

THE  
DOLLAR MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XII.

Nos. 45-48

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EDINBURGH  
THE DARIEN PRESS, BRISTO PLACE

1913

PRINTED AT  
THE DARIEN PRESS  
EDINBURGH

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*Norval*

*Photo*

PROVOST GREEN

# The Dollar Magazine.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

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VOL. XII., No. 45.

MARCH 1913.

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## James Benson Green, J.P.

WE have much pleasure in presenting with this number a first-rate portrait of our leading citizen, Provost Green. His name has just been prominently connected with a contemporary event of some importance to the burgh, and we, consequently, think this a fitting time to express more especially our admiration of his public character, and our gratitude for his public services.

Mr Green is an Englishman by birth and parentage. He was born in Nailsworth, in Gloucestershire, in 1871, and here he received his early education and training. He came to Dollar in 1893, so that he will, in two years, have attained his majority as citizen of our burgh. His natural energy, his business capacity, and his genial social qualities soon brought him into notice. In 1902 he was elected a member of the Town Council, and ever since he has had a seat on the Board. In 1904 he was made Senior Bailie, a position which he held till 1908, when he succeeded Provost Fischer. In 1910 he had the honour of being appointed a Justice of Peace for the County of Clackmannan. His first term of office came to an end in 1911, but he was not allowed to retire, for members of the Council and non-members, satisfied with the manner in which the affairs of the burgh had been administered, made it clear that his services would be welcomed for a further period. In proposing him for re-election to the Chair, Councillor Macbeth said: "It is best to have a man who is conversant with all the details of the business of the burgh, and who has managed the deliberations of the Board with a tact and ability which we have all recognised, even when we sometimes did not agree." In our opinion this is a very great tribute, for it does not often happen that services which are most important and valuable, or those which are brought most prominently under attention, are so highly appreciated by a large number of persons as they ought to be.

We can only state in general terms the impression which has been left on our mind by the public and authenticated records of his official services and career. It has been his good fortune to take a leading part in organising and carrying out very important public functions, and this he has always done with uniform marked success. In May 1910 he had the honour of proclaiming His Gracious Majesty, George V. The programme for the occasion, drawn up by the Provost and his Committee—a procession from the town chambers to the Institution, the reading of the Proclamation from the steps, followed by a cake and wine banquet in the Masonic Hall, when the health of the new King was duly pledged—was carried out with a loyalty which called forth universal approbation.

A year later came the ceremonies connected with the Coronation, when "Dollar was well to the front, and demonstrated its loyalty by entering into and carrying out with evident zest and without a hitch the events of a well-planned programme drawn up by the Coronation Committee, presided over by Provost Green."

Mr Green is a ready and fluent speaker, and on both those trying occasions his speeches were marked by ability and good taste, full of well-disciplined common sense rather than showy talent.

Along with other provosts of Scotland he had in this connection the honour of being presented to the King at Holyrood.

In matters less conspicuous, but not less important as affecting the social life of the burgh, the Provost plays his part well. He is President of the Literary Association, Captain of the Golf Club, and he was for a time a member of the School Board; he is a keen curler and bowler, and it may be said that everything affecting the well-being and prosperity of the community has a friend in him.

The Provost has, doubtless, as men in his position are sure to do from time to time, come into contact with the practical difficulties of municipal administration, difficulties not easily solved; but he has always been able to treat with courtesy and consideration the opinions of those opposed to him, keeping always in view the one paramount object, the honour and welfare of the burgh.

### Nancy's Lilies.

PASSED a child—her spirit bright,  
Far from hill and glen and river,  
While yon lily bells lay white  
I had gathered—ne'er to give her.

Lovely lay the white bells there,  
'Mid the June green of Glendevon,  
Slow their dim scent told the air  
Of the lily groves of Heaven.

Aye the burnies sparkled gay,  
Where her little feet once waded;  
She that sobered in her play,  
Faded ere the lilies faded.

Comes our autumn and our night,  
Rowans bleeding o'er the mosses;  
Lily-white, oh, lily-white,  
Shines her cross 'mid olden crosses.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Still I see the white bells there  
'Mid the fair green of Glendevon,  
Still their sweet scent wins me where  
She hath lilies seven times seven.

S. R. M.

Nancy, second daughter of Mr and Mrs William Sinclair, a sweet-natured little girl of ten years, died in 1909. She was a favourite in the Glen, and has never been forgotten. A cross of white marble marks the spot where she rests—now with an infant brother beside her.



## The Wherefore of Falstaff.

BY MRS HINTON STEWART.

ON Prince Henry's first appearance in this second play he is "exceeding weary" and, had he been in other company, he would have been exceeding sad. As it is he makes an effort to reveal something of his true heart to Poins, but only to find him utterly unable even to imagine that the heir-apparent could possibly shed other than crocodile tears for his sick father. Meeting Bardolph and learning Sir John's whereabouts, he decides, again impulsively, to track him to his lair in disguise, and there learns a phase of his life that hitherto Falstaff had kept secret from him.

If we look upon the scenes given to us in the play as samples of what was going on generally, there does not seem much to warrant Falstaff's large hopes of influence under the dominion of Harry the Fifth. It is altogether beside the mark even to suggest that Henry had calculated on a dramatic dismissal of his old comrades as a bid for applause, since he parted with the others kindly and privately, and would have done the same with Falstaff had he been at hand. The open rebuke Falstaff brought upon himself, and the circumstances were responsible for the severity of it. The young king had just passed through the shock of his father's death, the days of mourning, the understanding with his brothers and councillors; for the first time in his life he had been able to give full vent to his individuality and his genius for government, and, lastly, he had just taken the leading part in the solemn ceremony of coronation.

We have heard within recent years of a young king issuing, under similar circumstances, from Westminster Abbey, pale and almost overcome with emotion. Henry V. was not only deeply religious, but even superstitious in his faith in the rites of the Church. His high-strung emotion was not likely to be less than that of a modern initiate into kingship.

Suddenly he hears that unforgettable voice that he had too long allowed "to be as familiar with him as his garter," echoed by another even more unfitting:—

*Fal.* God save thy grace, King Hal ! my royal Hal !

*Pistol.* The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame !

*Fal.* God save thee, my sweet boy !

Unable either to proceed or to respond, Henry turns to Gascoigne and says in a low, anxious tone—

"My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man."

Also in an undertone, Gascoigne speaks tersely and forcibly in his effort to silence the ill-timed greeting—

"Have you your wits ? Know you what 'tis you speak ?"

But it is useless—Falstaff ignores the Chief Justice, and, waylaying the king himself, he shouts again—

"My king ! my Jove ! I speak to thee, my heart !"

And then the king answers. It was impossible but that in doing so he should speak from the mental plane on which he stood, and it would have been equally impossible for him, we should think, to become suddenly so detached as to be able to speak for effect with any calculated purpose.



He is hurried on to greater severity in order to check the jest rising to Falstaff's lips, and concludes by uttering with rigid sternness what he had meant to temper with kindness—the sentence of ten-mile banishment. It was not only that he “could not trust himself within ten miles of so fascinating a companion,” but he could not trust within his court so tactless and aggressive a courtier.

There is one more indictment against King Henry, namely, Falstaff's committal to the Fleet, and on this Professor Bradley comments thus: “Remembering his father's words about Henry, ‘Being incensed, he's flint,’ and remembering in Henry V. his ruthlessness in killing the prisoners when he is incensed, we may imagine that after he had left Falstaff and was no longer influenced by the face of his old companion, he gave way to anger at the indecent familiarity which had provoked a compromising scene on the most ceremonious of occasions, and that he sent the Chief Justice back to take vengeance.”

It seems a bold assertion, but it is our firm conviction that this whole episode is wrongly interpreted, and that there was no such extra punishment meted out to Falstaff. The mistake, as we believe it to be, seems to have arisen from the interpolation of the words, “Re-enter Prince John, the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.,” after the short conversation between Falstaff and Shallow. This has no existence in the First Folio although all the other entrances and exits are duly marked there. When read without this stage direction, it may be plainly seen that the whole scene is continuous.

On the king's command to the Chief Justice—

“Be't your charge, my lord,  
To see performed the tenor of our word”—

the Chief Justice at once draws rein, keeping Falstaff in sight, Prince John (who was probably riding abreast) with him, while the rest of the procession pass on. The direction here in the Folio is simply “exit king,” not, as in the modern copies, “Exeunt King and Train.” During this short pause the few sentences between Falstaff and Shallow are exchanged, and when the last of the crowd has passed the Lord Chief Justice gives the order—

“Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;  
Take all his company with him.”

How otherwise could he have carried out the king's command? If he had proceeded with the others and joined, even for an hour, in the coronation festivities, how could he be sure of finding Falstaff afterwards, to arrange for his pension and ensure his quitting the city? How, indeed, could he guarantee that the knight, in his urgency, would not again force himself into the presence of the king? When Sir John protests—

“My lord! my lord!”

the Chief Justice answers civilly—

“I cannot now speak,—I will see you soon.”

It is quite possible that he may have visited him at the Fleet within a few hours, and set him free, on parole, to sup with Shallow; or that, at the worst, he kept him in ward for the night and sent an escort with him to the ten-mile limit in the morning.

The moment Falstaff departs with the guard, Prince John remarks, as if in direct reference to him—

“I like this fair proceeding of the king ;  
He hath intent his wonted followers  
Shall all be very well provided for ;  
But all are banished till their conversations  
Appear more wise and modest in the world”—

while Gascoigne, as if claiming personal responsibility for their banishment, replies—

“And so they are.”

Even with this reading Falstaff's end is tragic, and we are tempted to ask, Why did not Shakespeare allow the great genius of humour to leave the stage with a jest and a laugh? His wit shines most brightly in the First Part of “Henry IV.” In it the purpose for which he had been created, as the excuse for Prince Hal's traditional excesses, had been achieved, and there was no longer either the need of, nor the inspiration for the same effort. In the Second Part his fascination diminishes, though not enough to rob his fate of its tragic element. Professor Bradley suggests that, in the creation of Falstaff, Shakespeare over-reached himself; that “he was caught up on the wind of his own genius and carried so far that he could not descend to earth at the intended spot.” It would almost seem as though this greatest of wits did not exercise the same fascination over his creator that he has since done over so many of his admirers, and that with his “unfailing sanity” Shakespeare saw from the first that the rock on which the burly knight must split was that of vanity. He may even have regretted making the foil, so far (in some minds), outshine the gem,—the “Star of Kings.” In the Epilogue to “Henry IV.” the author threatens that he will make Falstaff die of a sweat “unless already he be killed with your hard opinions.” Falstaff remained as popular as ever, and, accordingly in the first act of the following play, the old knight dies of a “burning quotidian tertian.” When commanded, according to tradition, to place him once more on the stage, he kills him mentally as well by making him the outwitted victim of the two Merry Wives.

Perhaps the best conclusion and nearest to the dramatist's intention is to be found in the words of Professor Morley—

“Falstaff has wit after his kind ; but the best wit is in Wisdom.”

---

## Dollar as a Place and Personal Name.

By Rev. W. B. R. WILSON.

IN regard to the Peeblesshire stream which bears our local name of Dollar Burn, I may mention that as a stream it is quite insignificant, being certainly not larger than our own Kelly Burn, the slender brook that, as we all know, divides Muckart parish from our own. The Peeblesshire burn is a tributary of the Manor Water, and is the first burn to join that water from the east. It rises on the hill called Black Law that bounds the Manor valley eastward. On the other side of the valley westward rises the lofty hill, formerly called Dollar Burn Hill, but now known as Dollar Law. At the

point where the Dollar and the Manor unite, the valley through which the Manor flows, and which has been gradually contracting all the way from Neidpath Castle, narrows still further, till there is only a small strip of somewhat uneven ground on either side of that stream—a strip, I may add, as rough and wild in its character as the hilly ground that adjoins the rugged road which leads from Glendevon by Glenquhae to Dollar. Along the strip which bounds the western side of the Manor Water, there runs the high road that crosses the pass at Manorhead on the southern route to Selkirk and the English border. About half a mile south of the Dollar Burn may be seen the ruins of an old Peel or family residence called Dollar Burn House; and to all appearance the family residing there must have owned the hill rising to the west, which, though now described on the maps as Dollar Law, was formerly known as Dollar Burn Hill. I find, for example, in Sir John Sinclair's "Statistical Account of the Parish," published in 1792, that the Rev. Mr Marshall, the then minister, writes as follows: "There are two very high hills in the parish, called Scrape and Dollar Burn Hill, from whence there is an extensive view of the Lothians, Berwickshire, and the English borders. The latter of these is supposed to be 2,840 feet above the level of the sea." And that this name of Dollar Burn Hill was the name current in the first decade of the nineteenth century is proved, let me add, by the fact that in a gazetteer published early in that century I find the same particulars as are contained in Sir John Sinclair's account repeated and corroborated. On the other hand, by the time the second or "New Statistical Account of Scotland" was published by the firm of Blackwood in 1840, it is noteworthy that the earlier name Dollar Burn Hill had been superseded by that which is still current, viz., Dollar Law. In spite of this change, however, there can be no doubt that Dollar Burn Hill is the older and more authoritative form of the name. Now it is a significant fact that the Dollar Burn does not flow down the Dollar Burn Hill at all, but rises at the back of the hill directly opposite, which was once known as "The Scrape," but which is now called Black Law—both of which names, I may note in passing, are admirably descriptive, as the hill so designated is almost destitute of grass, being covered with many screes, consisting of rocky débris and boulders. Why then, it may be asked, was the name Dollar Burn Hill applied to a mountain which had no relation to the burn whose name it bears? I think, for the following two reasons. First, I believe that the local laird who occupied Dollar Burn House was the proprietor of the hill that lay beside his residence, and that so the name of the mansion house was passed on to that part of his estate which was in immediate proximity thereto. And secondly, I regard it as probable that there has always been a tradition in the district that on the lower flanks of the hill bearing the name of Dollar, possibly just opposite the point where the Dollar Burn meets the Manor Water, a bloody battle had once been fought, which had been commemorated by the application of the Cymric designation Dollar, or the place or field of slaughter, to the rocky ridge and rough haughs adjoining that scene. It helps to corroborate this view that the parish minister, who wrote the account of the parish for the "New Statistical Account," alleges that there was then (1840) a tradition in the district to that effect. Moreover, the scene which



I have assigned for such a conflict would, in my opinion, be by no means unsuitable for a deliberate trial of strength between a force of invaders from the south and a resolute band of defenders from the north. For, though the valley has there narrowed sufficiently to make it possible for a relatively weak force to offer a stout resistance to an enemy numerically superior, there is room also, on the slopes of Dollar Burn Hill, for flanking manœuvres. Then the valley itself has for centuries been and still is the road by which passengers usually proceeded on their way north and south, to and from Peebles and Edinburgh. In former days, we learn, this route was locally spoken of as "The Thief's Road." This name it received because it was one of the favourite routes pursued by the Border freebooters hailing from Northumberland. Against the incursions of these men, it is still remembered, that a defensive system had been organised, by means of which the approach of the raiders could in a few minutes be announced to all the inhabitants of the Vale of Manor. It consisted of a chain of six beacon towers, extending over the whole nine miles of the valley, and from whose fire-proof summits signals, made by smoke in the day time and by fire in the night, were raised, as soon as word came of the English advance. These towers succeeded one another in the following order: Mannerhead, Dollar Burn, Langhaugh, Horsehope Shank, Castlehill, and Caverhill. This last communicated with Neidpath Castle on the Tweed downwards, and with the beacon tower at Lyne upwards, which was the first in that direction both for Tweed and Lyne Waters.

The route pursued by the Border freebooters passes along the heights of Mannerhead and Dollar Law to the north end of Scrape, and crossing Tweed below Stobo, runs northward in the direction of Lyne, Newland, and Linton. Dollar Law, just mentioned, "seems to have derived its name from being the site of a battle, and was popularly called Dolefu' Law, or Doleur Law." The observation, which I have just quoted, is the comment made some sixty years ago by the minister of the parish. But interesting as such a comment is, as evidence of a contemporary tradition associating the name Dollar with an early conflict, it needs, I think, no argument on my part to prove that the etymological attempt of the people of the district, which is quoted with approval by the parish minister in the nineteenth century, and which finds in a quite modern locution an intelligible explanation of a name otherwise obscure, must be rejected as wholly inadmissible. Not so, however, I think, is it with the etymological suggestion for which, in these articles, I am responsible. For that suggestion, while it duly recognises, and, indeed, may even be said to be founded on the local tradition to which reference has been made, yet at the same time fairly faces the undoubted fact that the name Dollar must be reckoned as of Celtic origin, while it further furnishes a perfectly rational account of the way in which the name, as Celtic, first came into being, and so permits the old Cymric Vocables, though for centuries unrecognised and even misinterpreted, to shine out with something of their original force and clearness.

