THE LATE PROFESSOR HOPE W. HOGG.

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Professor Hope Waddell Hogg,

M.A., B.D. (Edin.), B.Litt. (Oxon.).

IN fulfilment of our promise made in our last number, we now present our readers with a portrait of the late Professor Hope Waddell Hogg, and we feel sure that the speaking likeness will be treasured by many who were his class-fellows as well as by his teachers and friends.

Professor Hogg was born at Cairo on 19th August 1863; he died from pneumonia, after a short illness, on 15th February 1912. His father, the late Dr John Hogg, was Principal of the American College at Assiout, Egypt, and as a consequence of his surroundings, the son may be said to have been speaking Arabic from childhood. On the Oriental side of literature he was one of a small number of specialists in England, and it has been said by those qualified to express an opinion that it was a question whether anybody in this country, with perhaps one exception, could fill a similar place in the knowledge of Arabic.

Coming to Scotland at the age of thirteen years, Hope Waddell Hogg became a pupil of Dollar Academy, where he distinguished himself in all his classes, and gained the esteem of his teachers and fellow-pupils, who speedily recognised his intellectual ability. Ample evidence of this is afforded by the prize-lists of the period in which his name frequently occurs. His School course he finished in 1876, carrying off the medals for Classics, Mathematics, and Botany, together with the Milne medal, the blue ribbon of the boys' side of the School. The record of his schoolboy life, rich in actual achievement as well as in promise for the future, would be incomplete if a word were not added of the part he took in the recreations which form no unimportant feature of a schoolboy's career. His amusements were for the most part of an intellectual character, intended to satisfy a desire for knowledge beyond the mere routine of school work. Ever a lover of excursions, he had many

a long walk through the charming scenery of the Devon valley and the glens of the Ochils, and by every gateway of sense he took in the sweetest influences of Nature, "whose infinite variety time cannot stale." In this way he gained for his mind that diversity of element which is as essential for its proper nurture as various kinds of food are for that of the body. He was not, however, a stranger to more active sports, for he on occasions wielded a good bat at cricket, and could hold his own in the football field.

Entering the University of Edinburgh in October 1881, he took the seventh place in the open bursary competition, gaining a bursary of £20 a year for three years. During his course he gained honours in Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Logic—honours which may be ascribed to his own talent, and the careful preparation which he had received at his old School.

After completing his course at the University of Edinburgh, Mr Hogg became a Professor in the American College at Assiout, Egypt, where he had opportunities of extending his already wide experience of Semitic languages, and to his knowledge of Arabic as a vernacular he added scientific study of it in its classical form and of its ancient literature. He returned from the East in 1894, and took up his residence at Oxford, as a contributor to the "Encyclopædia Biblica," edited by Professor Cheyne and Dr J. Sutherland Black. In the following year, he joined the editorial staff, aided largely in the editing of the work, and in the checking of references "for which he was qualified both by his learning and his remarkable gift of organisation. Alike in lower, in higher, and in historical criticism, his contributions were those of a master, marked by sanity of judgment, by scientific caution and impartiality. Their quality," adds Professor Peake, from whom we are quoting, "only adds a keener edge to our regret that he was not spared to give us far more abundantly the ripe fruits of his skilled and penetrating research."

About eleven years ago Mr Hogg became Professor of Semitic Languages and Literature in the University of Manchester; and no man, we feel sure, ever entered the service of the University with a more ardent zeal, or with a deeper sense of duty. To this he devoted, during the whole remainder of his life, his time, his talents, and his strength; for this he was ready to make any sacrifice. He instilled into his students the same eager desire for knowledge that had always characterised himself, and his classes in Hebrew, in Arabic, in Assyrian, and in Oriental History shed a lustre upon the academic teaching, not easily matched elsewhere. Over and above his services to his students, he was enabled during the last year or two to set afoot a genuine and practical work for the co-ordinating and furthering of every branch of study and research connected with the East by creating Manchester Oriental Society, of which he was the first President. In the Journal of this Society, Professor Peake pays the following tribute to the memory of his deceased colleague: "His humility and freedom from self-assertion, and the fact that his line of study was more remote from common interest than many others, combined to bring reputation to him slowly outside the narrow circle of specialists. It was with real joy that I watched the growing realisation of his eminence, and looked forward to the time when he should have vindicated to the world the estimate his friends had formed of him. Had his

life not been prematurely shortened, he would have added much to our knowledge. His loss alike to the University of Manchester, and to scientific research is irreparable.

"And the man was wholly worthy of the scholar. I speak of him after a close friendship of seventeen years, and the more testing experience of intimate association as his colleague in a common task. His modesty and gentleness were in his case no mark of weakness; he was inflexible in obedience to his conscience at whatever cost to himself. He was inspired by the highest ideals, and he undertook the drudgery with the same fidelity as the more congenial portions of his task. He was nobly free from all pettiness of feeling, from self-seeking and self-advertisement, from unworthy ambition. And in the more tender and sacred relations of life he exhibited in ampler measure the same sweetness and gentleness which endeared him to his friends.

"He has been taken from us, but his work abides, and his memory remains for us to cherish, his ideals to be fulfilled. We shall not soon forget him, his range and depth of learning, his wide sympathies, the comprehensive sweep of his plans, the self-renouncing zeal which he devoted to their execution. His example will stimulate, his enthusiasm inspire us, as with heavy heart we carry on, as best we may, the task which death has taken from the hands so perfectly fitted to accomplish it."

Professor Hogg cherished warm remembrances of his old School, and, in 1909, he revisited and dwelt with loving fondness on the scenes of his boyish studies which had contributed so largely to his success. We were able to show him that we had followed with interest his distinguished career, which we then little imagined was so near its close. We looked forward to future meetings which were not to be, and now that we have to audit the past with no expectation of any future account we sorrowfully pay to his memory this little tribute of affectionate appreciation of his worth and of his scholarship. His name will ever be remembered as one among the many which adorn the annals of, and add lustre to the Dollar Academy.

"All are not taken! There are left behind
Living beloveds,—tender looks to bring
And make the daylight still a blessed thing,
And tender voices to make soft the wind."

To those mourning ones, Mrs Hogg and her daughters, the heartfelt sympathy of many friends goes out.

Through the Plains of Ararat.

By Miss Christie of Cowden.

IN RUSSIAN ARMENIA.

(*Continued.*)

From Tiflis a line goes south as far as Julfa, thus closely touching the Persian frontier, but the rate of travelling is slow, the average speed being barely twelve miles an hour! and by it I had to travel in order to reach Erivan, the station for Etchmiadzin. There are no first class carriages, only second, third, and fourth, these last merely covered trucks. After a tolerable night's rest, I woke at seven, and, looking out of the carriage window on a bright clear morning I saw what I felt sure must be Mount Ararat rising out of the far-reaching plain: truly a magnificent twin mountain, one snowy crest rising a thousand feet higher than Mont Blanc, and lower down on its slope is seen the peak of Little Ararat as it is called. The railway passes through miles of arid soda-sprinkled plains on which browse flocks of brown and black sheep tended by wild-looking herdsmen, each armed with a formidable looking staff, and guarded by sheep dogs of a large white breed.

Erivan, a town of thirty thousand inhabitants, has been in the hands of the Russians since 1829. It is the seat of a governor, and is beautifully situated among orchards surrounded by mountains, of which Alapaeg and Ararat are the chief. The high rocky cliffs of the river Sanga must have added much to its strength in ancient times when it belonged to Persia, and was the capital of the province of Aran, celebrated for its silk. The old buildings have been sadly battered about, and suffered not alone from wars but even more from earthquakes, and it is sad to see the Sardar Palace of the Persians, built in the sixteenth century, tumbling to pieces and no effort made to save its glorious turquoise tiles, while the painted wall decoration is hacked with names.

Etchmiadzin is distant about fifteen miles along a good and safe road, but as a matter of courtesy the Governor of Erivan insisted on providing me with an escort—three well-mounted soldiers, one galloped in front, and the others trotted on each side of the carriage. This caused no little stir among the natives as we bowled along; old men, accustomed to the older mode of homage, rose as we approached, others saluted, and the younger ones bowed. At Etchmiadzin the Governor, in full uniform, was waiting, ready to step into his carriage, and thus joined our cavalcade, which drew up at the outer gate of the monastery. Formerly walls and towers completely surrounded the establishment, but these have been partially removed for purposes of the extension of college buildings. Passing through the gateway on foot, and along cloister-like paths, the Governor and I mounted a short flight of steps and were shown into the reception-room by a man-servant in blue and black attire; a long and rather bare room, where we were joined first of all by the Secretary of the Patriarch, and then by an Archimandrite—a tall, fine-looking

man who had been for a short time at Oxford, and spoke both French and German. His special charge is the library, which is famed throughout the world for its large and valuable collection of early Gospel MSS. One, a Gospel of the tenth century written on parchment, is a specially beautiful specimen of writing illumination.

The original seat of the Armenian Catholicos was at Artaxata, the residence of the kings of Armenia. At the end of the fourth century or commencement of the fifth, it was moved to Etchmiadzin, until the tenth century, when successively the Catholicos resided at Dvin, Ani, and even at Sis in Cilicia. Finally, however, in 1441 Etchmiadzin was definitely fixed on, from which date it has been the centre of religious power in Armenia. The monastery where the Catholicos lives consists of vast buildings and landed possessions: schools, library, museum, treasury, and in the centre of the walled-in square stands the church which was founded, according to the legend of St Gregory, in 303. Added to at different times, it still preserves the simple architectural lines so characteristic of the Armenian churches. A Scotsman, Sir John Macdonald, lies buried near the entrance porch, and a marble monument was erected by the East India Company over his grave testifying to the services he had rendered to Persia in 1835. The contents of the treasury baffle description: jewelled gifts are there of all kinds and of all ages from persons and places to the head of their Church, some in the form of vestments embellished with the finest work the centuries could produce, others as mitres enriched with masses of pearls and precious stones, and pastoral staves in gold, silver, jade, ivory, all more or less jewelled.

The Catholicos having sent for me, I entered a long bare room and saw a nice mild-looking old man with a long white beard seated behind a writing-table, and at his back was hung a hideous, coarsely-sewn canvas picture of what might be Diana seated among the ruins of her temple at Ephesus with a pained and distraught expression. On the walls were hung oil paintings of his predecessors in office. He had a dignified appearance, which was enhanced by the long black robes and mitre-shaped black head-gear with its diamond cross of single stones in front, this last the only distinctive badge of his office. He received me very kindly, and as he only understood Armenian the Archimandrite, who spoke German, acted as interpreter. He requested me to be seated after shaking hands, and expressed the pleasure it gave him to see me, and asked about my travels. I then said that I was much interested in the Armenian Church, and that I had been several times to Rome, but had never gone to see the Pope, which pleased and diverted him, as he laughed heartily. He had been exiled under the reign of Abdul Hamid, and had only comparatively lately been elected to fill his important position, so I expressed the pleasure it gave me to see him at Etchmiadzin, and how much this had rejoiced his friends at Constantinople. He mentioned the interest he felt in Protestant Churches, and spoke of the Protestant friends he had met in Jerusalem, when exiled. Topics of conversation were getting somewhat exhausted, so I then rose and he took my hand in both his, and in a beatific manner, he wished me a successful journey, and a safe return to my own country. A few months later, two lines of a telegraphic despatch in the *Scotsman* told me that he had suddenly finished his life's journey.

After this interview hospitality was offered in the shape of coffee and biscuits, and we then resumed the sights. A new residential college is being built with accommodation for three hundred students; a well has been dug, and the water is pumped by means of electricity into a large tank; round it are trees and shaded walks, and the reflection of Ararat is seen on the calm surface of the water. Part of the church dates from the sixth century, added to at different times. The porch is of the fifteenth century, with traces of Persian influence in the design, and inside are the tombs of various patriarchs. The church is built in the form of a Greek cross, with a centre dome, underneath which is a pillared altar, only one being installed in the Armenian Church. The church was hung with old printed Indian hangings from Madras, and the altar front is of painted marble. The dome has originally been frescoed, but is now much damaged from the effects of damp.

By 2 P.M. a suggestion was made for luncheon, and a round table was set for six, spread with every dainty, including bottles of the monastery red and white wines and brandy. The last is a speciality of the neighbourhood of Erivan. We began with *hors d'œuvres*, and were waited on by two serving men in black and blue attire. One gave each of us a piece of "standard" bread, also a bit of Persian, which is like a very thick chupattie. The *hors d'œuvres* were pickled mushrooms, fish, sardines, ewe-milk cheese, &c., this was followed by a stew of beef, vegetables, and mushrooms, next came eggs, and what looked like sour-kraut in such stringy lengths that I nearly choked. A fruit compôte finished the feast, after many drinking of healths and polite speeches, and then an excursion was proposed to the ruins of the ancient capital, Valarsapat. The ruins of a sixth century Byzantine church show what an imposing building it had been: on the columns are four stone carved eagles much resembling those in St Sofia in Constantinople, and another carving shows the prophetic emblem of a double-headed eagle. The Persians destroyed the town, and then an earthquake finished the desolation. Only a very small part has been excavated, and one wonders what buried treasures lie beneath the many surrounding acres of vineyards. The vines are grown low as they have to be buried during winter to protect them from frost, but the soil is rich, and the volcanic earth is specially suitable for vine culture. I never saw a sign of an olive tree, so I fear Noah's dove must have mistaken a willow leaf for one.

As I returned to Erivan after such an interesting visit, I could not but feel grateful to the Russians for having made an excellent road to render such a visit possible; and I think in other ways they are doing their best for the country, but difficult and necessarily slow work it must be where so many nationalities, creeds, and languages have to be encountered. In the Caucasus alone there are some thirty different tribes and dialects, and this does not include the large number who come from adjoining countries. In Erivan one may see Persians, Greeks, Turks, Armenians, Servians, Syrians, Kurds, and Georgians, so after all perhaps there is some advantage in having an island home!

Verses.

Supposed to be spoken by a pupil of the Dollar Institution, at a Meeting of teachers, pupils, and friends, held in commemoration of the founder's birthday.

LET others sound the trump of fame
In honour of the hero's name
  Who conquers in the field:
I sing of one whose mem'ry lives
In hearts and homes where learning gives
  Delight war cannot yield.

I would not sing of death's alarms
Or glory gain'd by force of arms
  Upon the battle plain;
While themes of moral beauty lie
Around my pathway, near my eye,
  Appealing, but in vain.

To thee, Macnab, is justly due,
A tribute, honest, heartfelt, true,
  From those assembled here:
This noble Institution rose
From thy munificence, and shows
  We rightly thee revere.

'Tis true, thou didst not take thy stand
Amongst the great ones of the land
  Who boast their pedigree:
Thy life was one of useful toil,
Partly with those who till the soil
  And partly on the sea.

Thus didst thou learn to sympathise
With those who wish and strive to rise
  Above the dark domain
Where ignorance and vice abound,
To realms where light divine is found,
  And peace and order reign.

Long may this Institution stand,
To ornament and bless the land
  That gave its Founder birth;
And may its benefits go forth
To east, and west, and south, and north,
  Till knowledge fills the earth

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

BY MRS HINTON STEWART.

(*Continued.*)

THE character of Prince Henry corresponds to a striking degree with that of Troilus. For the sake of clearness we will take singly the points of this character as epitomised by Ulysses:—

"A true knight,
Not yet mature but matchless."

Prince Henry was only nineteen when he died and at this time a few years younger, yet "he had already by the excellence of his disposition excited high expectations among great numbers of all ranks." "His courage and fearlessness," says Birch, "showed themselves from his earliest years. His person was strong and erect, his limbs well made, his gait and port majestic, his look grave." His chief delight lay in arms and horses. A true knight indeed! Ulysses goes on:—

"Firm of word,
Speaking in deeds, but deedless in his tongue."

Prince Henry himself declared that he had the most unserviceable tongue in the world. Bacon writes that he was slow, even hesitating, in speech, "but it was full to the purpose and expressive of no common genius."

Ulysses' next comment is:—

"His heart and hand both open and both free,
For what he has, he gives, yet gives he not
Till judgment guide his bounty."

Of Prince Henry Birch says, "His economy did not restrain him from being liberal where merit or distress called for it; but he was never known to give, or even to promise anything but upon mature deliberation." Ulysses again proceeds:—

"Manly as Hector, but more dangerous,
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects; but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative [*sic*] than jealous love."

