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COLONEL W. H. ROBERTS.

The Dollar Magazine.

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Colonel Roberts.

COL. ROBERTS, whose portrait we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers with this number, may be regarded as among the oldest of existing F.P.'s, but age has not dulled his interest in the old School nor obliterated the memory of his schooldays. He was chairman at the Annual Dinner of the London D.A.C. in 1909, and made an interesting speech reminiscent of his experiences while in Dollar, and he continues in active membership of the club. He was an intimate school and college friend of the late James W. Haig, of Dollarfield, during whose lifetime he paid occasional visits, and renewed old acquaintanceships. At our request Col. Roberts has favoured us with the following very interesting sketch of his life from the time of his coming to Dollar in 1844 to his retirement from the army, which we cannot do better than give in his own words.

In the early autumn of 1844, my brother Harry and I "happened" on Dollar. We boarded with Mr Martin at "Springfield." It being vacation time, the School was closed. The first boy I shook hands with was Johnnie Walker, son of our much-esteemed "English master," and soon after I met Jack Haig and Jimmie Haig of Dollarfield. Then with the opening of the School came boarders and new acquaintances to be made. The boarders in those days were very few compared to the numbers now. One to ten *now*, I should say. The residents, too, were few compared with your list now. Our daily school life was not exciting or indeed interesting. Mr Martin was a good coach, and he coached us at home. The masters were very kind to us and we liked them. Lindsay was especially loved by us all. Our sports were very crude. Cricket was not known, *vide* Dick Bell's account of it in *Dollar Magazine*, Vol. V., p. 201. Football was a thing you kicked "as you please," and you went for your opponent's shins in preference to the ball.

After six years of the Dollar Academy, I went up to Edinburgh in

November 1850, to study medicine, with the view of going into the army. Here I had the good fortune to secure the favour of Professor James Miller, Professor of Surgery, who made me in succession his class and personal assistant, Clinical Clerk, and House Surgeon. As I was only sixteen when I came up to the University I had to put in five years for my degree, and then with the knowledge and consent of the Faculty got it six weeks before I was twenty-one.

On the 23rd July 1858, I was appointed by the India Office an Assistant Surgeon in the Madras army, and was, I think, one of the last few who kissed "the Book" in Ledenhall Street—oddly enough I was Assistant Surgeon "on duty" on the occasion of the "Proclamation Parade" at Secunderabad in November 1858. The Mutiny with all its excitements was over, but I had to do a great deal of marching about with troops, which gave me experience and nothing more.

After some three years of this I got into "civil employ." My first civil station was Seonee in the Central Provinces. My professional duties not being very onerous, I got my first and only chance of big game shooting in a very good shooting country: this I enjoyed immensely.

Seeing no chance of promotion in the Central Provinces I resigned, and reverted to my own Presidency, Madras. Here I was in succession Civil Surgeon of the districts of Salem, Coimbatore, and South Malabar, Calicut, from this last station I was transferred to Madras as Surgeon, 2nd District. After three years at Madras, I left civil employment and went back to military work. I went as Principal Medical Officer of the 2nd Brigade despatched from India to Suakin, Red Sea Littoral. There was no fighting, we were simply to "sit light," and this we did! After some six months of Suakin, which is by no means a delectable place, I was recalled to Madras, on promotion, and was sent to Belgam as Deputy Surgeon-General of that district. At the end of six months, a departmental reorganisation necessitated my reverting to my former position and grade as Brigade Surgeon, and going over to Burmah as second to the Deputy Surgeon-General at Mandalay, to assist him and take his place if need be, as he was in bad health. I was some twelve months at Mandalay, the late Sir George White commanding the division. I got mentioned in despatches, medal, and clasp. On coming back to India, I took six months' sick leave home. On the expiry of this leave, I returned to duty, and on reaching Madras found myself designated to be Principal Medical Officer, Secunderabad district and Hyderabad contingent.

This was a very big charge indeed, and a very interesting one. I held it for the usual term of five years, and then retired from the service. Strangely enough my service began in Secunderabad and ended there. Total service thirty-five years.

W. H. ROBERTS.

Victoria Falls.

THE Falls have been described as the eighth wonder of the world, and I think there could hardly be anything more impressive than the first glimpse of that glorious and awe-inspiring volume of water.

After a long, hot journey from Bulawayo we arrived at the Falls Hotel about 7 A.M., and at that early hour the sun was already bright, and there was a tropical feeling in the air. We could hear the distant booming of the great cataracts, which made us eager to see the actual Falls.

Breakfast was soon over, and we set out by a shady wooded path to walk to the famous high railway bridge, and all the time on the *qui vive*, for we had been told to look out for snakes and monkeys. Evidently we had disturbed the monkeys, as a number of them ran across our path into the dense wood. Soon we reached the hut, where a toll is exacted for the upkeep of the bridge and to regulate the traffic. As we crossed the bridge we had our first view of the Rainbow Falls with the great mass of spray rising in soft white clouds, hence the name Mosi-oa-Tunya, given by the natives, meaning "the smoke that thunders." In olden days travellers were guided towards the spot by this spray, which can be seen a long distance off.

What a glorious achievement to have discovered the Falls, and as we gazed, enchanted and spellbound, we realised what Livingstone had accomplished after the greatest hardships.

To see all the cataracts it is necessary to go through the wonderful Rain Forest. There, amidst the palms and tropical vegetation, we stood on the edge of the projecting rocks, and were drenched by the spray which is constantly falling. This we were prepared for, and our party started out in the quaintest costumes after being photographed by various people. It is in the Rain Forest that the rainbow effects are seen to perfection. They are a unique feature of the Falls, and with all their marvellous colouring, they stretch across the cataracts forming one perfect arch, and appearing so near that the lovely shades seem almost to touch one's feet. Then again, towards sunset, the rainbows can be seen from the hotel verandah as they appear in the cloud of spray that rises from the gorge.

One delightful day was spent on the Zambesi, and I had the good fortune to be taken up the river in a canoe. My guide, who is rather a noted sportsman and knew every inch of the river, instructed his "boys" as to the course we should take, and at the same time told me to look out for hippo.

The natives were anxious to do their best, and away the canoe went at a great pace, and we seemed to go almost as fast as the launch that was taking the rest of the party up to the island where we were to picnic. However, we noticed from time to time that our course was suddenly changed, and this, my friend explained, was on account of the great fear the natives have of the hippo which frequent certain parts of the river known to these "boys." We reached the island, however, without having seen any of the dreaded hippo, and, in the interval before luncheon, amused ourselves by collecting lucky beans, and watching the small alligators slip into the water.

I made the return journey in the launch, for the canoe had to go back to Livingstone, so we came down the river very quickly. Before returning to

the hotel, we went to see the great baobab trees, some of which grow to an immense size, and are of enormous girth.

An excursion to the Palm Grove was a delightful experience, and after following the rough stony pathway, we reached the favourite picnicing ground by the side of the Zambesi, and there we had our luncheon amidst the tall palm-trees with the soft spray falling overhead. So far we had not come across any baboons, and it was not until we were returning from our picnic by the steep path towards the high ground that we were startled by a noise overhead in the trees, and we immediately saw a huge baboon gazing at us. We kept quite still, and very soon more baboons and monkeys of various sizes appeared. We remained fascinated, watching them jump from tree to tree and chattering to each other, while the large baboon, that was evidently the leader, occasionally barked at us.

It is hardly possible to describe the extraordinary beauty of the stars in these latitudes where the Southern Cross appears so clear and brilliant. We saw the Falls too by moonlight, and one evening a lunar rainbow was visible

After spending four days at the hotel we decided to join the mail train at 8 A.M., and go up to Livingstone. There we were most fortunate in seeing a review of the Rhodesian Native Police, on the parade ground, and we were much impressed by the way in which the men went through their drill, and by their splendid band.

Four hours later we were on our way to Bulawayo, feeling that we should like to have been longer at the Falls. ALICE D. SUTHERLAND.

Paddy's Path.

[The labourer who is the subject of this poem was well known and liked by everybody in Glendevon and surrounding district. His death took place just as the writer has told it.]

SWEET blinks the noon on Paddy's path
O'er lowan Baldmony knowe,
But lone and green runs Paddy's path
For the rabbit and the yowe;
Yet oft sae fair the sun glints there
For Paddy, sure, to come,
That I look to see the bent gray head
Rise o'er the heathery drum.

'Twas yesternoon in the golden haze
When spring bides heaven's hush,
That I missed the foot on Paddy's path
Through the withered bracken bush;
Sure, o'er yon hill, he'd sat to fill
His pipe in the mornin's cool,
And an angel voice said, "Paddy, dear!"
Ere Paddy's pipe was full.

GLENDEVON. S. R. M.

Miss Sutherland.

NATIVE CANOE ON THE ZAMBESI.

Miss Sutherland.

VICTORIA FALLS BRIDGE, FROM PALM GROVE.

Dollar as a Place and Personal Name,

ALONG WITH A FRESH ATTEMPT AT FURNISHING A SATISFACTORY ETYMOLOGY FOR THAT TERM.

CHAPTER FIRST.

IN the last number of this *Magazine* I gave some reasons for my rejection of all the various etymologies that have hitherto been offered with the view of explaining the origin and significance of the name that provides the distinctive title of this periodical, and I called at the same time for an Œdipus to come forward and successfully solve the problem of the true etymology. In the present essay, in default of any better interpreter, I propose to act as my own Œdipus, and shall, therefore, in the following pages, present my readers with a succinct account of some recent investigations which I have made, first of all, into the original orthography and pronunciation of the word Dollar, as these particulars may be learned from the form in which the word is reproduced in the spelling of the earliest MS. authorities in which it appears; and thereafter I shall set myself to suggest the meaning which must in all likelihood have been connoted by the word as thus spelled and pronounced.

Now the earliest example that is likely to be found of the presence of the word Dollar in an ancient document, exists in the well-known Pictish Chronicle that has been republished and edited by the late Dr Skene. That Chronicle was written in the tenth century, and Dr Skene declares that internal evidence shows that it must have been produced between 971 and 995 A.D. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the spelling-form of the word, as used at a period so remote, and while the original Celtic tongue, of which it is one of the vocables, was still current speech, must be of the utmost value, as a means of providing a clue, alike to the way the word was originally pronounced, and also to the sense which it bore among those who used it, with an intelligent acquaintance with the meaning of the root-words of which it is composed. I have accordingly carefully transcribed, and I reproduce here from Dr Skene's volume, the special paragraph which contains the earliest of all the forms in which, during the last thousand years, the name Dollar has variously been spelled. The paragraph consists of a brief summary of the reign of Constantine, King of Pictavia, and is memorable to us only because it mentions the occurrence in that monarch's reign of a great battle fought at a place called Dolair, in the year 875 A.D., in which the Danes were victorious, defeating the Scots and their king with great slaughter. The paragraph I refer to follows, and reads thus:—

"Constantinus, filius Cinadi, regnavit annis XVI. Primo ejus anno, Mailsechnaill, rex Hibernorum obiit; et Æd, filius Niel, tenuit regnum—at post duos annos vastavit Amlaib, cum gentibus suis, Pictaviam, et habitavit eam a Kalendis Januarii usque ad festum Sancti Patricii. Tertio iterum anno Amlaib trahens centum, a Constantino occisus est. Paulo post

ab eo, bello in xiiij ejus anno facto in Dolair inter Danarios et Scotos, occisi sunt Scoti co. Achcochlam. Normanni annum integrum degerunt in Pictavia."

Dr Skene connects the closing words of this paragraph with a remarkable ecclesiastical legend told concerning one of the early Scottish saints named St Adrian, and a memorable massacre or slaughter in which that saint and several thousand fellow-confessors perished as martyrs at the hands of the heathen Northmen. He says: "The return of the Columban clergy under Kenneth seems shadowed forth in the legend of St Adrian. He (*i.e.*, Adrian) is said to have arrived 'ad orientales Scocie partes que tunc a Pictis occupabantur,' and to have landed there with 6,606 confessors, clergy, and people. These men, with their bishop Adrian, the Pictish kingdom being destroyed, did many signs, but afterwards desired to have a residence in the Isle of May. The Danes, who then devastated the whole of Britain, came to the island and there slew them. Their martyrdom is said to have taken place in the year 875. It will be observed that these confessors are said to have settled in the east part of Scotland, opposite to the Isle of May—that is in Fife—while the Picts still occupied it, that the Pictish kingdom is then said to have been destroyed, and that their martyrdom took place in 875, thirty years after the Scottish Conquest under Kenneth Macalpin. The arrival, therefore, of the aforesaid confessors was almost coincident with the Scottish Conquest, and the large number said to have come, not the modest twenty-one who arrived with Regulus, but 6,606 confessors, clergy, and people, shows that the traditionary history was really one of invasion, and leads to the supposition that it was in reality a part of the Scottish occupation of the Pictish kingdom. That the 6,000 confessors were really Scots and not Picts appears from this that the year 875, when they are said to have been slain by the Danes, falls in the reign of Constantine, son of Kenneth Macalpin, in his fourteenth year, and in this year the Pictish Chronicle records a battle between the Danes and the Scots (at Dolair), and adds that not long after it, "occisi sunt Scoti co. Achcochlam," which seems to refer to this very slaughter.

I have reproduced these details, not because they were absolutely necessary to my argument, as I shall hereafter develop it, but because I think that an event so interesting in its bearing on our local history, as this memorable conflict unquestionably is, should occupy a larger and a more intelligent place in the minds of all my readers than I fear is the case, and because I believe also, that though not essential to the position I shall in the sequel maintain regarding the true scope and significance of Dollar as a place-name, nevertheless the bloody conflict here referred to serves admirably to suggest the manner in which, whether as given to perpetuate the memory of the sanguinary battle above described, or as employed to commemorate an even earlier, though equally gory engagement, the name Dollar, which, as I shall show literally means the place, or field, or valley of slaughter, was for the first time passed into the current speech of our Celtic progenitors.

It is well known, of course, by all who have given any attention to the etymology of place-names that the root vocable (Gadhelic) *Dail*, Cymric *Dol*, meaning a place, a field, or sometimes a valley, or even a district inhabited by a tribe, forms a constituent element in a large number of local names in Great Britain and Ireland. It is also known that as an affix or suffix in many such

names the Celtic root *ar*, meaning slaughter, is not uncommon. Thus Sir Herbert Maxwell tells us that while *ar* sometimes means ploughed land in some local names, yet in others it unquestionably signifies slaughter. Two examples of this he gives in *Knocknar* and *Barraer*, place-names both of which occur in Galloway, and which, as he thinks, may either mean the slaughter hill or the ploughed hill, but preferably the former. Speaking on the same subject Sir Andrew Agnew, in an interesting chapter of his elaborate work on the "Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway," when dealing in a very comprehensive way with the place-names of that province, has the following suggestive remark: "Turning to agricultural processes *ar* is ploughing, but the same word means slaughter; and though with some confidence we suggest that Falhar, Mahaar, Macherhaar indicate ploughed lands, Craignair, which appears four times on the map, may as probably mean slaughter." In Macbain's Gaelic Dictionary I find the following: *ar*, *air*, battle, slaughter, field of battle, *e.g.*, Dan an air, the song of battle. But perhaps the most suggestive quotation in this connection is the following, extracted from Dr P. W. Joyce's valuable volume on "The Origin and History of Irish Names of Places," where, referring to this subject, he says: "If we may judge by the number of places whose names indicate battle scenes, slaughters, murders, &c., our ancestors must have led an unquiet existence. Names of this kind are found in every county in Ireland, and various terms are employed to commemorate the events. Moreover, in most of these places traditions, worthy of being preserved regarding the occurrence that gave origin to the names, still linger among the peasantry."

"The word Cath (Cah) signifies a battle, and its presence in many names points with all the certainty of history to the scenes of former strife. We see it in Ardcath in Meath, and Mullycagh in Wicklow, both signifying battle height; in Dooncaha in Kerry and Limerick, the fort of the battle; Derrycow and Derryhaw, battle-wood in Armagh; and Drummagah, in Clare, the ridge of the battles.

"One party must have been utterly defeated where we find such names as Ballynarooga, in Limerick, the town of the defeat or rout (ruag); Greaghnaroog, near Carrickmacross, and Maulnarooga in Cork, the marshy flat and the hillock of the rout. And how vivid a picture of the hideousness of a battle-field is conveyed by the following names:—Meenagorp in Tyrone; in Irish Min-na-georp, the mountain-flat of the corpses; Kilnamarve, near Carrigallen, Leitrim, the wood of the dead bodies (Coill-na-Marbh); Ballinamarra in Kilkenny, the town of the dead (Baille-na-Marbh); Lisnafalla, near Newcastle, in Limerick, the fort of the blood; Cnaimhcoill [Knawhill] (Book of Leinster), a celebrated place near the town of Tipperary, now called Cleghill, by a change of *n* to *l*, whose name signifies "the wood of bones"; the same Irish name is more correctly Anglicised Knawhill, in the parish of Kirktemple, Cork.

