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MR JAMES M'ARTHUR MOIR.

The Dollar Magazine.

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MARCH 1912.

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James M'Arthur Moir of Hillfoot.

THERE are few if any more popular personalities in Dollar at present than that of him whose portrait we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers in this number of the *Magazine*, and we are sure that the well-known features will call up pleasant recollections in the minds of many old school-fellows, and of friends and acquaintances of a later date. Scion of one of the oldest, if not the oldest, of the county families of this district, James M'Arthur Moir is an out-and-out old Dollar boy. Born at Hillfoot (it is unnecessary to say how long ago) he spent his boyhood amongst us, and got his school education at the Academy. As might be expected, therefore, he takes a deep interest in the welfare, and, while resident at Hillfoot, is intimately associated with the social life and doings of his native place, while many an old servant of the family, as well as others in need of help have had reason to bless his kind-hearted and open-handed generosity. As an instance, we may recall the fact that when the Governors of the Academy found themselves, under the new *régime*, obliged to withdraw the grant of £10 per annum toward the upkeep of the Working Men's Reading-Room in the old Parish Schoolhouse, Mr Moir took that burden upon his own shoulders, and so saved what all must recognise as a valuable institution.

He succeeded to the properties of Hillfoot and of Milton (Dunoon) in 1872 on the lamented death of his eldest brother, John, who was also a very highly esteemed and valued member of the community, especially in connection with the Dollar company of volunteers, which he was greatly instrumental in starting, and of which he was the first captain. Being a keen agriculturist, Mr Moir took the management of the farms of Hillfoot and Lawhill into his own hands, and for many years led a very strenuous and enterprising life as a gentleman farmer, not disdaining to put his own hand, if not to the plough, at least to many manual purposes

in connection with the work. He found time, however, to take an active part in public affairs.

He was a member of the first County Council of Clackmannanshire, by whom he was elected Chairman of the District Committee and their representative on Dollar Academy Governing Body, in the work of which he took an active interest. He was also for some years Chairman of the School Boards of Dollar and Muckart, and a member of the Visiting Committee of Larbert Asylum and of the Stirling Combination Poorhouse.

But Mr Moir has been by no means a mere stay-at-home parochial country squire; indeed, few can have had a wider and more varied experience of foreign travel than he. Besides more or less lengthened residences with his family in the island of Jersey, in several towns of Brittany and Switzerland and in Biarritz, whence he visited Jean de Luz, situated in the midst of the later scenes of the Peninsular War, he travelled in Spain, Italy, and the South of France, and completed a twelve years European tour by a residence of some duration in Paris. Later he visited Oberammergau, where he was much impressed by the whole rendering of the Passion Play, and to Spitzbergen, the land of the midnight sun, getting as far north as the icepack, in latitude $80^{\circ}41'$. He also made some fishing excursions in Norway, where he greatly enjoyed the grand scenery of the fiords and mountains. He may thus fairly claim to have, in Yankee phrase, done Europe. He next tackled Africa and Asia, crossing over to Morocco, visiting the Canary Islands and Madeira, and touring afterwards in Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, where he spent some time, being especially interested in the Holy Land. To complete his survey of the world, he crossed the Atlantic and "did" Canada and the United States. He spent some time at his son's ranch in Wyoming, where he had experience of life in the Wild West. From there he went to California. He was in San Francisco shortly after that fine city was destroyed by the terrible earthquake and fire; and he visited the famous Mariposa Grove, and the Yosemite Valley, where the trees grow to 323 feet in height and 87 feet in circumference at the base. He next visited Vancouver, then returned through magnificent scenery to the United States by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and recrossed the Atlantic by the splendid steamship "Lusitania." After a residence of some time in London, he has now settled down once more at Hillfoot, where his world-wide experiences will afford a fund of conversational pabulum, which friends and acquaintances—and perhaps the Dollar Association, to say nothing of the *Dollar Magazine*—will be glad to draw upon on suitable occasions. We bid him a hearty welcome back to the Homeland, where his genial and cheery presence is much appreciated; and we trust that, this time, he has come to stay.

Through the Plains of Ararat.

BY MISS CHRISTIE OF COWDEN.

IN RUSSIAN ARMENIA.

A DULL wet day was the prelude to my departure from Constantinople on board a French company's boat to set out across the Black Sea, and into unknown territory, but as the anchor was weighed a gleam of sunshine burst forth to cheer my loneliness, and amid many farewell messages I left with the words ringing in my ears—"You must be sure to visit the head of the Armenian Church at Etchmiadzin."

The history of the Armenian Church is an interesting one, and goes back as far as the second century. By the end of the fifth century Christianity was firmly established in the country of Armenia owing to the conversion of its king, Tiridates, by Bishop Gregory, and the Bible was translated into the Armenian language at that time. Students flocked to both Athens and Constantinople, and the young Church, being animated by a spirit of inquiry and independence, refused to acknowledge various dogmas put forth by the Western Churches of Christendom, among them the two-fold nature of Christ and the supremacy of the Pope, and therefore constituted itself a separate Church which was known as Gregorian from Bishop Gregory, its founder. The churches are less decorative, and services simpler than in Roman Catholic churches, mass is celebrated in the old Armenian tongue, and preaching in the language of the present day. The worship of saints is an article of faith, but not the doctrine of Purgatory. The sacerdotal constitution differs little from that of the Greek Church, and the official title of the head of the Church is—"The Catholicos of All Armenians." Secular priests, like those of the Greek Church, must marry once, but should the wife die, they have to remain widowers. A certain section of the clergy are celibate, and devote themselves entirely to learning. The general feeling of the Church tends more to the Greek Church, and even Protestants are not regarded unfavourably, possibly from a fellow-feeling of having thrown off papal allegiance.

In order to brace my courage for this pious pilgrimage I was provided with a letter of introduction in Armenian, the translation of which is as follows:—

"To His Holiness the Catholicos of All Armenians.

"This will introduce to your Holiness Miss Christie, a Scottish lady, who is a noted traveller, and is now undertaking a long journey through Russia and Central Asia. She has a great desire to meet the Catholicos of All Armenians, and to see the celebrated monastic foundation of Etchmiadzin.

"In presenting her to your Holiness, I bespeak for her that kindness which it is your wont to show to all those who seek to strengthen the bonds of Christian fellowship between the followers of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

The Black Sea proved to be merciful, and the captain thoughtful as to the comfort of his passengers, who were few in number, chiefly confined to one or two Greek and Turkish merchants going from one port to another on business. His chief concern was the possible presence of cockroaches, for he begged me to tell him should I see one, as he had a special trapper or catcher (does one trap or catch such vermin?) at Marseilles. We stopped at various ports on the southern coast of the Black Sea, Sansun being the first, for coaling purposes, as there are coal pits some three miles inland, productive of a quality that could only be described by one of the seamen as "cela brûle." Corn, wood, and eggs are the chief exports of that part of Armenia, but little is done under Turkish rule to develop any resources that the country may possess, and things seem little better under the new constitution. The following description, recently received in a letter from the wife of a Turkish official, somewhat conveys this impression: "Our constitution is far from a progressive one; all around is a great discontent—politics are in a muddle—and now this Tripolitan war is causing ruin to commerce. Very probably you are better acquainted with the situation here, as our papers are forbidden to publish facts—and we are just living over again the same period that we had during Sultan Hamid's reign—the spies are all around but unknown—many of old real Turks maintain that there was much more progress and civilisation formerly than now, and I am of the same opinion—the women are too emancipated, they carry everything to an exaggeration, and anything that is not correct goes under the title of 'Alla Franka,' viz., European custom! and so on *vice versa*—one thing we have gained, our roads are repaired—but for how long?—who is to know?"

Whilst on the subject of Turkey, perhaps I may be excused if I quote still further from this interesting letter, giving an account of a marriage ceremony:—

"A short time ago I was invited to a *nikriat*, which means a marriage contract—the legal marriage corresponding to the English civil marriage. The funny part is that the bridegroom must not be in the house when the prayers and contract are read—in fact, according to the real custom, he is not supposed to appear at all; the bride is not supposed to be dressed, neither must she have anything hid on her—her hair must neither be done, and she must sit behind a door until all is concluded and the witnesses come upstairs or find where she is, to ask if she has any objections to make. The bride, I saw, wore just a chemise and long mantle over; after all was over she dressed up beautifully and received her guests and congratulations; now her husband is in Paris, will be in London shortly, then he returns for the wedding reception to take his bride home."

After this digression we find ourselves at Trebizond, an ancient and historically interesting place not unknown to the Crusaders, and still important as being the starting point for caravans into the interior of Armenia and Persia. The only harbour is a natural one in a half-circling bay, so in stormy weather a landing is not possible. On the arrival of a steamer a crowd of boats of various shapes and sizes are paddled or punted out, and after striking a bargain as to the landing charge, one may venture to drop down into one of their cobbles and "pull for the shore." The town lies in a sheltered situation at the foot of a rocky hill, and the blue and white and pale yellow washed

houses with red roofs cluster snugly round the bay, the monotony of outline only broken by a few minarets and cypresses. Half way up the slope is quite a little forest of cypresses and olive trees indicating the cemetery, and still higher up on a rocky face some aspiring saints have planted a chapel, a succession of hermits for long having occupied the adjoining caves; it would almost require the wings of an eagle to reach heaven by the route they have elected to follow.

Founded by the Greeks at an age almost too remote to trace, Greeks still form a large proportion of the population of Trebizond, and are chiefly occupied as merchants, to whose trade our ship contributed drain-pipes and flour. Silver filagree work is a local industry, but the native bazaars afford little else of individuality in their goods, and after being pursued by quite peaceable crowds (to whom a foreigner was a novelty) through the winding streets, I was glad to find myself once more on board.

Batoum was reached five days after leaving Constantinople, and early in the morning I was informed that the "chef du police" was in-waiting for me "de la part du gouverneur." I had to keep him waiting till I dressed and packed, and then went on deck to find a very fine uniformed, bemedalled, and double-eagled personage, who explained he was at my service, so in a few minutes he had my luggage out on shore, gave it in charge to a policeman, and not even a question was asked at the custom-house, which, according to the report of the stewardess, is "très sévère." I distributed a rouble to the porters, who bowed low, and off we dashed in a droshky, galloping at full speed over the cobble-paved streets. The carriages are like small victorias, drawn by a pair of stout little horses overlaid with a mass of stud-decked harness and trappings; the drivers, in thick padded coats and coloured sash bands, guide them with a scarlet, stuffed-looking rope in each hand. The carts, in addition to shafts, have a trace fastened to the axle of the diminutive-sized front wheels; this is a great advantage for draught purposes.

At Batoum there is not much of interest (trade of late years has languished), except in the tropical-looking gardens along the coast, where even tea can be grown, camellias flourish as trees, and bamboos form a positive jungle. I engaged an Armenian, who spoke French, German, as well as Russian, to act as interpreter on my journey, and speedily found that he was possessed by the constant fear of missing trains and having our baggage stolen. Suddenly, when one had settled down peaceably on a journey after having been whisked off to the station probably nearly two hours before the train could possibly start, he would hurriedly commence counting our various possessions, offering as an apology, "Il ne peut perdre rien, ou ne le reverra jamais." His appearance was not prepossessing, by nature somewhat dark in complexion. I believed this to be even more so until a special mineral bath at Tiflis, which at certain hours was free, revealed a lighter shade. He had the dark mistrustful eyes of his race, and he always travelled with his face tied up in a grubby bit of flannel, "pour les courants d'air," as he explained, a yachting cap, and an Adelbodee hood tied over all.

The trains are run by Petersburg time, and each town has its local one, so one's watch, or rather its owner's mental calculating powers, is sorely tried. The line to Tiflis, my destination for Etchmiadzin, is not of the safest, being

frequently held up by the lawless Caucasians. A fortnight previously this had happened as it was known that a large sum of money was being carried to some mill to meet a pay day; two men were killed and several wounded, and the train delayed six hours. I asked what the passengers did under such circumstances, and was gravely told that they had immediately to lie down on the floor of the carriages, as the soldiers (of whom a guard always accompanies each train), although they tried to fire high sometimes, had to shoot lower than was desirable! Tiflis was reached without any such mishap; a large and growing town, with trams and electric light, handsome public buildings, wide streets, a funicular railway, and a museum, which unfortunately was closed for alterations. My landlady did her best to get it opened, and commended me to the good offices of the director, explaining at the same time how extremely small he was, but "*très gentil*." I replied, "*Nous desons que la bonté se fait dans des petits paquets*," which so mightily delighted her that I feel sure he will be known in future as "*le petit paquet*"! Certainly he was a modicum of goodness, being little bigger than Tom Thumb, and rather like his portraits.

(To be continued.)

A Canadian Story.

THE following incidents have been related to us in a private letter from an old Dollar man who, having spent many years in Canada in quieter pursuits, has done a good deal of pioneering in the Great Unknown Land of the West, accounts of which have from time to time appeared in one of the local newspapers. Their authenticity may be absolutely relied upon.

"During a recent journey up that immense fresh-water sea, Lake Superior, I encountered a lady, accompanied by her daughter, whom I had no trouble in placing as an old pioneer of what was until very lately a very wild country. Getting into conversation with her, I heard from her lips accounts of many adventures that she had met with during her residence in the wilds of Algoma, where there was more to be afraid of than savage Indians. One of her worst experiences was as follows:—

"One day while her husband was some distance from their humble log-and-bark shanty, busy making a clearing in the primeval forest in which to plant some Indian corn, she found it necessary to leave her baby-girl in the cradle and go some way off to gather fire-wood to cook the dinner. This took some little time, though she hurried over her work and hastened back home. On her return her first look was towards the cradle, and what was her horror to find it empty. Hardly knowing what to do first—neighbours were few and far distant—she ran out in her frenzy in the direction of the clearing where her husband was engaged. Screaming as if demented, and tearing her way through the tangled bush, she at last reached him, and fell to the ground

sobbing breathlessly. It was some time ere she could tell a coherent story, but as soon as she made known her trouble they started off with all speed towards the shack, if possible to find where baby could be.

"They searched all round, in and out—went into the forest far and near, but no trace could they find of man or beast. Night coming on they returned home, distracted at their loss, without a clue as to what had become of their child.

"After a sleepless night they got up early and decided to go out amongst the widely-separated settlers, and call out as many as they could reach, and search in parties in all directions to solve the mysterious disappearance.

"The news spread rapidly, and soon a small army of sympathisers got to work. For three days they scoured the forest for any sign that might lead to the recovery of the child, but entirely without success. At length as they were about to abandon the search in despair, and return to their homes, one party discovered the opening of a cave, obscured by underbush. Examination showed it to contain three young bear cubs all cuddled together, with the baby amongst them, cooing and apparently quite happy.

"The finder quickly ran out of the cave calling, 'Come here, quick—here is the youngster!' In no time all were crowding round the hole, and baby was taken from amongst its strange companions, and carried home in triumph. It was a good thing Bruin was absent or there would doubtless have been trouble. From the condition of the child it was evident that Mrs Bear had treated it as one of her own, it being fat and contented. The cubs were left unmolested, but the mother bear never turned up to claim her adopted youngster, and we may be sure that the door was always afterwards carefully closed if baby had to be left alone.

"As the old lady concluded her story, she turned to her daughter—the bear baby—now a strapping lassie, and asked how she had liked her stay with Mammie Bear, but of course she remembered nothing about it. She could only blush, a little modest blush, but seemed otherwise not the least put out about the romantic episode through which she had passed in her infancy."

The Twenty-fifth o' Januar.

Written for the Ninth Anniversary Banquet of the Troy Burns Club by
GEORGE SINCLAIR, F.P., *Secretary of the Club.*

COME, gather, gather, gather, men,
Frae lowlan' plain, an' Norlan' glen,
Auld Time's brang roun' the day again,
The twenty-fifth o' Januar.
What though auld Boreas gies a blaw,
Fills heicht an' howe knee-deep in snaw,
There's warmth within the banquet ha',
The twenty-fifth o' Januar.

Ye're welcome, Celt or Saxon, here ;
 Your creed or colour nane will speir,
 This nicht o' a' nichts in the year,

The twenty-fifth o' Januar.

Nae mair's required—the best ye can,
 Whate'er betide, aye be a man ;
 Sae sang the bard whase life began

The twenty-fifth o' Januar.

We'll gather roun' the festive board,
 Wi' halesome fairin' richly stored ;
 Mix, herd an' hind, wi' laird an' lord,

The twenty-fifth o' Januar.

We'll gust oor gabs wi' haggis gude,
 An' toastit cakes, an' ither fude ;
 But higher things will fire oor blude,

The twenty-fifth o' Januar.

