they combat in mid-air. Even as I flashed forth my blade to meet the shock (fear gone now and the world red to my eyes), I saw him glorious in his beauty and his wrath.

So we fought till mid-day furiously, and as the sun turned to hasten down the sky I slew him. All the plain was dark and steaming with his fiery blood,

my armour broken in a score of places, my sword-edge hacked to the semblance of a saw, and Red Berold trembling and feeble, when at last the Beast fell groaning, to rise no more. As for me, I felt then no weariness nor pain of wounds for the wonder and pity that filled my heart; wonder that I was yet alive, and pity for the great and shining creature that writhed in his death-agony amongst the scarlet-splashed bones of his victims. And as the sun sank blazing towards the hills and all the blue air was hushed, I sat still in the saddle as one enchanted, and watched him die. I saw the lashing of his great tail grow weak and end, his claws, red with my flesh and torn upon my armour, cease their rending of his body and the soaked earth about him. I saw the fierce embers of his eyes extinguished, and watched with awe how as life ran from his heart, all the splendour of his body dulled and faded until he lay there a dead and piteous bulk.

Then only did I remember myself and get me wearily from the saddle to the ground, while Red Berold shook from his wide nostrils a long neigh of victory. Sorely weak, I loosened and doffed my helmet, and fastened it to the saddle-bow. (Upon its crest the Fair Aude's withered rose was red again.) Then I drew my dagger, and, stooping beside that smoking carcase, hacked off with great labour the centre talon—as long as my hand—from a forepaw. With this trophy I remounted and rode back slowly to Geldaccœur.

It was misty gloaming when we returned, so none saw save my own varlets the parlous plight of horse and rider. But as Red Berold was taken to his stall the other steeds plunged and screamed in terror, scenting the Beast's blood upon him; and my wolf-hound crouched and whimpered when I held out to him the gleaming talon. Geldaccœur attended to my wounds, and having bathed and perfumed myself I could appear before the lords and ladies in no worse case (in their eyes) than a man tired with hunting.

With the Fair Aude I had no speech, fearing, I knew not why, to tell her what had befallen. I saw her dancing with greater knights, with that famous paladin Ganelon himself; tall and full of grace, worshipped by all, her hair like ripe corn in the sun, with the morning star in her eyes (clear radiance shining from blue depths) and the dawn upon her brow. And it seemed that this could by no means be the same who was my little lady when fox-gloves were our tall playfellows. So, silent and heavy-hearted, I stood watching her and thinking of the great Beast lying cold and stiff before his cave with the moon looking upon him, and the hill-wolves with their glowing eyes slinking and venturing ever nearer and nearer. I had the talon, cleansed and polished, within my doublet, and as the dance broke up I gave it to one of her maidens, saying—for I knew the Fair Aude would understand—"Give this to your lady, the Princess, and tell her it should serve as a charm against rain that saddens the dawn."

That night I slept sound, caring nothing for the wrath of Ganelon. Slay me he might, indeed, but slay the Beast of Dal Ard he could not.

On the morning of the fourth day Ganelon rode out as he had said. In full panoply he went, laughing and bowing low in the saddle to the ladies watching him, kissing the hilt of his sword as he looked towards the Fair Aude, where she stood amongst her maidens. All the ladies gazed after him

with bright eyes, and glanced at the Princess, saying it was small wonder she bore herself proudly, happy as a morning of May.

"Ganelon may hew me in pieces," said I to Geldacœur, my friend and squire, "but I have proved myself knight and wizard—I have wiped away my lady's tears with a dragon's claw."

At noon Ganelon returned, but not in wrath seeking the rival who had forestalled him. Triumphant he came, heralded by the voice of his horn, his armour flashing amongst the green trees, his black steed curvetting. Behind him came his squire, leading an affrighted palfrey that bore upon its back, gory and terrible, with shrunk eyes and writhen lips, the head of the beast I had slain.

And, while my heart flamed within me a hundred voices hailed him victor, and a peal of silver trumpets told that the priceless prize was won.

"Bid me give him thy sword to eat," snarled Geldacœur in my ear. But, "Silence, thou," I answered him, "and wait."

I could not think such villainy was in man, nor would I have Aude the Fair troubled for me; therefore I said alike to Geldacœur, and to my wrath, "Wait."

In the great hall that night they hung aloft the beast's head, and the minstrels sang of the deeds of Ganelon and of the beauty of the bride that he had won, while bright cheeks grew pale as the ladies looked fearfully at that grim trophy. And sitting on the daïs in a robe coloured like the heart of a wave in sunshine, the Fair Aude kept her eyes upon that great knight and varlet Ganelon, watching him steadfastly as he ate and drank and boasted. Never was she fairer or more truly in all men's eyes the daughter of a king.

After the feast, and ere the dancing should begin, the king, fierce and splendid still when the noise of deeds stirred his old blood, rose up and called for silence, proclaiming that Ganelon had slain the Beast of Dal Ard, and that the prize was fairly his, the prize of Aude the Fair, whom men called Sister of the Dawn. And at that all shouted so that the shields upon the walls rang loud, and Ganelon dropped on his knee to kiss the hand of the Princess. But she drew it from his touch as from a snake, and rose beside her father, and cried for all to hear, "O Sir Ganelon, you paladin and slayer of dragons, a favour for your bride! The head of the beast you have brought to-day; will you bring me his talons to-morrow?"

And Ganelon answered unabashed, "Assuredly."

"All of them, my lord, Sir Ganelon?"

And again he answered that he would slay a dragon every day to do her pleasure.

So the Fair Aude laughed, and said to a maiden, "Give me my latest toy, for I would have them see it, one and all." And the damsel passing it to her, she held aloft in her white hand the gleaming talon I had sent her as a token. None knew save Geldacœur and I what this meant, but we saw the red blood leap to the face of Ganelon.

"One brought me this yester eve," spoke again the Princess. "Do they cut the claws of dragons as they sleep?" Then pointing to Sir Ganelon, spurning him with her eyes where he still knelt amazed before her. "Behold a valiant paladin who conquers monsters slain already!"

And at that word Ganelon sprang to his feet, and turning, strode swiftly forth, none staying him, and we saw him no more. Then the king spoke again, his fierce eyes passing from man to man of us, and commanded him to stand forth who had brought that thing to the Princess. And in great wonder and shamefacedness, for I was a young and poor knight amongst famous warriors, I went forward from the throng, and at the king's stern behest and in the radiance of the Fair Aude, told him of my battle with the monster. Then because I had done that deed for the sake of our old comradeship, I made bold to say at last that I had slain the Beast for no reward, but to clear a shadow from the brightness of a lady's eyes. At that, very gently and low, so that we three alone could hear her words, spoke Aude the Fair, "Sir Ingomar, the king's word may not fall!"

And so it came about that I, a poor knight, won that great prize. The king, knowing my poverty, that I had neither lands nor gold, but my sword alone, conferred upon me all the land about the Dal Ard, the country aforetime desolate by that great Beast I slew. And above the mountain cleft wherein I slew him I built me this strong keep, where now in my old age I write this record. And as I write there sits beside me the Princess Aude, still to me the Fair, gazing down upon the woods of the sunny vale below.

W. K. H.

More about the Pirrick and Some Fresh Light on Tam Baird's Stane.

AT the close of my article on "The Pirrick" in the last number of the *Magazine*, I promised to let my readers know what Dr Craigie, one of the Editors of the great Oxford English Dictionary, thought of the explanation there provided of the origin and significance of that place-name. And now, having forwarded to that gentleman a copy of the *Magazine* containing the article referred to, I am glad to report that in his reply to me, Dr Craigie expressed not only his general agreement with the view as to the etymology of the Pirrick for which I am responsible, but added further his genuine admiration for the *Magazine* itself, every part of which, he assured me, he had read with interest. We may, therefore, reasonably conclude that the theory of the origin of the name Pirrick, which traces it up to the period when Gaelic was the vernacular speech of the tribes who roamed over the Ochils, whether as herdsmen or as hunters, is not only scientifically tenable, but that in point of fact it holds the field. And I will add here that I am confirmed in my conviction of the accuracy of my published views on this matter by a fresh discovery which I have made within the last few days, and which seems to me to point to the conclusion that that other perplexing and remarkable local name which appears in the title of the present article under the form of "Tam Baird's Stane," but which, in the geological Ordnance Survey map of the district, is set forth, doubtless more accurately and fully,

under the designation of "The White Stone of Tam Baird," may be similarly and in an equally satisfactory fashion accounted for by tracing it also to a Gaelic original. A conclusion this, I may add, which gains added strength from the fact that the local object so strongly described is found in close proximity, or rather I should say in positive juxtaposition to that outstanding feature in our local scenery known as "The Pirrick," to which, as I have already shown, a Gaelic etymology must most probably be assigned.

Some of my readers may at this point recall the interesting fact that, some seven years ago, in an early number of this *Magazine*, there appeared from the pen of one of our most valued contributors, Mr W. K. Holmes, of Dollar, a very well told, though avowedly fictitious narrative, written in the most approved style of legendary folklore, in which that gentleman sought to account for a name otherwise unintelligible to him by connecting the mysterious white stone that lies conspicuously on the south-western flank of King's Seat with a somewhat discreditable episode attributed by him to a quondam Tillicoultry farmer of the name of Tam Baird, who lived, as we are told, in an age when the Ochil fairies played their mischievous cantrips on unlucky mortals more frequently than they do in our own more humdrum and prosaic era.

Tam Baird, according to Mr Holmes's tale, was one of two rival suitors for the hand of one of the fairest of Dollar's daughters. Each of the young men, thus pressing their claims on the attention of the perplexed damsel, was so far as social position is concerned, an equally eligible *parti*. As a result, the young lady found herself unable to choose between the two, feeling, perhaps, with the poet in the old song, that she could be perfectly "happy with either, were t'other dear charmer away." At last, despairing of ever being able to settle the important question of who should be her husband in any other fashion, she finally told both of her sweethearts that she would accept for her husband that one of her suitors who on next New Year's Day brought her as a present the largest kebbuck. Strenuous were the efforts put forth by each eager rival to produce before the fateful day such a monster cheese as would make his success certain in the competition thus enforced upon him. Correspondingly great, therefore, was the dismay of the unlucky wight, Tam Baird, when, having surreptitiously found his way into his rival's cheese-house, he discovered that in spite of all he had done his own kebbuck was lamentably inferior in size to that of his rival. What was he to do? Could he tamely submit to have the prize he had striven so earnestly to win thus snatched from his grasp? The thought was intolerable. And so, yielding to a sudden impulse of temptation, without pausing to reflect on what he was doing, he forthwith seized his competitor's cheese and hurried off Dollarwards, resolved to win the lady before his rival could arrive to thwart him. Taking, however, to the hillside, so that his movements might be less conspicuous, he had the misfortune ere long of being completely enveloped in a mist, in which he unhappily lost his way. None the less, however, did he still press forward, eagerly clutching his precious burden, from which he never for a moment thought of parting, till at last wearied with long climbing and strangely shaken in mind by weird challenging voices from the encompassing mist wreaths both before and behind him, that kept mocking and jeering at him every step

he took, he suddenly lost heart, and pausing for a moment's rest, he laid down on the hillside the monster kebbuck shabbily filched from his rival, and to which hitherto he had clung so tenaciously. How great then was his distress and alarm when looking down a few moments later for the treasure, to obtain which he had risked so much, he found that it was no longer a cheese, but only a white stone which glimmered up to him through the fog. But so indeed it was. The cheese was gone, and only a stone remained and there it remains to this day, known still by all who have heard of this fairy transmutation as Tam Baird's Stane.