This (although under the name of Hector) might be a comparison between Prince Henry and his father; for King James was subject to strange and unexpected fits of mercy, whereas Henry was already "feared by those who had the management of affairs," and "his virtues had already stricken fear into the hearts of his enemies."

One more virtue in Troilus. He never

"Dignifies an impure thought with breath" (iv. 5).

Prince Henry was not only a chaste and pure man in life and word but he even forbade profane language in his palaces and levied a fine for each oath, the proceeds being given to the poor.

If we turn to Troilus' own account of himself we find the same consonance:—

> "I cannot sing, nor heel the high lavolt,
> Nor sweeten talk, nor play at subtle games" (iv. 4).

It was exactly the same with Prince Henry, but in his case, as no doubt Shakespeare meant it to be with Troilus also, the inability was not the result of incapacity but of dignity and reserve. Henry had studied music among other arts, but he was no performer. He was "a perfect master of dancing, but never practised it except when strongly pressed to it"; and we may be sure that no amount of pressing would induce him to join in the high-stepping lavolta and galliard in which Sir Andrew Aguecheek and others of his kind excelled.

"He seldom played at games," we are told, "and then only with those older than himself"; and further, he was "of singular integrity and hated flattery and dissimulation," those arts which are wont to sweeten talk.

It is surely more than a coincidence that these points should be specially mentioned by Prince Henry's biographers and reflected in Troilus, and that the real and the fictitious princes should resemble each other in their immaturity, their love of chivalry, their few words but excellent deeds, their liberality tempered with judgment, their fear-inspiring sternness, their purity of language, and their abstention from singing, dancing, games, and flattery.

The prince's rival in love must necessarily represent Robert Carr, Earl of Rochester and afterwards of Somerset, but at this time only Sir Robert Carr. The character is not drawn in any great detail, but dates bear out the theory that he may be the prototype of Diomede. It was in 1607 that young Carr came to court and won the king's favour by falling from his horse at his feet and breaking his leg. Before the year was over James had made him groom of the bedchamber, granted him a yearly rent-charge of £600, and made him knight.

Both Prince Henry's courtship of Lady Essex and Carr's successful rivalship took place in 1608, early enough for "Shakespeare" to give the realistic colour to his play before it was entered at Stationers' Hall in January 1609.

The following is suggestive of Carr's personal ambition and rapid rise to fortune:—

> "*Agamemnon.* Is not yond Diomede with Calchas' daughter?
> *Ulysses.* 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait,
> He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
> In aspiration lifts him from the earth."

Thersites' opinion of Diomede is worth recording: "That same Diomede's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave: I will no more trust him when he promises than I will a serpent when he hisses. He will spend his mouth and promise like Brabbler the hound; but when he performs astronomers foretell it: it is prodigious, there will come some change: the sun borrows of the moon when Diomede keeps his word." This was certainly true of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, in later years, when the unfortunate Overbury languished in the Tower fed by promises which Somerset made no effort to

fulfil; but whether he was already noted as a promise-breaker before 1609, we have as yet been unable to discover.

Prince Henry, of course, never had the satisfaction of crossing swords with his rival, but the temper of Troilus well expresses his attitude towards him. There can be no doubt that, if the young prince had lived longer, his principal aim would have been to remove the unworthy favourite from his mischievous position, and to counteract his influence; it is, therefore, quite in keeping that, at the close of the drama, they should be left exchanging sword-thrusts, hatred and defiance, for Prince Henry made no effort to disguise his hate. We have seen that it once found vent in a threat or a blow, and it is recorded that on a second occasion, when Carr advanced to speak with him, he turned indignantly away and would not listen.

Lord Pandarus represents, as has been indicated, Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton. He was one of the most learned and influential of James's counsellors. Bishop Godwin describes him as "learnedest among the noble, and noblest among the learned"; but the nobility existed in the "blue blood" only, not in his character. He was enormously wealthy, gorgeous in style of living, and, although a bachelor, had built himself a magnificent palace on the Strand, yet, as must have been well known even to those who courted him most, he was absolutely without principle. Lady Bacon, Francis Bacon's mother, had long ago warned her son against him as a "dangerous intelligencing man, a subtle serpent, a secret papist." Beaumont, the French ambassador, describes him as one of the greatest flatterers and calumniators ever seen. "His erudition," he admits, "was real and curious; but only supplied material for his ingenuity to work out conceits and quibbles; in his letters were pleasantries in which he spared neither decency nor morals."

Sir Symonds D'Ewes makes the unvarnished statement that "disgracing his rank, his learning, and his grey hairs, to gain the favour of the favourite, he became a pandar to the dishonour of his niece, and arranged meetings for the lovers at his own house."

But the powerful Earl of Northampton, in whose veins ran "all the blood of all the Howards," son of the poet Earl of Surrey, brother of the Duke of Norfolk, who had died for the sake of Mary Queen of Scots, Lord Privy Seal and Warden of the Cinque Ports, was not one to be slighted or ignored, to be rebuked or corrected in any open way; in society and in office he must be treated, not according to his merit but to his rank. Yet to condone such open iniquity must, to the great reformer and dramatist, have been intolerable. Once more he had to cry:—

> "The play's the thing
> Whereby to catch the conscience of the king!"

It is not probable that Northampton's conscience would be touched even if he read the play or saw it acted, but at least the sin itself was held up to contempt.

In the first scenes we see Northampton, as Pandarus, "setting on" his niece to attract the eyes and affection of the young prince. In the third act we see him arranging a meeting for the lovers in his own house. Again we see him unctuously flattering Paris and Helen, or we should say Lord

Mountjoy and Penelope Rich, in all three instances his language being a combination of conceits and quibbles, flattery and impropriety.

In the last act he approaches the prince with hypocritical letters from his deceitful niece, only to be met and dismissed with scorn.

Throughout the play Shakespeare's Pandarus gives the impression of being, like Northampton, an old man, the grand-uncle rather than the uncle of the girlish Cressida, and in the last scene this is made evident when he complains, a touch of pitiful pathos which "Shakespeare" cannot withhold even from him :—

"A 'tisick, a rascally 'tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one of these days; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't."

The last words of the play are a denunciation upon him uttered by Troilus :—

> "Hence, broken lackey! Ignominy and shame
> Pursue thy life and live aye with thy *name*."

Two centuries later a second historian, all unconscious of Shakespeare's initiative, brands him with this name of shame and ignominy.

Referring to the poisoning of Overbury, Hallam writes: "The murder of Overbury burst into light and revealed to an indignant nation, the king's unworthy favourite, Carr, Earl of Somerset, and the hoary *pandar* of that favourite's vices, the Earl of Northampton, accomplices in that deep-laid and deliberate atrocity." How then can the riddle of Troilus and Cressida be solved? Shall we ask with Dowden if the dramatist's views were those of Thersites? Or shall we conclude with Professor Raleigh that "since failure and miscarriage of everything through human lust and human weakness is the only principle of coherence in the composite, that accordingly Thersites is the hero?"

Rather may it be said that Thersites is the cesspool of the drama, the receptacle of everything that is most foul, the mirror of all that is most sordid.

The true hero is also the titular hero, Troilus, and, "infatuated young fool" though he may be, he possesses every attribute for the part.

When the drama closes it leaves him, having passed through his ordeal, not disillusioned, any more than was the author when he wrote it, but enlightened as to the true character of Cressida, and prepared to learn, when the fierce rage of his indignation is over, that the true wives and mothers of the nation are made of different material. It is not necessary that, because a man has once mistaken the false gold for the true, that he must therefore henceforth lose all faith in the value of the precious metal itself.

In "Troilus and Cressida" "Shakespeare" is writing a page in contemporary history under the guise of a classic fable, and this accounts for the enigmatical nature of it as a drama. In the avowedly historical plays he had long epochs before him from which, in his own inimitable way, by blending, omitting, but never falsifying, he could construct a complete plot, with beginning, climax, and catastrophe and a clearly defined Divine purpose throughout. But in this instance he has taken a single section out of contemporary life, cut at random, to which there could be neither beginning nor end nor any apparent

plan. Could he have seen into the future the dramatist might have made the Greek and Trojan struggle culminate in the calamities of Princess Elizabeth's union with the Elector Palatine, "The German Hector" as he is called in a contemporary play; he might have followed the unhappy Cressida and her Diomede through the maze of intrigue and magic spells and revenge to her condemnation as a murderess, and he might have shown how the shaking of that ladder of "degree" had not ceased till the crowned head, once on the summit, had been laid in the dust. But none of these things had yet happened, therefore the heroes of Greece and Troy, like the statesmen of King James, are left fighting, some for more noble, others for sordid ends, some in loyalty to their cause, some in self-interest, and it was open for posterity to unfold the plot and discover the catastrophe and the moral from the then unwritten but no less dramatic pages of the History of the Stuart Kings.

The Devon-Valley Flood of 1877.

THE HERMITAGE, CASHIER'S VALLEY,
NORTH CAROLINA, U.S.A., *8th April* 1912.

ALEX. DRYSDALE, Esq., Dollar.

DEAR SIR,—In your pleasant letter of 3rd ult. you kindly state that Mr Malcolm, Emeritus English Master of Dollar Institution, and co-editor of the *Dollar Magazine*, remembers me as one of the teaching staff (in 1866); and that he also recalls "an interesting account of the flood of 1877 in the Devon Valley" from my pen, which appeared in one of the newspapers. And then you say, "We have been on the outlook for someone to write up this subject . . . and would be glad to have a contribution from you." It gives me genuine pleasure to act on your suggestion. The lapse of thirty-five years may have in some degree dimmed my recollections of what I saw of that disastrous flood, but only as to unimportant details. No eye-witness can ever forget what he then beheld—the appalling spectacle of the flood, and the great havoc and destruction it wrought. My recollections are chiefly concerned with Tillicoultry, and the glens and hills back of that town, for I was then on a visit from my South Carolina home to my native Tillicoultry. How well I remember that summer. What a summer it was for my bridal tour with a young bride from the "Sunny South"! Six weeks of almost constant rain; nearly every day an "even-down pour"; gloomy, chilly, depressing weather. My young wife's bridal *trousseau* lay unused and undisturbed in her trunks, and a warmer, almost a winter outfit had to be provided.

The 28th of August 1877 was the day of the terrible flood, a day memorable in the annals of Devon Valley. I have visited my old home several times since then, and I have found two phrases in familiar use—"before the flood," and "since the flood"—startling to a stranger, with suggestion of Noah's deluge. It is well to remember that for a few days before the 28th there had been only slight showers; and that on the 28th there was only a drizzling rain at intervals. Between seven and eight o'clock I had looked out to see how the weather was. The morning was uncommonly dark and gloomy; the clouds were low and of a pea-soup colour; still I could

Tillicoultry Hill Elliston Hill.

A. Drysdale.

see to the tops of the Ochil Hills. About half-past eight, while dressing, I heard a woman scream in the street near by, "The damhead's burst!" I found the street in commotion, the people all running down to the High Street. "The damhead's burst" was the cry; and there in the High Street was a rushing torrent flowing eastward, varying in depth from one to three or four feet. The millworkers on their way home to breakfast could not at some places cross the street; and at the shallower places strong men carried the women and girls through the water. Everybody seemed to think that the sudden deluge had been caused by the bursting of the big reservoir, familiarly known as the damhead, about a mile back Tillicoultry Glen. This conclusion seemed the only feasible one, for there was no rain worth speaking of. But on looking up at the hills, a wonderful sight was seen—the front of Tillicoultry Hill looked like a waterfall so gigantic as to dwarf Niagara ten times multiplied. The water was coming from the very top, the sky-line of the hill. This phenomenon could not be accounted for by the bursting of a dam a thousand feet below. Nor could that have anything to do with what was seen on Ellieston Hill to the east of Tillicoultry Hill—a great cataract raging down its face in a straight line from the hilltop to the valley, a resistless torrent where water had never run before, digging its own channel in its course.

Hurrying to the burnside by way of the Howe Dub (now Frederick Street), along which was flowing a stream nearly two feet deep, I beheld a scene of flood and wreck and destruction never to be forgotten. From the Head o' Toun Brig almost to the Middle o' Toun Brig the streets on both sides of the burn were utterly destroyed; they were not there; they had been torn up and washed away—not the houses, but the streets proper. The channel of the burn was piled up high with boulders and stones. Excavations seven or eight feet deep occupied the place of the macadamised streets, and in some places the stone pavements had been undermined and swept away, while the flood raged at the very doorsteps of the houses, so narrowly did those homes escape destruction. Not all of them escaped: the gable end of John Ure's two-storey house on the west side of the burn was battered by boulders till the wall fell, leaving the rooms inside open to the daylight, exposed like the rooms of a doll-house. On the other side of the burn, nearly opposite to Ure's house, stood the row of two-storey dwellings once the property and home of the Rev. Archibald Browning, the famous teacher and minister. There the flood with terrific force battered down the back wall, filling the rooms four or five feet deep with rushing water. Young John, the invalid son of the widow Alexander, was with great difficulty rescued from drowning in his bed. The incredible force and strength of the flood was seen in the huge boulders, tons in weight, which it had brought down the glen, and strewed up and down the burnside.

But the worst is yet to tell: somewhere on that fatal burnside, buried under stones and gravel and sand, were two dead bodies. William Hutcheson, manufacturer, and Isabella Miller, one of his workwomen, had been carried off by the flood at its first onset, and none could tell what had become of them, except that their bruised bodies were lying hidden somewhere. All that was known as yet of their tragic fate was told by William Stillie, who was a dyer in Mr Hutcheson's mill; his home, I think, was in Alva. Mr Hutche-

son's works were above the Head o' Toun Brig, on both sides of Tillicoultry Burn. There was a bridge across the burn within the works. Mr Hutcheson and Stillie happened to meet on the bridge and were standing there talking, and the young woman, Isabella Miller, was in the act of passing them, when the unearthly roar of the approaching flood caused the three to look up the glen. There it was, the horrid front of the flood, a wall of water eight or ten feet high, far more awful in its fury and headlong speed than the dreaded Eagre of the English tidal rivers. In the twinkling of an eye, before the three could speak or look to each other, it was upon them, and they and the bridge and the very banks on which it rested were whirled away by the overwhelming waters. Stillie's deliverance from death might be accounted miraculous. About a hundred yards lower down the burn was the Head o' Toun Brig. The "pend" of the bridge was too small for the deluge to pass through, and the wild waters leaped high over the parapet. Stillie did not know whether he was carried under the bridge or over it; but with hands groping and clutching instinctively, as drowning men do, with one hand he grasped firm hold of something. Pulling himself up he found that he had in his grip the iron stanchion of a window in a corner formed by the walls of Robert Walker's house and the mill attached. From his perilous position he was soon rescued, almost dead from exhaustion; and he learned that he alone of the three who were on the bridge was left to tell the sad tale.

Mr Hutcheson's body was found the next day nearly half a mile down the burn, buried under a mass of stone and gravel. Not till two days of search was the body of the girl Miller found. When the flood had subsided, and the turbid waters had cleared, her poor white hand was seen in the river Devon, stretched upward in mute appeal out of the bed of sand where her corpse lay buried. The flood had carried her, unseen by any, down the long burnside of Tillicoultry, and some distance down the Devon, beyond Mr Blair's of Glenfoot.

Mr Hutcheson's works were utterly wrecked. The weaving shed with all its heavy iron machinery totally disappeared. Parts of power-looms were found afterwards half a mile below. The Head o' Toun Brig, though built of stone, was in ruins.

There was nothing beautiful or grand in the spectacle afforded by this extraordinary phenomenon. It inspired rather feelings of awe and dread by the suddenness, velocity, fierceness, and over-powering and destructive force of the flood. Yet there was one view which I must confess was beautiful exceedingly, that seen from the Cunninghar Hill, a low spur from the Ochils, stretching from Tillicoultry House to the cemetery. Seen from that elevation on the afternoon of that day, the valley of the Devon seemed transformed into a lovely lake with well-wooded shores and picturesque peninsulas.

I had spent the afternoon, one of a rope-fastened line of men, wading waist-deep while building a dyke on the burnside near the Howe Dub to divert the flood from the streets of the town, and make the waters flow into the fields west of the burn. To many a man had I put the question, "Where has the water come from?" Without exception the answer was, "From the damhead." I could not think so; and I determined to solve the mystery next day if I could.