"Many of these sanguinary encounters, in which probably whole armies were almost annihilated, though lost to history, are recorded with perfect clearness in names like the following, numbers of which are found all over the country:—Glenanair, a fine valley near the boundary of Limerick and Cork, five miles south of Kilfinane, the glen of slaughter, where the people still preserve a vivid tradition of a dreadful battle fought at a ford over the river; and with the same root (*ar*, slaughter) Drumar, near Ballybog, in Monaghan; Glashare,

a parish of Kilkenny, the ridge and the streamlet of slaughter; and Coumanare (*coum*, a hollow), in the parish of Ballyduff, a few miles from Dingle, in Kerry, where numbers of arrow heads have been found, showing the truthfulness of the name."

It is an interesting and not unsuggestive fact that, in other besides Celtic languages, roots with the *R* sound are found to be indicative of strife, struggle, and consequent devastation and ruin. Thus, there is a Sanskrit word *arb* (to ravage or destroy) with which the Gadhelic words *garw*, *garth* (rough) may be connected, and several of our river names are thought to be derived from this root, *e.g.*, *Yarrow*, the rough stream in Scotland, and *Arveiron*, the furious stream in France.

Even in our own English language this word was at one time current, as indeed it still is in some of the dialects. Thus in the Oxford Dictionary, edited by Sir James Murray, we find that the term *arr*, meaning a wound, scar, was once much used, even as it still is dialectally in that sense, as, *e.g.*, in the common expression Pock-arr, for one of the marks made by small-pox, as in the phrases, "A young man with pock-arrs in his face," or "I'll gie thee an arr to carry to thy grave"; while the phrase "An arr on the conscience" is the inward impression of having done wrong. Another English verb now obsolete is *arr*, to vex, worry, anger, which was still in use in the seventeenth century, as, *e.g.*, in a History of that period we read of a certain king, "He arred both clergy and laity"; while finally there is the verb to arr, *i.e*, to snarl as a dog, whence also *R* is called in Persius *littera canina*. In some modern dialects this word is still in use, under the forms *narr* and *nurr*. Referring to this subject Ben Jonson, who was one of the most learned of the Elizabethan poets, says, "*R* is the dog's letter and pirreth in the sound." According to Erasmus, on the other hand, *R* was the dog's letter because it was the initial of the Latin *rixa* (a quarrel). Others also give the dog a bad name, and suggest a connection between *R* and the sound of the dog's growl. Thus, Holland's translation of Plutarch's "Morals" (1603) has, "A dog is by nature quarrelsome, given to arre and war upon a very small occasion." Consequently Isaac Watts was only following the bad example of these others, when he wrote his wholesale libel on the dog's delight.

I do not suppose, indeed, that we are warranted to take any of these roots as furnishing a satisfactory source for the second syllable of our parish name. For interesting as it might be for some of us to think and speak of Dollar as "the place of wounds," or "the place of worry and vexation," or even as "the place or valley of snarling and quarrelling," it is, of course, a fatal objection to every such suggestion that a hybrid word-form such as Dollar in that case would be, with the first part of the term Celtic and the second Teutonic, is wholly inadmissible as a possible explanation of the uprising of a descriptive title so peculiar as Dolair is, within a region in which, when the name first became current, no Teutonic settlers existed, particularly, when if read as a compound Celtic word, with the second syllable treated as the genitive of the substantive *ar*, slaughter, the place-name Dolair conveys a sense so clear and intelligible, and at the same time so appropriate in its ostensible relation to what we have shown to be one of the most memorable incidents in the past history of our parish.

In this connection, however, it is, I think, important and even essential that I should allude to the remarkable cairn which, up till the beginning of the nineteenth century, stood at the head of what is now known as Cairnpark Street. That cairn was generally supposed to have been erected to commemorate the battle in which Constantine, King of the Picts, was defeated in 875. And I have been myself in the habit of so describing it; but, when I consulted with Dr Anderson a month or two ago regarding this question of the true etymology of Dollar, that distinguished scholar and antiquary who, as the Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, is so well qualified to express an opinion, assured me that, while he could not claim to be an expert in matters of etymology and, therefore, modestly declined to give a definite opinion on the point I had submitted to him, he did claim to be an expert in regard to the date and character of such ancient monuments as that of which I had informed him. And he confidently expressed the opinion that a cairn such as I had described, and which, as I had told him, had provided no less than a thousand cartloads to the vandal lairds, who in the early years of last century had despoiled it in order to help to make the new road between Dollar and Tillicoultry, could not possibly have originated in the Christian era. All such extensive cairns, and many similar ones, he assured me, exist in Scotland, were the work of a period long anterior to the introduction of Christianity. In point of fact, they were the oldest human memorials we possess—older even than those monolithic erections, the stone-circles and the dolmens, scattered all over the land, which most of us have been wont to regard as the most ancient relics that remain to us of the primitive architecture and art of our rude, prehistoric forefathers. I need not say that this view of Dr Anderson's deeply impressed my mind: for it opened up to me a bewildering and mysterious vista of thought, at the far end of which I seemed to catch the glimpse of a great and decisive conflict, fought to a bloody but successful issue on the very field which is now occupied by that illustrious home of learning and the muses, where for the last hundred years so many of the most promising youth of our own and other lands have been trained for honourable and prominent positions in the service alike of the Church and the State all over the world. And as this new thought began to orb itself in my imagination, I positively seemed to see, as in a flash of illuminated vision, how in the name, which we still employ to denote the locality in which that prehistoric conflict was waged so long ago,—the very name that, as I surmise, was coined by our earliest progenitors in the far-off century that witnessed the devastating conflict to which I have referred,—we have an actual existing link that really and vividly connects us to-day in this civilised Christian land, this prosperous home of freedom and comfort, with that dark and distant age, when our ancestors, as they emerged out of savagery and essayed their first rude endeavours at the creation of a permanent and stable social structure, came into frequent and fierce collision with one another and fought out their mutual quarrels to a bloody and bitter close. How impressive, how suggestive the thought that, whenever we repeat the name Dollar, as we have all of us occasion to do a hundred times a day, we may, so soon at least as we have obtained an intelligent appreciation of the historical bearing and significance of the word we are using, carry ourselves back in imagination

to the dim dawn of social life in our historic land! How wonderful to think that it has been by a fleeting thought expressed in human speech, possibly some two or even three thousand years ago, by some unknown prehistoric poet, — by a mere thing of the mind, that is to say — a winged word, no doubt, but still nothing more than a word, cast forth on the idle air, as all freshly coined words ever have been and still are similarly cast forth, without any certain assurance that they will appeal to the hearts and fasten on the memories, and become current on the lips even of those to whom they were originally addressed, much less of their remote posterity in an age when all knowledge of the spoken tongue in which the words were originally uttered had passed away for centuries from the mind of the men who might still continue to use them. How wonderful, I repeat, that it has been by a memorial so seemingly evanescent, and little likely to endure as this, that we, their lineal descendants and representatives in this twentieth Christian century, are enabled still to enter into vivid fellowship with the sorrowful passion that swept over the souls of our prehistoric ancestors so many thousand years ago, and not rather by the great stone monument that was contemporaneously reared at their king's command to indicate the nature and to perpetuate the memory of the bloody strife that was once waged here. A monarch, mourning possibly over the havoc and bloodshed which he had seen wrought among his people in a great battle fought in this quiet valley at the foot of the hills, or, it may be even exulting over the victory which he had here won against his foes, caused the rude tribes that owned his sway to erect a vast pile of stones on the site which had witnessed either the tragic losses he sought to deplore, or the glorious victory he wished to commemorate. And at last, at the expense, it may be, of weeks of toil on the part of the rude tribes who acknowledged his authority, a huge cairn was erected near the spot where the fight was most bloody and fierce. And, no doubt, as the proud ruler looked on the gigantic erection that his arbitrary feat had called into being, he smiled approvingly on his work. Had he known it, he might possibly even, in the exultation of the moment, have adopted as his own the expressive phrase in which the Roman poet declared his confident anticipation of a future immortality alike for his work and for his name and fame as associated with that work, and might accordingly have said of the massive edifice, which was meant to perpetuate the memory of the greatest achievement of his reign, what Horace said of the collection of odes which he hoped would survive as a permanent memorial of his genius to the last age of recorded time—"Exegi monumentum aere perennius." But had he ever so thought, had he ever so spoken, he would have miserably deceived himself. For not one stone now remains on the top of another of all the myriads that were once collected so laboriously and piled on one another so skilfully. The ancient cairn, which was once our village pride and boast, has not only long disappeared from the face of the earth, but even the knowledge of its former existence, as well as of what it was designed to commemorate, has almost equally vanished from the consciousness of the present generation. The prehistoric monarch's work has vanished. Not a trace of it lingers anywhere in the district, save in the name Cairnpark Street, which still designates one of the streets of the so-called "New Town"

A. Drysdale.

GLEN QUEY RESERVOIR.

that during the last century has been built on the site of the ancient battle-field. But how different has it been with the prehistoric poet's word, coined, doubtless, in a white heat of passion, as he beheld the hideous spectacle of the corpse-strewn plain, where so many of his kinsmen and comrades were lying stiff and cold in their last sleep. Dolair, he called it, as possibly with a heaving sob in his breast, a passionate surge of mingled sorrow and indignation swelled up within his soul. It was a Golgotha to him, a field or valley of slaughter. And in his native dialect he graphically so described it. And striking, as the new word did, a responsive chord in the breasts of all his fellow-tribesmen who were all mourning as bitterly as he was over the loss of so many of their nearest and dearest, those primeval "flowers of the forest," if we may so express ourselves, that had recently been so ruthlessly "a' wede awa," as by a natural necessity that word forthwith became the recognised designation, used by all who were acquainted with the facts of the case, to denote the entire district with which such sad memories were thenceforward connected. No doubt, the generation which first heard, understood, approved, and adopted the name Dolair, coined originally, in all probability, as I have above described it, came very soon to pass away, and ultimately too, not only was the old prehistoric battle that originated the name entirely forgotten, but even the Celtic tongue itself, in which that name was couched, ceased to be understood by the people who nevertheless still continued to use it. But unintelligible as for centuries that name has been to succeeding generations of English-speaking people, who have still persisted in using it, and misunderstood and misinterpreted, as I believe it has been, even by the learned antiquaries and scholars who have endeavoured to explain its significance and to account for its origin, the term itself has all the while, as it seems to me, the clue to its own correct interpretation. That clue I claim to have found. And it is a source of joy and pride to me to think that it has been reserved for me, not only to establish the early and long-continued connection of our parish with the great name of St Columba, but also, as I believe, for the first time to explain the true origin and significance of our parish name.

Of course, it may be said, and justly enough, that I have no right to speak thus dogmatically on this subject until I have first examined and disposed of the rival etymologies that have been advanced by previous investigators. I admit the plea to be well founded, and shall set myself, before closing my treatment of this theme, to bring forward those considerations, which in my judgment, preclude the acceptance of any one of these previous views, while at the same time they seem to shut us up to the acceptance of the theory which I have propounded. But as this necessarily involves a lengthy series of argumentative statements, I postpone my further consideration of this theme to a second following chapter.

(*To be continued.*)

Off.

THE other night I drove and pitched
Almost as well as Braid or Ball,
But now my clubs appear bewitched,
I simply can't approach at all;
My putts are slipping past the hole
In their most tantalising way,
My drives are wild beyond control:
I'm badly off my game to-day.

I duff and top, I pull and slice,
I press and do not follow through;
My partner offers good advice,
I say—well—things I oughtn't to.
But all the same, it's rather cheek
For him to tell me how to play:
I beat him (5 and 4) last week:
I'm simply off my game to-day.

The lark is singing in the sky,
The herds are browsing on the lea,
The air is warm, the glass is high,
But what are Nature's joys to me?
My caddie understands the truth;
I saw him grin and heard him say,
With all the callousness of youth,
"My bloke is aff his game the day."

ALEX. SCOTT, Jun.

The Wherefore of Falstaff.

BY MRS HINTON STEWART.

PART I.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH, among the characters which Shakespeare has created, or made to live again for our delight on the stage or in the study, may be said to possess a special claim on our interest. He is admittedly one of our national heroes; the drama in which he figures as king is spoken of as our national epic; he is described by one authority as "the eponymous type of the ideal hero, the ideal humorist, and the ideal king," and lastly, he is said to have been the favourite character of the immortal dramatist himself.

King Hal is not one of those grand, appealing Shakespearean types who, struggling and suffering and failing in this life, serve, by their failure, to raise

our thoughts to a higher plane; nor can he be called the large man of Browning's poem who, pursuing too great an object for the short span of mortal life, must of necessity die with it unattained; and it may be that in our loftiest moments we feel it were better to die with Brutus or Hamlet or Kosciusko than to succeed with Harry of Monmouth. Still it is well for the world that all are not too great for their surroundings or in advance of their age, and it may indeed have been a joy to Shakespeare for once to portray the right man in the right place, no idealist, no dreamer, no victim of overmastering passion or of another's malice, but a "Star of Kings," who knew how to unite all factions by the magnetism of his personality, and to inspire every heart with disinterested patriotism by his own magnificent example.

In the two plays, First and Second Henry IV., in which our hero appears as Prince Hal, we are faced by a strange difficulty, for Shakespeare has deliberately placed beside him another figure, who seems to threaten, even more seriously, apparently, in the present age than in the past, to eclipse the heroic prince as much in popularity as in bulk.

In an article entitled "The Rejection of Falstaff," included in his "Oxford Lectures," Professor Bradley comes to the deliberate conclusion that Shakespeare means to depict Prince Henry as of a hard and calculating nature, while Swinburne classifies him, although admitting him to be the noblest of the type, with such rulers as Lewis XI. and Cæsar Borgia.

If this is a true verdict we may give up the supposition that Henry was the dramatist's favourite or ideal hero. If he was hard and calculating, Shakespeare could not have loved him; if, on the other hand, Shakespeare loved him, he could not have meant him to possess these qualities.

Every child at school knows the story of the wild young prince who sowed his wild oats, struck the Lord Chief Justice, took part in a highway robbery, and in the end became one of the best of kings.

In Elizabeth's reign not only the scholars in the schools, but every ignoramus who had a penny to take him to the theatre, knew the same story, for a popular play, called "The Famous Victories of Henry V.," had been acted for years on the common stage. "The Famous Victories" makes no pretence to poetry or wit, but is full of action, and must in those days have been effective when acted with spirit. (It might have been written either by a third or fourth rate dramatist, or by an exceedingly clever boy fresh from school, and in full sympathy with the riotous prince.) In this play the scene at Gadshill is only referred to while the delinquents count their spoil, but the altercation with the Chief Justice is given in full. Here the young prince looks forward with as much eagerness as his companions to his father's death when they should "all be kings," when "Ned" should be Lord Chief Justice of England, when prisons should be changed to fencing-schools, and "those that will stand at the wayside and take a purse" shall have commendations and a pension out of the exchequer. In a conversation with the king, his father, this prince is abruptly converted and becomes deeply and tearfully repentant for the past; on his return from his coronation he meets his old friends, Ned, Tom, and Jock, *i.e.*, Sir John Oldcastle, rebukes them and forbids them to come within ten miles of his presence.

Although Shakespeare at first adopted the name of "Oldcastle," afterwards changing it to "Falstaff," there is no suggestion of this inimitable jester in the old play, nor was one needed. The prince follows the life of dissipation from love of dissipation, and requires no other attraction. Ned, Tom, and Jock are perfectly innocent of humour, and indeed of any individual character, while Derrick, the buffoon of the piece, is a mere clown, and barely comes into contact with the prince.

After Hal's conversion the same events follow as in the greater drama (the consultation with the clergy, the French Ambassador's visit, the gift of tennis balls, the preparation for war in France and in England, the taking of Harfleur, the battle of Agincourt, the courtship of the Princess Katherine, and the final treaty.) Shakespeare's trilogy is an enlargement and a glorification of this single play.

The above view of the young prince's character, his dissolute youth, and his sudden reformation was, and perhaps is, generally popular. But Shakespeare, although he has given us one example, was not a believer in sudden conversion, for he knew that, when it did occur, although it might suddenly and permanently change a man's aims and affections, it could not supply qualities that only exist as the result of long habit. When the melancholy Jacques hears that the usurping and tyrannical Duke has "put on a religious life," he exclaims—

> "To him will I: out of these convertites
> There is much matter to be heard and learned."

It was true, and, if the Duke's conversion was genuine, and Jacques had a heart to understand, he might learn much of inward struggle against faults that had become a second self, of alternate exaltation and despondency, of renewed effort and slow progress.

But with Prince Henry the case was different, and Shakespeare knew well, when he took this work in hand, that for a wild, reckless, and self-indulgent prince to blossom suddenly into a wise, magnanimous, self-denying, noble and wholly loveable king was against all the laws of human nature.

This view is made clear in the conversation between the Bishop and Archbishop in Scene 1 of "Henry V."