In the foregoing narrative, I have given, I think, a fair summary of Mr Holmes's interesting and ingenious excursus into folklore with the view of providing a rational solution of one of the puzzles of our local nomenclature. Of course, in all this, Mr Holmes did not mean to suggest anything more than that, so far as he knew, no satisfactory explanation of the odd local name had hitherto been provided. He is careful, indeed, to prefix to his narrative a statement to that effect; for the following prelude stands at the head of his article: "On the southern slope of King's Seat is a boulder of white vein quartz, known locally for some reason not to be ascertained, as Tam Baird's Stane." That was how matters looked to an intelligent observer seven years ago. Well, it will be my object in this paper to suggest that Mr Holmes then despaired somewhat too readily of ever being able to find a rational interpretation of that singular name which he seems accordingly to have thought a suitable starting-point for an imaginative reproduction in our own day of a typical folklore tale.

My attention was first called to this question by Mr Alexander Drysdale, one of the present *Magazine* Committee. As soon as the matter was broached, I was struck by the fact that the term Tom in the local name to be investigated was a very frequent element in Gaelic local nomenclature. I therefore got a ministerial friend, Mr George Williams, to consult for me MacBain's Etymological Gaelic Dictionary (1911) and to report to me if he could find any light there on the origin of the name into which I was inquiring. He replied as follows: "*Tom*, a hillock; Irish, *tom*; Welsh, *tom*, is associated with Greek *τρυβος*, a mound; Sanskrit, *tunga*, high, and Latin, *tumulus*. *Bard* is dyke, enclosure, meadow; Irish, *bard*, guard or garrison; from English *ward*, enclosed pastureland. Again, *bard* is a poet; Welsh, *bardd*; Greek, *φραξω*. English phrase, either *bard*, would give *baird* in the genitive." A similar communication from Dr Watson of Edinburgh, the Gaelic scholar who has solved for us the true etymology of that other puzzling name, "The Pirrick," is equally satisfactory, and runs as follows: "*Tam Baird* looks like a rendering of *Tom à Bhàird*. *Bard* means a poet bard; it also means a paddock, an enclosed green field, in which sense it is common in place names, being a loan from old Scots *ward*." Compare "his braw calf's ward," &c. Calves' ward is in Gaelic *Bàrd nan laogh*, a name which actually occurs. Thus, *Tom a bhàird* may mean (1) the knoll of the bard; (2) the knoll of the enclosure, the paddock. *Bard* in the sense of poet is rather rare in place-names: it occurs in Monzievaird, *Campus bardorum*. You will be able to judge whether the above suggestion has anything in it."

On receiving the above letters, guided by Mr Sinton, the farmer whose

sheep range all the hills behind our village, and accompanied by Mr A. Drysdale, I sallied forth to see for myself the White Stone so mysteriously named, to settle, if possible, the question as to the true etymology of this strange place-name.

Friday, the 1st of December, the day on which our expedition took place, was, for a winter day, singularly calm and bright, and our walk over the hill, though involving a few bits of stiff climbing, was delightfully pleasant. In particular, the appearance of the Forth gleaming goldlike through the haze that hovered over the western horizon, as well as of the links of our own clear winding Devon, that sparkled in the valley beneath us like a ribbon of steel, or of silver sheen, was most fascinating, and more than rewarded us for any toil we had to encounter in order to behold and admire its beauty. In making our way to the stone of which we were in quest, we ascended by the March Burn which flows down the south-western flank of King's Seat. As a consequence of having taken that method of approach, we did not get any view of an enclosure which, as Mr Sinton had informed us, was still discernible on the hillside, some hundred feet below Tam Baird's Stane. This was a fortunate circumstance, as when we did at last get a glimpse of the said enclosure, we were the better able to realise the importance of that object in its relation to the special section of King's Seat to which I now believed the name Tom a Bhaird must originally have been given. For when, perhaps, some 150 feet lower than the White Stone, we came in sight of the western slope of the Pirrick on the opposite side of the burn, which flows down to the Devon past Harviestoun Lodge, we saw with great distinctness the outline of a pentangular enclosure which had at one time stood there.

The walls, which must have been of turf, were now almost level with the ground; but the form of the enclosure was very conspicuous to the eye, even when many yards off. On reaching the enclosure, and looking up to the hill from which we had descended, the appropriateness of naming that section of King's Seat which was alone visible from the enclosure as Tom a Bhàird, *i.e.*, the hillock or knoll beside the enclosure, was at once apparent: and we felt that the true solution of the problem we were considering had been reached. One feature of Highland nomenclature, I was told lately by Mr Gillespie, a very intelligent gentleman now resident in Dollar, who has spent much time in Argyllshire and the Hebrides, is the very remarkable way in which every nook and corner has its own name, all descriptive and intelligible to the people who use these names. This feature seems to have been true at one time of names in the Ochils. Thus from the enclosure on the flank of the Pirrick where I stood, I had pointed out to me, Duff Hill and Blackhorn, also Skythorn, the latter being the name of a small-pointed eminence lying north of Blackhorn; while Tam Baird was recognised as being equally distinct and equally deserving of an intelligible and characteristic name. It is a great source of encouragement to anyone who is seeking a solution of place-names that every such name has a real meaning, however darkly it may have been obscured by linguistic change or phonetic expression in the life of people speaking another language. "No man," says Sir Herbert Maxwell, "ever attempted successfully to invent an arbitrary combination of sounds to designate a locality. Every place-name in whatever language is a business-

like definition derived from some leading feature, as we might say, 'the green hill, the white house, the oak wood,' or from some incident, 'the battlefield, the murder stone, the forge hill, or of possession, as John's town, Williamsfield, the priest's land.'"

Moreover, when localities are thus distinguished, it is very difficult to dispossess them of the names they have acquired, even though Greenhill should lose all its verdure, though the White House (or Whithorn—Anglo-Saxon, *hwit aern*) should be pulled down, and a red one built in its place, and the oakwood be levelled with the ground. Hence poetical and metaphorical interpretations of place-names should be looked on with great suspicion. The true origin is generally matter of fact. Considerations like those just advanced give me great confidence in expressing the view which I have put forward in this paper, and I hope that others, when they turn their minds to this consideration of the matters dealt with, may be inclined to accept the solution here offered of one of the most puzzling of all our local place-names.

Mr Sinton assured us that the enclosure to which he had guided us was of a nature which he could not explain. For assuredly no modern farmer would have made a fauld on a spot so much exposed to wind and weather, while its shape was also against any such hypothesis. The enclosure is probably 900 feet high, and is placed on the western flank of the Pirrick, just where it begins to descend along the side of the burn that flows past Harviestoun Villa. There is an extensive outlook towards the south-west from the spot selected for the enclosure, but west and north the view is shut in by Duff Hill or Blackhorn, and Skythorn, and by that section of King's Seat on which the White Stone rests, and to which, as I apprehend, the name of Tom à Bhàird was originally given. The enclosure is irregularly pentagonal in shape.

Mr Drysdale on a subsequent visit discovered remains of three or more stone dykes in the neighbourhood of the enclosure, and as stone dykes are never built for fun, there can be no doubt that at some time, probably a very early time, indeed, in our national history, the rude tribes who occupied this hill country had erected for some purposes either of protection, residence, or pastoral and agricultural operation alike, the turf-walled pentagon whose outline is still so clearly traceable and the fragmentary stone dykes that are scattered around and above. Lately some wonderful discoveries have been made at Glastonbury in Somerset whereby the size and shape of an ancient British Craunogorlath village have been literally disclosed and unearthed by excavations that have been made on its site. And in a recent number of the *Illustrated London News* a splendid reproduction by the pencil of one of that journal's artists presents a view of what such a village must have been two thousand years ago. Those who have examined that engraving will remember how some twenty or more circular huts, something like Kaffir kraals, are erected within an irregular enclosure of many sides. Now while I do not for a moment suppose that ancient British villages on a hillside would correspond in all respects to the villages built on the side of a lake or marsh, yet as I know that in Argyllshire evidence has been found of the existence of villages composed of such kraal-like erections, it might possibly repay the proprietor of the estate on which this interesting antiquarian erection exists to go to the

expense of making excavations within and around it, as the probability is that something might thus be learned regarding the object for which it was formed, a matter about which at present it is impossible to offer even a plausible suggestion.

The White Stone which has been the originating cause of this somewhat lengthy lucubration is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ by $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in dimensions. It is, perhaps, even more interesting as a standing witness to the immense vista of years which it opens before the speculative thinker than as the theme of any magic or folklore tale, however wonderful. For it is one of those travelled boulders, brought down from some distant peak on the Grampians in the far back geological ages when Scotland was, like Greenland at present, covered with a vast ice-sheet which pressed down, just as a similar ice-sheet does to-day in that northern land, towards the sea, to break off there in vast icebergs and be floated off to southern seas. It has long been much observed by the shepherds, who know every foot of our far-stretching hill-country, as though there are many boulders on the hillside, this is the only one composed of white vein quartz. Hence it came to be selected as a suitable centre for gathering together all the sheep on the hill. At the annual period when the wethers were to be separated from the rest of the flock, Mr John MacDiarmid, chairman of Dollar School Board, who in his youth was a shepherd on Dollar Bank farm, tells me that when in the month of June the day arrived for the shedding of the sheep, probably a thousand sheep would be assembled beside the White Stone, and there with the aid of the shepherds' dogs, the wethers would gradually but unerringly be separated from the ewes and the lambs and driven off by themselves in order to be shorn by the shearers. Mr Sinton tells me that comparatively few wethers are now kept on the Ochils, so that there is no need to shed the sheep for shearing purposes till in the month of July the ewes are separated from the lambs. But he assures me that the White Stone is still a well-known place of rendezvous, and is not without its value as a rallying-point for persons engaged on the hill. I have been astonished, however, to discover how many even of our oldest and most intelligent citizens, who have been bred and born in the parish, have told me during the last few days that they had never heard the name of Tam Baird or the White Stone before. I trust that after this article has appeared in the *Magazine* that at least that reproach will no longer be able to be brought against any reader of the *Magazine*.



R. K. Holmes.

THE DEVON VALLEY FROM LAW HILL.

A Mohammedan Wedding.

It may be said, I suppose, without fear of contradiction, that the majority of the *Dollar Magazine* readers in Dollar have never witnessed a Mohammedan wedding. Assuming this to be the case, is my motive for putting pen to paper in order to give as graphic an account as possible of such a wedding, which took place on the 28th September, in the Fourah Bay Mosque in Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone.

On that day, Hadir-ud-Deen, a prominent Mohammedan, holding the position of Secretary to the Mohammedan Education Committee, took to himself, as a second wife, Mariam Dint Nur-ud-Deen. In spite of the termination of each name neither was related to the other, as Ud-Deen is merely an agnomen signifying "of the faith," and has nothing to do with the family name.

At the invitation of Hadir-ud-Deen, I was privileged to witness the ceremony in the bare unfinished stone mosque, whither I was borne in my hammock by four Mendi boys. Arrived at the mosque, I was shown to a seat in the outer court near to the eastern door. This outer court is a sort of wide corridor running round the inner chamber, which is spacious and somewhat gloomy looking. None of the mosques in Freetown can compare with those in a place like Port Said, where I have admired the architecture, the mosaics, the woodwork, with rapt attention. Nevertheless, a Mohammedan mosque wherever it may be built, is always more or less according to pattern.

The inner court of a mosque is the place for prayer and sermon, the Saan Masjid, where the only bit of furniture is the little wooden pulpit with steps ascending to it at one end, placed near a niche in the wall, to which the *alfa* or priest goes to lead the faithful in prayer as he faces the east. The outer court is the place for marriages and funerals, and is called *diiliz*.

From my position near the eastern door I could see into the Saan Masjid, on the pulpit of which were the flowing Arabic symbols, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is His prophet." I was permitted to keep my shoes on, a gracious act not always conferred on Christians.

When I arrived at the mosque, I found a great number of men seated on straw mats on the floor. These men had marched to the mosque in a procession of two files from the bridegroom's house. Heading this procession were two Moslems carrying a banner of the Ikwan-us-Safa, behind which marched the bridegroom and the chief witness or *shahid*. The Ikwan-us-Safa is a Mohammedan club, of which Hadir-ud-Deen is president, and the title of the club signifies "the brothers of sincerity." This club borrows its name from a co-religious society in Arabia, and forms a sort of freemason fraternity.