Miller Hill. The Law. Castle Craig. Andrew Gannel. Tillicoultry Hill. Elliston Hill.

A. Drysdale.

THE TILLICOULTRY OCHILS FROM THE RAILWAY

On Friday morning, the 29th August, I made an early start. Climbing the Castle Craig on the west side of Tillicoultry Glen, I followed the old "Sledge Road" along the side of Miller Hill, and soon reached the damhead. With that reservoir I had been familiar since its construction in the early fifties. Do I not remember, when about eight years old, playing truant from Mr Roxburgh's (nicknamed "Rockie-lintie's") school, to go in company with Jamie Snowdowne and see the big horses drawing the huge timbers up the Alva coach road, and up the Sledge Road along the front of Miller Hill, and to the dam? It was Graham Patterson who planned and built the damhead, and a strong and lasting job he made of it: and "there it stands unto this day, to witness if I lie." No, indeed; the damhead had not burst. Instead of that it was filled to the brim, and for more than a hundred yards back, with sand and gravel and earth, and stones big and little; and the customary stream from Daeglen Burn and Gannel Burn was flowing over the lip. The damhead is some forty feet deep, and the configuration of the rocky gorge enables it by widening out considerably to "kep" a very large amount of water. (I like that handy and excellent Scottish word, "kep." There is no equivalent in English.) It had not burst, yet it was empty of water. No doubt its vast quantity of water, driven out and supplanted by the *débris* which filled the reservoir, had helped to swell the volume of the flood. But it was the flood which had brought all this *débris*. Where did it bring it from? Where did the flood have its origin? To find if possible the right answer to these questions, I went along the slopes of Miller Hill on the west side of Daeglen Burn; and there I saw a wondrous sight. On the steep hillside beyond Daeglen Falls I came to a large hole, twenty or twenty-five feet across the entrance, and running fully that distance into the side of the hill. It looked like a big excavation newly made, but of all the mass of material which had been taken out of it not one particle remained, neither in the hole nor near it. The inside of the hole was as empty and bare as if it had been swept out and washed clean. And that was just what had been done. A stream of water, as from some gigantic hose-pipe, had played upon that spot, and by its hydraulic force had dug the great hole and carried off the earth and stones down the hillside to the burn. There was the unmistakable evidence of it; from the lip of the hole down to Daeglen Burn the waters had made what looked liked a broad, hard-beaten track, on which the stiff, strong, mountain grass, the wiry "bent," lay flattened and smooth as if a hot iron had passed over and pressed it down.

A little to the north was another big hole, exactly like the first. Beyond that was still a third. From each of them to the burn, a hundred and fifty yards below, ran the smooth track down which the torrent that dug the hole had rushed, carrying the *débris* with it. The tracks were so smooth that they actually glistened. On the straight, well-defined edges of those tracks the "bent" stood up stiff and strong. There were no other holes on the Miller Hill side of Daeglen; but, looking across to the east side of the burn, the Law Hill side, I thought I could see similar holes. On crossing over I found two, which resembled in all particulars the first one described.

Passing over the shoulder of Law Hill, I crossed some of the spurs of Ben Cleuch, and climbed over Whum Hill and Andrew Gannel Hill to Maddie

Moss. Nothing unusual appeared on this part of my tramp. Turning southward through the Moss and passing to the west of King's Seat, I took my way through Helen's Muir towards Ellieston Hill. Had I known that the flood had visited Dollar as well as Tillicoultry, I should have gone down the long glen of Dollar Burn past Castle Campbell, and seen how much Dollar had suffered by the destructive flood. Bent on investigating the sources of what I then thought was strictly a Tillicoultry flood, I was anxious to see what had been done on the front of Ellieston Hill by the great cataract which I had seen dashing down the mountain the day before. But on the edge of Helen's Muir I came to another big hole which the flood had dug. This seemed to me more wonderful than the holes on the steep hillsides in Daeglen; for here the hole was on a level muir. The force of the water which had made it had been so great as to clear it of the earth, stones, and gravel, and pile the *débris* up around the mouth. Unlike the other flood holes, this one of course was full of water.

Coming to the front of Ellieston Hill, I soon saw the marks of the cataract—marks which the hill will bear as long as the Ochils stand—marks, too, which will puzzle the geologist of the future. For he will see a deep scaur stretching from the top of the hill to the bottom, deep and wide like a torrent bed, and yet no water there. Unless some record of the flood of 1877 shall have been preserved, he will be unable to account for the formation of this scaur. As I saw it on that Friday afternoon it was fresh and new. In some places it was fifteen to twenty feet deep. But the immense mass of material had been carried down to the woods and fields below. Running parallel with this strange improvised channel down the face of the hill was the bed of a small rivulet, only a few yards distant; but the wild cataract of the day before seemed to have disdained to use this ready-made bed, and in its mad career of a few hours it dug its own channel straight as a bee-line from the summit to the base of Ellieston Hill. The fields and woods at the foot of the hill were a scene of wreck and desolation. Crossing over to the Back Burn, which flows between Tillicoultry Hill and Ellieston Hill, I followed its channel down to "the toll road," and got home in the twilight.

My old friend Mr Lothian, of the *Alloa Advertiser*, had heard of my tour of discovery, and was awaiting my return. At his request I prepared for his newspaper the account of the flood to which Mr Malcolm so kindly refers.

As to the *fons et origo* of the flood, had my long and toilsome tramp over mountain and glen furnished any satisfactory information? Well, I can only suggest a theory. It seemed to me, from all I saw in the glens and on the hills and moors, that what would have been a heavy rainfall of several inches over an area of many square miles, was, by a power and in a way unknown as yet to meteorology, concentrated and poured as through a funnel on one spot at a time, the funnel-shaped cloud moving from place to place—very much as I have seen water-spouts move about over the face of the ocean. Only in some such way could the big flood-holes and the flood-scaur have been formed. No general rain, however heavy, could have created them. If my theory be unsound, the scaur on Ellieston Hill will for ever remain a mystery. The short-lived cataract which dug that deep furrow seemed to come straight from the clouds. To speak of water-spouts and cloudbursts throws no light on the


Ben Cleuch
MADDIE MOSS
Andrew Gannel Hill
Whum Hill
Law Hill
Flood Holes
Flood Holes
Daiglen Burn
Miller Hill
Gannel Burn
HELEN'S MUIR
King's Seat
Flood Hole
Harviestoun Hill
Dollar Burn
Castle Campbell
Dollarbank Hill
Alva Burn
Silver Glen
Wood Hill
Craig Leith
Damhead
Tillicoultry Hill
Ellieston Hill
Craigs Hill
Flood
Scaup
Castle Craig
Alva Ho.
Tillicoultry Ho.
Harviestoun Castle
DOLLAR
Vicars Brig
ALVA
TILLICOULTRY
Devon Valley Ry
RIVER DEVON
Glenfoot
Tait's Tomb
RIVER DEVON
Ry
Devonside
Sheardale
Devon Valley
Coalsnaughton

subject. Water-spouts properly belong to the meteorology of the ocean; and "cloudburst" is a popular misnomer, useful to apply to phenomena we don't understand.

Of one thing I felt quite satisfied, namely, that the flood was not due to heavy general rains on the morning of the 28th. As I said before, only slight showers fell then at the Hillfoots; and during my ramble next day I saw no signs on the hills and moors, nor in the glens and burns, of a general heavy rain on the day before. The flood-holes and the flood-scaur which I have described certainly were not made by rain falling in the ordinary way. No doubt there were other similar holes which I did not chance to see. I looked for them in Gannel Burn glen, but saw none there. Indeed, that stream showed no signs of having been in flood, and yet it was manifest that a tremendous flood had rushed down the bed of its near neighbour, Daeglen Burn, with which it joins a short distance above the damhead. It was the flood from Daeglen that choked up the damhead, careered madly down the glen, and played havoc with Tillicoultry.

I recall that a writer in the *Scotsman*, commenting on my flood narrative in the *Alloa Advertiser*, accounted for the flood on the theory that after six weeks of rain the hills were full of water, and had suddenly burst. How did they happen to burst at so many different and distant points at the same time? Plainly he was a closet meteorologist. Had he been with me on the 29th he would not have advanced a theory so absurd.

Close beside the flood-hole in Helen's Muir a little thing happened which may interest you. While stepping from one moss hag to another I actually stepped over a hare. The timid creature looked half drowned and wholly dazed. It didn't run from me: it simply "hirpled" off leisurely for several yards, and, sitting on its haunches, looked at me. It evidently had not recovered from the terror of the flood.

What I know of the work of the flood in Dollar is founded chiefly on hearsay. True, I went to Dollar on Saturday, 30th August, two days after the flood, and saw the wrecked appearance of the burnside; but I must leave it to eye-witnesses to describe the scene there on the morning of the 28th. There was a row of two-storey houses, I remember, on the east bank of the burn, opposite the entrance to the Institution, which had suffered a damage like the Ure house in Tillicoultry. The front wall, of ashlar work, was in great part gone, exposing the interior in doll-house fashion. I was told that the stones of that wall were found in a field away below the bridge, as was also a piano which the flood had carried off out of one of those rooms.

The flood of 1877 was neither the first nor the last which visited the Hillfoots and Devon Valley. In Sir John Sinclair's "Statistical Account of Scotland," mention is made of a great flood in 1785, in which Dollar was the chief sufferer. On that occasion, amongst other damage, the stone bridge at the Rack Mill was completely wrecked. Then in 1883 came another, causing great damage in Tillicoultry and Alva, but sparing Dollar. This last flood, in which it is said the water rose as high as in '77, I did not see, and shall therefore say nothing about it.

That this narrative of the flood may be more easily "understanded" by the reader, I have ventured to draw the accompanying map of the Ochils

and the Hillfoots from Craig Leith to Vicar's Brig. It does not pretend to vie in accuracy with the work of the Ordnance Survey, for I am no expert chartographer, and I have not here by me either map or chart, large or small, to aid or guide me in drawing it. Indeed, it is made entirely "out of my head." I have had to rely solely on my recollections—the pictures stored in my memory of the roads and towns, the hills and glens, the moors and streams with which the rambles of my boyhood and youth made me intimately acquainted. How can I forget them? Did I not in my young days roam all round and all through the Ochil Hills, from the Wharry Glen in the west, to Glendevon in the east, fishing in the streams, geologising in the hills, and botanising everywhere? Days those were of pure delight: "how sweet their memory still"! But—enough of matters autobiographical, the foible of "an old man garrulous."

The map is sufficiently correct for the purposes of this account. It shows the region of the flood, the basins of the streams affected by it, the flood-holes in Daeglen and Helen's Muir, and the flood-scaur on Ellieston Hill. The reader will have a convenient scale of measurement by remembering that it is exactly two miles from Alva to Tillicoultry, and three from Tillicoultry to Dollar. The course of my tramp the day after the flood is indicated by a dotted line. I have drawn the Devon as I knew it in my boyhood, with all its lovely winding links between Dollar and Tillicoultry, the "crystal Devon, winding Devon," as it was when Burns saw it and sang its beauty—as it came from nature's hand, before its loveliness was marred by the building of the railway in 1869. The destruction of four of the links of the Devon—more beautiful and picturesque than the links of the Forth—was an act of desecration, unpardonable and unnecessary. The railway should have been kept to the south of the river from Devonvale to Dollar. If the Laird of Harviestoun in 1869 had been blessed with the fine taste and love of the beautiful which so distinguished the laird of sixty years before, the channel of the Devon as it passes through his estate would never have been straightened, and its lovely windings changed into unsightly stagnant holes, dumping places for rubbish. It was enough to make Craufurd Tait rise from his grave in Tait's Tomb to forbid the desecration. "His taste adorned this lovely valley, in the bosom of which he lies." These words you will find on his tomb-stone, placed there by his son, the gentle Archbishop of Canterbury. That son knew that his father had found the Devon Valley almost bare of trees, and had left it beautified by groves and plantations. And no doubt he knew also that when the new turnpike from Tillicoultry to Dollar was projected in 1806, it was due to the influence and in large measure to the money of his father, Craufurd Tait, that the highway was made—not like the one from Tillicoultry to Alva, so tiresomely straight and monotonously level, but with all those picturesque windings and gentle slopes which render it so beautiful and enticing. At his own cost he caused it to be brought to the very banks of the Devon to skirt three of the windings, at the Milestane Plantin', at the bend opposite Mellochfoot, and at what is known now as Tait's Tomb. Those very three and another at Tillicoultry Cemetery were sacrificed to save expense in building the railway. And they were the very links of which Burns was thinking when he sang of "the green valleys, where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows."

Meandering no more, alas! The memory of those links lingered with him to the last. His last song written by him with a trembling hand just nine days before his death—

"Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon."

—was not this enough to have hallowed the river for all worshippers of Burns, and all lovers of the beautiful, and to have saved its picturesque meanderings from desecration and destruction?

"The links o' Devon wind nae mair!
Eh, man, it maks my heart grow sair:
Nae mair we'll view their beauty rare
That Burns enjoyed:
For railroad trains to travel there,
A' were destroyed."

But it is time to bring this lengthening epistle to a close. My task has been a grateful one. A Scot abroad loves to let his thoughts wander over his "calf-country," over scenes that are mirrored in heart and memory. It is only one of the manifold manifestations of that *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* which shows itself in every Scotsman so plainly that George Buchanan's Latin phrase has become a familiar proverb. If your readers shall find half as much pleasure in reading as I did in writing this, you will have no reason to regret making the suggestion that I should contribute to the *Dollar Magazine* my recollections of the flood of 1877.—Yours very sincerely,

W. C. BENET.

"The Flood" at Dollar.

I CANNOT pretend to either the wonderfully retentive memory or the vivid descriptive powers of Judge Benet, and I hesitate to place my very, very limited recollections alongside of his extremely interesting and graphic description. It is felt, however, that the story of "The Flood" would be incomplete and misleading if confined to Tillicoultry, leaving the impression that the storm was limited to that locality. My recollection goes to show that it covered a much more extended area, and that at Dollar, as is well known and as the accompanying photograph tends to show, its effects were little if at all less disastrous than in Tillicoultry, although very fortunately not attended by loss of life.

On the above date I had spent the night at Solsgirth, and was driven home between eight and nine in the morning. It was then nearly fair, but, as I both heard and saw from a window, it had been a deluge of rain during the early morning. The Muir Mill Burn, where it runs alongside of the west Saline road, I saw in passing to be in high flood, and I learned afterwards that at Cadgerford on the east Saline road, the bridge being too small to contain it, the water had swept across the roadway and carried away a portion of a strong stone and lime wall which remained in ruins for years. The little burn at Ramshorn was a roaring torrent filling up the arch of the bridge and overflowing on to the road to more than a foot in depth, through which we had to drive. The sloping field to the south of Dollarbeg was seamed in its

entire breadth by torrents of water rushing down the slope and forming quite a big burn in the hollow by the road. At the Rack Mill the Devon was in spate, but only to a moderate extent showing its limited and local character. The great feature of the flood was the Dollar Burn and the havoc it produced to the two houses of Elgin Place and to the roadway on both sides between the Middle Bridge and Sorley's Brae on the east and Institution Place on the west sides, along with the crowd of onlookers composed of nearly the whole population of the village. When I reached the scene the fronts of the two houses, having been completely undermined, had fallen forward, and the whole mass, along with windows, doors, and many articles of furniture, had been swept away by the huge body of water rushing and tearing along with a noise like thunder. The adjoining houses of Oakbank and Argyle Cottage had kept their ground, but the roadway almost up to the garden walls was gone, as was that on the opposite side of the burn except a narrow strip alongside of the Infant School wall, the whole space between being filled with a rushing torrent in which great boulders were being rolled and carried along like pebbles. The excitement of the moment when I arrived was the fear that the Middle Bridge would be carried away, the water reaching to about a foot from the top of the archway and threatening to undermine the masonry on the east side. Fortunately it had ceased to rise, and by boards being placed to divert the current that catastrophe was averted. From the description I received of the furniture—tables, chairs, sofas, pianos, &c.—being carried away it must have been an extraordinary scene; some even said that a piano, while careering along on the top of the waves, was heard playing gaily to itself, "Doon the Burn, Davie lad." The appearance of the houses themselves or what remained of them was sufficiently remarkable. The entire front walls were gone, and the four rooms with the remaining furniture and tables laid for breakfast fully exposed. The human occupants, as well as those of Oakbank and Argyle Cottage, had, of course, cleared out and obtained shelter with friends, thankful to have themselves escaped, without attempting to save their belongings. No further damage, however, was done.