In this dialogue the Archbishop of Canterbury, accepting the popular theory, dwells on the marvellous change wrought on the prince at his father's death, when—

> "Consideration like an angel came
> And whipped the offending Adam out of him,
> Leaving his body as a paradise
> To envelope and contain celestial spirits."

He describes in glowing language the young king's power of reasoning, his discourse of war "like a fearful battle rendered you in music," his command of policy, his eloquence that stilled the very air to listen; and, while admitting that—

> "The art and practice part of life
> Must be the mistress to this theoric."

he wonders how his grace should glean it, since his addiction was to courses vain, &c. But the Bishop of Ely more wisely replies,—

Ely. "The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighboured by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which no doubt,
Grew, like the summer grass, fastest by night.
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.
Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceased;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected."

Referring to history Shakespeare would find that facts bore out this theory. In Holinshed he could read:—"Indeed he [Prince Henry] was youthfully given, grown to audacity, and had chosen him companions agreeable to his age; with whom he spent the time in such recreations, exercises and delights as he fancied. But yet (it should seem by the report of some writers) that his behaviour was not offensive, or at least tending to the damage of anybody since *he had a care to avoid doing of wrong, and to tedder his affections within the tract of virtue*: (whereby he opened unto himself a ready passage of good liking among the prudent sort, and was beloved of such as could discern his disposition.)"

With regard to the highway robbery Stow throws a different light upon that adventure, and, although Shakespeare has not followed it literally, we see that the spirit is the same. Stow writes: "He lived somewhat insolently, insomuch that, whilst his father lived, being accompanied with some of his young lords and gentlemen, he would wait in disguised array *for his own receivers*, and distress them of their money; and when his receivers made to him their complaints, how they were robbed in their coming to him, he would give them discharge of so much money as they had lost; and besides that they should not depart from him without great rewards for their trouble and vexation, especially they should be rewarded that best had beaten him, and of whom he had received the greatest and most strokes."

History makes it clear that, from his earliest years, Prince Henry's experience had lain in the camp and the council, therefore his high-spirited exploits could only take place in the intervals of hard work. During his father's exile he accompanied King Richard to Ireland and was there knighted by him. On Henry of Hereford's return and menace to the throne (related in the play of "Richard II.") Richard is said to have reproached young Henry with his father's treason but accepted the youth's assurance of his innocence. One of the first acts of Henry V. when he became king, was to re-inter Richard's body with great honour in Westminster Abbey, and to found certain charities, where prayers were offered up for the unfortunate king's soul.

We can read Shakespeare's belief in his hero's genuine love for this his earliest benefactor and second father, in the short but inexpressibly beautiful prayer before the battle of Agincourt:—

"Not to-day, O Lord,
Oh, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interrèd new.
And on it *have bestowed more contrite tears*
Than from it issued forcèd drops of blood."

A very different experience of his youth is suggested in another scene of the play. When still quite a boy he had accompanied his father into Wales, and, after the campaign against the rebels, the young prince was left in charge at Chester, the principal member of his council being Henry Percy, otherwise Harry Hotspur. The little reminiscence, therefore, of Hotspur's domesticity may be looked on, not as mere fancy, but a sketch from life:—

Pr. Henry. "I am not yet of this Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands and says to his wife, 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work!'" &c. (1 "Henry IV." ii. 4).

If we turn to what may be called the present-day summing up of this king's character, in the Dictionary of National Biography we learn that "Henry was deservedly more loved by his subjects than any English king before or since. English and French united in his praise. In private life *temperate*, *chaste*, and *frugal*. Sincere and consistent in his devotions, generous and courteous in his dealings with others, making it a point of honour to be courteous with all men." The biographer, Kingsford, with an unconscious lapse, apparently, into poetic rhythm as well as imagery, describes the hero's eyes as being "mild as a dove when unprovoked, but lion-like in wrath."

There can be no doubt that Shakespeare had formed an equally high conception of Prince Henry's early character, and that he makes him enter on the stage already fully equipped with all heroic and princely virtues; but the popular traditions had to be preserved and accounted for, and Shakespeare achieves this by the double medium of the king, his father's unjust jealousy and the fascination of Falstaff. "The many jealousies to which Henry IV.'s situation naturally exposed him," writes Hume two centuries later, "had so affected his temper, that he had entertained suspicions with regard to the fidelity of his eldest son; and during the latter years of his life, he had excluded that prince from all share in public business."

Shakespeare makes this relation between father and son operative from the beginning:—

> "Thy place in council hast thou rudely lost,
> Which by thy younger brother is supplied."

According to Hume, and we may say to Shakespeare also, the "rudeness" which had cost him his seat in council had not been due to levity, but to a "too eager application to business." Hotspur's remark, "But that I know his father loves him not," and Henry's own reference to "smiling pickthanks and base news-mongers" point to this conclusion. The admission of the prince to his father that he cannot acquit himself of all the follies he is accused withal* does not imply that he had been guilty of any fault worse than those detailed in the play, for we know that, however indulgent we may feel, the force of all Prince Hal's eloquence could not have excused in King Henry's eyes the mad prank of the night at Gadshill.

Hume again hits exactly on the head the same nail as Shakespeare when he writes: "This course of life threw him among companions, whose disorders, *if accompanied with spirit and humour*, he indulged and seconded."

* 1 "Henry IV." iii. 2.

Excluded from the council, debarred by his father's jealousy from participation in affairs, to follow his humour was all that was left to him, and the extraordinary fascination exercised by Falstaff over every one, from Queen Elizabeth herself to the gravest scholar of the present day, is the best excuse for the youthful extravagances of Shakespeare's favourite hero and king, so long as we see in him, not a hard and calculating dissembler, but a noble and high-spirited young prince, full of generous enthusiasms and impulses.

(*To be continued.*)

Recollections of the Devon Valley Flood of 1877.

BY OLD DOLLAR BOY.

I WAS greatly interested in the article on "The Devon Valley Flood of 1877," which appeared in your issue of the 27th ult.—originally contributed to the *Dollar Magazine* by Judge Benet—as well as in the Supplementary Article of Dr John Strachan in your last week's issue.

As I chanced to be on holiday in Dollar when that disastrous occurrence took place, and was an eye-witness to the principal incidents of that eventful morning, the following recollections may be of interest to some of your readers.

For some weeks previous to that great cloud-burst, the weather was more or less showery, and as a natural consequence the hills were so soaked and spongy as rendered them in prime condition for receiving and quickly disgorging the excessive rainfall of that morning.

As I had arranged to fish up the glen on that fateful morning I went out about 7.30 to the garden of the house where I was living—which overlooked the entrance to the glen—to see what condition the burn was in. Although it was then raining, and the hills were enveloped in dense watery clouds, there seemed no indication of anything further than we had been experiencing for some days, at anyrate the burn looked in fine condition for bait fishing. But while at breakfast the darkness got suddenly alarming, and the rain fell in quite a torrential fashion for about an hour. I again went out about 8.30 quite expecting to see the burn greatly swollen in size, but to my amazement it had now become a mighty river, rushing furiously onward and carrying everything before it, accompanied by a low rumbling sound like distant thunder.

Hastening down to the "Bleaching Green" I was just in time to see first one and then another wooden bridge hurled past, which were at intervals followed by trees torn up by the roots, while great boulders were tossed about like children's toys. Meanwhile the flood was rising with leaps and bounds, quite like a succession of billowy waves as seen in an incoming spring-tide. Wondering how the three stone bridges which span the burn lower down were faring, I hastened along to view the situation in that direction.

Here, it may be well to note, that a new drainage scheme was then being introduced into the town, and that section of it leading from the old town down the burnside was just in course of construction. The bed of the burn opposite "Greenfield's" house was then higher than lower down, and as soon as the torrent reached the level of the road, it quickly found its way into the main sewer—which was still open—and in a short time made terrible havoc both of the drain and roadway, and from this place down to the middle bridge the thoroughfare was rendered almost impassable.

At the bottom of "Sorley's Brae," where the burn made a sharp bend towards the east, the flood was now noticed tearing away the bank in front of the first double villa standing well back from the road. To the ordinary spectator this did not as yet present any serious aspect, as the rain had now much abated, and there was a likelihood of the water not rising much higher, but a few of the onlookers who had some recollection of the damage done by previous floods had grave suspicions of impending danger.

I remember well of the great flood which occurred on an Exhibition Day early in the "fifties" as referred to by Dr John Strachan, and the damage done to the bank and roadways, but I also recollect of a still greater flood which took place some years previous to that. One morning a cousin came rushing into our house with the news that there had been a great spate which had washed away the road and part of the field immediately below Sorleys' Brae; this is all I remember of that flood, but I quite recollect of the great vacuum being gradually filled up with thorn bushes, branches of trees, and all sorts of rubbish. Although several years had elapsed before the next Exhibition Day flood, the process of consolidation had not got sufficiently advanced when the latter spate completely washed away the accumulated rubbish of past years. The place was again turned into a "free coup"—as stated by Dr Strachan—and in course of time the place presented an aspect sufficiently tempting for an enterprising builder to erect a handsome double villa thereon.

Whether or not this builder who came to Dollar several years after this event was aware of what had happened I cannot say, but certainly he built not on a rocky but on a sandy foundation. On mentioning to some by-standers that I recollected of a former flood which carried away the roadway and part of the field as far in as the front of the top double villa, and the possibility of the flood gradually washing away the somewhat loosely made up ground and endangering the foundations, they simply considered the thing impossible. However, among the crowd of onlookers I found two persons who were able to corroborate what I had advanced, viz., Mr James Christie, teacher, and Mr William Snowdowne, joiner, and as the bank had now gone and the roadway was fast going Mr Snowdowne and I resolved to go round and warn the inmates of those villas of the danger to which they were exposed. We found the occupants of one of the houses busy at breakfast and seemingly quite oblivious to any immediate danger; indeed, they looked upon us as very much as the antedeluvians did on Noah; however, we warned them of their danger and departed. Shortly after we returned to our former position—immediately below Mr Malcolm's house—the railings and stone work enclosing the villas fell forward with a great crash, the terrified inmates

R. K. Holmes.

AT THE UPPER MAINS.

then took fright and fled, and not a moment too soon, for within a few minutes thereafter the top section of the front of the first villa fell outward all in a piece right across the raging flood, with an immense splash, drenching the few spectators who had still the courage and curiosity to stand on the narrow footing close to the garden wall. The onlookers now made a rush for safer quarters lower down and only considered themselves out of danger when they reached the "Teachers' Row," but scarcely had they removed before the second, third, and fourth divisions of these fated villas fell forward as the first, making such an impression on the awestruck beholders as they could never forget.

Whether or not the piano—which, among other valuables, was launched out into the foaming flood—was heard to play "Doon the Burn, Davie Lad," I am unable to say, but I certainly saw it quitting the apartment where, doubtless, it ofttimes played that fine old Scotch tune.

After the front of the house had gone it was somewhat melancholy and touching to see in one of the rooms the breakfast-table and all its belongings still spread to view. Although the middle bridge was for some time in imminent danger, they all stood the test well, but the railway bridge lower down was completely wrecked and choked up with trees and boulders which was the means of a considerable part of the flood being diverted along the line of railway and finally into the "Dead Waters."—*Alloa Advertiser.*

Nature Notes.

ADORNMENT IN NATURE—BEAUTY OF MOTION.

By J. STRACHAN, M.D.

ALL animals have occasion to move in search of food, and to avoid danger; and each kind of animal has its own particular form of motion adapted to the requirements of its mode of life. While such necessary movement may have, *per se*, no significance apart from the well-being of the animal itself, the great variety in mode of progression presented by animals in general, points to an outside motive which none but man can appreciate. If necessary motion were the result of mere evolutionary adaptation to requirement the tendency would have been toward sameness by general adoption of the best; whereas variety bespeaks a purpose in nature beyond the necessities of animal life, and a power which has shaped the world on a higher plane than that of expediency. Be this as it may, the theory of evolution can apply only to instinctive actions which are necessary or useful to the animal possessing them, and can have no bearing upon such as only appeal to outside appreciation.

Even the most casual observer of nature must be familiar with very many instinctive movements in animal life, which can have no possible bearing upon utility; while necessary actions are, in

many cases, performed in a manner and with a grace more or less pleasing to the human mind, but which adds nothing to effectiveness for the purpose directly concerned. Over and above all utility there is abundantly exhibited in the movements of animals a distinct purpose of adornment which has reference to man alone of all creatures on this earth. "The midges dance abune the burn," and elsewhere with a beauty and grace of motion well deserving of close observation. The common house-fly has a dance of its own, and presents quite a pleasing picture as it wheels and circles about the ceiling, and pirouettes with its fellows in a manner which, if observed, goes some way to compensate for the nuisance its presence inflicts upon us; while butterflies and many other insects are more or less ornamental in flying as well as colouring. To descend still lower in the scale of life, and beyond our unaided vision, the microscope reveals to us a world of lovely forms and beautiful motion in the rotifers, the vorticellæ, and many other minute creatures where the æsthetic principle is displayed with an exquisite delicacy of structure, colour, and movement which can have reference only to the all-seeing eye of the Creator, and divine adornment of the world.

In mammals it is chiefly in the young and in play that redundance and beauty of motion are displayed, as in the frolic of the kitten, the romping of the puppy, the gambol of the lamb, the frisking of the foal, &c. With the adult, and under natural conditions, the exigencies of life are, of necessity, the first consideration, and afford sufficient exercise for the maintenance of health; but with the young, while exercise is necessary for development, the particular form it may take, so long as it serves that purpose, and gives training for the requirements of the coming life as in the carnivoræ, affords free scope to the spirit of adornment which is so prominent a feature in nature, and is open to us alone of all creatures to enjoy. From this field of pleasure man is to a great extent debarred by the fear with which his sporting proclivities have inspired so many of the lower animals. How infinitely higher in being distinctively human, and in the highest degree civilised, is the modern "sport with the camera" by which man is brought into close and appreciative relation with all that is best and most beautiful in animal life. The term "manly sport," usually applied to that of the gun, might surely be used with much more true significance in reference to the intimate knowledge of the nature and habits of animals, and the deeply interesting and at times daring and exciting measures required in stalking them with a view to obtaining, not their mangled carcases but, pictures of life and beauty which only man can appreciate. In the former, the dog has probably as much enjoyment in the "sport" as his master, and the cat as keen a relish for the resulting provender. The latter is entirely manly in the true sense of the word. A "bag" of films or plates obtained

in a day's "sport" with a camera, besides being a highly gratifying result to the sportsman, may be a permanent source of enjoyment to any number of human beings; although, either in the getting or the having, entirely without meaning to the dog and the cat. The Messrs Kearton have set a noble example which is open to everyone with a good camera to follow. No licence is required, and no boundaries are set to their field of sport. The whole country—the whole world (except Germany) is open to them, while abundant opportunity may be found in the garden and from the window. No artificial breeding or protection, and no interference with the pleasures of other people are called for, as the whole spirit and essence of the sport is nature in its fullest and freest form, the so-called "vermin" being no less an object than the most toothsome of game birds. What more exciting stalk could one wish for than that of a fox or weasel, or badger, or wild cat family in the hour or so of comparative freedom from the fear of human persecution in the dawn of a fine spring morning, or what more desirable bag than the picture presented, not only on the photo plates but also or even only on the, personally, far more valuable living tables of the memory of parental love and youthful frolic as designed by our Maker.

As in plumage and song so in motion, the bird, among animals, is the object chiefly selected by nature upon which to lavish the spirit of adornment, so far as presented to the eye and the mind of man. The gift of flight, while saving the bird from many of the restrictions imposed by the calls of self-preservation upon mammals, specially lends itself to various beautiful forms of motion of which individually and collectively nature takes full advantage. For mere progression through the air any one form of flying might serve the purpose almost equally well, or simply the best might have been adopted. The dipping flutter of the finch tribe, the swift skimming of the swallow, the rapid and powerful wing-beat of the pigeon, and the easy and graceful flap of the gull and the crow, these and the very many other familiar forms to be seen in the air are all sufficiently effective for progression, and any one might have served the purpose of all; but variety is an essential element in beauty, and is a distinct object in nature.