Each of the men seated on the straw mats in the outer court of the mosque was robed in a *khaftan* or gown of the most brilliant colours. Here and there more sober colours prevailed, and the result was a gorgeous picture in which black, blue, green, purple, red, white, and yellow were all combined. Most men wore a green or red *turbush* or fez, on the front of which was the

badge of the Islamic world, the star and the crescent. Other fez colours were black, blue, brown, and green, and attached to each fez was a black tassel which dangled over the sides. Green was a favourite colour, as it was the Prophet's choice.

Imam Alfa Mohammed Alghali, the presiding priest or *alfa*, wore a white turban which suited him very well, as it matched the white billygoat which adorned his chin. He is a man above the average height, of refined appearance and calm demeanour, and was educated at Futah Jalom, in French territory. He conducted the marriage service from the Koran, as he sat with his back to the outermost wall, while round him in a semicircle sat the bridegroom, his chief witness or *shāhid*—who probably corresponds to the best man at Christian marriages—and some *alfas* or men learned in the Koran.

Alhaj Harun-ar-Rashid, the chief witness, was a Yoruba from Nigeria. He is a man of considerable attainments, and he certainly had the look of a *savant*. He sat, dressed in a brown flowing robe, on the left of Hadir-ud-Deen, had sharp, intelligent features, with black, penetrating, mysterious, Oriental eyes, cultivated a black beard on the chin, and wore spectacles. He was educated for three years at Cairo University, and, having been to Mecca, the birthplace of the Prophet, is a *haji*.

The marriage ceremony began by the Imam questioning the *wali*, the matrimonial guardian of the bride, if he consented to his charge being given in marriage to the bridegroom, and then the bridegroom was asked if he took the bride to be his lawful wife. These questions having been satisfactorily answered, the Imam read the marriage contract, called in Arabic "Ar agdu nikah," and the bridegroom, having shaken hands with the chief witness, gave him a gold ring, which he in turn gave to the Imam, who passed it to the *wali*, by whom it was sent in the person of a messenger to the women's mosque where the bride tarried with the female guests. A conspicuous absentee at the wedding was the first wife, who generally stays at home to entertain the aged guests who are unable to go to the mosque. In the women's mosque, the godmother or chief female witness puts the gold ring on the marriage finger of the bride's left hand.

Prayers were now offered in the men's mosque by the congregation of marriage guests, who were led in turn by eight *alfas* and *alimanis*, or chiefs. In prayer, the devout Mussalman holds his hands outstretched in front of him, the palms upwards, as if to receive the blessing invoked there and then. Prayers were concluded by the Imam, who asked the congregation to recite the *Fatihah* or opening chapter of the Koran. During the earlier portion of the ceremony, the congregation frequently made a triple exclamation of the word "*Alkhair!*" (pronounced "alchigher," the *ch* being guttural) which means "prosperity" or "good fortune."

The ceremony in the mosque being ended, a procession was again formed, and to the discordant beating of drums by men and women, and shouting from the onlookers, the marriage party slowly wended its way to the house of the bride's parents. On the way, the bride and bridegroom, being now united as man and wife, walked together. The bride was veiled as in Christian marriages, and was attended by her *rafiquat* or bridesmaid.

It was with considerable difficulty they passed into the courtyard of the

bride's old home, as her relatives and those of the bridegroom presented a very solid phalanx of good-natured beefy opposition, by squatting on the ground, and laying a cloth covering on the stone cobbles, whereon, with childish cries, they demanded the bridegroom to "pay up and look pleasant." He, poor man, had to put his hand in his pocket oftener than he liked in order to satisfy their gleeful importunity. Having passed all the doors in this way, the happy couple arrived at length at the inner threshold of the bride's old home. The bride's mother was there to welcome them, and as a sign of peace and harmony, presented the bridal pair with a tumbler of water, of which they drank. The bride's father then bestowed his blessing, and the two entered the house.

Here it is usual for addresses, if any, to be presented, but in the case of Hadir-ud-Deen, an adjournment had to be made to the courtyard, in order to accommodate the throng of well-wishers, where in a cool and spacious portico the customary laudatory and flattering speeches and presentations took place.

Afterwards a procession was again formed, and marched to the god-mother's house this time, whence, after an interval of time, it proceeded to the bridegroom's home where various dances took place. These dances were made to the accompaniment of big wooden drums and a curious handling of empty calabash receptacles, surrounded with strings of cowry shells. Much of the dancing was, to my way of thinking, perfectly ludicrous, consisting of each dancer slowly moving over the ground to the very close optical examination of his or her ten toes. I saw one man with only one leg who didn't bother examining his toes at all, and who, probably because he had only five, careered round the ring, going in even among the perspiring musicians, not caring "one jot or tittle" whom he jostled or bumped into.

I am filled with horror at the very thought of such a dancer appearing at a marriage festivity in the Athenæum Hall in Dollar.

RONALD LEAN.

Nature Notes.

ADORNMENT IN NATURE (*continued*).

BY J. STRACHAN, M.D.

THE great boon conferred upon man in the scheme of creation is not the beautiful in nature which is there in any case, but the mental faculty by which we are enabled to appreciate and to derive a purely human pleasure from that beauty. By virtue of our humanity we, and we alone of created beings on this earth, are born with the æsthetic faculty organised in the brain; but it is then only in embryo, with instinctive impulse to, but not the means of, activity and development. So far we are dependent on nature, and nature will not fail us. Thereafter, growth and development, with consequent

efficiency in after-life, depend upon conditions and influences provided from without. It is as with a seed which, with care and culture, will germinate and grow into a beautiful plant, producing fine flowers and fruit, but, with neglect, may lack the means of growth, or the young plant may be smothered and dwarfed by a rank growth of weeds.

By virtue of our animal nature, which is the essential basis upon which rests all our specifically human attributes, we are endowed with a full equipment of instinctive propensities necessary in the lower animals and in primitive man to the maintenance, preservation, and continuance of the individual and of the race; but to a large extent these are rendered inoperative or uncalled for by the conventional usages and provisions of civilised society. Like weeds, however, these propensities are indigenous to the soil and are ever ready to grow and assert themselves at the expense of the finer qualities of the human mind. As what are weeds in the garden are in many cases very pretty flowers by the wayside, so many animal propensities are, in their proper time, place, and purpose, quite a legitimate and beneficent source of animal pleasure; but they are, at all times, to be held in subjection to, and estimated at, a much lower level than the higher mental faculties.

The æsthetic faculty requires, like a delicate flower, care and culture to render it an effective asset for happiness in the coming life. Debarred from the beautiful, or even though surrounded by beauty, without observation being directed to it, it cannot develop, and must be lost to the future powers of mind. It appears to me that such culture should be a primary object in educational equipment of the young. From the personal point of view, professional or industrial success is almost of secondary importance to the high human powers of enjoyment which should go along with it; and that seems but a poor and narrow view of education which leaves the latter out of account. Life is not intended to be all work and no play, and the one as well as the other requires training to render it effective. Recreation is an important factor toward good and efficient work, and very rightly has a recognised place in school routine. It should, however, be regarded not merely as a present pastime, but chiefly in its bearing upon the future which is being prepared for; and the probability of being then available is a very important consideration in determining the form in which it should be indulged by the young.

One very great advantage possessed by a love and appreciation of the beautiful in nature is that its exercise is free and open to all "without money and without price," the only condition being that the very special favour which is placed within reach be accepted and rendered available by culture. Here, however, there may be difficulties in the way, as not everywhere can the young have equally free scope for the exercise of the æsthetic faculty. In towns facilities in



R. K. Holmes.

THE PATH TO SHEARDALE.

this respect are greatly limited ; and, as a consequence, those who have been brought up in large cities have, as a rule, little appreciation of natural scenery. Much more is being done now than formerly to rectify this defect, money being freely expended, which will doubtless have its effect on the rising generation. Dollar as an educational centre is, on the other hand, ideally situated for this form of mental culture. The grand old hills at our very doors with their verdant slopes and rocky glens from which numberless burns come tumbling down and make their way across the valley between fern, flower, and tree-clad banks to "the clear winding Devon," itself a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, the sheltering woods and Sheardale Braes with an unrivalled flora and abundance and variety of bird-life, form a splendid field for the pursuit and enjoyment of nature study and are an asset in educational culture which cannot be overestimated. Anyone looking around, say from the Golf Course, must be impressed with the rich variety and beauty of the scene ; but to how many is it all as a closed book with beautiful covers, but with the great wealth of enjoyment to be had within lost to them because they have not learned to read its nature language, nor developed the faculty which would enable them to enjoy it. Let it not be so with the abundance of young life growing up amongst us and with whom the golden hours of preparation for the future are rapidly passing away. Let the young realise and avail themselves of the very great advantage they possess over the pupils of perhaps every other secondary school in Scotland. All other schools of the kind provide their cricket and football fields, but none can provide such a field for the higher culture of the human mind as we possess in the Devon Valley.

It is not in the class-room only or chiefly that the young mind is being formed. It is continually drinking in from environment knowledge, ideas, and sentiment which mould the character and the thinking powers for all the years which are to come. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that environment should, as far as possible, be such as to afford material for future happiness and enjoyment of life ; and none can be of greater efficacy in this respect than that which is provided by the hills and glens, the woods and streams and meadows by which we are surrounded. There the young may learn to read the beautiful language taught by the best of all schoolmasters. Such, however, can never be learned by robbery and destruction in the most delightful and instructive of all lesson-books the nesting of our birds. The greed of the collector for the possession of egg *shells* is the most miserable and degrading motive with which to enter the great school of nature. It is to sacrifice for a very temporary and childish gratification a life-long interest and source of enjoyment, and to throw in the face of nature one of her most precious gifts.

We are glad to be able to state that the beautiful white blackbird is still alive and well in Cowden Woods. It is being regularly fed, along with other birds, by Mrs Wilson at East Cowden Lodge, where it is always to be seen about feeding-time.

A pair of kingfishers were recently observed on the Devon near Dollar.

Proof Positive.

"THE most humdrum life has its dramatic moments," remarked the Philosopher.

"Don't talk nonsense," said the Philistine, abruptly. "And remember our boat leaves St Malo at six to-morrow morning."

He went on to remind us with quite unnecessary emphasis that we would need to be out of the hotel by half-past five, sharp; and that therefore it was high time we went to bed. The Philistine has no soul, but he sometimes talks common-sense.

In my dreams that night I returned to the Casino, and was playing with a success astounding even in a dream, when a hand clutched my shoulder.

"Get up!" yelled a voice into my ear.

In a dull way I became conscious of someone moving about the room with unseemly haste.

"What's the time?" I asked.

"Twenty to six," said the Philistine, without turning his head.

In three minutes I had "dressed," in four was at the hotel door with my luggage. My companions were both there already, and fortunately our carriage stood waiting.

"Allez vite!" shouted the Philosopher to the driver, and we bundled ourselves in.

As we rattled off, unwashed and breakfastless, I looked at my watch and announced, "A quarter to six," adding the rather stupid comment, "Why weren't we wakened earlier?"

"We'll stop and ask, if you like," said the Philosopher, sarcastically. "Or you can find out when we come back for breakfast. We're certain to miss the steamer."

"Cheerful person," mumbled the Philistine. "Try some more of your French on our old hearse-driver."

But as the *cocher* stopped for an explanation of every phrase, we decided to depend on English—and the sight of a five franc piece.

"Perhaps the boat won't start punctually," I suggested after a pause.

But the Philosopher refused to be buoyed up by any such hope.

"The chances are," he said, "that just when we reach the pier our steamer will be moving out. And there isn't another for two days. But for goodness sake, keep that watch in your pocket; you've looked at the wretched thing six times in the last half-mile."

"What a rollicking pair you are," put in the Philistine, producing an

apple and dividing it carefully into three. "While there's life there's hope. And, gentlemen, breakfast is served."