But if, as the argument advanced in these pages tends to prove, it may reasonably be maintained that so far at least as the term Dollar, considered as a Scottish place-name, is concerned, that etymological suggestion emphatically holds the field, which regards Dollar not as a descriptive epithet at all,

but rather as one commemorating some impressive or tragic historical event, may the same conclusion be maintained regarding the English or rather the Cornish place-name which has yet to be examined? To that question I believe I am warranted in giving an affirmative answer. It is true that unfortunately in this case I have not yet been able to pay a personal visit to the scene to which in the south-west of England the remarkable designation of "The Dollar" has been given. But then, as, through the kindness of Mr Malcolm, one of the Editors of this *Magazine*, who was himself the first to call my attention to this Cornish Dollar, I am able to submit to my readers a very graphic description of what it is, and where it is to be found, I believe that, founding on the information there conveyed, I shall be able to show cause for the assumption that in Cornwall, no less certainly than in Scotland, it was not as a descriptive epithet that the term Dollar was first coined, and, therefore, in all probability, that it must have been passed into the current speech of the people, to perpetuate the recollection of some memorable event which the natives of the district did not wish willingly to let die. The volume from which the extract I append herewith has been taken, is a brief collection of essays by a Church of England clergyman, the Rev. M. G. Watkins, M.A., Rector of Barnoldsby-le-Beck. It is entitled "In the Country," and was published in 1883. The particular essay from which I shall quote is styled "Sunshine at the Land's End." It gives a full and glowing account of a visit paid to that district, and, amid many other details of what the writer saw and experienced in a pedestrian tour all over that interesting region, it contains also the following account of what he beheld as he stood on the most southern point or promontory of Great Britain. Here are his words:—

"From the curious white scabious and snowy centaury which grows on these rocks, let us raise our eyes to the noble prospect. Long banks of mistlike gloom, with a high projection here and there, fade into light clouds on the horizon in front. A glass resolves these heights into the peaks of the low-lying Scilly Isles. Forty in number and composed of the same granite as the point on which we stand, they represent the western extremity of the fabled land of Lyonesse, which tradition, if not geology, reports to have sunk about the era of the Norman Conquest. On the left, Pordenack Headland closes the view—a wild promontory, with a mile of rock scenery between us and these singular, isolated masses of granite in front—Enysdodnan, the Armed Knight, and the Dollar."

Anxious to obtain further light on this interesting emergence of our parish name in that part of South Britain in which the British or Cymric race, which once overspread the whole of Britain, survives still in almost pristine purity, I have been in correspondence with the Rev. J. H. Michell, Rector of St Sennen, Cornwall, the parish in which Land's End is situated. He was unable to answer the questions I put to him; but as the following letter shows, he is making investigation into the subject, and promises to let me know the result. He says: "Your letter, together with a copy of the *Dollar Magazine*, reached me safely. I am also in receipt of yours of the 11th instant. I should have answered your former letter before this; but I had nothing worth while to tell you. I have been, as you suggest, hoping to get some information *re* the 'Dollar' rock to send you, but have not been



*Rev. J. F. Cameron*

VICAR'S BRIDGE



able to do anything in the matter so far. I am very sorry indeed that I have to send you such an unsatisfactory note as this, but I will try to find out if there is anything of interest in connection with the rock in question, and will let you know the result."

But even in the absence of any light from Mr Michell, I venture to suggest that the Cornish name, when fairly considered, does not necessitate the immediate rejection of the etymology I have suggested. Thus it is a legitimate inference from the prefixing of the definite articles to the place-name Dollar in Cornwall, that, up till a recent date, the natives of the district perfectly understood what the term *Dollar* meant in their vernacular Cornish dialect. We saw that the same rule applied nearer home, when we explained in this *Magazine* the origin of the place-name "The Pirrick," and a similar law accounts for those other local place-names "The Slunk" and "The Took." As, therefore, Dollar in my view stands for "Place of Slaughter," the prefixing of the definite article to such a name, would, as English began to supersede the Cornish speech, be both natural and inevitable. Moreover, since, as Sir Andrew Agnew shows, the place-name Craignair, or Rock of Slaughter, is in Scotland so common that he personally was acquainted with four such names in Galloway alone, and as these names, applied, in the first instance, to some outstanding crag, were in process of time transferred to the district in their vicinity, there would be nothing irrational in supposing that by a similar transference a name originally given to a spot in which some bloody scene occurred, was finally appropriated to a conspicuous rock in its vicinity. I do not, indeed, present this view as a final statement; but offer it tentatively in the hope that further light, whether obtained from Mr Michell or elsewhere, may enable me to speak with greater confidence.

Meanwhile, till I have learned something further regarding the Dollar Rock, I postpone my final utterance on the question which I have opened in my two previous papers.

*(To be continued.)*

## Sir Walter Scott in Kemp's Score.

THE HERMITAGE,  
CASHIER'S VALLEY, NORTH CAROLINA, U.S.A.,  
10th February 1913.

*Editors, "Dollar Magazine":—*

It is generally known that Mary Queen of Scots, John Knox, and Robert Burns are among the distinguished historical personages who have visited Castle Campbell, and no doubt looked down, if they did not descend, Kemp's Score—that wonderful cleft in the rock so alluring to venturesome youth. But it is not so well known that Sir Walter Scott twice paid Castle Campbell a visit, and on the first occasion actually made the perilous descent of Kemp's Score. He and about a dozen of his Edinburgh cronies formed what he playfully called the Blair Adam Club, which subsisted for thirteen years, from 1816 to 1829. Each summer they drove from Auld Reekie to Blair Adam,

the home of Lord Chief Commissioner Adam, to enjoy a few days' holiday in the country. They made excursions to places of historical interest in the neighbourhood; and the following extract from "Sir Walter Scott's Journal" shows that two excursions were made to Castle Campbell, and that the "Great Unknown," lame though he was, made a successful descent to the bottom of Kemp's Score. This information will doubtless be of great comfort to the Dollar boys who have accomplished the dangerous and forbidden feat, and will give much encouragement to those who are desirous of doing so. Here is what Sir Walter wrote in his "Journal" of the year 1828:—

"June 28.—Off we go to Castle Campbell after breakfast, *i.e.*, Will Clerk, Admiral Adam, J. Thomson, and myself. Tremendous hot is the day, and the steep ascent of the Castle, which rises for two miles up a rugged and broken path, was fatiguing enough, yet not so much so as the streets in London. Castle Campbell is unaltered; the window, of which the disjointed stone projects at an angle from the wall, and seems at the point of falling, has still found power to resist the laws of gravitation. Whoever built that tottering piece of masonry has been long in a forgotten grave, and yet what he has made seems to survive in spite of nature itself. The curious cleft, called Kemp's Score, which gave the garrison access to the water in case of siege, is obviously natural, but had been improved by steps, now choked up. A girl who came with us recollected she had shown me the way down to the bottom of this terrible gulf seven years ago. I am not able for it now.

" 'Wont to do's awa' frae me,  
Frae silly auld John Ochiltree.' "

The foregoing is quoted from "Sir Walter Scott's Journal," Vol. II., p. 207. Scott was then fifty-eight years old, and suffering greatly from his constitutional lameness. His "Journal" equals in thrilling interest the best of his "Waverley Novels," and presents a more life-like picture of the genuine, noble man he was than does even Lockhart's splendid "Life of Scott," although that is justly regarded as a biography second only to Boswell's "Life of Johnson." It was first published in 1890. No wonder Tennyson, on reading it, wrote these lines—the last, probably, composed by the poet-laureate:—

"O great and gallant Scott,  
True gentleman, heart, blood, and bone;  
I would it had been my lot  
To have seen thee, and heard thee, and known."

It is fully fifty years since I made the descent of Kemp's Score, and scrambled up to the top again, finding the *ascensus* much more *facilis* than the *descensus*. At that time we used to hear how the Rev. Dr Andrew Mylne, the first Rector of Dollar Academy, was very seriously injured when he attempted to go down. Slipping at the entrance, he slid down on his back with great rapidity from the top to the bottom, and received painful wounds and bruises, besides tearing his clothes. I have not heard that the attempt has been made by any succeeding Rector.

Before laying down my pen, I take the liberty of introducing another subject, which, I am sure, will prove of interest to Dollar folks and former

pupils, and especially to the readers of the *Dollar Magazine* who have enjoyed, as I have, the series of articles contributed by the Rev. W. B. R. Wilson on "Dollar as a Place and Personal Name." In the December number Mr Wilson mentioned the fact that there are

### THREE DOLLARS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Curious to know if any Dollar-born or Dollar-bred men had had anything to do with the founding or naming of those American "Dollars," I sent a letter of inquiry to the respective postmasters. The three towns, according to the "Postal Guide," are Dollar in the Southern State of Alabama, and Dollar Bay and Dollarville, both in Michigan, a state in the far North. The Alabama postmaster answered thus :—

"Dollar was founded about 1875, and got its name from the idea that the natives and first settler run (*sic*) silver out of the rocks, and made silver dollars. So, later on, when the post office was established, it was given the name Dollar."

The Dollar Bay postmaster wrote thus : "Our little town is named from the bay on which it is situated, the bay being 'as round as a dollar.'"

The Dollarville postmaster has not answered my letter ; but it is safe and just to infer that no man of Dollar blood, or Dollar breeding, or Dollar Academy training would so vulgarise the historic name of your classic burgh as to add it to the already innumerable army of American towns and villages whose names are Frenchified by the termination "ville." Think of Smithville, Jonesville, Robertsonville, Greenville, Blackville, Brownville, Mountville, Hillville, Glenville—"villes" *ad nauseam*. For one place-name ending in *bury*, or *burgh*, or *town*, or *ton*, there are hundreds ending in *ville*. No ; the town of Dollarville, Michigan, was so named by some Yankee who was thinking of "the almighty dollar." We may be sure of that.

I may add that during this winter I have been taking a very thorough course of "Shakespeare," not simply as a pastime, but as a careful and close study of his works ; and I have read with great pleasure, and not a little profit, the admirable papers contributed to the *Dollar Magazine* by Mrs Hinton Stewart. They certainly are a valuable and scholarly addition to *Shakespeareana*.—Yours very truly,

W. C. BENET.

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### ADDITIONAL FACTS ABOUT THE THREE DOLLARS IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The town called Dollar is situated in Alabama, one of the Southern States, *circa* 32.56 North, 86.25 West. It has been built on the banks of the river Coosa, and is quite as populous as the Scottish Dollar.

The second town, called Dollar Bay, is a post village of Houghton County, in the Western State of Michigan, on the Hancock and Calumet Railway, five miles north-east of Houghton, which is its banking point. The population of Dollar Bay at a recent census was 700. The third town, called Dollarville, is also a post village of the Western State of Michigan, and is situated in Lues county, on the Daluth South Shore and Atlantic Railway, two miles west of Newberry, its banking point. Its population is given as about 400.

W. B. R. WILSON.



## A Wet Morning's Ramble.

"A PERFECT deluge," I said. "No chance of a stroll ; I never did have the luck of weather."

"Nor I the luck of places," sighed my hostess. "Shall I ever go to Venice, or Cairo, or Athens, or Kandy—that exquisite Kandy ——?"

"Oh, for the luck of hats," cried my young cousin. "Somehow I never do have a really pretty hat."

I turned from the window and looked towards the bookcase. My glance fell on a row of old, sad-coloured little books, and I mechanically opened the shabbiest, and read aloud :—

" 'Sure never yet was Antelope  
Could skip so lightly by :'  
'Stand off, or else my skipping-rope  
Will hit you in the eye.'  
'How lightly whirls the skipping-rope !  
How fairy-like you fly !'  
'Go, get you gone, you muse and mope—  
I hate that silly sigh.'  
'Nay, dearest, teach me how to hope,  
Or tell me how to die.'  
'There, take it, take my skipping-rope,  
And hang yourself thereby.'"

"What an odd little poem," said my cousin. "There are two people—a girl and her lover—talking in it. Who wrote it?"

I turned to the title-page. "Good gracious," I cried, "Alfred Tennyson ! The edition of 1848. Somebody has written at the end—'This volume contains "The Skipping-rope," which is omitted in the subsequent editions.' Of course, Tennyson thought the little poem not worth preserving, and so discarded it."

"I am always sorry he threw out those verses about the night sky from 'The Palace of Art,'" said my hostess, and quoted :—

"Hither, when all the deep unsounded skies  
Shuddered with silent stars, she clomb,  
And, as with optic glasses, her keen eyes  
Pierced through the mystic dome.  
  
Regions of lucid matter taking forms,  
Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,  
Clusters and beds of worlds and bee-like swarms  
Of suns, and starry streams."

"And I wonder why he also discarded some lines from 'In Memoriam,'" I added. "They describe what used to delight me as a child—the powdery cloud of pollen which rises up when you knock with a stick the early fruit of the yew-tree :—

" 'Old warder of these buried bones,  
And answering now my random stroke  
With fruitful cloud and living smoke,  
Dark yew, that graspest at the stones.'"

"Here's a treasure," I cried, seizing upon a thin little brown volume, "'Poems, Chiefly Lyrical,' published in 1830—the first book he brought out by himself. And the first poem is 'Claribel,' it is still the first in his latest complete works. But he has altered one line in it, changing 'The fledgling throstle lispeth' to 'The callow throstle lispeth.' How much more euphonious. And here is 'The Sleeping Beauty,' a little thing of three verses."

"Which three?" asked my cousin, opening the latest edition, "in this copy it has more than twenty-four verses."

"The three beginning 'Year after year unto her feet,'" I answered; "but, oh dear, here are poems we don't possess in our Tennyson nowadays. 'The How and the Why,' 'The Tears of Heaven,' 'Chorus in an unpublished Drama,' written very early, 'Hero to Leander,' 'The Mystic,' 'Love and Sorrow,'" and I turned from one lost poem to another, reading stray lines—

"Angels have talked with him and showed him thrones."

"Breathe on thy winged throne, and it shall move  
In music and in light o'er land and sea."

"They never learned to love who never knew to weep."

"With eyes dropt downward through the blue serene,  
Over heaven's parapets the angels lean."

"We laugh, we cry, we are born, we die,  
Who will riddle me the How and the Why?"

A few minutes later we were engrossed in the first edition of "The Princess." It was a study in evolution. I had the old green book, my cousin held the newest copy, and we read the poem as it first came out, and then saw where the poet had, by changes and additions, made it more beautiful and fuller of meaning. From the early edition these lines were absent:—

"the women sang  
Between the rougher voices of the men,  
Like linnets in the pauses of the wind:  
And here I give the story and the songs."

In the first edition he only gives the story, not the songs; those—the lyrics intervening between the sections—are a lovely afterthought. That strange passage about the "ancient legend in our house," and poor King Gama's account of his daughter's opinions and her "awful odes" and "rhymes and dismal lyrics" are not in the first edition at all, we found, nor is that fine passage beginning, "O miracle of women."

"Well," said my cousin at last, "I should never have found anything interesting in those ugly little volumes, but you seem to have the luck of books."

"Ah!" responded our hostess, as the lunch bell rang, "when the meadows and lanes are wet and dripping, it is pleasant to find that in the spacious fields of literature there are many little by-paths, and you have only been taking a stroll up one of them this morning."

## A Day in the Life of an Ochil Cock-Laird, during the First Quarter of the Eighteenth Century.

### PART I.

THE day we have chosen was in the summer of a year in which the country people, who owned and tilled their little farms on the flanks of the Ochils, had not yet forgotten the fright they had when they saw "Fower-score Jacobite horse, and three hunner Hielan' infantry, gaun doon the Devon valley on their way tae the Sherra-mare." The reader will be able, therefore, to form a fairly accurate opinion as to the period.