We'll sing o' Scotia's heather bens,
 Her broomy knowes, an' primrose dens,
 The glory o' her straths an' glens,

The twenty-fifth o' Januar.

We'll tune the pipes, an' gar them skirl,
 The very wa's, we'll make them dirl ;
 Gude fellowship a' roun' we'll birl,

The twenty-fifth o' Januar.

But grander tribute still we'll bring—
 The sang o' brotherhood we'll sing ;
 "A Man's a Man," loud let it ring !

The twenty-fifth o' Januar.

In Friendship's sang, an' Freedom's lay—
 "For Auld Lang Syne," an' "Scots Wha Hae"
 Let ilka heart rejoice this day,

The twenty-fifth o' Januar.

What wondrous power attracts us hither ?
 What is't that knits oor hearts thegither ?
 Maks ilka ane say, Hail ! my brither ?

The twenty-fifth o' Januar.

It's no' the feast, it's no' the singing,
 It's no' the fiery rhetoric ringing ;
 It's love on tireless pinions winging,

The twenty-fifth o' Januar.

It's love that hallows "Bonnie Doon,"
 It's love maks sacred "Afton's" croon ;
 Love lichts the halo circling roun'

The twenty-fifth o' Januar.

In every land, in every clime,
While still revolve the hands o' Time,
Love's silver bells o' joy will chime,
The twenty-fifth o' Januar.

His muse, "though hamely in attire,"
Divinely strikes the golden lyre ;
All humankind its cords inspire,
The twenty-fifth o' Januar.
He loves the right, he loathes the wrong ;
That is the secret of his song ;
The wile that charms the admiring throng,
The twenty-fifth o' Januar.

The name an' fame of Robert Burns
Shall live while crumble stones and urns,
His songs be sung while still returns
The twenty-fifth o' Januar.
Oh ! land of song ! all hail to thee !
Thy minstrel, and his minstrelsy,
Reverberate o'er every sea,
The twenty-fifth o' Januar.

The Play of "Troilus and Cressida" in Contemporary History.

BY MRS HINTON STEWART.

(Continued.)

THE name of the English Helen had been given to Penelope Devereux, sister of Essex, by the famous Sir Philip Sidney. "At a very early age," we are told by Mrs Aubrey Richardson, "Penelope's resplendent and contrary beauty, alabaster brow, rose cheeks, black eyes and golden hair attracted the poetic fancy of Sir Philip Sidney and fixed the affections of Charles Blount." She was the "Stella" of Sidney's poems, he the hapless Astrophel ; but when the beautiful Penelope was married, in spite of her protest even at the altar, to the coarse and intriguing Lord Rich, Sir Philip bemoaned her loss and rebuked his own supineness in the words :—

"No lovely *Paris* made thy *Helen* his."

The name of "Helen" was not at that time really applicable, since he had not made her his wife, but it was certainly prophetic. Penelope seems to have succeeded in restraining the admiration of Sir Philip Sidney strictly within the limits of poetic friendship, but another lover proved more irresistible. Charles Blount and Penelope, we are told, had loved each other

before her marriage and had plighted their troth in a very solemn manner. He is described as courtly, grave, and exceedingly comely, and, when he returned after some years' absence, Penelope's virtue was not proof against the trial; Helen fled with her Paris,—in other words, Penelope Rich left her husband's home to live with Charles Blount. Her mean-spirited husband seems to have placed no impediment in her way, but willingly availed himself of the influence both of her brother, the Earl of Essex, and of her lover for his own advantage, and worked harmoniously with all three in an intrigue to place James of Scotland on the throne before the death of Elizabeth.

When in 1596 Lord Rich went to Cadiz with Essex, he left his beautiful wife with her lover, now Lord Mountjoy, and when, on the other hand, Mountjoy was in Ireland, Lady Rich was again established under her husband's roof, and she nursed him through a long illness.

But after the execution of the Earl of Essex, when no further benefit could be hoped for from him through his sister, Lord Rich, the degenerate Menelaus, separated himself from his wife, and in 1605 he divorced her.

Penelope's conduct did not influence her position even at Elizabeth's court, and, on the accession of James, she was appointed Lady of the Drawing Chamber to Queen Ann. She was awarded by the king "the place and rank of the ancientest Earls of Essex, called Bouchier, whose heir her father was, and thus received the complimentary title of Countess of Essex."

She was at this time little over thirty and must have been in the prime of her beauty; but the very anxiety of the faithful Mountjoy to put an end to his Helen's invidious position wrought their downfall.

After the divorce he persuaded his chaplain, Laud, afterwards the famous archbishop, to read over them the marriage service, and then, strange to say, the floodgates of virtuous indignation were let loose; the now legally married pair were denounced by the Church, dismissed from court, reprimanded by the king, renounced by society. To Lord Mountjoy, who had lately been created Earl of Devonshire, and whose life-ambition had been to restore the fortunes and raise the honour of his family, the disgrace was fatal, and the death of Penelope followed within a twelvemonth.

Such was the tragic end of the English Helen and the English Paris less than three years before the publication of "*Troilus and Cressida*," while Menelaus, Lord Rich, lived for many years in ease and wealth, but universally despised. It is necessary to know the real circumstances of the case in order to understand why, in the play, the abductor, Paris, is treated so much more leniently (though he does not escape censure) than the robbed husband, Menelaus.

In Act IV., Scene 1, Paris is made to ask of the Greek Diomedes, and in him we can almost hear the honest Mountjoy propounding the question, though rather perhaps to the author himself than to Diomedes's prototype, Robert Carr:—

"And tell me, Diomedes, faith tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound, good fellowship,
Who in your thoughts merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?"

The answer of Diomedes, beginning "Both alike," and going on to point out

the deleterious effects on the posterity of both connections (a numerous one in the English example), is crushing in its severity. It expresses exactly, without doubt, the author's attitude, stern and uncompromising towards the sin, even while feeling strong affection for the culprits. The whole passage points the fact that, even under the most extenuating circumstances, "wanton loves corrupteth and embaseth mankind," a truth which at that time greatly needed emphasising.

But the whole force of the contempt even of the contemptible Thersites is reserved for Menelaus, who represents Lord Rich, the despicable husband.

"To be an ass is nothing," Thersites exclaims, "to be a dog, a mule, a toad, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus, I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be if I were not Thersites, for I care not to be the louse of a leper so I were not Menelaus."

Of Penelope the lively and light but lovable character is well brought out in the first scene of the third act, where she and Paris and Pandarus jest and trifle over Troilus' love and Pandarus' song, and also in her gracious consent to help with her "white, enchanting fingers" in the unarming of the brave Hector, earning from her faithful and adoring Paris (as Mountjoy also might truly be called) the response:—

"Sweet, above thought I love thee."

And now another star of the first magnitude rose above the horizon, succeeding to and rivalling the fame of the lovely Penelope. This was Frances Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, James's Lord Chamberlain, and grand-niece of the Earl of Northampton, Lord Privy Seal.

It is as a bride that she comes upon the scene of history, married in 1606, at the age of thirteen, to the young Earl of Essex, who himself was barely fifteen. The bridegroom, son of Queen Elizabeth's unfortunate favourite, is described as a grave, silent, reserved boy, who brooded over the memory of his handsome father.

Immediately after the wedding he was sent back to the university and afterwards to the Continent, whence he did not return till 1610. He takes no part in the drama.

The bride also returned from the altar to her lessons and her dolls, but not for long. She aspired to a more exciting life, and soon joined her parents in London, taking her place as one of the beauties and the great ladies at court.

One is unwilling to judge harshly of this young girl, and her position was certainly a difficult one. A married woman of fourteen, yet without a husband to guard her, "hatched up," to use the words of Arthur Wilson, "by her mother whom the sour breath of that age, how truly I know not, had already tainted, with an easy-going, unprincipled father," and, it may be added, with a grand-uncle who seemed to lay himself out to encourage her worst tendencies, it would have been a wonder indeed if she had resisted all the temptations of that frivolous and depraved court; but judging of her earlier conduct in the light of her later actions, her intrigue with Carr, her scandalous divorce from Essex, her principal share

in the poisoning of Overbury, Wilson must be correct in his statement that, from the beginning of her career, "she was of a lustful appetite, prodigal of expense, covetous of applause, ambitious of honour, and light of behaviour."

In the play Ulysses thus describes Cressida :—

" Fie, fie upon her !
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks. Her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motion of her body,"

and so on.

And this description is meant to interpret every scene in which Cressida appears. The same spirit may be clearly traced in her first dialogue with Pandarus and in her soliloquy on the wisdom of feigning indifference so as to attract a lover, and even in her apparently innocent love-making with Troilus. There was never a time when the love of Shakespeare's Cressida was "pure and simple."* From the first it is of the nature of that love which Bacon says, "corrupteth and embaseth mankind." This is the single instance in which Shakespeare makes such love the main subject of a drama.

The pictures of Frances Howard, Countess of Essex, though not pleasing, show her to have had small regular features, beautifully curved lips, large, well-shaped eyes.

Lloyd describes her as a lady of transcendent beauty and full of fire, and speaks of her sweet and bewitching countenance. Wilson, although he "abhors" her, admits that, "growing to be a beauty of the greatest magnitude in that horizon, she was an object fit for admirers, and every tongue grew an orator at that shrine."

"An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's," observes Pandarus, "there were no more comparison between the women !"

As Penelope's hair had been distinctly golden, it is more than probable that that of Frances was "somewhat darker."

The Troilus who first won from this wanton young beauty such love as she had to give, for her boy husband never had even the pretence of any, was no less a personage than Henry, Prince of Wales. This Henry was the eldest son of James I. and seems to have been a prince of exceptional promise, but, greatly to the grief of the nation, he died at the age of nineteen. He occupied, with his sister Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of Bohemia and ancestress of our present reigning family, his own palaces of St James, Richmond, and Nonsuch. On the whole his life was remarkably pure, but for a short space he seems to have fallen a victim to the fascination of this modern Cressida, Frances Howard, and the machinations of her uncle, the Earl of Northampton.

In the "*Aulicus Coquinæriæ*" we are told that "the prince made court to the Countess of Essex [*i.e.*, Frances Howard] before any other lady living." Arthur Wilson writes that "the Prince of Wales, now in his puberty, sent many loving glances to the Countess of Essex, as ambassadors of his good

* In this she differs from the Cressida of Chaucer.

respects." Sir Symonds D'Ewes, a most reliable authority, states clearly that "notwithstanding the inestimable Prince Henry's marital desires and initiation into the ways of godliness, the Countess of Essex, being set on by her uncle, the Earl of Northampton, first caught his eye and heart," and afterwards, he goes on to imply, in words too plain to be misunderstood or to repeat, he became her lover.

The second scene of the drama, in which Pandarus praises Troilus to his niece, tempts her to look at and make some sign to him as he passes, urging her to return his love, are but an amplification of D'Ewes' statement that the young Frances, Countess of Essex, set on by her uncle, caught his [Prince Henry's] eye and heart.

The sequel also was identical in the drama and in real life: the infatuation of the prince, the coquetry of the maiden, the encouragement of the uncle, the meeting of the lovers at his house, the mutual passion, and ultimately the lady's falseness and the prince's rage are practically the same.

Robert Carr, James's young favourite, appearing on the scene with his blue eyes and flaxen locks, seemed to fascinate this Cressida of London. She laid herself out to win him also and gave him to understand that he might be a rival of the prince in love as well as in politics, in her affection as well as in that of the prince's royal father. Prince Henry learned the truth, and a story is told of the lady dropping her glove, of a courtier picking it up and handing it, as a welcome trophy, to Prince Henry, and of his scornful reply, "It is of no use to me."

Another authority, Sir Edward Peyton, in his "Chronicle of the House of Stuart," makes the statement, "Prince Henry had a quarrel with Carr, which is said to have originated in a rivalry for the good grace of the Countess of Essex. However it arose, the presumptions of the favourite soon brought it to such a height that the prince either struck, or threatened to strike, him with a racket."

This anger and scornful repudiation are reflected in the later scenes of the play. When Diomedes, taking the place of Robert Carr, braves Prince Troilus and claims the right to flatter Cressida at his will, he receives the haughty answer:—

"I tell thee, Lord of Greece,
She is as far high soaring o'er thy praises
As thou unworthy to be called her servant."

This is certainly much more applicable as coming from the Prince of Wales to Sir Robert Carr, James' squire, than as what in classic tradition it would really be, an answer from Troilus, Prince of Ilium, to Diomedes, King of Ætolia. In Act V. 2, when, led by the wise and courteous Ulysses, he sees the meeting and the exchange of love-tokens between the faithless Cressida and her Greek Diomedes, Troilus cries to Ulysses:—

"Hark, Greek, as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomedes,"

and finally, when, Pandarus having brought to him a letter from the faithless coquette, he tears it and casts it to the winds.

We do not know enough of the marriage laws of ancient Greece to speak with any certainty, but I am inclined to doubt whether even Troilus' love, strong and passionate though it was, could be called "pure." Had he meant to give to Cressida the same honourable position occupied by Andromache towards his brother Hector, he might surely have spoken out and claimed his bride before King Priam and even the Greek generalissimo, Agamemnon. But he made no such effort.

When in the height of his bitterness and rage he exclaims,

"Think, we had mothers!"

Ulysses asks quietly,

"What hath *she* done, prince, that can soil our *mothers*."

Professor Raleigh makes the comment, "the slower imagination of Ulysses cannot follow the argument." But perhaps it was the imagination of the self-engrossed Troilus that was slow when he answered, with a marvellous condensation of bitterness and irony, it is true, but from a purely personal standpoint:—

"Nothing at all, unless that this were she."

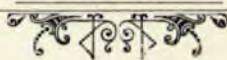
Perhaps Ulysses (and through him the author) standing there, sympathetic but open-eyed, having weighed and judged the girl from his first view of her, watching the noble young prince's infatuation and painful disillusionment, may have wished to enter a protest against *this* love, the love treated of throughout the play, being entered on the same category with the *true* love, even the more sober "nuptial love," that had united their parents in holy matrimony.

Ulysses' next question, after Troilus' passionate denunciation of Cressida's falseness, shows no lack of quickness in its appeal from his own words to his common-sense:—

"May worthy Troilus be half attached
By that which here his passion doth express?"

Just so must Sir Francis Bacon have felt as he watched the "Frances Howard" episode of Prince Henry's life. In his "Praise of Henry, Prince of Wales," he remarks that "he passed through the dangerous time of his youth without any remarkable imputation of gallantry." Had it been possible to state the case in less qualified language he would undoubtedly have done so.

(*To be continued.*)



Nature Notes.

ADORNMENT IN NATURE (*continued*).

BY J. STRACHAN, M.D.

AMONG animals it is in the bird that the principle of adornment is most conspicuously displayed, and seems specially designed to catch the eye of man. In mammals the exigencies of assimilation to environment for protective purposes limit colouring chiefly to the more sombre hues; these, however, being arranged in more or less artistic patterns. In the insect and the bird the gift of flight greatly lessens the need of such limitation, but the insect has the danger of the bird to contend with; and, though, in many of its forms, most brilliantly and elaborately coloured, this is combined with protective arrangements which tend to hide its beauty from man as well as from the bird. Ground-living birds as the partridge, the rail, the lark, &c., though very far from being unadorned, colouring being of the protective type, are, in popular estimation, unattractive. In birds, however, of aerial and arboreal habit, and consequently of great powers of protective flight by which to escape the raptures of their own tribe, the only enemies, apart from omnirapacious man, whom they have to fear, the beautiful has almost unlimited scope for display. Nature—using the word in the divine sense as the Author and Designer of all natural law—seems here to luxuriate in this freedom, giving the reins to the spirit of poetry and art in decking these out in infinite variety and exquisite beauty of form and colour and motion.

To our limited comprehension and scope of vision the degrees in which elegance of form seems to be considered in the configuration of the bird are very unequally and arbitrarily distributed. Apart from necessary adaptation to environment and mode of life there is indeed an apparent purpose, if not of ugliness, at least of the grotesque, in some birds as the vulture, penguin, pelican, &c., and between that and the lovely grace of the swan and the sylph-like figure of the wagtail, there is an endless variety and puzzling incongruity of æsthetic design. While, again, some like the rook, are plain of garb with nothing beyond the needful in their dress, others, like the bird of Paradise, the peacock, and the turkey cock, are decked out in the most extravagant almost fantastic fashion, with crest and plume and regal robes. One might think that, with adornment as an object in nature, it should have been applied somewhat equally to all birds of similar conditions of life; and so probably it would have been had it depended on æsthetic selection by the bird itself or been controlled by human agency. But from a supermundane point of view the subject assumes a superhuman aspect and passes beyond the limits of human

ken. It may be that, as seen from another sphere, the whole forms our grand concept of beauty in which each bird has its appropriate and equally effective place in a glorious scheme of adornment of this world. Be that as it may, it is enough for us to know and be grateful for the fact that nearly all birds, individually and collectively, present pictures of greater or less beauty which are calculated to arouse in the human mind a keen sense of pleasure. They, however, must be living pictures in the fullest sense.