Besides progression and the special requirements of life, many, perhaps in greater or less degree, all birds exhibit purely æsthetic forms of flying which can serve no purpose of utility. Thus the soaring of the skylark so beautifully described by Shelley,

> "Higher still and higher
> From the earth thou springest
> Like a cloud of fire,
> The blue deep thou wingest,
> And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest."

the similar musical mount and spiral descent of the meadow pipit; the jolly frolic of the whitethroat,

"Wheetie whye the whitethroat,
Dances when he sings,
O'er the briar and bramble,
Hovering on his wings."

the voluptuous nuptial flying with appropriate love call of the lapwing; the aerial wheeling and drumming of the snipe; the similar high wheeling love flight of the redshank; the peculiar drop in the flying of the wood pigeon, suggestive of that of the tumbler pigeon; and, collectively, among many others which might be mentioned did space permit, the wonderful evolutions of a flock of starlings thus described by Morris: "It is a beautiful sight to watch a cloud of these birds dividing in a moment into various detachments, and again, as suddenly re-uniting with as much harmony as the best disciplined army. They assume in these flights all manner of shapes, even that of a balloon." Again, as quoted from the late Bishop Stanley: "At first they might be seen advancing high in the air like a dark cloud, which, in an instant, as if by magic, became almost invisible, the whole body, as if by some mysterious watchword or signal, changing their course and presenting their wings to view edgeways instead of exposing, as before, their full expanded spread. Again, in another moment, the cloud might be seen descending in a graceful sweep so as almost to brush the earth as they glanced along. Then once more they were seen spiring in wide circles on high, till at length, with one simultaneous rush, down they glide with a roaring noise of wing, till the vast mass buried itself, unseen but not unheard, amidst a bed of reeds; for no sooner were they perched than every throat seemed to open itself forming one incessant confusion of tongues."

It is unnecessary to elaborate this question by further illustrations, as my object is simply to direct attention to what must be obvious to all who have the eyes to see, viz., that, as in colour, form and sound, so in motion there is very much in nature which has no bearing upon any relation of life but that of pure adornment. Here, as in all æsthetic design the motive must be sought, not in the animal itself, but in the designer of the animal, who, while conferring upon it certain powers of motion required by its manner and conditions of life, applies these to an ulterior purpose of his own. If we could conceive of the natural world as having been contrived by the civilised and cultured human mind we might then see a mundane object for adornment, just as in the laying out of a garden, and the training of animals to apply their powers of action to man's pleasure; but apart from man no such motive can be operative in this world. The beautiful in nature may be regarded as of the essence of the Divine Spirit breathing over all, to which man's power of appreciation of beauty bears some affinity.

Morocco.

"Mulai El Hassan—God rest him!"
"Mulai Abdelaziz—God give him the Victory!"

IN the altered state of Morocco nowadays, with so many areas of the country occupied by foreign troops, a change of monarchs has come to be attended with but little excitement or danger. But in the days of Morocco's independence the case was very different. There is no law of succession. All authority was centred in the Sultan, and at his death all legal government collapsed. Every official ceased, as of right, to exercise his functions. In a city or tribe where the Governor was either popular or powerful the inhabitants might entreat him to go on governing for the public good, or with his retainers' help he might continue ruling in his own interest. But in very many cases lawlessness was apt to ensue, and to continue until one of the candidates for the throne succeeded in proving his Divine Right by vanquishing his opponents, and installing his own officials. On the roads marauders turned out. Caravans, letter-carriers, and other travellers implored the protection of the nearest villages, and they in turn would invoke their tribal neighbours by gifts, or sacrifices of cattle or sheep, to refrain from molesting them or to help them against dangerous visitors. The chance was often seized to add a new chapter to the tribe's history of feuds with its neighbours. In the towns it would sometimes happen that neighbouring places supported rival candidates, or that one end of the town would acclaim a candidate and the other resist him to blood, or even put up another in opposition to him. In all the large cities of the interior there existed numerous personages related to the ruling dynasty, or descended from former dynasties, any individual of whom was perfectly eligible for the sovereignty.

Under all these circumstances it will be readily imagined that the contingency of the Sultan's death was one which everybody with anything to lose, and, very particularly, the handful of "Christians" in the Moslem sea of the interior regarded with lively apprehension. The latter knew well that "Authorities" might be able to do little or nothing for them, and for their safety they would depend chiefly on the loyalty of such friends as they might have made amongst the Moors, and on the ideas of the obligations of "hospitality," honourable however primitive, which, if not weakened by any imprudence of the stranger, will often move Arabs to more than ordinary kindness.

The afternoon call to prayers was reverberating from the Mosque towers of Fez one afternoon in June 1894. The citizens had awakened from their siesta. Shops and warehouses had re-opened and the streets were rapidly filling up, when suddenly the news flew from mouth to mouth that the Sultan was dead, had died unexpectedly two hundred miles away on his march to Fez. What else had happened nobody knew.

Instantly every shop was shut in as little time as was required for the owner to empty the cash drawer, and secrete its contents and anything else of special value on his person. Crowds crammed the streets, men with scared faces hurried to their houses, veiled-up women scurried distractedly in search

of children at school or at play somewhere, officials, for the time being suave of voice and humble of mien, pushed their way softly at the sides of the market-places.

The only British subjects then in Fez were some missionary ladies in a large house in the centre of the town, and my mother and myself in a small house with a large garden in the outskirts—a very exposed place in case of disturbances, and, besides, very distant from my office. So my mother and I decided to repair to the ladies' house till the crisis should be over. We meanwhile sent for some seven or eight trusty natives to join us there, and to bring their arms and ammunition.

The inhabitants of the quarter adjoining us noticed our preparations, and much to our surprise and pleasure, a number of them came entreating us to stay. They would, they assured us, keep twenty guards, from amongst themselves, at our place, and it would be taken as a sign of distrust of them did we go away. It was all very touching, and we had no small difficulty in satisfying them that no such ideas were in our minds and as to our real reasons for moving. In the event they proposed to take charge of the house at any rate and to this we gladly acceded.

It was by then half-past five or so. The streets we passed were now nearly empty, our party meeting only an occasional country Moor hurrying along with suspicious looks at everybody, and clutching at some stick or dagger under his clothes as if nervous about the few coins they might contain.

Arrived at our friends' house we found the natives we had summoned, and from them learned presently that all the street gates of the city (most useful obstructions to mobs or criminals) had been shut, and that a conclave of the Authorities and principal persons of the town had assembled at the Bu Jelud Mosque, and that the Governor had put guards on the houses of several possible aspirants to the throne, notably on that of Mulai Ismail, a very popular brother of the late Sultan. But what else had happened, or what next would happen, nobody could tell.

The hours that followed were of a weirdness hard to describe. The whole city was hushed to silence, everybody indoors, and speaking, if at all, in whispers. Our native friends huddled together in the patio downstairs, the elder ones, in low and excited tones, recalling blood-curdling experiences of theirs at the accessions of the late Sultan and his predecessor, from which everybody seemed to gather little but some additional intensity of interest in the present crisis and its possibilities.

Half-past eight and the silence was broken by the evening call to prayer. Then silence again and lessening prospects of news this night. Still, nobody seemed to think of sleep or rest. Some were content to sit and talk fitfully, but others of us repaired to the house roof stealthily and listened intently as half-hour after half-hour slowly passed.

Ten o'clock came, and then some cries, at first faint and from the upper part of the city, the quarter where the all-important conclave was being held, began to reach us listeners. By the time our native friends got upstairs to help us to make them out the cries were heard nearer and nearer and from one direction after another, and finally (if I remember rightly) from the Mosque towers also, and from the streets below us,

Mulai Abdelaziz was Mulai Hassan's favourite son and was always with his father, or near him, and the latter we knew had been with the army. The army must have proclaimed Mulai Abdelaziz, and now Fez, the largest and most venerated city of the Moors, had nominated no successor from her midst and had accepted the choice of the army.

The crisis, both for the city and the country (and for ourselves), was over, as now from all sides came, without contradiction, the voices of Muezzin and Town Crier honouring the old and acclaiming the new sovereign in the words, graven for centuries in the Moorish mind, terse, eloquent, and suggestive, creed, oath, and allegiance, "There is no God but God! Mohammed is the Messenger of God! Mulai El Hassan, God rest him! Mulai Abdelaziz, God give him the victory!"

J. M. MACLEOD.

Scotland Revisited.

DOLLAR AND DEVON VALE.

BY GEORGE SINCLAIR, F.P.

(*Written for the "Troy Times," N. Y., U.S.A.*)

THERE is not in all the land of heather a lovelier or more romantic spot than the bonny green vale that lies between the old grey towers of Stirling and the lonely ruins on the little island in Loch Leven. The sun had reached his zenith, flooding the verdant meadows and flowery braes in a sea of glory; the Ochil Hills, greener and grander than ever, welcomed us with smiles, and "Crystal Devon, winding Devon," theme of many a lay, seemed to murmur "Welcome home, welcome home," as we looked for the first time in many a year on the home and haunts of our boyhood.

After many a handshake, and satisfying the inner man in truly Scottish fashion, we sauntered forth among the scenes o' lang syne. "Men may come and men may go," but it seems as if the village (or should I say the classic burgh?) of Dollar would go on forever in the same old way. Gateside is still there, with its weird stories of the "guid folk" and its memories of a visit from James V. on one of his rambles through the country, disguised as the gudeman o' Ballangeich. Castle Campbell, grim and grey, once a stronghold of the Argyll family, still stands sentinel at the head of the glen. Minstrels have sung of foray and feud and tuned their lyres when kings and queens have dined and wined in its great halls. Knox's Pulpit, the green, grassy knoll immediately in front of the castle, where the great reformer presented the truth on more than one occasion to the family and retainers of Archibald, the fifth Earl of Argyll, has known no change since our boyhood days. One can easily picture that beautiful Sabbath morning in the summer of 1556. Mary, Queen of Scots, is a guest at the castle. Seated around the young Queen are the family and retainers of Argyll. On the right are the wildly picturesque chasms of "Sorrow"; on the left the equally awesome ravines of "Care.'

Behind the castle tower the everlasting hills, the verdant Ochils of which the poet delights to sing—

"What hills are like the Ochil Hills?
There's nane sae green, though grander;
What rills are like the Ochil rills?
Nane, nane on earth that wander."

In front lie the romantic village of Dollar and the peaceful vale of Devon. Away beyond winds the river Forth, from the grim battlements of Stirling to the historic towers of Edinburgh. The laverock sings in the blue lift, and the mavis warbles among the hazels near by. Surely an ideal spot for the fearless Knox to dispense the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, as he did on this occasion. Nellie's Dell, the lovers' paradise, with its burnie singing as sweetly as of yore, its "siller birks" nodding to the breeze, and foxgloves and blue bells beating time to the feathered minstrels that warble there, has lost none of its charms. Kemp's Score, that deep and awesome chasm, still reminds us of Willie Kemp, a famous freebooter of old. Tradition says that Willie made use of the chasm by way of entrance to the castle when pursued by his enemies. On one occasion he was so daring as to invade the royal palace at Dunfermline and steal the king's dinner. He paid dearly, however, for this escapade, for he was pursued by some of the courtiers, who overtook and slew him on the banks of the Devon. His head was cut off and taken back to Dunfermline in triumph. His body was thrown into a deep pool, which still bears the name of Willie's Pool. This same pool has been for generations, and still is, a favourite spot for the boys to go swimming.

At one of the most beautiful stretches of the Devon, Vicar's Bridge, with all its hallowed memories, still stands a venerable monument to the noble Christian character of Thomas Forrest, the Vicar of Dollar. A stone tablet in the bridge bears the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Thomas Forrest, the worthy Vicar of Dollar, who, among other acts of benevolence, built this bridge. He died a martyr in A.D. 1538." The Vicar of Dollar was among the first to suffer martyrdom in Scotland. He was burned at the stake on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, along with four others, on 28th February 1538 and died reciting the Fifty-first Psalm.

Such scenes as greet the eye in the Devon valley could not fail to become associated with the national bard, and so we find Burns singing, "Fairest maid on Devon banks," and "How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon." In fact, the former was the last song he wrote. In the village churchyard is the grave of James Clarke, at one time headmaster of Moffat Grammar School and later of Forfar Burgh School. While in Moffat Clarke suffered persecution at the hands of the Earl of Hopetoun, and Burns, ever ready to help a friend, assisted him financially and otherwise. Some interesting correspondence between Burns and his friend, Alexander Cunningham, relating to Clarke, may be found among the poet's letters.* There are no houses of any great antiquity in Dollar, for the village was burned along with the castle by the Marquis of Montrose in 1645, Montrose being then at feud with Argyll.

* See Vol. VI., p. 26.

Dollar is proud, and well may she be, of her academy, for it has stood for ninety years in the front rank among the schools of Scotland. Some of the greatest names in literature, science, and art have been carved on the desks of our *alma mater*. Sir James Dewar, the great chemist, and Sir David Gill, the great astronomer, are occasional guests at the annual gatherings of former pupils, and they both delight to tell of happy days spent in the "loveliest village of the plain," when they were pupils at the old school.

Pages might be written about battles fought in the neighbourhood in the time of the Picts and the Romans, for the whole district is rich in historical lore, but time and space forbid any further allusion, and so we conclude with—

"Oh! sweetest spot in Scotia's land,
Oh! fairy glen where merles sing,
Though wandering on a foreign strand,
To thee my heart will ever cling.
I'll cherish aye a love for thee,
My native glen beyond the sea."

Was Shakespeare Ever in Dollar?

By RONALD LEAN.

FROM time to time the literary world is startled by questions pertaining to Shakespeare. "Did Bacon write Shakespeare's works?" "Was Shakespeare ever in Scotland?" "Did Shakespeare ever exist?" Assuming that William Shakespeare did exist, we address ourselves not only to the question as to whether he was ever in Scotland, but what is of greater interest to readers of *The Dollar Magazine*—"Was Shakespeare ever in Dollar?"

The problem may be stated very briefly and in true geometrical fashion: Given that William Shakespeare, the reputed dramatist, existed, and that Dollar as a place of residence existed contemporaneously; it is required to find out and determine whether William Shakespeare ever put his foot in it.

We imagine that some evilly-disposed persons will put the following construction on these words: "It is well known," they will say, "that Shakespeare did occasionally put his foot in it." It is as well to reject this construction for several reasons. We shall state two. First, such a construction is frivolous; secondly, such a construction is irrelevant.

Our method of proof will be simple. We address ourselves to Shakespeare's works. Now, it is well known that Shakespeare in two of his plays makes mention of the word dollar; first, in "The Tempest," secondly, in "Macbeth." We spell the word with a small initial letter, for thus it appears in the text—but that is a detail.

In the 2nd Act, Scene I., of "The Tempest," where Alonso, King of Naples and Sebastian, his brother, together with Gonzalo, the honest old counsellor, Lords Adrian and Francisco and others, are conversing on an island upon which they have been cast by a furious gale, Shakespeare puts

into the mouth of Sebastian the following answer to Gonzalo's moralising on grief:—

Gon. : "When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—"
Seb. : "A dollar."
Gon. : "Dolour comes to him indeed :
You have spoken truer than you purposed."

From this it is quite apparent that Shakespeare knew not only about Dollar, but also the historical renown of the place and the story of the imprisoned princess in Castle Campbell. How else are we to explain his subtle play on the word? It is true he speaks of *a* dollar, but he who would read his Shakespeare without the use of the imaginative faculty is blind to Shakespeare's genius. By *a* dollar is here meant a view of Dollar, a prospect of Dollar, in a word, a dollar.

Any critic who would undermine this beautiful picture of Shakespeare's knowledge of Dollar, which could only have been obtained by a personal visit to the place, is not worthy of consideration. We shall anticipate his criticism by saying that his reference will undoubtedly be to the coin which is so often dubbed "the almighty dollar." Did ever such mercenary argument stain the page of criticism? But it is ever the same: the iconoclast must needs bring in his vulgar reference to money. How true is Fielding's remark, "Money is the fruit of evil, as often as the root of it." Many readers will soliloquise and say to themselves at this point, "Ah, how true and how fond we are both of root and fruit."

Shakespeare's second reference to Dollar occurs in the tragedy of Macbeth, Act I., Scene 2, line 64. Ross, one of Scotland's noblemen, is speaking on his arrival from Fife at the camp near Forres, to Duncan, the king. In reply to Duncan, the Thane of Ross states how Sweno, King of Norway, sues for peace on being defeated in battle by Duncan's men and that these refused—

"the burial of his men,
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's Inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use."

Here we are at one with the critic in believing Shakespeare refers to money. But observe our point. Why does he mention "dollars" at all? Why does he make the Thane of Ross come to the camp near Forres from Fife. Is it not the case that Shakespeare's local colouring of Forres is so accurate that he has generally been credited with having done the old stage journey to the North. What then was simpler than for him to anticipate Captain John M'Nabb and at the Yetts of Muckart dismount from the coach and walk down the road to Dollar?

He would probably learn in Edinburgh something of the tragic life of "the Worthy Vicar," and of his cruel death in 1538-39, if he had not already learnt something in London about it. This would at once induce Shakespeare to leave the coach at the Yetts, and he very probably diverged at Shelterhall to visit Vicar's Bridge, which existed in a simple fashion then, and ascend to the main road by way of Pitgober.

The beauty of the valley would appeal to Shakespeare's eye, and the

R. K. Holmes.

THE LOVERS' LOAN.

calmness and holiness of the scene would couple it in his mind with the lonely Isle of Iona, which he would shrewdly guess lay far beyond, in the golden west. Hence the reference to ten thousand dollars is both a tribute to Shakespeare's correct judgment and to the place which he has immortalised.

