



Lafayette

Photo

MRS H. HINTON STUART

The Dollar Magazine.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

VOL. XII., No. 46.

JUNE 1913.

COPYRIGHT.

Mrs Hinton Stewart.

THE name of Mrs Hinton Stewart must be familiar to the readers of the *Dollar Magazine*, for from its first number to the present one she has been a faithful and valued contributor. The younger daughter of the late Dr Strachan, she was born in Dollar, in the year of the general revolution, 1848, and was educated at the Dollar Academy up till the age of nineteen. From her girlhood's days she has been a student, taking advantage of every opportunity of self-improvement. After what may be called her school days proper, she was a moving spirit, in conjunction with other Dollar young ladies, in an effort to have introduced into the curriculum of the Academy lectures on science, as the South Kensington Science Department was holding out great encouragement to science students at the time. The lectures were introduced, and Miss Strachan and her friends were the first to pass the necessary examination and gain the Government Certificate. On leaving Dollar she went to Germany, and at Osnabrück in Hanover she spent two years of earnest study. Here she gained a mastery of grammatical speech, not by the imperfect way of getting by heart the rules of grammar, but by following actual speech and written style. Her translations in verse, "Springtime," from the German of Geibel (Vol. III.), and "What the Swallows Say" (Vol. VI.), bear witness to her proficiency and ability in grasping the spirit of the originals, and to her command of the language. But perhaps we are forgetting an important element in her education, which she owed to the training of her much respected father, whose counsels to the young might be summed up in "Live your lives cordially and joyously, never shunning serious matters because they are serious, but living, so to speak, much in the sunshine, taking what guidance you can get from people and writers who seem to you intelligent, *but always trying to judge for yourself what you have read.*" Here we may have the key to what is patent to all who read her articles—*her independence of thought.*

Nellie Strachan, to give her her school-girl name, married in 1874, in Queensland, Australia, the late F. J. Stewart, of Devizes, Wiltshire. They spent five years in Queensland, and thereafter returned and took up their abode in London.

In recent years Mrs Stewart has distinguished herself as a writer and public lecturer, her attention having been mainly confined to the study of Shakespeare's Plays, and many of her commentaries on these plays have appeared in our columns. It scarcely lies with us to pass judgment on the

merits of these papers, but we may quote some references from the press. *The Globe*, of 12th October 1911, says:—"So suggestive and illuminating an attempt as that which Mrs Hinton Stewart makes in the *Contemporary* to represent the character of Desdemona in its true light, is well worthy the attention of students of Shakespeare. Desdemona, as the writer points out, has been accused by her different interpreters of tactlessness, want of moral force, and incapacity either to resist or to resent, weakly submissive alike to father and to husband. Such a reading of the character, as Mrs Stewart seeks to show by numerous significant quotations, was not the Desdemona of Shakespeare's imagination." According to her, "Desdemona is the rarest union of strength and gentleness." Just one quotation more. *The Literary World*, in its critique of "The Early Hamlet," concludes as follows:—"The relation between the first quarto 'Hamlet,' and the vastly different second quarto version, still remains a matter for discussion. Mrs Stewart has done good service in endeavouring to find an answer to the problem. Her tentative solution is not ours, but it is of the highest importance and value that every point of view should be studied, and to all interested in the groundwork of that great play, 'Hamlet,' we heartily recommend this little book."

Another little book of Mrs Stewart's that has been favourably noticed is "The Supernatural in Shakespeare," a series of essays of which the conclusion is as follows:—"In 'The Tempest' we find the culmination of Shakespeare's treatment of the supernatural element in life. Dreams, prophecies, presentiments, disembodied spirits, secret influences, Nature's forces—all are part of one great scheme. The known material world moves on side by side with the unknown and spiritual, and if the name of God is seldom on lips meant for the public stage, the whole trend of the plays is to reveal Him. This may account for the anomaly that, while some commentators are still asking the question, 'Was Shakespeare a Christian?' others, with deeper insight, assert that in moral force and inspiration the works of Shakespeare are second only to the Evangel itself." This extract will enable our readers to judge of the spirit and style in which Mrs Stewart treats her favourite themes.

Dollar School Song.

BY A FORMER PUPIL.

"Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows,"
 And mirrors the Ochils in summer and snows,
 With the stream for a girdle, the hills for a crown,
 Where was ever a fairer than fair Dollar town?

O loved of us all, dear nurse of us all,
 In years young or old may we answer thy call!

Through ages of strife, grim fortress of doom,
 Beat *strong* thy fierce *heart*, O *Castle of Gloom*!
 To-day, 'tis not warfare but wisdom doth rule,
 For the heart of the town is our School, Dollar School

O loved of us all, dear nurse of us all,
 In years young or old may we answer thy call!

(Girls) Here gather we knowledge of manifold lore,
 And shining examples of great ones of yore,
 That we through our life-ways the talent may hold
 Of the fairy princess who spun straw into gold.
 O loved of us all, dear nurse of us all,
 In years young or old may we answer thy call !

(Boys) Here weapons we forge for the battle of life,
 By work and by play equipped for the strife ;
 Of virtue the champion, of weak ones the knight,
 In chivalrous honour we'll fight for the Right.
 O loved of us all, dear nurse of us all,
 In years young or old may we answer thy call !

Anigh to our school lies our marvellous glen,
 Whose pathway was won by the labour of men ;
 And now in its green-shining mystery we
 Reap beauty and wonder from that victory.
 O loved of us all, dear nurse of us all,
 In years young or old may we answer thy call !

Our founder we praise and his purposes grand—
 That learning and truth should enlighten the land,
 And clearer on History's yet unknown page
 Be writ in fair letters the new coming age.
 O loved of us all, dear nurse of us all,
 In years young or old may we answer thy call !

How we came to Capri at the Sunset.

“O Italy !
 Dear land that I have loved so well
 In this brief while,
 Whence comes the charm, the haunting spell ?
 That every stone
 And picture of your peerless art,
 And every flower
 That blooms so fair, each bears a part.”

THIS exquisite fairy journey, who shall describe it? Far into the sunset, home to the heart of Fairyland we sailed, and at the wonder of it all things grew still, for the beauty of all Nature lay before us, alluring, perfect, and the spell of all Time was holding us, telling the story of the years.

Yet this was but the beginning of things more lovely—the prelude of a fairer fantasy. Capri, or the “Island of the Blest !” the fabled land where siren voices whisper, ensnaring the hearts of strangers.

So we came to your shores, and the winds blessed our coming. For the wind blows not ever fairly Capri-wards, and we had waited almost a week on its fancies ; but well indeed had we waited, and well had we chosen the day and hour.

Early on a balmy March afternoon, this March of the South—

“Of blossoming trees,
And scented breeze”—

that is not the March we know in northern lands,—we left Naples, its music and its gladness, and its brigand ways.

The porter of the Hotel Excelsior (that new and most delightful abode that had sheltered us) had performed his parting duties with unfailing *politesse*, giving our most precious belongings, also consigning ourselves as things of value, to the little vessel's commander and his lieutenant. Then wishing us *bon voyage*, our guide had gone, severing the last link with the mainland and material things, and we were left—two twentieth-century British women—pioneers of Romance!

Out from the world-famed Bay of Naples we sailed, passed Pompeii and Herculaneum, with Vesuvius behind—menacing, ruthless, but robbed of half his splendour since the last eruption.

Then my friend and I glanced around at our fellow-passengers, seated or strolling around the saloon and deck, chatting and laughing together, with one swift glance for the stranger ladies, but showing always the true Italian courtesy.

Coffee and biscuits were served at the usual hour of tea, and we “did as the Romans,” and shared in the feast.

As the journey advanced, and we neared Sorrento, the Italians grew more animated. Snatches of song floated from time to time across the saloon.

Standing near us as we drank our coffee was a group that arrested our attention. Three men eagerly discussing some opera recently heard. With a knowledge of French, and one's ear getting accustomed to the sound of Italian, it was easy to understand what they talked of. Then one of the group began to sing softly broken fragments of the opera, and I watched and listened, thinking how wonderful is this gift of song in Italy! Rich and true and sweet came the notes, and the singer's face, dark and sad in repose, was all alit with the soul of his music.

So we came to Sorrento. By this time we had climbed to the upper deck to get a better view, and very beautiful was the picture at the sunset hour.

Soon we were encircled by small boats from the various hotels taking passengers off, and they added to the picturesqueness of the scene, with touches of bright colour in the dress of the rowers, and here and there a flash of orange or scarlet on the dark hair of a peasant woman. While looking down closely one caught as well, perhaps, the brilliant smile from luminous eyes, and white teeth, that wonderful look of “aliveness” that belongs to the *meridionale*, never seen in a northern face, for it comes from the fires of a warmer sun, and a closer life with them.

So the boats came and went, and we saw Sorrento; but there was no hurry or excitement in a world where the *dolce far niente* reigns supreme. Already the spell of the coming sunset was upon us; and deeper still, born of other days in her midst, the spell of all Italy was holding us.

“O, woman-land,
Beloved among male lands of earth,”

yours is the haunting gift called charm all womenkind pray for, and all men kneel and adore!

Then we sailed away from Sorrento, round the corner of Everyday to Fairyland!

There was a "really truly" corner, as the children say, hiding Sorrento and the mainland from the Isles of Dream; but very mystical and legendary it looked now, its rocks flushed with sunset rose, and its tremulous grasses, pale and silvery, waiting for elfin footsteps. A gate that might lead to the Land of Heart's Desire, and the Valley of Unforgettable Things; a shore where Tristan and Isolde might have landed hand in hand!

Then behind, now grown to flame, the great sun setting, god-like, in his glory and power; and ever the spell was upon us!

Silently, almost breathlessly, we watched and waited. Slowly, with gliding motion we passed the corner, and "crossed the bar" into a realm so lovely, so mystical, so perfect, that it held one's soul; and one knew that in beauty like this there is holiness, and those who have felt it have passed for a brief moment into a purer world.

Now my friend and I had descended again to the lower deck and sat, very, very still, close to the shining water, where the friendly captain had placed seats for us, silently and gently, interested because of our interest in the beautiful scene, for an Italian is nothing if not *simpatico*.

Near us were the Siren Isles, and Ischia, violet-blue and dark, and then delicate mauve as the sun sank lower; and across the flaming orb from time to time there flitted, like some pale spirit, the white sail of a boat, elusive, shadowy, beckoning us to the Never Never Land.

One thing I must speak of, to show how the spirit of the Past may still live and speak when the veil of material things is lifted. This was almost the only speech that passed between my friend and myself during that enraptured moment. We had both instinctively cried out at the beauty of the scene. Then I said how one felt like the Greeks of old sailing away in search of treasure—like Jason seeking the "golden fleece," or Ulysses in quest of the sunset, listening to the siren voices calling, as they were calling to us at that moment; for just as we passed the barrier, and the spell possessed us utterly, we came to the Siren Isles, and all unknowing heard their voices.

Till the last of the sunset we watched and waited; silently, reverently, as if taking part in some ancient Pagan rite: waited till the last bar of crimson had sunk into the sea, and only a pale gold line told of the passing of a god to his rest. Then we rose from the altar where our souls had knelt, and remembered we were mortals, and were coming to Capri!

In the soft semi-darkness we glided into the harbour. Soon the captain, courteous to the end, had placed us and our belongings in the small boat that was to land us finally—since there is no pier for steamers, or anything so commonplace, on this magic isle.

In a moment we sped across the darkening water, and were welcomed at the landing-stage by the representative of the Hotel Quisisana, the hostel of our destination.

Many friendly hands were stretched out to help us and our possessions to land. Even brightly-dressed women porters assisted eagerly, looking with gentle curiosity at us other womenkind. So we trusted them all and left our worldly goods in their keeping, passing along the harbour beside the fisher people and their homes to the *funicolare* station.

Then we entered the train, still feeling in a dream, and glided up swiftly, silently, through scented orange and lemon groves, up, up a golden stair to *il Paradiso*, or it might have seemed the bean-stalk of Jack in the nursery tale! Only no wicked giant, but a radiant fairy godmother, was to await us at the top.

Suddenly a slight jolt brought us to earth again, and in all verity at last we had reached the summit, and in a moment, with that little thrill that adventure brings, had jumped out, to find ourselves on the Piazza, the centre of life in all Latin towns.

Still was our progress to be accomplished in a not everyday manner! No hotel omnibus or crowd of obsequious porters and guides were there to surround us: not even a stray fiacre, indispensable vehicle of Continental stations and streets. No! we were to be left in sublime peace to the last.

The long narrow street leading down to the Quisisana Hotel, though it is the principal thoroughfare, with its winding ways and cobble stones, is rarely used for driving except when a tropical thunder shower compels one to seek shelter, as happened later on to us!

Down the long lane to the kingdom of the Unknown we walked, and one could have imagined it the heart of Tangier, so silent and Oriental it all seemed.