The bird, from some affinity of anatomical structure, has been designated "a glorified reptile." Without concerning ourselves with the reptilian connection we may accept the adjective as signifying our nearest conception of heavenly grace and beauty which is derived mainly from the bird. Here there is something much more than material ornamentation, a spiritual essence of the beautiful which tends to inspire the soul of man with longings and aspirations above and beyond this material world bringing it into loving affinity with the source of all beauty. Combined with form and colour, which may be copied by the artist, there seems to surround the living bird, as with a celestial halo, a comprehensive vitality of sound and motion which no art can copy and which renders the stuffed specimen by contrast a miserable and revolting travesty of nature. Individually and collectively all adornment in the bird is accompanied by graceful and appropriate action which gives effect to the design and greatly increases our enjoyment of the display. The gorgeous colouring, the lordly crest, and the magnificent Argus-eyed fan of the peacock are as nothing in the stuffed specimen as compared with the grand display as he stalks majestically upon the lawn as if in full consciousness of the glorious picture he is presenting. Who does not know how the turkey cock inflates his wattles, fluffs out his feathers, and erects his tail coverts as he struts among his harem in the farmyard, how the swan arches his beautiful neck and ruffles up his snowy pinions as he sails like a fairy ship upon the glassy surface of the lake, and how the lapwing in nesting time wheels and gyrates in the air as if in the wanton enjoyment of the delights of flying and giving full effect to his striking plumage. Or to come down to our homely little wagtail which runs so nimbly hither and thither upon the roadway or the pasture field, flitting every minute or two a few feet in the air to snap up a passing fly and all the time keeping his long tail "wag-waggin'" as if fully conscious that "if he stopped the 'waggin',' burnies wouldna rin," and his whole dainty little body in a veritable quiver of vitality. Our friend the robin too would not be the prime favourite he is were it not for his perky little ways setting off his red breast and beautiful olive-brown plumage. Again, in the autumn the starlings and plovers gather into flocks which perform wonderful evolutions in the air in which their beautiful colouring is effectively displayed ; while rooks,

jackdaws, and gulls, gather upon the fields in beautifully contrasted extremes of black and white, along with graceful and distinctive activity which is most pleasing to see. In general terms we may say that each species of bird has its own special idiosyncrasy of motion as distinctive of its kind as is the plumage and configuration, they being, in all cases, in æsthetic relation to one another.

Patient and close observation of the bird in its natural surroundings, and when free from suspicion or alarm, is necessary to the forming in the mind and memory of a true bird picture which is well worthy of any time and trouble which may be expended upon it. None can be said to really know a bird who have not closely studied it in this way; and such study is, in the fullest sense, its own reward in the pure enjoyment it is calculated to afford. It is, however, greatly a matter of habit, or, as it has been put, of "eyes and no eyes," as acquired during the formation stage of our mental powers. Looking to the future enjoyment of life it should be a matter of prime importance in training the young to direct attention to, and cultivate a habit of observation of the beautiful in nature in which the bird plays such a prominent part.

THE LITTLE AUK.

We cannot claim the rotche or little auk as among "the birds of the district," but are able this winter to reckon among distinguished visitors at least one of these interesting little northlanders. It was picked up near the Episcopal Church alive but evidently injured, probably by flying against the telegraph wires. It could not fly, and when put on the ground, waddled along with the help of its wings in a very awkward manner. On getting into the little pond in the aviary, however, it seemed quite at ease, and swam about for a time, very prettily shuffling its wings and ducking its head in a way that led one to hope that it might be kept alive. It lived, however, only two days, being found dead on the morning of the third. It is something to have had such a rare bird under close observation for so long. From accounts in the papers quite a large number had been picked up in various parts of Scotland about the same time, driven southward by the severe northerly gales then prevalent.

The Little Auk (*Mergulus alle*) is among the smallest of our sea-birds, being only some eight inches in length. It is of a plump, compact build, and of the general colouring of the guillemot family, glossy black above, and pure white beneath. The legs are set far back so that it sits bolt upright resting on its feet and tail. Its habitat is the far northern regions of Greenland, Spitzbergen, Davis Straits, &c., along the rocky shores of which it lays its pale blue oval egg in any suitable cavity of the rock, or in the "scree" of loose stones at

the foot of high cliffs. It does not trouble to build anything of a nest but is careful to hide the treasure from its arch-enemy the Arctic fox. At all other times it keeps far out at sea, seldom coming within fifteen or twenty miles of land, having veritably

"A life on the ocean wave,
And a home on the rolling deep,
When the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep."

Then, probably, it is safe enough so long as it keeps to the water, as it can ride easily over the biggest of waves, or, if necessary, like the Witch o' Fife, "needle them through below" coming out safely on the other side. But if caught on the wing by a fierce Arctic hurricane they may be swept far out of their reckoning, and landed here or elsewhere as chance may decide. Their natural food is a crustacean which must abound in the Arctic seas as they themselves exist there in enormous numbers. The want of such food elsewhere rather than climatic conditions is probably the cause confining them to the region.

THE ROOKERY.

A considerable change is being made in the locale of the nesting this season probably owing to so many of the young of last year being left to die in the nests on their parents being shot when returning home one evening, as referred to in this section at the time. It is to be hoped that our local authorities will see to it that no such brutal cruelty will be allowed to be perpetrated this year. All through the winter numerous assemblies were held on the trees at the Upper Mains and much *caw*-fabulation took place, when, doubtless the question was fully discussed as to whether they should leave the locality altogether, or merely leave the trees which to them must have all the horror of a charnel-house. We are thankful to find that they have decided upon the latter course, and have not altogether lost confidence in our humanity.

Whether owing to the occurrence of leap year having put the rooks out in their reckoning, or to the early and long-continued mild weather having rendered them impatient, it is certain that some of them, this season, began nest building a day before the orthodox first Sunday in March. On the Friday morning I observed a pair in a tree just opposite to, and very near my dressing-room window. The one, probably the female, was flapping from branch to branch, alighting, and swaying up and down upon their extremities, with a view, as I concluded, to testing their strength and suitability for nesting; the object being to select one strong enough to carry the weight of the nest and its prospective contents, but too slim to bear



R. K. Holmes.

BLASHIEBURN

that of a boy. Her mate sat patiently by awaiting the result of her investigations. Next morning (Saturday), there was the beginning of a nest on one of the branches. There had never been a nest on that tree before, but now, a week later, there are four. I am looking forward with much interest to observing, at such close quarters the later stages.

A blackbird's nest with eggs was found near the Episcopal Church on 12th March. I have not heard of any earlier nesting among the smaller birds, but I would direct the attention of all naturalists to this section of the Magazine where exceptional cases will be gladly recorded.

The Greek Anthology.

THE ordinary student of the classics, familiar with the archaic simplicity of Homer, the hard brilliance of Aristophanes, the majesty of Pindar, the Hebraic grandeur of Æschylus, the lofty resignation of Sophocles, and the restless rationalism of Euripides, might well imagine that the Greeks, keenly intellectual, and taught by their bright, clear atmosphere to love sharp outlines and clear-cut figures, must, like the French, fail in depicting alike the softer emotions and the intenser passions that inspire the lyric. Yet the richest and most varied collection of lyric poetry known to the world is undoubtedly the Greek Anthology, a collection of short pieces covering the whole period of Greek activity from the dawn of Western civilisation to the darkness of the Middle Ages.

The collection was begun by the poet Meleager, a Syrian Greek of the first century, who published, along with epigrams of his own, a selection from the poems of his predecessors under the title of "The Garland." This was added to by succeeding poets until it took definite form in the Palatine Anthology, a collection made by a monk of Constantinople in the tenth century. The Planudean Appendix, bringing the number of pieces up to four thousand, was made in the fourteenth century by another monk of Constantinople—Maximus Planudes. To these the researches of modern scholars have added about two thousand pieces. Not all of these six thousand pieces are excellent, or even good. A few—a very few—it would be well to destroy for ever, but the great majority are of high merit. Professor Mackail without appreciably exhausting the wealth of the Anthology, has edited a selection of five hundred pieces, all of which are admirable.

Most of the poems are short, and are known as epigrams, but one must be careful not to confuse the Greek with the modern epigram. Epigram in Greek means no more than inscription, and very few of these poems are epigrammatic in the modern sense. Most of them are brief, all are musical, many

are picturesque, some are melancholy, few indeed biting or sententious. Their distinguishing quality is grace. Perhaps no more appropriate motto for the Anthology could be found than the two-line epigram of Damocharis, translated thus by J. P. Rogers :—

“Why should little things be blamed?
Little things for grace are famed;
Love the winged and the wild,
Love was once a little child.”

In such a collection epitaphs naturally bulk large. Among these is the most famous of all epitaphs, that written by Simonides of Ceos on the three hundred Spartans who, at Thermopylæ, resisted to the death the invading hordes of Persians. It is perfect in its simplicity and austerity.

“Stranger, tell the Spartans here we lie,
Theirs the command, ours the will to die.”

The following is an anonymous translation which first appeared in the *Spectator*, of an exquisite epitaph on Sophocles, the great tragedian. It is attributed to Simonides of Rhodes.

“Gently where lies our Sophocles in sleep,
Gently, green ivy, with light tendrils creep;
There may the rose leaf too and clustered vine
Climb round his honoured tomb in graceful twine.
Sweet were his lays, with sense and feeling fraught,
Alike by Muses and by Graces taught.”

One of the most touching laments for a dead friend is the poem written by Callimachus on hearing of the death of the philosopher Heraclitus. The translation by William Johnson Cory ranks as an English lyric and is almost too well known to be quoted.

“They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed;
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.”

In the Anthology are preserved some fragments of the earliest poets, Sappho, Alcman, Archilochus, &c. Two small fragments from Sappho have been combined by Rossetti in his poem entitled “One Girl.”

ONE GIRL.

“Like the sweet apple which reddens upon the topmost bough,
Atop on the topmost twig—which the pluckers forgot, somehow—
Forgot it not, nay, but got it not, for none could get it till now.

Like the wild hyacinth flower which on the hills is found,
Which the passing feet of the shepherds for ever tear and wound,
Until the purple blossom is trodden into the ground.”

Very graceful and charming is the small fragment from Alcman done into English by Frederick Tennyson, brother of the poet laureate.

“Maidens with voices like honey for sweetness, that breathe desire.
Would that I were a seabird with wings that could never tire,
Over the foam flowers flying with halcyons ever on wing,
Keeping a careless heart, a sea-blue bird of the spring.”

No collection of poetry contains more that is bright and joyous than the Anthology, yet the spirit that runs through the whole is the spirit of Ecclesiastes, “Vanity of Vanities.” This is how Palladas describes life :—

“Life is a stage, mere children’s play.
Go learn to model thine by theirs ;
Go learn to play the game away,
Or learn to bear a life of cares.”

Or again, recalling very strongly the words of the preacher (Eccles. v. 15, 16) :—

“Naked to earth was I brought—naked to earth I descend,
Why should I labour for nought, seeing how naked the end?”

Or yet again, “Weeping I was born, and having wept I die, and I found all my living amid many tears. O tearful, weak, pitiable race of men, dragged under earth and mouldering away !” Another writer declares, “All is laughter and all is dust and all is nothing, for out of unreason is all that is.”

Many of the poems lament the death of the young or the passing of youth. Such is the following translation by Mr A. J. Butler of a two-line epigram from Theognis :—

“Wellaway ! ah wellaway,
Goodly youth and foul decay,
Age that neareth,
Youth that veereth,
Veering, passing far away.”

The same unavailing regret haunts the poet who sings :—

“Fond sons of men, why weep ye for the dead,
Not rather for youth’s blossoms hourly shed ?”

The tenderest sorrow pervades the lines on the young wife who dies on her marriage day, lit to the tomb by the wedding torches. The gracious ways of children, too, and fond regret for their untimely death are topics frequently dwelt upon.

Having no clear vision of a happier life beyond the grave, the Greeks strove to extract the utmost enjoyment out of life, draining the cup of pleasure to the dregs, careless if death should follow. The nobler minds among them, turning from sensualism, found a strangely modern pleasure in Nature and sympathy with her in her less transient aspects. “Pleasant are the fair things of Nature—earth, sea, stars, the orbs of moon and sun. All else is fearfulness and pain.” The placid life of the cicada is frequently contrasted with the restless discontent and selfishness of men.

THE CICALA.

“Why from thy dewy boughs, thou shepherd loon,
 Wilt tear me?—me who love far forest dens,
 A wayside nightingale who sings at noon
 A golden song 'mid rocks and shady glens.
 Blackbird and thrush and clouds of starlings shoot
 Devouring bills upon your wealth of sheaves;
 Seize them, and slay the stealers of your fruit:
 What harm in taking tender dew and leaves?”

—A. J. BUTLER.

The wild free spirit of the sea with its half note of plaintive melancholy has been well caught by Mr Andrew Lang in his translation from Leonidas of Tarentum.

A TOILER OF THE SEA.*

“Theris the old, the waves that harvested,
 More keen than birds that labour in the sea,
 With spear and net, by shore and rocky bed,
 Not with the well-manned galley laboured he;
 Him not the star of storms, nor sudden sweep
 Of wind with all his years hath smitten and bent,
 But in his hut of reeds he fell asleep
 As fades a lamp when all the oil is spent.
 This tomb nor wife nor children raised, but we,
 His fellow-toilers, fishers of the sea.”

The love epigrams in the Anthology are rich and glowing, some of them too warm for modern taste. Very graceful and delicate is the fancy of Strato.

THE KISS.

“Yester-eve, the hour we bid good-night in,
 Mœris kissed me—was it dream or true?
 All the rest I'd quickly set you right in,
 All she spoke, smiled, questioned: well I knew.
 But we kissed? I ask, how came I then
 Here out of Paradise so soon again?”

—O. J. C.

This from Agathias might almost be the original of Ben Jonson's “Drink to me only.” In fact, it is often said to be so. Jonson's song, however, is a literal translation from Philostratos.

THE KISS IN THE CUP.

“I am no bibber: yet would'st have me drink?
 Taste ere thou givest, and I cannot miss.
 Sweet handmaid! when thy lips have touched the brink,
 I can no more refrain or fail or shrink.
 That cup is crossing-ferry for thy kiss,
 And brings me tidings of a proven bliss.”

—A. J. BUTLER.

* With the permission of Messrs Longmans, Green, & Co.

It is plausibly conjectured that the original of Waller's song, "Go, Lovely Rose," is the epigram of Rufinus, thus translated by W. J. Cory:—

"Flowers my fingers have been weaving,
Rhodoclea, you're receiving,
Here's a lily and the cup
Of a full rose mantling up;
Fresh anemone hath met
With narcissus dewy-wet
And the dark-eyed violet.
Put this garland on and then,
Lady, be not proud again;
Wreath and lady fair were made
Both to flourish, both to fade."

The following love song is strongly reminiscent, if I may be allowed the inversion, of the last two stanzas of Burns' song, "O were my love yon lilac fair." It also recalls Damien's song in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act IV. Scene 3.

"It's oh to be a wanton air
When my love walks in the sun,
Her panting bosom then she'd bare,
And I'd steal breathing in.

It's oh to be yon blushing flower
The rose her fingers prest,
Then might I lie, one blissful hour,
Upon her snowy breast."

Meleager, however, is the chief of the love poets. "In glow and intensity," says the late Professor Butcher, "his verses sometimes approach to the early Æolian poetry, though the antique simplicity is wanting. The colouring is richer, the imagery is often fantastic; the fragrance of Oriental spices, the scents of lilies and roses are shed over the things of the heart. There is a subtlety that reminds one of the modern sonnet. All that is most inward and mobile in the passion or sentiment of love finds expression in him—the sweetness and the sting, the honey that burns, hot tears to drink, the gusts of jealousy, the fire and snow wherewith love pays for his nurture, the wounds lately closed that are inflamed afresh." Love is the artist that moulds men's souls.

"Behold how Love hath graved with cunning art,
Soul of my Soul—My Lady in my heart."

The all-compelling power of beauty is set forth in the Anthology under many images. Meleager's nautical conceit is charmingly fresh.