On the morning of the day in question, old John Ochilaird sate him down to his breakfast, which consisted of oatmeal porridge, a species of *fizzenless drammock*, apparently fit only for young birds, but, according to John, who was in reality a crowdy-eater, it being his purpose in life to study domestic economy and follow strictly the example of the Muirton farmer, it was good Scots porridge, and none too coarse for a bit cock-laird whose income did not exceed seventy pounds sterling a year. The insipid mess was washed down with ale, and the repast being finished, old John felt equally as comfortable as any Parisian gourmet newly risen from the table of Vêry; and the grunt he gave vent to, was truly expressive of satisfaction, as, seating himself before the hearth, in which a small turf fire was burning, he opened wide his *Intelligencer*, and prepared to make himself acquainted with the happenings of the previous week. After a cursory glance at the news-sheet, however, he shook his head mournfully.

"Wow!" he thought, "I micht hae keepit my thirty-sax gude Scots pennies in my pooch. Eh, sirs! Fient a haet o' original news is there here, excepting, perhaps, that concerning the defeat o' the Spanish expedition tae the Hielands in support o' the Jacobite cause in 1718, which cam tae grief in June that year in Glenshiel. Och! at this gate, I'se be a gaberlunzie afore I'm three years aulder. Atweel! John'll be mair regairdfu' o' his siller efter this. Ay, wull he."

Reflecting in this strain, he threw aside the newspaper, and called for Mirren Penman. "Mirren," said he, on his housekeeper entering the room, "I maun awa' tae the brugh toun the day, and I'se no' be hame or the gloamin'. Do you tell Peter Snadden to fetch Sherry roun' tae the loupin'-on-stane: I maun be aff in twa three meenits."

After about five minutes, the cock-laird mounted his Galloway from the loupin'-on-stane, and rode off along the hill-foots in the direction of the brugh toun. He presented rather a peculiar spectacle as he moved along the dusty road, but looked, nevertheless, a perfect specimen of his class. He was tall and gaunt; his long hair flowed over his shoulders, and his rough beard, trimmed with a pair of shears, would not have disgraced a Child of the Mist; his dress was a suit of hodden-grey, spun and dyed in the household; the coat and waistcoat, made of the material already mentioned, exposed his long bare neck, with a shirt made of coarse tweeling, fastened with a button. His saddle was composed of straw, but was "genteel eneuch, &c."; and his bridle consisted of a pair of branks and hair-tether. Truly he presented a



peculiar spectacle; but the divers packmen, tinkers, ballad-singers, wheel-of-fortune men, and other itinerating blackguards, who hastened past him on their way to the Jooly Fair, did not seem at all startled at the apparition.

Having proceeded some Scots miles, he happened upon Fiddler Johnnie o' Dollar,\* who, it must be confessed, did not look as *fit as his own fiddle*, or, indeed, as fit as any fiddle whatsoever; for he came toward the cock-laird in a peculiarly zig-zag fashion, greatly suggestive of the gait of the sailor who, having stepped from his schooner, and celebrated his homecoming by making the acquaintance of a different kind of "schooner," strolled abroad under the astonishing influence of the blend. On perceiving Mr Ochilaird, Johnnie halted in the centre of the highway, and expressed himself in the following words:—

"And hoo's a' wi' ye the day, John Ochilaird?"

"Braw, man, braw," responded old John, bringing Sherry to a standstill; "and hoo's yersel?"

"As rampageously randy as a Vicar's Brig kelpie," returned the fiddler, whose looks certainly did not belie his words. "Man, John, I hae been fiddlin' at the penny waddin' o' Teenie Gabbie o' Menstrie—and the yill wis guid. Och! we had a delierit ploy, there's nae gettin' awa' frae that ane."

John nodded his head as much as to say, "It canna be denied, for ye've no' yet ridden yersel o' the efter-effects."

"But," pursued the fiddler, "ye haena yet tellt me whither ye be bound. Ye'll be for the brugh toun I jalouse?"

Old John nodded his head affirmatively. "That am I," said he, "I hae an appointment wi' Maister Fourantwa, the writer, ye ken, and I maun be at the brugh toun afore ane o'clock. Hech! Sair's ma fecht. But did ye chap at Luckie Ste'enson's winnock as ye gaed by? Wull she be at hame, think ye?"

The fiddler gave a prodigious wink, and looked very knowing. "Wull auld Cloutie be in Hades?" he exclaimed. "Why, of coorse she's at hame, the auld pewtering spae-wife that she is. I'se warrant me ye'll fin' her fyking for a bit crack, gin ye shude tak the noshun tae pop in as ye win by. Hooever, as I maun be at the Crook or the bogles begin their eldritch wark at the darklins, I'se say gude-day t'ye, John Ochilaird."

"Gude-day t'ye, Fiddler Johnnie," replied the worthy cock-laird, as he bade Sherry "Gerr-oan-ye."

After ten minutes' riding, he came eventually to the wayside biggin of Luckie Stevenson. Having dismounted, and led Sherry to the road side, he walked into Luckie's kitchen, without so much as going through the formality of knocking a double-knock. On entering Luckie's kitchen, when past the partition or hallan, a rude far-projecting chimney-piece met the eye; the fire, a good space removed from the end wall, was contained in a grate open all round. Behind this were benches stretching along the gable, and it was to

\* FIDDLER JOHNNIE.—At the beginning of the eighteenth century the Duke of Argyle invited a number of famous fiddlers to his mansion in Edinburgh, where a competition was held on lines of the strictest fairness. Amongst those who accepted invitations was one Johnnie Cook of Dollar, to whom the first prize was unanimously awarded. The prize took the form of a goodly sum of money, with which, it is said, Cook purchased a park above the Old Town of Dollar. This park continues to be known as the Fiddlefield.

commit a sin. Noo may I be tottering on the brink o' the abyss, and, gin auld Hornie suld be lurking in this saucer, sune may I be floundering in the depths o' perdition, a sinner eligible for the Sisyphean task. Oh may I be pardoned the doing it! May I be——"

"May you be up a lether, doon a tow!" interrupted Luckie. "Och, blethers! Tak yer tea, John Ochilaird, an' no' sit there claverin like a gomeril. Come, John! tak it while it's het: if ye wait or it becomes cauld, ye'll no' staun nae chance o' judging whether the deil's in't or no'; for they say he's a het customer, and syne canna be expekiet tae be fan' in a saucer o' cauld broo."

John quite saw the force of this argument, and, caring not a bodle whether he cheated the deil or no', he assumed an aspect of heroic resolve, grasped up a spoon, and commenced, without any further preliminary, to sup the tea—in the manner of soup!

"The deil's in the man!" exclaimed Luckie at this; "the deil's in the man, and no' in the saucer! Hout, John Ochilaird! that's no' the way tae tak tea! Lift the saucer tae yer head, and drink it as ye see me dae."

Being thus corrected, old John lifted the saucer to his mouth, tilted the outer brim toward his nose, and the devil's breath flowed gently down his throat.

"Ha," said he, laying down the half-emptied saucer, "tea's no' sicna bad berrage efter a'! But still an' on, I'se no' say I think sae muckle o't as tae place it abune the usquebaugh. Na, na! Gie me a drap o' the Gateside cratur,\* and I'd be mair profuse in my thanks than I suld be were ye tae gie me a mutchkin o' tea. Besides, the auld yin's faur cheeper nor tea, and consequently quite guid enuch for a body whase sil——"

"Hoot awa!" interrupted Luckie impatiently, "you and yer siller! The bawbees is no' that scarce i' the noo; and, forby, they're aye minting mair, or so Robert Maichless tellt me. A body wad think ye were deep in poortith, tae hear ye speak. Hout, John! Dinna talk like a fule."

The worthy John sighed deeply, and thereafter finished his tea.

"Luckie Ste'enson," he said, in a tone of deep gravity, "it is just possible I hae sinned this day, and am a heathen in ilka sense o' the word; but I wad hae ye unnerstaun, that an unco pressure was brought tae bear upon me, and that I didna gie in without a hard fecht against temptation. Hech! but I'm John Tamson's man: I couldna hae refused yer offer had I tried ever so hard. Aweel, what's dune is dune, and mauna be amended, so I'se say nae mair aboot it. And noo, Luckie Ste'enson, I maun awa tae the brugh toun, for the sun draws him nigh tae the zenith, and Sherry is no' sae sprightly on his pins as he used tae be."

"What's that ye say?" exclaimed Luckie; "did ye mention the name Sherry? Whatna Sherry wull that be, John Ochilaird? Ye dinna mean tae say ye hae had a companion waiting on ye a' this time? Ye dinna mean tae tell me that Maister Sherry's been——"

\* GATESIDE CRATUR.—At the "fore end" of the eighteenth century a brewery was carried on at Gateside, Dollar. We are not quite sure, however, if it existed during the life of Mr Ochilaird, and we may possibly have committed an anachronism. We understand that the bit of table-land above Gateside received the name "Brewer's Knowe" from its having been adjacent to the brewery.

"Wheesht, wumman!" interrupted John, "dinna fash yersel' about Sherry, whilk is nobbut my bit beast o' a Galloway. I couldna very weel hae brocht *him* in here, ye ken; besides, I watna he wadna' thank ye for a saucer o' tea."

"That may be so," responded Luckie, "but surely Sherry's an unco daft name for a cuddy? Fancy ca'in a bit beast efter a berrage! I'se tell ye what, John: ye shud change the name tae Tea, gin ye maun ca' the bit cratur efter a berrage! But why did ye gie the puir thing sicna wud name as Sherry?"

There was a twinkle in John's eye as he made reply. "Weel, ye see, it's this way," he explained, "the bit cuddy happens tae be a mear, and the greatest historical spot hereawa', ance the dreeling groun' o' the Menteith Militia, and syne the scene o' a bluidy battle, is undootedly the Sherri-mare. So, putting twa and twa thegither, thinks I to masel, thinks I: 'As my bit cuddie's a mear, and as the maist famous "mare" hereawa' is the Sherri-mare, why for no' shud my Galloway be a Sherry mear?' So I ca'd her Sherry, and a wiselike name it is for the bit beastie, as ye'll nae doot be agreeable tae allow."

Saying which, the worthy John bade Luckie a good-day, and made his departure from the cottage, continuing his way to the burgh toun.

The sun had commenced his journey down from the zenith, when at last the old fellow came nigh to the outskirts of the mysterious burgh. "Ah," said he, as he came within sight of the houses, "this maun be the day o' the Riding the Marches, for yonder are the magistrates and councillors, and the rabble; forby, I hear the yelpings o' the bit laddies, as they get their back-ends skelpit."

It was as John thought. They were Riding the Marches in the burgh toun. The place was *en fête*, and the civic dignitaries, accompanied by the populace, were making their annual journey round the marches. The custom of Riding the Marches was observed at that period in most of the burghs, when the burghers proceeded in state to the various landmarks which marked the boundaries. In some places it was customary to give a smart whipping, at each of these land-marks, to divers boys brought for the purpose, in order that they might remember, and, if need be, might be able to bear testimony, in after life, to their precise position. We understand that the custom of Riding the Marches is still kept up in a few of our burghs, Linlithgow, for example, being one of those to adhere to the ancient order of things. We need not add, however, that the whipping of boys does not now take place, the humanitarians having long since declared this practice an unwarrantable cruelty. John passed quickly by this concourse, which, as it happened, had stopped near to the road by which he must enter the toun. Traversing the semi-deserted streets, the worthy cock-laird soon came to the "Hummel Coo," a tavern of much repute in those days, but of which, we feel certain, there is no mention made in the charters in connection with the burgh.

After having seen after the comfortable housing of Sherry, he entered the public room of the tavern, and there met with Mr Fourantwa, a lawyer of the place, with whom he transacted some business. To the modern, it may seem strange that the cock-laird should have done business within a tavern, of



all places ; but in those days drinking entered into every pursuit and amusement ; and, as the poet has remarked :—

“ O’er draughts of wine the beau would moan his love,  
O’er draughts of wine the cit. his bargain drove ;  
O’er draughts of wine the writer penn’d his will,  
And legal wisdom council’d o’er a gill.”

Tavern suppers, or convivial meetings, generally followed the transaction of business ; and, it may be superfluous to add, that, after having transacted their business, the worthy cock-laird and the writer did not consider it proper in them to depart from the conventional, or, if you will, to eschew the convivial. We do not propose, however, to describe in this chapter the more important circumstances attending the jollifications ; but we shall endeavour to do so at a future date, and so conclude our description of the chosen day.

For the present, therefore, *au revoir*, good reader !

J. S. BLAIR.

### The Crows’ Revenge.

SAID one old crow unto another,  
Early in the year,  
“ What shall we do, my ancient brother ?  
I have a gruesome fear  
Of something dreadful in the air,  
For late last night I saw a sight—  
A sight enough to scare  
The most abandoned crow that flies  
’Twixt earth and upper air.  
My trusty fere and fellow crow,  
My dusky friend and brother,  
In that wild dream of mine I saw  
My late respected mother.”

“ The raven plumes she wore in life  
Were changed to spectral white,  
And from her beak, oh ! curious freak !  
There gleamed a ghostly light.  
She spoke to me in solemn words :  
‘ My dear son, I have come  
To warn you how unwary birds  
Sometimes to death are done.  
I well remember how, one day,  
’Tis just five years ago,  
When everything was bright and gay,  
And every dusky crow  
Was cawing to his heart’s content  
Among the leafy trees,  
Whose foliage rustled to and fro  
In the gentle summer breeze,  
A wicked “ keeper ” came this way :  
I know him well, for he laid low  
Full many a crow that day.  
He came along with slaughtering gun,  
He dealt out death and woe ;



*A. Drisdale*

GLEN QUEY FROM THE MAIDEN'S CASTLE

Perchance to him 'twas only fun,  
To me it wasn't so.  
Of all my sable kith and kin  
You were the only one  
Escaped that man of death and sin,  
My sole surviving son !  
My aged mother and my sire,  
Nephews and nieces too,  
Were slain by that man's deadly fire ;  
Full many a one he slew.  
Now listen to my warning words,  
And hear what I've to say,  
The crows and all the other birds  
Must make that vile man pay  
For all the wickedness he's done ;  
His day is past, his race is run,  
If you my words obey."

" 'You've heard the tale of how three crows  
Once sat upon a tree,  
How, perched upon its leafy boughs,  
A traveller they did see.  
And how, when they the man had seen,  
They straightway did agree,  
To pick out both his bright blue eyne  
And feed right merrily.  
Now, like those crows of ancient date,  
You'll give that wretch a bloody fate,  
And that full speedily.'  
She spoke, and vanished as the cock  
At dawn began to crow,  
I've scarcely yet got o'er the shock  
Of seeing her, I trow."

Then, cawing to his dusky friend,  
He smote his breast and sighed  
O'er the evil ways of humankind,  
And, moralising, cried :

" I used to look with friendly eye  
On men and all their ways,  
But oh ! that happy time is by,  
We've fallen on evil days.  
They say we make an awful noise,  
I wonder what they mean ;  
We're no whit worse than merry boys  
Who play upon the green.  
Our special branch of music they  
Don't seem to understand,  
Our subtle cawing harmony  
They cannot comprehend."

" I've hovered o'er the cricket ground  
And heard the schoolboys shout,  
And often wished I might descend  
To join the merry rout.



For I enjoyed the row they made,  
And revelled in the noise :  
I never made the least complaint  
Against those merry boys.  
But oh ! their voices cannot be  
At all compared to ours,  
For ours is music, but to me  
Their sounds are only noise."

Now in obedience to the voice  
Of his poor slaughtered mother,  
These crows set up a mighty noise  
That summoned every other.  
Recalled to them the slaughter of  
Their sisters and their brothers,  
Their dusky uncles and their aunts,  
Their fathers and their mothers.

For that vile man they lay in wait,  
A mighty flock were they ;  
He met a gruesome, tragic fate ;  
For on that very day,  
When he appeared with loaded gun,  
From all the trees they swooped right down,  
They perched upon his wicked crown,  
And picked his flesh away.  
On him they feasted joyfully,  
They heeded not his groans ;  
They dined off him right merrily,  
And only left the bones.

Now every gamekeeper beware,  
From him a warning take,  
And spare the denizens of air,  
Even for the youngsters' sake.

S. F. B.

## Muckart, The Bill of the Boar.

### A LIKELY STORY.

As everybody ought to know, there was once a palace near Blairingone, rough externally, doubtless, but beautified within by every art known to the contemporary upholsterer, and radiating from its rush-strewn, arras-hung, banqueting hall the bright influence of chivalry. The curious may inspect its site for themselves, and so prove the foundations of this story—a flat-topped eminence rising from the wet fields south of the Devon, immediately below the bridge which carries the road from Vicar's Bridge to Blairingone over the railway line. From that mound the fortalice its owners learned to call the Palace of Blairingone stared defiance—if somewhat covertly—at the grim old Castle of Gloom, frowning back from the weeping cloud fringe, across a mile or two of wolf-haunted forest and marsh.