The extraordinary power of the rushing water was seen later in the day and for days after on the railway where it crosses the burn a little way east of the station. The bridge was completely blocked, and the rails covered to the height of four or five feet with a pile of *débris* in which were huge boulders and blocks of masonry that it would have taken several men to move. The line was blocked for about a week.

Next day I had occasion to go to Muckart and found evidences of the flood all the way as far as Bauldie's Burn, where great damage had been done to the roadway. We know also that it extended westward at least as far as Alva. The extent of area covered was thus about eight miles from east to west, and, including the hills, probably four or five from north to south. It is evident, therefore, that it could have been caused only by an exceedingly heavy rainfall. The term "cloudburst," so often applied in such cases, can have no other meaning than this, as a cloud is not a sack full of water liable to burst; and as pointed out by Judge Benet, a water-spout or its effects cannot exist so far from the sea or other large body of water. To the west of Dollar the storm appears, from Judge Benet's account, to have been confined to the hills, but here, as I have said, it extended much further southward.

I can remember a very similar flood which occurred in the early "fifties" on an examination day in August. With the exception of the old parish school there were then on the east burnside no houses nor even a road, only a trodden footpath, but the bank of the burn was swept away from about Sorley's Brae downwards, just as on this later occasion, leaving a great hole which was used as a free *coup* for many years. My father's house of those days—Rose Cottage in Academy Street, now owned and occupied by Mr Masterton, was flooded to such an extent that I was able to sail about in the kitchen on an old door as a raft.

On 2nd July 1897 a tremendous hailstorm came down from the hills by Belmont and swept across the valley by the Haugh Farm and Sheardale, causing destruction to all vegetation in its course, and covering the ground to the depth of several inches I happened to be in Edinburgh that day and night so did not see the actual storm, but next day I had occasion to ride over by Sheardale to Gartknowie Farm, and everywhere on my way the hail and its effects were very much in evidence. At Neurahead the people were wheeling it out from the garden by barrowfuls, and all garden stock was stripped bare of its leaves. At Gartknowie a burn with rather high banks, which crosses the farm to the Black Devon, was in many parts completely arched over by masses of hailstones, having been filled up and piled over at the time and afterwards swept clear by the water underneath. A heap estimated at several tons was lying against the north side of the house and a promising field of well-grown turnips was entirely destroyed, the skeleton leaves presenting a most pitiful sight. That storm appeared to be of very narrow range—from quarter to half a mile—and was sharply defined within that area. While Belmont suffered severely in its garden produce, Broomrig immediately adjoining was scarcely touched.

J. STRACHAN.

University Settlements.

THIS article is intended to appeal particularly to those Dollar boys who are just leaving School to enter the larger life of a University; but perhaps it may be of some interest to those whose concern for the social welfare of our great cities is not less eager because they have lived in, and loved the quiet beauty of Dollar.

Most of the Universities of Great Britain are naturally placed in centres of industrial and commercial activity. In such communities there are always large slum areas, overcrowded, over-licensed, and teeming with all sorts of evil influences. In them is to be found practically the whole of the unskilled and unfit population that our modern industrial civilisation seems to demand. It is to the credit of the Universities in these cities, that few of them have been slow to acknowledge the claim which such places have on their services. Nearly every great city has Settlements, and many Settlements have a definite connection with the University. Glasgow, *e.g.*, has three Settlements, two of which are really University societies. The University Students' Settlement is situated in the Cowcaddens, the Queen Margaret Settlement is in Anderston. The latter is under the control of a body of graduates of Queen

The late M. Cummings, Alloa.

THE BURNSIDE, AFTER THE FLOOD.

R. K. Holmes.

THE BURNSIDE TO-DAY.

Margaret College (the women's section of the University): and nearly all University Settlements are controlled in the same way. As a matter of fact, the Glasgow Students' Settlement has the distinction of being the only Settlement organised and conducted, not by graduates, but by men who are actually working for their degrees at the University.

The Settlements are residences in which are gathered those who are willing to give a little of their time and energy to social work. They have a very well recognised place in the life of the district where they happen to be. They are centres of educational, and often of religious work, and the people come to accept them as a refuge from their troubles. Whenever they are in any great difficulty it is to the Settlements that they most readily turn. They know they will not receive financial help—but that, as a rule, is not what they want—and they know that they will receive as careful and as responsible guidance as the Settlers can give. For many years before Labour Exchanges were established the Settlements acted unofficially in this capacity. Employers learned that the Settlers understood the men they were recommending, and it wasn't often that they found cause to complain of the Settlement judgment.

The heart of all Settlement work lies in the grip that the institution takes on the minds of the younger men of the district. Much provision must be made for them, because to them is directed the vicious appeal of the countless bad influences in the district. In Glasgow we have a Workmen's Club, a Parliamentary Debating Society, a series of public classes on social subjects, a big Sunday afternoon meeting always addressed by a speaker of note, and numerous smaller classes consisting of about five men, studying anything from Shakespeare's tragedies to Marx's "Capital." All the bigger organisations are practically self-governing, and administer their own funds. The Settlers organised them, slowly built them up; and now that they have become established facts in the life of the locality, the Settlers prefer only to supervise, and turn their attention to some new problem that always awaits solution.

There are meetings also for the women and girls of the district, sewing guilds, and reading classes, and it is a tribute to the widespread interest in Settlement work that even a Students' Settlement has never lacked interested and competent help from the ladies of the West End.

Medical work is carried on in such Settlements as are fortunate enough to number a doctor amongst the residents. In the case of the Glasgow Students' Settlement, the medical students in residence discharge the duties as far as they can: and the general liberality and broad-mindedness of the medical profession are nowhere better exemplified than in the willing advice which the local practitioners give to the students. Boys' brigades, penny savings' banks, football and athletic clubs, poor man's lawyer, holiday funds, and children's concerts, are all common and prominent features in the work of Settlements.

But by far the most interesting and beneficial work, both to the individual Settler and to the district, is the visitation. Every Settler has a "close," seven or eight families on the stair; and he visits them periodically. The visiting is generally done on a Sunday, and a very delightful and informal thing it often becomes. The Settler comes to know the families thoroughly well, and he gets glimpses into affairs and motives that are hidden from most men.

He sees black things, things he may have read about, but whose horror he has never realised. But he sees other things that will deepen his respect for human nature—a splendid generosity when there is little to share, a kind of courage and buoyant optimism that carries these folk through many dire straits.

On their side, the people enjoy these visits; and if one happens to pass their door without calling, they don't forget to mention it on the occasion of the next visit. Sometimes the visits reach a very high level. One of our Settlers recently lent a volume of Tennyson to one member of a family he usually visited. When he called a fortnight later, he found that almost every one in the house had read it, and that one of them at least had had a new world of beauty revealed. There are many incidents like that to gladden the Settler's heart.

And now comes the point of all this writing. I would like to invite those of the School boys who are going to College to think seriously of attaching themselves to the Settlement of their University. Their help will be welcomed, whether they enter into residence or not. When men have once settled down to College life, and have formed their interests, it is sometimes difficult to secure their active co-operation in Settlement work. And this means a loss, both to the Settlement and to the student life of the University. It means that the Settlement has to rely too much on the veterans: and it means that some students are losing the opportunity of a training that is profoundly valuable. For there can be no possible doubt as to the value of the experience. Contact with a new range of ideas and emotions is always educative: and the Settlements provide unique opportunities for that. I have not yet encountered a Settler who did not owe a good deal of his moral and intellectual development to his period of residence.

Nor need there be any fear of a man's study suffering from his Settlement work. The record of the Glasgow Settlement is sufficient to dispel that apprehension. Two years in succession, the Logan Medal—the Milne Medal of the University—came to the Settlement. Out of twelve residents last year five took first class honours in their degrees. Several residents of the last ten years now occupy chairs in home or colonial Universities: and the University lecturers who have come out of the Settlement are counted almost in tens. There is no institution in connection with the University which has a finer tradition or a worthier record than the Settlement.

Therefore, I feel quite assured in asking the undergrads.-to-be to put themselves in touch with the University Settlement. And especially to those who are coming to join the growing number of Dollar F.P.'s in Glasgow, I would extend the plea that they should think seriously of forming an interest which demands some sacrifice but makes an abundant return. Most of what I have written has been drawn from my experience as a Glasgow Settler, although I think it is substantially true of all Settlements. As I have indicated, the Glasgow Settlement is particularly attractive in that it is altogether a Students' Settlement: and if any one would like to learn more about the institution, I shall be more than glad to provide what information I can.

H. J. N. HETHERINGTON.

THE UNIVERSITY, GLASGOW.

A Day after Elephant at Lake Chad, Northern Nigeria.

By Captain Leckie Ewing, H.L.I.

Whilst in command of the escort to the Anglo-French Boundary Commission in Northern Nigeria I shot in some very good big game districts, but until reaching the vicinity of Lake Chad, had not come across any district frequented by elephant. For several days before reaching Kukawa, a large practically deserted town about twenty miles west of Chad, natives I had asked told me that there were plenty of elephants close to the lake. When I interrogated the inhabitants of Kukawa as to where the elephant were, they said they did not know, and advised me to ask the headman of a smaller town called Kowa about ten miles closer to the lake. I asked him, and he in his turn said he did not know, and that the elephant had not been seen for a long time. I knew he was not telling the truth, but could not think why. However, he said he knew where there was plenty of other "beef" (as the natives call game in general), such as Senegal hartebeeste, cob antelope, reed buck, Addra gazelle, etc. Eventually I had several odd days after these "beef" with a fair amount of success.

One day the native hunter I had volunteered the information that he knew where the elephent were. I asked him why he had not told me sooner, and he said that the headman of Kowa had told him not to tell me, as it was dangerous for the white man to shoot elephants, but as he (the hunter) had seen me shoot hartebeeste and other game, he thought I might be able to shoot an elephant, so he would show me where they were. Accordingly I made arrangements, and one day started for Chad for an elephant hunt.

The country between Kowa and the lake was interesting in a way, as it was quite unlike any other part of Nigeria I had yet passed through. It is quite flat, and there are no large trees, but only a kind of bush from five to eight feet high with large white leaves. The only game, till one comes within about four miles of the lake, are a few Addra gazelle, and perhaps an ostrich or two, which are extremely shy and difficult to see. As one gets within a mile or two of the lake the country becomes more open, and there are large stretches of perfectly level ground covered with thin grass about ten inches high, and in some directions one can look to the horizon without so much as a mound or a tree to obstruct the view.

Closer still to the lake one comes to strips of water and swamp fringed with a thick thorny kind of bush, very much like the bramble bush at home. At intervals along these marshes are small fishing camps, occupied by perhaps a dozen natives who make their living by catching fish in the mud and reeds, drying them in the sun, and sending them to the markets of various towns inland.

If one happens to get to the leeward side of these camps, one's nose generally tells one where it is, a considerable time before one sees it. I arrived at one of these camps, got a grass shelter put up some distance away, and in the afternoon went out to look at the ground, and see what signs of elephant there were. About a mile east of where I camped Lake Chad began properly, *i.e.*, there was one continuous swamp as far as the eye could see,

with belts of small trees, elephant grass, and other kinds of reeds. Of course, I only saw a very small portion of the lake. It is said to be 2,300 square miles in area, and the peculiarity about it is, that two rivers run into it and none out of it, evaporation being the diminishing cause. There is open water on some parts of the lake, but none worth mentioning close to where I was. The surveyor who was on Boyd Alexander's Expedition told me that he had travelled a lot on Lake Chad, and had never been able to get out of sight of land, and that the deepest sounding he had taken of the lake was six feet.

I saw plenty of fresh tracks that afternoon, and heard the elephant trumpeting beyond the belt of small trees. The natives told me that the elephants fed all day in the swamp, and came out at nights to sleep on the more or less dry ground. They also told me that three fishermen had by mistake got amongst them two or three days before, and that the elephants had killed one man and nearly killed another. I suppose I was told that by way of encouragement, as they knew I was going to try and shoot one next day. Before going further, I think the mosquitoes of Chad deserve an honourable mention. They resemble miniature daddy-long-legs, but not *very* miniature. Luckily I happened to be there in the cold weather (January), and they paraded for about half an hour at sunset, after which it becomes too cold for them. I turned into bed about 7.30, and had not been long asleep before I was wakened by the most blood-curdling roaring and screaming and trumpeting I have ever heard. This was the elephants "sleeping"! All through the night I was wakened up at intervals by this music. It sounded about 50 yards off, but I suppose in reality it was 200 or 300 yards.

I got up next morning just before sunrise (about 5.30), and from my bed saw a herd of seven elephants 500 yards away, towering above the six foot bush like huge grey antheaps. There was one beast separate from the rest, and with my field glasses I saw that he had fairly good tusks which appeared to be about four feet long. I decided to go after this one, so got my heavy double-barrelled 500 Express and started with my orderly, who followed with the .303 rifle about 100 yards behind. I got to about 150 yards from the elephant, when I came to an open bit of ground about 70 yards across. As it was my first effort at this kind of shooting, I did not know much about elephants' powers of observations. Although extraordinarily acute of scent, they have very poor eyesight. If the hunter, even though he stand within forty or fifty paces of the big pachyderm, remains perfectly still, he will in all probability be taken for a tree stump, or some other natural object. I decided to fire from where I was, as I did not then know they had poor eyesight. There are three shots one can use against elephants. The frontal head shot, the side shot, aiming a little to the left of the orifice of the ear, and the shot aimed for the heart and lungs. As he was standing broadside to me I chose the last-mentioned shot. I fired both barrels and distinctly heard the thud, thud, as the bullets struck. He staggered, and I expected to see him fall, but instead he ran some 200 yards across my front and then stopped. I fired a third shot, whereupon he turned and made for the swamp. I followed him for about three-quarters of a mile when he stopped, and I let him have a fourth shot, after which he disappeared into the absolutely impassable swamp. Had I known my heavy rifle as well as I know the light one which I always

used for antelopes, etc., this hunt might have ended differently. Of course, I should, and could have got closer before I fired; the old saying "One learns by experience" is very true, especially as regards big game shooting. By the time my elephant disappeared, the sun was becoming hot, and as I had left my helmet in camp I wended my way back. I met my orderly who told me that a buffalo had crossed between him and me while I was after the elephant. This must have been a Lake Chad buffalo, and had I known at the time I should certainly have tried to get him, as no white sportsman has yet been known to secure a specimen. On the way back I observed a cob antelope standing facing me about 100 yards off, and as I wanted some meat for my carriers, I took the .303 rifle and managed to get him in the middle of the chest.

I heard the elephant trumpeting during the day, so when the sun got somewhat cooler about 4 P.M., I went with my orderly and native hunter, to see if we could not get at it. We managed, after hard work, to get 30 or 40 yards into the swamp, up to our knees in water and up to our heads in grass and tangled sticks, etc., and every now and then we would put our feet into an elephant's footprint, and go in up to our waists in water. We found it no use trying to go further, so turned back. Just then the hunter pointed to a clump of grass and sticks, and there a yard off, coiled up asleep was a huge python. My orderly had the small rifle and instead of aiming at its head, fired anywhere into the coil. Fortunately he happened to break its back about six feet from its tail end. The snake made a dive at the orderly who bolted, throwing the rifle away, incidentally hitting me on the head with it. I managed to get the rifle, and as the snake was lying there with its head in the air and mouth open, ready to make a dive at anyone who went near enough, I fired a bullet down its throat, thus ending the snake hunt. We had some difficulty in dragging it out of the swamp, but eventually got it back to camp by tying it to my saddle and dragging it along (I had my horse waiting on the more or less solid ground). When we skinned it we found forty-two eggs inside, which my orderly promptly put on the fire, cooked, and distributed amongst his friends for tea. On measuring the snake I found it to be seven yards long and about two feet in circumference at the thickest part. The fishermen at the camp were highly delighted when I told them they might have the flesh, which they evidently consider a great delicacy. I was told that when cooked it somewhat resembles boiled fowl. I took their word for granted.