"Asclepias, that amorous maid,
Even as calm at sea,
Doth all by her bright eyes persuade
Love mariners to be."

—W. HEADLAM.

Even Plato, though he would banish poets from his ideal republic, did not disdain to write verse. A two-line epigram of his is known to all from Shelley's immortal translation.

"Thou wert the morning star among the living,
 Ere thy fair light had fled ;
 Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
 New splendour to the dead."

To Plato, too, is ascribed the lines written by Lais, a professional beauty, on her mirror. Prior's translation is well known :—

"Venus, take my votive glass,
 Since I am not what I was ;
 What from this day I shall be,
 Venus, let me never see."

The following epigram from Meleager is perfectly delightful in the sweet reasonableness of the unreasonable reward.

TO A MIDGE.

"Fly, little midge, with swift speed now,
 Find out Zenophile's ear and say,
 'One yonder waits in vain, while thou,
 Unmindful, sleep'st the night away.'
 Whisper it softly, not to stir
 The jealous lover by her side,
 And, fly, if thou dost bring me her—
 Thou shalt have straight a lion's hide
 And a great club, to ride the skies
 A very Hercules of flies."

—O. J. C.

Of the many fine poems on death, the finest is Meleager's lament for Heliodora. Provost Hawtrey of Eton has translated it into English elegiacs—the best in our language—yet even he has failed to reproduce the strange, haunting cadence of the final couplet of the original.

"Though the earth hide thee, yet there, even there, my Heliodora,
 All that is left I give, tears of my love, to thy grave—
 Tears how bitterly shed, on thy tomb bedewed with my weeping,
 Pledge of my fond regret, pledge of affection for thee.
 Piteously, piteously still, but in vain grieves on Meleager :
 Thou art among the dead : Acheron heeds not my woe.
 Where is the flower that I loved ? Death has torn it away in the springtide,
 Torn it away, and the dust stains the fair leaves in their bloom.
 Genial earth, be it thine, at the mourner's humble entreaty,
 Gently to hold in thine arms her whom I ever deplore."

To all lovers of literary charm and grace the Greek Anthology is an endless source of delight. In its infinite variety there is something to suit all tastes. To appreciate to the full its delicate grace one should, of course, know Greek—and know it well—yet the English reader need not despair. All that prose can do to reproduce the fine qualities of the Greek verse has been done by Professor Mackail, whose fine scholarship and literary gifts it would be impertinent to praise. Of the numerous verse translations none approach "The Garland" of Mr Andrew Lang, who never fails to reproduce the spirit, if he sometimes neglects the letter of the original.

A. R. C.

The Story of a Great Deed.

THE more serious subscribers to the *Dollar Magazine* may remember that some years ago the Editor devoted a portion of his valuable space to the publication of one or two narratives of travel and adventure from the pen of the present writer. For those narratives, somewhat heavy and technical though they may have been, I make, even after this chastening lapse of time, no apology. We, Castor and myself, through whose efforts in those arduous undertakings the bounds of human knowledge were not a little extended, appeal with confidence to the judgment of the thinking public and to posterity. On the whole, I think, we rely most upon posterity. The narratives to which I refer are, of course, those describing our ascent, guideless and without ropes, of Dollar Hill, and our pedestrian journey by the caravan route from Dollar to Tillicoultry.

Since those expeditions Castor and I, though still in all the pride of manly vigour, unspoilt by wealth and honour, and with our thirst for glory still unslaked, have lived in an obscurity from which it has seemed at times we should never emerge. In moments of indigestion and despondency, Castor has confided to me his belief that every dog has his day, that man can hope for but one (or at most two) appearances in the limelight, and must be content all the rest of his life to be a mere spectator of great deeds—to pay for admission to the show.

It has often been my privilege during those painful hours to cheer the darkened spirit of that old comrade who faced with me the chimneys, cornices, arêtes, traverses, and the barbed wire on the Dyke—the terrible defences with which the lonely spirit of the Pirrick once—before we came—supposed it possible to maintain inviolate his cloud-capped fastness; and who, adhering like a fly to the giddy precipice above the Roman Road, thought nothing of emptying the lunch basket because he feared it might eventually prove too heavy for me to carry. It has been my privilege to clap him on the back and whisper that something told me the time would come when once again we should see our names in print.

"You may go to Court some day," I have said, "and see your name in a paragraph quite near a bailie's. Or you may be cured of something by a patent medicine and have your face flaunted and your symptoms advertised wherever the English tongue is spoken."

Even in his darkest moments Castor kept his ideals. "Pollux," he would say as we tried to trace, across the outline map of the future, the tortuous paths of glory—"Pollux, mark me; not even to have my portrait in the Clackmannanshire press will I be hustled into the Gilded Chamber."

(I must explain that at one time we were afraid lest in spite of our achievements there would be an attempt to include us amongst the suggested five hundred Emergency or Reach-me-Down Peers. Castor asks me to state here once for all that titles have no attraction for us. We have proved them, and found that they gave no solid satisfaction. Castor at school bore a physiognomic title, "Pie Face," and didn't like it at all. I, too, had a name. I was called—in time for breakfast every morning.)

In our younger days when romance still shed her magic lustre about our way, when the gingerbread of life still went clad in its alluring gilt, in those days we fancied it would be fine to stride arm-in-arm through history as Baron Pirrick and Viscount Cunningham—but that was long ago. To-day we should feel such labels a burden, and we can now appreciate the delicate feeling of the Government in refraining from offering them.

But let it not be supposed that since those expeditions our lives have been a mere idle wearing of laurels. The more laurel wreaths one wears the more one wants. A vision haunts one . . . wreath upon wreath (fashionably tilted) . . . one's head in an immortal shrubbery! Mr Carnegie's Hero Fund seemed at one time to suggest a line for us, with its possibilities of useful employment for active young men without encumbrances. We even looked about us for instruction, hoping in some useful periodical to find an article in a series, "What To Do With Our Lads; No VI., *Heroism as a Profession*." But we soon abandoned the idea. We saw that the competition would be too great; we wanted something uncommon. And we knew how any occupation loses its glamour when you earn your bread and butter by it. So to the end—whatever that end may be—we shall be amateurs. The Desperate Deed will remain as it has always been since we cut bits off the tawse at school, our hobby.

As Castor and I sat together recently talking over lots of things, Castor referred to the *Dollar Magazine*, and to the old tale of our achievements embalmed for ever within its pages. "Have we nothing else to tell them?" he asked sadly, reaching for my cigarette case. "Does the rising generation read of our ascent of Dollar Hill as it reads Horatius at the Bridge—a great deed achieved by some unreal hero pickled in a schoolbook for its annoyance? Have the Dollar boys no legend of us such as that which adds mysterious attraction to the stories of Roland, of Barbarossa, of Kid M'Coy—that at some crisis we shall walk on to the stage of life once more, to do and dare again? Do they even know the story? Is it possible that their parents and guardians neglect to tell them, sitting round the fire on winter nights when the gramophone is out of order, how we once climbed and stood upon the topmost pinnacle of that awful peak, ducking our dizzy heads as the shining stars spun by, singing in their orbits: how two Dollar boys like themselves once dared the unknown horrors of the wilderness and nearly discovered Sauchie?"

I said I feared it was possible. There was a terrible moment when we sympathised with Dr Cook. . . . We looked at each other, not just for pleasure, but to see the reflection of our thoughts in the other's eyes.

"You might as well tell them a lie as what you're thinking of," said Castor. "They'll never believe you."

I had one of my great moments then, I felt uplifted. Even Castor says he thought I looked inflated.

"O Truth!—" I exclaimed.

But Castor would not permit me to continue the magnificent apostrophe I was very likely beginning. He said that I might use my judgment in

the matter, that writing anything at all would at least occupy my mind ; and so this story, which we had agreed to keep to ourselves or to tell as fiction, comes to be written.

It differs from the narratives of our other exploits in the inferiority of its scientific interest. It is just the unvarnished record of a rash adventure redeemed from folly only by the bravery, perseverance, and physical endurance it entailed.

The adventure took place many, many years ago, in the Unremunerative or Honorary Heroic Age, while that epoch was still fresh in our memory, when the fields about Dollar, now so smooth and cultivated, the haunt of cows and cabbages and stonebreakers, were prairies and thickets and jungles, and in the local woods lurked Red Indians and all the more ferocious wild beasts, and when Castor and I, with the worthies of our kidney, led splendid lives as hunters, explorers, buccaneers. No one, however learned, need write to the next number of the *Magazine* questioning my assertion that the eerie war-whoop of the Sioux would, once upon a time, curdle the blood of the pioneer riding lonely across the rolling grassy leagues of the Market Park ; that through the tangled foliage of the Scotchie the leopard's cruel, beautiful yellow eyes would gleam suddenly upon the fearless pathfinder advancing with nerves taut and rifle ready ; that the resourceful adventurer in the Devon Valley would fortify himself against the chances of piracy, war, and shipwreck with buttered rolls and slices of cake plucked from the branches of a particularly obliging indigenous variety of the breadfruit tree. All the broadsides of authority and erudition would be wasted. For we lived in those days, and saw it all. We have been there.

This narrative is far too long. But art is always long. I cannot tell my story without preparing the way for it. I cannot bear to think of its being read lightly, and lightly dismissed, by those who do not realise what it represents. Nor do I wish inquirers of a worthier type to study this record without all the illumination I can throw upon its circumstances. It is very necessary to remember what manner of men we were, what was our environment. The heroes of the story, Castor and I, were men inured to every hazard of the chase, of war, of flood and field. Take any two of the more prominent, eloquent characters of the "Iliad"—such were Castor and I when we swam the Devon. Yes, that is what we did.

It was so long ago, in a world so different, that the Castor and Pollux who did it seem strangers to us. They were greater, simpler, sterner men than we, living in a primitive world of the most harmless, cheerful violence and freedom before the bowler hat, like the dome of a close and cloudy night, had descended upon us to cast its shadow over life. I can write of their deeds unencumbered by modesty. The two whom I seem to see sitting on the sunny bank of Hare's Hole pulling their shirts over their heads are heroic ancestors of ours, whose footsteps in our braver moments we strive with pride to follow. . . . We raise our hats to them, our bowler hats.

It must not be supposed that the ambition to cross the Devon by swimming came to us by chance. We had been trying for long to plan something

more exciting than Indian warfare, stockriding, roasting potatoes, chasing Spanish galleons across the Pacific, or damming up Kelly Burn. Castor it was, ever the magnificent in conception, who proposed the crossing of Hare's Hole. I think he had had to learn about Horatius and the Tiber by heart as a punishment, and in those days it was no old Roman in a book who was going to beat us. It was in one of our mountain holds above Brooklyn, one lowering Saturday, that we swore an awful—really awful—oath, that though it should entail catching cold we would swim across the Devon. And then we went into training. That training was long, arduous, and erratic. Sometimes when the wind blew cold and we saw the grey waves splashing beneath a greyer sky along the rock-bound coast of Hare's Hole our resolution seemed like madness. But we remembered that there was much to be said for the theory that swimming was best acquired on land . . . and soon the weather grew warmer.

Our training programme included many forms of activity besides the simple acquisition of the art of natation. Every day we would compare notes.

"I had a bath last night," Castor would say, "as deep as anything. I was practising breathing between the waves." And from his relations, indirectly, I learnt more of these experiments; heard with contempt their complaints of a swamped bathroom floor. All they saw in it was mere inconsiderate ablution, but I could picture to myself the dauntless fellow buffeted rudely by the resistless line of soapy billows that swept backwards and forwards from end to end of his bath, buffeted and half smothered in their furious recoil from the white enamelled cliffs. . . .

I preferred to study the theory of it all; indeed I remember suggesting to Castor that our aim might be attained most satisfactorily if we divided the effort—if he undertook the actual swimming, the simple muscular part, and I gave advice from the shore. He would not consent, however, expressing with typical generosity his willingness that I should retain my advice for my own use.

It was a Spartan training. For a long time we seemed to remain at the stage of unmanageable buoyancy with no centre of gravity, or with many, inhaling under water and painfully snorting for air. How miserable Castor looked sometimes! All gooseflesh, blue, shivering, and knock-kneed, a kind of living synopsis of all the bedraggled wretchedness of all the kittens that were ever very nearly drowned!

But perseverance conquered. A day came at last when Castor said, "We'll swim the Devon this afternoon!"

How well I remember that day! How sweet life seemed! How warm, how solid, how satisfactory the dear dry land—every inch of it! How comfortable, how companionable my dear old shirt! My eyes were opened then, and I saw that it was a madness, a humiliation, a kind of atavism for man to emulate the moist puddock that flops in panic from his footstep to its native puddle!

But Castor that day was like a man beyond the control of reason. Nothing would stop him. A surfaceman—a navy, one of the most formidable creatures amongst the fauna of the countryside—roared at us as we crossed

the railway line, but Castor never hesitated, though the monster was within a hundred yards and preparing to charge. We scrambled over the wire frontier on to the pampas beyond only just in time.

Far too soon we stood upon the shore gazing across the waste of waters that stretched sparkling treacherously in the pleasant sunshine. The wind was west-north-west, and moderate, but a choppy sea was breaking along the coast, and reason suggested that our attempt should be postponed—indefinitely postponed. But Castor would not listen to reason; his only answer was to unlace his boots. All that man could do to prevent the jeopardy of his young life I did—for if he went I had to go—but in vain. I pointed out that we had made no arrangements about feeding during the swim,* or about time-keepers or photographers; that we had left no documents behind to explain our fate if we perished in the waves or were late for tea; that his aunt disapproved of his bathing. All was useless: he went on disrobing. And then, when I realised that there was no way out of it, I became quite calm and even cheerful, and began to strip also. Up till then I had had a presentiment that at the last moment my thoughtfulness for others would foil me in this great attempt; that my iron resolution would collapse (in time) beneath the weight of solicitude for my hypothetical survivors. I didn't think I should be able to bear the thought of so many possibly plunged into mourning for me. But something in Castor's attitude as he stood contemplating the shining waters inspired me—shamed me out of my tender-heartedness. What one man can face so calmly, I thought, should not appal another. Heroism has its price, and my friends must help to pay. Then, too, it struck me that Castor had discovered that the water was shallower than we thought.

We shook hands together on the beach before stepping into the water. Our thoughts, I suppose, were busy with the glorious career that stretched behind us like an exciting serial story. Were we even now working up to the climax? Were the watchful Fates even now lifting their pen to write the word "Finis"?

Castor led the way to the water's edge, motioning me to come on. . . . I remember the feeling of perfect coolness—even chill—which came over me as I followed that pink figure into the deep . . . and in another moment we were swimming.

At the start we both used the breast stroke, considering it quite our best for long distances. At that time, you see, we knew no other.

Accounts of feats of this kind cannot fail to be disappointing, there is really so little to be said. I might tell how many strokes we made per minute, and things like that, but to any but the expert or the statistician such detail is meaningless. It was a protracted struggle between human will and strength and the inertia of dead matter, and only those who have passed through a similar experience—who have tried to find a Pole or digest a trade mince pie—can really understand its significance. Some idea of my condition, however, may be gathered from the statement, which I make in perfect

* *Diet*.—I have omitted any reference to this question as not of general interest, but will mention here that during the swim we had no solid nourishment whatever. As to liquids we drank only water, but of that we partook freely.

sincerity, that when in mid channel my poor friend Castor sank, I envied him.

I shall never forget the cry he uttered as he went to the bottom. I thought as I heard it, and still believe, and often tell him so—and it was in a way a comfort to me to think it—that his reason had gone by that time, and that what I heard above the roar of the waves was mere delirium. He seemed to apostrophise some strange subjective vision created by that poor exhausted brain, crying with a burst of choking laughter that it resembled a large, fresh-coloured cetacean of the family *Delphinidae*, suffering simultaneously from *embonpoint* and chronic disorder of the respiratory organs.*

Yes, I envied and nearly imitated him, for though the stones at the bottom must have hurt his feet, and the billows were still breaking up to his chest, he was not swallowing any more of them. Undaunted by this catastrophe I swam grimly on. That was no time for tears. We were within sight of the coast, you must understand, when my unhappy friend went to the bottom, so that I knew I was heading in the right direction though the current was sweeping me considerably towards the west. I remembered the shoals that abound in that direction, and stroked steadily on. There was now no sound in my ears but the splash of the water and the distant shouts of the spectators collected upon the distant shore. The news of our attempt had spread by this time, arousing the greatest enthusiasm, and a little boy carrying a milk can had come to the water's edge to watch, joining Castor who had reached the shore walking, wonderful as it may seem, along the bottom. The poor little rustic was too young to understand, and evidently thought the whole thing got up for his amusement, while Castor, his mind quite unhinged, broke ever and anon into the empty laugh of the imbecile. It was better so, perhaps, for his blunted intellect was quite unable to experience chagrin at his own failure or envy of my eventual success. For I did succeed at last. I had almost lost hope when to my indescribable delight my knees struck the shingle, and in another moment I was aground on a shoal. Rising to my feet, breathless and very wet, I stumbled through the twenty yards of shallow water that lay between me and the shore, and flung myself on the grass at Castor's side.