The subtle influences of time, aided by the whim of a girl, led eventually to amity between the hill tower and the castle in the valley, and accelerated, who can say to what extent, the progress of civilisation, which has come to such perfection in the locality as we know it to-day; but the story which is now to be re-told from the original manuscript appears from internal evidence to date from a period long prior to that legendary union of strength and beauty.

The tale has been spelled out with endless labour from the commonplace book of some minstrel, who writes no word twice the same, and makes use of a dozen dialects. This being so, the translator and editor of the tale begs indulgence for the incongruous modern note which the learned ear will detect here and there, due to the necessity for bridging gaps by guesswork.

"I was Brian the Minstrel," begins the narrative; "sweet was my harp! heard by the heroes. Often at night, when darkness crept from the east along the valley, and dragons roared from the black throat of the wood, did my harp and sweet song brighten the hall of Blairingone. Then would the ladies toss me roses for reward, and wrath redden the brow of jealous lovers; whom anon I flattered in a sterner story of the fray; for I, the harper, handled no haft of war."

The minstrel's praises of himself are of little interest, however, and of no assistance to the story, except that they reveal great professional pride; and it is plainly to Master Brian's love of what the modern newspaper man calls a "scoop" that we owe the present narrative.

"Morag, the Duke's daughter," he goes on in his inflated style, "was the Thistle of Blairingone; fair to behold; a proud glory in the hall; beautiful, strong, and slender in the field, but cruel to approach. Thorns she left in many a stout heart untouched by the swift spear. I, Brian, was a minstrel, and I knew her cruelty was but the untamed will of youth; but knight and lord and squire rode with sunk heads from Blairingone, seeking death, a purple thistle in their helmets for reproach. But there was one tall, stupid gallant who heeded no more the thorns of this lovely Thistle in his heart than he feared the arrows of the Painted People of the hills against his hauberk.

"No slight could weary him. Often I watched how he would haste to help the Lady Morag to her saddle; and how she sprang thither ere he could reach her side and rode off, poised daintily aloof like the carven saints in the great abbey, with the eyes of angels 'neath her brow, too busy with the clear heaven they matched to spare Sir Con one glance. Whereat he would shrug his shoulders—shouldered he was like the brown bears of Cleish—and swing himself to his great beast, and ride off upon his business, singing the song I made for him of Morag's Wings:—

"Are they the swallow's? for she bringeth sun;  
Are they the kestrel's? knoweth mercy none:  
Angels they are, still making heaven bright,  
Wings must she wear who ever taketh flight."

From some far foray he would return, his carles behind him laden with spoil of woven cloth, hides, shoes of cunning workmanship wrought with blue fibre, gold rings maybe, and hair ornaments from the rich south; all these,

with a hero's rough word, he bade them carry to Morag's bower, and earned thereby no favour but a word cold as the last drop ere the spring freezes.

Little he cared. "Song and my sword to-day," he would say in my ear, for he loved me for my praises of his Fair Sharp Thistle. "Song and my sword to-day ; she's mine to-morrow."

And when the Duke proclaimed a tourney, and knights from far and near gathered upon the flat mead betwixt the palace and the river, Sir Con would fix a white thistle upon his helmet and drive terribly into the *melée*. None withstood his coming, for the horse Mhor and he were one ; a tempest, a shining terror : his cry of "The White Thistle !" scared the foxes on Auchlinskye. They who stood sentinel watching the wood, upon the further river-bank, forgot their guard and turned their backs upon the thicket to see Sir Con lower his lance and crash into the fray. Thus the Duke lost many a good knight, for Sir Con, mounted and with lance or axe in hand, was never one to play. There was a long bench upon the sunny side of the terrace, where of a morning I have seen a score of cripples seated, watching the peacocks ; twisted men, men legless or armless, that were counted great fighters, till Sir Con drave upon them in the tourney, dreaming of his White Thistle.

She herself, Morag, laughed at them and him alike, and I made a song of Morag's Laughter that earned me the stocks for half a week at the instance of those carven tourneyors.

Further, whensoever Sir Con had done the Duke a service, and was to be rewarded, all he would ask was the favour of the Duke's daughter.

And so the Duke grew very wroth, and very weary of Sir Con, and bade the girl marry him out of hand, finding then that he no more than any other might meddle unscarred with the Thistle of Blairingone. The Lady Morag was an east wind, a summer frost, in the palace for a week thereafter, and the Duke hid from her like a prisoner in his own keep.

Then it was, in his fear of his daughter and the blazing ice that sparkled in her eyes, that with his lady the Duke made the plot against Sir Con.

At that time, you must hear, the woe of the country was the Great Boar that had his lair in the thickets about the foot of Seamab. Few saw him and lived ; but I was one. By a still pool in the river, three bowshots eastward of the palace, I lay hid one night, to see the aurochs come to drink, a sight full of marvel as of danger. This night there came no aurochs, no wolf or bear ; silence crouched in the woods, and the wan moon stood still to watch. Only the river ripples whispered of the hills and the dark gorges of their journey as they flashed silver out of the shadow.

Then came the boar from his place. Far in the wood I heard him grumbling as he came ; thrice a tree crashed splintering as he thrust, in passing, with his tusks ; and then I saw him by the pool, dim in the shadow save for the crimson sparks of his eyes and the moonlight gleaming on his tusks, and the white drip of froth as he champed and churned in doubt of the strange scent upon the air.

Having seen the wondrous beast, I cared little if he killed me, save that it came to me as I lay there, telling my heart to cease its alarm, that I must have another hour of life to weave in words my memory of him. But,



drinking at last—the moon gleamed upon the bristles of his crest as he bent his head to lap—he wheeled away and made again into the forest, and I drew breath again.

In the hall, the morrow night, I sang my Song of the Boar, and planted, alack, an evil thought within the heart of my lord the Duke.

I knew not then, but since have come to know, that the Duke, his lady and their daughter Morag, talked long together after the castle slept, and that somehow betwixt them a plot was laid. The Lady Morag said little, but begged alone that for a month none might hear of it but they three.

None knew of it, indeed ; but I, Brian the minstrel, was 'ware that unwonted matters were toward. The Lady Morag hunted in the woods every day, and every day her companions and their squires returned aghast, saying she was lost in the forest ; and every day likewise she returned at length unharmed, with a gay story of a palfrey run away, or white fawn misleading, or, without ado, a girl's prank upon dull company.

The month ended, a proclamation was made in the customary set and wonted terms, that whosoever should free the country from fear of the Boar should wear the White Thistle for his own.

"Brian, my minstrel," said Sir Con to me, while the other gallants stared on the ground, silent and chapfallen. "You shall have another song to sing to-morrow. Con dead with a thistle growing from his heart ; or Con alive—and a banquet of boar's head."

I sang a song under the Lady Morag's window that night, for I was a minstrel and awake, a song of Sir Con alive and the thistle in his heart : and of the death he would meet on the morrow.

My song finished, a strip of parchment fluttered from the casement above, and came wavering down to my feet. Stooping, I picked it up and read :—

"Saddle me Fleur-de-Lys at dawn ; lead her to the ford, and wait. Whisper to any ear, fellow of words, and your own pair and your tongue shall ornament your lintel."

And to show I would obey, I sang her the sweetest song of The Minstrel's Ears, though half through it the casement slammed.

Ere the stars faded, I had the white palfrey Fleur-de-Lys saddled by the ford, with no tell-tale bells upon her harness, for without ears or tongue, what of my minstrelsy ?

The White Thistle, Morag, met me there, running swiftly through the dew-grey grass, and springing to her saddle with contempt for me upon my bended knee there in the wet.

"Come with me, Master Brian," she vouchsafed ; then, gathering up the reins, "you will hold Fleur-de-Lys for me while I fondle my lap-dog yonder."

I could not guess her meaning, and had no breath to ask, for she cried to Fleur-de-Lys with the note of a mavis, and the little mare shook her dainty head and trotted out.

"Catch my stirrup, Sir Minstrel," said the damsel, as the mare felt her way girth-deep across the ford. "Why, you are blue-chapped for cold, Sir Poet !"

I had something devising as to the heart's warmth my cheeks belied, but she gave no pause for speech when we climbed the other bank and turned into

the woods towards the mountains. For thither we made our way, the damsel riding as one rides homeward. "What of the boar?" I gasped, stumbling at her side.

"Does a minstrel fear before a lady?" she scoffed.

"Without a song," I said.

"Pox on your sugared speech," answered the lady, "and cut this briar from my gown."

The birds were singing from every tree around as I did her behest.

"See, Master Brian, a wolf, a wolf yonder! Shoo!" She threatened a shadow with her switch. I saw the stealthy beast for an instant pausing ere it melted into the tangle, with its cruel head turned over its shoulder, and pale green eyes aglow with blood-lust. The forest dwellers were only then returning from their nightly wanderings.

"Here is the place," said the White Thistle at length, and dropped lightly from the saddle. The steep rise of the mountains was close before us; their green slopes shone mistily golden through the branches overhead, for the sun was risen. We were on the fringe of the wood, looking down its last glade that ended in rocks and a dense thicket. The grass was worn here, the trees scarred and slashed. I had forgotten fear. Did ever minstrel share so strange a venture? This was the very lair of the great boar, the tusked terror himself.

"Hold Fleur-de-Lys and wait," said the Lady Morag; "speak to her if she trembles. Oh, you minstrels! Not an *ell* of rein! Take it thus, close to her mouth. Now!"

She walked a few steps from me, and began to call, so that the birds themselves paused, jealous, and when she paused, chorused in emulation that was wholly vain. In her blue and silver hunting gown she stood, with her back to me, like a queen whose sceptre was the light switch daintily swinging. A misty ray of sunlight piercing the thick canopy of boughs shone upon her, and poured the day's untainted gold before the quick spurred foot that tapped the moss impatiently.

"Come," she called, and chirruped with her lips, so that I, a minstrel, envied the heedless air that soft caress. "Come, sirrah, come!"

And he came in very truth, none other than the boar himself. First I saw his keen snout and fearsome tusks push suddenly through the brushwood; then he paused; anon with a gruff tremendous snort that broke gleefully into a tender treble, the great brute sprang into the open, and frisking so that the earth shook, galloped straight to the maiden standing there.

"So bold, sirrah, so bold!" she cried to the beast, striking him playfully with her gauntlet, as he would have nuzzled her in his delight.

"Hither, Master Minstrel!" she called over her shoulder, "speak to my pet."

The white palfrey pricked her ears and snorted as I led her towards the monster, who flashed his hot red eye upon us, while all along his back the horrid bristles rose, with a rustle, like the spines of a hedge-pig.

The Lady Morag, searching in the dainty wallet hanging from her silver girdle, handed me in a moment a small sweet cake she drew thence.

"Give him this from your hand, Minstrel; he shall not rend you. Ah! gently, sweet hog!"

Like a man spellbound I did as I was bid ; the smoking tongue of the beast swept moist across my palm, and snuffingly he gulped the morsel. His eye gleamed more softly as he did so, and his crest sank.

"Now," said the White Thistle, "we will lead him to Blairingone with us. Yonder grows honeysuckle, Master Brian : weave a wreath for his neck. He shall go gallantly adorned. I will hold Fleur-de-Lys meanwhile."

I gathered the scented honeysuckle, and twined the wreath, but I suffered that bright-eyed enchantress to place it round the neck.

Would that I could paint that picture—the green wood, misty bright in the morning sunshine, and the slim girl, with her two long plaits of golden hair, and quick white hands, stretching on tip-toe to place the great trail of honeysuckle over the bristled black crest of that tusked and horrid monster that stood motionless save for the quick rise and fall of his shaggy flanks.

The end of one long blossomed coil she fastened to the collar so strangely decorating that ugly marvel, and with the other in her hand mounted at length upon her palfrey, and bidding me follow, set Fleur-de-Lys upon the homeward way.

Every tree of the woods that morning was but a leafy song ; the shadows were green mystery, the glades swam in golden glory ; and through it all I followed the blue-gowned, softly singing maiden on her white horse, who led in scented chains the monster no champion, no boldest dragon-slayer of them all, had ever faced but to earn ugly death.

But there came anon one more champion to test him. As we neared the ford, advancing now down a familiar glade, there fell upon our ears a sound of harsher singing than the birds. Sir Con came riding under the trees droning my song of Morag's Wings.

His song stopped when suddenly his eyes fell upon us, and small wonder. I think he deemed it a vision, but his great horse Mhor, rearing upright in fear, told him it was no lover's fancy ; and ere the horse sank down again his right hand had snatched the mace that was slung about his neck. His squire rode a bowshot behind bearing the lance ; and Sir Con would have charged to his death rather than wait then a breathing space. But the Lady Morag held up the hand that held the flowery halter.

"Do knights now salute a lady with their mace ? Will you let us pass, Sir Con, or must you await your horse's pleasure, to move aside ?"

Sir Con's head was bare, for his helmet (with its wonted thistle) gleamed at his saddle-bow, and I pitied the confusion that reddened his face to the very ears.

As for speech he could only stammer, but he jerked Mhor's proud head so that the beast sprang backwards with an angry squeal. The White Thistle laughed with a clear sound like the tinkle of an icicle shattered upon stone.

"As you have nought to say, Sir Con, not so much as a good morrow, will you bring this brave boar that I have taken alive to my father ?"

Sir Con stared, speechless, but the maiden rode up to him, placed the honeysuckle halter in his hand, stroked the rough shoulder of the boar an instant, giving him another sweet cake from her wallet as she did so, and then without another word, rode on her way.

"She means us to follow, Sir Con," I said to him ; and we followed with



the boar. The beast bristled uneasily, but his glowing eyes were fixed on the white palfrey and her rider, and he came gently enough.

Never was such another scene at the Palace of Blairingone. When first the watchmen saw the great hog thrashing through the ford, they raised the drawbridge, and blew the alarm; and only when they saw the Lady Morag, dismounting, run to the monster and fondle his ear with her dainty fingers, did any soul venture forth.

To the Duke the Lady Morag said only, "My father, your champion, Sir Con, turns swineherd. See the great pig he tends."

Sir Con, crimson-faced again, growled in perplexity, speaking to his greaves.

"I rode to seek the beast in war. She hath enchanted all things."

Then I played the minstrel's part and told all I knew, for I judged it time; despite the danger in Lady Morag's eye, which had changed to the blue of the sky in March.

The Duke's brows drooped as he turned to her. "Is this knave's story true?"

"Here and there," she answered sulkily.

A shrill voice suddenly screamed from the crowd that had gathered, safely distant yet near enough to hear the talk in that still air.

"A witch! The White Thistle a witch!"

I knew the voice and the screamer; a painted jealousy.

"Witch!" cried Lady Morag, and her voice was a whiplash; then it softened with laughter. "Tell them the witchcraft, Sir Minstrel, who were witness."

"The witchcraft of sweet cakes and pretty words," I answered; and grew bold to fill out my story with a minstrel's guesswork; for I divined the truth, how that the maiden had meant to save her true knight's life, and who knows?—atone for her long scorn. Day by day she had tempted the great beast to friendship as beasts can be tempted; as Orpheus, the brave minstrel, won the fierce heart of savage creatures with his minstrelsy, so she took captive this monster with her voice and gentle way.

All this I said or sang, for the story wove itself to music ere it could reach my lips. They threw me in the dungeon for my daring; but 'twas a gay imprisonment, with Sir Con visiting me daily, and this song to make; and most wonderful, the gift of a thistle wrought in silver from the Lady Morag herself. "The wages of a horse-boy," as she called it: a mock upon her sweet lips, but a new grace in her eye.

And this is the story of the song I sang when Sir Con and the Lady Morag were wed; my finest song, the song that now when I am old and grey, and my voice is cracked, and my hand trembles upon the strings, men and maidens still cry for in the great hall, the song of the Boar and the Blairingone White Thistle. And for all time they call yon high land under the mountains where, fattened by a daily dole of sweet cakes from the palace kitchen, loved by one and all, the great pig lived and died in peace, Muich Ard, the Hill of the Boar.

W. K. H.



*R. K. Holmes*

THE OCHILTON ROAD

## Nature Notes.

### NOTES ON SOME REMARKABLE PLANTS FOUND IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF DOLLAR DURING THE PAST SEASON.