At last we saw the lights of the Quisisana shining out of the darkness, for us the fabled house in the forest waiting for the wayfarer; and how near akin to our childhood dreams are the bigger fairy tales of life!

Out of the shadowy darkness and the spirit of mystic things we stepped into the well-lit hall. Here awaiting us stood the young proprietor, who welcomed us in the charming way of Italian landlords, saying he had been waiting for us, the lost English ladies, as indeed we knew, for many messages had flashed across from Naples while the winds and waves gambled with our fate: but at last they had brought us into our kingdom. Under the Quisisana roof-tree we slept and dreamt of to-morrow, and when to-morrow's sun awoke us it was to reveal how enchanting a scene!

From the balcony of our rooms we looked down on a world of roses and stocks and flowery things. Such stocks, too, as never grew on English soil! Pink and mauve and white, so proudly tall, stretching up to offer their gifts; and beyond and afar the heavenly blue of the sea.

Was it all a dream, we wondered! Or had we wakened in some palace fragrant and forgotten, with its grey stone pillars and sun-kissed walls, and purple wisteria rioting fair.

Could it be the Sleeping Palace where the Princess waits—

“Till all the hundred summers pass!

She sleeps: her breathings are not heard

In palace chambers far apart.

The fragrant tresses are not stirr'd

That lie upon her charmed heart.

When will the hundred summers die,

And thought and time be born again?”

O Thought, you were there! but Time was not in that home of the gods.

Old-world, too, and haunting sweet the moss-grown well, and orange grove, and vineyard stretching down to the sea.



Crowe & Rodgers

Photo

THE LATE SIR JAMES B. SMITH

A garden of reverie where all things were in tune, how happy and serene,
and how I sat on your wall and wanted to dream for ever and ever!

So we came to our kingdom.

We should like to take you with us into that kingdom, all you who read
my tale, and see you make a stately Italian bow to the Friend and her friends
who welcomed us to the enchanted land, this *Island Valley of Avillon*.

“Where falls not hail or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea.”

But that belongs to another chapter, and I must learn a new language
before I dare describe so delightful a tale and time.

How we dwelt in villas as wondrous as those that sheltered Roman
emperors; and how we walked with the ghost of Tiberius through his wide
domains, and climbed the heights of far Monte Solaro!

Of the *festas* and *al fresco* luncheons, and the *tarantellas* on roof gardens
by moonlight, and many, many lovely and unforgettable things: and all this
because a dear Scotch lady opened the doors of her heart and halls to us,
waving a wand far over the blossoming fields of her beloved island, where
her name is a byword for all that is gay and beautiful.

So will you leave us with our chatelaine, the Fairy Lady of the Villa Ada;
here in her temple, in the heart of her home, for all true Italian villas have
their temple. It is the holy of holies in the garden of Friendship; and
across the garden wall once again “goodbye,” and a *rivederci* to all those
who heard with me the “Song of Les Voyageurs,” and sailed beyond the
corner of Everyday to Fairyland.

“O Italy!
Such is the charm your spell has wrought
Of stone and tree,
Of pictured face, and starry thought,
And snow-crowned hills,
The mystic guardians of your race;
And this was mine,
Who came with love, to find all grace!”

ELISABETH SUTHERLAND.

Sir James B. Smith.

STIRLING has lost a prominent public-spirited citizen and Dollar Academy a
loyal F.P. by the death of Sir James Brown Smith, Clifford Park, which took
place, after a severe operation, in London, on Saturday, 10th May. Through
the kindness of Lady Smith we are able to present our readers with an excellent
likeness of Sir James.

His school-days at Dollar take us back to the late fifties and early sixties,
and so favourable was the impression left on his mind by the enjoyment of
them, by the excellent training he received, by the pleasant schoolboy friend-
ships he formed, and by the natural charms of the town and its surroundings,

that he warmly cherished the memory of them to his dying day. After completing his curriculum at Dollar, he continued his studies at the Andersonian University, Glasgow, and thereafter, like the students of the Middle Ages, finished off by making the "grand tour," not confined, however, as in former times, to Europe, but extending over every quarter of the globe. His recollections of these travels he contributed to our pages under the title, "A World of Dollars," an article so ably written, so bright and breezy in spirit, that we feel as we read it that we are accompanying the writer and sharing in the hearty hand-shakes and gleeful greetings of the class-fellows of former happy days. The meetings which are described took place in New Zealand, Ceylon, Shanghai, Valparaiso, and San Francisco, and the narrative concludes: "To meet five old Dollar boys under such circumstances, at such widespread and distant parts, within eighteen months' journeying certainly proves that Dollar boys are after the dollars in every part of the world's surface" (Vol. VIII. p. 135). Sir James, we thus see, surveyed the world "from China to Peru," familiarising himself with much of its most famous scenery and its places of historical interest; but no corner of it ever had a warmer place in his heart than Dollar and its environment. Evermore it was a theme of praise with him. At every visit, and, as Lady Smith reminds us, these were frequent, he felt lost in the memories of the past, fancy and feeling uniting with fact to paint to his mind those events which ever made the scenes of his schoolboy days memorable.

In business Sir James succeeded his father, who was the founder of the well-known range and stove firm of Smith & Wellstood, Bonnybridge, and with the assistance of his two brothers conducted it successfully until, in 1888, it was formed into a limited liability company, when he retired.

In local affairs Sir James took a deep interest. He was one of His Majesty's Justices of Peace for the county, and he represented the County Council, of which he was member for Bonnybridge, on the County Licensing Court. He was a Director of Stirling Royal Infirmary, Chairman of the Nursing Association, and, in short, was at all times a warm friend and supporter of institutions which existed for the alleviation of suffering and distress. It was as a politician, however, that he came most prominently before the public. An ardent supporter of the Liberal cause, he enjoyed the friendship of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman for over twenty years, and the honour of knighthood which was conferred on him in 1907 was a fitting award from the Premier to whom he had been so long an adherent.

Sir James was enthusiastically devoted to outdoor sports, fishing, curling, and bowling being his favourites.

Many tributes have been paid to the memory of Sir James, and of these we are enabled to quote from two, both by friends well able to speak.

Mr Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., says that the town of Stirling has suffered a severe loss in the death of Sir James Smith, one of its most prominent and public-spirited citizens. Deep personal sorrow was felt by numberless friends and acquaintances at the removal from their midst of one of the most kindly and sympathetic of men, while the Liberals of the Stirling District of Burghs, and more especially the members of the Stirling Liberal Association, had also sustained an irreparable loss. As the trusted friend of his predecessor, the

late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir James had for long been the leader of Liberalism in Stirling, and it was largely due to his untiring efforts that the Liberal cause continued to triumph after he (Mr Ponsonby) was chosen to succeed the late Prime Minister. A man of strong convictions, great courage, sound judgment, and unflinching steadfastness of purpose, he regarded his political views more as a fundamental creed than a passing opinion. By the uprightness of his example he taught others the value of sincerity, and he gained the highest respect of his opponents by his fairness and tolerance.

At the close of his sermon at the forenoon service in Allan Park U.F. Church on Sunday, Rev. A. M. Johnston, B.D., made feeling reference to the death of Sir James Smith. Sir James, he said, was known to many of them for a longer time, and better, perhaps, than he knew him; but he could confidently say that there were few members of their congregation more interested in the welfare of Allan Park Church, and none more universally respected for his integrity of purpose, the genial frankness of his manner, and the kindly sympathy of his disposition. For thirty years he had taken an active share in the various organisations of the church life and work. His chief service for them had been on the Board of Management, where he held the office of Preses for some time. His willingness to give his time and thought to the furtherance of Christ's kingdom was shown in the interest he took in the mission work at Castlehill. For fifteen years he was convener of the Mission Committee, and always rejoiced in the report of good work done in the Master's name. In all the service he rendered them he was as open-handed and liberal of his wealth as he was of his leisure. All this he did because he prayed for the peace and prosperity of Zion. He cherished old Scottish observance of the Sabbath Day; he delighted in God's House; he walked in the ways of his fathers. However much one might differ from him in matters of opinion, one felt that Sir James was guided by a desire to do good. No one could question the honourableness of his motive. His great desire seemed to be to leave the world better than he found it. But to really know Sir James one had to meet him at his hospitable board, and see him at his own fireside, surrounded by his family. There he revealed himself in his gentlest aspect, and one felt that in his heart at least there was no narrowness of kindness. He was sure they all joined in prayerful sympathy for the widow and family who had lost a husband and a father whom to know was to love and admire.

A note of personal sorrow is most justly due from us because of the loss sustained by Dollarians, in the death of Sir James, a man who in wise cheerfulness, geniality, and frankness, freshened the whole moral atmosphere around him. He was sincerity itself in the perfect candour of his nature, and yet singularly charitable in his judgment of others. It will be his kindness of heart, his manly simplicity, and a peculiar sweetness of disposition which will best recall his memory to his friends.

Rhyme of the Angler.

[Dedicated to the Dollar boys, old and young, who fish that "crystal Devon" in which the rhymers tried his 'prentice-hand as an angler so many years ago—*console Palmerstono*. While fishing the trout-streams among the Blue Ridge Mountains of the Carolinas, often would he fain be whipping the gravelly shallows at Crook o' Devon, or trying to land a pounder from Willie's Pool at Dollar, or catching a good basket between Tait's Tomb and the Round Hole at Tillicoultry.

The Chatooga, mentioned in the "Rhyme," is an ideal trout-stream.]

O GENTLE Spring ! O joyous Spring !
I know that you are coming :
At dawn I heard the red-bird sing ;
I hear the bees a-humming.
The ice—we gladly saw it go
From lake and stream and fountain :
Only one lessening patch of snow
Is left far up the mountain.

Come, bonnie Spring ! Come, balmy Spring !
We're tired of winter weather ;
With bird and beast and creeping thing
We welcome you together.
The sap moves in the naked trees,
The fresh young grass is showing,
And there's a whisper on the breeze
That flowers will soon be blowing.

Some love the Spring for this, and that,
And some for t'other reason ;
I have my reason plain and pat—
It brings the fishing season.
My boys upraise a joyful shout,
"Goodbye to eggs and bacon !
We'll breakfast now on fine fresh trout
From the Chatooga taken !"
The law's close time will soon be o'er,
Just four weeks from next Monday ;
Some wish it were the day before,
For trout bite best on Sunday.
Already I cast longing eyes
On streams by law protected :
Where rather would I cast my flies—
Ev'n now I am suspected.

Sing hey, my rod ! and ho, my reel !
We soon will go a-fishing,
The wanton trout Spring-hunger feel ;
For fly and red-worm wishing.
What joy the busy town to leave,
A whole long week to wander,
From hazy morn to dusky eve
Where Blue Ridge streams meander ;
Alone with rod and reel and hook,
Afar from life's dull duties,
To whip an amber-coloured brook
And land the speckled beauties.

A stream I know in mountain glen—
The tourist saw it never :
Far from the homes and haunts of men
It grows from rill to river.
There many a quiet pool I know
Shall see my flies a-skimming,
And many a dancing shoal below,
Where lusty trout are swimming.

In all that virgin forest round
Reign blesséd peace and quiet.
No creaking wain, no axe's sound,
No buzzing saw comes nigh it.
And unnamed flowers in unknown dells
'Mid moss and fern are springing ;
And all around the chorus swells
Of small birds sweetly singing.

When no wind stirs and skies are grey,
And air is warm and hazy,
O then to angle all the day
Through vale and forest mazy :
With now and then a drizzling shower
The limpid water dimpling,
And not a sound from hour to hour
To mar the water's wimpling.

See there ! that fine twelve-inch shoot
Swift like a living arrow !
He's lurking 'neath that red-oak root,
There, where the stream is narrow.
Now cast your well-dissembled fly
Along the pool's calm bosom :
Play, as if moth were fluttering by :
Quiet ! or you will lose 'im.
Ha ! There he took an eager bite !
Now, wind him in :—a capture !
O, can there be more pure delight
Than th' angler's silent rapture !

Along the stream he slowly strolls,
Now in the shallows wading.
Now lingering beside dark holes
With shelving rocks o'ershading.
He's lonely, think you ? Nay, not he ;
He wants not a companion ;
His rod is ample company
Down in the deepest cañon.
No human face he cares to see—
The face of water only !
With lightsome heart still angles he,
Alone, but never lonely.

He looks on many a lovely view
Of mountain, cliff, and valley,
And tree-choked gorges, trod by few,
And many a darksome alley.
He sees the roaring cataracts
With spray the tree-tops sprinkling
And lists from far-off pasture tracts
The cow-bell's softened tinkling.

Sometimes he sees the startled stag
Flee through the forest bounding ;
Sometimes he hears from lofty crag
The eagle's challenge sounding.