I had to get back to Kukawa next day, so had no further opportunity of going after that elephant, though I am sure the poor beast must have died in the swamp. The country frequented by elephants is a wonderful sight—ground rutted up, young trees broken about like matchwood, and thorn bushes, that men would take hours to cut through, trampled down like bundles of grass—in fact nothing but elephants could smash up a place in the same manner. On the way back to Kukawa I came across some skulls and old bones of elephants lying about, some of the bones being as thick as one's thigh.

Lake Chad and the surrounding country is most fascinating, and although discomforts at times were numerous, I shall always look back on the month's shooting I had in the neighbourhood as one of the best times of my life.

Nature Notes.

ADORNMENT IN NATURE—MUSIC.

BY J. STRACHAN, M.D.

IT is not only by the eye but also by the ear that the mind of man has the inestimable privilege of being enabled to appreciate and enjoy the beautiful in nature, and to the ear as well as to the eye is the world made beautiful by a beneficent Creator.

The bird is again the instrument by which the charm of music is added to form and colour in adorning the world. Although all the higher animals, as well as many insects, have the power of emitting sound by voice or otherwise, it is only to the bird that a distinct purpose of music can be ascribed. It is true that all may blend together in one grand symphony of nature when every separate instrument has its appropriate and effective part, and, along with physical ornamentation, may combine in one grand concept in the creation of a beautiful world, the glory of which it may be ours in a future state of existence to realize. Be that as it may, it is to the bird alone that, on this earth, we owe the charm of natural music. Only in the bird is there a vocal organ (the syrinx) tuned to a musical pitch and set to melodious strain. Exception may be taken to this statement in favour of man in whom, certainly, the vocal organism lends itself to the production of music. It is a question, however, whether this comes under the head of natural music, or how far we are prompted by nature or instinct to apply our vocal powers in this way. Unless it may be the laugh, which I am inclined to think may be the analogue in man to the singing, the crowing, and the cackle in birds, we cannot be said to have any generic vocalism of this nature. In regard to this as to many other conditions of life we are endowed with intellectual and physical powers of adaptation to what gives pleasure, but are left to our own free will in applying these. Probably in the first instance all our musical conceptions were learned from the bird. Primitive man, deriving pleasure from the songs of birds, would naturally apply his own voice to the production of similar sounds and would gradually build up a musical concept from the singing of many birds, just as architectural adornment is said to be founded largely upon the forms of beauty displayed in the vegetable world. Do not we see evidence of this in primitive African tribes of the present day whose singing seems to consist of the monotonous with occasional harsh sounds characteristic of tropical bird life? Thus is shown the tendency of the human mind to absorb into itself and to reproduce what appeals to the æsthetic faculty.

In popular estimation birds are usually classified as "singing and non-singing," although it is difficult to know where to draw the line of

demarcation. There can be no question as to the title of "singing" in the cases of the thrushes, larks, warblers, finches, redbreast, and wren; but what of the wood pigeon, the lapwing, the curlew; and even the cuckoo, the corncraik, and the crow? These, doubtless, cannot pretend to high rank as soloists; but they all take most effective and pleasing parts in the grand chorus of bird music which is such a delightful feature of a British spring season. It is doubtful whether the natural call of any bird is other than pleasing to the human ear, and perhaps with none of our familiar bird-calls would their absence not be a felt want in the harmony of country life.

The question is asked, "Why do birds sing?" and the usual reply is that they are impelled by love. No doubt, it is chiefly in the pairing or loving season that birds do sing, but that as a cause applies equally to any love note or call which the bird may possess, many of which are far from singing. It may apply also to the caterwauling of the cat, the howling of the wolf, and the roaring of the lion. The true answer is in the words of Dr Watt, "For God hath made them so," hath made that wonderful musical instrument the syrinx or lower larynx with its delicate membranes stretched between the several parts of a cartilaginous or bony framework, and special muscles, varying in number from two to seven pairs, which by their action, under direction of a special set of nerves, vary and regulate the tension of these membranes according to the song or refrain which it is intended to produce.

It is also attempted by some evolutionists to trace the song to a development from the simple call or alarm note according to the taste or musical discretion of the bird itself. This seems to be on the assumption that the singing of the bird is like the whistling of the boy, ignoring the fact that it is, as I have pointed out, the product of a special and elaborate organism. As well may we credit the bird with the structure and development of any other organ of its body as with that of the syrinx. It is true that, given this organism, some birds, as the bullfinch, may be taught to apply it to other musical combinations than its own particular refrain, but this is limited within and cannot alter special organic structure.

The question remains, "Why the syrinx?" Why should nature go out of her way to construct a special musical instrument in the bird? As with adornment of the plumage it is certain that singing serves no useful purpose, and confers upon the song-bird no advantage in any relation of life over birds which are not so gifted. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the mavis or the laverock derives greater pleasure from its singing than does the rook from its caw. Both are equally vociferous in the exercise of their vocal powers such as they are, and it is the same with all other birds. Again there is no evidence to show that any creature on this earth *except man* has

the slightest appreciation of bird-music. It is, therefore, to man alone that, so far as regards this world, the bird sings. That there is another and a higher purpose in beautifying the world with music is to be assumed, and along with physical adornment, such beauty may be regarded as a connecting link between the human and the divine.

The rookery, which consists now of over a hundred nests, has been a busy and a lively scene during the last two or three weeks with the constant flying to and fro of the parent birds with food for the young, and with multitudinous and wonderfully varied caw which goes on almost constantly from sunrise to sundown, and not infrequent outbursts during the night when a dozen or so of the old birds may be seen to rise suddenly above the trees and taking a short fly round, settle again for a time. There has been no shooting this season.

Kingfishers have been frequently seen on the Devon recently. We would earnestly appeal to boys and others to use every means to preserve these beautiful birds as among the chief attractions of our bonny little river.

The white blackbird is still to be seen in Cowden Woods. It is a perfect specimen of the albino.

The Fisherwoman *versus* The Sea.

By the northern sea in an old, old town,
Where the world seems drugged, and sleeps all day,
Sits a fisherwoman, wrinkled, brown,
With a skin that is something the shade of clay.

Day by day till each day be done,
With as dreary a plaint as could ever be,
She sits there mourning her only son,
Weeping a little, and watching the sea.

But the sea's as cruel as a desert thirst,
And as close as death, so there's little doubt
Which of the twain will tire the first,
And which will stare the other out.

Now, I cannot say why I specially care,
For the water is constantly claiming its toll,
Save for the fact that the whole affair
Seems pitifully sad, yet pitifully droll:
Yet, I think there are others than she, I could name,
Who with seas of their own are doing the same. H. J. M.

When does the name of Dollar first emerge in Scottish History?

A READER of this *Magazine*, hailing from America, has recently been inquiring from one of the *Magazine* Committee as to the date when the term Dollar, as denoting the parish now known by that name, is first found in any ancient historic document, whether a charter or a chronicle. This question having been put to me, I venture in the paragraphs that follow to reproduce all that, at present, I know regarding the matter opened up in the question.

Dr Skene, in his "History of Celtic Scotland," founding on a document known as "The Chronicles of the Picts and Scots," informs us of a battle fought in 886 between the Danes and the Picts, and known as the battle of Dollar. It may be presumed, therefore, that in the ancient Celtic manuscript to which that eminent historian appeals, the name Dollar exists. I have not yet had the advantage of examining that MS., but, if opportunity serves, I will examine at an early date the edition of that interesting document published by Dr Skene in 1867, and contained in the Carnegie Library, Edinburgh. I do not know exactly what the date may be of the existing manuscript of these ancient chronicles. I do not think, however, it can be much, if any, earlier than the twelfth century. Dr Cosmo Innes tells us expressly on this question of early manuscripts that we have no extant Scottish writings so early as the reign of Malcolm Canmore, who died in 1093. It is no doubt true that the art of writing was known and practised in Scotland to some extent, at least, before that period. But the probability is that it was only used at that time for books connected with the Church, its forms and service. At any rate there is no evidence now in existence of charters or chronicles or record of any sort having then had a place in the life and practice of the people. The oldest Scotch writing extant, we are told, is a charter by King Duncan—not "the gracious Duncan" murdered by Macbeth, but his grandson, who reigned in 1095—granted to the monks of St Cuthbert of Durham. It is executed in the Anglo-Saxon manner by the granter, and the several witnesses affix their crosses. We have several charters still preserved of Edgar, the brother and successor of Duncan, who reigned till 1106, and who uses a seal after the Norman fashion, on which he takes the barbaric title of Basileus. From his time, that is, from the beginning of the twelfth century, we have the charter of all the Scottish kings in an unbroken series, as well as of many of their subjects. These charters deserve closer study than has often been given them, as they contain not a little information fitted to cast light alike on the domestic and public and social life of the period.

Our earliest chronicle does not go back so far as our earliest charter. Dr Innes says regarding it: "There is still preserved a poor fragment of a Scotch chronicle which appears to have been written about the year 1165. It is a single leaf inserted in the manuscript of the 'Chronicle of Melros' in the Cottonian Library. The rest of that venerable chronicle, written in the

thirteenth century in the Abbey of Melrose, is the most ancient Scotch writing of the nature of continuous history that is now extant." A few other fragments of chronicles of that century exist, but they are for the most part bare lists of the Scottish and Pictish kings, and they are deposited in the Royal Library at Paris. When they were used by Camden and other historians they were in the library of Cecil, Lord Burleigh.

Of collections of the Laws of Scotland, the oldest is one lately restored to this country from the Public Library at Berne. It is a fine and careful MS. written about 1270, and, what adds greatly to its interest, containing an English Law Treatise and English Styles, as well as some of the most ancient laws of Scotland, including the venerable code of Burgh Laws of King David the First. While last of all it includes also all the ancient laws of the marches, concerted and agreed by a grand assize of the borderers of the two kingdoms in 1249.

Next in interest to the Berne MS. is a book of "Scots Laws," chiefly burghal, which was picked up from a bookstall in Ayr in 1824, and its previous history cannot be traced. It is a fine MS. of the age of Robert the First or at least of the early half of the fourteenth century.

State papers, properly so-called, begin in the reign of Alexander the Third. These are few though of great importance. There are also still preserved some imperfect records of Parliamentary proceedings from the age of Robert the Bruce downwards. These are all the materials for the civil history of Scotland which we possess prior to the work of John Barbour. Soon after Barbour we have the work of Andrew Wyntoun, Prior of Lochleven, a rhyming chronicle: while John Fordun laid the foundation of Scots history in his "Scotichronicon" about the end of the fourteenth century.

It is plain, therefore, that to get the early spelling and pronunciation of the term we now write and pronounce Dollar from any ancient MS. is practically impossible. As far as my knowledge goes, the late Rev. Mr Paul is correct when he says that "the oldest title-deeds relating to the castle, now called Castle Campbell, are of the date 1465, and that they are preserved in the charter chest of the Duke of Argyll at Inveraray." He is, I think, wrong, however, when he spells the local names found in that old charter "Dollar and Glum" (*Dollar Magazine*, III. 157). I have seen these names copied, as I believe, more correctly "Doler and Glum." Indeed, practically all the early forms in which the name of our parish was reproduced suggest that our present spelling and pronunciation have departed considerably from the original. Thus I have seen for the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the form of Dolor, Dolour, and Dolar; but the present form Dollar is of comparatively recent introduction. This fact has suggested to me doubts regarding the commonly received etymology of the parish. Thus Mr Paul (*Dollar Magazine*, III. 155) has said: "Dollar is now generally believed to be derived from Dal, a vale, and Ard, high—the High Valley, though some derive it from the Gaelic Doilleir, signifying dark, sombre, gloomy."

Now my difficulty in regard to adopting the first of these etymologies arises from the fact to which Sir Herbert Maxwell attaches great importance, that in Celtic speech the substantive generally, not always, precedes the adjective or qualifying word, and that this throws the stress in compounds on

the ultimate or penultimate syllable. Had Dollar, therefore, really meant the High Valley, the pronunciation would have been Dollár and not Dóller.

There is a passage in George Borrow's "Wild Wales," chapter xcv., pages 490,491, which I lately read and which is interesting as throwing some light on the subject. Speaking of a pedestrian journey he was taking in South Wales, and describing a long and dreary ascent he had been climbing, and the pleasant prospect he obtained when he reached the summit of the Ridge, he exclaims: "What a sudden change! Beautiful hills in the far east, a fair valley below, and groves and woods on each side of the road which led down to it. The sight filled my veins with fresh life, and I descended this side of the hill as merrily as I had come up the other side despairingly. About half way down I came to a small village. Seeing a public-house, I went up to it and inquired in English of some people within the name of the village.

"'Dolwèn,' said a dark-faced young fellow of about four and twenty.

"'And what is the name of the valley?' said I.

"'Dolwèn,' was the answer, 'the valley is named after the village.'

"'You mean that the village is named after the valley,' said I, 'for Dolwèn means fair valley.'

"'It may be so,' said the young fellow, 'we don't know much here.'"

Now far be it from me to suggest that the reason why the majority of those among us who think at all upon the question of the original significance of the term Dollar are content to accept with unquestioning submission the traditional explanation of the sense of that term that has passed current with our fathers, is the same as that alleged by the modest Welsh youth to account for the unintelligent fashion in which he and his fellow-villagers had taken for granted that it was from their rude hamlet that the beautiful valley of Dolwèn had received its name. For it is not, I think, lack of knowledge from which our local antiquaries and philologists suffer; rather, I think, is it from want of the reactive power of independent thought, the spirit of free criticism that is in my opinion so necessary in its relation to all received traditions, if we are to reach anything like a satisfactory and permanent agreement in regard to all points that are not on the very face of them self-evident. Personally I am not able to suggest a perfectly satisfactory etymology for Dollar; but neither can I acquiesce without demur in the etymology hitherto accepted. Perhaps some of my readers with a better acquaintance with Gaelic than I possess may turn their attention to the question I have here started. In the hope of some satisfactory solution of the difficulty I have submitted, I leave the matter open for discussion, and trust that some Œdipus may arise and clear up the mystery.

To Any Millionaire.

THOUGH your safe, as a rule, overflows
With some rather piratical plunder,
Pray don't for a moment suppose
That I'm blind to the manifold woes
You are labouring under.

As a golfer you're seldom at ease,
And never a "scratch" or a "plus" man;
You may dine just as late as you please,
But you cannot enjoy bread and cheese,
Or drink beer like a 'busman.

Your most private affairs are in print,
And your slumbers might often be sounder;
You can buy what you like, without stint:
But quite frequently people will hint
You're a bit of a bounder.

Yes, I pity you, great millionaire,
And, indeed, am exceedingly thankful
To have neither your money nor care.

. . . . . .

All the same to relieve your despair
I would risk, say, a bankful.

A. S., Jun

The 4.47 Train.

HIS brilliant vest of many colours gave quite a festive touch to the dim, cathedral light of Queen Street Station, and not even an American tourist could have marched up and down with more assurance. After perambulating near the tunnel end of No. 1 platform for some time, and looking repeatedly at his watch, he called to a passing porter:

"Here!"

"Eh?"

"When on earth is the 4.23 Alloa train going to start?"

"It's aff."

"What?"

"It's aff," the railway man repeated.

"Nonsense! I've been here for ten minutes, and it's only twenty-five past now."

"It's aff, A'm tellin' ye. It's no rinnin' noo. There's a train at fower-forty-seeven."

The porter had got out of range before Fancy Vest could think of a sufficiently forcible reply, but when the 4.47 did appear, the vials of his wrath were poured upon the head of the ticket collector. The alterations in the time-tables—and fares, the speed (?) of the trains, the smell of gas, and the remuneration of the directors were all touched on severally and collectively.

The ticket collector finished his snipping in silence; then as he got out on to the platform he said:

"I'm thinkin' you've made a mistake, sir."

"What d'you say?" Fancy Vest sat up angrily.

"I'm not the general manager—yet." And the door was closed with less than the usual gentleness.

Fortunately the train started just then. When we trickled into Cowlairs the temperature had gone down several degrees. After that we smoked for a while without speaking, and read our evening papers. Then in a rash moment I laid down my *Citizen*, and offered some very commonplace remark on the political situation. Immediately I was sorry I had spoken, for my companion favoured me with a lengthy diatribe against (it appeared to me) all known forms of government. His remarks on what he termed "grandmotherly legislation" may have been perfectly sound; but there is a time for everything, and at that moment I was more anxious to find out how many runs the M.C.C. had made against the Australian cricketers. But Fancy Vest went on relentlessly.