DR STRACHAN has been good enough to ask me to write some botanical notes for the *Dollar Magazine*. I have much pleasure in complying with this request—all the more so, because I owe my interest in botany indirectly to Dollar Academy. It was my old teacher—the late Mr Thomas Buchanan, parish schoolmaster of Tulliallan—who first started me on the study of botany. He was an old pupil of Dollar Academy. Last June I was walking through a grass park, about a third of a mile north of Logie old churchyard, where he is buried, when I found growing on the top of a wall about six feet high a very pretty plant. I failed to identify it. On sending it to the Edinburgh Botanic Garden, I found that it was *Erinus Alpinus*, a Swiss plant belonging to the order *Scrophulariaceæ*. When I discovered that it was an alien, I tried to find out how the plant had got there. The wall upon which it was growing was between a grass park and a wood of tall deciduous trees. The nearest houses were those of a gamekeeper and a farmer, about a hundred yards off. I thought it very unlikely that such a plant would be growing either in the garden of a farmer or a gamekeeper. There was, about a third of a mile to the south of where I found the plant, the large flower and kitchen garden of Airthrey Castle, and I considered it probable that it might be growing there. When I went to the head gardener and asked him, I found that the plant was growing pretty abundantly on the wall of the flower garden. The next question to which I endeavoured to find an answer was, How did this plant get across a third of a mile of tall trees and to a place some 200 feet higher above sea level? After considering all the circumstances, I came to the conclusion that most probably the seed had been carried by a bird, and possibly it had passed through the bird before it had been deposited on the top of the wall.

More than twenty years have elapsed since I last botanised the neighbourhood of Dollar. One plant, *Mimulus Langsdorfii* (Donn), has become much more common along the streams here than it was formerly. It has gone up the banks toward the source as well as down. I found it, for example, growing in great abundance and very rankly at Westerhall farm, about a mile west of Muckart, and not very far from the tree limit. The seed is very small—much smaller than the head of a pin—and could be carried very easily with mud on the feet of birds or rats. Up till recently this plant was wrongly named *Mimulus luteus* in all the British floras. The name, *Mimulus luteus*, was given by Linnæus to a plant brought from



Chili, whereas *Mimulus Langsdorfii* was the name given by Donn to a plant brought from Alaska. In Sim's *Journal of Botany* the two are confounded, and figured and described as the same; but modern systematists seem to have come to the conclusion that they are different species, and that the plant which has spread in this neighbourhood, and all over Britain and Ireland, is the *Langsdorfii* of Donn, and not the *luteus* of Linnæus.

Another alien that I came across was *Matricaria suaveolens*, identified at Edinburgh Botanic Garden. It was found at Linnbank farm, and was probably a farm escape.

The one noteworthy British plant found was *Neckeria* (or *Neckera*) *claviculata*, N.-E. Br., otherwise named *Corydalis claviculata*, D.C. It was found in the wood east of Aberdona Mains. It is not mentioned in Sonntag's "Flora of Edinburgh."

But during the past season I have devoted most attention to the larger fungi of the district. One difficulty connected with this study is that there is no record, so far as I know, of what fungi have been found here in the past. It would be in accordance with the fitness of things that the journal of a great educational centre should make a record at least of the more noteworthy fungi growing in the neighbourhood, and do something to promote the knowledge of the science of mycology, which is now acknowledged to be of very great importance. This is perhaps best seen by the fact that fungi are damaging our trees and crops to the extent of many thousands of pounds sterling annually. The United States Department of Agriculture stated that the losses in 1897 through injury caused by fungi amounted to about £40,000,000. This enormous sum probably includes damage to forests as well as to cereals and fruit. In this country one of the commonest and most destructive fungi is *Fomes annosus* (Fir-root Polypore). It attacks coniferæ, and is especially hurtful to spruces, often "pumping," that is hollowing, them to a considerable height above the root. This fungus assumes different forms, and is often not at all prominent, although the tree has been very much damaged by it. I spoke to a forester since I came to Dollar about this pest, and he told me that though he had often found spruce trunks hollow he had never seen the fungus, and did not know it. I found it on three occasions in the wood east of Aberdona Mains.

Another common hymenomycetal parasite is *Armillaria mellea* (the honey agaric). I found it growing on elm to the east of Muckart Mill. It invades the roots of all kinds of trees, spreads up into the cambium layer, and soon brings about the death of its host. Infection may also take place by spores settling upon a wound where a branch has been lopped or broken off by the wind.

*Pleurotus acerosus* (confirmed at Kew) (rare) was found growing on decayed branches of Scots fir in Cuddyloan Wood.

*Pleurotus sub-palmatus* (identified at Kew) (rare) was found growing on living ash at the side of public road a short distance south-east of Pitgober.

*Otidea (Peziza) onotica* (hare's ear elf-cup) (uncommon) was found growing under a spruce beside the end of the bridge below Caldron Linn.

*Trogia crispa* (uncommon) was found growing on hazel on the banks of the Devon between Muckart Mill and Caldron Linn.

JOHN TAYLOR, B.D.,  
*Presidency Senior Chaplain,  
 H.M. Bengal Ecclesiastical Service (retired).*

## Letters to the Editors.

AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF A FORMER TEACHER IN DOLLAR INSTITUTION.

NORWOOD, DOLLAR.

*The Editors of "The Dollar Magazine."*

SIRS,—May I make an appeal through your columns on behalf of Mr Hermann Geyer, for many years teacher of Modern Languages at Dollar Institution?

The presentation reported in the December issue of the *Magazine*, which took place in Dundee, was limited, so far as Dollar was concerned, to his former colleagues, but it has been felt by those who are interested in him that the very large number of pupils, at home and abroad, who passed through his hands, would like to take a contributory part in recognition of his efficient and conscientious work.

Mr Geyer has recently retired from duty under the provisions of the Secondary Teachers' Superannuation Scheme, and, owing to the peculiar nature of his case, on a pension that is quite inadequate to his needs and deserts.

Those former pupils whom this appeal may reach are requested to forward to me their contributions, which will (with your kind permission) be duly reported in the *Magazine*.—I am, gentlemen, yours faithfully,

A. HAMILTON COLLYER.

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DOLLAR INSTITUTION, DOLLAR,  
 24th January 1912.

DEAR MR HOLMES,

*Library.*

I duly received your letter, dated 21st instant, with accompanying volume of *The Dollar Magazine* for year 1912.

On behalf of the Governors, I have to thank you and your Committee for your kindness to the Library. I have pleasure in placing Volume XI. with the others in the Library. You will be glad to learn that the inquiries at the Library for the volumes of the *Magazine* are each year increasing.—Yours sincerely,

THOS. J. YOUNG.

ROBERT K. HOLMES, Esq., Mar Place,  
*Hon. Treasurer, "The Dollar Magazine."*

## Notes from Near and Far.

CICERO, in one of his letters to Atticus, speaks of a stock of prefaces or exordiums which he always kept ready for use as occasion required. Such a collection would be very valuable to the editors of periodical literature, and especially to those who, like ourselves, wish to call attention to the completion of the yearly volume.

Eleven years have now borne witness to the place, degree, and form of our literary efforts, and by this time the objects of our *Magazine* are, or should be, sufficiently well known.

“—As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
Fly to one mark ;  
As many several ways meet in one town ;  
As many fresh streams run to one self-same sea ;  
As many lines close in the dial's centre ;  
So ”

do all our aims and exertions tend to acquiring and retaining the attention and attachment of our readers by assigning a place to articles replete with instruction and inductive of thought, as well as thereby preserving a record of events which in future years will be most valuable to, and highly appreciated by—present-day pupils and friends at home and abroad.

The periodical press has become, in our day, an institution, because it is, upon the whole, so effective, so many-toned, and so ably adapted to the wants and wishes of the multitude of readers to whom it appeals. As one of those friendly visitors to many homes, welcomed by many hearts, *The Dollar Magazine* has, as we have said, held its place in the public favour so long, that it has now entered on the twelfth year of its career of intellectual effort. This palpable and appreciable fact the conductors hope may be considered as proving that it has not only taken a definite place, but occupies a useful one, among its compeers ; and that it has been fitted by its aim and object, as well as by the method of its management, to supply a want-felt by a large section of readers to whom the *Annals of Dollar* are dear. Space forbids us specially noticing the different articles of the eleventh volume ; but we refer all our readers to the Index, as

“ There is seen  
The baby figure of the giant mass  
Of things to come at large.”

Of the year's success we have pleasing proof ; our treasurer warrants us to say that the sales are on the increase. This is well. It is evidence of the healthy heart-core worth which the public give the *Magazine* credit for possessing. And now, in conclusion, we cannot but gratefully acknowledge the services of all who have contributed to our pages or supported us in the prosecution of our work. To our readers who have exerted themselves to extend our circulation our thanks are also due. Our usefulness is mainly in their hands. We are powerful only as we are popular. In acknowledging past services we therefore respectfully solicit their repetition, so that through a vigorous and united effort we may during the year attain what ought to be our minimum point—a circulation of one thousand copies. Meantime,



coadjutors and friends, take our thanks ; we cannot give away the pleasure of the gratitude we feel, or adequately express the mass of obligation we lie under to you.

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**A PLEASING DUTY.**—Several of our former pupils have again given us the cheering pleasure of recording honours gained and successes achieved by them :—

Robert G. Archibald, R.A.M.C., Gordon's College, Khartoum, is among the officers and officials who, on the occasion of the celebration of the Feast of the Kurban Bairam, had Decorations conferred on them by His Highness The Khedive, in consideration of services rendered. Dr Archibald's honour is styled : "Fourth Class Mejidia, El Bimbashi R. G. Archibald, Pathologist, Wellcome Research Laboratories, Sudan Government." We understand that the Research Work into the Causes of Tropical Diseases is being carried on in the district of the Blue Nile.

Evan Cameron Cross, who, on leaving the Institution, entered the army, has had a distinguished and rapid rise. "Excelsior" was his motto, and we are pleased to note that he has been gazetted Second Lieutenant the King's Liverpool Regiment. He writes, "Before I left the Camerons, I passed the examination A1-ii. It was all very easy, and I scored 449 out of 500. The last subject was drilling a company in the square. That was where my training in the Cadet Corps came in. The drill put in my head at Dollar I have never forgotten. I am very sorry to have to part with the old Camerons, but the army is full of goings and comings, just as school life is." Lieutenant Cross is now with his regiment in India.

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**NEW MANITOBA LAND SURVEYORS.**—The Board of Examiners for Manitoba Land Surveyors have announced the results of the examination recently held, and among the successful candidates we are pleased to see the name of our F.P., Harry E. Beresford. It is but five years since the first Fifteen gave him an encouraging send-off at Dollar Station.

The examination mentioned above is by no means a simple one. It lasts for seven days, and, in addition to book-work in some ten subjects, practical skill in Surveying, Levelling, Subdivision of Land, &c., are called for.

Herbert Beresford, the eldest of our townsman's sons, passed the examination some years ago ; and, as we write, we are delighted to have notice of his being elected a Member of the Board of Examiners of the Association of Manitoba Land Surveyors. In his letter conveying the welcome news, Herbert writes, "The dear old School, I presume, still draws, in spirit, together old boys, young boys, and masters as of old. In all my travels I have met boys from a great many of our British public schools, but none of them seem to venerate their Alma Mater the way we Dollar boys do."

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**BANK APPOINTMENT.**—Robert C. Paul, who for several years has occupied an important position in the Law Department of the Commercial

Bank, Edinburgh, has, we are pleased to know, been promoted to the Agency of the Home Street Branch. Hearty congratulations!

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**CHARITABLE SOCIETY.**—We heartily congratulate Mr John C. Christie, district superintendent in Glasgow to the North British Railway Company, on his being elected at the 75th annual meeting a director of the Glasgow, Fife, Kinross, and Clackmannan Charitable Society. We noticed, too, with much pleasure, that Mr Christie, in November, if we remember rightly, delivered to the children of Donaldson's Hospital and their friends a much appreciated lecture on "In Far Lochaber."

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**NATURALISTS' FIELD CLUB.**—At the January meeting Mr Gillespie gave an address on "Some British Birds of Prey." He treated his subject in an easy conversational manner. Much information, the outcome of intelligent observation, was given with each; while experiences, pleasant or otherwise, with several were recalled. A hearty vote of thanks, on the motion of Mr M'Taggart, was accorded to Mr Gillespie for his instructive and interesting remarks.

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**BURNS CLUB.**—The annual supper of the Burns Club was held in the Castle Campbell Hotel, on Monday, 27th January, when there was an attendance of between thirty and forty. Mr Wm. Henderson, chemist, President of the Club, occupied the chair, and proposed the toast of the Immortal Memory. He referred first to the fact that very much had been said and written about Burns and his works, and then went on to say: "In devoting the time to reading Burns, I have had the added interest of having enjoyed the happy privilege, which will always be one of my pleasant memories, of accompanying during the past summer that authority on the Burns country, Mr Dougall, and others through some of the Ayrshire haunts of Robbie Burns. When we beheld these favoured scenes it was a beautiful day, the date being interesting to us as the anniversary of the initiation of our bard into the dark and terrible mysteries of Freemasonry. The corn was fast ripening on the slopes of Lochlea, where first the poet learned to love in earnest, and the sun shone on Elderslie, the old-world village of Tarbolton, with its Masonic and Bachelor Club associations. There stood Willie's Mill, where sometimes he 'wasna fou, but just had plenty,' which we can well believe when he says of the moon, "to count her horns wi' a' my power, I set mysel; but whether she had three or four I couldna tell.' We saw, too, Mossiel, the house where he penned the best and strongest of his immortal works, Mauchline the home of Bonnie Jean, Nanse Tinnock, and worthy Gavin Hamilton, the banks and braes and streams around the Castle o' Montgomery, the Brig o' Doon, Alloway's haunted kirk, and the poet's birthplace—the humble cottage." Continuing, Mr Henderson said: "Well, gentlemen, one of my thoughts that day was that while these surroundings are not essentially different from those of other districts in Scotland, the land of romantic scenery, and while many another stream appeals to one as readily as does the gurgling Ayr, with wild woods thickening green, or Doon's bonny banks and braes, I felt they had, by the magic pen of Burns, been raised and

consecrated from only the picturesque and the beautiful to the region of romance: 'twas the ordinary made marvellous and the commonplace divine by the magic of genius."

Burns's love of nature, his kindly feelings to the lower animals, his lyrics and love songs, his patriotism, were all dealt with in turn, and a highly appreciated address concluded: "Well, gentlemen, stormy was the sea on which the poet had to sail his trembling bark, and it is now almost a century and a quarter since he slipped into the quiet haven of death; but time is proving to us the truth of the assertion that deep in the heart of man the poet's power survives. Scotland, recognising in Burns her greatest son, refuses now to listen to those moralisings over his errors, unless she hears in such

" 'The still sad music of humanity,  
Not harsh and grating, but of ample power  
To soften and subdue.'

The poet, patriot, and reformer, whose motto was the independence and brotherhood of man—our Peasant Poet, who 'lies enshrined in our hearts, in a far nobler mausoleum than one of marble'—Robert Burns."

Other toasts were "Bonnie Jean," "Oor ain Toon," "The Lasses."

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We take the following two paragraphs from the *Alloa Advertiser*:—

**GOLF CLUB.**—The annual meeting of this Club was held in the Club-house on Thursday evening—Mr J. B. Haig, Captain, in the chair. After preliminary business, the Chairman proposed that Mr J. B. Green, Provost of the Burgh, be elected Captain for the current year, which was unanimously agreed to. On the motion of Mr Dougall, Colonel Robert Archibald was appointed Vice-Captain. Three vacant places on the Council of the Club were filled by the election of Messrs Gibson, M'Beth, and J. B. Haig. Mr M'Beth was reappointed Secretary, and Mr John M. Halley Treasurer. Votes of thanks were awarded to the retiring Captain, the Secretary, and the Treasurer. The annual general meeting of the Dollar Golf Club Limited was held—Mr C. S. Dougall, Chairman of Directors, in the chair. Minutes of the last annual general meeting were approved and signed. The profit and loss account, along with annual report of the Directors, which had been circulated amongst the shareholders, were held as read. Messrs Hardie, Caldwell, Ker, and Hardie, C.A., Glasgow, were re-elected Auditors, and on the motion of the Chairman cordial thanks of the shareholders were accorded to the Auditors, and the Secretary was instructed to send an excerpt from the minutes to the above. The vacancies on the Directorate were filled up by the election of Messrs W. Henderson, D. M'Beth, and J. B. Haig. The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the Chairman (Mr Dougall) and the Secretary, Mr A. M. J. Graham, solicitor.