Anon the stately turkeys come
And strut and preen unfearing,
While the cock-pheasant sounds his drum
Within a sunny clearing.

He sees the rhododendron blooms
Over the water dangling ;
And honeysuckle's sweet perfumes
Regale him while he's angling.
The dogwood sheds its bloom in showers
Like milk-white snowflakes falling,
The laurel waves its pink-flecked flowers
Where wild cascades are brawling.
Azaleas blaze in woodland cool
Like ruddy flames a-glimmering,
And o'er the waterfall's dark pool
Bright rainbow hues are shimmering.

Some may prefer to take their gun
And pointer dog or setter,
To shoot from dawn till set of sun ;
They don't know any better.
Some find great pleasure playing golf,
Or at lawn-tennis wrangling ;
Did they but know, they would be off
For a long day of angling.
Others in driving drag or 'bus,
Or tally-ho, or tandem,
Take their delight. *De gustibus—*
You know—*non disputandum.*

When scent lies strong in morning dew,
I love the hounds to follow ;
To hear the cheery "View Halloo !"
And "For'ard to the hollo !"
I love to stalk the antlered deer
To his lair in laurel tangle :—
Rare sport—but not to me so rare
As fishing with the angle.
O, it's my delight from morn till night
To fish and fill my basket !
If there be bliss greater than this,
I do not care to ask it.

There's something in our gentle art—
And, sure, 'tis no small merit—
Which doth a soothing calm impart
And cheerfulness of spirit—
A sweet serenity of mind
No other sport produces—
Go, try it, sir ! you soon will find
Its philosophic uses.
O, you may search from pole to pole,—
No sport so good and meet is
For "helt of hodie and of soule"
(See Izaak Walton's *Tretyse*).

I take for granted you're imbued
With a true love of sport, sir :
For they who only fish for food
Are of the baser sort, sir.
To them, all that I've said to you,
Would sound unmeaning jangle ;
But it is felt and known t' be true
By Brothers of the Angle.
Real sportsman scorns the thought of gain ;
Success is not his measure ;
For trout he oft may fish in vain,
But ne'er in vain for pleasure.
Poets are not made, worthy sir,
Their genius comes by nature ;
The same with anglers. *Nascitur—*
Say I—*non fit Piscator.*

Then hey, my rod ! and ho, my reel !
We soon will go a-fishing.
The leaping trout Spring-hunger feel,
For fly and red-worm wishing.
The schoolboy on a holiday,
The desk-slave on an outing,
Feels not so happy nor so gay
As I when I go trouting.
For it's my delight from morn till night
To fish and fill my basket !
If there be greater bliss than this,
I do not care to ask it.

W. C. BENET.

Nature Notes.

OBSERVATIONS AT THE ROOKERY.

By J. STRACHAN, M.D.

FEW, I fear, realise the very great advantage, from an educational point of view, which we possess in the interesting colony of rooks which have, of recent years, elected to settle their nesting quarters upon the large trees fortunately still remaining to adorn our bonny little town. As an object lesson—obvious, clamorous, and almost continuous day by day, month by month, and year by year—in the social and nesting habits of these birds, it appears to me one of the most interesting and instructive in the whole range of natural history. The large size, striking appearance, and beautiful flight of the rook appeal to every eye. Its comparative fearlessness, amounting almost to domesticity, renders us familiar with every detail of form, plumage,

and manner; while the social and domestic instincts of the tribe, openly carried on and freely displayed in our midst, yield abundant food for observation and reflection. Properly understood and appreciated, the settlement may thus be regarded as a very fortunate occurrence in the annals of Dollar, and one to be utilised to the full in guiding and directing the young mind into lines of thought and observation which may tend greatly to the enjoyment of the coming life, an object scarcely less important than industrial or professional success. A close study of the subject, such as has been bestowed on the habits of ants, bees, and wasps, might well fill a volume, and afford, like the above, most interesting and delightful reading. I have, of course, made no such study, and can speak of no more than may be seen and known by all who care to look. Such as they are, however, they may serve to point the way in this and other kindred matters to those who have the ulterior welfare and happiness, and not merely the temporary indulgence, of the young at heart.

After the young rooks of the season have acquired wing power sufficient to carry them far afield for food and roosting accommodation, the rookery is entirely deserted for a time, and the silence and stillness there are in marked contrast to the two or three weeks of busy and clamorous feeding in the nest. Young and old together, along with those of many other rookeries, now betake themselves to the fields for food, to the air for recreation, and to the extensive pine woods about Aberdona and Forestmill for sleeping—or at least roosting—quarters. In each and all they present a most notable spectacle. Some hundreds of rooks, frequently in company with like numbers of jackdaws, gulls, and starlings, is about the most common, and certainly the most conspicuous object in bird life to be seen in this neighbourhood. The term "common" is not here used slightly, as if rooks were, on that account, less worthy of notice; but as indicating relatively greater value by affording the more abundant source of pleasure to those who are capable of enjoying it. To such, nothing would take more from the enjoyment of a country walk than any marked reduction in the number of crows. Close observation of such a gathering will reveal much beyond the mere act of feeding that is well worth looking at, the individual conduct toward one another being often very amusing, as well as interesting and suggestive. During the autumn and winter months, large assemblies of rooks may frequently be seen high, sometimes very high, in the air, disporting themselves as in the mazes of a graceful dance. It is well worth one's while to stop and watch such an assembly; as it presents, I think, one of the most beautiful demonstrations in aeroplaning which can be conceived, very suggestive of the gymkhana of the future; while the manner of descent from that giddy height is an equally fine example of the volplane. The

remarkable spectacle presented of a winter evening by many thousands of these birds silently and easily wending their way, in seemingly endless procession, to the woods, is referred to in "The Cottar's Saturday Night" as "The blackening trains o' craws to their repose." It is a sight worth seeing, and cannot fail to impress the observer with the ease, silence, and gracefulness of Nature's mode of aerial travel, as contrasted with the rush and noise of the whirring screw-driven machine which now represents the highest device of human flying. There is nothing miraculous in the flight of the bird, and nothing, one would think, which could not be imitated by human ingenuity and mechanical contrivance. If we could condescend to adopt Nature's mode of propulsion by the beat of the wing, flying, with us, might be as easy and silent as that of the rook.

"When chill November's surly blast makes fields and forests bare" the rooks show concern as to the condition of the nests, and take council together on rookery affairs, visiting the township frequently during the winter months. At such times the silence and desolation of the tree tops are transformed into a gay and animated scene, when a hundred or more rooks gather upon bare branches, each and all having apparently a lot to say concerning the object of the meeting. Such assemblies are evidently the result of some preconcerted arrangement, the birds, on the given day and hour, being seen in twos and threes and dozens and scores flying in from all points of the compass till they may be counted by the hundred and heard from a considerable distance. Each party as it arrives enters into conversation with those already there; and there is much flapping of wings and hopping from branch to branch before they all get settled into their proper places. When all are assembled there is comparative quiet, the vocalising, not to call it talk, being confined to one or two individuals, with occasional bursts of general clamour and flutter, as of applause or agreement, or otherwise, as the case may be. The vocalism is exceedingly varied in tone and utterance, and may well be supposed to convey a corresponding variety of meanings to those concerned. Sometimes, after an animated harangue by one old crow, the whole company suddenly take wing, and, with much fluttering and cawing, rise above the trees, fly round about for a short time, and then quietly settle back into their places, and the confabulation proceeds as before. This may be repeated several times before the final break-up, when the whole crowd disperse in all directions, and for days or weeks not a rook is to be seen about the rookery. Such assemblies would, I believe, form an intensely interesting subject of close study by a naturalist of the type of Sir John Lubbock, and they may, in some cases, be observed while seated comfortably at an open window within twenty or thirty yards of the company, whence all their sayings and doings may be readily noted. A series of snapshots,

or, still better, of cinematograph views, along with phonetic shorthand notes taken under such circumstances, might record a world of information regarding the wisdom displayed by Nature in regulating and harmonising gregarious life among birds. Even under ordinary and casual observation they present to the mind capable of seeing them very attractive and enjoyable pictures, suggestive of a far deeper meaning than meets the eye, giving food for pleasant thought and speculation.

On the approach of spring the birds, as with young men and maidens, turn to thoughts of love; and early in the year, probably about St Valentine's Day, this is conspicuously displayed in the sky by the rooks flying, not as before singly or in promiscuous groups, but in pairs, or very often a couple of pairs, very suggestive of the constellation *Corvus* to be seen about the same time low down in the southern sky near the bright star Spica in Virgo. Artemus Ward was greatly puzzled over the names of the stars. He could understand, he said, how astronomers could calculate their distances, their weight, their composition, &c., but what he never could comprehend was how they ever managed to find out their names. Now I believe they found out the name of, or a name for, this particular group of four stars by so often seeing the crows fly in such formation, just as we do now, which is an instance of how intimately the stars and the habits of birds connect the present with the far distant past. The composition of the quartette is probably an old couple along with a daughter—who, as of course we all know, remains a daughter all her life—and her mate who has left father and mother and clings to his wife.

The same change takes place at the rookery, where all the comings and goings are now also in pairs; and the all-important question of nesting is entered upon. The general location of the rookery seems to have been settled at some previous conclave, as very marked changes are soon apparent in the entire disappearance of whole groups of nests from the trees where a week or so before they were very conspicuous. Not only are such places deserted, but every vestige of the old nests is cleared away. This removal of discarded nests may be the explanation of the so-called disciplinary tearing to pieces of nests, owing to some misdemeanour on the part of the owners, which we sometimes see described. I do not believe in any misdemeanour occurring in a community which is strictly under the guidance of the social instincts. These are as much a part of the bird as are its bodily organs. They correspond to our moral laws, but no penal code is required to enforce them. In terms of the Prayer Book, God has inclined their hearts to keep these laws; and, as with honest people, it would be against their nature to act otherwise.

Rooks are said to be very intolerant of any intrusion of outsiders upon their domain, but exception to this must, of necessity, be made in the case of young males, otherwise deterioration, from inbreeding, would soon take place. In the promiscuous gatherings in the fields during the winter months, to which reference has been made, while the old couples, having mated for life, will keep up conjugal relations, the young of the various rookeries will, no doubt, mingle freely together, and have a merry time of it. Love matches and matrimonial arrangements, in which the principle of cross fertilisation will play an important part, will then take place. The female will, from filial affection, keep to her native rookery, where her alien spouse will be welcomed as imparting new blood to the community.

Considerable changes continue to be made in location, seemingly with a general tendency eastwards. There are only four nests now in the fine beech trees opposite Brooklands which formerly contained a large part of the rookery ; while a much greater number than last year are on the east side of the burn. Most of the old nests are however, simply cleaned up and repaired by their owners in preparation for this year's brood. The young couples have, of course, to build for themselves, the selection of place being made by the female, who naturally seeks to get as close as she can to her mother's wing. Whether this tends to conjugal peace and harmony is a question ; and the apparent scuffles one occasionally sees over such a nest are suggestive of undue interference by the mother-in-law. I have not been able to make out any actual fighting in these cases where three or four, or even half-a-dozen, were flapping, cawing, and tumbling together ; and I am inclined to the view that the scene may be a demonstration of parental and grandmotherly joy, along with neighbourly sympathy, over, perhaps, a first egg.

Nest building, which is understood to begin on the first Sunday in March, is very openly and confidently carried on among the branches as yet bare of foliage. We can watch every step of the process, and see the structure gradually rise from a few cross sticks to a bulky and conspicuous object in the tree. The solicitude and judgment of the bird in selecting and breaking off suitable twigs, which must always be fresh, is interesting. The roadway under the old nests is often thickly strewn with decayed twigs discarded during the process of repair. Safety is sought, not by concealment, as with most birds, but by placing the nest on a comparatively slender branch which is cunningly judged to be strong enough to bear the weight of the nest and its contents, but not that of a boy, practically the only enemy to be feared. Would that boys could be brought to take a more human and intelligent interest in nests and eggs than that of mere robbery and destruction.

By the beginning of May the shrill and strident sounds coming,

along with much excited cawing, from the tree tops proclaim the hatching out of the young birds ; and the busy season of feeding in the nest commences. It is a providential circumstance, in regard to farming, that this takes place at the time when the land is, to a great extent, broken up, and noxious grubs, on which the young are largely fed, exposed. Many thousands of these must be thus destroyed in this district during the nesting season, with what benefit to the farmer it is for him to say. The harm done by rooks is confined to some two, or, at most, three months, while the good they do may be reckoned by almost every day in the year. Unfortunately the former is very obvious, but the latter could be demonstrated only by its loss—when a destroying host which cannot be shot or trapped or even seen, and would go on increasing in numbers almost day by day, would play havoc with the crops. Only the bird comes between us and starvation from this cause. Well may the farmer make the birds welcome to the small toll which they levy upon the product of his and their labour.

A Day in the Life of an Ochil Cock-Laird.