"What can you expect from a set of politicians like ours?" he barked. "They are all the same, these fellows, looking after number one."

"They've given us Old Age Pensions," I said, flippantly, I fear.

"Oh, yes!" he said, sarcastically, "give everybody a pension. Give 'em all fifty shillings a week instead of five. And a bicycle."

I was on the point of remarking that I would rather have a gramophone. But at that moment the train pulled up.

"See the time we've taken to get the length of Alloa!" grunted Fancy Vest, as he rose and prepared to get out.

As gently as possible I broke the news that we had stopped at Alloa some time before.

"Nice place, Tillicoultry," I said, soothingly.

He did not seem to think so.

A. S., Jun.

Band Night at Cubbon Park.

As we stroll along the Maidan, gently wending our way parkwards, it is soon evident from the busy state of the road that bands are popular out here. Dozens of carriages, some smart, others that make your eyes smart to look at them pass us. Native nurses with their charges, Camerons in kilts and white jackets, Hussars and Artillery in clean white uniforms, all laughing and chatting, give the dusty road an unwontedly lively appearance.

Passing the Queen Victoria monument, we are in the park proper. The trees are magnificent in some places, but the grass is brown and burnt, and intersected with beaten sandy paths, and flowers are conspicuous by their absence. Here and there trees covered with red and white blossom make a vivid and pleasing patch of colour.

The sun is beginning to set, and a slight breeze makes it a little cooler. Away in a corner the "Bamboo Grove," a large grove of bamboos with small seats here and there, gives promise of being a very convenient spot for some young couples at a later hour. It is a very dangerous spot, as it is credited with causing more marriages than any other place in Bangalore.

Away in front stretch the Mysore State Offices—a long block of red buildings—and just in front, with glittering instruments and white drill uniforms, is the band of the 7th Hussars. It is a very good band, but this being our first visit we will not pay so much attention to it, as to the crowd who listen to it. At the back, in shade of the buildings, is a long string of carriages, two and three deep. These contain the aristocracy of Bangalore, both native and European. Carriages and horses are cheap to keep up here, so nearly everyone keeps one. A few, however, hire, but these ones are very poor looking, and the horses worn-out old bags of bones. There are a few motors also. Here and there are a few purdah carriages belonging to the wealthy Mohammedans, and though the ladies can see and hear through the lattice work, the passer-by cannot distinguish anything clearly inside. (I know because I tried.) Playing round the crowd are numerous white kiddies, much the same as at home. The boys usually in white sailor suits, and the little girls in white muslin or silk dresses. The ayahs get in a crowd by themselves with their prams, and chatter away fifteen to the dozen, never paying any attention to the music. They are very clean-looking, however, and their saris of white muslin are spotless. They have no control over their charges, who do as they like. "Tommy" mostly keeps to himself and either sits quietly listening, or strolls round about. A great many half-castes turn up, both men and girls. Many of the girls are very pretty and well dressed. The men are well dressed, too, but all have a fancy for cheap brown boots with very sharp toes.

A few native bucks with bare feet, a loin cloth, an ordinary lounge coat, and a round pill-box hat or turban, give themselves great airs, but no one pays any attention to them.

The band does not last long, about an hour; and at 6.30 "God Save the King" bangs forth. The soldiers and some of the kiddies (officers' sons) stand at attention, but the civilians all scuttle off as soon as possible. The crowd then scatters in all directions, and the park is empty save for a few walis (gardeners) and one or two couples who gently approach the Bamboo Grove by circuitous paths. As there are no amusements in the native villages we mostly all return to barracks, or visit some soldier's home for a game of cards or billiards before supper, and then to repose.

P. M. M. (F.P.).

Notes from Near and Far.

UNDER this heading we have the greatest pleasure in drawing attention to the meetings of former pupils who, proud of their old School and their connection with it, have formed Associations under its name—Edinburgh Dollar Academy Club, and Glasgow Dollar Academy Club. The members of the former held their twenty-third, and of the latter their second Annual Dinner in the month of March. We were glad to learn from the reports that both Clubs are in a flourishing condition with an increasing membership. They form a link between the present and the past, and enable former pupils to hold out a helping and encouraging hand to those who are now filling their places in the class-rooms. They help to cement schoolboy friendships, and to bring into social intercourse different generations of schoolfellows. At both dinners there was a most numerous and pleasant gathering of members.

The Dinner of the Edinburgh Club was held in the Caledonian Station Hotel on Friday evening, 15th March, Mr R. T. Norfor (President) occupying the chair. Previous to the dinner the Annual General Meeting was held, when Dr James Huskie was elected President for the ensuing year.

The usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given with commendable brevity from the chair. To the Chairman also fell the honour of proposing "The Memory of John M'Nab." Mr Norfor said that like all those who had proposed this toast in previous years he felt himself labouring under the same difficulty, viz., the paucity of our knowledge of the actual life of him in whose honour they were gathered together that evening. When one had stated that John M'Nab was baptized in 1732, lived his life as a herd laddie in the valley of the Devon, felt the call of the sea as a grown boy, and, after some coasting voyages, left his native land, probably about 1750, once again returning (incognito), and was never heard of again till his death, and the contents of his will were made known, all the ascertained facts were laid bare. He (the Chairman), however, thought that they would like him to go a little beyond the bare narration of these bald facts. Mr Norfor then proceeded to give in considerable detail the conditions under which people lived in the time of M'Nab's boyhood. "The schoolmaster," he said, "who was paid a beggarly pittance, and who was expected to teach Latin, mathematics, grammar, writing, and singing, had frequently to teach his scholars in his own house. Desks were unheard of, and the pupils got through their writing by sprawling full length on the floor. Such a condition of affairs could not fail to make a lasting impression upon John M'Nab, and that this was so he very clearly demonstrated. His gift to his native parish was one of pure disinterestedness, and was in marked contrast to that of many another better known man whose gift was merely a stepping stone to public honours for himself. M'Nab's gift was made anonymously, and he wisely left it to other and abler minds to fashion out the form and manner which his bequest should take. From small beginnings the School has gone on and prospered, and now possesses an honourable roll of the achievements of her sons and daughters."

"Dollar Academy" was proposed by Dr Huskie, who gave some very amusing experiences of his schooldays. It was always, he said, a matter of

congratulation that these annual dinners took place, as they were the means of keeping old schoolmates in touch with one another, and preserving the happy memories of boyhood.

Mr C. S. Dougall, the Rector, replied, and after making fitting and suitable references to the deaths of Professor Hope W. Hogg, Dr J. G. Briggs, and Mr Thomas Buchanan, he went on to enumerate the honours won during the past year by "Old Boys" at the Universities, as also the almost uninterrupted list of victories gained by this year's School XV. Situated as the School was among such beautiful surroundings, he went on to say it was small wonder that former pupils showed their appreciation of this fact by repeatedly revisiting the scenes of their schooldays. Other toasts were "The Ladies," given by Dr Donald Ross in very racy style, and "The Chairman" by Mr W. M. Carment.

On the call of the Chairman, Mr Malcolm gave some interesting information regarding the ever-increasing success of the *Dollar Magazine*, and Mr Hamilton some entertaining reminiscences of

> ". . . the schoolboy spot
> We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot."

During the evening several songs were well rendered by Messrs Peden, Rutherford, and others.

Among those present were:—Mr R. T. Norfor (Chairman), Dr David Wallace, C.M.G., Messrs C. S. Dougall, P. D. Lauder, R. Whittaker, F. B. Allan, H. H. Browning, J. A. S. Carment, W. M. Carment, M. Fischer, J. B. Hamilton, Dr J. Huskie, Messrs R. Malcolm, R. Maule, M. Lee, J. Macdonald, J. Morrison, W. Norfor, J. B. Peden, J. W. Pitt, A. W. Ross, Dr D. Ross, Messrs J. D. Rutherford, J. M. D. Scott, P. Stevenson, T. G. Thomson, A. Wardlaw, J. Thin. Apologies for absence were received from Professor Scott Lang (Chairman of the Governors), Dr George A. Gibson, Messrs N. Briggs Constable, A. H. Briggs Constable, J. B. Bennett, W. G. Cruickshank, A. J. Ramsay, H. V. Tattersall, A. Drysdale, R. A. Roxburgh, H. D. Sloan, D. Mair, and T. J. Young.

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GLASGOW DOLLAR ACADEMY CLUB.—The Club held its Second Annual Dinner in the Grosvenor Restaurant on the evening of Friday, 22nd March, under the genial chairmanship of Mr Alexander Wardlaw, Assistant Manager of the Clydesdale Bank.

After the pledging of the customary loyal toasts, Mr John Dempster proposed "The Imperial Forces," introducing a hearty tribute to the efficiency of Dollar's own contribution—the O.T.C. In replying, Lieutenant J. E. Lyle, one of the guests, dealing with the question of the Territorial Force, laid emphasis upon his opinion that the future of the force depended largely upon the support of the class of men produced by big schools as Dollar.

In a speech full of interesting reminiscences, Mr Raeburn, Depute Chairman of the Clyde Navigation Trust, proposed the toast of "Dollar Academy," taking his hearers back to the days before the Devon Valley Railway was extended as far as Dollar, and pupils coming to school from the west, drove

Ben Cleuch. Andrew Gannel. Stuc a Chroin. Ben Vorlich.

R. K. Holmes.

BEN CLEUCH FROM KING'S SEAT.

from Tillicoultry in a 'bus. He referred to the glorious times Dollar boys could enjoy throughout every season of the year in what he always considered one of the loveliest villages of the plain, and expressed his belief that Dollar, which had produced so many men of whom they might be proud, was to-day a better school than ever. Mr Dougall, in reply, gave some details of current School activities in various departments, showing, as he eloquently expressed it, that though the stones hewn out of the Sheardale Braes for the erection of the building might moulder in the course of years, that entity they called the School was unimpaired. The stately old lady who mothered most of those present was still hale and hearty.

The Chairman, replying to the toast of "The Club," proposed by the Rev. W. Stevenson Stuart, B.D., a guest, recalled a few of the outstanding facts in connection with the founding of the School—how it owed its origin to a native of the parish, John M'Nab, who died in 1802, leaving his money for the benefit of his native place. The money was, he said, in Chancery for some years, and when relieved amounted to £74,000. After building the School on the design of Playfair there was left a large sum as endowment, which had been an untold benefit to many.

The important toast of "The Ladies" was entrusted, by a most happy inspiration, to Dr Cram, Rutherglen, who showed himself worthy of the responsibility and honour by a speech as original as it was humorous. Dr Cram quoted a learned writer who declared many years ago that he who would conceive how the Garden of Eden appeared to our first parents should take his stand on the battlements of Edinburgh Castle and gaze westwards along the valley of the Forth; but, said Dr Cram, by so doing he would see only the casket—what would have been the enthusiasm of the writer could he have been permitted to look within that casket and behold the jewels it contained—the girls of Dollar?

Other toasts and speeches followed, including some interesting remarks in reminiscent vein by Sir James Smith, Clifford Park, Stirling, who spoke with warm appreciation of the *Dollar Magazine.*

The following F.Ps.'s were present:—Mr Alexander Wardlaw (Chairman), Sir James B. Smith, Messrs John Dempster, William H. Raeburn, Alexander Willieson, John C. Christie, Wemyss Tod, Albert J. A. Baird, William Robertson, James S. Allan, W. I. Bryce Buchanan, William Reid, W. Neilson, Dr John Cram, Hugh H. Browning, George A. Duthie, W. R. Smith, Robert Cousin, W. K. Holmes, Andrew Bisset, Robert S. Wardlaw, George Duncan, J. K. Lamberton, R. Maclachlan, Thomas B. Anderson, John W. Willieson, Herbert C. Sloan (Hon. Secy.).

The following representatives were present from Dollar:—Messrs C. S. Dougall, Richard Malcolm, William Annand, T. J. Young, Dr Butchart.

At the Business Meeting on the same evening Mr John Dempster was appointed President for the ensuing year, and Dr Cram took his place as Vice-President.

We note with pleasure that Mr Dempster has inaugurated his Presidentship by presenting to the Club a handsome Golf Trophy to be played for annually by members. The excellent object is to bring members into closer touch with one another.

ESTABLISHED CHURCH SOCIAL MEETING.—A very successful Congregational Meeting of the Established Church was held in the Institution Hall on the evening of Thursday, the 21st of March. The Rev. R. S. Armstrong, B.D., presided, and was supported on the platform by the Rev. Dr Gunn, the Rev. W. B. R. Wilson, the Rev. A. E. Spence, the Rev. W. Gwyther, Dollar, the Rev. J. Edgar Cairns, M.A., Muckhart, and the Rev. A. Scudamore Forbes, B.D., Alloa. The features of the meeting most worthy of note were the very large audience indicating a lively interest in matters pertaining to the Church, the great advance of the liberal spirit as exemplified by the presence side by side of clergymen representing United Free, United Presbyterian, Irish Presbyterian, as well as Established Church, and the excellence of the reports given by the conveners of the various organisations of the Church.

The first report, that of the Woman's Guild, was given by Mrs Dougall, who in a very lucid manner showed how much good the Guild was accomplishing, and how prosperous it had been during the session. Mr Alexander Cowan submitted a very full report of the Young Men's Guild, than which there is no department of church work more likely to be fruitful in blessing to a congregation. The financial report submitted by Mr Masterton made it clear that the money matters of the congregation were in a highly satisfactory state, notwithstanding the heavy expenditure in connection with the new system of lighting the church, which has proved an unqualified success.

The addresses given by the several speakers were entertaining and instructive, brightened up, as is usual on such occasions, by laughter-provoking stories, some of them *àpropos*, others inept. It was notable that in all the speeches there were favourable references to the question of union which is so much discussed at present. To say that differences are unmixed evils and should be got rid of by force or by a surrender of principle is an error: differences are the result of liberty. At the same time it is wise to consider wherein there is agreement more than wherein there is difference.

The musical programme carried out by Mr M'Gruther and his choir gave great satisfaction.

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SOCIETY FOR NURSING THE SICK POOR.—The members of this Association, whose beneficence has done so much to ameliorate the condition of the sick poor in our midst, held their annual meeting in the Masonic Hall, on Wednesday, 20th of March. Mr Malcolm presided, and at his request the Rev. R. S. Armstrong opened the meeting with prayer. The minutes of the last general meeting, the several Committee meetings, and the annual report were read by the Chairman, and unanimously approved and adopted. The report of Nurse Bell, which came next, showed that she had paid on an average 140 visits per month. The financial statement submitted by the Treasurer, Mr J. A. Gibson, which showed a favourable balance, was adopted with acclamation, and a cordial vote of thanks was passed to Mr Gibson for his painstaking interest in the Society. A recommendation from the Committees gave rise to an animated discussion, hinging mainly on what might be the effect on the Society of the medical benefit given under the Insurance Act. As experience alone could clear up the matter, it was finally decided to

continue the work on the present lines for another year. The President, Miss Haig, and the Secretary, Mrs Macbeth, were unanimously re-appointed.

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"JUDAS MACCABÆUS."—The musical treat which we are now accustomed to look forward to year by year was given by Mr Baillie's choir, in the Institution Hall on the evening of Thursday, 21st March. The Oratorio that had been the subject of study during the session was Handel's "Judas Maccabæus," which was composed in 1746 by command of His Royal Highness George II. to celebrate the final victory of Culloden. It contains the well-known noble chorus "See the Conquering Hero Comes," which was splendidly rendered. This is true of all the choruses; while of the rendering of the solos and duets one can hardly speak too highly. Miss Bertram sang sweetly "Pious Orgies" and "'Tis Liberty," Miss Ogilvie did full justice to "Come, Ever-smiling Liberty," Miss Runcieman showed to advantage in "Father of Heaven," and Miss Webster was happy in her rendering of "From Mighty Kings" and "Wise Men Flattering." Nor must we omit to mention that Mr John Halley gave an excellent rendering of "I feel the Deity Within" and "Arm, Arm, Ye Brave," entering fully into the spirit of both. The duets "Hail, Judea, Happy Land" and "Oh, Lovely Peace" by Miss Runcieman and Miss Webster richly deserved the applause they called forth. The whole performance was a marked success, likely to encourage a taste for high class music in our midst.