Six had struck before we passed Chateaubriand's statue, but our spirits rose as we sighted the "Victoria" yellow funnels in the distance. We bumped that last quarter mile over cobblestones and tram-lines at our nag's nearest approach to a gallop; but when we reached the wharf our steamer was quite a hundred yards away and slowly turning her bow seawards. Even the Philistine's jaw dropped for a second. Then he gesticulated wildly to three Bretons in a dinghy at the foot of the quay steps.

"Come on," he shouted to us, pitching his valise into the boat, "we'll do it yet."

To follow him was, as the books of our youth used to say, the work of a moment. Our crew played up like good sportsmen, and possibly the skipper of the "Victoria" caught sight of us. Anyhow, we managed to get alongside. Our scramble aboard remains something of a mystery. I have hazy recollections of standing gingerly on the roller-chock with one arm thrust in at a port-hole, then making a wild spring for a rail above. The Philistine, having stayed to reward our boatmen, made a bad third in the climb, but as he joined us on deck his face wore a huge grin.

"What's the joke now?" we gasped.

"You are right after all," he said. "There *are* dramatic moments in every life."

A. S., JUN.

The Reason.

I USED to be very dogmatic,
I liked to discuss and debate;
My views were extremely emphatic,
I aired them both early and late,
I could show you exactly in what simple fact lay
The weakness (or strength) of a state.

Statistics I found quite enthralling,
And blue-books I read with delight;
I could tell you why Consols are falling,
Why taxes have reached such a height:
With arguments strong I'd explain what was wrong,
And just how to set matters right.

But discussions which once were a pleasure
Now move me to anger instead;
At meetings I'm bored beyond measure
For I only hear half that is said.

What has made me depressed and robbed life of its zest
Is a terrible cold in the head.

A. S., JUN.

The Late Mr John S. Henderson.

WE have pleasure in presenting to our readers a portrait of this, for many years, most deservedly popular and highly esteemed fellow-townsmen whose death, on 22nd September, it was our sad duty to record in last issue. A native and, latterly, one of the oldest residents of Dollar, Mr Henderson's marked personality was one of the most familiar features of the town and neighbourhood, and the speaking likeness which, through the kindness of his relatives, we have the privilege to reproduce, will call up pleasant memories in the minds of very many, mingled with feelings of deep regret that so valuable and valued a life should have ended at a comparatively early age. His genial and kindly presence will be greatly missed, especially in the club, on the golf course, the curling pond, and the bowling green, in all of which he took a keen interest. He was one of the guarantors and active promoters in starting this magazine ten years ago and a member of the Magazine Committee from the beginning. Although not a frequent contributor to our pages owing to his modesty as to appearing in print, his great literary ability is well shown in a delightfully composed and informative article in our September number of 1904 on "Castle Campbell Glen." He there gives a lucid and entertaining account of the opening up of the glen in 1865 by public subscription and by the labours of the Footpath Committee, of whom a photograph appears in the same number. We strongly recommend the article to the attention of those who have not read it, and those who have would find it very well worth a second reading, containing as it does much of local interest of a memorable time in the history of Dollar in a most readable form.

Although having rooms in Alloa where his business as a solicitor and notary public was carried on, Mr Henderson showed his appreciation of his native town and the hillfoots by taking up his residence with us at Aberdona Villa, and he well fulfilled the duties of citizenship by taking an active interest in all local affairs, in which his legal knowledge and advice were freely given when occasion required. But we cannot give a better account of his public connection with the town than by quoting Provost Green's excellent speech at a special meeting of the Town Council on 26th September:—

"An old Dollar boy, Mr Henderson loved his native town, and was always ready to assist any project which he thought would improve the conditions of the life of its inhabitants and increase or spread its fame. He touched the life of the town at every point. An honest business man and a painstaking and peace-loving lawyer, he was the guide and the confidant of most of us. He assisted in the formation of the burgh, and for twenty-one years he held the office of Town Clerk. Always kind and courteous, Mr Henderson was an ideal official. His personality carried great weight in the deliberations of the Council. He worked assiduously to secure efficiency, economy, and peace. A few months ago in the midst of his work and at the height of his usefulness Mr Henderson was struck down by what proved to be a fatal malady.



Pithie, Alloa.

THE LATE MR J. S. HENDERSON.

Photo.

During the course of his illness he continued to take a keen interest in the work of this Council. His knowledge and his wisdom were always at our disposal. Now his voice is hushed, and his guiding hand is still. He was exceedingly good-natured, and his generosity was great. Many an individual who sought his advice in distress left his presence in the possession of solid aid.

"Many a man owes all he is and all he ever will be to the kindly guidance and the help of the late Mr Henderson. Of modest demeanour, he never allowed his left hand to know what his right hand did. He hated discord and loved peace. When occasionally in the heat of discussion some of us showed signs of losing our temper, a timely intervention or a pawky joke from Mr Henderson showed us our error and caused us to forget our differences. A first-class bowler and a curler, also a good golfer, he took not only an interest in all the outdoor life of the community but an active part in the management of the clubs. As a companion and friend his conversation was always stimulating and helpful, slow to condemn and ever ready to encourage and help. Those of us who were brought into close contact with him recognise very fully that by his decease we have lost a trustworthy guide, a peace-loving councillor, and a true-hearted friend. We can truthfully say his was a well-spent life of honest work and kindly actions, and our lives have been made fuller and happier by our association with John Henderson. On behalf of the Town Council I would now move that the following resolution be placed in our minutes: 'The Town Council of Dollar desire to place on record their deep regret at the death of Mr John S. Henderson, Town Clerk, and their high appreciation of the wisdom and ability with which he guided their deliberations, and of his unfailing kindness and courtesy during the twenty-one years he served the community of Dollar. The Council would assure Mr Henderson's relatives of their sincere sympathy with them in the irreparable loss which they, as well as the people of Dollar, have sustained by his death, and order an excerpt from this minute to be sent to Mr Alex. Henderson and Miss Henderson.'"

The motion was seconded by Bailie Young, and adopted unanimously by the Council.

Letter to the Editor.

To the Editor, "*The Dollar Magazine*."

14th October 1911.

DEAR SIR,—In your last number of *The Dollar Magazine* in which you have a notice about the accident to my hand, you have two errors which I shall be obliged if you will put right. You say I recently passed into the Indian Police. I passed in June 1904 into the Straits Settlements Police.—Yours truly,

VICTOR G. SAVI.

Marriages.

BLACKLAW—DOUGLAS.—At St Andrew's Church, Colombo, Ceylon, on the 29th September, by the Rev. A. Dunn, M.A., Hugh Lawrence Blacklaw (F.P.), Madulkele, Ceylon, to Annie Mitchell, third daughter of Major James Douglas and Mrs Douglas, Garden Villa, Aberfeldy, Scotland.

HEAPS—BLACKWOOD.—At Newcastle, Natal, on 16th October, Dr T. Heaps, Pary's, O.R.C., to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander Blackwood, Dollar, and widow of F. Lindsay, Hong-Kong, China.

M'MICHAEL—MIDDLETON.—In the Cathedral, Glasgow, on the 18th October, Neil D. M'Michael, B.L., son of the late Rev. Neil M'Michael, D.D., Dunfermline, to Mary Clyne Middleton (F.P.), daughter of the late Rev. James Middleton, M.A., minister of Lauder. A reception was held at 4 Lilybank Gardens, the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs Guthrie (F.P.).

WOODHOUSE—KRUTTSCHNITT.—At New Orleans, on 4th November, Henry Clifford Woodhouse (F.P.), to Rebecca Kruttschnitt, daughter of Mr Julius Kruttschnitt, the future president of the Harriman Lines. The wedding gift of Mr Kruttschnitt to his daughter puts her among the million-dollar-bride class.

Obituary.

THE LATE REV. A. LYON JOHNSTON (F.P.).

MUCH regret was occasioned when the news of the death of Rev. A. Lyon Johnston, parish minister of Falkland, reached Dollar. He was born here in the year 1862, and received his early education at the Academy. After leaving school he was for a time engaged in journalism; but subsequently he gave this up and studied at Edinburgh University for the ministry. Licensed in 1890, he became Assistant in the Parish Church of Cambusnethan, a position which he held till 1898, when he was chosen as colleague and successor to the Rev. J. Barrack, Falkland.

Mr Johnston was in early years, and always, a hard worker, and he added to hard work method, order, and therefore progress.

He prosecuted his ministerial work with exemplary faithfulness and great acceptance. In the pulpit he proved himself a good minister of Jesus Christ, a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. In the various schemes of the congregation, and in everything connected with its efficiency and prosperity, he took a deep personal interest. In the homes of his flock, in times of sickness, bereavement, and trial, he was a true "son of consolation." In the ordinary intercourse of life he was the Christian gentleman and genial friend.



At the Manse, Dollar, on the 14th November, Harriet, wife of the Rev. Angus Gunn, D.D. Much sympathy has been shown with the venerable Doctor in his bereavement. On the Sunday after the funeral, the Rev. Dr Robertson, St Ninians, occupied the pulpit of the Parish Church, and at the close of his sermon feelingly referred to the death of Mrs Gunn, "who," he said, "had been a real and true help-meet to her husband, Dr Gunn, as minister of the parish, and that she had been a life-long upholder of the Established Church of Scotland."

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At Pitreavie Place, Dollar, on the 28th October, Mr Alan Ferguson, for many years caretaker of Castle Campbell and Glen. Our readers may remember that a portrait of Mr Ferguson, together with a sketch of his career appeared in No. 28 of the *Magazine*. We shall only add now that he was known as a man of saintly thought and habit, who knew how to keep aloof from the world's usual ways, and who looked upon life as worth nothing, unless it were fruitfully joined to the Kingdom of Christ.

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Mr W. Fairweather (F.P.), writes from Ochil Villa, Subiaco, Perth, Western Australia: "Old residents of Dollar will regret to hear of the death of my cousin, Robert Snowdowne, who died in Brisbane in July last. He attended Dollar Academy in the early sixties, and was a pupil of the famous Dr Lindsay. Later, he leased and worked the collieries to the east of Kelly Bank, near Dollar.

"Robert was very popular as a mine manager on the different goldfields from Croydon in the Gulf of Carpentaria round to Coolgardie in West Australia, and was much loved for his genial manner and cheery disposition under any circumstances. His death is deeply regretted by his many friends and acquaintances."

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IN MEMORIAM.

On Sunday, 24th September, the Rev. Mr Dickson, Muckhart, preached in the U.F. Church, Dollar, and at the close of his sermon paid the following tribute to the memory of Miss Mary Conn Wilson, only surviving daughter of the Rev. W. B. R. Wilson, whose death we intimated in our last number. "One of the best flowers of our garden," said the preacher, "has been pulled these past days. The flower will blossom brightly elsewhere, but it blossomed brightly here. One of the gentle gracious spirits of earth, pure as purity itself, and a centre of love and sympathy, her voice never heard in the strong, commanding tone—the quiet step—the gentle spirit, the soft, cheerful word. Sweetness, gentleness, love, quietness, and grace, these are the words appealing to all our minds when we think of our bright friend. Her life, specially in her father's old congregation, was a strong power wielded for her gracious Master; and many lives were touched by her loving and pure influence. Hers wasn't a cloistered life—it was a truly human life—a life full of human interest, interest in the well-being of our common humanity, love and self-sacrifice for others' good. And through all her life there was that touch of humour that added to the genial nature of intercourse with her. Brightness,

humour, goodness, love, these made up the spirit of our sister so early taken. Nobody ever thought of dulness or gloom in connection with the name of Mary Wilson.

“That true and loving heart, that gift
Of a mind, earnest, clear, profound,
Bestowing with a glad unthrift
Its sunny light on all around :
Affinities which only could
Cleave to the pure, the true, the good,
And sympathies which found no rest
Save with the loveliest and best.
The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew,
And good thoughts where her footsteps pressed
Like fairy blossoms grew.”