It speaks volumes for Shakespeare's prophetic vision of proportion that he alludes to the place with that mystic touch which is in accordance with the size and population of the burgh in round numbers to-day. "A dollar!" "Ten thousand dollars!"

What could be more delicate, what could be more convincing? For a vision of Dollar many F.P.'s would give ten thousand pounds (£10,000) if only they might tread its quiet streets and when oppressed by grief or care be entertained in Dollar.

The Beast of Dal Ard.

To the Editor, "Dollar Magazine."

SIR,—If you will pardon me the platitude, this world is indeed a place of coincidences. Thus, last Monday (for the steamer was a day late), when the "dak wallah" brought me my home mail, including your December issue, he found me ensconced in a long chair, deep in the perusal of a volume of ancient autobiography, entitled "Les Gestes héroiques du grand et noble Chevalier Guènelon." But the mail being by much the most important event in the Anglo-Indian week, I laid aside my book, and having read my letters, plunged into the delights of the *Magazine*. You may imagine my surprise and pleasure on finding in your pages the history of the Beast of Dal Ard, which Mr Holmes (who has done so much for local folk-lore and archæology) has so ably edited. For the Ganelon of his narrative is the Guènelon of my volume of autobiography; and my book presents this same history of the Beast of Dal Ard from the point of view of Mr Holmes' villain.

The "Gestes," of which I believe mine to be the sole copy extant, are written in an old French tongue, bearing some resemblance to the language of the "Chanson de Roland," though the latter is an earlier manuscript and deals with earlier years. In my moments of leisure I have translated or transcribed Sir Ganelon's autobiography, and for the amusement and instruction of your readers, I venture to send you a few extracts dealing with the matter in hand. The version of Sir Ganelon differs in some points from that of Sir Ingomar, as is but natural, considering their respective points of view, and in view of the fact that both versions were probably written down some time after the event, when details had become blurred.

I begin, then, at the moment of Ganelon's arrival at court. He says:—

"'Twas, to speak sooth, but a mean and somedeal barbarous court, and not such as a man of my house would choose to abide in. But after many weeks of strong fighting and hard journeying, I was fain to do off my armour and rest me awhile, wheresoever it might be. . . . At this court other knights,

of lesser prowess in truth than myself, but natheless of fair renown, had tarried for their dalliance. And moreover, choice there was none: one of my race may not sit in the hovels of the churls; and the time being heavy with rain and thick with fog (as oft in those parts), I could not, an if I would, spend the night without some roof to my head.

"But for all the court was but a poor place, my name and my good fame won for me a right warm welcome from the king and his lady; and the knights were eager to behold the warrior by whose hand so many and so noble deeds had been done."

The narrator proceeds thus at considerable length, always in the same tone of overweening pride, mingling a measure of contempt for others with an unmeasured conceit of himself. And therefore I omit much which, sir, would but bore you, and come to the Beast. Thus speaks Ganelon:

"'This kinglet, then, I found in much and great perturbation of spirit. The churls who tended his herds and farmed his demesne, were in those days harassed by a kind of worm or dragon, which ravaged the whole valley, devouring sheep and oxen, laying waste the rich crops, and even seizing men and women as his prey. Many a brave and valiant chevalier had gone forth against this worm, but none had returned from the venture. And still the Beast of Dal Ard or Douleur (for by these various names was the worm spoken of by the people of that place) went on his bloody way with slaughter and rapine like an invading and savage host, till the peasants came in a body, weeping and lamenting, and craving aid from their royal master against the scourge which was upon them. Now, the king, being advanced in years, was grown something tender-hearted, and he gave ear to their petition, making oath that the Beast should be slain, did it cost the dearest blood in his court. He caused a proclamation to be made, saying that, should any man of fair lineage slay the Beast, to him should be given the king's daughter in marriage. But a ten days' space before that I came thither, one Sir Garneil, a good knight and a valorous, had sallied forth to the encounter. The noise of the combat had sounded to the two ends of the valley. But Sir Garneil came not home again; and still the Beast slew and despoiled the land.

"Now the king, knowing me a bold knight, and one strong of my hands, was overjoyed at my coming and said to all his people, 'Ho! here is he will slay the Beast.' 'Ay, marry!' quoth I, 'the days of the Beast shall be but few hereafter; he shall know the arm of Sir Ganelon.' And speaking so, I marked the Princess Aude, she whose hand would be the victor's guerdon: and I saw her down-cast eye and the tear that shone on her long lashes. And my resolve was strengthened and I laughed aloud, saying to her, 'Sweet lady, in triumph shall I return to claim thee in wedlock, and the head of the worm shall grace our bridal board.' But she smiled not, and I knew the thought was but little to her mind. Therefore I laughed again, to feel that the poor thing was in my grasp, will she nill she. 'But,' quoth I, 'I come from sore fields and toilsome marches, and my limbs are aweary. Fain would I rest for two days' time or three, till that my arm be once more strong and supple and there be no stiffness in my joints. For this Beast seemeth a good beast and a powerful, and the fight will be a good fight.' And at this the Princess Aude trembled as with the hope of escape, and a third time I laughed aloud, to know that she would be my chattel."

Follows a lengthy and wearisome account of how Sir Ganelon passed the ensuing three days at the court, resting and making his preparations. He tells in much detail of this time, and if he is to be believed, our sympathy must go out to the king and his courtiers. For Ganelon seems to have deafened them with the stories of his own glory and prowess and with scoffing at all other knights-errant. And he missed no opportunity of pointing out to the Princess that her time was short. Much, no doubt, was forgiven him in the belief that he would slay the Beast.

And so the day of the combat came round, and he speaks of it thus :—

"The morning dawned bright and fair, the which I took to be of happy augury, since fine days come but seldom in those regions. Rising from my pallet at an early hour, I did on my flashing armour and slung my trusty blade by my side. Mounted on my good mare Fidèle—she who had borne me in many a hard-fought field—and with my sharp spear glistening in the sun, I departed from the castle amidst the acclamations of the courtiers, and with the blessings of the old king. The Princess Aude was not of the company; they said she kept her room still, for all they called her the Lady of the Dawn! And again my laughter shook me.

"But 'twas no time for merry thoughts: I must on—a high adventure lay before me. And so I journeyed forth across the valley, fording the brown and rushing stream, and ascending at last a steep and rocky glen, into which the blessed light of heaven scarce could pierce, so thick were the trees that swayed overhead. No paltry stringer of rhymes am I, and so there be a joust toward, the things of nature touch not my fancy. Yet this spot was in truth a scene of much beauty, and I was fain to stop and gaze upon its loveliness.

"But there was other work to hand, and I must forward. Gradually, as I pushed upwards into the hills, by the side of a dashing rivulet, and past many a white and leaping fall, I became aware of an ever-increasing and horrid stench, which soon polluted all the air around me; while here and there amongst the trampled bracken I marked broken blades and twisted armour and gnawn human bones. The lair of the Beast was clearly close at hand. And still the stench grew more and more horrid, till, when I could scarce bear it longer, on emerging from a thick and bosky glade, my good mare near stumbled over a huge carcase that lay, still and motionless, in my path. It was the Beast."

But here again I must interrupt Sir Ganelon in the telling of his tale. In those days manners were cruder than they are now, and he speaks of the carcase in a way that would make the modern man shudder with disgust. His description, though effective, is inelegant. At first he thought the dragon asleep, and prodded it with his lance—being by nature a fighter and anxious not to miss a good struggle. He thus found that the Beast was indeed a corpse, and in his rage at finding another to have been before him, he drew his sword and heaved such a blow that he severed the head from the trunk at one stroke. "And then," he continues, "I laughed," which shows that with all his faults (which were many) he was at least blessed with a sense of humour.

"And my laughing," he goes on to say, "called to my remembrance the fair Princess Aude, and I cursed the man whose hand had robbed me of my triumph. Not that I loved the wench, for I am no squire of dames. But she loved me not, and 'twould be a rich jest to make her my thrall. And

thinking thus, I made resolve that she would not yet be lost to me. Doubtless some churl, finding the Beast in sleep and full of meat, had slain him—ay, and had cut off a talon from the right forefoot as an amulet or talisman for his base-born brats. No one of the knights from the castle had gone forth on the quest since that I had come to the court, or I knew of none. Had a knight slain the monster we should have had the news ere now. Thus it must be some fortunate peasant who had done the thing, and therefore, quoth I in my heart, shall I take the head as a gift for the princess—to grace our bridal board, ha!—saying to all men that I, Ganelon, have slain the worm."

This, then, he proceeded to do, sprinkling himself lavishly with the blood of the Beast, and wounding himself sore with the brambles which abounded in the neighbouring woods, to give himself the appearance of having fought a hard fight. This was no knightly deed, to be sure, and Ganelon's character is not one that I would offer as an example worthy of being copied. But he was a brave knight, knowing no fear; and his sense of humour was strong enough to make him tell the whole story through, concealing nothing—telling it in his own fashion, I admit, and he salves as much credit for himself as is possible. Yet I cannot help loving the scoundrel, partly for his very villainy.

"I returned to the castle slowly," he says, "carrying before me the bloody head and feigning some weariness of body. But my masquerading was vain for that day, for, having dallied in the way, it was night ere I reached the court, and I came to my chamber unmarked.

"The next morning I went not abroad till a somewhat late hour, when I knew all the court would be assembled in the 'Great Hall,' as they named it, though 'twas truly but a paltry chamber. Thus I came amongst them all suddenly, bearing in my hand the mighty head."

This was at, or near, noon, as Mr Holmes' narrative asserts; but Ganelon had actually returned to the castle on the previous night. His arrival in the great hall at noon was a carefully arranged and well-executed piece of stage management. He continues:—

"I advanced through the silent and amazed throng, and cast the head before the princess, saying, 'Here for our bridal board! I have slain the beast!' And at that all the court shouted for joy and cheered my prowess till the place rang with the sound; and the old king fell upon my neck and kissed me on my two cheeks. But not now did the tear-drop shine on the Lady Aude's long lashes. With a cold and steady eye she gazed on me, and gave no sign, save that a warm flush rose to her marble-white brow. . . . And that night there was much feasting and making merry; and at last the king, rising from his seat at the table head, proclaimed to all his people that I, Ganelon, had slain the beast and won the reward, well and truly. The Lady Aude was mine! But she, when I made to kiss her hand, drew away coldly, and would have none of my salute, saying, 'Sir Ganelon, thou slayer of dragons, thou hast brought the head of the beast; canst thou also bring hither his talons?' And at that I knew 'twas no churl who had slain the worm, for there, in the princess' hand, held aloft for all to gaze upon, was the talon which, as I had marked, had been taken from the right forefoot of the beast. And by her side, blushing like a very wench, stood a youth—one Sir Ingoman—a mere boy, a standing tuck, who, it seemed, by the help

of a good steed, and doubtless, too, of the saints, had been more fortunate than I, and had freed the land from the scourge of the dragon.

"And so that court was no more a fit halting-place for Sir Ganelon, and turning my back on king and princess alike, I strode from the place with no word, no man daring to let me or say me nay."

The villain conceals nothing; though you will notice that on this occasion he did not "laugh aloud." He passed out "with no word," and, if his memoirs are not the mere babble of a braggart (as I believe they are not), lived to do many another base deed, and many a brave and noble deed besides. Do you not agree with me when I say that he is a lovable scoundrel?—Yours, &c. D. Y. A.

The Wreck of the "Hancy."

IF you wish to see human nature at its best, take the first chance you can get of seeing a wreck: a first-class wreck, if possible, like the wreck of the full-rigged ship "Hancy," 1,400 tons, carrying a crew of twenty-four, and last, but not least, the captain's wife and child of seventeen months old. I saw this yesterday, when our grand old Lizard rocks claimed another victim in this fine steel ship; but by the ingenuity of man and the courage displayed in working the rocket apparatus, man's invention, not one of the crew, or even the cat and dog, perished.

Scoffers at human nature, people who talk a great deal of the want of courage in the present generation, the decay of human kindliness, should have been there, and they would not only have had a sight of a great ship with her sails all set (they had no time to furl them) swaying helplessly on the huge flat rock we know here as Cairn Table, between Peholver and Housel Bay, but they would have witnessed a display of resolution and courage in our coastguard and their helpers with the rocket apparatus that they would never have forgotten.

A boat and a half's length more, and the "Hancy" would still have been a delight to look upon, as she was the minute before she struck. The sun was glinting upon her snow-white sails. She seemed to scorn the jagged, dark rocks that frowned above her, suggesting some bright spirit of the ocean that skimmed along, made free of its dangers and its treachery.

Alas, alas! that fatal boat and a half's length! If only it had been on the other side of the ship!

But such is Fate, and there lies the "Hancy," the sport of the waves, breaking up as fast as her worst enemy could wish her to do, but with her destruction leaving in many hearts the splendid example that human beings, when others are in danger, would sacrifice themselves a thousand times sooner than see lives lost that could be saved.

Two occurrences rouse the Lizard, otherwise a place that takes its pleasures and pains calmly, to immediate and, I may say, precipitate action. One is the cry of "Heeva!" which means the pilchard schools are in view, and the other is the firing of the rocket that announces a wreck.

On both of these occasions old and young, rich and poor, put on, or don't even wait to put on, appropriate clothes, and flee to the place on the cliffs from whence they can get the best view of what is happening below them on or in the sea.

For a wreck you hear the rocket and you flee, and as you flee, looking around you, from all parts come others racing along in the same manner. You do not stop to greet them. You say, "Where is it?" in case of a wreck; in case of the more domestic and homely pilchard, you say, "Where are they shooting the seine?"

In either case, however, you lose no time. In this case the writer, hearing the rocket and feeling in her bones that something unusual was happening, fled with all the speed of which she was capable to the nearest point from which the poor dying ship could be seen. But quickly as she had fled, the rocket apparatus was before her; but she reached the cliff in time to see the rope which the rocket carries thrown over the ship.

Soon the breeches buoy was swinging out to the ship. How small and frail it looked as it hung out over the huge waves and from the steep, dark cliffs! Could it be possible any one would risk themselves in so frail a bark?

With straining eyes we on the cliff watch and wait. The buoy has reached the vessel. Who will come off first?

Who? Can there be a doubt where brave men are concerned? A great shout goes up from every throat, and a prayer to heaven from every heart, for we see the captain's wife and child—a baby, in fact, seventeen months old—being carefully put into the buoy.

They are swinging now towards us. Will the mast hold out? The fore and main mast have already gone by the board. The rope upon which the breeches buoy is depending has been lashed to the only remaining mast, viz., the mizzen.

It seems an eternity. Then such a cheer goes up. She is safe. Baby and mother are received in kindly arms. What matters it? Strangers all, but sisters in this terrible struggle, and with the mother feeling warm and tender in each heart.

And in this way were rescued all of the little crowd huddled on the stern of the vessel, twenty-six of them. Twenty-one came slowly and with infinite care by the breeches buoy to safety, and three were rescued by the Lizard lifeboat, which was launched with immense difficulty, the seas rushing into the lifeboat cove and nearly swamping the brave men who manned the boat.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten sight, and as you watched the faces of the men who worked the rocket apparatus, you felt that each life they saved was as dear to them as their own.

Let moralists rage as much as they please at the absence of kindliness in the present day. Let philosophers preach that religion and sympathy are things of the past. Let them come down to this old-world place, see what I saw yesterday, and it will do them no harm, but a great deal of good, if they waited a year, and they will never again disbelieve in the innate nobility and bravery of the human race.

M. E. RICHARDSON.

From "The Lady."

Prose Writings of the late Mr James Christie.

MANY of our readers who knew Dollar in the latter half of the nineteenth century will remember, with affection, Mr Christie, for many years a teacher in the Institution, in what was known as the Lower School, and latterly as the first Headmaster of the Board School. He was well known to have a creditable place among the minor poets of Scotland; and, after his death, his poems were collected and published in book form. It was not so generally known however, that in his young days he wrote many articles in prose, chiefly on subjects connected with the county of Clackmannan and with Dollar in particular. His style is simple and unaffected, and he uses many Scotch expressions that one seldom hears nowadays. His "Rhymes and Superstitions of Clackmannanshire" will, we believe, be read with interest:—

"Frae the auld elm tree,
On the tap o' the Knowe,
A seed shall fa' aff
Whilk a tree shall grow;
And a cradle it shall mak'
To rock the wee bairn
Wha'll conjure the ghaist
That haunts Pitfairen."

Pitfairen is situated on the south bank of the river Devon, and consists of a few miserably tiled houses inhabited by colliers, miners, and others. Two or three hundred years ago the inhabitants of this place, as well as those of the surrounding districts, were thrown into much alarm and consternation by the nightly appearance of a ghost or apparition, as if newly risen, with its cerements, from the grave, going round and round an old elm tree, repeating in a low but audible voice the above lines.