PART II.

THE "Hummel Coo" was a fair specimen of the inns of that period, being none too comfortable, and certainly not as clean as it ought to have been. Old John and his cronies, however, did not care a bodle about the ramshackle appearance of the tavern, for its two-penny yills and its whiskies were "just awfu guid," and, according to the frequenters of the place, constituted the best of good cheer, a term varying considerably in its conceptions. The day being one of rejoicing, and rejoicing, at that period, consisting more or less of hard, deep tipping, the public room of the tavern was choc-a-bloc with a heterogeneous company of merry-makers. Cock-lairds drank together with packmen ; lawyers sate cheek-by-jowl with ploughmen, and local big-wigs tilted the festive quaich with the burgh worthies, calling them "Daft Wull," or "Hempie Tam," or "Crotchety Bob," according to their *sobriquets*.

The group seated around John's table comprised Mr Fourantwa, "Wattie the Loon," and a packman from Glasgow. The carousal was commenced by the lawyer paying "a round" of drinks, the succeeding rounds being paid by the others in rotation—a rule, we may add, which disguised the expense under a semblance of generosity, as it still does, to some extent, both in our cities and on the Continent.

As the minutes passed, the tongues of the revellers became looser and more loose ; but it might have been remarked, that the packman from Glasgow did not appear so quickly to become merry, but seemed, on the contrary, to grow more business-like with each succeeding potation. He well knew that, as his companions grew more and more fuddled, so would they become more ready to open their purses, and relieve him of some of his wares. Judging

his time, therefore, he suddenly rose from the table, and, extracting a bundle of literature from the pack at his feet, jumped upon a bench, and delivered himself of the following words in recommendation of his books:—

“Citizens o’ this brugh toun! give an ear to the words o’ Chapman Saunders o’ Glesca. Ye hae a’ heard tell o’ Dougald Gullfoks,* the bellman o’ Learbrugh, and weel ken whatnan unco glib body at the pen is he; and ye hae a’ gotten satisfaction on perusal o’ his ‘History of the Aberdeen Abductors,’ † or hae lauched till the tears hae run doon yer cheeks at his ‘Comical Sayings of Willie from Waterford.’ I ha’e na doot, therefore, that ye’ll be verra eager tae buy a wheen copies o’ his latest chap-buik, quhilk relates to ane historical circumstance conneket wi’ this district. In quhilk case, citizens, I declare myself as willing tae distribute amang ye a leemited number o’ copies o’ the brochure entitled, ‘Tween Auldearn and Kilsythe’; and my charge, citizens, will be ane penny. Ane penny wull obtain ye a copy o’ this marvellous buik, quhilk I guarantee tae be the maist famous o’ the great Dougald’s endeavours.”

Saying which, the packman jumped down from the bench, and walked among the assembled tippers, selling many copies of the chap-book. Eventually he came to the table at which old John was seated, and said:—

“Hae ye yer pennies ready, gentlemen? Ye maun mak the best o’ the opportunity, ye ken. Sir”—to old John—“yer penny, if so be it pleases ye.”

Mr Ochilaird looked longingly at the proffered chap-book, and sighed deeply.

“Maister Chapman,” said he, “did ye say wan haepenny? Siller is unco scarce, ye ken, and——”

“Ane penny obtains ye the chap-buik,” interrupted the itinerant. “Div ye think I’m a Wast Indian merchant, that I can afford tae sell my wares at a haepenny the piece? Hoots, toots! I couldna dae it, sir. Na, na! Ane penny obtains ye the chap-buik, and no’ nae less.” ‡

Perceiving that it was useless to attempt to make a bargain, the worthy John produced a reluctant penny, and passed it to the chapman, who handed him, in return, a copy of the brochure. Both Mr Fourantwa and Wattie the Loon having purchased copies, the chapman departed from the “Hummel Coo” in great glee.

Now, it must be told that old John Ochilaird rather fancied himself as an

* *Dougald Gullfoks* is, of course, an imaginary character. At that period, however, there lived a certain Dugald Grahame, the bellman of Glasgow, who was responsible for the greater number of popular brochures, or chap-books, which were wont to be sold among the peasantry by chapmen. Grahame, who was a native of Raploch in Stirlingshire, was the author of a metrical “History of the Rebellion in 1745.” A copy of this book, which was a great favourite with Sir Walter Scott, may be found in the Mitchell Library, Glasgow.

† *Aberdeen Abductors*.—About the middle of the eighteenth century a regular trade was carried on in kidnapping young persons to be transported to the American plantations, where they were sold as slaves. This disreputable trade was carried on to a large extent in Aberdeen, in which city, a certain Bailie Fordyce, and the town-clerk depute, were greatly concerned in the scandalous abductions. For further information see Tytler’s “History of Scotland,” Part ix. p. 282.

‡ These chap-books were usually sold at a penny. As far as we can learn, they seem to have been printed and published by one, John Robertson, in the Saltmarket, Glasgow.

elocutionist, he being precentor in the Kirk of — ; so, his tongue being much loosened by the potations which he had imbibed, he expressed himself as feeling it incumbent upon him to read aloud the text of his brochure.

“Sirs,” said he, addressing his two companions, “wad ye tak it kindly gin I were tae read ye an excerpt frae this marvellous chap-buik? Ye ken, I maun hae a wee bit practeese, and——”

“Hoots!” broke in the lawyer, as he applied himself to his quaich, “I anticipate ye, and ken brawly what ye wad say. I sall be maist pleased tae listen t’ ye; and, speaking on behoof o’ Wattie here, I think I may say that, whenever John Ochilaird deigns tae speechify, the attention payed him couldna ha’e been surpassed at ony Conventicle held amang the Kilsythe or the Pentland Hills. So, fire awa, John Ochilaird. Fire awa. We’s ha’e muckle pleasure in listening t’ ye, I’m sure.”

Being thus encouraged, the worthy cock-laird opened his chap-book, and commenced, in an expressionless tone of voice, to read the following composition:—

’TWEEN AULDEARN AND KILSYTHE.

A BROADSIDE, BY DOUGALD GULLFOKS.

MCVIXXI.

A when years maur, a hunner year :
A time o’ bluidshed, fire, an’ fear ;
When G’lespie Grumach curst his luck,
And prayed a fairer share o’ pluck ; *
When Hielanders wi’ bluid were dreuck ;
There lived in Dollar up the vale,
A spawwife-witch ca’ed Annandale,
Wha girt hersel’ in evil’s cloak,
And hob-a-nobbed wi’ Cloutie’s fouk.

In yon wee bittock toun o’ Gloume,
When autumn sealed blyth simmer’s doom,
The peasant fouks wad meet at e’en,
At Gateside † Inn o’ Tousie Jean ;
They’d coorie roun’ the cheery hearth,
An’ crack o’ war, the crap, the dearth—
Of a’ pertaining to this earth ;
And whiles they’d sink their voices doon,
Syn’e look askance at Kirsty Broom,
Wha’d sigh, and wisely shake her pow,
And then ejaculate : “ Eh, wow !
On sicna nicht as this, they say,
The kelpies, spunks, and bogles play,
An’ sing an’ yell frae grey tae grey,
Or gyrate roun’ the Maiden’s Well,
Whar sits the deevil’s gude-wife, Nell,
Yon grisly witch, Nell Annandale,
Whae suld be cuist frae Devon’s Vale.”

* *Gillespie Grumach*.—A Highland name for the Earl of Argyll. At the battle of Inverlochie in the earlier stages of the Montrose campaign, Argyll proved himself somewhat “tactless,” by escaping from the field at the outset of operations. (See Scott’s “A Legend of Montrose,” Chap. 18.)

† *Gateside*.—A Dollar inn, at which Argyll slept on one of his visits to the village—probably after the destruction of his castle by Montrose.

“ Ay ! that she suld,” wad ane reply ;
“ I wad she’d on her besom fly,
And kerry aff her deevil cat ! ”
’Twas with sic whispered gab as that,
The e’enin hour was wont to flee,
Wi’ sup and bite, and barley-bree,
And penny ale for company.

Ae gusty night the peasant folk
Were sate them doun to drink and smoke,
And haver in sic manner daft,
To vow their hate o’ witches’ craft.
Ane gied his views a deal o’ air,
And mantet till his throat was sair ;
Then Muckle Bob o’ Ellieston,*
Took up the sang, and said : “ Ohone !
Ohone ! She’d ill us, I jalouse :
Eh, sirs ! we’s fire the witch’s hoose,
And burn her in’t, the wicked puss ! ”

But as he spak, the thunder rolled,
As though ’t would say : “ Now, you be bold !
Awa ye ! to yer hames ye go,
And cease yer braggadocio ! ”
Then, as the echoes quat the vale,
A voice was heard abune the gale :
“ Beware ! ” it said, “ ye fules, beware !
Or monie hours the Burn o’ Care,
Whilk sweeps the Castell Gloume near by,
Sall lighted be—as e’en the sky—
As mighty flames roll heav’nward high.
So, e’en beware ! e’en cease your threats :
Sic talk a spaw-wife ne’er forgets,

* *Ellieston*.—A portion of a village called Easterton, which was situated between Harvieston and Westerton. Easterton was entirely cleared away when the garden for Harvieston Castle was formed. The present Tillicoultry is Westerton very much enlarged.

As thou s'alt fin', whane'er the sun
Sall neist behold ye frae abune—
Afore his upward sclimb is dune.
Beware, ye fules ! Ye fules, beware !
Thou'lt rue the day for evermair."

And, when the voice had ceast to speak,
Fou wide ilk e'e, fou blanch'd ilk cheek—
They daurna furth their hames to seek ;
And, when at last they gaed their gate,

The morning hours were unco late ;
The Cleish were redd'ning i' the yeast :
The hill-taps wad be fiery neist ;
And then the sun wad tap the rise,
And reign triumphant i' the skies.
But, when ilk peasant reached his hame,
He dooted na the weird wad come,
The morrow-day wad see his doom,
The desolation o' his hairth—
A day o' moil upo' the earth. I. S. B.

(*To be continued.*)

The Historic Setting of "Much Ado about Nothing."

BY MRS HINTON STEWART.

THE simplest way of appreciating the Shakespeare plays is to read them for their interest and beauty, and to extract as much enjoyment from the perusal as we are capable of doing. When it is a question, however, of deeper study, of considering the plays in connection with contemporary history, or with the sources of the plots, or with the author himself, there are three methods, any one of which may be adopted.

The first and the commonest of these methods is to form a frame out of the life and personality of William Shakespeare, the traditional author, and then so to read the plays as to make them fit this frame.

A second plan is to go direct to the plays, to launch out fearlessly upon the ocean of their fullness, to revel in the wisdom, the skill, the beauty, the infinite variety of charm revealed in them, and then to stretch the frame to fit the picture. To this class belong all the greater Shakespearean critics, and, as an example, we may point to the masterly articles by Dr Churton Collins, wherein he shows that the dramatist was indebted to the whole round of classical literature, both Greek and Latin, in the structure of his plays, and assumes, *propter hoc*, that a sufficient education was provided at the Grammar School of Stratford-on-Avon to account for all the classical learning he thus indicates.

There is a third method which, though rarely tried, may be interesting and cannot be hurtful, and that is to study the works of Shakespeare without any frame, to attach no personality of any kind to them, but to treat them as though they had been handed down to posterity as the work of "Ignotus," or "Nemo," or any other shadow that could place no limitation whatever upon criticism. The advantage of this plan is that it allows free scope to an internal and external study of the plays, unhampered by the need to reconcile the issue with any individual personality. Keeping altogether clear of the vexed question of authorship, we shall accept the name "Shakespeare" as having been adopted by the author, whoever he may have been, as a pseudonym containing no clue whatever to his identity.

It is on this method that we propose to study "Much Ado about Nothing," following freely to their sources the various tributaries indicated by the text. It was first published in 1600, and was probably written a few years earlier.