**NATURALISTS' FIELD CLUB.**—The members of this Club present at the meeting on Tuesday evening in the Athenæum Hall, presided over by Dr Strachan, had the pleasure of listening to a graphic description, by the Rev. A. Easton Spence, of a "Visit to Iona"—the whole of which glowed with what some one calls "the poetic bloom of nature." The gift of a happy facility in the art of word-painting, and the possession of the appreciative eye



of the nature-lover, were abundantly evident, from the richness and variety of expression with which feature after feature in the seascape or landscape of that grandly picturesque district was described. Very impressive was the picture given of Staffa's wonderful natural cave—"the minster raised by Nature to her Maker's praise"—at the contemplation of which the hearts of the visitors were so stirred that, with uncovered head, they raised their voices in the strains of the Hundredth Psalm, to the accompaniment of wind and wave. Equally interesting and instructive references were made to various scenes and points of interest in Iona, with the unique history of which St Columba and his spiritual children, the Culdees, are so closely associated. After appreciative words from Dr Strachan, Mr Gillespie, and Mr M'Taggart, a very hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr Spence. At the outset of the meeting three specimens of Fungi—one very uncommon—collected and sent, with a written description, by the Rev. Mr Taylor, he being unable to be present—were passed round for inspection. This thoughtful kindness of Mr Taylor was much appreciated.

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**MERCHANTS' ANNUAL SOCIAL AND CONCERT.**—The Dollar Merchants' Association, which was inaugurated in 1910, held its annual social meeting in the Drill Hall on Thursday, 5th December 1912. Mr Charles Brown, who occupied the Chair, was supported by Provost Green, Mr R. M. Fraser, Mr Brydie, Mr Beresford, Mr Dickson, and others. In a happy opening speech Mr Brown explained that their worthy Provost, who had occupied the Chair for two years, was anxious that the honours should go round, and the result was that he had been promoted to the presidentship. He was glad to see so many present, and he hoped all would enjoy a pleasant evening. At present there were forty-three members on the roll, and their financial position was sound.

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**PARISH CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL.**—As usual at Christmas time the children of the Parish Church Sunday School had their treat in the Academy Hall, when, after tea, a cinematograph exhibition was much enjoyed by all present, young and old. The prizes were distributed by Mrs J. B. Haig of Kellyside, who gave two special prizes for record attendance.

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**HONOUR TO MR IZAT.**—In our last number we gave an account of the opening of the Izat Bridge, which spans the Ganges at Allahabad, and now we have pleasure in recording that on Wednesday, 19th February, the Chairman and Directors of the Railway Company gave further evidence of their appreciation of Mr Izat's work by entertaining him to dinner in the Savoy Restaurant, London, and presenting him with the hammer which drove the last spike in the bridge. The hammer, which is of solid silver, weighs 7 lbs., and the handle is of ebony, suitably ornamented. We give the principal speeches of the evening, as they show how railway development in India is likely to benefit the country:—

"GENTLEMEN,—I have to ask your indulgence this evening. I am quite incompetent to make a speech, and I am therefore compelled to read what I have got to say.

"It is just thirty years since Mr Izat and I were first associated together in railway business. He was finishing for the Bengal and North-Western Railway their original line from Sonepur to Baraich, about 350 miles long, and from Kathgodam to Bhojpur, a little over 50 miles, for the Rohilkund and Kumaon Railway, whilst I was superintending the construction of about a similar length of State Provincial Railways, most of which he afterwards annexed.

"Just after opening, his railways were not a success. The shareholders of the Bengal and North-Western Railway, who had hoped to get at least 6 per cent., only got 3, the stock consequently went down to about 80, and no further capital could for a time be obtained. The Rohilkund and Kumaon Railway's affairs were in very much the same condition. Under these circumstances most of us who were his friends despaired of his ever making a great success of either of the undertakings under his charge, but Mr Izat himself never had any doubts in the matter, and the results proved that he was right.

"The first change for the better was when he induced the Government to make over to him the working of the Tirhut State Railway. This State Railway, like his own, was only paying a very small dividend on the money invested in it, and to outsiders it hardly seemed probable that one good job could be made out of two bad ones, but as a matter of fact, the amalgamation was most successful, and, instead of both railways paying badly, the amalgamated railways paid well, and both the Government and the Company got good dividends on their investments. A similar amalgamation of the Rohilkund and Kumaon Railway with Lucknow-Bareilly State Railway had similar results.

"The increase in dividends had the natural result of raising the market value of the stock, and it became possible about 1893 to raise further capital, and extensions northwards were immediately undertaken. These proving successful, the first great bridge over the Gogra at Bahram Ghat, and the linking up of the metre gauge railways north of the Ganges with the Rajputana Railway was accomplished, but I am sorry to say that the controversies that were raised by that most necessary work remain with us still. In 1896 the Doab between the Gogra and Ganges was much disturbed by the cow-killing agitation, and the local Government was most anxious that it should be opened out by railways, and Mr Izat again came to the front and offered to do all that was required, and another 270 miles of railway with another great bridge over the Gogra were built, and at nearly the same time work was commenced on the extension of the Tirhut State Railway to link up with the Eastern Bengal State Railway at Katihar. This involved a great bridge over the Kosi River, and Mr Izat was confronted in the face of his undertaking by being told by local authorities that the country over which the railway ran was an impassable swamp, from which no traffic would be obtained, and over which no railway could be built. The railway has, however, been built, and carries more traffic than any other part of the line, above one million labourers passing over it yearly both ways to and from the tea gardens in Bengal and Assam, the successful working of which is largely dependent on this railway. After the completion of the Doab lines and the Katihar extensions, branch

lines, too numerous to mention, were made, and in the last three years four additional large bridges have been built to join up the separate parts of the Company's open system, which has expanded from the small beginning of 350 miles in 1882, to about 2,000 miles at the present day.

"Similarly the Rohilkund and Kumaon Railway's open system has expanded from 53 miles in 1884, to about 600 miles at the present time.

"In carrying out these 2,600 miles of railway, the Ganges has been bridged twice, the Gogra three times, the Sardah once, the Rapti twice, the Gandak twice, the Bhagmati three times, and the Kosi once. The whole of the railways are constructed with the best material and workmanship, Mr Izat rightly thinking that all building should be done with a view to save future maintenance.

"The two railways now carry annually about thirty million passengers, and three million tons of goods, at fares and rates which compare favourably with those of any railway in the world, and what they have done for the country served by them is well described by Sir James Meston, the Governor of the United Provinces, in a speech made at the opening of the Ganges Bridge, an extract from which, referring to the two railways, I will read to you.

"They all who were in any way associated with the provinces, and had its welfare at heart, knew the extraordinarily important part the railway had taken in their development. It had run into virgin jungles, amidst semi-savage tribes, through marsh and pathless forest, and civilisation had followed in its train; land had been broken up, deserts reclaimed into smiling crops, the country dotted with prosperous hamlets, grain markets established, and a substantial increase made to the food reserves of India, and indeed of the world. It was no wonder, therefore, that they wished for its further progress and its further expansion.

"Whilst the railways have thus been most beneficial to the country, they have, as might have been expected at the same time, been profitable to their owners. The small dividends of 3 per cent. paid to the two Companies' shareholders in the early days of the railway have gradually increased to  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., whilst the Government, instead of the heavy loss which previously accrued annually, after paying interest charges, have since leasing their railways to the two Companies realised surplus profits which have in the aggregate, in the case of the Tirhut State Railway, amounted to about one-third of the capital expended, and in the case of the Lucknow Bareilly State Railway to one-fourth of the capital.

"The success of these great and beneficial railways is entirely due to the ability, perseverance, indomitable energy, and hard work of Mr Alexander Izat, and the excellent staff which he has trained. His guiding principles have been push forward, do good work, but do not spend any money without getting full value for it. I may also add, that in carrying out his great work he has made many friends, but not a single enemy.

"The Company have decided to call their last great bridge over the Ganges the Izat Bridge, as a very small token of their esteem, and to commemorate his thirty years' superintendence of their affairs, and I ask him, in the name of the Company, to accept the hammer with which the last spike of the work was driven, in commemoration of the event. The bridge is



1½ miles long, and will have 75 ft. of water through it in the flood season. The foundations are laid 75 ft. below the bed of the river, from the foundations to the top of the girders is 155 ft., and the bridge was, I am proud to say, built by my son, who is present here this evening.

"Gentlemen, I will now call upon you to drink to the health of Mr Alexander Izat. May he have a long and prosperous life, and may he long continue to guide the destinies of the two great Railway Companies which he has created."

"GENTLEMEN,—Like Colonel Gracey, I cannot make a speech, and must also ask your indulgence to read what I have to say in reply to his flattering remarks.

"I heartily thank Colonel Gracey and my fellow Directors for the great distinction they have shown me in calling the Company's great bridge, so successfully constructed by the Chairman's son, Captain Gracey, R.E., at Allahabad, after my name, and in presenting me with such a handsome token of their esteem to commemorate the event, and also for arranging this large gathering, which so many of you have honoured by your presence this evening.

"Ever since my first connection with the Company, early in 1883, my services being lent by the Government, I have received nothing but kindness and consideration from the Board of Directors, and my work, though often arduous, they, by their help and guidance, made smooth and pleasant, and it has, all through these many years, been to me a labour of love. The great honour they have now paid me was, however, quite unexpected—perhaps scarcely deserved—and is highly appreciated.

"From what Colonel Gracey has said, it might be imagined that nobody had had much to do with the making of the Bengal and North-Western Railway, and the Rohilkund and Kumaon Railway systems, but myself and the two able staffs that assisted me. That, however, would be a great mistake. As their Agent and Chief Engineer I was, for many years, but the medium, with the assistance of the two Companies' staffs, for giving effect to the well-considered and far-sighted schemes which the Boards had adopted, and were prepared to finance and carry out, and without their guidance and support the works that have been accomplished, and which have proved of such benefit to that part of India, could not have been undertaken.

"The effective and powerful support of the local Government—generally—to the schemes of the two Companies, must also be gratefully acknowledged, and I feel it a great compliment that two of the late Heads of that Government, and a number of the distinguished officers who served it, should have honoured us by their presence here this evening.

"When the Bengal and North-Western Railway Company was inaugurated it was thought, as Colonel Gracey has said, that it would pay 6 per cent. from the date of the first opening of its railway. Instead of this, however, it began by paying only a little over 3½ per cent. By the time it was amalgamated with the Tirhut Railway it was paying 4 per cent. After that event it did a little better, but it was not till the Company had made a number of branches,

bridged the Gogra River at Bahram Ghat and Turtipar, and also the Kosi River, and they had obtained unbroken communication with the Rajputana Railway at Cawnpur, the Eastern Bengal Railway at Katihar, and with the town of Benares, that its prosperity really began, and the anticipations of its original projectors began to be realised. The traffic expected was there, but the Ganges and Gogra Rivers, with their numerous navigable feeders traversing the districts the railway passed through, served the goods trade of the country better and cheaper than did the original railway. It was thus soon realised that if the railway was to serve the interests of the country, it must, like the rivers, have numerous feeders to the centres of trade, and be able to deliver the goods of those places at destination, and at about the same rates as charged by boats.

"Further, at first, the earnings of the Company were largely dependent on the export of wheat to Europe. This was a very erratic trade, and not to be depended on. However, there was and is a large internal and local Indian trade in sugar, rice, tobacco, and other local products, originating in the districts served by the Company's system, for Rajputana, the Punjab, and other places in Western India, which the railway could not deal with till it had unbroken connection with the railways west of the Gogra River. This local traffic was permanent and unaffected by the demands of Europe, and it was of the utmost importance that the Company should secure it as a stable source of revenue.

"The Company, therefore, began the numerous branches and extensions which are a feature in its system, and faced the heavy expenditure for bridging the Gogra and other large rivers that were such obstructions to the carriage of through traffic by rail, and at the same time greatly reduced its rates for carriage, and, as the policy began to be effective, its prosperity has increased and become substantial, and there seems every prospect of its continuing and expanding if the same policy is pursued.

"A similar policy adapted to the special needs of the country served has been followed by the Rohilkund and Kumaon Railway Company, and the same successful results have ensued. The opening up by the Companies' railways of the sub-Himalayan country between Moradabad on the west and Katihar on the east, much of which was previously lying waste or under jungle, has brought large tracts of some of the richest soils in India under cultivation, and immensely increased the produce and the value of the land. When the railway was first opened to Gorakhpur, land there could be bought at Rs. 25 per acre. It would be difficult now to purchase it at ten times that sum, and this increase in value has been going on all over the country.

"To give some idea of the development of the business that has taken place on the two systems, it may be mentioned that last year the traffic was so large for the country west and south of Cawnpur, that the railways on which the two Companies are dependent for carrying it to destination could not take it, and one of the principal junctions on one of the main through lines of India, where the traffic is transferred, was closed for three months out of the six in the first half year, and the trade absolutely stopped for that time. The seriousness of this state of affairs can well be imagined.

"There is thus ample trade and urgent necessity for the further develop-



*R. K. Holmes*

THE PAPER MILL, CROOK-OF-DEVON



ments of the two systems, and the Companies, if permitted, can themselves make the necessary extensions and arrangements which will obviate in the future the obstructions and delays that were caused last year to their business.

"All who have been connected with these two Companies feel proud of the work the Companies have achieved, and of the benefits they have bestowed on the country, and look forward to their continued development and success."

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PRESENTATION.—We have profound pleasure in presenting our readers with some particulars of an event which is of considerable local importance, and which has created a good deal of interest in our midst—we mean the presentation to the burgh of a chain of office for the Provost. From very early times it has been the practice to give insignia of office to the heads of public bodies, in order to distinguish them on occasions of more than ordinary moment. To the heads of municipal bodies the symbol has been a chain and pendant bearing the burgh arms and motto.

The purpose of the donor, Councillor Mrs Malcolm, was twofold, namely, to present some tangible token of her grateful feelings for the honour which the constituency had done her by electing her the first woman Town Councillor in Scotland, and, by the gift, to place the Provost of Dollar on a level with those of other Scottish burghs which already possessed the dignity-giving decoration.

The ceremony of handing over the gift took place on the 16th of January, in the Masonic Hall, when there were present the members, with friends, of the three public bodies—the Town Council, the Parish Council, and the School-Board—of which Mrs Malcolm is a member. As the proceedings mark an epoch in the history of the burgh, we place on record the remarks of the principal speakers.

Mrs Malcolm said:—"Provost Green, Bailies, Councillors, ladies and gentlemen, the pleasing and happy function I am about to perform is one full of historical moment to me, and in another sense no less important to you. Some of you will remember that a Bill was passed in the year 1907, which granted to women the privilege of sitting on County and Town Council Boards; and the ratepayers of Dollar, with gracious courtesy, elected me one of their representatives on this Board. I have now been a Town Councillor for over five years, and during that time, I am pleased to say, I have had nothing but kindness and courtesy shown to me by the Provost and every member of the Board. Need you wonder, then, that I am recognising this pleasing experience in the way I am doing. Delighted and pleased I am that the first Provost to wear the chain is one who has always had my deepest respect and admiration for the way in which he has conducted the business of the Board. One cannot go far without discovering the world-wide popularity of our interesting burgh, hence how fitting it is that its chief citizen should wear the chain of office on all important occasions, which adds a degree of dignity to himself, and no less to the burgh he represents. I got my inspiration at the Convention of Royal Burghs to give the chain, where so many provosts appear annually with their dignity greatly enhanced by this adornment, so at least I thought. . . . And now, ladies and gentlemen, allow

me to convey with the chain my sincerest good wishes for the prosperity of this beautiful Burgh of Dollar."

Provost Green replied in a speech full of happy humour. He said:—

"I am grateful to my friend and fellow-councillor for this gift, and I am very proud to be the first wearer of the chain. My first duty is to thank Mrs Malcolm for this gift to Dollar, to congratulate ourselves in having one possessed of the kindness of heart that prompted such a gift, and also in possession of the power to enable her to gratify that wish. This is a unique occasion. Our burgh has attained its majority, and this is its birthday gift.