It came to pass at last that an elm tree did grow near the one mentioned; but whether it had sprung from the seed, or had been planted there by the hand of some superstitious person, was never fully understood. After attaining considerable magnitude, it was ordered by the proprietor upon whose ground it grew to be cut down and given to a wright in the neighbourhood, who, after it had lain a long time in his wood-yard, received an order to make a cradle. Putting implicit confidence in the truth of the prophecy, and thinking the fulfilment of it at hand, he, unknown to anyone, made the cradle from the identical elm tree. The child who had been rocked in it gave proofs of great knowledge at an early age, and when he had reached his fourteenth year entered a religious house to study for the church. Paying a visit to his parents, after long absence, he met the wright, who was now an old man, and he let "the cat oot o' the pock," telling what he had done. Naturally of a bold disposition, the young man, providing himself with "book and candle," repaired after nightfall to the spot, where he received the following revelation:—"For the sake of gold I became a murderer. Wealth could not procure me happiness. I died, and since that time my restless spirit is compelled to wander here—the scene of my crime—until my guilt be made known

to the world. When morning comes dig downwards to the root of this tree and you will find the bones of the murdered person. Remove them from hence, and then I shall have peace." Saying this the ghost began its weary rounds again. As directed the young man, with a few of the inhabitants of the hamlet, dug around the tree. A great number of the bones were discovered. These were carefully collected, and carried to an adjoining churchyard where they were buried. The ghost was never seen afterwards.

"In Quarrel-burn
The witches meet,
Syne through the air
They scour fu' fleet.
They flee! and they flee!
Till they reach 'Lochy Faulds'
Whaur auld Nick in person
His tribunal haulds."

Sixty years ago, "Quarrel-burn" was a famous rendezvous of the witches of Dollar. They met in the evening, and when the necessary preliminaries had been entered into, they mounted their broomsticks and rode through the air until they reached "Lochy Faulds," situated at the foot of Gloomhill. An oak tree whose twisted and moss-grown trunk has stood the blasts of many winters still marks the spot where these hags held their midnight revels. Beneath its spreading branches there is a round circle of brown earth, upon which neither grass nor any vegetation ever grows. People said some "black deed" had been committed there. Others said that fire had been the cause of it. Tradition, however, tells a different story. The witches having been informed that a farmer had spoken rather disrespectfully of them, on account of the death of some of his cattle, they determined on vengeance. An opportunity soon offered, and the farmer was carried away to "Lochy Faulds" to stand his trial before the tribunal over which his Black Majesty presided in person. On reaching the place, he was told to disprove what had been reported of him, or, if he failed in doing so, they would deal with him as they thought proper. The farmer stood up and protested his innocence; but his accusers, not being at all satisfied, told him that he must give them some proof before they could believe him. Scarcely able to speak, the poor man, in a fit of desperation, said, "May a round ring encompass me, and may grass never grow upon it any more, if I am not innocent of the crime laid to my charge." Wonderful! the thing happened! We are not told what became of the farmer.

To show that these witches were of a cruel and revengeful disposition, we subjoin the following anecdotes: "In a small cottage on the summit of Sheardale Braes lived a man named Patie M'Nicol. He was a wee booly-backet body, and wore aye a blue coat, plush waistcoat and knee-breeks, and Tam o' Shanter bonnet wi' a red tap. It was darkly hinted that he was in league with the witches. He never wrought ony, but yet he always had plenty. The Bible he would not read, nor allow a religious book to enter his door. The minister (Mr Couples) hearing this went to him, and endeavoured to show him the error of his ways, and so far succeeded as to get Patie to tak' the present o' a Bible! Every Sunday after this saw Patie

at the kirk; and, although the distance he had to walk was about three miles, yet he was never absent unless sickness prevented him. He was quite a changed man. But mark his punishment. He had gaen awa' oot in the grey o' the gloamin' to tak' a walk. Suddenly a soughin' soun' cam' ower his head, and immediately he felt himself lifted from the grun' and carried through the air wi' an awfu' velocity. Neist mornin' he was found, half dead, wi' cold and hunger, on the very tap o' 'Sea Mab,' among the very highest o' the Ochils. He was ta'en hame, but he never got the better of his unmercifu' treatment. He had na a day to thrive, and he dwined awa' like snaw aff a dyke, until he sunk into the grave.

"The next object of their machinations was the worthie divine wha had been instrumental in bringin' Patie to a knowledge of the richt. Noises and lood screams were heard in a' the corners o' his hoose, and when he gaed to see what was the matter, he could see naething! Ae time, in particular, the noises were heard to such a degree that the minister was obliged to leave his hoose, in the Middle Bank, wi' naething but his sark on. He ran doon to a sma' cot, ca'd the Willow Wands, a muckle black boar following him a' the way. Matters, however, didna end here, for on the Sunday following, as he was gaun awa' to the kirk, things like planks o' wood rowed doon afore him a great part o' his way; but he being a God-fearin' man withstood a' thae demonstrations, and baffled Satan completely."

"The Castle o' Campbell,
The Burn o' Care,
And the bonnie toun o' Dollar,
I'll never see mair."

These words have been popular in Dollar for many years, and are reported to have been spoken by a fair female who, when Montrose applied the torch to the castle in 1646, rather than fall alive into the hands of his soldiers, exhibited a heroic contempt of death by ascending to one of the highest towers, and throwing herself down upon the pikes of the besiegers.

"Easter Heugh-head and Waster Heugh-head,
The nettle and foxglove shall grow whaur ye stood."

Between forty and fifty years ago these places were extensive farms. The banks of Dollar, upon which they are situated, were then almost all under cultivation, and heavy crops of oats, barley, and potatoes were the rewards of the husbandman's toil. But where these articles grew, the whin and broom are only to be seen, and, among the ruins of the farm-houses, the nettle, foxglove, and other wild weeds grow luxuriantly. For these two or three years past, the farmer has been busy ploughing up part of the ground which has lain so long fallow; but being late in sowing, it is far in the season before he can reap, and what is reared (to use an old farmer's expression) is "nearly a' caff."

"Harry not the robin,
Harry not the wren,
For, if you harry their nests
You'll never thrive again."

The robin is a very tame bird, and will enter in winter, without fear, the habitations of man; but as summer advances it retires to the woods, and very

seldom shows itself. About six years ago, one of these birds built in the corner of a window-sill of a house in Cairnpark Street. The parent birds never hesitated to enter the house, and would even have picked crumbs off the hands of the inmates. The wren is a very small bird. Its tail is much prized by anglers; but who would think of shooting a wren, and fifteen or sixteen young ones dependent on her, for the pitiful reward of a few feathers?

"There were aucht sturdy ploomen
On the farm o' Bogha',
But Brownie in ae nicht
Wrought mair than them a'."

The Brownie was very like a man in shape. All his body was covered with brown hairs, hence his name. He possessed great strength, slept all day and worked all night, when the whole farm-house was hushed in slumber. He was very harmless, and had more of a forgiving than of a revengeful turn of mind. His meat was sowans and sweet milk, while his bed consisted of straw made up in some cosy corner of the barn. To the farm of Boghall, near Dollar, Brownie rendered essential services, but it happened one very severe winter, when the snow lay deep on the ground, and the frost was so intense as to freeze every running stream and well, that the "gudewife" afraid that her friend the Brownie would die, and quite ignorant that she was doing wrong, laid down some warm blankets upon his couch of straw. On seeing this, he straightway departed from the place saying:—

"To leave my old haunts, oh! my heart it is sair,
But the wife gae me blankets—she'll see me nae mair;
I've worked in her barn, frae evening till day,
My curse on the blankets that drove me away,
All the boon that I asked were my sowans and strae,
But success to Bogha' although Brownie's away."

Whether owing to Brownie's departure, or "Fortune's wayward freaks," Boghall, it is well known, was never the same again, and even at the present day, it is little better than a wilderness.

"The links o' the Forth
Are worth an earldom in the north."

from their number and fertility. The Forth takes its rise in Ben Lomond on the west part of Stirlingshire. Numerous streams augment its waters, and, on reaching Stirling, it presents a not insignificant appearance. Here it begins those celebrated meanderings which have given rise to the above rhyme. The carse through which it runs consists chiefly of a rich loamy substance, very favourable to the production of crops. From Stirling to Alloa the distance by water is twenty-four miles, while by land it is only six. It is said that "there are as many links in the Forth as in a young man's heart."

"Up by Colross
And doon by Colmain,
Roond aboot the 'Saddlehill,'
And come awa' hame."

Colross, Colmain, and the Saddle Hill form part of the Ochil range. The

R. K. Holmes.

IN THE OLD TOWN.

sheep farmer to whom these belonged, before engaging a shepherd, gave him the above task to perform (no very easy matter) in a limited time. If he succeeded he was immediately engaged.

The meadow of Craiginnin, in the vicinity of these hills, was (and is still) famous for the quantity of hay it yearly produces. Nearly seventy years ago David Wright rented the farm of Craiginnin. His servants on cutting the grass of the meadow were in the custom of leaving it to the management of the fairies. These aerial beings came from Blackford, Gleneagles, Buckieburn, &c., and assembling on the summit of the "Saddle Hill," descended to their work among the hay. From morning till evening they toiled assiduously. After spreading it out before the sun, they put it into coils, then into ricks, when it was conveyed into the adjacent farmyard, where it was built into stacks. This kindness of the fairies David Wright never forgot to repay, for, when the sheep-shearing came round, he always gave them a few of the best fleeces of the flock. He flourished wonderfully, but finding his health daily declining, and seeing death would soon overtake him, he imparted to his eldest son the secret of his success, and told him ever to be in friendship with the "gude neebors." The old man died and was succeeded by his son, who was at once hard, grasping, and inhospitable. The kind advices and injunctions given him by his father were either forgotten or unattended to. Haymaking came round, but young Wright, instead of allowing the "greengoons" to perform what they had so long done (thinking thereby to save a few fleeces), ordered his servants to the work. Things went on very pleasantly the first day, but on going next morning to resume their labour, what was their surprise to find the hay scattered in every direction. Morning after morning this was continued, until the hay was unfit for use. In revenge for this he destroyed the whole of their rings, ploughed up their green knolls, and committed a thousand other offences. He had soon reason, however, to repent of these ongoings.

One day the dairymaid, having completed the operation of churning, carried the butter, as was her wont, to the "butter well" on the east side of the house, to undergo the process of washing, preparatory to its being sent away to the market. No sooner had she thrown it into the well than a small hand was laid upon it, and in a second the bright, golden treasure disappeared beneath the crystal waters! The servant tried to snatch it; but alas! it was lost for ever! and as she left the place a voice said:—

"Your butter's awa'
To feast our band
In the fairy ha'."

The horses, cows, and sheep sickened and died; and, to complete all, Wright, on returning from a Glendevon market, night overtook him in the wild pass of Glenqueich. He wandered here and there, and at last sank into a "well-e'e," in which he perished.

After his death the farmhouse went gradually to demolition, and its bare walls are now only to be seen.

Scottish Journal, 1848

A Visit to a Sleeping-Sickness Camp.

HAVING been down with rather a bad attack of fever for ten days or so, I was asked by a friend of mine—Dr Van Someran, a cousin of Claud Vermont—to spend a week or so with him at Kyetume, where he is in charge of the only existing sleeping-sickness camp in Uganda. Kyetume is some 20 miles from Kampala (the capital).

I set off in a rickshaw, drawn by one and pushed by three stalwart savages. The scenery *en route* is by no means varied, the roads being lined on both sides with "matoke" (bananas), only relieved at intervals with patches where cotton and sweet potatoes are grown. I arrived at Kyetume some four hours after leaving Kampala.

The camp itself is just like the ordinary native village, the only exception being that the huts are much larger and are not round but oblong, capable of holding some fifty natives. At first glance there appears to be nothing whatsoever to connect this village with the awful disease—sleeping-sickness. On closer investigation, however, one is struck by the number of natives there are lying about in a listless sort of fashion, who appear to take not the slightest interest in their surroundings, or in anything going on round about them.

The curious part of the disease is that to the ordinary individual it does not seem to have the same effect on everybody. Numerous patients whom I saw appear to have absolutely nothing wrong with them, big strapping natives, who seemed capable of doing—and do—a good day's manual labour; these had just contracted the disease. Numbers go quite mad, and in this state they seem to have a decided objection to wearing any sort of clothing, for whenever they are given any, they at once tear it off.

One native whom I saw was rather amusing. All the natives wear "bark cloth." This is made, as its name implies, from the bark of a tree, which, when peeled off, is hammered out and dried, is then exactly like cloth, red in colour and has a feel not unlike thick brown paper; it wears quite well, but unfortunately won't bear washing. This native, who is an ex-Askari (policeman), was given a piece of this bark cloth to wear, which he refused, throwing it on the ground in contempt and saying, "I won't wear this common clothing, General Lugard* told me I was never to wear such common stuff, that I was always to be dressed 'maradadi' (like a gentleman)."

Some patients that I saw—those in the latter stages—were deaf, others blind, some a mere bag of bones, unable to do anything but crawl on all, fours like wounded animals. One little boy—in the last stage—a mere skeleton, his mouth twitching, his eyes half closed, was oblivious to everything going on round about him, and I believe had been lying in the same position in which I saw him for days.

One is very much struck at seeing how contented and absolutely happy all the patients seem—except those who are in the last stages of the disease.

* General Lugard came up here in the old days on behalf of the East African Company to look into the prospects of the country.

From what I could gather from Dr Van Someran, patients themselves seem altogether indifferent to their condition, so long as they get plenty to eat, hunger appearing to me to be one of the symptoms of the disease. I never saw, even in Dollar (!), anybody eat as much as they do—their capacity is beyond comprehension.

In a book written by Dr Van Someran on sleeping-sickness, I obtained numerous notes on the history of the disease, some of which I quote hereunder:—

"In Uganda, as far as one can ascertain, the disease was unknown before 1900, when Dr A. Cook, of the Church Missionary Society's Hospital, reported the occurrence of a new disease. At first, unrecognised, it was soon identified as sleeping-sickness, and first confined to a few persons, the disease soon manifested itself with appalling rapidity.

"Between 1900 and 1908 more than 200,000 persons succumbed to the disease. So alarming were the ravages of the disease that in 1903 a Commission under the Royal Society and Colonial Office was sent out to Uganda, with Colonel Sir D. Bruce, C.B., in charge.

"The work of this Commission was continued by various members until it was brought to a tragic ending in 1906, owing to one of the members, the late Lieut. Tullock, R.A.M.C., contracting the disease in March of that year, and dying three months later."

Kyetume Camp has been in existence for some three years, and during that period about 1,500 patients have been treated, and there are now remaining about 250.

Camps in the Protectorate were started not so much with the idea of effecting a cure, for no cure is yet known, but to provide the unfortunate victims with some place where they would be fed and looked after, and thus spend the last few months of their life as comfortably as possible.

In the old days, when it was known that a person had contracted sleeping-sickness, the sufferer was hounded out of his village by the other inhabitants, to die of starvation in the forest or become prey to the first hyæna or leopard that came along.

The Tsetse, the fly which carries the disease, is a little larger than the common house-fly, and of a dark dusky brown colour, its peculiarity being that its wings are crossed scissors fashion.

This fly is to be found on the lake shores and river banks, and fortunately won't come inland more than a few hundred yards.

When it was discovered that this fly was the cause of the spread of the disease, all the natives on the islands and lake shore were removed inland, and not allowed to settle within a radius of two miles of the lake.

The result of this removal is that ravages of the disease have, to an enormous extent, diminished in Uganda.

MAURICE ST C. THOM.

Notes from Near and Far.

NATURALISTS' FIELD CLUB.—A very interesting and instructive programme was submitted on Tuesday, 11th June, at the monthly meeting in the Athenæum Hall. Dr Strachan presided over a very good muster of members. The large collection of wild flowers brought under the notice of those present by Mrs Cameron (her own work) quite justified her remark that even an anticipated deadly dull holiday could in this way be made most enjoyable, while a store of knowledge would also be laid up. Mr Arthur Strachan followed. His subject was—"A walk through the London Zoo." Being between forty and fifty acres in extent, with nearly 2,500 different animals, it is obvious that reference could only be made to the various houses that come in for the largest share of public attention. Mr Strachan's familiarity with these and their occupants enabled him successfully to carry out his idea in a systematic and expeditious manner. The inmates were mentioned, described, and interesting peculiarities of very many were remarked on, not only as they might appeal to the ordinary onlooker, but as viewed by the naturalist's appreciative eye and mind. Specially interesting references were made to the Tasmanian wolf, the elephants, the penguins, the laughing hyena, the Siberian tigers, the sea-lions, the polar bears, and the python. The ferns of the district and where to find them were next taken up by Dr Strachan. Fourteen specimens were presented and described in his own masterly way. Dr M'Morland, in a few appreciative remarks, voiced the warm thanks of the members to the three speakers, and the meeting closed.