We may add that the orchestra consisted as follows:—First violins, Miss C. Paul, Miss Sharp, and Mr Craig; second violins, Miss Jackson, Mr Frank Abbey; 'cello, Miss Hemming; flute, Mr Gibson; double bass, Mr J. Dickson; piano, Miss Robertson; and organ, Miss F. Fraser. Few towns of the size of Dollar can boast such an array of talent.

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ORDINATION OF THE REV. J. K. RUSSELL.—In our last number we made intimation of the appointment of the Rev. J. K. Russell (F.P.) to the Parish Church, Falkland. His ordination took place on the 17th of April. The speech made on that occasion by Professor Herkless of St Andrews University will be read with pleasure by many of Mr Russell's contemporaries:—"He," the Professor, "had come there that day with the very greatest satisfaction to take part in the ordination of one of his students. He was sure that Mr Russell would live up to the ideal that had been placed before him—the ideal of being an ambassador of Christ. He had known him for years. He knew his character, spirit, and temperament, and was sure no more honourable Christian young man could be consecrated to the work of the holy ministry of that parish. Mr Russell took his M.A. degree with first-class honours, and from the beginning to the end of his course in St Mary's College he had an unbroken success, finally obtaining the degree of B.D. with honours in every subject. If any words of his (the Professor's) could commend Mr Russell to them they would be gladly given; but they might take this certificate from him, that Falkland Parish was to be heartily congratulated upon obtaining the services as minister of one of the best and

most progressive young men of the Church." (This is very high praise from the eminent Professor of Ecclesiastical History.)

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HONOUR TO A FORMER PUPIL.—A very interesting ceremony took place in the Home Park School, Broughty Ferry, on Saturday, 20th April, when Miss Paterson, on the occasion of her retiring from the Principalship of the School, was presented by her former and present pupils with a silver salver suitably inscribed, together with a purse of sovereigns. Dr Harvey Gowans, one of her former pupils, made the presentation, and in doing so spoke of the devoted, kindly interest which Miss Paterson had taken in the education of those placed under her care.

Miss Paterson received her early training at the Dollar Academy, of which she was a highly distinguished pupil in the early sixties.

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WE learn that Dr W. F. Harvey (Wilfred) has been appointed Director of the Central Research Institute of India in the place of Sir David Sempill.

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LATE SURGEON W. F. ARCHIBALD, R.N.—The Chaplain of the Fleet (the Ven. Archdeacon Hugh Singleton Wood, D.D.) dedicated a stained glass window in the Chapel of the Royal Naval Hospital, Gillingham, on the morning of Sunday, 19th May, in memory of the late Surgeon William Forrest Archibald, R.N. (F.P.), who was drowned in the Medway some time ago. The window has been erected by the late Mr Archibald's brother officers, and is a beautiful figure of Mary Magdalene. In his sermon on the occasion the Chaplain said: "With regard to the memorial window which he had had the privilege of dedicating he was sure they felt it most fitting that the window should be placed in that church. They were very grateful to those who had placed it there, inasmuch as it not only perpetuated the memory of a promising young officer, but it helped to make that house of God more beautiful and more worthy of its sacred purposes. He never had the privilege of knowing William Forrest Archibald, but he had been given to understand that he was deservedly popular with all those who knew him. His career had been cut, unhappily, very short, but he believed the deceased officer stood for all that was manly, straightforward, and right, and it was proper that the names of such men should be perpetuated. The Rev. W. F. Archibald of Colchester (father) and Mrs Scott (sister) were among those present.

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NEW ZEALAND OF TO-DAY.—From a highly interesting letter which we have received from Miss Bogie (F.P.), Auckland, New Zealand, we cull the following interesting facts regarding life in the Antipodes:—"We came here many years ago, and are in different kinds of business. Auckland, where we reside, is the best part of New Zealand, has a beautiful harbour, and is a great shipping place. The population has doubled in the last ten years or less. Of course, we did not learn that in our geography—not known then, I think! The electric cars made the difference, and everything apparently

is in a flourishing condition. No houses are to be had at a moderate rent, and they are building beautiful ones; but the ground is a tremendous price, and the labour quite shocking. Those people who have land to sell have done well in many cases; it is true they have kept it for years. The prices for farms are also high, and the land of little or no value in a great many cases. The cost of living is quite as bad as at home, and has increased much in recent years. Mutton, which was twopence a pound, is now sixpence and eightpence, and the same with bread—the small loaf, now fourpence, was twopence halfpenny. The labouring man is the man who thrives, and he is not a thrifty man; he spends all he makes, insures his life, then the Old Age Pension. Education is free, and there are very, very good schools, a Normal School, Technical Schools, and School of Art. Then the Secondary Schools are all run by the best English scholars as teachers. Men who had a little capital and came out in the old days had every chance to do very well, as there were lots of land to be picked up, which now they are cutting up into small farms everywhere. Mining, too, is a great thing and a great boom now and then, and of course we have wool, gum, flax, etc. Colonial towns spring up in a couple of years—those new railways do that, and on all sides you see a strange-looking lot of buildings. You ought to come out for a trip and see our wonderland, beautiful Rotorua and all round, the glorious geysers and baths, and trout fishing, and summer for six months usually. We have fires, as a rule, four and a half months. In the shade it is as cold as at home; but outside in winter you always feel warm, as there is always sun some part of the day. As we said above, we have a wonderfully beautiful harbour, a great yachtsmen's paradise. The rich and the poor share in that, as a great many men make their own launches, etc., and get any amount of pleasure.

"I wonder if Dollar has changed much in all those years. I am sure I could find my way up Castle Campbell Glen and all round the old haunts where we had so many happy days."

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MR GEORGE LAWSON (F.P.), Alloa, in acknowledging the presentation of an illuminated address and other gifts from the office-bearers, Sabbath school teachers, and members of Chalmers United Free Church, said, with reference to the photographs surrounding the address: "Then you have also thoughtfully remembered the days of my boyhood, and included in this beautiful picture other two landmarks very deeply engraven on my heart, namely, Castle Campbell, hoary with years, rich in historic associations, and, like Mount Zion, beautiful for situation, and Dollar Academy, one of the finest Grecian structures in Scotland, and whose name and fame have gone out to the ends of the earth." We join in the fervent good wishes so well expressed in the concluding paragraph of the address.

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HONOUR TO A FORMER PUPIL.—From the *Scottish Trader* we learn that Mr John Templeton Crawford, on the completion of twenty-five years as manager of the firm of Messrs R. & J. Templeton, Glasgow, was presented by the employees with a lovely Chippendale bureau and a gold chain and appendage, as a mark of the esteem in which his assistants and co-workers

held him. At the same time Mrs Crawford received a valuable set of furs. The meeting was held on the 3rd April in the City Hall Saloon. Mr Gilmour, assistant to Mr Crawford, presided, and in handing over the gifts said: "I know right well that I voice the opinion of all those under his supervision that they have found Mr Crawford to be not only a man of business, keen for the interests of his employers, but have proved him to be a friend and kindly adviser." Mr Crawford is a native of Dollar, and was educated at Dollar Academy.

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NATURALISTS' FIELD CLUB.—The second excursion of the season took place on Saturday to Naemoor—a privilege kindly granted to the Club by the proprietor, J. J. Moubray, Esq. Rumbling Bridge having been reached by train or cycle, the party set out for the gardens. Part of the way was by the side of the Devon—observant eyes meanwhile drawing attention to wild flower, or other object of interest. Each of the line of greenhouses, with its abundance of flowers, ferns, or fruit, as well as the homelier and hardier products of the gardener's care, came in, deservedly, for a full share of admiration. Particularly interesting was a banana tree, with its bunches of fruit of advanced growth. The centre of interest, however, was the mansion house, with its wealth of artistic treasures. The educative value of such, to the eye and the mind of onlookers, is unquestioned. The door of the several apartments, standing invitingly open, silently testified to the open hand and open heart that characterise the courteous and genial owner. It was regretted that so few of the members had been able to be present—especially as it leaked out that Mr Moubray had shortened a visit to town, in order that he might in person welcome and be with the company. A walk through the woods brought the station again in sight. On Saturday, a fortnight previous, the Club had a similar pleasurable and profitable outing, when they visited Cowden Castle and grounds. This much-appreciated privilege of viewing the numerous treasures of art, and the beauties of nature to be seen there, was very kindly extended by Miss Christie, and exceedingly enjoyed. On both occasions, everyone realised that they had been the recipients of very much attention from all.

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WE note with pleasure the honour conferred by the Convention of Royal Burghs upon our excellent Town Councillor, Mrs Malcolm, in electing her to represent them at a meeting in London "for the formation of a National Association for the Prevention of Infantile Mortality." The meeting was held on 4th June in the Caxton Hall, Westminster, under the patronage of Their Majesties the King and Queen, and was presided over by Mr John Burns, the President of the Board of Trade. Mrs Malcolm was the only lady councillor in the Convention. Among those present were Bishop Boyd Carpenter, Viscountess Helmsley, Lord Robert Cecil, M.P., Lord Shuttleworth, Sir Thomas Barlow, Lady Halley Stewart, and Sir Lauder Brunton.

The Chairman stated that in the six years during which these conferences had been held, infant mortality had been reduced by 30 per cent., as compared with only 32.5 per cent. during the last sixty-six years.

Obituary.

FRAME.—At Toronto, Canada, on 1st April, Robert Sinclair Frame (F.P.), younger son of the late Adam Frame, Architect, Alloa, and of Mrs Frame, Coningsby Place, Alloa.

SMITH.—At Holme-on-Spalding Moor on Sunday, 21st April, the Rev. D. J. Smith, son of the late Rev. D. Smith, parish minister of Tillicoultry. The deceased, at one time a Presbyterian clergyman, came under the influence of the Rev. Sir Hunter Blair, by whom he was induced to join the Roman Catholic Church.

GIBSON.—At 35 Howe Street, Edinburgh, on the 25th of April, Elizabeth Whitehead (Lily), second surviving daughter of the late James Gibson, banker, Dollar.

CHRISTIE.—At 3 Trinity Crescent, Leith, very suddenly, on the 29th April, Alexander C. Christie, youngest son of the late James Christie, teacher, Dollar.

HALLEY.—At Eastbourne, Dollar, on the 10th of May, Elizabeth Murray, wife of Captain E. Halley.

FINLAYSON.—At Ochil View, Dollar, on the 13th May, Mary Miller Finlayson.

HUNTER.—At Burnbrae House, Dollar, on the 22nd May, John Hunter, retired grocer, aged 74.

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In Elizabeth W. Gibson, familiarly known as "Lily," a unique personality has passed away. To the friends of her early girlhood in Dollar and elsewhere, the name will call up many happy memories. Even in those days, her peculiar alertness of mind and inimitable sense of humour made her a leading spirit; and her broad humanitarianism endeared her to people of all classes.

To those who have been associated with her in later years in Edinburgh, she will stand for all time as an embodiment of the spirit's triumph over physical disabilities. For some twenty years bedridden and a great sufferer, she never indulged in self-pity; but by a rare quality of understanding sympathy, drew around her a large circle of people of all sorts and conditions. Her cheery optimism and shrewd common-sense, added to a simple Christian faith, were of inestimable value. To an extraordinary extent, she forgot herself in ministering to, and planning for others, and this literally to the last hour of her life. Her special work on behalf of invalids has had far-reaching effects, undreamt of by herself, and will live as a lasting memorial of her.

M. P. G.

Marriages.

CATTON—EWART.—On the 12th March, at Honolulu, Hawaii, Robert Redford Catton (F.P.), to Edith, daughter of Mr and Mrs George Robert Ewart.

CAMPBELL—RUNCIEMAN.—At St Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Calcutta, on 2nd April, Robert Bruce Campbell (F.P.), Dimakusi T.E., Mangaldai, Assam, to Mary Warrack, second daughter of James Runcieman, J.P., of Castleton, King Edward, Aberdeenshire.

Jottings from Glasgow University.

14th May 1912.

NEXT week the Degree Examinations begin. By the time this is read they will be all over, but just now there is little else to talk about, so I give them first place. I said back there they would be well over, but for some of us, unfortunately, it will not be well—that goes as a matter of course. You can only hope that those who have come up from Dollar will prosper. You can only hope that the "fortunes of youth" will be borne safely on this wild sea of examinations that twice a year surges round us. At any rate, when you see this, you will, if you choose, be much wiser than I now am. I know that it is a frail enough craft that many of us will launch.

Class examinations are, however, happily things of the past. I sat the last of mine no later than this morning. In this case I say "happily," and mean it. On the whole, Dollar has nothing to be ashamed of. I have in my mind as I write one of this session's arrivals from the School who, in a recent Latin paper—an essay it was, to be exact—scored fifty marks out of fifty. Surely this is a sufficient proof of Dollar Academy as a training centre for the Universities. Indeed, as it is, if you subtract those who have come up from local schools, I think you will find Dollar has furnished more men for this University than any other individual academy. H. Snadden, Captain of the School some few years ago, has been elected Captain of Rugby for next year.

The session closes on the 24th of this month. It has been a good session, and I am, on the whole, inclined to be sorry. Men I have known intimately will be scattered, and there is little chance of taking the same classes as they do next year. Some of them, and Dollar men too, will be leaving the University for good and all, but there are, I am glad to say, two former pupils who, although they both have graduated in Arts now, are to be back in October. These are M. Robieson and W. Robieson.

School Notes.

WITH only a few weeks of the session to go, one's thoughts turn forward to Exhibition Day, and results of examinations, rather than backward upon Easter holidays and Sports Day. The session will close on 28th June, when there will be the usual display, and, we hope, the usual happy crowd of parents and friends.

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Mr M'Gruther, the popular Master of the Workshop, has been laid aside by illness for some time. It may be that the interesting show of work in his department will suffer in consequence.

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Mr Percy Walton, B.A., has succeeded Mr Whittaker, and is, we are glad to see, taking an interest in the Cricket. We wish him every success in Dollar.

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The drainage operations on the football field are nearing completion. We are looking forward to a drier and pleasanter pitch next winter.

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The Literary Societies finished up the session with a most enjoyable social meeting, over which Mr Craig, Hon. President of the Girls' Society, presided.

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The last football match of the season was played against George Heriot's, Edinburgh, and resulted in a loss, our team being weakened by the absence of MacNaught.

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The O.T.C. is busy with shooting. The annual inspection takes place on 12th June, and the corps will attend camp at Barry from 1st to 10th July. Mr Frew has succeeded Mr Whittaker as 2nd Lieutenant.

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The Annual Sports took place on 27th April. An ideal day—bright and sunny with just enough east wind to temper the warmth, and make everyone feel in a pleasant mood.

The ground was in perfect condition, and Penman had the track well cut and rolled. When the first event began, a considerable number of spectators lined the ropes, and everything promised well for a record attendance. Before the day ended this promise was fulfilled, for we understand from the indefatigable Treasurer that the numbers exceeded those of previous years, as has the balance.

It was an unexpected turn that caused Hanbury to drop out of the Cricket Ball Throw, as he had been throwing well in practices. Fox won easily with a distance of 85 yards 2 feet 10 inches.

The destination for the Edina Cup was wrapped in mystery—there were many favourites, all with good chances—and the events were watched more eagerly and with more excitement than in previous years.

Hunter, who ran Matthewson hard last year, had to play second to Abbey in a good hundred yards race—the winner's time being $11\frac{2}{5}$ seconds, and in the 220 yards the same two finished in like order with $25\frac{2}{5}$ seconds as time.

In the Quarter Mile, however, Abbey did not appear at all; Hunter and Myers coming in first and second with a time of $57\frac{2}{5}$ seconds.

In the Hurdle race (School) Hanbury appeared in a new rôle—we had never considered him at all as a likely winner in this event, but his performance in running second to Abbey, showed that with some more practice he could have given the winner a hard task to finish first. So far Abbey had shown fine form, and was worthy of the hearty applause his winning efforts evoked from the spectators.

We have now seen several Mile races, but this year's race was better in many ways than any of those before. Well paced and well run, good time and an exciting finish made Hallifax the hero of the day.

It is a pity that the China Cup should have gone for ever—that mile we can never forget—Bill's "Walk quicker" told the truth, and this year's mile was many times more worthy of the Cup.