Our readers may remember Miss Wilson's rendering of a Chinese poem which appeared in Volume IX. of the *Magazine*, which shows that in a large degree she possessed intellectual qualities of a high order.

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It is with deep regret that we announce the death of the Rev. W. Hill Murray, which took place at Pei-tai-ho, on the 6th September. He has been long known as the inventor of the Murray system for teaching blind and illiterate-sighted Chinamen to read in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. His life furnishes a striking example of simple faith and its reward.

Losing his left arm by a distressing accident when nine years of age, many feared that he was handicapped for life; but the brave boy was not to be beaten. When yet young, he secured employment as a rural postman near Glasgow, and while on his rounds he carried with him a Greek or Hebrew Testament which he studied as he walked. Entering the service of the National Bible Society of Scotland as a colporteur, his faithfulness, tact, and gentleness won for him many friends, and in 1871 he was entrusted with the charge of the Society's work in North China. Miss Gordon Cumming, Crieff, who has proved herself the indefatigable friend of Mr Hill Murray and his Mission writes: "From that beginning, 1871, conquering one difficulty after another, Mr Hill Murray gradually developed his noble work, bringing untold blessing to many poor blind men and women whose whole lives were transformed from dreary heathen darkness to the gladness of light in Christ." The romantic story of the missionary hero's life as told by Miss Gordon Cumming, has been read by thousands, and we cordially recommend the book to our readers. For two years Mr Hill Murray has been gradually declining in strength, and his death was not unlooked for. He has now his reward, "Well done, good and faithful servant," which comes from the Master.

Mrs Hill Murray has for a considerable time carried on the whole work of the schools for the blind in Peking, and she hopes to be able to do so for some time. Her sons Samuel and Gordon are being educated, under the guardianship of Mr Malcolm, at the Institution here, and it is gratifying to us to know that all their teachers speak of them as well-behaved, gentlemanly, earnest boys. We tender Mrs Hill Murray and her family our deep sympathy.

Notes from Near and Far.

It will probably come as news to the majority of our subscribers that the Committee now rents a small room as office and storeroom. The *Magazine* has thus become a tax-payer. Now, we may have published from time to time articles destined to astonish, or possibly even (though we should greatly deplore it) to annoy, but we do not think our worst enemies would accuse us of explosive tendencies. But imagine our surprise to find tax-papers made out to "The Committee of the *Powder Magazine*," and the same designation assigned to us in the Register of the Parish Council! We are almost prepared now to be suppressed as disseminators of seditious literature.

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JOHN B. FORSTER (F.P.), writes from Prince Albert, Saskatchewan:—

"I was with the Dominion Government Land Survey all summer on the XVII. base-line running east and west joining the 3rd and 4th meridians; and, as it was impossible to keep in touch with the mail we had no letters or papers all summer. On my arrival here I found a goodly assortment; but to my great regret, the June number of the *Magazine* had failed to put in an appearance. Please oblige me by sending a copy.

"We have had a good summer, and at present (11th October) are enjoying beautiful weather, warm, sunny days, with no wind or rain.

"On 4th September three other men and I left the remainder of the party at the 4th meridian, the boundary line between Alberta and Saskatchewan. We had about four hundred miles of cross-country travel in front of us, with twenty-two pack-horses, our route lying round by Little Island Lake, Loon Lake, Meadow Lake, Waterhen, and Green Lake. We camped at about five-thirty each evening, and started travelling again about eight in the morning. We had an Indian guide with us, but as none of us could speak Cree, and he could not talk English or French, we had to have recourse to signs. For payment we gave him tobacco and tea. When we arrived at Waterhen Lake we had a *cache* of provisions, part of which we had to take by canoe to the Hudson Bay Post, the remainder we took on the pack-horses to Green Lake. We hired three Indians with their canoes to help us to transfer the *cache* to the Hudson Bay Post, and paid them in tobacco, tea, and bacon. When we arrived there, they were absolutely without tea, and practically out of tobacco, and the night of our payment to them they had a big pow-wow, returning thanks to their gods for their relief. One of the Indians who could speak a little French explained this to us.

"The Waterhen Indians are pagans, and have refused to take treaty money, or a reserve, and still live the old wild life. They subsist on fish and, of course, moose-meat. The moose is their most valuable possession; from the hide they make mocassins, &c., and they dry the meat. Their canoes are made of birch bark, and, as an example of fine craftsmanship, they are hard to beat. The women appear to do most of the work, the main thing done by the men is the providing of the food. One sees the women

chopping wood, and, in fact, doing all the odds and ends of work that usually fall to the men. They are, as a rule, absolutely honest. Our *cache* of provisions lay at Waterhen Lake all summer, and when we returned this fall not a single article was missing.

"After we left Green Lake on the last part of the trip towards civilisation, we passed through two fine Indian reserves—the Whitefish Reserve and the Sandy Lake Reserve. On both of these the Government maintains a Farm Instructor, and the Indians on these reserves are very prosperous. The crops of oats and barley which we saw there were splendid, and the wheat crop on Sandy Lake Reserve was as good as any I have seen. These Indians have substantial houses, fine cattle and horses.

"We had a very enjoyable trip which lasted twenty-eight days, out of which we had only two wet, and I feel as fit as ever I did in my life.

"Dollar seems to have kept up the old reputation, judging from the account you give of the festivities. Long may she flourish!"

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A CHRISTMAS GIFT.—We have great pleasure in returning our thanks and the thanks of the grateful beneficiaries to Mr Alexander Stewart, Millera, Australia, for his annual gift of £25 to the poor of Dollar—what he calls his "‘hand-grip’ across the sea." Long may Mr Stewart wear the liberal hand and kind heart!

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SUCCESSFUL STUDENT.—We are pleased to observe that Mr William Rae (F.P.) has been successful in passing the Civil Service examination for boy clerkships recently held in Edinburgh. Mr Rae got ninetyeth place in nearly a thousand applicants for 250 places.

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DESDEMONA'S CHARACTER.

So suggestive and illuminating an attempt as that which Mrs Hinton Stewart makes in the *Contemporary* to represent the character of Desdemona in its true light, is well worthy the attention of students of Shakespeare. Desdemona, as the writer points out, has been accused by her different interpreters of tactlessness, want of moral force, and incapacity either to resist or to resent, weakly submissive alike to father and to husband. In the words of Swinburne, "Gentle almost beyond belief, submissive almost beyond sympathy."

Strength with Gentleness.—Such a reading of the character as Mrs Stewart seeks to show, by numerous significant quotations, was not the Desdemona of Shakespeare's imagination. In order to do justice to the force of the tragedy, Desdemona should, she contends, be practically faultless, and this she holds to be the true reading of the character. Desdemona is "the rarest union of strength with gentleness. Her courage is unfaltering, her intellect pure and clear, while her high breeding, her graciousness of thought and manner, her generous nature, and her willingness when mistakes occur to seek the blame in herself rather than another, gave her that wonderful charm of gentleness which has come to be considered her chief characteristic." The

writer argues that to employ all Iago's intellect to make Othello jealous of a weak woman, and to do to death a helpless victim, incapable even of resenting her doom, would hardly furnish those tragic elements with which "Othello" is saturated.—*The Globe*, 12th October 1911.

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WE are glad to record the success of the waltz "Nanoya" recently composed by our F.P. and townsman, R. Anthony, and played by Herr Meny's Blue Hungarian Band at Glasgow Exhibition and elsewhere. When performed in Dollar by Madame Levante's orchestra it fairly "brought down the house." F.P.'s who in recent years have been privileged to hear the performances of the tuneful "Bob" at school and Athenæum musical functions, will feel no surprise at the public recognition he has gained, and will predict equal success for his new waltz "Echoes of Benares." The cover of this waltz is designed appropriately by another F.P., Miss Daisy Bell.

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WE note with much pleasure that Dr David Huskie (F.P.), has become Provost of Moffat. Dr Huskie left the Institution for the Edinburgh University in the year 1880. He held a good place in all his classes during his medical course, and his prowess in athletics gained for him the position of Captain of the University Football Club. We congratulate him on his civic honour.

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WE are glad to announce for the benefit of any subscriber who wishes to complete his set of volumes, that Mr Muckersie, Bridge Street, Dollar, has for sale the numbers of the first five years—1902 to 1906. These he will send to the first applicant for £1 post free in the United Kingdom.

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WE would remind subscribers that this is the last number of a volume, and that subscriptions for next year (4s. 6d.) should be paid before our next issue appears.

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TOWN COUNCIL.—If proof be required that the affairs of the Burgh of Dollar have been conducted to the satisfaction of the ratepayers during the past year, it will be found in the fact that the retiring Councillors, all men eminently qualified to manage the municipal affairs of the town, whose public services have been most valuable, have been returned unopposed. Provost Green, who had occupied the chair for the past three years, and had discharged his responsible duties honourably and well, was unanimously re-elected. In proposing him, Councillor Macbeth well said, "It is best to have a man who is conversant with all the details of the business of the burgh, and who has managed the deliberations of the Board with a tact and ability, which we all have recognised even when we sometimes didn't agree."

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APPOINTMENT OF TOWN CLERK.—The vacancy caused by the death of Mr John S. Henderson has been filled by the appointment of his nephew,

Mr A. M. J. Graham, who had acted as interim Clerk during his uncle's illness. Provost Green in moving his election said: "Mr Graham has done the work to the entire satisfaction of the Council. He bids fair, I am sure, to be a very good Town Clerk." Councillor Waddell seconded, and the motion was unanimously adopted.

Mr Graham, in accepting the office, spoke with the modesty becoming one who buckles on his armour. "I will," he said, "do my utmost to fulfil to the best of my ability the duties of the office you have been kind enough to call me to. I can only say I consider it an honour being appointed Clerk, when I have been amongst you for such a short time, and when you have had such a comparatively small experience of my ability. At all times I shall do my best to give entire satisfaction to all the members of the Board and to the community of Dollar." We wish Mr Graham many years of pleasant, useful work.

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LECTURES ON NURSING.—A most successful course of lectures on sick-room nursing and domestic science has been given in the Institution during the months of September, October, and November. The lectures, which were under the auspices of the School Board, with Mrs Malcolm as Convener, assisted by several local ladies, attracted a very large audience. The lecturer was Miss Annie Mackenzie Brown, A.R.S.I., who proved herself an instructor so able and efficient that the interest in the work never flagged, but was as keen at the last as at the first of the series. An examination, followed by the granting of certificates, took place at the close.

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At the School examinations held last June under the auspices of the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M., Dorothy Stewart, a pupil of Miss Olive K. Holmes, L.R.A.M., passed in pianoforte playing, Primary Division, and also in Primary Theory. By an overlook this was omitted from our notice in the September number.

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DOLLAR DIRECTORY.—That the Dollar Directory at the end of the *Magazine* has been of signal service to many of our readers we have had ample proof. A fresh instance is furnished by Mrs Turton (*née* Nellie Harvey, F.P.), now in Birkenhead. The tenant of a dairy farm called on her with his milk cart soliciting her patronage. "I know you," he said, "I read the *Dollar Magazine*, and I found your address there." "And who are you?" queried the lady. "I'm Dudgeon, a former pupil," was the reply. Our pushful farmer is son of Mr Peter Dudgeon, well known for many years as railway station porter, whose stentorian, echo-waking "Dollar" left passengers in no doubt as to their whereabouts.

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FRIENDS of A. H. Whyte (Neph.) will be much pleased to learn that he is honourably mentioned in the *Times of India Illustrated* as the Executive Engineer under whose charge the palatial new General Post Office of Bombay was erected. By his training Mr Whyte was well fitted for this important, responsible position.

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AT the recent examinations of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow, William Easson Parlane (F.P.) passed the final examination, and was admitted Licentiate in Dental Surgery.

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WE note that Misses G. Andrews, L. Heyworth, A. and E. Gardiner, played for the Midlands against the East in the Ladies' International Trial Series of Hockey Matches.