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R.G.A. MEMORIAL SERVICE.—Simple but impressive services marked the unveiling of a memorial tablet at the Cantonment Church, Rangoon, on the 23rd May, to Captain Izat, Bombardier Woods, and Gunner Dellow who were drowned during the capsizing of the launch "Gunner" opposite King's Bank Battery in January 1911. The Bishop of Rangoon, who officiated, said that this was not in his opinion an occasion on which conventional things could be said. They were there to pay the last honours to those who had lost their lives in performance of their duties. The occasion appealed to the hearts of all those who knew the sad story. In the midst of life they were in death, and he thought it was this feeling, that death might come at any time, that gave the special honour which they loved to pay to the soldier. The fact was they were men who were ready for death when the time came to lay down their lives for duty's sake, and sometimes it was in the highest places in the battlefield that heroism took the eye of the whole world. On the other hand, they went through their duties without the eye of the world on them, at places unseen or unheard of, and they laid down their lives when the call came just the same, and they could look at them as having been in the light of the presence of God. It would, he felt sure, be a source of gratification to the families at home in their bereavement to learn of the unveiling of the tablet which showed them that, though they were gone, they still lived in honour and affection in the hearts of their comrades.

Major Isles and Captain Beasly, officers of the Royal Garrison Artillery, unveiled the tablet. It is of brass on polished teak, about 24 inches by 18 inches, and bears the Artillery crest at the top, under which is the following inscription: "To the memory of Captain A. R. Izat, Bombardier J. Woods, and Gunner H. Dellow, drowned in the Rangoon River while on duty, January 17th 1911, by the capsizing of launch "Gunner." This tablet was erected by the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the R.G.A., Rangoon. My hope is in the Everlasting."

We are indebted to the *Rangoon Gazette.* See *Dollar Magazine*, Vol. X., p. 1.

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AUSTRALIAN NEWS.—Papers from Adelaide, South Australia, convey pleasing news of the good work being done by the Rev. A. W. Bean (F.P.), whose example and good counsel exercised an excellent influence among the senior pupils in Sessions 1890-91-92. The missionary spirit which he manifested in these early days animates him still, and, in consequence, he has been appointed to the important post of Australasian Bible Study Superintendent, a post which entails the preparation of notes covering the weekly Christian Endeavour Topics. These are published monthly and must prove exceedingly helpful to young persons looking for a definite plan for their Bible study. The notes are fresh, concise, illuminating. Among "Facts to Ponder" occurs the following: "Medical missions have been a marvellous power, and their influence is constantly growing. They reach from the simple dispensary to the most complete hospitals, and in them more human misery is relieved than in any other spots on earth. Converts are far more numerous per church and per minister on mission fields than in the home lands, notwithstanding the prejudices and age-long customs that the missionary must overcome."

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INSURANCE ACT.—It may interest our readers to learn that the question of National Insurance, which is receiving so much attention at present, was recommended by a former pupil of the Institution some twenty years ago. In an address delivered by Mr A. H. Briggs Constable, LL.B., Advocate to the Chartered Accountants' Students' Society of Edinburgh, the subject is ably treated and the adoption of some scheme hopefully anticipated. "Roughly speaking," says Mr Constable, "National Insurance means the provision, whether voluntary or compulsory, under State auspices, for old age, sickness, and other contingencies. The movement in favour of it starts from the existing state of pauperism throughout the country, which all, of course, must concede to be deplorable; and its general aim is to reduce that pauperism with all its demoralising influences and attendant unhappiness, an aim which all must equally concede to be most laudable. Some supporters of the movement appeal mainly to the taxpayer, and hold out for his admiration a seductive millennium when poor and poor-rates shall be no more. Others, again, perhaps more honestly, appeal to the philanthropy of the nation. They admit the impossibility of abolishing pauperism, but they say it is reducible; and even though it saves the taxpayer nothing, or even

costs him more than before, it is, they say, worth while trying whether it is not possible to assist the toilers of the nation to lay up a provision for themselves, and so to sweeten many thousands of lives that are now hopeless and bitter."

After referring to the provision made by the trade guilds of long ago, in which all classes of labour were then enrolled, to the Parliamentary proposals of 1773, 1796, and 1817, the lecturer passed in review various schemes that had been mooted, with none of which he was in entire agreement. "All this, however," he concluded, "forms no reason for brushing the whole question aside. The problem of pauperism goes deep down into the heart of that social question which no true citizen may ignore; its proposed solution by a system of National Insurance forms one more heroic effort to bridge that gulf between rich and poor which it is treason to our common human nature to regard as irrevocably fixed and impassable. By the resolute determination of many strong-hearted workers, society as a whole is infinitely healthier and happier to-day than it was fifty years ago; and to like enthusiasm and determination the questions that are now pressing forward for settlement will yield themselves sooner or later."

It would be interesting to have Mr Constable's opinion of the Insurance Act, now the law of the land. We are glad to be able to include him among the pioneers.

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ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.—We are glad to see that Dollar is well represented by former pupils in the Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition of the present year. Miss Kynoch shows a water-colour drawing of the "Rue De L'Arche, Falaise"; Edwin Adam has a water-colour of "Links Lodge, Musselburgh"; Robert Burns exhibits two oil-paintings entitled "Danae" (Tempora) and "Crodh Chaillean," and James Cadenhead is represented by two oil-paintings, "The Deeside Road" and "Falkland," a water-colour "The Deeside Highlands" and the "Brig of Balgownie" in black and white.

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HONORARY DEGREE.—The British Medical Association held its annual meeting in Liverpool in the month of July, and an interesting termination of the business was the presentation of honorary degrees of the University of Liverpool to five distinguished members, among whom we are glad to see is included Dr George Alexander Gibson (F.P.), Honorary Physician to the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh. We heartily congratulate Dr Gibson on the well-merited distinction (see *Magazine*, Vol. V., p. 157).

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IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT.—We congratulate Miss Jeanie Ainslie (F.P.) on her appointment, out of many applicants, to one of the plums of the nursing profession—the matronship of the Sick Children's Hospital, Sunderland.

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PRESENTATION TO MR MASTERTON.—On Thursday, 25th July, the members of the Established Church Young Men's Guild did honour to Mr

Masterton on the occasion of his retiring from the presidentship by presenting him with an elegant writing cabinet bearing an appropriate inscription. The meeting for the occasion, which was held in Ure's Restaurant, Academy Street, was presided over by Mr Alexander, the new President, who called upon Mr Dougall, Rector of the Academy, to make the presentation. In doing so, Mr Dougall said that Mr Masterton had carried forward the Guild work for a quarter of a century, sometimes in favourable, and at other times in unfavourable, circumstances. It would be difficult to estimate the influence of Mr Masterton on the lives of those who had, as it were, "sat at his feet." In that aspect any reward was not for the Guild to bestow. Personally, he had always admired Mr Masterton as one of that class of men whose religion was essentially practical. To him the words of the preacher might well be applied, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." They had met that night to do him honour, and incidentally had brought along with them a small token to mark their appreciation of his long term of valuable service. He had great pleasure in asking him, in the name of the Guild, to accept it.

In returning thanks Mr Masterton sketched the history of the Guild, and gave much satisfaction to those present by intimating that, though no longer President, he would still continue to be a member. He thanked his Guild brothers for the handsome gift, and said that it would always be cherished for its happy associations.

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SUMMER SCHOOL OF MISSIONARY STUDY.—The natural attractions of Dollar and the surrounding district and the admirable accommodation provided at the Institution and grounds constitute it an ideal place in which to hold the Summer School Meeting. For the second year in succession, therefore, the Committee appointed for the purpose unanimously chose Dollar as the scene of the session's encampment. So many intending students signified their wish to take part in the social intercourse and spiritual fellowship that it was found necessary to hold two schools, the first extending from 25th to 31st July and the second from 2nd to 8th August. The gatherings are held under the auspices of the Joint Committee on Mission Study of the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church of Scotland, and are addressed by some of the ablest ministers of both denominations.

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PRESENTATIONS.—Miss Runcieman, who has for several sessions filled the position of Assistant Teacher of Art in the Institution, resigned her appointment at the close of the session owing to the claims of home duties. Her pupils availed themselves of the opportunity to present her with a necklet, pendant, and gold brooch as a memento of the esteem in which she was held by them. In returning thanks to the donors, Miss Runcieman said that the gift would serve as a continued reminder of the pleasant years she had spent in Dollar and the many kind friends who had contributed thereto. In his annual report the Headmaster says: "Miss Runcieman has been a source of strength to the School, not only in her own department, but also in many other ways, and we part with her with deep regret."

On the occasion of his marriage, Mr James Frew, Mathematical Master, was by his pupils presented with ten volumes of Thackeray's works as a wedding gift.

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Dr Butchart, senior teacher of Modern Languages, who for several years acted as Captain of the Officers' Training Corps, was, on the occasion of his retiring from the command, presented with some handsome and beautifully bound volumes of the Temple Classics.

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INSTITUTION LIBRARY.—We have pleasure in announcing that Mr George Lawson (F.P.) has presented to the Institution Library a copy of his interesting booklet "The Reminiscences of Dollar Academy." Readers who wish to learn something of "Old Dollar" will find it here in a most attractive form.

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"ADVANCES IN TROPICAL MEDICINE."—Under the above heading *The Indian Medical Gazette* of April last gives a highly eulogistic notice of the supplement to the Fourth Report of the William Tromical Laboratory, Kartoum, from which we quote the following:—

"We have in our time had on our table volumes purporting to be retrospects or annual summaries of medical work, but we never before have seen anything done in the thorough and complete way in the way it has been done in the big volume before us, and our surprise turns to wonder when one looks at the list of contents and sees the numbers of the articles written by Dr A. Balfour and the Pathologist, Capt. R. C. Archibald, R.A.M.C. (attached E.A.)"

Obituary.

LENNOX.—At Strathbraan Cottage, Dollar, on the 13th June, Margaret, daughter of the late John Lennox, grocer, Stirling, aged 82 years.

BLELOCH.—At Burmah Cottage, Dollar, on the 13th June, John, fourth son of the late William Bleloch, farmer, Overton, Culross.

ERSKINE.—At Charing Cross, Dollar, on 7th July, Margaret, daughter of the late Peter Erskine, aged 72 years (Biblewoman).

ANDERSON.—At High Street, Dollar, on the 5th August, Margaret Anderson, widow of William Anderson, shoemaker, aged 74 years.

DUDGEON.—At Ochilton Road, Dollar, on the 27th August, Annie Dudgeon, in her 74th year, seventh daughter of the late James Dudgeon, Dollar.

BLACKWELL.—At 12 Downie Terrace, Murrayfield, in her ninety-fourth year, Katherine Brown, widow of Thomas Blackwell, Edinburgh.

DEATH OF MRS H. E. A. HUNTER.

We take the following from the *Middlesex and Buckingham Advertiser*:—

"Many friends at Hayes and Harlington will regret to learn of the death of Mrs H. E. A. Hunter, lately of Freemantle, Station Road, and the aged mother of the late Dr R. H. A. Hunter, whose untimely death was so greatly deplored by everyone in the district. That sad event was also the death-blow to Mrs Hunter, whose advanced age of ninety-two made her unable, despite her magnificent constitution, to bear up against the sudden loss of her favourite son, of whom she was deservedly proud. At that time she had gone to take the waters at Bath, and when she had sufficiently recovered from the terrible shock, she proceeded to Germany with her daughter, A. van Imbyze van Battenberg Hunter, to recoup at their favourite resort, at Aachen, Aix-la-Chapelle, but the old lady never quite rallied from her loss, and she passed away on 13th July.

"The late Mrs Hunter was quite a wonderful old lady in many ways, both by reason of her wide experience of the world over many years and many lands, and her splendid physique, and remarkable intelligence in observing and remembering incidents that were as varied and interesting as any popular autobiography; in fact, her life and travels would have made an extremely fascinating book. She was the widow of the late 1st Class Staff-Surgeon R. H. A. Hunter, H.M. Forces (2nd Queen's Royals and 57th Regiment), and daughter of Major Gilland (2nd Queen's Royals), and granddaughter of Baron von Imbyze van Battenburg. In the Queen's Royals she was always called "The Daughter of the Regiment," having been born into it, married in it, and had four children born in it. She was the mother of eight sons and five daughters, of whom four sons and two daughters survive her; and at the time of her death had twenty-four grandchildren and twenty-nine great-grandchildren, the eldest of the latter being twenty-six years old. The late Mrs Hunter had many stirring experiences, for she lived in India and elsewhere a good deal with her regiment, and went out to the East by the overland route before the era of trains or the Suez Canal. Her travels with the regiment in India made her conversation extremely interesting, and many a costly memento did she possess of those early and stirring times in the great dependency.

"Many Dollar friends remember Staff-Surgeon Hunter, Mrs Hunter, and family, so long resident in Sobraon Villa, and to those who now mourn the loss of the much-respected, beloved lady their deep sympathy goes out."

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THE LATE DR ANDREW WILSON.

IT is with very deep regret that we announce the death of Dr Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E. (F.P.), which took place in North Berwick, on the 22nd August.

Dr Wilson was educated at Dollar Academy, which he attended during sessions 1865-68, and, thereafter, at the Edinburgh University and Medical School. Early in his schooldays he manifested a taste for the Natural

Sciences. All created things—fish, flesh, fowl, animal, mineral or vegetable were objects of interest to him. Consequently, after school hours, he would be found, not in the cricket or football field, but by the hedge where the young birds were hatching, or in the meadow where the buttercups were lifting up their golden petals asking to be gathered, where the gay moths were flitting by just within reach of catching, the very moths he wanted for his collection. Botany in particular was a favourite subject with him. Now, it is a significant fact, and illustrative of the liberality and comprehensive spirit which distinguished the Dollar Academy, that it possessed a class of botany at a much earlier date than any other Secondary School in Scotland. May we not infer that the facilities so amply afforded here for the pursuits of his boyhood, eventually played a great part in fashioning the tenor of his later life.

Early in his career Dr Wilson was appointed Lecturer in Physiology and Health to the George Combe Trust, and, shortly after this appointment, he received a commission to lecture for the Gilchrist Education Trust, and these appointments he held up to the time of his death. In this capacity he was a brilliant success. His genial sunshiny disposition, fresh fancy, ingenious zest-giving humour, and trustworthy knowledge made him a lecturer at once instructive, attractive, fit and simple. Lecturers once heard often become disregarded before the next season; but Dr Wilson always drew an audience. His manner and his matter never lost its power over his hearers. Indeed, the announcement that a new course of lectures by him was coming gave pleasure to old and young. They knew perfectly well what to expect from him, and yet what he said always stirred and delighted his audiences.

Dr Wilson was a prolific writer. Among his publications may be mentioned "Studies in Life and Sense," "Leisure Time Studies," "Science Stories," "A Manual of Health Science," "Chapters on Evolution," "Wild Animals and Birds, their Haunts and Habits," "Elements of Zoology," "The Students' Guide to Zoology," "The Modern Physician," "Some Reminiscences of a Lecturer." All these are works demanding no little labour and research, and the thoroughness of their workmanship makes them remarkable as the bye-productions of a busy man.

We tender our heartfelt sympathy to Mrs Wilson and Mrs Crombie in their bereavement.

Marriages.

SIMPSON—MITCHELL.—At the Longrow Church, Campbeltown, on the 25th June, by the Rev. D. S. Brown, M.A., assisted by the Rev. John Hall, Warrender Park U.F. Church, Edinburgh, John W. Simpson, M.D., F.R.C.P. Ed., to Margaret Lockhart, daughter of the late Archibald Mitchell, Clochkiel, and of Mrs Mitchell, Braefoot, Campbeltown.

KASER—CALDER.—At Middletown, Ohio, U.S.A., on 19th June, Robert G. Kaser, to Mary Stewart, daughter of Mr and Mrs James Calder.

FREW—SHEARER.—At the Douglas Hotel, Glasgow, on 4th July, by the Rev. Matthew Mair, English Presbyterian Church, Wallasey (uncle of the bridegroom), James Mair Frew, M.A., B.Sc., Dollar, to Catherine Stevenson, daughter of the late James Shearer, Greenock.

MASTERTON—HUNTER.—At "The Lilacs," Woodhead Street, Dunfermline, on 15th July, by the Rev. J. K. Russell, B.D., Falkland Parish, John Crichton Masterton, solicitor, Glasgow, son of William Masterton, F.E.I.S., Dollar Institution, to Margaret Bower, younger daughter of the late Wm. Hunter, and of Mrs Hunter, 71 Montgomery Street, Edinburgh, and granddaughter of the late James R. Cowan, Dunfermline.

MACQUISTEN—LINDSAY.—At Birnie Cottage, Dollar, on the 16th July, by the Rev. A. Easton Spence, U.F. Church, Dollar, Alexander Carrick Macquisten, merchant, Glasgow, to Isabella Dick (F.P.), eldest daughter of the late James Lindsay, merchant, Dundee.

Visitors.