"I do not know why a chain of office should be considered a natural adornment for a provost. The chairmen of other Boards are not so decorated. The face of the Parish Council chairman is always resplendent with the knowledge of the good the Council does in seeing poverty alleviated and distress relieved; the chairman of the School Board, associated with little children, has a face always benign, and no adornment is necessary in either case. But how different it is with the work of the Town Council! The members have to compel people to do what they do not wish to do, so that it might be said, in the words of the old adage, 'the hand of every man is against the Board, and the Board is against the hand of every man.' Consequently, the face of the Provost becomes grave; he feels grave, and hence the lamps to lighten his gloom, and the chain of office to relieve the sombreness of his appearance.

"I wish to say a word regarding ladies on local administrative bodies, and of our experience of the good work done by them. We are faced with great social problems, and men need the help of women in public work. Woman's position has altered enormously during the last few decades. The old order has changed, and we have not been long in accommodating ourselves to the new order in Dollar. Mrs Malcolm was the first lady Councillor in Scotland, and I can testify to the ability with which she has discharged her duties. When differences of opinion arise on the Board, she proves herself a courteous opponent and a valuable ally. She was the first lady to become a member of the Convention of Royal Burghs, and the first and only lady sent up by that body to London on an important deputation. I do not know if the fact of Mrs Malcolm's having presented this chain to Dollar will bring the position of women to greater advancement; but of this I am certain, that Dollar will never forget, and will always be proud of, the position Mrs Malcolm has taken up in the progress of women.

"And now, Mrs Malcolm, will you allow me, on behalf of the Town Council and of the community, to thank you very heartily for the splendid gift, and to say that we wish for you and your respected husband, that you will carry your vigour of body and mind into advanced old age, and that you will see many successive provosts wearing this beautiful chain."

*Description:—*The collar is made of pure gold, with a handsome pendant, bearing in the centre the Burgh Arms in coloured enamel, and the motto in raised gold letters, embellished with runic work and thistle ornamentation.

The pendant is attached to the chain with a reversed D in cypher monogram, and linked up with a double row of chain, and, at intervals, with handsome gold panels richly engraved.

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LONDON DOLLAR ACADEMY DINNER.—The Annual Dinner of the London Dollar Academy Club was held on the evening of the 22nd November 1912. The company, which numbered thirty-one, was presided over by Sir David Gill. Ladies were present for the first time.

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MUSIC.—We have pleasure in congratulating Mr Robert Anthony on his success in his new composition, "Merry Thoughts," intermezzo.

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FROM "ALDERSHOT NEWS."—We offer our congratulations to the under-mentioned couple on their engagement, viz., Rev. J. L. Findlay, Chaplain to the Forces, nineteenth son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Findlay, 3rd Batt. W.I. Regiment, and grandson of Colonel Findlay, 78th (Seaforth Highlanders), and Miss Dorothy Gifford, eldest daughter of Colonel Gifford, 5th Batt. Somerset Light Infantry, of Chard, Somerset.

Mr Findlay (F.P.) saw service during the late Boer War, and he has the Queen's Medal and five clasps.

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EDINBURGH DOLLAR ACADEMY CLUB.—This Club held its twenty-fourth Annual Meeting and Dinner in the North British Station Hotel on the 21st of February. Dr James Huskie, Liverpool, presided over a goodly company of "old boys." The speeches of the evening were of a very high order. After the loyal and patriotic toasts were given from the chair, "The Memory of John M'Nab" was proposed by Mr A. H. Briggs Constable, advocate; "Dollar Academy," by Mr J. B. Hamilton, replied to by Professor Scott Lang, Chairman of the Governors, and by Mr Dougall, Headmaster; "The Ladies," by Dr Donald Ross; "The Chairman," by Mr Malcolm; and "The Secretary," by the Chairman. Mr J. B. Hamilton was elected President for the incoming year, and Mr W. Carment was re-elected Secretary—a post which he fills with much tact and ability. The following is a list of those present:—Dr James Huskie, Professor Scott Lang, Mr C. S. Dougall, Dr Miller, Mr Cumming, Messrs J. Dempster, F. B. Allan, J. B. Andrews, J. A. S. Carment, W. M. Carment, A. H. Briggs Constable, K.C., T. W. Dewar, J. Barnett Gow, J. B. Hamilton, Professor J. A. C. Kynoch, Messrs R. Malcolm, J. S. Ramsay, Rev. Simon G. M'Lennan, Messrs D. M'Lulich, D. Main, J. Macgill, J. Morrison, J. B. Peden, A. W. Ross, Dr Donald Ross, Messrs J. D. Rutherford, W. D. H. Scott, Dr J. W. Simpson, Messrs H. C. Sloan, P. Stevenson, Jun., H. V. Tattersall, W. S. Vaughan.

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—The Committee have appointed Mr Alexander Muckersie, bookseller, as their agent, and to him all subscriptions and all inquiries for copies of the *Magazine* should now be addressed, instead of to Mr Robert K. Holmes, as formerly. Subscriptions for 1913 are now due.

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PHOTOGRAPHY.—We notice that the tenth annual meeting of the Scottish Photographic Salon is being held in Paisley, and it gives us great pleasure to note that Mr Robert K. Holmes is one of the exhibitors.

The Art Critic of the *Dundee Advertiser* says: "Mr R. K. Holmes, Dollar, has nothing quite so fine as 'The Open Road' of last year. 'Mantled in Mist' is the finest of his trio. It is simple in composition, but satisfying. 'In the Harbour' is one of the 'grey' gems, but the straight line of the pen is somewhat obtrusive. 'Nightfall in Skye' is a dramatic presentation of the dramatic in nature—strong, assertive, with a feeling of mysticism symbolical of the locality."

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PERTH SHORTHORN SALES.—The following, which we take from the *Dundee Advertiser* of 26th February, will be of interest to many of our readers, and we congratulate Mr Moubray and his factor, Mr McLaren, on their triumph in cattle breeding. The animal was sold for 1,000 guineas, the purchaser declaring that he was prepared to have given double the money had there been competition.

*Grand Classes of Young Bulls.*—There was a leet of great bulls in the class for senior yearlings, and an outstanding winner was Star of Dawn, belonging to Mr J. J. Moubray of Naemoor. He is undoubtedly one of the best young bulls seen in recent years, being beautifully balanced, thickly made all through, with a beautiful head, and a lot of breed character about him. He may not carry his back to perfection, but there was nothing approaching him in the class.

The top price, £1,400, but fourth prize at the sale, was gained by a bull belonging to Lord Rosebery, whose factor is the father of Mr McLaren.

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"RAB HEWISON'S ADVENTURES," BY W. E. A. H. DOUGLAS (F.P.).—We have pleasure in bringing to the notice of our readers this eminently readable and amusing book. In Rab Hewison Mr Douglas has created a genuine Scottish character, who will live, probably, in the minds and hearts of his countrymen for all time, as representing a type which is familiar to most of us. Rab relates his adventures, which are always interesting, in broad Doric, and with a running vein of pawky humour and homespun philosophy which renders them very readable and entertaining. They are eminently suitable for popular readings, and are sure to be well received by any Scottish audience. If we may venture upon a single word of friendly advice to the author, it is to avoid for the future pictures of drunken folly, which are not humorous, and are offensive to many.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHRISTMAS TREE. — The *Intercolonial Courier*, Australia, has the following:—

"At Christmastide the open hand  
Scatters its bounty o'er the land,  
And none are left to grieve alone,  
For love is heaven and claims its own.

"The Gymnasium Hall was a scene of juvenile hilarity and joyous abandon on Thursday night. The school children attending the Superior Public

School had a Christmas tree party, due largely to the liberality and kindly thought of Mr A. Stewart of Millera, who provided a great collection of pretty toys, so that no fewer than 400 presents were given to the young folks."

(The name of Mr Stewart, F.P., is familiar to our readers.)

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WE understand that Major Harvey (Wilfred) was offered the Professorship of Pathology in Madras University, but did not see his way to accept the post.

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RESIGNATION OF MR ALEX. DRYSDALE.—We regret to have to announce that Mr Drysdale has resigned the Secretaryship of the *Magazine* Committee. He will, however, continue to favour us with his valuable illustrations.

Mr Alexander M. Cowan, Burnside, has been appointed Secretary, and he will be glad to attend to all changes of address, and to the insertion of any new names that may be sent to him.

\* \* \* \* \*

OLD AGE SECRETS.—The health maxims of a cheery old age are always interesting. Sir George Birdwood (F.P.), an officer of the Legion of Honour, and formerly Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Bombay, on his eightieth birthday, gives the following brief and simple rules for attaining old age:—

"Don't think about your health.  
Enjoy yourself as much as possible.  
Ignore dietary tables.  
Eat whenever you feel inclined.  
Learn by experience what suits you.  
Be happy.  
Look on the bright side of things."

Only three of the rules, it will be noticed, refer to eating habits, and one of these advises the ignoring of dietary tables. Four of the seven maxims relate to one's mental attitude towards life, inculcating a happy frame of mind, disposed to see the bright side of every experience. Though eighty, Sir George is up to date in psychology. (See *Magazine*, Vol. VII.)

\* \* \* \* \*

WHIST DRIVE.—A very successful whist drive, under the auspices of the Glasgow Dollar Academy Club, was held in Messrs A. F. Reid & Sons' Tea Rooms, 34 Gordon Street, Glasgow, on Monday, 20th January, when nearly ninety members and friends were present.

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INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY.—The Misses A. and J. Gardiner and D. Wardlaw played for "Midlands" against the "East" in the International Hockey Trial Matches.

\* \* \* \* \*

FOOTBALL.—We note that Alexander Bonthrone (F.P.) took part in the Rugby Trial Matches, playing for "North" against "South," and for "Possibles" against "Probables."

## Marriages.

MACKAY—BLAIR.—At St George's U.F. Church, East London, South Africa, on 23rd December 1912, by the Rev. George Blair, B.D. (brother of bride), Wallace Mackay, Secretary of the East London Chamber of Commerce, to Kate, younger daughter of the late Rev. Law Blair, Ramshorn, Dollar.

AITKEN—BEATTIE.—At the Masonic Hall, Dollar, on 1st January, by the Rev. Alexander Easton Spence, Isabella Bowman, third daughter of Charles Beattie, fishmonger, to Corporal James Aitken, Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders.

ROBINSON—HAIG.—At Dollarbeg, Dollar, on 2nd January, by the Rev. R. S. Armstrong, M.A., B.D., James Ball Robinson, chauffeur, to Margaret Mayes, youngest daughter of the late George Haig, Cupar-Fife.

## Obituary.

WILKIE.—At Upper Mains, Dollar, on the 4th of December 1912, David P. Wilkie, contractor.

GLASS.—At Station Road, Dollar, on the 8th of January, Christina, eldest daughter of the late William Glass, baker.

WATSON.—At 70 Ledard Road, Langside, Glasgow, on the 15th February, Jessie, youngest daughter of the late John Watson, manufacturer, Glasgow.

(Miss Watson was Lady Superintendent of the Institution for fourteen years from 1888-1902; and many girls remember with gratitude her kindly care and helpful Christian training.)

BEEKS.—At Sunderland, on 21st February, Surgeon-Captain Alfred Augustus Beeks, F.P. (Captain Beeks was buried with military honours at New Silksworth, Sunderland, on 25th February.)

## In Memoriam.

IT is our painful duty to announce the death of William Ewart Gladstone Munro, M.A., divinity student, who was killed at a level crossing on the railway, near Hawthornden, in December 1912. Suddenly, as a tiger's bound, death sprang upon him! Thus in the very morning and vigour of life, by an unfortunate accident, has been struck down a young man who seemed to have many years of honourable exertion awaiting his matured powers, and whose reputation, as a student, was daily brightening and extending.

Ewart Munro—by that name he was known while he attended the classes of the Institution from 1901-1904—was a brilliant pupil, and a favourite at once with his teachers and class-fellows, his forte lying chiefly in the department of languages. He had humour, tact, and frolicsomeness, mingled with pathos, passion, and poetry. His "Topical Song" for the



Boys' Concert in 1905 will be long remembered, and his "The Train Boy's Life," and "The Academy Exhibition of 1907," may still be read in the *Magazine*, Vol. IV., p. 101, and Vol. VI., p. 195. Year by year he gained the highest honours in several of his classes.

After completing his curriculum at Dollar, he passed to the University of St Andrews, where he achieved eminence by careful, constant study. Every honour he won was made the passport to other higher distinctions. From St Andrews he entered the Edinburgh Divinity Hall of the U.F. Church, where he continued to excel in good work. By another year he would have been a licensed minister, ready to bestow on the world some of the results of his life-labours. We hopefully looked forward to a career of more than ordinary brightness and usefulness. Expectancy was a-tiptoe, when suddenly came the news of his accidental death, which has left its impression on the nerves even yet, and brings a throbbing to the heart, a tear to the eye, and a pang to the spirit.

The circumstances remind us of those that inspired Milton's "Lycidas," for Edward King, too, had all but completed his preparation for the Church when—

" That fatal and perfidious bark,  
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,  
Sunk so low that sacred head of thine."

The story of a life of rich promise seems prematurely closed. The Supreme Wisdom has seen this meet, and the Supreme Wisdom cannot err.

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Medical science was sorely stricken when, on the 18th of January, Dr George Alexander Gibson passed away in his 59th year. He was born at Muckart in January 1854, and was educated at Dollar Academy, where, in the sixties, he was a meritorious pupil. Like most Dollar boys, he cherished a warm regard for his old School, and always spoke with grateful feelings of the benefits he had derived from the excellent training he received there. For Dr Milne, in particular, he entertained the highest respect and regard, and spoke with enthusiasm of his teaching in the senior Latin class. "His venerable presence," he said, "was a power of discipline in itself; and his words of encouragement were a precious possession. No boy could fail to take a delight in the work, and to benefit by the kindness and helpfulness the doctor was so ready to extend."

Dr Gibson's love for his School, as we have said, remained unabated. So recently as February 1911, at the Annual Dinner of the Edinburgh Dollar Academy Club, he proposed the memory of the founder, and concluded a speech of great power with the words: "Thus we find that John M'Nab, towards the close of his successful career, executed the will by which the old School was brought into existence. It would be impossible to-night to recall the distinguished names adorning the roll of honour in every walk of life by which the Academy has been raised to a high place in the minds of men. It is probable that before long, when the centenary of the foundation takes place, an attempt may be made to erect some worthy monument to his memory; but, in any case, the old School stands in its fair valley as a visible

symbol of his magnanimous patriotism, while, in the minds of thousands of old pupils, his memory is lovingly cherished."

In the *Scotsman* of 20th January we find the following appreciation: "While Dr Gibson's eminence as a medical teacher found ready recognition amongst the members of his profession, and those who enjoyed the benefit of his tuition, it was, of course, by his skill as a heart specialist, and by his numerous contributions to medical literature, that he chiefly made his name and fame. . . .

"Dr Gibson had reached an age and earned that distinction which brings honours in its train, and already these were falling fast upon him. He was an honorary M.D. of Dublin University; an hon. B.Sc. of Harvard, U.S.A.; an hon. B.Sc. of Liverpool; an LL.D. of St Andrews; an hon. F.R.C.P. of Ireland; and an LL.D. of McGill University. He was also a member of the General Council of the British Medical Association. Of the General Hospital Territorial Forces he was Lieut.-Colonel, and he was a member of the Royal Company of Archers.

"A cultured gentleman, of wide reading in general literature, with literary gifts of no mean order, and possessed of genial, bright, and happy temperament, Dr Gibson made hosts of friends, amongst whom he numbered not a few on the other side of the Atlantic. A born teacher, he was a great favourite with his students."

We understand that a movement is on foot to provide some memorial of the talented Doctor, and we hope that his old School, to which, he avowed, he owed much of his success, will not be forgotten by the committee which has been appointed to further this object. A "Gibson Medical Bursary" would be much valued.

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## School Notes.

WE would remind our readers that the Annual School Sports take place on Saturday, 26th April. The competition for the Edina Cup is expected to be very keen.

The sudden death of Ewart Munro cast a gloom over the School at the beginning of the Christmas vacation. He was one of the 1904-05 senior class, and, by a strange coincidence, he and Robert Beveridge sat side by side in the photograph of the class. Both were brilliant students of St Andrews, both gave promise of useful, honourable lives, and both were cut off in a moment. Mr Malcolm represented the School at the church service held in Edinburgh, and Mr Dougall at the interment in Falkirk churchyard.