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WITH a view, it may be, of encouraging women to come forward in greater numbers to take part in public work, Councillor Mrs Malcolm, in response to an invitation from Pollokshields Women's Liberal Association, related her experiences as a Town Councillor, a Parish Councillor, and member of School Board. After referring to the courtesy with which she had been received on these Boards, she gave instances of duties, connected with public health, old age pensions, &c., in which woman's counsel and co-operation were most helpful. The address, lit with some flashes of humour, was highly appreciated by the audience, and Mrs Malcolm was warmly thanked.

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SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES.—We understand that it has been arranged to hold monthly services for boys, present and former pupils, in the Institution Hall on Sunday evenings during the winter months. This movement, we feel sure, will be welcomed by every thoughtful person; and Mr Armstrong and Mr Spence are to be thanked for this proof of their interest in, and care for, the young. It is a carrying out of an injunction of the first Rector, the far-seeing Dr Andrew Mylne. His words are: "But undoubtedly, the chief means to be relied on, in a Christian seminary, for moulding the character of the young to orderly behaviour and virtue—'to civilitie and godliness'—is the early infusion into their minds of the pure precepts of our holy religion." His directions he gives in detail: "The pupils shall meet every Sabbath at such hour as shall from time to time be fixed on as most convenient, and be announced by the minister from the pulpit. Each meeting will be opened and closed with prayer, the minister of the parish, if present, or such other clergyman as he may ask, officiating; and failing of such assistance, the teacher himself officiating; and psalms or hymns will also be sung as often as the person so officiating may think right. . . . Repeating the Lord's Prayer, and any other short simple comprehensive prayers which may receive the sanction of the minister of the parish—will form the leading and appropriate subjects of exercise and instruction."

These monthly meetings for the young have led to a monthly evening union of the Established and U.F. congregations for worship, the churches being open alternately. "I have one great principle," said Dr Arnold, "which I never lose sight of: to insist strongly on the difference between Christian and non-Christian, and to sink into nothing the difference between Christian and Christian." Are we all prepared to be as tolerant as this prince of teachers? We have our doubts.

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VISITORS.—Among F.P.'s who have recently paid a visit to their old School, we have been able to welcome Mrs Allan, *née* Annie Duthie, from Nagercoil, Travancore, India; Mrs Fraser, *née* Annie Montgomery, from Australia; Mrs Burr, *née* Maggie Drysdale, from London; Mrs Alan Paull, *née* Katie Drysdale, from London; Mrs , *née* Annie Manifold, from London; Mrs Lonnnon, *née* Margaret Pender, from South Africa; Peter Wilson Drysdale, from Wisconsin, United States; Jack Anthony, from Burmah; John Corsar, Engineer-Lieutenant, R.N.; Rev. Wm. Scott, B.D., India, and Mrs Scott; Mr Peter Dudgeon and Mrs Dudgeon from Birkenhead.

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WE take from the *Scotsman* of 29th November the following brief notice of a lecture delivered by one of our distinguished F.P.'s. Dr Stirling was a pupil of the Academy here in the 'sixties, and, after completing his curriculum, he entered upon his medical course at Edinburgh University. He graduated with distinction, and, thereafter, continued his studies at the Universities of Leipsig and Paris. The lecture shows the marvellous progress made in observation by means of scientific instruments.

"*Biology and the Cinematograph*.—Some of the strange and interesting features of biology, discovered through the microscope, and familiar to scientists, were presented with realistic effect by means of the cinematograph in the course of a lecture given last night, under the auspices of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, by Dr William Stirling, Professor of Physiology and Histology in Manchester University. The title of the lecture was 'Life in Motion.' In addition to the microscopic films, there were displayed a number of experiments with the hearts of rabbits and frogs, which remained beating some time after their removal, showing the manner of recording the heart's movements, and the action upon it of chloroform and adrenalin. The reflex movements of a frog, from which the brain had been removed, included the drawing up of either leg when touched, and the efforts of the frog to free itself from a small piece of paper chemically treated. The excised heart of a tortoise, beating on glass, indicated that the secret of the heart's rhythmic action was within its own walls. The movements of the lungs of a dead rabbit, artificially expanded by air as in breathing, showed their elastic-expanding action.

"Several films illustrated the starfish's manner of righting itself when turned on its back. Another interesting series showed the movements in flight of a dragon fly and bluebottle, slowed down by the cinematograph, so that the natation-like movements of the wings could be easily observed. The movements of the gullet, stomach, and intestine of a frog, as seen by X-rays, were displayed, milk entering the stomach of the frog from the mouth, and passed into the intestines, being thus made visible. The muscular waves passing along a snail's body, in the process of crawling, greatly magnified, the movements of the snail in progress, throwing out its feelers and the arms carrying the eyes, and the graceful action of its body as it passed along a rough surface were also shown. Some remarkable films in the microscopic series showed the blood circulation in a frog's foot, the individual corpuscles

being seen seeking their way through the capillaries, and a vein with flowing blood being fed by a capillary. The development of the egg of a sea urchin, with the process of subdivision and growth, was shown. The serpent-like animalcular germs of sleeping sickness were displayed in their activity amongst the blood corpuscles of an infected animal.

"Another set, in which the timing had been greatly accelerated in the cinematograph, showed the germination of a seed, the roots pushing downwards, and the shoot upwards to the light; the action of pollen on the stigma of a plant; the growth and expanding of flowers; and the circulation of protoplasm in the plant system. Unfortunately, Professor Stirling observed, the knowledge of the cause of diseases obtained in the manner illustrated did not keep pace with the treatment of them, but they must inevitably be conquered by the progress of scientific discovery. In this connection he expressed satisfaction that the combating of consumption had been so vigorously taken up in Glasgow. There was no reason why this disease should continue to be the scourge it was at present, if the public would only act in co-operation with the authorities and the medical men who were working for its suppression."

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GLASGOW DOLLAR ACADEMY CLUB.—It gives us much satisfaction to notice that this Club is displaying a vigorous vitality and fulfilling the promise that it gave at its inauguration in March. Doubtless, this is greatly due to the tactful management of the genial Chairman, Mr Wardlaw, the zealous Secretary, Mr Sloan, and the members of Committee. The "smoker" held on the 20th November brought together no fewer than sixty members and friends. Mr Wardlaw presided, and was supported by Dr Cram, and Messrs Dempster, Christie, Willison, and Robertson; and volunteers who entertained the company with story and song were not wanting. Among those we note the names of Messrs J. Forbes Watson, Mackay, Saunders, Smith, Galloway, Kerr, Young, M'Leish, Ramsay, and G. A. H. Douglas, who composed a song for the occasion, which was well received. The Chairman during the evening appealed to young F.P.'s located in the city to join the Club, pointing out the benefits to be derived therefrom.

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REV. ANDREW MUTCH, M.A., B.D. (F.P.), parish minister of Muthil, Perthshire, has been signally honoured in being invited to conduct services in a church in Philadelphia, U.S. The Presbytery granted him leave of absence for two months; and we learn, with pleasure, that "he has created a very favourable impression here in Philadelphia."



School Notes.

THE MILNE MEDALS.

FOR a School which is approaching its centenary, Dollar Academy is singularly poor in memorials of either teachers or pupils. Dr Andrew Milne, who shares with John M'Nabb the honour of founding the School, and who for thirty-one years controlled its affairs, is commemorated only in an oil-painting which hangs in the Board-room. Until the present Headmaster placed enlargements of photographs of Dr Barrack, Dr Lindsay, and Dr Thom in his room, there was no memorial whatever of these eminent men. The only memorial prizes are "The William Wilson Memorial," which bears the name of its donor, a true son of his Alma Mater; and the Milne Medals, instituted in 1876 to commemorate the brilliant Rectorship of Dr John Milne from 1851 to 1868. These medals, which are annually presented to the best all-round pupil on each side of the School, were founded by the members of the Dollar Academy Club, Mr J. B. M'Intosh, S.S.C., taking the leading part in the movement to provide a suitable memorial of Dr Milne. From the Report of the Club for the year 1876-77, we extract the following: "Your Committee in their last Report stated that they had got the funds necessary for the annual presentation of a prize 'in memoriam' the late Rector, Dr John Milne, and they have now pleasure in reporting that the first award was made at the close of the session 1876-77. The bronze medal is a very handsome one. On the one side is a bust of Dr Milne—an excellent likeness—surrounded by the words, 'Joannes Milne, A.M., LL.D., Rector Academiæ Dollarensis, 1851-1868'; and on the other side, 'Presented by the Dollar Academy Club to _____, Session _____.'" The original trustees were Dr Barrack, Mr M'Intosh, Mr Haig, of Dollarfield, and Mr Malcolm. In 1903, by a resolution of the Dollar Academy Club, there were added to the number of the trustees, the Chairman of the Governors, the Headmaster of the Academy, and the Secretary of the Dollar Academy Club.

In all, seventy-two medals have been awarded, and as far as we have been able to ascertain, sixty-five medallists are still alive, and occupying positions of honour and responsibility. It is surely fitting that the names of the Milne Medallists should appear in a roll of honour on the walls of the School, and we trust that one result of this article will be the formation of such a roll. Meanwhile we append a full list of the Milne Medallists, with short notes as to their careers and present positions. These notes are necessarily incomplete and probably inaccurate in slight details. Any additions or corrections will be gratefully received by the Editors of the *Magazine* or the Headmaster of the Academy.

MEDALLISTS ON THE BOYS' SIDE.

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|---|--|
| 1876-77. JOHN THOMSON | - | - Horton School, Ickwell Bury, Biggleswade, Beds. |
| 1877-78. SELBY H. HENDERSON | - | - Graduate of Edinburgh; Major I.M.S.; Superintendent, Central Jail, Agra. |

- 1878-79. HOPE W. HOGG • Graduate of Edinburgh; Professor of Semitic Languages and Literature, Manchester University.
- 1879-80. DUNCAN A. M'LAREN • The Rev. D. A. M'Laren, B.D., Chalmers U.F. Church, Firth, Orkney.
- 1880-81. A. H. BRIGGS CONSTABLE • Graduate of Edinburgh; K.C., 23 Royal Circus, Edinburgh.
- 1881-82. ALEXANDER DRYSDALE • M.A., B.Sc., Edin.; Secretary *Dollar Magazine*.
- 1882-83. WILLIAM SCOTT • M.A., St And., B.D., Glasg.; Established Church Missionary, India.
- 1883-84. HUGH A. BLACKLAW • Distinguished Student, Glasgow University; deceased.
- 1884-85. THOMAS P. ANDERSON } Equal
JAMES LADE } Dr Anderson died in New South Wales in 1898. James Lade, Student of Glasgow and Oxford; B.A., Oxon.; Brixton Scholar; called to the Bar; died a few years later.
- 1885-86. JAMES A. SOMERVILLE • M.A., Edin.; Minister of West U.F. Church, Selkirk.
- 1886-87. GEORGE D. S. THOM } Equal
JAMES R. LAURIE } Major George D. S. Thom, R.A.M.C. James R. Laurie, Port Sudan, Egypt.
- 1887-88. WALTER LAMB • M.A., B.D., St And.; died in 1906 while Minister of Parish of Lauder.
- 1888-89. DAVID N. C. HOGG • Student in Arts and Law, Edinburgh, 1891-93; reported to be a Lawyer in Canada.
- 1889-90. DRUMMOND S. ROSS • Was a student of Edinburgh University; afterwards in China; now in S. Africa.
- 1890-91. ARTHUR STANLEY MIDDLETON • M.A., B.D., Glasg.; Established Church Minister, West Church, Cambuslang.
- 1891-92. WILLIAM D. FALCONER • Was student of Edinburgh University; deceased.
- 1892-93. ALBERT W. BEAN • Student of Edinburgh University; clergyman in Tasmania.
- 1893-94. JOHN ANDERSON • Captain, I.M.S., Dera Ismail Khan, N.W.P., India.
- 1894-95. GEOFFREY HOLMES } Equal
THOMAS SCOTT } Geoffrey M. K. Holmes, Assistant Loco. Superintendent, B. & N.W. Railway, India. Thomas Scott, M.A., St And.; Teacher, Wigtown.
- 1895-96. THOMAS C. LOWE • LL.B.; of Messrs Halley & Lowe, Solicitors, Falkirk.
- 1896-97. JOHN B. F. WATSON • M.A., LL.B., Edin.; was Senior President of S.R.C., Edinburgh University; now in Glasgow.
- 1897-98. THOMAS B. ROY • I.R. Office, Cupar.
- 1898-99. ROBERT ARCHIBALD • M.A., LL.B., Edin.
- 1899-1900. ANDREW DOWNIE • M.A. (Hons.), Edin.; Parish Minister of Kemnay.
- 1900-01. EBENEZER E. HILL • With Messrs Butterfield & Swire, Hong-Kong.
- 1901-02. DAVID Y. ANDERSON • Assistant Traffic Superintendent, B. & N.W. Railway, India.
- 1902-03. J. RENNIE IZAT • Assistant Engineer, R. & K. Railway, India.
- 1903-04. HECTOR J. W. HETHERINGTON • M.A. (Hons.), Glasg.; Clark Fellow; Ferguson Scholar; Assistant to Professor of Moral Philosophy.
- 1904-05. JAMES M. DUNCAN SCOTT • M.A., St And.; Medallist in Mathematics; Medical Student in Edinburgh; Medals in Physiology, Pathology, &c.