Success was mine, and yet I could hardly realise it. The moment of triumph, glorified and prolonged for most men by a representative of the *Daily Mirror*, was for me tarnished by a friend's affliction.

I found him quite deranged, and talking nonsense with pathetic earnestness. He said that I had waded across. I am glad to remember that I kept my temper, and was patient with him, explaining in simple, easy language

* It has occurred to me since, knowing Castor better, that my first hypothesis was wrong, and that, fully conscious, he was trying even in that extremity to do something for science, to add to the data for research in certain directions. The popular idea has always been that the drowning man sees his whole life flash before him. Castor's experience as he sank goes far to upset this theory. Those who love the dramatic aspect of events may be interested to hear the precise manner in which at that moment Castor described his hallucination. I can quote his exact words; they still often ring in my ears. "*You're like a big fat pink porpoise with the asthma.*"



R. K. Holmes.

MUCKART MILL.

that when I rose to my feet I was quite near the bank. His reply was that that was just it, and I let the matter drop, humouring him.

Castor's recovery was slow, and even now there are times. . . . So the reader will perhaps understand that I have given this narrative to the world with some reluctance.

POLLUX.

Ambitions.

WE all have our own little dreams,
Though few of us make such admissions :
Deep down in our hearts we hide various schemes
And ambitions.

That mild-mannered man at his desk,
Who never seems vulgar or irate,
Has desires for a life that is more picturesque
As a pirate.

A music-hall star who is droll—
An admittedly comical fellow—
May be sick of his clowning, and long for a rôle
Like Othello.

A Councillor fresh from the fray
May laugh at the notion quite gaily,
But he's thinking, "I *might* be a Provost some day,
Or a Bailie."

With another, Dame Fortune has made
A mistake it's an effort to pardon :
He's a prominent statesman—who'd fain be a Braid,
Or a Vardon.

But a hope beyond any of these,
The mind of the rhymer engages :
'To be one of the photographed, famous F.P.'s
In these pages.

A. S., Jun.

An Adventure with Lions in Uganda.

ONE morning I struck camp, and was wending my weary way to visit a farm some fifteen miles off. My porters were some distance in front of me, and had gone somewhat off the beaten native path which led to my destination. On my left front about two hundred yards away I noticed a herd of "Sommy" (Grant's Gazelle) grazing peacefully, and one of them appeared to have a particularly fine head. I made off with the intention of having a shot at the animal in question, and had gone some fifty yards when I heard heart-rending yells of "Simba, Simba" (lion, lion). On looking round I saw

some of my porters flying away in all directions, and others in the act of throwing down their loads and running off as if the devil himself was after them.

I went back, and on coming to the top of a rise, I saw below me a sight which held me spellbound: lions, lionesses, and cubs moving about in a very agitated state at thus having been so suddenly come upon, and having no doubt been disturbed from a peaceful repose. I certainly could not have been forty yards away from the roaring mob, for roaring they certainly were. Four lions and two lionesses stood in line as if ready for any attack, and they most certainly looked it standing roaring and lashing their tails, the manes of the lions rising and falling with excitement. Although my safari consisted of about thirty, by the time I got to where I was, I could see nude niggers flying off to places of safety, only three native police remaining with me.

My first feeling was one of unexplainable wonder, then a feeling of blue funk soon took its place, accompanied by a longing to follow the excellent example of my porters. One of my askaris (native police), who certainly did not seem to want to remain on this earth any longer, said, "Piga Bawana, Piga Bawana," and for a second I entertained the mad idea, but am thankful to say only for a second. I soon realised my position, and thought that discretion was the better part of valour, and my one aim was to get away out of the danger zone as quickly as possible. I collected all the arms I could lay my hands on, which consisted of a .303 sporting rifle, a 12-bore D.B. shot-gun, and a .450 Webley revolver. I took the .303 myself, giving the other two weapons to two of my askaris.

We crossed the brutes about a hundred yards on their right flank, and got on to the high veldt again, coming up on the other side immediately in rear of them some fifty yards from them. Once in the open again we made off at a fair pace. After having gone about three hundred yards, I looked behind and saw two huge beasts following us not a hundred yards behind. I turned and had a shot at one, but must have missed, as they both cleared off and nothing more was seen of the herd. I don't think I was ever so pleased to see the last of anything as I was to see the last of that pack.

In the pack I counted twenty-one lions, lionesses, and cubs; my askaris said there were more, but I certainly counted twenty-one of the brutes. It was a glorious sight and one seldom seen, but certainly one which one does not want to see too often unless behind good stout bars.

On arriving at my destination I told the farmer, a Scotchman, of my experience, and he replied that two Dutchmen had informed him, two days before, that they had pursued a crowd of thirty of them—no doubt the same lot—but that he could hardly credit their story of having seen so many. On hearing mine, however, he became convinced.

I sent a special runner into the station when a party was organised and nine of the brutes were bagged. I am quite prepared to have this story doubted by people who do not know East Africa or Uganda, but to those who do, and more especially to those who know Machakos District, it is by no means an extraordinary one, where one can see thousands of heads of various kinds of game any day grazing peacefully like tremendous flocks of cattle and sheep.

MAURICE ST C. THOM.

Edinburgh Dollar Academy Ladies' Club.

THE Fourth Annual Reunion of the Club took place on the evening of Friday, 1st March, in the Edinburgh Café. The clerk of the weather, who has always hitherto apparently borne a grudge against the members, this year gracefully withdrew opposition and conceded fine weather for the meeting. Shortly after seven o'clock the guests began to arrive, and soon the scene was an animated one as old friends recognised and greeted each other heartily over the genial tea-cups. Everyone came in the most friendly spirit, and no other password to conversation was necessary than just the dear old name of "Dollar," which re-echoed continually from every part of the room as reminiscences of happy schooldays were revived.

All too quickly, however, the time allotted to social intercourse sped past, and a warning bell had the effect of subduing the buzz of animated conversation. Mrs Somerville, who presided for the evening, opened her remarks by offering, on behalf of the Club, a very warm welcome to this year's new members, and mentioned that in spite of the unavoidable fluctuation in the membership of such a Club as this, it was very gratifying that the present number stood at the total of 49.

Unfortunately, an admonitory reminder (urged by the importunate Secretary, of course!) of the existence of a Business Meeting of the Club in November was inadvertently overlooked, but may now be taken as spoken from the Chair!

Mrs Somerville then passed on to make some picturesque remarks on the general effects of environment on mental and moral development, and some of us felt that we had not in early days sufficiently realised, and in later days possibly not sufficiently responded to, the privileges we enjoyed of having Nature herself as one of our most constant and devoted teachers. Still, even amid the noise and stress of city life, we have not altogether forgotten the music of the purling brook nor quite lost the vision of the strength and beauty of the everlasting hills.

The strenuous work of the evening, which this year took the form of Progressive Whist, now began in earnest and engrossed full attention. As the tinkle of the bell announced the completion of each "hand," the victors, sitting still at ease, cheerfully waved on the disconsolate vanquished to the next table, where, fortunately, positions were sometimes reversed, and the old saying once more justified: "Pride goeth before a fall!" On scoring cards being handed in, it was found that the new members had especially distinguished themselves in carrying off the prizes, which were thereafter presented, amid congratulations.

It is, of course, a truism that everything nice comes to a speedy end, and relentless Time took no notice whatever of our reluctance to say "good-night" to one another. However, we did say "good night" and not "good-bye," and, after the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," separated with a still warmer glow of friendly feeling in our hearts towards each other, and of pride in the dear old School which we still affectionately look back upon as our Alma Mater.

I. A. SIMPSON.

Reunion.

A MOST successful Reunion of former pupils of Dollar Academy took place on 2nd February. The first part of the proceedings took the form of a *conversazione* in the large hall, which was prettily decorated and furnished. After tea, the Headmaster welcomed the guests to their old School. He said that the bond of a common school was only less strong than the bond of common parentage; and he asked them to picture their Alma Mater as a spirit, young, beautiful, and strong, welcoming them with smiling eyes to spend some happy hours with her. A musical programme was contributed by Misses Lindstrom, Runcieman, and Jeanie Roy, and Messrs Baigrie, Collyer, M'Gruther, Scott, and Colonel Haig. Mr Herbert C. Sloan, Secretary of the Glasgow Dollar Academy Club, spoke of the advantages of such meetings, and urged all who were resident in Glasgow, Edinburgh, or London to join the local club of former Dollar pupils. In proposing a vote of thanks to all who had made the meeting the great success it had been, Mr Malcolm reminded his audience that there were Dollar Academy Clubs all over the world. The centenary of the School was not very far off, and he hoped that when it came, it would be made the occasion of a great gathering in Dollar of the children of the Alma Mater of whom Mr Dougall had spoken.

The company then adjourned to the School gymnasium, where dancing was engaged in until well on in the morning hours.

Presentation to Mr Malcolm.

A MOST interesting ceremony took place at West View, Dollar, on the afternoon of 16th December, when Mr Malcolm was waited on by a deputation representative of his many former pupils, and presented with several gifts.

The chair was occupied by Mr James Simpson of Mawcarse, who said that though he had presided over many gatherings, he had never done so with greater pleasure than on that occasion. He referred to the kindly relations that had always existed between Mr Malcolm and his pupils, and called upon Mr Nelson Briggs Constable, W.S., Edinburgh, to make the presentation of a beautiful revolving bookcase, containing fourteen volumes of the Cambridge "History of English Literature"; also a purse of sovereigns.

Mr Constable said that perhaps this was not a very large gathering, but it was representative of a multitude of persons throughout the world who had passed through Mr Malcolm's hands, and who had benefited by his care, kindness, and instruction. He himself was one of his earliest boys at Dollar, and their relationship dated considerably before that, because he believed that his earliest instruction was imparted to him by his mother and by Mr Malcolm. Perhaps that was the reason why he had again conferred upon him the special honour of being the hand to make this presentation to Mr Malcolm, and it was a notable thing that far from being the first tribute paid to Mr Malcolm by his friends and admirers it was one

of a series which had been from time to time laid at Mr Malcolm's feet. Indeed they appeared to be almost forcing their friend into the presentation habit. From what he knew of Mr Malcolm he believed his innate modesty rather shrank from anything beyond the assurance that he had the reverence, might he say the love, of those who had been his pupils. That assurance was certainly his. In drawing attention to the length of Mr Malcolm's connection with Dollar, Mr Constable said that no doubt none of those present except Mr Malcolm and himself were old enough to go back all that time, but forty-four years was a very long period, and he would be afraid to say how many thousands from beginning to end had benefited by Mr Malcolm's tuition. He himself could hardly realise Dollar Academy or indeed Dollar itself without Mr Malcolm, and it was a joy to them that though Mr Malcolm was no longer on the teaching staff he was a Governor. He had been Provost of Dollar, and Dollar was still going to have the benefit of his experience and wisdom. He was not going to make more than a reference to Mr Malcolm's helpmeet, for she was to be the subject of very special reference by a gentleman present who was to follow, but might he just say that they all knew how great her help had been, how she had shared in his joys and in his sorrows, in his trials and in his triumphs. In handing over the presentation, Mr Constable said they wished Mr and Mrs Malcolm very much happiness. Might they long be spared to each other and to their friends.

Mr Malcolm, whose rising to reply evoked a demonstration of enthusiasm from his old boys, said that though he read, "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," he had always found the reverse to be true in his case. When he had most wanted to be eloquent, when his feelings had been deepest, then he could find nothing to say. He did not know how to thank them for these valuable gifts. If he had been asked a few years ago to forecast what was least likely to happen to himself he should have imagined that a gathering such as this, with congratulations on his appointment as a Governor of the Institution in which he had so long taught, was about the most improbable thing. He wished he could think he deserved half the kind things Mr Constable had said about him. It was impossible for the mind to retain the whole of the events that had passed during the time he had been English master, but he could recall general impressions with much satisfaction. Carlyle had commended the man who sings at his work; and though he could not say he had ever done that, he was conscious of the mutual sympathy and perfect understanding that had always existed between his pupils and himself. In no boasting spirit he could say that he had always tried to do his share in any work for the public well-being. He could not have received more valuable gifts than the bookcase and these standard volumes on the subject he had spent his life in teaching; while they had also gratified his intense love of money. (Laughter.) The teacher's life had its compensations, and the cheering news of distinctions gained from year to year—of which a long roll might be given—brought delight, a renewing of enthusiasm, and a new spirit of healthy earnestness. This act of theirs had crowned his career in the class-room, and their kindness would always be a pleasant memory to lighten the gloaming of his days. (Applause.)

Mr J. Barnett Gow, Glasgow, was then called upon to make the presentation to Mrs Malcolm, and in asking her to accept a pendant-brooch, set with pearls, peridot and amethysts, referred to his own school-days at Dollar in a humorous and felicitous speech. He added his testimony to what had been said about Mr Malcolm's great influence for good on the characters of his pupils. He said they all knew what a true helpmeet Mrs Malcolm had been to her husband during their long married life. They knew how much Mr Malcolm had depended on her; how she had shared his burdens and sympathised with him in all his work and doings. It was because of this that they had brought her this beautiful brooch. He had much pleasure in handing it over on behalf of the "old boys," and in expressing their wish that she might wear it in happiness for many years to come.

In returning her thanks, Mrs Malcolm said they must not expect a speech from her. She had a lump in her throat and could not possibly express how much she felt the kind way she had been associated with the testimonial to her husband.

Mr C. S. Dougall, Rector of the Academy, spoke briefly on behalf of Mr Malcolm's old colleagues, and Mr John M. Halley for the Committee.

The pleasant gathering terminated with votes of thanks and afternoon tea.

The company included, amongst others:—Mr and Mrs Walter Mungall, and Mrs Stewart, Crieff; Mr and Mrs Wm. Mungall of Transy, Dunfermline; Messrs W. E. Gladstone Falconer, Cairnton, The Mearns; Herbert Sloan, Glasgow; J. B. Hutton, Oxford; R. K. Holmes, Alex. Cowan, C. N. M'Master, A. Drysdale, Rev. R. S. Armstrong, Miss Henderson, Miss Hall, Miss Jemima W. Gellatly, Mrs Dougall, Dollar; A. Scott, jun., Tillicoultry; and Mr and Mrs Alex. Brand, Glasgow.

Letters of apology were received from:—Messrs Robert Maule, W. K. Holmes, A. H. B. Constable, Dr Ross, J. Goodall Thomson, J. B. Peden, and Captain James Potter, Edinburgh; Dr M'Lennan, Alex. Wardlaw, Wm. Neilson, Glasgow; Miss Watson, West Kilbride; W. H. Raeburn, Helensburgh; Mrs Goodall, Cardenden; Mr J. F. Fleming, Dunfermline; Mr A. J. Ramsay, Professor and Miss Kynoch, Dundee; Mrs Maskery, Congleton; Mr W. F. Robertson, Galashiels; Mr Wm. Henderson, Lawton, Coupar-Angus; Mr and Mrs Alex. Izat, Rev. W. B. R. Wilson, and Mr J. B. Haig, Dollar.

In Memoriam.

OUR obituary contains the names of two ladies who may be said to have formed a link between the Dollar society of the nineteenth and that of the twentieth century—Mrs William Gibb and Mrs John M'Leish.

Mrs Gibb, widow of Mr William Gibb, who for many years carried on business as a clothier and draper at the corner of Bridge Street, left Dollar after the death of her much-respected husband, but she never ceased to take

a warm interest in its welfare and prosperity. She will be remembered as a lady of deep piety, whose thoughts and desires centred in home with husband and children. However, she took the liveliest interest—a simple womanly interest—in all kinds of people and things, while her warm sympathy with, and ardent attachment to, all persons standing in any relation to her, made young and old love to gather round her. She had served her life-day earnestly, and was ripe for the last summons in years and in the faith which anchors the soul within the veil of the everlasting temple. Such as so die may be mourned but not grieved for. Hope overarches the grave.

Mrs John M'Leish, widow of the Rev. John M'Leish, U.F. minister of Methven, was a lady of strong religious convictions, which led her to take a deep interest in church life and work. Of a happy and cheerful disposition, she had great pleasure in her friendships. She knew everybody, which means she was acquainted with those whom everybody desired to know. She, too, died full of years and service, and has left behind many kindly memories.