Rev. JOHN CAMPBELL and Mrs CAMPBELL, Aldershot.
Mr VICTOR SAVI from Dublin University.
Rev. GEORGE BLAIR, East London, South Africa.
Mr JOHN GIBSON and Mrs GIBSON, Java.
Mr W. MELVILLE CHRISTIE, Edinburgh University.
Mr CHARLES MORGAN, Winchester.
Mr HALLIDAY GIBSON, Canada.
Dr and Mrs TIMS (F.P.), *née* Maud Findlay, Cambridge.
Professor S. LAIRD and Mrs LAIRD (F.P.), *née* Mabel Hunter, Toronto.

Letters to the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—I read with very much interest the verses in the last number of the *Magazine* in praise of the "doughty lot," the first eleven of the Institution whose record for the year is so highly creditable. By them I am reminded of similar laudatory lines penned regarding the team of my year, and recited by Frank Mackie in the Boys' Debate on Exhibition Day. Victors in every match of the season, we naturally felt proud of our position, especially so at having beaten the County Club.

This takes us back to the year 1893, the year after the death of Lord Tennyson. It will be remembered that, following on the Laureate's death, there was much discussion in the Press as to whether the Laureateship should be abolished, and advantage was taken of this in selecting the subject of debate for the session.

Mackie, a born orator, and the best speaker of his year, wound up the discussion, strongly favouring the retention of the Laureate, and concluded with the lines referred to, "the first-born efforts of his muse which might contain a germ of promise":—

Good-bye to the Season! 'tis over,
With its bowling and batting display,
Its victories won that we strove for,
Its unbeaten record to-day.

No longer will "Cha" lead his brave team,
Deans watch o'er each cricketer's shape;
Simpson's "bailers" so narrow a shave seem,
Cooke's catches so often escape.

No more Mackie bends o'er the wicket,
Or Law wins the coveted bat;
Peebs need not now show us good cricket,
Or Beeks do the trick for the hat!

Good-bye to the Season! The weather
Has pointed the needle to "fair,'
Not once has it sodden the leather,
And the treacherous shooter's been rare.

The "bad hits" that should have been beauties,
The "good ones" ill manners call flukes;
The fielders alive to their duties,
The chances missed bringing rebukes.

There are all sorts of excellent reasons
To account for the prevalent *duck*,
But the turf in this driest of seasons
Won't scape-goat this piece of ill-luck.

Good-bye to the Season! September
Will come with the lively football,
And brace up the limbs of each member,
When *Dollar* rings out round the Maul.

No longer in front of the battle
Captain Wilfred will lead his men on,
Stout Johnston no more bide the brattyl,
I mean, you well know, Senor Don!

Good-bye to the Session! Our study
Was earnest, as well as our fun,
But exams. late have made our brains muddy,
A cheer lads! for duty well done!

Mackie made every pointed allusion tell, and when he had finished, a loud outburst of applause greeted him from all parts of the hall. He waited till it subsided, and then turning with a self-satisfied air to the chairman, asked, "Would it not be a pity, sir, to abolish the Laureate?" which called forth more cheering and laughter.

I can recall these doings because I took part both in these boasted victories and the debate, and it has occurred to me that if other fellows who had a part in these platform tournaments would give us their reminiscences, if they would tell of the hits by which they demolished their opponents and recount the stinging retorts given to the preceding speaker, a series of very interesting ana would be the result. To illustrate what I mean I take one incident in the discussion of the question :—

SHOULD ATHLETICS BE MADE COMPULSORY?

One speaker, "Ginger," if I remember rightly, finished with the sentence, "Thus our educational methods are all converging to the one sole purpose of generating a conceited athleticism which is just about the shallowest, barrenest, windiest thing in the whole compass of the globe." And Hugh Wilson with his Irish brogue, followed :—

"Sir, my friend who has just sat down is altogether wrong—"the shallowest, barrenest, windiest thing in the whole compass of the globe is, I think, the speech he has just made. . . . My only objection to making cricket compulsory is that I do not take much interest in those subjects that are already compulsory, and I should not like to lose my interest in cricket. But I'll risk it. If one hour is given for practice in the forenoon, and one for a side in the afternoon, I'll try to be present. I'll make an effort to be on the spot with 'ye cricketers.'"

But I fear I trespass too much on your space. I thought of signing with my nickname, but I leave fellows to guess who writes. Waiting other reminiscences.—I am, A CONSTANT READER.

DEAR SIR,—Would you kindly insert a notice in your next issue to say that The London Dollar Academy Club will hold their annual dinner in November this year, the date to be fixed later on; and that ladies may be invited to this dinner, the Hon. Secy. will be pleased to answer any queries that may be sent to him.—Yours very truly, JOHN KNOX.

P.S.—Ladies former pupils at the Academy will be eligible to apply.

School Notes.

THE Athletic Committee have once more to thank Mr William M. Massey for presenting a Bat for the best batting average, and a Belt for the best bowling average in the 1st. XI. They have also to thank Mr Muckersie for a Bat for the best batting average in the 2nd XI.

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The Headmaster acknowledges with thanks the receipt of £10 from Mr James Simpson of Mawcarse, and of £3 from Mrs Fox, the latter being the profit derived from the dance held on 28th June, as contributions to the cost of the proposed ash tennis courts. He will be pleased to receive further contributions from F.P.'s who are interested in tennis.

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We are glad to see Mr M'Gruther back at his post again. We hope that he has now fully recovered from his illness.

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We welcome Miss Marie Fraser, who succeeds Miss Runcieman in the Art Department.

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School was closed for Session 1911-12 on Friday, 28th June. The weather was very unpropitious, but there was as large a turn-out of parents and friends as usual, and they found sufficient entertainment indoors, in the Gymnasium, the Art Rooms, the Sewing Room, and the Workshop, to keep them from worrying too much about the rain. In every department the display was above the average, and we heard nothing but expressions of praise from the visitors.

Professor Scott Lang presided over the meeting for the distribution of prizes. The most interesting part of the Headmaster's report was that in which he said that he had to thank the pupils for granting his request to celebrate the tenth session of his Headmastership by making it a record year. It was very nearly a record football season. The School Sports were a record for enjoyable, keen competition; the cricket season was a record for big scores; the Leckie Ewing Cup for Shooting had been won with a record score; and the number of Leaving Certificates gained was the highest in the history of the School. Moreover, it had been a record year in that he had not had to deal with even one case of serious breach of discipline.

The musical programme and the scenes from Labiche and Sheridan were highly appreciated by the audience.

Mr Raeburn, a well-known former pupil, Deputy Chairman of the Clyde Trust, was the speaker for the occasion, and he made just the kind of speech we like to hear from an old boy. It was instinct with love for the School and with gratitude to the masters. The terms of affection in which he spoke of Dr Lindsay touched old and young among his hearers. His address was enlivened with interesting reminiscences of his schooldays, and we could not help thinking that the Editors of the *Dollar Magazine* might do worse than invite Mr Raeburn to contribute an article to their pages on the subject of School Life in Dollar Fifty Years Ago. Mr Raeburn proved his practical interest in the School by offering a gold medal for competition in the Geography Department next session.

The medal winners were:—

English and English Literature	Margaret M. Christie.
Latin	Jessie M. Younger.
Greek	John Morrison.
French	Margaret H. Simpson (*Merit*).
	Margaret M. Christie (*Medallist*).
Mathematics	Jessie M. Younger (*Merit*).
	Adelaide L. Masterton (*Medallist*).
Science	Geoffrey B. Heyworth.
Art	Agnes Hunter.
Workshop	Alexander D. Miller.
Gymnastics—Boys	Gerald O. Hallifax (*Merit*).
	Edward Myers (*Medallist*).
,, —*Girls*	Lizzie W. Cursiter.

A. Drysdale.

THE ACADEMY TENNIS COURTS.

Wm. Wilson Memorial Prize - -	Geoffrey B. Heyworth.
Milne Medals—Boys - - -	John Morrison.
,, *—Girls* - - -	Jessie M. Younger.

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The cricket season was brought to an end abruptly by the weather conditions. The matches against Glenalmond and Glasgow Academy had to be put off because the pitch was water-logged and quite unfit for play.

The results of the season's games are such as any school would be extremely proud of, as in all the School matches the 1st XI. came out easily successful. In fact only in two games were the 1st XI. defeated, and in each of these the players making the winning scores were county men.

Never before has there been such a number of "fifty bats" carried off in one season. MacNaught had three, Fox two, and Hallifax three; whilst Fox won the Massey Bat for the highest batting average; his average was 40.5. The Massey Belt for the best bowling average was won by Hanbury; his average was 6.1. In one of the matches Fox performed the hat trick.

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The Racquet's Competitions amongst the girls were expeditiously carried out, and the following were the winners in the different sections:—

Open - - - -	Mary Rutherford.
Under sixteen - - -	Dorothy Stewart.
Under fourteen - - -	Margaret T. Norrie.

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Delightful tennis teas were given during the summer by Mrs Dougall, the Masters, and the Captain and Secretary, and all of them proved extremely enjoyable and successful.

A movement is on foot to have two ash-courts provided for tennis behind the pavilion, and on the evening of Exhibition Day a most enjoyable flannel dance was held in the Drill Hall; the proceeds of subscriptions to it being handed over to provide the nucleus of a fund for the purpose above mentioned.

Such a provision would make tennis a much better division of our Athletic Club than it is now, as not only the girls but, on fixed days, the boys could have access to the courts for practice.

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During the summer the sports field has been undergoing a process of renovation. Draining and levelling have been expeditiously carried out under the supervision of a small sub-committee of masters, and the field now looks as if it had been renewed in every respect. All of the pronounced hollows and heights have disappeared and only a few inconspicuous features remain.

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The fixture card for the coming football season has been completed and promises just as much excitement as ever. What this season's team may be we cannot yet say, but judging from the reports as to the players in last season's 1st XV. who have left School, we are inclined to think that there is a stiff fight for the 1st XV. if it is to keep up last season's record.

Of course we must remember that other teams will be feeling the same pinch and so there is less to worry about.

If the 1st XV. set their minds to emulate last year's work and make good use of the time at their disposal for the preliminary training, as well as listen to and profit by the advice of those who may coach them, we feel sure the season has quite a good record in store for them.

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We have not heard whether a fixture list has been made out for the Girls' Hockey Team yet, but before the School closed for the holidays Miss Kent had been corresponding with several school clubs for fixtures.

Considering the benefit which comes to all from outdoor sports, we hope that the Hockey Club will be a large one this year; for the greater the number of members the more readily can practice games be had for full teams.

As much as possible ought to be done by the older girls to get the younger ones to take part in the game, as it is the younger ones on whom the Club relies for players in years to come.

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The Quint competition had a most exciting finish. Hallifax and his Quint had won 3 and lost 1, and Hanbury and MacNaught had each won 2 and lost 2. Hanbury fell to MacNaught, and thus Hallifax and MacNaught had to play an extra game to decide the competition. Under inclement conditions this final was played, and the Castle Quint under Captain MacNaught carried off the honours. An extremely pretty silver cup of plain but tasteful design was presented by Mrs Dougall as a trophy for this competition, the name of the successful Quint and its Captain being engraved on a space suitably arranged for that purpose.

QUINT LEAGUE.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Points.
Castle - - - -	5	4	1	8
Devon - - - -	5	3	2	6
Hill - - - -	4	2	2	4
Glen - - - -	4	1	3	2
Macnabb - - -	4	1	3	2

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OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

After a long period of service with the Corps, Capt. Butchart has retired, and seeks a well-earned rest. Before the School closed, the cadets assembled in one of the class-rooms, and Col.-Sergt. G. Heyworth presented Capt. Butchart with a set of books as a token of the esteem in which he was held by the Corps. Suitable speeches and replies were made.

Mr Wilson succeeds Capt. Butchart in the command of the Corps, whilst Mr Frew and Mr Walton have been gazetted as junior officers.

The camp detachment of twenty-five strong under Mr Wilson attended camp at Barry for ten days. The routine work was instructive, and by no means hard, though all had to take their share of the tasks as they came. Field days, judging distances, fire control, skirmishing, and the practice of advance, rear and flank guards, took up much of the time. The Battalion was

inspected by the G.O.C., the Scottish Command, who remarked on the splendid bearing and physique of our detachment. One day the detachment were taken sight-seeing; they visited all sorts and conditions of trenches, saw the merits and defects of each type, gazed through the loopholes, and discussed their advantages and disadvantages; saw a field kitchen and bakery, came up to, but not on to carefully made barbed wire defences, passed round a field redoubt which bristled with loopholes in the inside, but looked quite a harmless mound from the outside, watched the making of a cask pier for use in crossing streams, and finally supervised the building of a bridge across a river. It was one of the most instructional tours the boys have ever had, and made them realise that the soldier has to be a man of many parts.

All were bronzed and in the best of spirits, and felt quite sorry when the tents were struck, and the homeward journey begun. Much of the success of camp depends upon the conduct of the boys, and the example and supervision of the N.C.O.'s. We understand that Mr Wilson was very well pleased with everything, and has expressed himself that never before did N.C.O.'s and Cadets act so loyally and in such a real soldierly spirit as they did this year. Great credit goes to the Col.-Sergt. G. Heyworth, who kept his Cadets under excellent supervision and discipline.

The Corps has lost many of its N.C.O.'s this year, and much hard work shall have to be done by those coming up. It is to be hoped that there will be a large number of recruits this year, so that the Corps may reach its full strength.

Drums have now been received, and the instruction of the drummers will begin as soon as possible. Drummers and buglers will parade under Drum-Major A. W. England for instruction.

The following appointments have been made:—*Drummers and Buglers*—Cadets G. Murray, W. Muir, H. Foston, J. Neil.

As soon as possible a syllabus of work shall be posted up for guidance of Cadets who desire promotion to N.C.O. rank.

The Leckie Ewing Cup for shooting was won by Capt. A. W. M. Hanbury with the fine score of 94 points, a record in this competition. Capt. Hanbury holds the Cup for the second time in three years, and thus has proved his ability as a marksman. We hope the Corps may produce a shooting eight this year which shall give a good account of itself.

The Greater Dollar Directory.

FORTY-THIRD LIST.

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

AINSLIE, JEANIE, Matron, Sick Children's Hospital, Sunderland.
ALEXANDER, ALEX. S., Ayr Academy.
ALEXANDER, JOHN, Parish Council Chambers, Edinburgh.
ALEXANDER, THOS., 94 Morningside Drive, Edinburgh.
BURR, ERIC T., 26 Fairlight Avenue, Harlesden, London, N.W.

CLARK, J. CAMPBELL, Minto House, Bothwell.
COLVEN, JOHN, Alsiana 2288, Buenos Aires.
CURRIE, WM. STEWART, 542 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ont., Canada.
CURSLEY, HAROLD, c/o Miss Commander, 60 Linden Road, Bourneville.
DICK, TERTIUS, The Bennals, 250 Nithsdale Road, Pollokshields, Glasgow.
FARGIE, CECIL, 38 Warrender Park Terrace, Edinburgh. (Letters.)
FARISH, SAM., c/o Mrs Black, 4 Sandyford Place, Glasgow.
GRANT, MARJORY M., Villa Josepha, Ballenstedt a/Harz, Germany.
HANBURY, ALF. W. M., 1028 Linden Avenue, Victoria, B.C.
HUTTON, JAS. B., Balliol College, Oxford.
M'KECHNIE, DUGALD, Strathview, Cambuslang.
MACNAUGHT, ERIC N., Devorgoil, Union Street, Greenock.
MACTAGGART, DAN. (1865-68), Mactaggart Bros., Adelaide Street, Brisbane.
MITCHELL, IDA, Ardlea, Grange Road, Alloa.
RUNCIEMAN, BELLE, Castleton, King Edward, Aberdeenshire.
WOOLNOUGH, Mrs W. H. (Jean M. Forbes), Glendevon, 24 Trafalgar Road, Camberwell, Melbourne, Victoria.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

DALZIEL, Mrs, 5 Traquair Park, Corstorphine.
DAVIE, CHAS. F., 472 Lavalle (1re piso), Buenos Aires, Argentina.
ELLIS, Dr and Mrs (Jeanie Paulin), 1 Lansdowne Terrace, Great Western Road, Glasgow.
EWING, GEO. LECKIE, Port Hanay, B.C.
FRASER, Mrs W. N. (Muriel Lamont), 29½ Merritt Block, Fifth Street, Chatham, Ontario, Canada.
HENDERSON, JOHN R., Superintendent Government Museum, Madras.
HEPBURN, HORACE, C.E., c/o Divisional Engineer, National Transcontinental Railway, La Tuque, Co. Champlain, P.Q., Canada.
LEE, ANNIE and LIZZIE, 3 Park Lea Road, Roker, Sunderland.
RAEBURN, WM. H., Woodend, Helensburgh.
SCOTT, THOMAS, 9 North Main Street, Wigtown.
STUART, CHAS. M., Sunnybrae, Pitlochry.
THOM, MAURICE ST C., B.E.A. Police, Nairobi, British East Africa.
TONG, J. H., c/o North China Produce Co. Ltd., Tientsin, China.
WESTWOOD, LUCIE, 32 Wardie Road, Trinity, Edinburgh.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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

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