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|-------------------------------|---|--|
| 1905-06. JAMES B. HUTTON | - | M.A. (Hons.), Glasg. ; Snell Exhibitioner for Balliol College, Oxford. |
| 1906-07. WILLIAM D. ROBIESON | - | M.A., Student, Glasgow; Ewing Gold Medallist for Essay. |
| 1907-08. MALCOLM A. MACKENZIE | - | Indian Police, Police Mess, Ranchi, India. |
| 1908-09. RONALD M. M'ANDREW | - | Student, Glasgow University. |
| 1909-10. CHARLES J. PATERSON | - | Student, Glasgow University. |
| 1910-11. JOHN B. FOX | - | Bank of Montreal, Stratford, Ontario. |

MEDALLISTS ON THE GIRLS' SIDE.

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|-------------------------------|---|---|---|
| 1877-78. JANE DILL | - | - | Dead. |
| 1878-79. ANNA P. HOGG | - | - | The late Mrs T. W. R. Johnston, Stirling. |
| 1879-80. JESSIE ANDERSON | - | - | Mrs Barr, The Schoolhouse, Carluke. |
| 1880-81. NELLIE K. HENDERSON | - | - | Nether Carsebridge, Alloa. |
| 1881-82. MARGARET ROBERTSON | - | - | |
| 1882-83. MARY S. DUNCAN | - | - | L.L.A. ; Joint-Principal of Canaan Park College, Edinburgh. |
| 1883-84. ISABELLA DRYSDALE | - | - | Wife of the Rev. Dr Macnair, Kilmarnock. |
| 1884-85. MARGARET ROBERTSON | - | - | Y.W.C.A. Registry, 80 Bath Street, Glasgow. |
| 1885-86. AMELIA R. HENDERSON | - | - | L.L.A. ; Mrs M'Intosh, 27 East Trinity Road, Edinburgh. |
| 1886-87. ISABELLA T. SHIELDS | - | - | L.L.A. ; married ; St Servan, Brittany. |
| 1887-88. FLORENCE BLACKLAW | - | - | 85 Badly Road, Daventry, Northants. |
| 1888-89. JEANIE SIMPSON | - | - | L.L.A. ; George Watson's Ladies' College, Edinburgh. |
| 1889-90. MARGARET D. LAURIE | - | - | Mrs James Walker, Gorakhpur, N.W. Prov., India. |
| 1890-91. ALICE MAUD DRYSDALE | - | - | Mrs D. Fenton, Lochmaben. |
| 1891-92. ANNIE SCOTT | - | - | Wife of the Rev. A. W. Calder, Tillicoultry. |
| 1892-93. ANNIE LAURIE | - | - | Birchfield, Dollar. |
| 1893-94. MAGGIE GIBB | - | - | Mrs M. Hughes, 40 Bishop's Mansions, Fulham, S.W. |
| 1894-95. ELLIE LAWSON | - | - | M.A. ; Teacher, Selkirk High School. |
| 1895-96. CISSY ANDERSON | - | - | Elmbank, Dollar. |
| 1896-97. AGNES MASTERTON | - | - | L.L.A. ; Teacher, Broughton H.G. School, Edinburgh. |
| 1897-98. MARGARET J. THOMPSON | - | - | Married, lives in South Africa. |
| 1898-99. MARGARET J. SCOTLAND | - | - | M.A. ; Teacher, Grantown-on-Spey. |
| 1899-1900. KATE C. ELLIS | - | - | Civil Service, London. |
| 1900-01. ALICE H. THOMPSON | - | - | Linlithgow. |
| 1901-02. JANE W. PAULIN | - | - | Wife of Dr Ellis, Lecturer, Technical College, Glasgow. |
| 1902-03. ELIZABETH L. ROSS | - | - | M.A., Teacher, Cowdenbeath. |
| 1903-04. ALISON M. WINGATE | - | - | Henzada, Burma. |
| 1904-05. BINA M. PATERSON | - | - | B.Sc., St And. ; Carnegie Research Scholar. |
| 1905-06. ELIZABETH RUTHERFORD | - | - | Teacher, Dollar Public School. |
| 1906-07. MARGARET WILSON | - | - | M.A., Edin. ; Student in Training College. |
| 1907-08. MARGARET B. ELLIS | - | - | M.A. ; Teacher, Troon. |
| 1908-09. GRACE MACDONALD | - | - | Student, Edinburgh University. |
| 1909-10. WILLIAMINA HOWIESON | - | - | Student, Edinburgh. |
| 1910-11. ISABELLA L. S. LUKE | - | - | Student, St Andrews. |

REUNION.—It has been arranged to have a Reunion of Former Pupils in the Academy Hall, on Friday, 2nd February. The principal part of the proceedings will take place between six and eight o'clock in the evening, so that those who are unable to spend a night in Dollar may leave by the 8.23 train. For the sake of those who can arrange to stay overnight, a dance will follow the Reunion. It is hoped that there will be a large gathering of F.P.'s.

It is twenty-one years since a Ferguson Scholarship, open to students of any Scottish University, was gained by a former pupil of Dollar Academy. In the prospectus for 1889-90, it is recorded that David B. Mair gained the Ferguson Mathematical Scholarship; next session's prospectus will contain the announcement that the scholarship in Mental Philosophy has been won by Hector J. W. Hetherington, M.A. Mr Hetherington, who is a native of Tillicoultry, has had a distinguished career at Glasgow University, where he is at present Clark Fellow, and Assistant to the Professor of Moral Philosophy.

Another old Dollar boy, Matthew W. Robieson, has graduated with First-class Honours in Mental Philosophy, and has been awarded the Eglinton Fellowship.

It must be a rare thing for students of one class at school to hold, at one time, so many valuable scholarships as the students of the senior class of 1904-05 do hold, viz., the Snell Exhibition and Newlands Scholarship, the Ferguson Scholarship, the Eglinton Fellowship, the George A. Clark Fellowship, a Carnegie Research Scholarship, the Ramsay Bursary, and Lincoln College Exhibition.

Mr W. E. G. Munro has been awarded the Hamilton U.F. Bursary of £100.

Matthew W. Robieson is the third member of the 1904-05 class to graduate with highest honours in Mental Philosophy.

On Sunday, 12th November, the Rev. A. Easton Spence conducted a special service in the School Hall for masters and boys of the Academy. Mr Spence based his address on the text, "The battle is the Lord's," and gave the boys much helpful counsel on their conduct of the battle of their lives.

On Sunday, 3rd December, the Rev. R. S. Armstrong conducted a similar service for boys and girls. He spoke on the subject of Character, and impressed upon his young hearers the important truth that character, the all-important thing in a man's life, is built up by the thoughts and actions which engage him from day to day.

Both services were very well attended, and nothing was wanting, except a little more general participation in the singing, to make the meetings a complete success. It is to be hoped that the proposal to hold such meetings monthly will be carried through. Nothing but good can result from an effort to make the pupils realise that religion is an important element in their school life.

We give our usual December photograph of the three match-playing

teams, with the names and birthplaces of the members. The 1st XV. is again in the centre, with the backs standing; the 2nd and 3rd XV.'s are on the left and right respectively, with the forwards standing, except where otherwise noted on the margin.

The so-called "foreigners" just equal last year's in number, viz., twenty out of the forty-five. Their geographical distribution also is much the same as last year, except that British Honduras and Baghdad have dropped out of the list, while China and South Africa have anew come in, and Alaska makes a first appearance. Of the home-born, Scotland is again the birthplace of about two-thirds, of whom Dollar claims three. Twenty-three of the members of last year's three-team group are still with us, of whom five wore the 1st XV. jersey twelve months ago.

As is shown by the following table, the first and second teams compare very favourably with the average of previous years. The figures are for September:—

1st XV.

	Age.	Height.	Weight.	Backs.	Forwards.
	Yr. Mon.	Ft. In.	St. Lb.	St. Lb.	St. Lb.
Average* -	16 7½	5 7¾	9 9	9 4¾	9 13
1911-12 -	16 11	5 8½	10 1	10 2	10 0
2nd XV.					
Average† -	15 10	5 6	8 9	8 0	9 2½
1911-12 -	16 0½	5 6	8 12	8 6	9 3
3rd XV.					
1910-11 -	15 2	5 3½	7 8½	7 4½	7 12
1911-12 -	15 1	5 3¾	7 9	7 2½	8 0

* Age=average of 13 years; height and weight=average of 8 years (all inclusive of this year).

† Average of 5 years (inclusive of this year).

In the period included in the averages, the figures have, on the whole, moved upwards, especially so with regard to the weight of the backs. This year's 2nd XV., indeed, is not greatly below the 1st teams of one or two earlier years. It must, however, be borne in mind, as was explained in a former statistical article in the *Magazine*, that the figures for some of the earlier teams have probably been lowered owing to the membership of these teams having been ascertained from photographs taken at the end of the season, by which time younger and lighter substitutes may have made an appearance in them. This year, for example, the approaching departure of Matthewson will, if Farish take his place, reduce the average September measurements of the 1st XV. by 1½ months, ¼ inch, and 1½ pounds.

The September ages of the members of the 1st team lay between

THE FIRST THREE FIFTENS (WITH BIRTHPLACES OF MEMBERS)
THE FIRST FIFTEEN ARE NAMED IN *Italics*.



A. Drysdale.

Back Row (standing)—W. Ovens (Selkirkshire); C. Sarel (Alaska); K. Findlay (India); C. Kinloch (Argyllshire); A. Hanbury (Queensland); E. Fox (London); J. Hunter (Ceylon); I. Robertson (Elgin); H. Docharty (Johannesburg).

Front Row (standing)—L. Lucas (Dumfriesshire); E. Burr (London); A. Pollock (Russia); *E. Myers (New York)*; D. Collie (Forfarshire); *E. MacNaught (Renfrewshire)*; R. Colven (Argentine); D. Cameron (Argyllshire); F. Campbell (Dublin); J. Wade (Yorkshire); C. Radford (India); S. Murray (China).

Sitting—H. M'Coll (Java); S. Farish (Dumfries); F. Abbey (Russia); *D. M'Coll (Java)*; R. Matthevson (India); G. Heyworth (Birkenhead), Captain; A. Miller (London); G. Hutton (India); T. Elder (Haddington); J. Watson (Lanarkshire); A. M'Farlane (New York).