Another link with the past has been broken by the death of Mr John S. Wilson, the only surviving member of an old, well-known, and much respected Dollar family. The deceased was the second son of Mr Peter Wilson, baker, who will be remembered as an active, public-spirited citizen. For many years Mr Wilson carried on a very successful stationery business in Glasgow, and was held in high esteem by all who had dealings with him. Retiring from business about eight years ago he returned to his native place and spent the last years of his life quietly among old friends and companions.

THE LATE PROFESSOR HOPE WADDELL HOGG.—The announcement of the death of Professor Hope Waddell Hogg, F.P., will give pain to many of our readers. About eleven years ago he was appointed Professor of Semitic Languages and Literature in Owens College, Manchester, and this appointment he held until his death. We hope to give his portrait and a full account of his distinguished career in our next issue.

THE LATE DR JAMES CLYDE.—On the 17th of February Dr James Clyde's name was written in the obituary list. He died in Edinburgh at the ripe age of ninety-one years. He was well known in educational circles; he had acted well and thoroughly his useful part as an instructor of many generations of youths, first as French master in Dollar Academy from 1856 to 1861, and, thereafter, as Classical master in Edinburgh Academy. He had the true secret of effectiveness—a love of duty and a deep interest in the education of those who were committed to his charge. He was an eloquent public speaker, and for this reason among others he, when Dr John Milne on his retirement from the rectorship of the Institution received a service of silver plate, was requested by the subscribers to make the presentation. He did so in a speech of great power, full of genial sympathy and graceful tact, the first sentence of which remains with us to this day, "What shall be done to the man whom we delight to honour?"

Mr George Lawson in his "Reminiscences of Dollar Academy by an Old Dollar Boy" has the following :—

"Dr Clyde as Master of Modern Languages was another corner-stone of that famous quadrilateral of which Dr John Milne was the central citadel. I never had the pleasure of attending any of his classes, but his immense capabilities in ancient and modern languages were well known. He had great persuasive tact in teaching, and his manner was suave and fascinating. He was also a beautiful speaker and an accomplished lecturer. For several consecutive winters there was a course of lectures delivered in one of the large rooms of the Academy, and among others given by Dr Clyde was one on Aristotle which fairly took the audience by storm. Dr Clyde was about middle height; his figure was graceful and comely, and his movements were swift and elegant. During many months of the year he wore a heavy black cape, something of the style of a Spanish mantilla; and when swinging along the highway he might have been taken for a resuscitated Grecian philosopher hastening to meet his pupils at the Lyceum."

DEATH OF DR HUNTER.—It is our painful duty to record the death of Dr Robert Hope Alston Hunter, which took place suddenly at Hayes on the 6th of February. He was the third son of First-Class Staff-Surgeon Hunter, who, after a distinguished military career, retired to Sobraon, Dollar, in the early sixties. As a pupil of the Institution, Robert was a general favourite, and as an athlete stood first among his compeers. He finished his school course at the end of session 1867.

We are indebted to the *Middlesex and Buckinghamshire Advertiser* for the following appreciation :—

"Dr Hunter was a clever man in his profession. He had qualified at Edinburgh and London, and for seventeen years conducted a practice in London in company with a partner. He then went to live at Carlton near Lowestoft, and for fourteen years was one of the most respected residents of the neighbourhood, being for a considerable period a representative for the district on the Sussex County Council. When he left this neighbourhood a public testimonial was organised, comprising a very handsome album and a purse of money given by his old friends and patients. Dr Hunter was a man of great inventive genius, not only in his own profession, but in many other walks of life. He was the inventor of the 'Hunter' bedstead at the London Hospital, and he also produced many ingenious surgical instruments as well as various appliances useful in domestic life. It is some two years ago since Dr Hunter came to reside at Hayes, and he has in that time built up a splendid practice." Dr Hunter was living with his aged mother, now ninety-two years of age, and our heartfelt sympathy is with her at this time.

MR DAVID WILKIE, whose death is mentioned in our obituary, was for many years lessee of the Castle Campbell Hotel, and during that time was held in the highest esteem by all who knew him. In particular, he received the commendations of many for the stand he took against encouraging Sunday traffic by refusing to open his door to the *sham bona-fide* traveller. He is mourned by one daughter and three sons, who have our deep sympathy.

New Book by an F.P.

"THE EARLY HAMLET, IN THE LIGHT OF CONTEMPORARY HISTORY." By Mrs Hinton Stewart, The Ladies' Guild of Francis St Alban, 3 Alexandra Road, N.W. Price 6d.

MRS HINTON STEWART (*née* Helen Strachan) has been a steady and valued supporter, by her pen, of this magazine since its first beginnings ten years ago. "Desdemona," referred to in our last issue as having been recently published in *The Contemporary Review*, first saw the light in our pages; and a deeply interesting and learned study of the play of "Troilus and Cressida" in its bearing upon contemporary history is now appearing there. Very few of our numbers have been without some contribution from her pen. It is with much pleasure, therefore, that we observe, among recently published books, a small monograph by Mrs Stewart entitled "Light on the Early Hamlet, Historical Associations and Prototypes." The title is not its strong point, giving little indication of the store of literary, historical, and dramatic interest contained in its pages. It refers to the now generally accepted fact that the play of "Hamlet" was first written and performed about the year 1584, but probably only existed in manuscript until printed in what is known as the first quarto in 1603; while, entirely re-written and greatly improved and enlarged, it appeared again in 1604 as the second quarto, the "Hamlet" as we now have it.

Mrs Stewart's contention is that the original play (the early "Hamlet") was written at the time when all London was full of dark rumours about the Earl of Leicester and his evil deeds, by some, probably young, author who was intimately acquainted with the inner life of the Elizabethan Court; and was founded upon, if not deliberately intended to portray the suspicions which lay upon Leicester in connection with the death of the Earl of Essex, whose widow he had recently married. The parallel between King Claudius and Leicester appears to be complete, as is also that between Hamlet and the young Earl of Essex; while all the other characters in the play are shown to fit in exactly with well-known personages connected with the then court life, including that of Horatio, the friend and counsellor of Hamlet, and held by some to represent the author, with Francis Bacon, the close and intimate friend of the young Earl of Essex. The working out of these prototypes presents us with an intensely interesting historical sketch of the period as well as a deep insight into the inner meaning of the play. With regard to the second quarto, produced some twenty years later, Mrs Stewart considers it as the matured effort of the same author, working upon his youthful conception and callow production with the vast knowledge and experience acquired in the interval. The critique in *The Literary World* of 7th March concludes as follows: "The relation between the first quarto 'Hamlet' and the vastly different second quarto version still remains a matter for discussion. Mrs Stewart has done good service in endeavouring to find an answer to the problem. Her tentative solution is not ours, but it is of the highest importance and value that every point of view should be studied, and to all interested in the groundwork of that great play, 'Hamlet,' we heartily recommend this little book."

Notes from Near and Far.

IN an age like the present, when so many serial works quickly have "their birth and their forgetting," it is to us a matter of sincere satisfaction that we can rejoice in the successful completion of the tenth volume of our *Magazine*. The fact of its vigorous existence for a period of ten years furnishes a high testimonial to its character and usefulness, and one which will be readily appreciated by all who have any acquaintance with its history.

These thoughts have been suggested to us by a retrospective glance at our editorial labours during the past year, and by an inspection of the contents of the volume which, with the last number, we presented to our readers. It will be perceived on examining the articles of this tenth volume that there is no diminution in the importance, or falling off in the variety of the leading papers, or in the style in which the subjects chosen are treated. Our illustrations, too, continue to merit and to receive universal admiration.

The sombre funereal character of some of the papers remind us that death has been unusually busy among the young and old. Rarely has it fallen to our lot to have, in so short a space of time, to chronicle the decease and to embalm the virtues of so many well-known friends. These facts read their own lesson to all respecting earnest efforts and active lives, but they speak to the young with more than ordinary emphasis about solemn obligations and lofty destinies.

The conductors of the *Magazine* have, perhaps, the smallest share in making it what it is. Not their opinions but those of their contributors—who are welcomed from all classes of its readers—appear in a large proportion of these pages. Some of our writers have been casual; some have but recently been placed on our roll; others, as Miss Christie of Cowden, Mrs Hinton Stewart, Rev. W. B. R. Wilson, Mr W. Kersley Holmes, Mr A. Scott, Mr Paul Savi, have been co-labourers with us for years. The acceptance which their labours have met with from our readers is matter of high gratification to us, and we avail ourselves of this opportunity of expressing our deep obligation to those gentlemen, and ladies too, who have written for our pages, sought to increase our circulation, or in any way to strengthen our position and augment our influence. We beg them not to regard this as a formal acknowledgment, but to accept it as a sincere and heartfelt one. We hardly need hint that in the present year we shall require their continued support, and doubt not that they will cheerfully render it; we would at the same time invite others to join their ranks and share their efforts. Of this review of past labours, however, enough. We throw behind us a look of gladness, and before us a glance of hope.

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THE KING'S HONOURS LIST.—In the list of honours conferred by His Majesty at the New Year, we note with profound pleasure the name of James M'Iver M'Leod (F.P.), British Consul at Fez, Morocco. Mr M'Leod has received the honour of C.M.G., Companion of the Order of St Michael and St George (see Vol. VI., *Dollar Magazine*). Another F.P. who has been



A. Drysdale.

THE HOME GREEN.

signally honoured by His Majesty is Colonel Henry Halcro Johnston, Principal Medical Officer of the Military Hospital, Gibraltar. Colonel Johnston was presented to His Majesty by His Excellency the Governor, and had the further honour of receiving for the hospital signed portraits of Their Majesties (see Vol. VIII., *Dollar Magazine*). We and the "old School" heartily congratulate both gentlemen.

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SABBATH SCHOOL CHRISTMAS TREAT.

A LARGER gathering even than usual met in the Institution Hall on 28th December 1911, and testified to the continued attractiveness of the Annual Treat given to the Sabbath scholars of the Parish Church. The venerable Dr Gunn was absent through illness. Parents *who want to give their children what nobody can take from them* were present in considerable number, and we feel sure that they will all agree with us that the entertainment was singularly pleasant and very instructive. It was evident from the excellent behaviour of the children and their respectful attention to the superintendent, Mr Masterton, that the work on the Sabbath afternoons is conducted on the great principle of sympathy; the children are made to feel that they are loved and cordially cared for, that their teachers have a true and real desire for the welfare of every one of them.

The proceedings began with a delightful tea, served with admirable dexterity and orderliness by the teachers, with the aid of volunteers, and done ample justice to by the children. The tea over, the chairman, Rev. Mr Armstrong, struck the right keynote in his short address, which the young people heartily enjoyed, as was shown by their bright looks and merry laughter. The amusement of so large a party—about one hundred and eighty girls and boys—during the Christmas week was no easy task, but the superintendent, an experienced organiser, had prepared a long and varied programme, which was carried through without a hitch, and which kept the attention of the audience riveted from first to last. The cinematograph, which brought scenes, both historic and comic, before the eye, proved a source of instruction and amusement to old and young, and called forth many a ringing peal of joyous laughter, cheering to witness and even to remember.

At intervals the children entertained the audience with piano solos, recitations, and the singing of some of the sweetest of children's hymns, the words of which, with impressive illustrations, were shown on the screen to enable every one to join.

One pleasant break in the evening's proceedings was filled with the presentation of no fewer than sixty-seven prizes awarded for regular attendance, one girl having a record of eleven years and four months without an absent mark. Mrs Kerr of Harviestoun Castle commended the winners, and gracefully handed over the beautiful volumes.

Votes of thanks usually bring such meetings to a close, but not so in this case, for, after these had been duly awarded, it was announced that Mrs Kerr had, with singular kindness, gifted a bag of sweets for every scholar, which she would present as they left the hall. By this generous act Mrs Kerr encourages not only the children, but also the minister and all the volunteer

workers of the congregation, whose grateful thanks are heartily accorded to her. Some people think that children's religion is sure to be a delusion, like a bloom rubbed off by the first contact with life. It is sadly true that it is often evanescent; but we have good ground for saying that many, now grown up, who attended these Sabbath classes in past years, regard the lessons there learned as a most helpful and precious possession.

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REV. THOMAS JEFFREY, M.A.—It gives us much pleasure to record the promotion of Rev. Thomas Jeffrey (F.P.), minister of Kilchattan Bay United Free Church to the North Kelvinside U.F. Church, in succession to the scholarly Mr Crichton. As a pupil of the Institution, Tom Jeffrey stood well in all his classes, and at the close of session 1897-98 was Classical Medallist. He graduated at Glasgow University, and subsequently studied at the Glasgow United Free Divinity Hall. For a year he was assistant to the Rev. John Cairns, nephew of the late Principal Cairns, and after a short period of service in Springburn was called to Bute in 1906. His ministry at Kilchattan has been active and earnest. Ever mindful of his sacred calling, he has consistently upheld the dignity of his office, and as a pastor he has been revered and loved. Between the sessions in the Divinity Hall Course Mr Jeffrey spent some time in Canada under the Rev. Charles Gordon ("Ralph Connor"), the well-known author. We hope to be able to give some account of his experience in the Dominion by and by.

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FALKLAND PARISH CHURCH.—In the last number of the *Magazine* we drew attention to the lamented death of the Rev. A. Lyon Johnston (F.P.), minister of the Parish of Falkland, and to-day we have pleasure in announcing that the congregation has chosen as his successor another Dollar F.P., the Rev. James K. Russell. M.A., B.D. The new minister is son of Mr Russell, schoolmaster, Glendevon. He entered Dollar Institution in session 1896-97, and finished a distinguished school course in 1899-1900. The prize-lists of these sessions bear marked testimony to his diligence and ability. Entering the University of St Andrews in 1900, he continued his meritorious career, doing honour to himself and reflecting credit on his "old School." He took his M.A. degree with first-class honours in Economic Science in April 1904, and his B.D. with distinction in Divinity, Dutch History, Hebrew, and Biblical Criticism in 1907. He was also awarded the Barry Scholarship, which is the highest prize St Andrews gives, the Chancellor's Prize for an essay on "Church and State," and the Classical Medal in Biblical Criticism. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Auchterarder in April 1908, and acted as assistant to the Rev. A. M. M'Lean, B.D., Peebles, until the end of 1910, when he was translated to Hamilton, where he is now assistant to the Rev. E. L. Thompson, D.D.

We cordially congratulate Mr Russell on his appointment to a parish prominent in mediæval Scottish history, and the members of the Falkland congregation on securing a young minister of so much talent and promise.

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IN our last number we referred to the very favourable impression created by the Rev. Andrew Mutch while he was conducting the services in Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, and we have pleasure in now intimating that the outcome of his visit is the presentation to him of a unanimous call from the congregation. Mr Mutch, after serious consideration and consultation with the leaders of the Church at home, has accepted this new responsibility, and we join with his "old School" in wishing him God-speed in his new sphere.

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In the list of those who graduated M.D. at the ceremony held at St Andrews University on the 19th January, we are glad to see the name of Alexander James Hutchison Russell, M.A., M.B., Ch.B., Indian Medical Service. Dr Russell highly distinguished himself as a pupil at the Institution here, and subsequently as a student of St Andrews University. In the Indian Medical Examination he took a high place.

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DR MITCHELL WILSON (F.P.) writes from County Hall, Beverley: "The *Dollar Magazine* is always welcome, and is pleasant to read. 1904-05 must surely have been a record year when the senior class was evidently composed of giants, judging by the long list of high honours gained. In giving the list of these rewards, I should like to have had the names of these Dollar boys. They were not known to those of us who have to look far back in our memory to our Dollar days."

Dr Mitchell Wilson is now County Medical Officer of Health for the East Riding of Yorkshire.

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PROMOTION FOR AN OLD DOLLAR BOY.—Mr Charles Morgan, who has for some years been Assistant Superintendent in the Electrical Department of the Corporation at Newcastle, has just been appointed Superintendent of the Electrical Installation of the Borough of Winchester. We heartily congratulate Mr Morgan on his well-merited promotion.

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MUSIC.—At the Local Centre Examination held in Glasgow last November under the auspices of the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M., Chrissie Robertson and Margaret Simpson, pupils of Miss Olive K. Holmes, L.R.A.M., gained Certificates for Rudiments of Music.

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CHURCH SOCIAL.—A congregational social meeting of the members of the U.F. Church was held in the church on 24th February, the Rev. A. E. Spence presiding over a large gathering of members and friends. After tea in the church hall, the company passed into the church, where a long and enjoyable programme was gone through.