In the High Leap (School) Myers carried off the first prize, as was expected, Kinloch finishing a close second. Myers was not in his best form, but his jump of 4 feet $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches was quite a creditable performance.

Another sensational finish was that of the Long Leap (School). Hanbury had cleared 19 feet 2 inches, with Abbey a good foot or more behind, and one attempt to make. A quick run and a flash of a body hurtling through the air—the referee's voice shouting 19 feet 2 inches—and a roar of applause from all sides. Abbey with an almost superhuman effort had tied with Hanbury for the first place.

In the Putting the Weight event Hanbury came out first, easily leading by several feet.

The Junior events were well contested, Hamilton, Lauder, Findlay, M'Reddie, and MacColl all coming out well in the under-sixteen events, and Bonthrone, Hope, Shaw, in the under-fourteen events.

The Obstacle race and the Sack race provided the usual merriment of the day. Neil beat his old rival Chuan in the former, with M'Reddie third; and Chuan romped home in the sack quite comfortably.

In the F.P. events Reid and Matthewson finished first and second in the 120 race—time $13\frac{2}{5}$ seconds; and in the Quarter Mile Matthewson finished first, with Paterson a good second—time $56\frac{2}{5}$ seconds.

The Half-Mile was not so stirring as usual, though Robertson had a well-deserved win with a time of 2 minutes 16 seconds.

The Tug of War brought a most enjoyable day's sport to a close. Britishers seemed and were the heavier lot, but Alf had his men well in hand, and Heyworth had to go under after a well-fought battle. We give some statistics concerning the teams. These may be of interest to many, and we hope may clear away any doubts as to the merit of the victory.

A. Drysdale.

THE SPORTS FIELD.

TUG-OF-WAR TEAMS.

BRITISH.

Age (27th Apr.) Yr.	M.	Name.	Birthplace.	Height. ft.	ins.	Weight. st.	lbs.
17	7	G. Heyworth (Capt.)	Birkenhead	5	8⅝	11	7
17	6	A. Miller	London	5	9¾	10	10½
17	3	J. Morrison	Dollar	5	6	9	3¼
16	3	W. Ovens	Selkirkshire	5	9	10	6½
15	8	R. Philp	Menstrie	5	10¼	11	1
17	4	D. Smith	Lancashire	6	0	11	9
17	4	I. Robertson	Elgin	5	9⅛	10	3¼
16	7	R. Beattie	Dollar	5	6⅝	10	12
Average. 16	11¼		Total	...		85	11
			Average	5	9	10	10

FOREIGNERS.

18	5	A. Hanbury (Capt.)	Queensland	6	1/16	12	4
17	11	D. MacColl	Java	5	9⅞	11	2½
16	10	R. Colven	Argentine	5	6⅜	10	11½
19	2	C. Sarel	Alaska	5	8⅜	10	9
16	8	E. Myers	U.S.A.	5	7⅜	11	2
16	8	A. Paterson	India	5	9¾	9	6¼
15	8	K. Findlay	India	5	9¼	9	12¾
16	10	G. Hallifax	Straits Settlements	5	5½	9	1
Average. 17	3¼		Total	...		84	7
			Average	5	8½	10	8

The Edina Cup was won by Abbey with a score of 20 points, Hunter coming next with 14.

At the close of the Sports, Mr Dougall called upon Mrs Simpson, Aberdona, to present the prizes to the successful competitors, and after three hearty cheers to her for her services, the crowd dispersed for yet another year.

During the Sports, tea was served in the Pavilion. The ladies of the Staff took charge of the arrangements and looked well after the comfort of the visitors. We wish, on behalf of the Athletic Club, to thank every one who in any way exerted herself or himself to further the interest in, and success of the Sports.

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GLASGOW DOLLAR ACADEMY CLUB.

The members of the Glasgow Dollar Academy Club and their friends took advantage of the Glasgow holiday, 23rd May, to pay a visit to the old School. The forenoon was spent in visiting old haunts, and at one o'clock the party met for lunch in the Castle Campbell Hotel. Mr and Mrs Dougall, Mr and Mrs Malcolm, and Mr T. J. Young were the guests of the Club at lunch, and

prominent members present were Mr and Mrs Wardlaw, Mr and Mrs Dempster, Dr Cram, Mr Alex. Willieson, Mr Herbert C. Sloan, and Mr Allan. In the afternoon a cricket team organised by the Club under the captaincy of Mr T. Anderson played the School First XI. The scores were as follows:—

SCHOOL.		GLASGOW DOLLAR ACADEMY CLUB.	
G. Heyworth	*b.* Robertson - 1	H. Gibson	*b.* Hanbury - 5
G. O. Hallifax	*b.* Anderson - 54	Penman	*c.* and *b.* Hanbury - 0
E. N. MacNaught	*c.* Marshall, *b.* Robertson - 0	A. K. Ramsay	*b.* Hanbury - 4
H. Dodds	Hit wicket, *b.* Robertson - 0	C. Walker	*c.* Myers, *b.* Kinloch - 3
E. Fox	*b.* Robertson - 1	W. J. Watson	*c.* Hallifax, *b.* Hanbury 19
C. Kinloch	*b.* Robertson - 0	J. H. Innes	Run out - 0
A. M. Hanbury	*c.* Marshall, *b.* Robertson - 15	R. R. Marshall	*c.* Fox, *b.* Kinloch - 10
E. Myers	*c.* and *b.* Anderson - 4	R. M'Lachlan	*c.* MacNaught, *b.* Hanbury - 0
J. Wade	*c.* Bell, *b.* Robertson 5	R. G. Bell	*b.* Hanbury - 1
W. Snadden	*b.* Anderson - 0	C. Robertson	*c.* Hallifax, *b.* Kinloch 10
S. Farish	Not out - 0	T. B. Anderson	Not out - 0
Extras	- 8	Extras	- 4
	88		56

At an interval the teams and the members of the visiting party were entertained to tea by the School Athletic Club. The ladies on the Staff had charge of the arrangements, and everything possible was done for the entertainment of the visitors. The Pavilion was beautifully decorated with flowers from the School garden. It was with evident reluctance that the company separated on the station platform at 8.23 P.M.

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The cricket season has commenced, and promises to be one which shall be remembered long as "The Great Score Year." Never before in the cricketing history of the School have such tall scores been made so often in one season.

The total number of runs for the first 10 matches to date is 1,520 or 152 runs per match. The total number of wickets lost in these matches is 86, giving an average score per batsman of 17.7 runs.

This score is double or almost double what in previous years has gained an average bat. Only in two matches has the score been under 100—against the Glasgow Dollar Academy Club, and against Mr P. Falconer's XI. at Stonehaven. The smallness of the score in the latter case being accounted for by the fact that, bowling for Mr Falconer's XI., was Mr Mortimer of Aberdeen County XI.

The individual scores are even more interesting than the total scores. Fox, whose mighty hitting has astonished all our opponents, has the following to his credit: 43 against the F.Ps., 164 against Perth Academy, 36 against Aberdeen Grammar School, and 175 against Alloa XI. The last score is a School record, and beats by 5 the best school score for all schools last season.

MacNaught has 109 not out against Alva C.C.—a strong combination, 52 against Glasgow High School, and 27 against St Andrews C.C., and 39 against Alloa XI., all obtained without any chances given to the fielding side.

Hallifax has been the steadiest batsman so far, all his scores having been made with faultless cricket. He has had 43 against the F.P.s, 35 against

Royal High School, 53 against St Andrews C.C., 54 against the Glasgow Dollar Academy Club, and 49 against Alloa XI. The total runs scored by these three batsmen is so far 1,020; Fox's average is 46.2; MacNaught's 30.2, and Hallifax's 28.6; all three are splendid School averages, and worthy of our highest admiration. The bowling is not one bit behind the batting. Fox has an average of 5.78, Kinloch's average is 5.95, and Hanbury's is 6.14. The average cost for each wicket for the first ten matches is 6.3 runs. We need not dwell at length on the splendid form shown by the 1st XI., only we would add that the fielding is far better and smarter than we have seen for several years.

Below a full record of the matches played and scores made is given.

Opponents.	Runs For.	Runs Against.	Result.
F.Ps.	109	43	win
Glasgow High School	116 for 4 wkts.	52 for 9 wkts.	draw (time)
Alva C.C.	170 for 6 wkts.	81	win
Royal High School	114	58	win
St Andrews C.C.	236	44	win
Glasgow Dollar Academy Club	88	56	win
Perth Academy	230	51	win
Mr Falconer's XI.	42	95	loss
Aberdeen Grammar School	111	62	win
Alloa XI.	304 for 6 wkts.	82	win
Dollar C.C.	206 for 5 wkts.	63	win
George Watson's College	151	102	win

The 2nd and 3rd XI's. have been doing well too. The results of their matches are seen below. MacColl and Dougall had over 30 against Stirling, and Chuan proved extremely deadly with his bowling. We hope they will follow in the footsteps of their 1st XI.

2ND XI.

Opponents.	Runs for.	Runs against.	Result.
Morrison's Academy 1st XI.	74	73	win
George Watson's College	39	35	win
Royal High School	59	15	win
Morrison's Academy 1st XI.	71	83	loss
George Watson's College	45	48	loss

3RD XI.

Stirling High School 1st XI.	72	76	loss
George Watson's College	71 for 5 wkts.	57	win
Kelvingrove House 1st XI.	121	14	win
Stirling High School 1st XI.	38	55	loss
George Watson's College	51	96	loss

The Quint League is in full swing, and the excitement is slowly rising. All the quints have played at least once, so that their form has been seen, and speculation as to the quint which will top the League runs high. Hill quint with Hanbury and Kinloch is quite strong, so is Devon with Hallifax, Myers, and Wade; Castle has MacNaught and Snadden, and MacNabb has Fox. The weakest quint is Glen quint. Heyworth and Dodds have a hard task before them to prevent the wooden spoon coming their way. Up to the time of writing the League table stands thus:—

Quint.	Games Played.	Won.	Lost.	Points.
Devon	3	2	1	4
Hill	2	2	0	4
Glen	3	1	2	2
Castle	1	1	0	2
MacNabb	3	0	3	0

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The Girls' Tennis Club seems to be more enthusiastic than in previous years. One does not find the courts empty as one did in years gone past. The Annual Fixture against the Staff was played in May, and as usual the girls had to play second fiddle. The shortness of the daylight prevented the games towards the end from being fully played.

Just now the Racquet Competitions are in full swing, but of them more in another issue.

We would take this opportunity of asking all the girls to consider the athletic side of the School a little more. Next winter we hope to hear of two or even three XIs. for Hockey instead of one XI. and a few odd players, as it was this session.

There is no reason why every girl should not be a member of the Hockey teams. The exercise alone is more valuable than it is possible to point out.

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CRICKET TOUR.

Early on Thursday morning, 30th May, the First Cricket XI., accompanied by Mr Dougall and Mr Wilson, left Dollar for a short tour in the north of Scotland. The morning was perfect until Forfar was reached. There the pessimists detected rain on the carriage panes, and even the most sanguine were distrustful of the haze and heavy clouds that came rolling from the north-east. Mr Gladstone Falconer met the party at Stonehaven, and revived their drooping spirits partly by prophesying a good afternoon, and partly by directing them to the Royal Hotel where lunch was being prepared. After lunch, kits were conveyed to the cricket ground, a beautifully situated pitch commanding an extensive view across the North Sea. Alas! the view was the best of it. As in other places, golf is more popular in Stonehaven than cricket, and what was one of the best pitches in the north of Scotland has been sadly neglected of late. The long grass in the outfield kept down the score enormously. The School team batted first against skilful bowling,

especially on the part of Mr Mortimer, Aberdeen County, whose variations of pace puzzled the batsmen. When all went out for 42, the situation appeared hopeless indeed. However, the local team had some anxious moments. Falconer had one hit for 2, but was caught by Hanbury in attempting a second. Two more wickets went down for 2 more runs, and the boys were beginning to look cheerful. Then Dr Annandale got set. By good, strenuous hitting, he knocked up 68 before he was dismissed. The rest of the team scored 27 among them, so that the School lost by 55 runs. After the match, Mr Hunter, the senior of the three old Dollar boys in the team, expressed the pleasure he and his friends had in this visit of the Dollar boys, and hoped it would be an annual event. Captain MacNaught returned thanks to Mr Falconer for the trouble he had taken in getting up a team, and also for the kind hospitality with which they had been treated.

Aberdeen was reached in the evening, and "early to bed" was the order of the night, for an early start was to be made to see the fish market in the morning. Nearly everyone responded to the early call, and the sight of tons of fish laid out in rows, or packed in ice as they had come from Iceland, was voted well worth seeing. Mr Taylor, an F.P., kindly acted as guide, and explained the difference between halibut and turbot, catfish and ling, haddock and cod. After breakfast, the party separated to visit friends, or see the sights of Aberdeen, and then at 2 P.M., the second match of the tour, against the Aberdeen Grammar School, was begun on King's College Ground. The Dollar people again won the toss, and knocked up a score of 111, to which Fox contributed 36. The Grammar School replied with 62, so that Dollar was victorious by 49 runs. It was rather a sleepy company that boarded the south-bound train at 6.45 the following morning, and the two hours' wait at Perth was not altogether relished, although the best was made of it. The cricket of the afternoon did not suffer, for the School put up a record score of 304 for six wickets against the County Second XI., Fox again being most successful with 175. Altogether the tour was voted a great success, and it is hoped that it may be followed by others equally enjoyable.

Dollar Institution Cricket XI., 1912.

THE cricket XI. are a doughty lot,
They're captained by the bold MacNaught,
A right good man is he.

He puts up some tremendous scores
Amid enthusiastic roars,
And hits right lustily.

A bowler, too, of great renown,
He beats unwary batsmen down
With great dexterity.

There's Heyworth, too, of football fame,
Who plays as good and fair a game
As one might wish to see.

We've also Gerry Hallifax,
Who merrily the leather whacks
To all parts of the field.

We've got another strapping fellow,
There's none more skilfully the willow
Than Ernest Fox can wield.

The rest are all good sturdy chaps
And worthy of their cricket caps:
That, no one can gainsay.

Now, may they strive with might and main
Great honour for the School to gain
In every match they play.

So here's to our good cricket team,
May fortune's favours on them stream;
But should they e'er be beat,

May they ne'er let their courage down,
They'll live to conquer fortune's frown
And wipe out their defeat.

S. F. B.

Our Picnic.

NEVER before did King Sol beam so benevolently on any trippers as he does on the "goodly companie" of schoolgirls assembled before the golf house on the morning of the 25th of May. The march begins, slowly, for it is already warm. We cannot linger this morning at the old grey castle in its fresh green setting! our way lies along the Burn of Sorrow, on to its source. Cameras are busy now and then, the usual picnic, light-hearted chat goes on, inquisitive folks try to probe the depth of the burn, others drink its crystal water and discover too late that—"Things are not what they seem." Thus we proceed till someone whispers—"Lunch!" The effect is electrical, and soon we have evidence of what hill air can do for appetites in general. After lunch, the party proceeds to the top of White Wisp Hill, where our guide very ably helps us to appreciate fully the magnificent view stretched before us. There away to the north, looming purple in the distance, is a range of hills, among them Ben Lomond and Ben Voirlich, and behind that, the snow-capped peaks of the Grampians. The Tay we can also make out, the valley of the Earn, and nearer—Glen Eagles and Glen Sherup with its

reservoir. To the south is the Forth, scarcely discernible from the sky-line, and just down here is Loch Leven, prettily set in the midst of a beautiful, fertile plain. We might stay long admiring the wonderful panorama, but we must proceed to that blue spot below—Glen Quey Reservoir—for we have friends to meet there. The descent is begun, rather quickly on the part of the kettle and a few knapsacks, but at last after many stumblings, etc., we are there regaling ourselves with what remains of our provisions. Our friends arrive and are treated to picnic fare, and after a merry time the walk home is begun. It is accomplished all too soon. We arrive at the Golf House again, dusty and tired, but happy. It has been "delightful" as prophesied; a regular picnic with sticks for spoons, and wriggly black flies—what more could we wish for? "Another picnic next year, *as* good," says someone.

The Greater Dollar Directory.

FORTY-SECOND LIST.

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

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

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