The late Professor Dowden, referring primarily to the text of the plays rather than to the life of the author, divides the works of Shakespeare into four

periods, which he names appropriately (1) "In the Workshop," (2) "In the World," (3) "Out of the Depths," and (4) "On the Heights." "Much Ado" belongs to the second of these groups. When it was written, as we may see from the output of this wonderful period, which embraces all the great Italian comedies, the whole historic series except Henry VIII., and the idyllic tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet," Shakespeare must indeed have been "in the world," not only of actors and dramatists, but (according to Professor Raleigh,* and still more in accordance with the courtly atmosphere of his plays) "mixing on intimate terms with those in the highest courtly circles." He must have been acquainted with the noble Mary Sidney, Sir Philip's sister, with the high-spirited Lady Mary Howard, the "fair Ann Cecil," the beautiful Penelope Rich, the discreet Bridget Manners, and many other exquisite beings whose idealised forms we see moving with unapproachable grace through Shakespeare's shifting gallery of dramas. Thus he would meet ambassadors from foreign lands, courtly visitors from France, Germany, and Spain, scientific men from English and foreign universities, with all of whom, as we know from his works, he could converse on their own special topic with such ease and fullness that the air, a chartered libertine, would pause to listen. He could learn from them the news of their respective countries, both political and literary, not for the purpose of "getting up" enough information to write a certain play, but because his large heart embraced all within its grasp, and his infinite mind (infinite as judged by the standard of other men) looked upon the whole planet, real and ideal, as the Home of God's Family, from the Indian votaress who gossiped with Titania, and left to her care her orphan boy, to the unhappy daughter of Spanish monarchs who died in England, wronged and unfriended, yet found in Shakespeare's drama her justification and her everlasting monument.†

Although the scene of the play we are discussing is laid in Messina, it reflects this Society faithfully, and all the characters are essentially English, except, perhaps, Don John, Borachio, and Conrade, who have a foreign flavour. The original source of the main plot, the troubled wooing of Hero and Claudio, is to be found in Ariosto's poem, "Orlando Furioso," published in 1515. A paraphrase of this story, "Ariodante and Geneva," which forms part of the "Orlando," appeared in Nos. 37 and 38 of the *Dollar Magazine*, and by reference to that, or to its Italian original, it may be more fully seen how far Shakespeare is indebted to Ariosto for the plot of his drama. It is indeed much changed, for, as we shall see, the dramatist followed an Italian novel rather than Ariosto's romantic story of the Scottish princess, but in a few points he adheres to the poem where the novel departs from it. The maid Dalinda in the balcony, dressed in imitation of her mistress, and receiving the embraces of the false and treacherous Duke of Albany, is reproduced in the more innocent Margaret attired in Hero's garments, answering to the name of Hero, and bidding Borachio "a thousand times 'good-night'" from Hero's chamber window. In the poem the lover Ariodante and (unknown to him) his brother Lurcanio are watching the deceptive scene; in the drama Claudio and Don Pedro are the listeners.

* "Shakespeare," p. 55.

† Katherine of Arragon, "Henry VIII."

Another point which the dramatist has taken from the poem rather than the novel is the public and sensational denunciation of the unfortunate heroine. In Ariosto's poem Lurcanio chooses the time when "the throng was fullest in the hall" to denounce Genevra before the king and all the company; Shakespeare makes Claudio, still more dramatically, reject and accuse Hero at the altar before the whole wedding assemblage—no small one, since Ursula informs Hero that "the prince, the count, and Signior Benedick, Don John, *and all the gallants of the town* are come to fetch you to church" (III., iv. 95).

Another point of resemblance, absent from the second source we have to consider, is the wickedness of the arch-villains. Polinessa, Duke of Albany, begins his courtship of Genevra avowedly from motives of ambition, and, when he finds that he is forestalled by Ariodante, what love he had for the princess is changed into the most deadly hate. He deceives her lover into believing her false, a capital crime in the Scotland of that day, and, when she is condemned, he gloats over the thought of her death at the stake, and would fain hasten the event. To remove all fear of discovery he even plans the murder of Dalinda, whom he professes to love, and who has been only too faithful to him. Shakespeare's villain, Don John, bastard brother of Pedro, Prince of Arragon, is not moved by any interest in Hero either of love or courtship, but he possesses the same malignant disposition as his Scottish prototype. Without himself taking the initiative, he encourages his follower, Borachio, by a promised reward of a thousand ducats, to ruin the character of Hero and the happiness of Claudio, and thus to spite the prince, his brother, whom he hates. He himself informs the prince that the bride he has gained for his friend is disloyal, and leads them where they may be deceived into thinking the slander true.

(*To be continued.*)

To a Mosquito.

A Scottish Complaint from the East.

DE'IL tak' your ugly little face,
 'Thou chieftain o' the insect race,
 Abune them a' you hold your place
 As king o' flees;
 But yet your cantrips wad disgrace
 Puir bumble bees.

Whiles, in the gloamin', when I stroll,
 Your impudence is ill to thole;
 For, first o' bites you claim your toll
 In tens and dozens,
 And then you bring along a shoal
 O' freens and cousins.

Though lizards o'er my house may creep,
 And puddocks croak baith loud and deep,
 Though crickets in their thousands cheep,
 I hear you comin' :

And wha can get a wink o' sleep
 When you are bummin' ?

Last nicht, when round about my bed
 The curtains had been snugly spread,
 Wha found a hole aboon my head ?
 Wha slinkit through ?

Wha on a helpless mortal fed ?
 Aye, wha but you ?

And fine you ken, although you're sma',
 You've wings to let you flee awa' ;
 But folk like me wad only fa'
 And hurt our wee toes :

Mosquitoes, if they bite at a',
 Should bite mosquitoes.

A. S., JUN.

MYAUNGMYA.

From a Mosquito.

With Acknowledgments to the Circulation of A. S., jun.

FAIR fa' yer honest sonsy face,
 Great member o' the tourist race,
 Abune them a' ye tak' yer place
 For halesome feedin' ;
 I'll hae ma fill wi' thankfu' grace,
 An' leave ye bleedin'.

It cheers ma he'rt when week by week
 I see far aff the steamers' reek :
 I ken ere lang I'll hae a keek
 At something juicy,
 An' mak' a meal aff yer fat cheek,
 Wad staw a pussy.

The or'nar Anglo-Indian men
 Are bluidless as a starvin' hen,
 There's no' an honest meal in ten—
 Nor yet the weemen ;
 But you—man ! ance ma neb gets ben,
 It's just fair sweemin'.

But, Mr Tourist, time gangs by ;
 The day maun come when you an' I
 Must, wi' the teardrop in *my* eye,
 Prepare for partin'.
 Then I'll embrace ye wi' a sigh,
 An' leave ye scartin'.



R. K. Holmes

"THE OPEN ROAD"

(BELL'S BRIDGE)

Remember me ; I'll ask nae mair,
 But if ye find the memory sair,
 Ae thing at least ye'll mind, I'm shair,
 Abune a' ither ;
 I am (in spite o' a' yer care)
 Yer ain bluid brither.

D. Y. A.

GORAKHPUR.

Account of a Highland Wedding in 1772.

CONTRIBUTED BY ELLA R. CHRISTIE.

WE often hear the remark that the art of letter-writing is a lost one, and certainly the present day, with its hurried notes on half sheets, some even combined with flaps to farther save time, is not likely to produce the rounded periods and elaborate polite truisms such as form the preface to this letter, which gives an interesting description of bygone manners. And the letter is withal so modernly human in its longing for news of friends from such a remote distance as Grandtully was in those days, and one would fain know in what respect "the young people of this age are so degenerated," with the old and everlasting cry—"it was not so in my time."

The address on the outside of the carefully folded sheets might somewhat puzzle a modern postman to trace the ownership of the said house :—

"To Mrs SCRYMGEOUR,
 At her house,
 Old Assembly Close."

But letters of that day were a rarity to be only enjoyed by those who could afford to pay the heavy postage then demanded, and were therefore addressed to people of consequence, and known to all.

The letter thus proceeds, the original spelling and use of capital letters being preserved :—

"GRANDTULLY,
 April 20th 1772.

"MY DEAR BETTY,

Lady Stewart and I congratulate you most sincerely upon Mr Scrymgeour's happy recovery. Joy is so pleasant a sensation that every one is glad to have a share of it, so no thanks for your congratulations (say you) well it is true that the distance we were at prevented us from sharing, in all your Distress, or indeed in any part of it except by Reflection as we were happy enough to hear of his recovery at the same time that the account of his illness reached Grandtully, so you must just take our word upon it that we are friends in Distress as sincerely as in prosperity and I imagine we will all agree in wishing that no other proof of the above fact may ever be demanded but a verbal one.—This, I suppose will find you at Gilmerton. Are my father and mother still in town? Do you remain at Gilmerton till the Session sits down, or are you to be at Birkhill? has Betty Murray begun and ended the list of Marriages? how the young people of this age are degenerated it was not so in my time—apropos now that the

subject of Marriage is introduced I must and will give you an account of a highland Wedding, and lucky it is for you that you was not a witness, otherwise you could not have believed yourself married, and to be honest I must own I have some doubts, there was so great an odds in the Ceremonys ; yours so prudent, so composed, so much as it used to be, these here so exceedingly different ; but to the point let me first premise that when I give you an account of one Wedding you are not to imagine that there has only been one since we came Here, the fact is so much the reverse that there has not passed a week without an affair of that kind, but this last Bride living upon the Mains I had an opportunity of being a witness to a very new and a very agreeable entertainment,—the ladie's name was Stewart, and according to her account of the matter came of Sir John's family 300 years ago, her Brother's word indeed is all we have for it, for by some accident or another their family papers have been lost, or perhaps they never had any, but tradition *here* is equal if not superior to any parchments, so whatever your low country ideas may suggest to you, She is and must be acknowledged a Woman of family, not that she thinks it below her to spin her own Lint or bake her own cakes far from it, we are so primitive here that you will be surprised to see me twirling my Rock and my wee pickle tow when I come to pay you a visit at Gilmerton ; Well this same Lady was prevailed upon by a young tenant here to go to church last tuesday where they exchanged mutual promises of fidelity. The Bride returned home to her Mother's house and the Bridegroom to his own, after having appointed the Friday following for the day upon which the wedding was to be held at the respective houses. He went to his plough and she to her wheel and saw no more of one another before the said friday—You'll observe it was a private wedding like yours, that is the Bride had no one dining with her on the friday but her own near relations who did not exceed 50 or 60, and the Bridgroom had about the same number dining with him at his house : in the forenoon she came into my Aunt to beg she would allow the Servants to come over, She was handed by her best Man and best Maid, not in our vulgar way, by taking hold of her hand, but in this form. She held in each hand the corner of a clean white handkerchief, the other end of which the best man and maid had hold of, the fidler marched before and the whole company followed after her so that in a moment the road was quite full, and after having got Lady Stewart's permission for the Servants they returned in the same form. I inquired for the Bridegroom, and to my great amazement was told they were to see nothing of him before five o'clock when he and his company were to come and carry away the Bride, I begged them to come in and let me know when he was coming, but they told that would be needless because as soon as he was half way from his own house all his Company would fire their Musquets to let the Bride know he was at hand, and that this salute would be answered by the Bride's Company, accordingly I found I needed no other information and as soon as I heard the first firing out I run and stood at the end of the avenue—after the first firing the two Companys answered one another without interruption till the Bridegroom came to the door of the Bride's house. The piper marched playing all the way before the Bridegrooms Company, next to him was a man who carried a flag of a piece of woollen

cloath, with the colours of the Grandtully Livery, next to him followed the Bridegroom led by his best Maid and best Man, after them came all his Company, with a very large Favour in his bonnet and a Musquet and a pistol in his hand, at the meeting of the two companys they all gave one united fire and all the men made a bow to the Bridegroom who was conducted into the Bride and her friends. The company without doors were some dancing, some fencing (only w^t their Staffs) and in short nothing but jollity and mirth was to be seen, at last out came the flag to prepare the Company to march—The piper and fidler led the van, next came the Bride with her two supporters, then the bridegroom with his, then the flag followed by all the Company who were near a hundred I'm sure, and tho' they had eat pretty well at the Bride's they began again at the Bridegroom's where they staid till two oclock in the morning, and parted without a single man of them being drunk; there is for you—Do you believe there is any other people who have natural spirits enough to be so long jovial and happy without the Aid of artificial ones, I dont believe it for my part, so les Montaguards pour moi—When I began this, I had no idea it would have spun to such a length, however so it is, and with a thorough conviction of your resignation even under greater misfortunes than the reading of this long letter, I remain, my dear Betty your affec^{te} sister I Ferguson Lady Stewarts best compts and mine to Mr Scrymgeour pray is it true that Mr Barclay is appointed Moderator of the General Assembly?"

And so closes this glimpse of old time merry-makings, with a parting shot at the masterfulness or budding assertiveness of its women-kind, or who knows—mayhap ancestress of a modern suffragette!

More About Dollar as a Place Name.

BY REV. W. B. R. WILSON.