In his introductory remarks the Chairman gave a hearty welcome to all, expressing the great pleasure it gave him to see such a large audience. It was encouraging to him, and was in keeping with the kindness and consideration they had shown him since he came among them. His uppermost feeling

was a feeling of gratitude to God for His goodness to them during the past year. Referring to changes that had occurred in the congregation, he said that while they were losing friends through loved ones passing away and others leaving the district, new friends were coming amongst them to whom they gave a cordial welcome. He had been much gratified by the attendance at the prayer meeting, and he hoped that it would be kept up.

During the evening able addresses were delivered by the Rev. A. N. Sutherland, M'Cheyne Memorial Church, Dundee, the Rev. T. Ratcliffe Barnet—whose delightful book "Fairshiels" we take this opportunity of recommending to our readers—and the Rev. Mr Gwyther, Dollar.

In what might be called the business part of the proceedings a most satisfactory financial report was submitted by the treasurer, Mr Gibson, from which it appeared that there was a credit balance of £100 on the church account. To those who remember that, prior to the union of the East and West congregations, neither was self-supporting, and indeed to all concerned, this statement must be very welcome. We have only to mention that the musical part of the programme was under the direction of the organist, Mr Baillie, to assure our readers of its excellence.

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A MISSIONARY ALPHABET.—On the 18th and 19th January, a novel, highly interesting, and instructive entertainment was given in the U.F. Church Hall by members of the Junior Mission Study Circle, of which Mrs Spence is President. It was entitled "A Missionary Alphabet of the U.F. Church," and was evidently intended to teach the young how widespread the Missions of the Church are. The plan is an excellent one. A representative of each mission field attired in appropriate costume, steps upon the platform, sings some suitable lines and retires. A few names of the mission centres will make it clear: *Ashibo*, *Bhandara*, *Constantinople*, *Duketown*, *Eskimo*, and so on. Passages explaining the scenes are read during the performance. The young people were prepared for their different parts by Miss Webster, and the admirable way in which all acquitted themselves, showed how thorough and painstaking her training had been.

At Christmas time, too, Miss Webster showed her affectionate interest in her class by presenting them at a social meeting with a Christmas tree bearing many good fruits.

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LABOUR UNREST.—At the annual dinner of the Glasgow Shipowners' and Shipbrokers' Benevolent Association, Mr W. H. Raeburn (F.P.), deputy Chairman of the Clyde Trust, presided, and in submitting the toast of the evening, "The Shipping Interests," made the following well-timed remarks regarding the labour unrest: "The unrest of labour throughout the world was the disconcerting feature of the hour. In so far as it indicated the desire to improve the condition of struggling humanity and to raise the character and status of the worker, it was a healthy and encouraging sign, but so much of it partook of class warfare and revolutionary intention that in many cases it was a serious menace not only to trade and commerce, but to the very existence of the State. . . . It was not intended to imply that there were not good

grounds for the dissatisfaction of wage-earners with their present position—the contrary was only too manifest: nor was it intended to deprecate the existence of discontent, without which all improvements would cease; but it could not be too strongly insisted on that the methods which wage-earners in this country now seemed ready to adopt in order to secure compliance with their demands were obviously incompatible with the continued prosperity of the nation of which they were a part, and tended to injure, if not to destroy, the source from which alone any real and lasting improvement in their condition could arise. Notwithstanding all the present discouraging symptoms there was hope that this unrest was only a temporary phase, and that in the long run the typical British character was certain to re-assert itself.”

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WE learn with much pleasure that Mr James Geddes (F.P.), who was trained in the office of Mr Fraser, Inspector of Poor, has been appointed Inspector of Poor and Collector of Rates for the Parish of Bervie.

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PRESENTATIONS.—Miss A. B. Duncan, who for the last three years has, with much acceptance, acted as assistant teacher in the Public School, was recently promoted to a more responsible position at Crosshill, Ayrshire. As a parting gift and a token of the good wishes which she carries with her to her new sphere, she was presented with a handsome gold bangle and brooch subscribed for by the members of the School Board, her fellow-teachers, and the pupils of the School.

The Established Church Choir, of which Miss Duncan was a highly valued member, also testified their esteem and good wishes for her by presenting her with a handsome gold pearl spray brooch. The presentation was made by the choirmaster, Mr M'Gruther.

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ANNUAL HOLIDAYS.—At a recent meeting of the Town Council it was agreed that the first Monday of April and the first Monday of October should be held as statutory holidays in the place of the Fast Days now abolished.

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At a recent meeting of the Parish Council, Mr J. T. Munro, J.P., was re-appointed Chairman for the year.

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SPENCE MEMORIAL.—The Committee appointed to carry out the wishes of the subscribers by erecting a tower and clock in memory of the late Dr Spence, have chosen a site on the east side of the burn to the north of the bridge, and forthwith the work will be proceeded with.

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BURNS CLUB.—The local Burns Club has again been active. As in former years, prizes have been given to pupils for reciting and essay-writing. The winners were: Essays—Agnes Fraser and Peter Dudgeon; Senior reciting—Flora Simpson; Junior reciting.—Jeannie M'Nair, Archie M'Arthur, Sarah and Marjory M'Leod.

The Annual Concert was attended with its wonted success. Dr Butchart

presided, and there was a large and appreciative audience. Mr M'Gruther and his well-trained choir presented a most attractive programme of Scottish part-songs and solos, and altogether the Concert was one of the most enjoyable yet held.

The Club Supper, on the 25th, was not so well attended as in some former years, but, in other respects, it was equal to any that had gone before. Dr Butchart, who presided, gave "The Immortal Memory" in an able and eloquent speech which was frequently applauded and much appreciated.

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GLASGOW F.P.'S DANCE.—The Dance of the Glasgow Former Pupils came off on the 8th of December 1911, and was well attended. Mrs Dougall and Mrs Wardlaw, acting as chaperones, welcomed the company to an evening's enjoyment, which compared favourably with those of former years, and reflected credit on the Committee responsible for the arrangements.

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HOCKEY.—We note with pleasure that Miss Andrews has again been chosen to play in the Scottish team in the forth-coming match, Scotland *versus* Ireland.

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By Change of Address the following subscribers have been lost sight of: R. Crabb, formerly 106 Thirlestane Road, Edinburgh; James Middleton, formerly P.W.D. Abohar, Punjab. Information of present addresses will oblige.

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A SCOTTISH LANDSCAPE PAINTER.—We have read with much pleasure and some disappointment a special appreciative article in the February number of the *Studio* on Mr James Cadenhead, A.R.S.A. (F.P.). The writer, Mr A. Stodart Walker, fitly describes Mr Cadenhead as a "scholarly" artist, a gifted writer on art, a graceful poet, and a fine musician.

Mr Cadenhead is an Aberdonian like Sir George Reid and the brilliant Robert Brough. The son of the Procurator-Fiscal of Aberdeen, he very soon devoted himself to art. "His early education he received in Aberdeen; but he then passed to Edinburgh, and thence to Paris, where he was the first Royal Scottish Academy student to study in that city." Now, it is here that our disappointment comes in, for the writer makes no mention of the fact that Mr Cadenhead spent two years of his early training at the Dollar Academy. We can still remember seeing him often, busy with his pencil by the Dollar Burn and in Castle Campbell rocky sylvan glen; and we feel sure that his love of art was fostered and strengthened here. The educative influences of scenery especially upon taste and through the emotions upon the moral character can scarcely be overestimated, and there is every variety of scenic aspect within easy range of the Academy, and every modification of it under the varying changes of sun and season. These influences may be felt even from the playground; indeed, the scenery that inspires them is partly visible from the class-room windows.

Marriages.

IRWIN—ELLIS.—At Fossoway, Kinross, on 22nd December, by the Rev. A. Murray, M.A., U.F. Church, Torry, Aberdeen, John Thomas, second son of John Irwin, Bovally, Limavaddy, Ireland, to Catherine Campbell (F.P.), elder daughter of David Ellis, the Poplars, Fossoway, Kinross.

M'IVER—TURNER.—At St Paul's, Knightsbridge, recently, Ian M'Iver, R.G.A. (F.P.), to Miss Cecilia Turner, only daughter of Sir Montague and Lady Turner of Bedfords, Havering, Essex.

Obituary.

M'NAIR.—At Upper Mains, Dollar, on the 23rd December 1911, Jane Hodge, wife of Peter M'Nair.

BIRRELL.—At Broomie Knowe Cottage, Dollar, on 29th December 1911, John Birrell, aged 87.

IZAT.—At Elmbank, Dollar, on 30th December 1911, Ronald Campbell, aged 2 years, younger son of the late Captain A. R. Izat, R.G.A., and of Mrs Izat, Elmbank, Dollar.

BARR.—At Euphron Villa, Carluke, on the 31st December, Jessie Anderson, beloved wife of James King Barr, Schoolmaster.

GIBB.—At 44 Howe Street, Edinburgh, on the 12th of January, Margaret Scott M'Minn, widow of William Gibb, Dollar, in her 87th year.

M'LEISH.—At Rosevale, Dollar, on the 20th January, Amelia Gibson, widow of the Rev. John M'Leish, late of Methven, in her 84th year.

HOGG.—At 30 Brook Road, Manchester, on Thursday, 15th February, Hope W. Hogg, Professor of Semitic Languages and Literature in the University of Manchester, eldest son of the late Rev. John Hogg, D.D., Egypt.

CLYDE.—At Edinburgh, on the 17th of February, James Clyde, LL.D., 27 Moray Place, formerly Classical Master in the Edinburgh Academy, aged 91 years.

WILKIE.—At his residence, York Place, Perth, on the 19th of February, Mr David Wilkie, formerly Lessee of Castle Campbell Hotel, Dollar.

FLEMING.—At Russell Place, Dollar, on the 22nd February, Isabella, youngest daughter of the late Charles Fleming, farmer, Glenearn and Orwell.

DAWSON.—At Dollar, on the 27th of February, Leslie Thomas Duff, the beloved eldest child of Alexander Dawson, barrister-at-law, Burma, aged 11 years.

M'DOUGALL.—At Brookvale, Dollar, on the 10th of March, Rev. W. L. M'Dougall, M.A., Emeritus-minister of the Parish Church of Orwell.

BUCHANAN.—At Dunallan Villa, Dollar, on the 10th of March, Thomas Buchanan, J.P., F.E.I.S., aged 97 years, for thirty-five years schoolmaster of Tulliallan.

Letters to the Editor.

NARAYANGANJ,
EASTERN BENGAL, 10th October 1911.

The Editors, "The Dollar Magazine."

DEAR SIRs,

I am going up to Delhi at the end of next month with a detachment representing the Eastern Bengal Volunteer Rifles for the Coronation Durbar of His Majesty the King-Emperor. The crowning of the King of Great Britain in India is an event that has never been known before in the annals of history, and will probably never take place again, for some generations to come at any rate. We will be in camp with an army of about seventy odd thousand troops of all branches of the service, Regulars and volunteers, an experience I would not miss for worlds. The biggest camp I have ever attended hitherto was at Barry with the Dollar Cadets, many moons ago, when we were attached to the Argyll and Sutherland Volunteer Battalions, seven thousand strong.

The powers that be intended concentrating a hundred and fifty thousand troops under canvas at Delhi, but this figure had to be reduced on account of the great drought in the Nor'-West Provinces, which damaged the crops considerably and enhanced the prices of foodstuffs accordingly.

I shall try and send an account of my experiences at the Delhi Durbar to the old *Mag.* on my return to Narayanganj, if you would care about it.—
Yours truly,

PAUL A. SAVI.

THE CHÂLET,
COLCHESTER, 6th January 1912.

DEAR SIRs,—It may interest many of the readers, particularly my late brother's friends, to know that a stained glass window representing St Mary Magdalene has been placed in the apse of the Royal Naval Chapel at Chatham. The window bears the following inscription:—

"Erected by Surgeon Archibald's brother officers to the glory of
God and in memory of Surgeon W. F. Archibald, M.B., R.N."

Wishing your *Magazine* all success.—Yours truly,

R. G. ARCHIBALD,
Captain, R.A.M.C.



A. Drysdale.

A CADET DRILL.

School Notes.

ON the margin of the Football Teams photograph in our last issue it should have been stated that D. Smith (Lancashire) and R. Beattie (Dollar) were absent from the 2nd XV. : also that Ovens and Farish were placed out of their proper positions in the group ; the former is half-back, and the latter one of the forwards.

The second half of the football season started well with a fine victory for the 1st XV. over Glasgow Academy. The game was a very one-sided affair, and Glasgow seldom pressed into the School "25."

Frost intervened in the early part of the year, and caused the games with Glenalmond and Mr Walker's XV. to be put off. The former game was played on 7th March, and the School added another victory to their fine record in the Public Schools Championship. But for that inexplicable breakdown against Watson's College at Edinburgh, the 1st XV. would have been partnering Merchiston at the head of the list.

The defeat at Edinburgh seems even more mysterious after the success against the same team here. The score of 3 points to nil against Watson's College by no means gives a measure of the game. Our 1st XV. were value for a much larger score, and but for the poor finishing on the right wing of the three-quarter line, our score would have been four or five times what it was. Both Glasgow 'Varsity and Edinburgh 'Varsity failed to fulfil their engagements owing to difficulties in getting together a team.

It is a pity that the 'Varsities should be in such a position, and we think it hardly right that they should take on engagements and then break off at the last moment. Possibly they had heard of our 1st XV., and decided to run no risks !

The game against Royal High School was a display game for our fifteen. High School never once looked like scoring. The result is even lower than the value of our play, and R.H.S. have to be very thankful that the goal-kicking was so poor. Never have we seen a game in which the attempts at goal-kicking were so puny and useless. Fox's kick was a splendid one but of the others!! Myers and MacNaught were far too much for the visitors, and completely held sway over the scrum.

The 2nd XV. have been quite successful too, having two wins and one loss to their credit. The loss can easily be accounted for, as Watson's pack far outweighed ours. The victory over Glenalmond was most surprising. Smarting under the narrow defeat at Glenalmond, our 2nd XV. amply revenged themselves. It may have been noticed by others as well as by us that, when the 2nd go out for points they get them, and in large quantities. 51 points to nil, no wonder there were smiling faces both on the line and on the field, what a reversal of affairs ! Robertson in the three-quarter line came out splendidly, and the whole team worked like one man under the experienced guidance of Kinloch.

The 3rd XV. have only played two games with a win and a loss. Against

Stirling they played quite good football—Roussac, M'Kenzie, Radford, and Lammie starring.

For the continued success of the teams great thanks are due to the never-failing former pupil, Colin M'Master. His coaching has done wonders with a team which at the beginning of the season was raw. By precept and example the team have been brought to a high pitch of play. Not only to this coaching, however, but also to the exhortations and encouragement of an ideal captain, Heyworth, is much of the success due.

The whole team have worked willingly, and have been responsive to suggestion and instruction. The moral can be left to itself. We only hope that it may sink well into the minds of the younger players and so ensure another record-breaking team next year. Let us not have a falling away through the early leaving of boys who can easily stay on at school and who are as yet unripe for leaving. Not only will they benefit themselves by fitting themselves for their work in life, but they also will bring credit to their School; and all true-hearted schoolboys have that desire in their hearts. To those masters who have sacrificed much of their spare time in refereeing and in superintending the place-kicking much thanks are also due.

To Mr Masterton it is almost impossible to pay too high a compliment. His services as Treasurer are more of the unseen and unheard-of kind. Although he may not figure often on the line he still figures in the books, and but for his watchful guidance the Club might be very badly off. We can only once more say that the whole Club are deeply indebted to him for all the care and trouble he takes for it.

Another we must not forget is Mr M'Geachen—his work in connection with the Pavilion is also of much benefit, and one has only to think of the little jobs like mending and patching the burst balls, getting the water and rooms heated, to recognise that he also deserves much thanks.

* * * * *

The following anonymous contribution has been handed in to us. The nature of the references to the technicalities of the game, as well as certain peculiarities in the handwriting of the MS., makes us suspect that the writer might be found among the young ladies of Senior II., and we publish the lines in the belief that a girl's criticisms of a football team may have the merit of originality.

“Out from the door of the Rugby pavilion
Steps forth the team that is one in a million !
First comes the Captain, our hope and our pride,
Leading to victory Dollar's fine side ;
Next comes MacNaught, with his comrade in fray,
Myers, two halves skilled in all points of play ;
Then the three-quarters, a joy to behold—
Long Alf looking anxious, and Collie so bold ;
And talk of converting, why ! Colven's a king
At kicking a goal from centre or wing.
And as for the forwards, I've only to tell
That the Captain is one, and you'll know they do well ;
At rushing a scrum, or turning a screw,
Or following up, they know just what to do.