The sale on behalf of the Tennis Court Fund on 14th December proved a great success. The hall was well filled when Mrs James Simpson, Aberdona, gracefully declared the sale open, and the stalls were soon cleared

of their many tempting wares. The sum realised, after all expenses were paid, amounted to nearly £50. The thanks of those interested in the Tennis Courts are cordially tendered to all who contributed to the sale, and especially to those who assisted in securing its success.

Ian S. Crawford, a pupil of Intermediate I., has passed the examination for a Naval Cadetship, and been admitted to training at Osborne.

Much interest is being taken in the Tennis Courts, which are rapidly approaching completion. The contractor appears to be sparing no pains to make a thoroughly satisfactory job, and the weather, although not of the pleasantest for human comfort, has been all in favour of the new courts. The Headmaster asks us to acknowledge, with an expression of his gratitude, the following additional subscriptions:—D. Y. Anderson, £1. 1s.; R. Blackwell, £1. 1s.; Thos. Bryce, £1; Rolfe Bwyne, 2s. 6d.; Cake and Candy Sale, £49. 15s. 5½d.; Lim K. Chuan, 5s.; J. H. Colven, £2. 10s.; R. W. Colven, £2; E. G. Drysdale, 10s.; Harry Foston, £1; Alec. Greig, 10s. 6d.; Arthur T. Greig, 10s. 6d.; Colonel Haig, £2; J. M. Halley, 2s. 6d.; A. W. M. Hanbury, £1. 12s. 8d.; Mrs Heyworth, £1; Lim Eow Hooi, £1; Mrs W. Hutton, £1; William Inglis, 10s.; A. Macfarlane, £1; A. F. Mackechnie, £1. 1s.; Rev. Geo. Milburn, 5s.; J. T. Munro, £1. 1s.; E. Myers, 5s.; R. Stanhouse, £1; Alex. Stewart, £3. 3s.; P. T. Wainwright, 10s. 6d.; A. M. Wilkie, £2. 2s.; Gordon Wingate, 10s.; Alan Young, 2s. 6d.

A contributor to the Tennis Court Fund from New South Wales sent the following original verse along with his cheque:—

“You may tread on the shamrock,  
Or crumple the rose,  
And calmly continue your whistle,  
But I never yet heard  
Any person disclose  
It was safe to sit down on a thistle.”

Since last issue the football teams have made such improvements that we must confess astonishment at the early condition.

A reorganisation has taken place in the 1st XV., owing to Purves being ordered by the doctor to stop playing. Wiseman has come into the three-quarter line, and M'Clelland now leads the forwards. It was feared that the loss of Purves would materially weaken the team, but the changes introduced have minimised the loss, and, in attack at least, the team is as strong as ever. Bennie has taken Lauder's place as full back, and again the change has not weakened the team, Bennie's tackling being of a high order.

In the matches played, the 1st XV. have shown themselves decidedly superior to their opponents, with the exception of Watson's College.

Against Glasgow High School there was no doubt as to the result of



the game from the start, and against Glasgow Academy the forwards played the game of their lives. Myers was off for almost half the game owing to injury, and instead of slacking off the forwards took command of the game and scored twice. This proved conclusively that the forwards could do it, but only needed, as we said in the last issue, a leader. M'Clelland did well, and kept his men hard at it—thus the success.

Against Watson's College the 1st XV. had to go under, although the score by no means tells the story of the game.

From a knock-on and an off-side Watson's scored first. No wonder the Dollar boys "looked on" as the Edinburgh papers stated. The breach was so apparent to everyone but the man with the whistle.

Abbey's try was a good one—the result of as fine a three-quarter run as we have seen. Myers worked very hard, and had very hard luck several times—the strong wind made it impossible to kick over and follow on. From the play of both teams, and considering the difficulty under which the XV. laboured, as regards breaches by the other side, the game was value for a draw.

Alloa Academicals succumbed to the 1st XV., Colven distinguishing himself by scoring six times, and kicking 6 goals, whilst Myers came in with three scores.

At Corstorphine, against Royal High School, the 1st XV. added another victory to their list. They got going in fine style, and from a fine three-quarter movement scored through Colven. Soon afterwards Mackenzie burst through with the ball at his feet, and after a good dribbling run scored a fine try behind the posts. Just on the interval Myers gave one of his fine displays, and notched another score.

On resuming Dollar pressed hard, and Wiseman and Myers got over. The High School eventually scored twice, but never looked dangerous.

With the 2nd XV. a similar state of progress falls to be reported. A fine victory was that against Morrison's Academy. Watson was a bit off colour, but he gave Bryce several good opportunities to score. Hogben and Roussac played extremely well—especially the latter, who had hard lines in not getting over several times.

Lammie at half was the pivot of the game, and played as good a game as we have yet seen him do.

Wade's goal was a beauty.

Against Watson's the second followed the first, but we understand that there was some feeling over a try which was not given.

Three losses have to be reported for the 3rd XV., but that does not mean that they were not playing well. It rather points to the fact that they were up against others too strong for them. An example is seen in the Stirling High School game, where F.P.'s played against the third. Such a state of affairs is shameful, and the Stirling Committee ought to see that it does not occur again.

Owing to frost and the practices for the concert, the place kicking is not yet finished—all that we can say is that last issue's remarks are still true.

It may be interesting to the reader, who indulges in the pleasant occupation of studying statistics, to have the following list for his perusal :—

Player's Name.	Tries Scored this Year.	Goals Kicked
E. Myers (Captain)	24	2
R. W. Colven (Vice-Captain)	10	17
H. MacColl	5	...
J. F. S. Wiseman	5	...
F. Abbey	3	...
R. Mackenzie	2	...
T. Walker	2	...
R. Philp	2	...
G. M'Clelland	...	2

The names are those of players in the 1st XV. only. From the above it will be found that Myers is responsible for 76 of the points obtained, and Colvin for 64 points, thus making a respectable total of 140 points between them.

#### HOCKEY.

Unfortunately we cannot give such a favourable report on the hockey as for the first quarter of the session. Owing to bad weather, many matches have had to be scratched, and practices were often impossible for the same reason. Some of the members of the club appear to think that if a match happens to be put off they are justified in "slacking"; whereas *all* practices should be well attended if matches are to be won. There are many beginners in the club, and the older members should do their best to encourage them, so that they may be able to take the place of girls, now in the 1st XI., who will be leaving at the end of this session.

Of the four matches played since last quarter, three have been lost and one won, not a very creditable record we regret to say.

The 2nd XI. played *Perth Academy* 1st XI. on 14th December at Dollar, but were beaten by 2 goals to 1, which was an excellent result, considering that most of the 2nd XI. had never played in a match before, and they were much smaller than the Perth girls. The chief faults about the play were the poor tackling, weak shooting, and lack of clean hitting.

On 7th December the 1st XI. travelled to *Glasgow*, only to receive a severe defeat at the hands of the Glasgow High School 1st XI. This may be partly accounted for by the Dollar girls not being accustomed to playing on the somewhat soft ash pitch used by the High School, but their play was poor except for the forwards, who received no support from their halves. The tackling was slow and the hitting weak, and there was a distinct lack of energy in the play of the visiting team.

On 15th February, *George Watson's* were the visitors. The match resulted in a win for them by 3 goals to 1. This was the best match that has been played this season, and Dollar would have scored more had the forwards kept on side, shot harder, and followed up their shots in the circle.

There was little to choose between the two teams, but neither was at its full strength owing to substitutes having to be put in.

On 22nd February, *Dunfermline High School* provided the opposition at Dollar. The match was somewhat one-sided, and Dollar won by 7-0. Throughout the game the home team kept up a continual attack on the

visitors' goal, and it was only owing to repeated penalty corners, and a fairly strong defence, that the score for Dollar was not greater. The forwards of the home team shot well, E. Lauder being responsible for 4 goals, L. Cursiter for 2, and R. Wilson for 1.

The same faults were to be seen in this match as in previous ones. The wing forwards do not keep out sufficiently, consequently they miss their passes, and allow the ball to go into touch. The inners are apt to hang back, and attempt to do some of the work of their halves, and are not in their places when the ball is passed to them. All the forwards require to be stronger in the circle, and, most important of all, to shoot when there is a chance, and to follow up their shots in order to make them effective.

*The halves* must remember that they are not only on the defensive, and that it is necessary to feed the forwards, as well as marking opponents, and assisting their backs. Tackling needs to be quicker, and without hesitation, and hitting should be harder and cleaner. The same may be said about the backs with regard to tackling and hitting; and if the whole team would pay attention to these points, and put more energy into their play, the record for the rest of the season would be much improved.

Since the going to press of our last issue the following results fall to be recorded :—

## 1ST XV.

## 2ND XV.

Opponents.	Points.		Result	Opponents.	Points.		Result
	For	Agt.			For	Agt.	
Glasgow High School	36	0	win	Glasgow High School	12	0	win
Glasgow Academy	11	0	win	Morrison's Acad. 1st XV.	20	0	win
Watson's College	3	11	loss	Watson's College	0	12	loss
Alloa Academicals	45	3	win	Royal High School	10	0	win
Royal High School	21	6	win				
3RD XV.				HOCKEY—1ST XI.			
Glasgow Academy	0	16	loss	Glasgow High School	1	9	loss
*Stirling H.S. 1st XV.	5	16	loss	Watson's College	1	3	loss
Watson's College	0	48	loss	Dunfermline H.S.	7	0	win
				2ND XI.			
				Perth Academy 1st XI.	1	2	loss

\* In this match Stirling played several F.P.'s.

## When the School Bell Rings.

### THE BRIDGE STREET MARCH-PAST.

8.45 ! and hurrying feet  
 Obey the school-bell's summoning clamour.  
 Come stroll with me along the street,  
 And see the sunshine faces fleet  
 To French and Physics, Gym. and Grammar.





*A. Drysdale*

A HOCKEY GROUP

In knickers many, kilts a few,  
 From o'er the burn lads come book-laden ;  
 Then Fair-Locks, Grey-eyes, Eyes-of-Blue,  
 Red-Gold, and Blue-Cap, Red-Caps two,  
 Green-Scarf, and many another maiden.

Insistent clangs the bell—to stop  
 They dare not, least it cease its warning ;  
 Yet some few into Miller's hop,  
 Then breathless up Cairnpark Street pop,  
 And end this first March-past each morning.

10.55—brief spell of rest !  
 Then round the town these maids are faring,  
 With reinforcements from the west  
 And north and south, as six-abreast,  
 And arm-in-arm, they take their airing.

Perchance, 'tis chat of work well done  
 That brings those smiles and sparkling glances !  
 Or is't of hockey gamely won,  
 Of splendid save and passing run,  
 Or quips and jests and maidens' fancies ?

Stout heroes, too, of football fame  
 Along the street come briskly hieing ;  
 In many lands they'll "play the game,"  
 In many spheres—and ever aim  
 To keep the flag of Dollar flying !

1.20 now ! and, dinner through,  
 Again the westward stream is flowing ;  
 Red-Gold and Blue-Cap, Red-Caps two,  
 Green-Scarf and all pass in review,  
 To school and playtime blithely going.

Swift speed the years with hurrying feet,  
 To F.P.-hood each child fast growing ;  
 But ever, hastening down the street,  
 Fresh sunshine faces come to greet  
 My gaze, their beams on me bestowing.

A. D.

The Boys' Literary and Debating Society still flourishes, although there is a difficulty in getting principals for debates. A hat night and all its delights opened this quarter's programme. The principal speakers were J. Watson, W. Purves, J. Wiseman, and T. Bryce. J. Wiseman entered a new phase of study, and delighted his audience with a vivid account of English prize fighting, finishing up with his now famous rendering of "Bendigo."

At a joint meeting with the Girls' Society, Mr Peterkin lectured on "Flame and Explosion," illustrating his remarks by numerous interesting experiments. His experiment to show that an explosion was a hurried flame was very neat and striking. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded Mr Peterkin at the end of his lecture.

At the next meeting it was decided, by a majority of one, that country life was better than town life. C. R. Dougall held out for country life and W. H. Warden for town life.

#### GIRLS' LITERARY SOCIETY.

This Society continues to flourish, and to produce fruits worthy of its name and history. Miss Fraser's lecture, dealing with her experiences while "locked in" in pursuit of her studies in Art in various notable buildings—*e.g.*, St Paul's, London—was entirely delightful, while Miss Dougall's paper on "Scottish Women Writers of Song" introduced an entirely new element, namely, the illustration of her remarks by the rendering of a number of songs by various musical members of the Society. The *Magazine* this year is fully up to the standard of last, as anyone may judge from the extract we are enabled to publish with this number. The session's work closes on 7th March, with a musical evening.

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#### OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

Drills have been held during the winter months and the candidates for the "A" certificates have received lectures from O.C., the Adjutant, and Capt. Thomson from Stirling Castle.

Shooting has commenced in the gymnasium, and as soon as practicable every one will have an opportunity to practise before the open-range shooting commences.

Three pipers have been appointed and begin practice under Sergeant R. Beattie this term; and the drummers under Drum-Major England are becoming quite efficient.

Captain Wilson has passed Examination "B," T.F., for promotion. The subjects were Tactics and Field Engineering, Military Law, Organisation, Administration and Equipment, and Infantry Training. The examination for Certificate "A," O.T.C., takes place on 3rd March. There will be three candidates from the corps.

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### A Spring Poem.

*From the "Girls' Magazine."*

TO-DAY a breath of Spring is in the air ;  
The blackbird's note sounds strong and clear ;  
The ploughman's lusty whistle, as the share  
Upturns the sod, rings full of cheer.



The Ochil slopes reflect a richer sheen  
 Than yesterday ; on Sheardale braes  
 Are spruce and larch showing a deeper green,  
 And birches hid in purple haze.

Kind mother earth is waking from her sleep :  
 Her children hail her opening eyes,  
 Each jostling each to be the first to leap,  
 Full-flowered, to greet her ere she rise.

So, many a Spring, I've watched the waking earth  
 Rejoicing in her infant throng,  
 I've shared the joy of every snowdrop's birth,  
 And joined the blackbird in his song.

When next on Ochil slopes the Spring appears,  
 In some far-distant land I'll be,  
 In fancy viewing through a mist of tears  
 The Devon vale, so dear to me.

For though in gaudier guise the Spring may come,  
 And fairer flowers than snowdrops blow,  
 My heart will find in Dollar, its dear home,  
 Beauties no other land can show.

## The Greater Dollar Directory.

### FORTY-FIFTH LIST

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

- BISSET, A. J., c/o Sinclair, 4 Kilbowie Road, Clydebank.  
 CAMERON, ALLAN, Ditton, Masterton, New Zealand.  
 COLLIE, DAVID F., c/o Mrs Downie, 16 Pattison Street, Dalmuir, Glasgow.  
 CROWE, H. P., Trynlaw, Merrylee Road, Newlands, Glasgow.  
 CROSS, EVAN C., 2nd Battalion King's Regiment, Dalhousie, Punjab, India.  
 D'ALBEDYHLL, C. C., c/o Messrs King, King & Co., Bombay.  
 DRIVER, D. W., Holmwood, Quarndon, Derby.  
 GREIG, Mrs (H. Beechy), Ochtertyre, Coatbridge.  
 HALLIFAX, GERALD O., 107 Twyford Avenue, Ealing Common, London, W.  
 HEYWORTH, LAURENCE and GEOFFREY, c/o Lever Bros., Royal Liver Buildings, Liverpool.  
 INNES, J. H., 28 Herriot Street, Pollokshields, Glasgow.  
 MAIN, W. A., 12 Portland Square, Carlisle.  
 MILLER, A. D., c/o Mrs Griffiths, 855 Govan Road, Glasgow.  
 M'LEAN, Mrs J. (Jeanie Anderson), 100 Polwarth Gardens, Edinburgh.  
 RANKIN, STANLEY, 5 Hazelwood Road, Bellahouston, Glasgow.  
 ROBERTSON, CHAS., c/o Woehlcke, M'Dougall & Co., Saw-Mill Owners, Omega, Russia.

SIBOLD, F. M., c/o Chartered Bank of India, 38 Bishopgate, London, E.C.  
 SKENE, MARY J. H., Fettes College, Edinburgh.  
 SPIERS, A. H. R., 48 W. Regent Street, Glasgow.  
 STRANGE, W. L., M.Inst.C.E., Medecroff, Woodcote Road, Reading.  
 VAUGHAN, W. S., The Poplars, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne.  
 WHYTE, DAVID H., Box 212, Lachine Locks, Canada.  
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### CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

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