THERE is an old Scottish proverb which says that "A ganging foot is aye getting," a dictum which, however contradictory it may be to that other ancient saw, which assures us that "A rolling stone gathers no moss," my own experience as an investigator into the origin and significance of our local parish name abundantly confirms. For, assuredly, when some eighteen months ago, in response to an appeal from Judge Bennet on the other side of the Atlantic, I set myself to discover and examine the earliest extant references to our parish which exist either in ancient charters or in early manuscript histories, I had no idea that I would not be able to conclude my researches within the limit of a month or so. And certainly I did not dream that, after filling several pages in no fewer than four successive issues of the *Dollar Magazine* with a detailed account of my inquiries and discoveries I should be under the necessity of asking the Editor for the continued hospitality of these columns for additional communications from me dealing with the same seemingly inexhaustible theme. Nevertheless the fact is as I have just stated it. I am still far from having satisfactorily concluded my researches. Indeed I almost feel to-day, when I contemplate arriving at a

final and absolutely satisfactory close to my inquiry, as I presume our British soldiers felt towards the elusive Boer leader, General De Wet, some ten years ago, whom they were always on the eve of capturing, but whom they never did capture, viz., that there is no reason in the nature of things why my investigations should ever come to an end at all, or why, while this *Magazine* continues to exist and flourish, there should not appear, either from my own pen or from that of some kindred spirit, ever fresh lucubrations casting new light on the problems I have started to investigate. There is, however, one point in which, I believe, I can claim an advantage over the unfortunate pursuers of the wily Boer. It is this: that though I cannot yet boast, any more than they could, of having positively bagged my fox, I, however, have never on any occasion returned really empty-handed from any of my hunting expeditions. On the contrary, I think that all who have done me the honour of perusing the various papers in which I have published the progressive results reached and established by my inquiries, will readily acknowledge that I have already added considerably to the stock of knowledge possessed by the readers of this journal regarding the early history and manifold associations of the ancient parish of Dollar. And indeed, as I feel sure the present article will sufficiently demonstrate, the stream of fresh information which I have recently tapped is so far from showing any signs of presently drying up, that it actually runs with greater volume than ever. For unlike those Oriental rivers, of which we read that, after watering more than one fertile valley, they finally are absorbed and dissipated in the arid desert sands, through which they never find their way to the ocean goal to which their course was bent, the stream of my dissertation on the parish name of Dollar grows ever richer and more copious the further it proceeds, "Vires acquirit eundo," and its current, the longer it runs, runs ever the deeper and wider, and also the clearer and brighter.

Since the publication of the March number of this *Magazine*, in which I called my readers' attention to the existence of a remarkable group of rocks at the Land's End, one of which was known as "the Dollar," I have had the privilege and pleasure of perusing a delightful book on Cornwall, by that versatile and learned author, the Rev. Sabine Baring Gould. The book referred to, whose significant title is "A Book of the West," is not only written in the most charming style, but is at the same time full of recondite information of the most suggestive sort. A portion of that information, I am glad to say, seems to me to have a decided bearing on some of the points I am investigating in these papers. Thus in the chapter which treats of Land's End, though Mr Gould makes no reference at all to the group of rocks, of which the rock called "the Dollar" forms a part, yet, as in the engraved view of the coast at the Land's End, which faces the opening of the chapter dealing with that locality, three rocks present themselves very conspicuously to the observer, standing quite close to one another on the ridge of a lofty promontory which looks down on the seething tides below, and as these rocks are evidently the three rocks of which I wrote in the last number of this *Magazine*, I have no hesitation in saying that, from the lie of the land in their neighbourhood, exhibiting as it does a considerable plateau, with a broadish valley in front of the rising ground on which the aforesaid rocks are seen,

there would have been no difficulty at all in such armies as in primitive ages decided the disputes of rival tribes having once met there in sanguinary strife. And that some such internecine struggle has really taken place in that neighbourhood, Mr Gould entertains little or no doubt. Thus, in the opening paragraphs with which he introduces his chapter on the Land's End, he writes as follows: "The Land's End is properly Penwith, either Pen-gwaed, the Bloody Headland, or Pen-gwaedd, the Headland of Shouting. Probably it is the former, for it was the last place of refuge of the Ibernian population, and in the first years of the sixth century, even perhaps earlier, it was occupied by Irish settlers, and that there was fighting is clearly shown us in the legend of Saints Fingar and Piala. It must have been to the original people of the peninsula what Mona was to the Welsh."

All we *know* about this invasion is told us in the legend just mentioned, and that states that Fingar, the son of an Irish king, came to Hayle, landed there with his party, and was fallen upon by Tewdrig, the Cornish duke or king, who massacred some of the party. But the names of the parishes tell us more than that. They show us that the Irish were not defeated, that they made good their landing, and that they spread and occupied the whole of Penwith and Carnmarth, that is to say, the entire district of West Cornwall up to Camborne and the Lizard.

The colonists cannot have been few, and they must have purposed settling, for they brought women along with them; and that they were successful is assured by the fact that those killed by Tewdrig are recognised as martyrs. Had the Irish been driven away, they would have been regarded as pirates who had met their deserts.

This inroad seems to have been one of a succession of incursions, and the resistance of Tewdrig marks the revolt against Irish domination which took place after the death of Dathe in 428, the last Irish monarch who was able to exact tribute from Britain; though Oilive Molt may have attempted it, he was too much hampered by internal wars to make Irish authority felt in Britain. Oilive fell in 483.

The Irish saints, who followed their countrymen, came across in detachments. Senan, who has given his name to the parish in which Land's End is found, Erc (Erth), Setna (Sethney), Brig (Breage), Just were some of the earliest. There was trouble when Brig arrived, and she and her party fled from Tewdrig and fortified themselves on Tregonning Hill, where their camp still remains.

One thing, however, these Irish saints could not do, and that was to impress on the people the Scottish or Irish pronunciation. They were few among many, and they not only could not make the natives pronounce a hard *c*, but they were themselves obliged to suffer their own names to be softened, and the *c* in them to be turned into *p*, and the *f* into *gw*. Thus Kieran became Piran, and Fingar became Gwinear. The Irish *c* is always sounded like *k*, and the Cornish disliked this sound. When Saint Kiera settled in Cornwall she had to accustom herself to be called Piala, and Eoghain was melted down into Euny, and Erc softened into Erth.

I call attention to these facts because they seem to me to suggest the likelihood that the term Dollar at the Land's End may possibly have

originated in the same way as I surmise it came into existence in Scotland in every one of the localities in which we find it as a place name. Encouraged by that conviction I applied to the Rev. Baring Gould, to whom I owe the information I have conveyed in the above paragraphs, to inform me what he thought of the views I have propounded. He very courteously informed me that he preferred sending on my letter to Mr Henry Jenner, Hayle, who is the chief authority in Cornish place names, rather than to express any opinion of his own. Mr Jenner, I am glad to say, has not only taken much interest in my articles and letters, but has written me a most instructive and suggestive letter, in which, though he does not regard it as probable that the Cornish name originated as I had supposed it to do, he on the whole regards my interpretation of the Scottish place names as very feasible. Referring to the Cornish place names, in which the vocable Dollar appears, he notices the interesting fact that there is another Dollar besides the Dollar Rock in that county. There is, he informs me, a Dollar Ogo (Ogof, Welsh = cave) near the Lizard. And he remarks casually in regard to both of these names, that they are believed in the neighbourhood to have been so designated on account of dollars being discovered in the adjacent sea. Curiously enough in the May number of the popular monthly journal, *Chambers's Magazine*, in an article on "Treasure in Waiting," there is a pretty full account of one of the legends mentioned by Mr Jenner. It is to the following effect. In the year 1702 no fewer than seventeen galleons, with millions of treasure on board, were sunk in Vigo Bay, in North-Western Spain, so as to prevent their falling into the hands of the English admiral, Rooke. But strangely enough it is immediately added that "it is believed one of these Spanish galleons lies at the bottom of the sea near *Dollar Cove*" (observe the name here is not given as by Mr Jenner, viz., Dollar Cave), Mount's Bay, in Cornwall: and there is a local tradition that many years ago the farm hands in the neighbourhood were in the way of going down to the shore at low tide and picking up the dollars in buckets! To test the value of the tradition we are further informed that "A year or two ago a serious effort was made to effect salvage, if there was any salvage to be done, and diving and sand pumping were carried on at the spot where the galleon loaded with specie was supposed to have foundered." The result of the test, however, was unsatisfactory. For the writer of this article further adds: "So far as is known no tangible good came of these efforts." Now as it is upon the existence of these popular tales in the neighbourhood that Mr Jenner seems to base his chief argument for rejecting my etymology of the Cornish place name Dollar, I submit that a tissue of absurdities and incredibilities, such as is presented by the narrative I have outlined above, can hardly be regarded as affording a satisfactory account of the way in which two names so remarkable have obtained currency, and that, too, in what seem to me most unlikely quarters.

Take, *e.g.*, the case of the Dollar Rock. It is high above the level of the sea on a rocky promontory. It is one of three rocks, all of which are named. Moreover, one of the three, even by the interpretation of Mr Jenner himself, goes back to early Celtic times. For, referring to the rock called Enys Dodnan, Mr Jenner writes to me as follows: "I forgot to answer

your question about the meaning of Enys Dodnan. I think Dodnan is the proper name Donan. There was a Breton saint of that name, after whom Saint Donan (Cotes-de-Nord), Landonan, and Saint Thonan (Finisterre) are called. In Cornish of the latest form (which the names near Land's End are in) a *d* is often intruded after a short vowel before *n* (and a *b* before *m*). Donan would become Dodnan. I do not say it was called after this Breton saint, but at any rate it was possibly after some one of the same name. Trebudannon (as it is now spelt) in St Columb, Cornwall, is called after him also, I think—Tre-bod-Danon, 'the town of the dwelling of Danon.'" Now it seems to me, I confess, a little inexplicable that, when one of the three associated rocks has an undeniably Celtic name, it should be held necessary to interpret another of the same group as manifestly and beyond all question of comparatively recent English origin, more particularly when, in order to account for the uprising of that name, a hypothesis so far-fetched has to be framed as that the name was applied in order to commemorate "the dredging of dollars" from the sea bed many yards away. It is true that Mr Jenner tells me that "Dollar Rock is quite a small rock, and certainly too small for a battle," and that on that account he doubts the hypothesis I have framed is untenable. But if Dollar Rock is confessedly the smallest of the three associated rocks, why, I ask, was it honoured to have the permanent distinction of commemorating the dollar discovery in the adjoining bay, seeing that it is not only the smallest of the three rocks, but the one that is most distant from the sea? Would it not have been more reasonable, in the event of such a name being required, that it should have been affixed to one or other of the two larger rocks, and preferably to the one known as "The Armed Knight," which, as it is also and beyond all question English, and therefore modern in its origin, might presumably have been equally open in recent times to be furnished with a name? Altogether, the longer I contemplate the problem of these names, the more I am inclined to think that all three were originally Celtic in character; that the first, Enys Dodnan, commemorates the name, perhaps of a Druid, or possibly even of a Christian chief, who fell there after a gallant struggle against either the semi-civilised Christian Britons on the one hand, or the heathen Saxons on the other. Further, the second name, to wit, "The Armed Knight," I take to be the rendering into English of an early Cornish place name, done, as I presume, for the benefit of the Saxon-speaking strangers, who, as they knew no Cornish, had the significance of the name conveyed to them by some of their bilingual Cornish neighbours.

Finally, in regard to the third name, "The Dollar," I surmise that, as originally given, it was applied to no rock at all, but rather to the rising ground on which all the rocks stand, and that, when the English definite article was first prefixed to the primitive Celtic term Dollar, the new English tongue was only beginning to supplant the old Cornish speech, and so the people resident in the neighbourhood being then to a large extent bilingual, it was well understood that when the plateau I have spoken of was called "The Dollar," the reference was to a bloody battle fought there and still commemorated by the two Cornish-named crags which crowned its summit. Moreover, I incline to the opinion that the small rock at this early

time had no name attached to it at all, and that it was only when the Cornish speech was forgotten, and its traditions had largely faded from the memory of its people, that the title, "The Dollar," was transferred from the plateau, originally so named, to the one of the three grouped rocks which as yet was nameless.

There is, however, another hypothesis which perhaps may more adequately square with the facts. It is this. Mr Gould compares the Land's End to Mona. Now, we know Mona was one of the chief seats of Druidical worship. It is possible, therefore, if the Land's End was similarly consecrated to the bloody rites which are believed to be associated with that ancient religion, that in the cave known as the *Dollar Ogo* the Druid priests may have secretly offered their human sacrifices, and that the comparatively small "Dollar Rock" may have been the altar on which, when the sacrifices were of a public character, that rite was performed in the face of day and in the presence of the people. If this were so, we could well understand how in each case the gruesome name of Dollar, the place of slaughter, may have stamped itself on the memories and enshrined itself in the speech of the people.

Whether the views I have ventured to offer are correct or not, I think they are at least as tenable as those which attribute the origination of the name in recent days to a more or less credible discovery of silver dollars in the neighbouring sea. And in any case, in bringing my present contribution to the *Magazine* to a close, I am much pleased to be able to quote Mr Jenner regarding my view of the true significance of our Scottish Dollar. For when dealing with that point he says: "Your town may possibly be Dail-air, 'the field of slaughter,' or 'of battle.' *Dail* has got confused with the Norse *dal* (English *dale*), and the latter comes into many names (*e.g.*, Armadale, Arnisdale, Borradale, &c.) in Skye, the Outer Hebrides, and the west coast. *Dail*, as a Gaelic word, means a field, and the Welsh, Cornish, and Breton equivalent is *Dol*. The Breton city of Dol is on a hill overlooking the Marais de Dol, which is a wide fertile plain, from which the city probably took its name. Breton has not been spoken there for centuries, so the meaning is forgotten."