On Ground—W. Snalden (Roxburghshire); H. Morgan (Dollar); W. Purvis (Lanarkshire); I. Lauder (Dollar); R. L. Henderson (Sheffield); G. Hallifax (Straits Setts.); J. Wiseman (India); G. Kiernander (Burma); J. Hogben (Edinburgh); D. Lammie (Edinburgh); R. M'Farlane (New York).

15 years 9 months, and 18 years 4 months. Hanbury and Fox in the 1st, and Smith in the 2nd, were the giants, being 6 feet or a fraction under; whilst Hanbury, 12 stone; Heyworth, M'Coll, and Smith, 11 stone; and Colven and Sarel, over 10½ stone, were the heavy weights of the teams. Two members of the 1st were about 9 stone, four about 9½ stone, and five about 10 stone in weight. For the first time the 1st XV. backs are heavier than the forwards, who are, however, of about the average weight. Cross's forwards were heavier by 4 pounds per man.

The 3rd XV. has nearly the same measurements as last year. The backs, however, are even more disproportionately light, the "stalwart backs" policy, adopted in the 1st XV., having been less thoroughly carried out in the junior teams. In the Watson's matches both the 2nd and 3rd teams, and especially the backs, were much below their normal weight. The practice of moving up light, though "nippy" and plucky, backs to fill gaps in a higher team, whilst heavier forwards are left lining the touch ropes, may pay well enough when they are behind a winning eight—and doubtless the training serves them in good stead when, if ever, they reach the 1st—but not this year for the first time has it increased the score piled up against us by greatly heavier opponents. Surely some budding Hanbury or Colven might have been discovered amongst the forwards, whose sturdy tackling would have kept down the big Watson's scores.

Of all the strapping train-boys, to whose strength and speed the Annual Sports bear witness, not one helps his School in football. Can nothing be done to alter this, so that our teams may compete on more equal terms with the corresponding teams of city schools?

A. D.

Whilst it is ours to criticise, so is it ours to bestow praise. In last issue of the *Magazine* we drew attention to a few minor faults in the 1st XV., and amongst these was the failure of the full back to get down against a rush. We are pleased to observe that our expectation that this would come all right through time has been fully realised; for without doubt Fox has proved himself a most worthy defender in every way, and especially in his clearing and touch finding. The early successes of the 1st XV. have been to a great extent due to the clever work of the back division. Light in weight, and at times slow to move, the pack is the weak part of the team. This was too well shown in the game against Watson's College. If that team could take two heavy men from a lower team into their pack to overweight our 1st XV. pack, surely our School is not so deficient in heavy players in the lower teams that our pack cannot be similarly strengthened. No doubt it would be hard on some one to be shouldered out because of lack of weight, if he were otherwise good. But if we are to be defeated by weight, then only weight will reverse the order of things. Now that our weak point is known, other schools have the matter in their own hands. If our forwards are overweighted, then they cannot get the ball, and so the back division is rendered useless in attack, and only remains for a sturdy defence. For example in the Watson's match had the back division wavered the least, we should have had a cricket score against us.

Although that is true we must not imagine that Watson's had all the game; far from it, but our threes did not get chances enough to do any damage.

Thanks to the state of the field and its cramped capacity Watson's had the better of the fight, but given a dry soil and a good field, open like our own, and we venture to say that Dollar would have made Watson's bite the dust—though the old bogey of light-weight would still affect the score.

* * * * *

To say that the result of the game against Edinburgh Academy was a mild surprise, is treating the matter too lightly. It was a tremendous surprise, and from later developments—paper and elsewhere, it seems to have upset the dearest aspirations of many of our Edinburgh friends. The 1st XV. won on merits, and had they got their full deserts, the Academy would have retired losers by at least 12 points more.

* * * * *

Of the 2nd and 3rd XV.'s we can only say that so far they have done remarkably well. In the first game, against Glasgow Academy, the 2nd XV. were masters all the time, and had no difficulty in disposing of their opponents. From reports of the Glenalmond game we are led to believe that the 2nd had hard luck in losing. Most of the time was spent in Glenalmond's territory, and only their extra weight kept our lighter players out from goal.

* * * * *

Although the 3rd have only won one game out of the three played, we consider their play quite good. The tall score of Watson's against them must not be regarded too much as a result of inferior play by the 3rd, but rather as the result of the heavy weight which caused our light 3rd to crumple up. Watson's with its eight playing XV.'s can easily get together a 3rd XV. of weight almost as great as our 2nd XV.

* * * * *

Concerning the Girls' Athletics we can only speak from report. Sufficient, however, to say that the Hockey team are still adding fresh laurels to their crown of glory. Somehow we feel that the time will never come when we will write of the Hockey team and its victories as a memory. Each year we see only a faint chance of the team shining at all, and then before the season is properly started, we hear that they have conquered as of yore.

A list of games and results is given along with the Footer results.

At Dunfermline the team had against them an exceedingly strong combination, so strong, in fact, that they were unable to cope with adversity. However, if we remember that there were selectors for the Midland's team at the game, watching the play of some of the XI.'s opponents, the heavy score will not cause much surprise. Against Watson's the team displayed their full powers, I. Bennie, L. Cursiter, and E. Lauder scoring. I. Bennie plays a spirited game, and once within the circle she becomes an opponent to be dreaded. In the games played the majority of the scores stand to her credit. The left wing of the forward line is a trifle slow in responding to the centre, whilst there is a tendency to play rather much to the right. No doubt

L. Cursiter is the best winger in the team, but that is no reason for giving her the heavy part all the time. At half-back E. Lauder is quite safe, and plays with a determination worthy of all the traditions of the team. At back E. Dougall is without doubt as good as any of her predecessors. We have in our day had experience of playing against several full backs, and we must admit that we fared better before we had the present right back to face. A most important matter is that the back line should be as nearly equal as possible, and with C. Paterson as left back, we have little more to wish for. In a report on the Watson's game we read that C. Paterson played a brilliant game, and we are sure that the report does not exaggerate.

In goal W. Lawrie has done well, though she has not had much to do, thanks to the good defence before her.

GIRLS' LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

This Society resumed its work on the 13th October, when Mr Craig delivered an interesting lecture upon Robert Herrick; but the real business of the session started when the members on the occasion of their "Hat Night" set themselves to discuss such important questions as the advisability of taxing bachelors, and the ethics of "cribbing" in examinations. On 3rd November there was a hot debate on the question, "Are Athletics Overdone?" and although there was much said on both sides, the negative was carried by 20 votes to 10. The rule of the sound mind in the sound body finds itself fully illustrated and justified in the Girls' Society. On 24th November Mr Whittaker gave a most interesting lecture on Nelson, illustrated by a number of excellent slides.

By this time, no doubt, the members are preparing for the social function that is to bring the first part of the syllabus to a close; if it proves as enjoyable as the similar affair last year, it will be delightful; for our part, we are confident it will be even better.

BOYS' LITERARY SOCIETY.

The opening meeting of the Boys' Literary Society was addressed by the Rev. Mr Armstrong. The reverend gentleman took as his subject the Character of Shakespeare as seen in the four periods of his plays. Treating the subject in a manner which was most instructive and interesting, Mr Armstrong held his hearers' attention all the time. Much that was new and also useful was learned, and all thoroughly appreciated the lecture and the kindness of the lecturer. The next meeting of the Society was given up to a discussion on the merits of boxing. Hanbury upheld its revival in a learned speech. Had he given a few practical illustrations, no doubt he would have convinced even his opponent, and secured every vote. As it was, D. M'Coll, who strove to condemn boxing as a rude, cruel art, had to stand alone at the end—one with himself whilst all the world wondered and cheered.

Next on the list of lectures came that by Mr Drysdale, "The Geology of the District." We cannot be too certain, but we think that the word geology

frightened many away. To the man in the street, geology means poking at dirty rocks, ruining one's eyesight with the microscope, and torturing everyone with long, jaw-breaking names.

As Mr Drysdale aptly put it: "Geology by many is thought to be a dry-as-dust subject." "The proof of the pudding is the preeing o't," is an old saying, and we are sure that those who "pree'd the pudding" with Mr Drysdale agreed that it was far, far from being dry as dust, but was rich and good.

Much of Mr Drysdale's lecture has appeared in these pages already, so we will not attempt to epitomise at all. Not only did he make the subject live for his hearers, but he made it come to stay. Noteworthy were many lantern illustrations of the type so well known to magazine readers. Unfortunately, the lantern was working badly, so that Mr Drysdale was rather hampered by this.

On Monday, 6th November, there was a grand firework display in the Sports field. The boys had subscribed for and purchased a large case of fireworks. Rockets, candles, tourbillons, &c., were there in abundance. The whole display lasted about two hours, and was one long to be remembered. Mr Dougall was responsible for the scheme and for all the arrangements, and so well was everything carried out that not a hitch occurred.

At one time when the "Jack in the Box" had gone off in a last great final burst, some of the fragments thereof fell perilously near the box of fireworks and even set some smaller ones going. A few hefty kicks and the conflagration fizzled out, and all was merry once more. We wonder where the fire balloon landed. It would be interesting to know its journey that evening. No doubt amateur astronomers up Muckhart way would be overwhelmed by the thought of approaching doom when they discovered the new planet bearing towards them.

The Dead Waters have been flooded, and all that is now required is the frost. We take this opportunity of reminding ticket holders that the road *via* the slaughter house is a forbidden one, and ought not to be used by anyone going to the pond. Ticket-holders found on this road are liable to have their tickets cancelled, and we have been told that this rule will be rigidly enforced.

OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

Training on the usual lines has been carried out up to Wednesday, the 15th November. From that date Musketry has been the subject of instruction. Aiming and firing drill are carried out with the aid of the apparatus supplied for that work. This year the buglers are going through a systematic course of training under Drum-Major England. The progress that the buglers have made in the short time under their tutor reflects greatly on his splendid tuition. Under Second Lieutenant Whittaker the signallers are making steady progress. We would like to see all the members proficient

in semaphore signalling. On Wednesday, the 23rd November, Capt. Cooper, of Stirling Castle, was along during drill, and thoroughly inspected all the sections. He was extremely well pleased with the work done and in the doing. A movement is on foot to provide instruments for a pipe and drum band for the Corps, and as a first step in this direction an entertainment was held in the Hall on Wednesday, 29th November, when a considerable profit was realised.

We give a list of football results up to date.

1ST XV.

2ND XV.

Opponents.	Points.		Result	Opponents.	Points.		Result
	For	Agt.			For	Agt.	
Mr Innes' XV. - - -	11	8	win	Glasgow Academy - -	41	3	win
F.P.'s - - - -	13	32	loss	Glenalmond - - -	3	5	loss
Glasgow Academy - -	14	3	win	Morrison's Acad. 1st XV.	18	0	win
Glenalmond - - - -	13	0	win	Stewart's Coll. 1st XV. -	0	9	loss
Edinburgh Academy -	9	8	win	Watson's College - -	0	16	loss
Royal High School - -	14	3	win	Glasgow High School -	off
Watson's College - -	0	11	loss				
Glasgow University "A" -	off	3RD XV.			
Heriot's College - -	9	3	win	Glasgow Academy - -	0	17	loss
Glasgow High School -	off	Stirling H. S. 1st XV. -	12	6	win
				Watson's College - -	0	46	loss

HOCKEY RESULTS.

	Goals.	
	For.	Against.
Dunfermline College of Hygiene - - - -	0	7
George Watson's Ladies' College - - - -	5	2
Falkirk High School - - - - -	3	3



The Greater Dollar Directory.

FORTIETH LIST.

A supplementary list, to which contributions are earnestly requested, will be given with each issue of the Magazine.

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All MSS. (which should be legibly written and on one side of the paper only) submitted to this Magazine must bear the names and addresses of the senders, not necessarily for publication but for the information of the Editors. In future no anonymous contributions will be considered.

All literary communications should be addressed "THE EDITOR, 'Dollar Magazine,' Dollar, Scotland," and all communications relating to subscriptions, supply of magazines, or advertisements to ROBERT K. HOLMES, Mar Place, Dollar, to whom postal or money orders should be made payable.