Now I've mentioned them all from the halves to the pack,
And last, but not least, I arrive at the back
He measures six feet from his crown to his toe,
And is justly renowned for stopping the foe.
In the annals of Dollar, I venture to write,
That this was a team never equalled in might."

We now look forward to the Sports, and expect some very startling events. Who will be the winner of the Edina? Hunter? Myers? Collie? or someone from a host of others? Who are the dark horses? Time will disclose all these. As far as we can judge, the Sports of this year will bid well to excel any previous Sports.

The cricket fixture list promises some interesting games for this season. Glensalmond appear once more after a lapse of two years, and Glasgow Academy also make an appearance for the first time since we remember.

A cricketing tour is being considered for May, and we hope to hear of it being arranged.

The House bat has gone, and now the Quints will take the field against one another. All that is required is a suitable trophy to be played for—we wonder if there is not some one, who is interested in the cricket, to come forward and make the presentation.

We have been given a report on the Hockey matches for this half-season. Would that it had been better! Unfortunately the team has weakened, and so has suffered.

We pointed out some deficiencies once before, but as no notice seems to have been taken of our warnings, let us repeat them.

Hockey is not an individual game, as some of our players think. Only by a strong combination and a good knowledge on the part of everyone of her place in the field can the team ever hope to be successful. Goal-getting wins matches, and goals are to be got by combined play and not by hap-hazard rushes and wild passes.

Our team suffer from want of proper practice games, and we would suggest the inclusion of a few of the younger masters in these games. Never since that practice has been virtually abandoned, have the teams been really good and steady. Luck has had more than her fair share in the wins, but bad combination and ignorance of the game has accounted for the losses.

The Falkirk game was played on a cinder pitch where the ball disappeared at times, so that we can hardly look upon that loss as a heavy one.

At Edinburgh against George Watson's Girls' College Team our team were poor forward, and only the untiring energy of the back division kept down the score.

During the early part of the term we had a fine spell of frosty weather, and for once the playing fields looked bare and desolate, whilst the pond rang loud with the noise of skaters.

A carnival was held under the magic light of the full moon, and turned out a most successful evening.

Much difficulty was experienced in the flooding of the pond, but thanks to the efforts of Mr Masterton quite a large surface was available for the skaters.

Owing to the keen interest in football and the continual practices the Boys' Literary Society has little to report. A Hat Night with its attendant incongruities, and a Magazine Night of doubtful success, alone stand as this term's work.

A most successful and enjoyable lecture to the joint societies was delivered by Dr Miller in the Physical Laboratory. Dr Miller took as his subject "Sound," and by means of a well selected and devised series of experiments he carried his audience through many of the interesting phenomena of his subject. The societies are much indebted to Dr Miller for the time and labour spent in fitting up the delightful experiments, and to Mr M'Gruther for his technical aid in the making of many of the pieces of apparatus used. The lecture must have imbued many with a desire to know more about such an absorbing and interesting branch of science, and we hope that Dr Miller will see his way clear to deliver another lecture upon some other branch of science, say Light, a subject he has made his own and in which he has done some splendid original work in the higher branches.

We welcome Miss Kent, who has succeeded Miss Andrews as Physical Instructress. Miss Kent and Miss Andrews were fellow-students at Bedford, so that we may expect former traditions of good work to be maintained.

In connection with the geography class Mr Wilson gave a lantern lecture on Delhi, Agra, and the Upper Ganges Valley on Saturday, the 24th February. The slides are on loan from the St Andrews Provincial Committee, and are excellent examples of photographic art. The lecture was well attended, and we feel sure those present benefited by what they saw and heard.

We would like very much if some means could be devised for entertaining the pupils during the long evenings of the winter Saturdays, and point to Mr Wilson's venture as proving that such meetings would be well attended and worthy of the educational object of the lecturers.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL.—In the Athenæum Hall, on 18th December, the pupils of this school gave a Christmas entertainment, consisting of musical exercises followed by the children's play "Fairy Gifts," which they acted to the great delight of the large audience, and also, it was apparent, of themselves. Miss Dorothy Thomson made a dainty fairy queen, and both "in roundel and fairy song," and in the due performance of all offices, she was well seconded by her attendant elves and fairies. The mortals too, whose ill-judged choice of the boons offered by the fairies left them the better only by the lesson, did their parts in a zestful and intelligent manner that spoke volumes for the training of the Misses Norrie and Crawford. In accordance with the wishes of the performers and the spirit of the play, the surplus proceeds were devoted to the benefit of the poor children of the parish. Thanks are also due to Miss H. Norrie and Master Douglas Hutton.



A. Drysdale.

HOCKEY GROUP.
FIRST XI IN MIDDLE ROW.

PRESENTATION TO MISS ANDREWS.—On the occasion of her leaving the Institution for an appointment in the south of England, Miss Andrews, who had for the four past sessions been teacher of gymnastics to the girls, was presented by her pupils with a handsome dressing case. The presentation took place in Miss Bremner's room. Miss Lizzie W. Cursiter, in handing over the gift, said: "Girls, I am sure that you all agree with me in saying how sorry we are that Miss Andrews is leaving us. She has always been a great favourite both with teachers and pupils, and we shall miss having her amongst us. Those who are members of the Athletic Club have, perhaps, known Miss Andrews better than the others, and I do not doubt that they owe most of their victories to her. One word from our much respected and loved games-mistress has always been sufficient to spur us on. I have no hesitation in saying that we all wish you, Miss Andrews, every success and happiness in your new sphere, and we shall always have very happy memories of the time you spent amongst us. I have been requested to ask you to accept this small token of the esteem and regard you have been held in by all present, and we hope that it will prove useful."

Miss Andrews, in returning thanks for the much-prized gift, spoke of the mutual goodwill that had always existed between her pupils and herself, adding that she would carry with her many happy memories of the years she had spent in Dollar.

STAFF DANCE.—On the invitation of Mr and Mrs Dougall a large company, numbering about 180, comprising the teaching staff, senior pupils, and friends, assembled in the School Gymnasium on Friday evening, 15th December 1911, for an "At Home" and dance which were greatly enjoyed. The Gymnasium looked unwontedly bright, the windows being tastefully decorated. Refreshments were provided in the dressing-rooms at tables artistically adorned with beautiful plants and flowers. The host and hostess warmly welcomed their guests, and personally devoted themselves to securing their comfort and enjoyment: while the evident delight with which old and young entered into the sprightly dance and merriment showed how highly their hospitality and kindness were appreciated.

The Athletic Club Concert, held on 16th February, was in every respect one of the most successful on record. The young ladies of the Institution presented a play entitled "Cranford at Home," with the following cast:—

The Hon. Mrs Jamieson -	-	-	-	Miss C. Paterson.
Mrs Forrester -	-	-	-	Miss J. Walker.
Miss Matilda Jenkyns -	-	-	-	Miss E. E. Dougall.
Miss Pole -	-	-	-	Miss M. Stark.
Miss Mary Smith -	-	-	-	Miss L. W. Cursiter.
Miss Betsy Barker -	-	-	-	Miss M. Christie.
Martha -	-	-	-	Miss A. Hunter.
Peggy -	-	-	-	Miss M. H. Simpson.
Betty -	-	-	-	Miss M. Stewart.

The girls, dressed in gowns of the period of their grandmothers, presented a dainty spectacle, and all performed their parts so well that we would not venture to comment on individual excellence. This is, we think, a new form

of entertainment at Athletic Club concerts. We hope it may be continued. Mr R. Hutton Malcolm sustained the greater part of the second half of the programme, but he was ably supported by Mr Craig's Glee Party, a Chorus of School Boys, and a company of Pierrots whose sketches gave great delight to the large audience. At the close, Heyworth, Captain of the Athletic Club, ably proposed votes of thanks to all who had helped to make the entertainment a success both financially and artistically.

GIRLS' LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

This flourishing Society still goes merrily on its way. The musical evening to which we referred in our last issue was a great success, and gave the first hint of that remarkable histrionic talent, which has since achieved so notable a success at the Athletic Club Concert. Mr Whittaker's lecture on "Nelson," illustrated by a series of interesting slides, drew a large attendance, and was greatly enjoyed by all present. A new departure was made on 26th January, when two of the junior members, Misses Bonnar and Wilson, contributed short papers on "Grace Darling" and "Francis Drake" respectively. Miss Dougall's paper on 9th February dealt with the "Modern Magazine," and gave a very able account of a large and complicated matter. The great feature, however, has been the *Magazine*, to which most of the members have contributed something, and of which they have good reason to be proud. It contains a very varied assortment of articles—verse and prose, grave and gay, serious and satirical. By the courtesy of the Committee we are enabled to reproduce here two of these articles. The *Magazine* has been bound, and is now in circulation among the members.

Our most interesting session's work closes on 22nd March with a *Conversazione*.

Below we give a list of the results of the various games played by the football and the hockey teams since our last issue.

1ST XV.

2ND XV.

Opponents.	Points.		Result	Opponents.	Points.		Result
	For	Agt.			For	Agt.	
Glasgow Academy - -	36	0	win	Glasgow Academy - -	15	3	win
Watson's College - -	3	0	win	Watson's College - -	3	13	loss
Royal High School - -	37	0	win	Glenalmond - -	51	0	win
Edinburgh University "A" -	off	Morrison's Academy -	off
Glenalmond - -	27	0	win	Stewart's College - -	off
Glasgow High School - -	70	3	win	Glasgow High School -	8	8	draw
Edinburgh Varsity "A" -	3	19	loss				

3RD XV.

GIRLS' HOCKEY XI.

Opponents.	Points.		Result	Opponents.	Goals.		Result
	For	Agt.			For	Agt.	
Glasgow Academy - -	0	8	loss	Garnethill - -	3	1	win
Stirling High School - -	19	0	win	George Watson's - -	1	4	loss
Watson's College - -	off	Falkirk - -	0	3	loss

From the "Girls' Magazine."

I.

A MEETING OF THE DOLLAR ACADEMY GIRLS' LITERARY SOCIETY.

A COMPANY of merry maids,
With eyes of many different shades ;
Hair, straight or curly, dark or fair ;
But all with voices, sweet and low,
And laughing lips and cheeks aglow—
'Tis Friday night, so banish care.

Now, all the seats together shove,
And each get next the one you love ;
Recount the clever things you'll say,
When summoned by the mighty "Chair"
To air your views. What though the scare
Drives all those clever things away !

The minutes read, and passed *nem. com.*,
The chairman says, "I call upon
Miss X to prove that Parliament
Must grant the vote to women now."
She speaks ! And straightway all avow
None can refute her argument.

But rising slowly from her seat,
Miss A, a maiden shy and sweet,
Relates in gentle tones, how man
Had been the slave of womankind
As long as folk could call to mind ;
And that, she thinks, was Nature's plan.

The hubbub raised, each after each,
Stands up her own pet views to preach,
Till sick of argument, the "Chair"
Calls for a vote, and lifted hands
Assert the issue each demands ;
But what they settled, who will care ?

Th' arguing o'er, and thanks bestowed,
The maidens take them to the road,
Forgetting all their mimic strife ;
And only glad that Saturday
Will bring not work, but joyous play ;
Let votes go hang ! For such is life !

E. E. D.

II.

SPRING.

“ Which of the seasons of the year is fairest ?
That when the spring first blushes into bloom.”

So sings an early Victorian poetess, and so now, when all Nature is awaking from her long winter sleep, we sing with her.

Each of the four seasons has its own charm and beauty, and each in turn is considered “ fairest ” by many.

To some the long sunny days of Summer are happiest of all, when the earth is clad in her gay garment of flowers—when the happy song of birds, the drowsy hum of insects, is everywhere.

To soberer minds, to those perhaps further advanced in life, staid, mellow Autumn appeals, the age of maturity, when, on tree and mountain side the rich, green tints of Summer give way to the varied browns of Autumn, and grain and fruits are ripe.

Yet again old Winter with his frost and snow, and the pleasures they bring ; with the joys of Christmas-time, and the long, social evenings spent round the blazing Yule log, is beloved by many.

But to the young, at least, surely Spring is *the* season of the year—the youthful season, so buoyant, so full of life and promise, so fresh and delightful after the dark, dreary days of Winter. The trees still appear bare and lifeless, but examine them more closely—Spring has waved her magic wand over them. The branches are covered with countless little buds, only waiting for the warm rays of the returning sun to burst into leaf. Very soon the trees will be resplendent in the delicate green tints of early Springtime.

Already in the garden the brave little snowdrop has been gladdening the eye : daffodils and crocuses are venturing above ground ; and soon will come the primrose, the sweet, modest violet, and all the other Spring flowers, surely as lovely in their way as the beautiful gaudy ones of Summer.

On a bright sunny morning, too, one can hear the birds twittering to each other in the branches, and all the children of nature, flowers, birds, bees, and the soft balmy air itself, seem to say, “ Rejoice, for Spring is come.”

“ Spring is coming, birds are singing
O'er the joyous earth :
Spring is coming, earth is ringing
Loud with sounds of mirth.

Bright with dew, O fairy maiden
Poised on zephyr-wing,
Hasten now, all flower beladen,
Verdant, happy Spring !

Hasten, hasten, banish sadness !
Scatter o'er the land
Hope renewed and life and gladness
From thy bounteous hand.”

M. C.

The Greater Dollar Directory.

FORTY-FIRST LIST.

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

- ALLAN, P. M'LEOD, Box 276, Del Norte, Col., U.S.A.
 BARTHOLOMEW, WALTER and MELDRUM, 334 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, Canada.
 BENET, Judge W. C., Cashiers, North Carolina, U.S.A.
 BERESFORD, RICH'D. G., Union Bank of Canada, Buchanan, Sask., Canada.
 BONTHRONE, ALEX., Bellevue, Auchtermuchty.
 BROWN, JOHN E. SCOTT, c/o Smith & Williamson, C.A., 142 St Vincent Street, Glasgow.
 GORDON, GILBERT, Wellesley House, East Wemyss, Fife.
 HAY, H. S., Clayton House, Clayton, near Bradford, Yorks.
 HETHERINGTON, HECTOR J., M.A., Glenview, Tillicoultry.
 HEYWORTH, J. LAWRENCE, 16 Chatsworth Road, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.
 LEGGE, T. M., Nine Elms, 45 Hampstead Way, Hendon, London, N.W.
 LYON, THOS. A., Stationmaster, Shandon, Dumbartonshire.
 MATHEWSON, ROBT. B. W., 9 Clarendon Terrace, Dundee.
 MELDRUM, ROBT. B., Townhead House, Brechin.
 MIDDLETON, Rev. A. STANLEY, West Manse, Cambuslang, Lanarkshire.
 MIDDLETON, JAS., Braehead House, Kilmarnock.
 OSWALD, D. P., Pacific Hardware Co., 1411 Hewitt Avenue, Everett, Wash., U.S.A.
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 ROSE, Mrs (Caroline Dalziel), U.F. Manse, Drumlithie.
 RUSSELL, G. A., Glen Douglas, Jedburgh.
 SIMPSON, DUNDAS, Blackmore End, Kimpton, near Welwyn, Herts.
 STRUTHERS, THOS., P.O. Box 10, Hawera, Taranaki, N.Z.
 STUART, CHAS. M., c/o Mrs Robertson, 402 Byars Road, Glasgow.
 WALKER, GERALD and DOUGLAS, Highgarth, Mirfield, Yorks.
 WALKER, JAS. ALEX., Canadian Bank of Commerce, North Battleford, Sask., Canada.
 WOOD, DOUGLAS, St Kierans, Grangemouth.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

- ARMITAGE, Miss J., All Saints' Nursery College, Harrogate.
 FERGUSSON, Mrs A. W. (Nettie Mair), The Manse, Dundee.
 FORSTER, JOHN B., Hudson's Bay Co., Green Lake, *via* Big River, Sask., Canada.
 HARVEY, R. B., Gouravilla, Norwood, Ceylon.
 HOLMES, W. K., c/o Mrs Penman, 10 Napiershall Street, Glasgow, W.

- HOSACK, WM. R., National Bank, Comet, P.O. Box 78, East Rand, Transvaal.
 JACK, Mrs (Louise Steinitz), Shieldaig, Hermitage Drive, Edinburgh.
 JAMIESON, Mrs and KITTY, 15 Falkland Mansions, Glasgow.
 JOHNSTON, Col. H. H., A.M.S., Bomb House, Gibraltar.
 KENNEDY, Miss, 10 Merchiston Gardens, Edinburgh.
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