"Of course, the Gaelic *dail* and the British *dol* are nearly connected with the Norse *dal* and English *dale*, though it cannot be said that one was derived from the other. But they had very far back a common origin."

"The cairn of which you speak is probably very prehistoric, and may or may not commemorate a battle. I think the popular tradition that it does will leave things much as they were. It is the sort of thing popular tradition *would* say, and though it might be a valuable corroboration of other evidence, it is not of much value by itself. At any rate, it cannot commemorate the battle of 875 A.D. But if Dollar is Dail-air, the name probably refers to an earlier battle, perhaps that commemorated by the cairn, perhaps not."

(*To be continued.*)

The Complaint of a Super-Sensitive Wife.

No voice foretold, when I did wed
 Thee on that breezy April morn,
 That ere twice five short years had fled
 My heart by anger would be torn ;
 Or that my love would turn to scorn.
 Dost think I'll say, my once dear Will,
 When thou art negligent, unshorn,
 With all thy faults I love thee still ?

Time was when thou wert dressed with care
 (Ecstatic was that courting time),
 And now, with coat the worse for wear,
 You dally with an Art sublime ;
 Treating as naught both frays and grime.
 Didst thou but paint yon Ochil Hill
 And *sell* it, then I'd sing in rhyme :
 With all thy faults I love thee still.

In early years of wedded life—
 Elysian years to thee and me—
 No baneful shade of rue or strife
 Obscured our sweet felicity.
 Now, can I say, when here I see
 A wretch who doth not blush to spill
 Tobacco ash upon his wife,
 With all thy faults I love thee still ?

Yes, blow thy clouds, and look serene,
 While I those curtains do survey ;
 They're black where once a lambent sheen
 Reflected tones of pearly grey :
 What were a joy now bring dismay.
 Regard them not ! O guilty Will !
 Then is it meet that I should say :
 With all thy faults I love thee still ?

Now, Will, I've had my say, but mind,
 You'll have to mend your ways a bit,
 Or you will wake one morn to find
 I've packed my trunks, made my exit.
 Put out thy pipe, have I ? Come, sit
 Thee down again, and I will fill
 Thy seasoned briar, and admit,
 With all thy faults I love thee still.

T. R. R.

The Mystery of Rocky Mountain Fort.

DURING the early years of the last century the "Honourable Company of Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay," or more commonly the Hudson Bay Company, established a trading post on the Saskatchewan River named Rocky Mountain Fort. Situated on an eminence, commanding a view in all directions, particularly to the west, where could be seen the snow-capped Rocky Mountains, the Fort had naturally a strong position. It was bounded on three sides by the elbow of the North Saskatchewan, where after the river's descent from the mountains easterly, it abruptly turns to the north-west. The plan of the Fort conformed to the general specifications used by the company in the construction of its trading posts, namely in form a rectangle surrounded by a stout wall of logs and earthwork. The buildings were laid out parallel with the walls, the factor's house being in the centre, the store proper on the south, stables to the east, storage houses on the west, and some rude shacks for the accommodation of traders on the north. The whole presented the appearance of a small, quiet village except for six old smooth-bored cannon mounted on bastions facing to northwards, this direction being the only one easily accessible to an attacking party.

Angus Macdonald, the factor, was a Highland Scotchman, an old servant of the company, his hair grown grey in its service. Tall, broad, and muscular, he was a typical backwoodsman of the period. He had a severe almost forbidding countenance, but when in happy mood there lurked a kindly expression about his face; he was firm in dealing with the Indians, but they all liked him, and looked to him to tide them over bad seasons and times of want. His wife was a Scotchwoman who had shared his lonely life afar from civilisation for twenty-two years; she had been tender, loving, and patient under many a trying and dangerous time on the frontier.

They had a family of three children, the eldest of whom, Flora, deserves a few words in passing. Like her father she was tall and well-built, and was fairly handsome; her most attractive feature was her dark eyes and eyebrows, which latter, I am told, made her look rather formidable.

Like most children raised under similar conditions to hers, she could talk French and Cree as fluently as English. She was a great favourite with both Indians and freighters; indeed, several of the latter were known to aspire to the hand of the factor's pretty daughter. Flora did not, however, appear to favour the suit of any of them, though her heart always beat faster than usual when she heard the horse bells of Jack M'Crimmon's pack train.

Jack M'Crimmon was a Glengarry boy, raised in the pine forest on the borders of Ontario and Quebec, but getting tired of clearing stumps and brush off his father's hundred acres, he struck West and joined the Hudson Bay Company. He rapidly acquired a knowledge of packing cayouses and following trails, and soon became trusted to the extent of having charge of a pack train. He was at the time I write of, engaged packing supplies from Rocky Mountain Fort to the Henry House, a new post not long established near the Yellowhead Pass.

Jack was short of stature, fair, and of ruddy complexion, good-natured, and possessed of a rare happy spirit which made him a general favourite,



A. Drysdale

AT THE DAMHEAD

especially with the Indians. He of all the freighters seemed the least susceptible to Flora's charms—all his affections were lavished on his saddle pony, Sirvash, a large bay cayouse, as good a horse as ever walked a trail.

It was the end of June and Jack had packed up his cayouses ready for a trip to the Henry House. His companion was an Indian by name Kam-i-kau-kit (Anglia = fast runner)—Jack called him Kit for short. Kit was already in the saddle rounding up the loaded ponies; Jack had stepped over to the factor's house to say good-bye. Flora accompanied him to the door, and as she took his hand, said gravely:—

“The rivers are very high, Jack, take care of yourself.”

“Sirvash will carry me safely over any river in flood,” he replied carelessly.

“Yes, perhaps; I know you have made the trip often enough to know him; but, O Jack, do take care,” she said beseechingly.

This anxiety on the part of Flora was new to Jack, and he could scarcely at the moment analyse her thoughts for his safety.

He reassured her, “The trail is good except for the rivers and I shall make the round trip in twenty-seven days.” He noticed tears coming to her eyes; he began to feel as he had never before felt. Of love he never dreamed, but was convinced that her trouble was fear.

“What's the trouble anyhow?” he asked.

For a minute she did not answer, then turning slightly from him, said, “Oh, it's that Dolphus L'Hirondelle.”

“And what about him?”

“He won't give me any peace when he's around, and it is no use telling father, he thinks the world of him.”

Jack comfortingly patted her shoulder and giving her another hearty handshake assured her: “Don't worry about him, I'll give him all that's coming to him one of these days,” and left her to go to his cayouse.

Dolphus L'Hirondelle was a French half-breed who had hunted near the Fort for some years; he was a famous trapper and hunter; the best rifle shot for a hundred miles around. He did not look like a half-breed, his complexion being fair, nor did he walk straight-footed, a characteristic of nearly all Indians and half-breeds. He spoke very good English, could read and write, having been educated at the Catholic Mission at St Albert. Hence he was looked upon as superior among the rest of his kind who frequented the Fort. His prowess in the field had gained for him a good deal of respect in that country and the factor thought very highly of him. How Macdonald would have looked upon him as his prospective son-in-law, I do not know; he looked on Flora as a mere child and entertained no thoughts of her being of an age now to be looking for someone to love and reciprocate her love. L'Hirondelle was a constant guest at meal times in the factor's house, and when not in the woods, took every opportunity to improve his acquaintance with Flora, who positively hated him. She knew him to be hot-tempered and vindictive; she lived in constant dread of his declaring his love for her, imagining all sorts of dire happenings should she refuse him. She inwardly kept hoping that Jack would find out her feelings towards him, but was too modest to show him that she loved him; how she wished that Jack would care for her as she desired. Until then she tried to be friendly with Dolphus,

but gave him no chance to declare his feelings to her. Such was the state of affairs at Rocky Mountain Fort when Jack started out for the Henry House.

More than three weeks had passed, Jack and Kit had reached their destination in safety and were on the homeward journey. On the bank of the Baptiste River they were busily getting a camp for the night fixed up; the fire was blazing nicely and Kit had supper nearly ready when an Indian on horseback appeared in the distance. He travelled fast and reaching the river bank whipped the horse to the water's edge and plunged into the swollen stream. Going to meet him, Jack recognised his old friend Muskwa. In reply to his inquiry whither he was going, the Indian replied that he had come to meet him and warn him of trouble. Jack unsaddled the horse and asked the Indian to share their supper. Muskwa squatted on the ground, Jack sat on a fallen log, while Kit served up the eatables.

While at their meal Muskwa related to Jack how he had discovered that L'Hirondelle had plotted to take Jack's life; in fact, he had overheard the plot discussed with some of L'Hirondelle's friends, so he had set out to warn his friend; Jack was at a loss to know why the half-breed should want to do away with him, as Muskwa had not mentioned what part Flora had taken in the matter.

About a day's ordinary travel from the Fort, the trail crosses a small stream called Owl Creek. Usually it is not of much account, being a dry bed full of large boulders; but at some periods, after wet spells, it becomes a veritable torrent, unsafe to ford on foot or on horseback.

L'Hirondelle's intention, as Muskwa had discovered, was to hide himself near the ford, shoot Jack and Kit, trusting to the high water to carry the bodies of his victims away out of sight. Muskwa had no desire to cross L'Hirondelle's path by exposing him at the Fort, so decided to at once start out and warn the intended victims of their danger. Turning it all over in his mind, Jack concluded that jealousy must be the cause of it, and he suddenly recollected Flora's conversation and her solicitude for his safety. His thoughts now were all of Flora. What was it made him so anxious about her?

Divining that Flora was in trouble and disregarding his own danger, he immediately decided to break camp and push on all night. It began to dawn on him that Flora was now more to him than anything or anyone had ever been before.

(To be continued.)

Edinburgh Dollar Academy Ladies' Club.

THE Annual Reunion of the Edinburgh Dollar Academy Ladies' Club took place on the 27th February last in the Edinburgh Café, Princes Street.

There was a large and happy gathering, which gave abundant evidence of the fact that interest in Dollar days and ways is by no means diminished by time or distance. A fresh breath from the old Ochils themselves seemed to enter with the guests and to make the greetings between friends especially genial and hearty. While there were no formal "speeches" during the

evening, there was certainly no lack of "speaking," and one continually caught from all parts of the room the reminiscent question, "Do you remember? . . ." (to which, by the by, Robert Louis Stevenson supplies the most suitable answer in his "Ah! can one e'er forget?"). Doubtless, bygone times were being lived over again in imagination, and former scenes revisited by affectionate memory.

The programme of "Games" and "Progressive Whist" arranged for the evening was carried through with great zest and pleasure, and the company then reluctantly separated with mutually expressed good wishes for health and happiness. If Maeterlinck's beautiful idea that "the dead are only dead when we are not thinking of them" is true of places as well as of people, then Dollar need have no fear of being classed among the "dead" towns of Scotland, for she lives without a rival in the affections of her children, who have left far behind them the school-days spent among her tranquil hills and wooded glens.

J. A. SIMPSON.

A Memory of John Ruskin.

I WAS living in Dollar, a child of eleven, radiantly happy both in school hours in the Academy, and in play hours afterwards, when I suddenly became an ardent little hero-worshipper. That was a lucky day when my elder sister asked me to read aloud to her out of a large dreary-looking book. I adored my sister, who had been forbidden by the doctors to use her pretty brown eyes for a time, so I laid aside my fairy tale with my just dismissed lesson-books, and slowly read aloud page after page of the heavy volume. Dreary, did I say? In a few minutes I had forgotten my lesson-books, forgotten even my fairy tale. Years afterwards, when I read "Modern Painters" through from beginning to end, I came across those very pages on the mountains and the sky, and felt again the thrill which had stirred me then.

Little did I think that another thrill was in store for me, even while still a schoolgirl. Nothing less than an invitation from Mr Ruskin himself to spend a morning in his rooms in Corpus Christi College. How I remember that morning! Some Oxford colleges might be larger and more imposing, some more beautiful, but all were uninteresting that day compared with Corpus Christi. So at least my sister and I felt as we hastened across the quaint little quadrangle, through the cloisters beyond, and up a staircase. Perhaps Mr Ruskin heard us coming, for he came out on to the landing to receive us, and his beautiful welcome is a vivid memory to this day. Who could be nervous in the presence of this old man, with the kindest grey-blue eyes and friendly manner?

"I don't usually let schoolgirls sit on the sofa," he said to me, "but you may sit on mine to-day for a treat."

He showed us his great treasure, a painting by Titian of a Doge of Venice. "Look at him!" said Mr Ruskin. "What do you think he is doing?"

"Standing in a council-room addressing his people," we suggested.

"No, he is praying, standing upright in calm assurance that his prayer will be heard by God."

Then he opened a cabinet, took out some water-colour sketches by Turner, and showed them to us, notably one which my sister had longed to see for years—a glory of colour—representing a sunset over a lake.

Turning to me, he asked: "Do you learn music?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well," he said, "don't learn any sad music; music ought to express happiness, not sadness, and ought to make you feel so full of joy that you only long to dance."

Leaning back in his chair, he quietly repeated the text, "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us," and then he said, in response to some remarks of my sister's, "When I have been perplexed, and have tried to do right, sometimes a special dream is sent to help and encourage me."

I cannot remember all the gracious and kindly words he said, this great man whose writings have opened the eyes of men to beauty, and their souls to truth—this prophet of the beautiful and good, to whom was granted such illumination of spirit that through him the world has been given a vision of right, and divine law, which it can never forego. Perhaps the story of that morning does not seem much to tell, but when, long years afterwards, I read the news of John Ruskin's death, I felt that that little visit to him was one of the most privileged memories of my own life.

H. E. L.

Glasgow Dollar Academy Club.

THE Glasgow Dollar Academy Club held their third Annual Dinner in the Grosvenor Restaurant, Glasgow, on Friday evening, 7th March, when there were present a company of about fifty "old boys" and their friends. Mr John Dempster presided, with Dr John Cram as croupier. Others present included Professor P. R. Scott Lang, St Andrews; Messrs W. H. Raeburn, Richard Malcolm, Barnet Gow, C. S. Dougall, Alexander Wardlaw, Alexander Willison, W. M. Carment, Edinburgh; Col. Shearer, T. B. Anderson, W. Annand, Rev. R. S. Armstrong, Albert J. A. Baird, John Cram, A. R. C. Cumming, G. A. Duthie, J. Ewing, S. J. Lindsay Hardie, Hugh Lamberton, J. K. Lamberton, Alex. B. Mitchell, W. Neilson, W. J. D. Pinkerton, Samuel Pitt, W. R. Pitt, J. D. Rutherford, H. C. Sloan, J. L. Sloan, W. R. Smith, W. O. Spence, Donald Stewart, W. Tait. Apologies for absence were intimated from Sir Jas. Dewar, F.R.S., Hon. Alexander Izat, C.I.E., Sir James B. Smith, Mr John Knox (Secretary London Dollar Academy Club), Mr J. B. Hamilton (President Edinburgh Dollar Academy Club), Mr J. B. M'Intosh, Rev. Simon G. M'Lennan, B.D., Rev. Stanley Middleton, B.D., Captain Leckie Ewing, Mr W. G. Cruickshank, Mr Robert Cousin, Mr John M. Kennedy, Mr H. W. J. Hetherington, Mr A. Bell Ferguson, Mr Thomas J. Young, Mr S. F. Butchart, Ph.D., and Mr J. C. Christie.

The toast of "The King" having been duly honoured, Mr Alexander

Wardlaw submitted "The Imperial Forces." He did not think, he said, that there was any subject which had called forth recently more speeches, letters, and criticism generally than that of the position of our forces. That was rightly so, for we were confronted on every side with nations armed to the teeth, and we had to take very good care of ourselves. The Navy had not its equal, the Army was an excellent one, and the Reserve Forces were very good so far as they went, but the question was, How far would they go? In his opinion every boy at Dollar Academy, as well as the students at Cambridge University, ought to be able to say that he had put in a certain amount of training before he got his Leaving Certificate. Sir George Beatson had the idea of standing camps where men could go and spend their week-ends. He would suggest Dollar as an ideal centre for one of them—plenty of scope there!

Colonel Shearer acknowledged the toast.

Here the Chairman proposed "The Memory of John M'Nab," which was drunk in solemn silence.

Professor Scott Lang submitted the toast of "The Glasgow Dollar Academy Club." Having thanked the members for their kindness in asking him to be present, and expressed the pride and pleasure he felt at their having placed in his hands the toast of the evening, he remarked that he was reading the other day in "Coningsby," Disraeli's great novel, an account of the celebrations which they had every three years at Eton, when all the old boys came back. On this occasion the Duke of Wellington and Lord Monmouth, who stood for Coningsby's grandfather, were present. So touched was Monmouth with what he saw of the enjoyment of the boys that he said, looking at the Duke, "I would give all his fame and all my wealth to be sixteen." Those present to-night were doing better than that; they were putting themselves back to their old school-days, and were spending over again the happy hours there, hence one of the reasons for their Club. Another reason was to help the School. He believed they had asked him to propose the toast because of his official position at the School, but the reason that appealed to him most was the great interest he took in the School. He was interested in its past, its present, and its future. He was proud of the past, when he thought how munificent and useful the benefactions of the Grand Old Man who founded it had been, how many men it had turned out eminent in every walk of life. That meeting and that Club was to him a testimony of the goodness of the School in the past. If it had not been that they respected the School, that they knew the good work it had done and was doing, they would never have had that Club and those meetings. As to the present position of the School, he thought that it was quite up to the efficiency it ever had. The Governors did their best, and they believed they were doing it with some success. He concluded by referring again to the objects of the Club, which were to renew friendships, spend again some of the happy hours they had at school, to renew old memories, and to help the School in every way in its future career.

The Chairman, in reply, thanked Professor Scott Lang for the kindly things he had said about the Club, and for the encouragement he had given them in their work. They were favoured that evening with the presence of a

number of those who were interested in the School, and they were pleased and honoured to have them there. (Applause.) They had Professor Scott Lang, Chairman of the Governors, their worthy friend the Rector, who was always welcome, and the grand old man of Dollar, Mr Malcolm, together with several members of the staff, all of whom they were very much gratified to see. (Applause.) They liked to think that these gentlemen had still kindly feelings towards the former pupils. He could assure them that the work of the Club had been very materially helped by their kindly interest in its affairs, and there was no doubt that the success of the Club had been due in great measure to the help and encouragement received from them. Their Club, as Professor Lang had indicated, was founded with the idea of fostering good fellowship amongst the former pupils resident in Glasgow, and also with the idea of keeping those pupils in touch with their grand old Alma Mater. Of course, as a Club they did not do anything in the way of contributing to the funds, but the members were kept in such interested touch with the School that, when any appeal came from the Rector or the Governors, it met with a ready response from them all. He knew that special functions would be coming on in connection with the centenary of the foundation of the School, and that former pupils would be called upon to do something to help, and he was sure that such a Club might be found of great help at such a time. There was no doubt they had every cause to flatter themselves on the success of the Club. It was only two years old, and yet in that time they had made wonderful progress, and of all the Dollar Academy Clubs he thought they had the largest membership. (Applause.) Some of the Clubs, no doubt, devoted most of their attention to their annual dinners, and very enjoyable evenings they were; but they in Glasgow, influenced, perhaps, by the bustling stir of the West, had adopted something of its characteristics, and had branched out into spheres of greater activity than mere dinners. They had several social meetings, and they had solved the question of the ladies more successfully than some of the Clubs. In Edinburgh they had formed a Ladies' Club of their own, but they had in Glasgow a better plan. They had invited the ladies to their functions, and he could assure them they were the most successful evenings they had had. They were also keeping in touch with the old games by sending football and cricket teams to Dollar. They would not say too much about the results. (Laughter.) But the games had been most enjoyable. (Hear, hear.) Nothing had impressed him more during the two years of pleasant evenings which the members had spent than their kindly feelings towards the old School. Let them foster that feeling of affection as far as they could. He was sure that anything and everything they could do as a Club would be very poor recompense for all that the good old School had done for them. He hoped the Club would long continue to flourish, and that the members would have many more pleasant evenings together. (Applause.)

Dr Cram proposed the toast of "Dollar Academy" in a reminiscent speech, in which he divided the history of the School into three Acts or Ages, the first of which, Ancient History, roughly corresponding with the headmastership of Dr Andrew Mylne, the second, or Middle Ages, corresponding with the headmastership of Dr John Milne and Dr Barrack, and the third,

or Modern Times, corresponding with the headmastership of Dr Thom and Mr Dougall. With regard to the first, Mr Wardlaw had been good enough to favour him with a prospectus of the School, dated 1857, which was very interesting reading. It showed that the trustees—now called governors—at that time, like Professor Scott Lang and his colleagues, were men of high ideals. They were in the habit nowadays of thinking themselves very advanced. People were strong just now, for instance, about teaching handicrafts, but that was provided for in the old prospectus. They had a Mathematical master and they also threw him such tit-bits as Astronomy and Navigation. (Laughter.) They had also a master of Modern Languages. Mr Dougall had been arranging recently to add Spanish to the teaching of the School. The governors of 1857 resolved, however, to have a man who would teach French, German, Italian, and Spanish, and they stipulated that he should have resided in each of the four countries, and should speak and write the four languages like a native. (Laughter.) If Mr Dougall were sent out to catch a rare bird like that he would come home breathless. After a brief reference to Acts two and three and to the type of men which the Academy was turning out now, he went on to recall reminiscences of their extra-academical recreations, especially that of fishing, and remarked amid laughter what a splendid training it was in the multiplication table, what a development of the aptitude for fiction. No wonder that several old Dollar pupils had made themselves famous as novelists! (Renewed laughter.)

We'll honour yet the School we knew,
 The best School of all;
 We'll honour yet the rule we knew,
 Till the last bell call.
 For, working days and holidays,
 And glad and melancholy days,
 They were great days, and jolly days,
 At the best School of all. (Loud applause.)

Mr Dougall, who responded, remarked, in reply to some words of Professor Scott Lang, that instead of changing the name of their Society they should seriously consider the propriety of putting before the governors of Dollar Institution a memorial that the name should be changed to Dollar Academy. Referring to the numbers in the School he remembered that his predecessor had said that in his closing year they were exactly the same as in the year in which he began. In 1878-9, Dr Thom's first year, the enrolment was 405; in 1898-9 the number was the same, 405. The total number in the first year of his own tenure of office was also 405, so that there was no diminution on the whole. Last session, he added, was the most successful he had known in Dollar. (Applause.) It was most successful in sports, football, cricket, and shooting, and it was most successful in the number of Leaving Certificates and Intermediate Certificates gained in the School. After referring to the increase of the staff, and the victories in football, cricket, and hockey, he said that he had had the honour of inaugurating the Officers' Training Corps in Dollar, and during its existence it had been exceedingly popular. The officers and boys were full of enthusiasm and the work was going on admirably. (Applause.)

Mr Raeburn, in proposing the toast of the "Guests and Kindred Societies," said he did not know how many societies there might be in this country, and in foreign parts. He only knew of one in the River Plate, in Buenos Aires, and he had had the honour of being present at three London dinners. He was there in December, and a very good evening they had. He had met some old Dollar boys whom he had not seen since he left the Academy. There was an innovation at the London Dinner which he thought was a great success. There were ladies present, and he hoped that they would admit ladies to the next Dinner in Glasgow. He thought that it would be a great success. The Dollar Club in London was a successful one, and was keeping together a great many Dollar boys who had become scattered, and who were only brought together through the Club. These were splendid institutions, and he had always wondered why in Glasgow they were so long in starting one. They had, however, a splendid gathering that evening.

Last year he did not think he had done anything which gave him greater pleasure, or conferred a greater honour upon him in his public life, than presenting prizes to the pupils of Dollar. It was a long story from the time that he, himself, as a pupil went up to receive prizes from the hand of, he thought, the Rev. Angus Gunn, and they could understand that, revisiting the place where he had spent so many joyous days, recalled memories both pleasant and sad. One thing he could say, however, and that was that he was particularly struck with the splendid equipment of the Academy of the present day, the splendid turnout of pupils, and with their proficiency. (Applause.)

As to the training of the boys, he thought that Dollar sent forth an officers' training corps which would compare with any other corps in the country. (Hear, hear.) How different from the old days of being drilled by the Janitor at seven in the morning, with a wooden musket, and nothing like a uniform. (Laughter.) The old pupils ought to be thoroughly proud of their School at the present day. (Hear, hear.) And it behoved them, and every other Club, to do their best for their old School. There were many ways in which they could contribute towards that end, and one was by keeping in close touch with the masters, and he hoped that they, on their part, had the same kindly feelings towards them. He hoped, too, that by their life and work since, they had given their masters some pleasure by carrying out the precepts which they inculcated upon them, and that the inspiration that Mr Carment received from such meetings would help him in the good work he was doing in Edinburgh. They wished that Club and every other Club a prosperous career, and that all through their lives they would remember their old School, and honour and love it to the best of their ability. (Applause.)

Mr Wm. Carment replied in a happy speech.

The "Ladies" was proposed in a graceful manner by the Rev. Mr Armstrong, and replied to by Mr S. Lindsay Hardie, C.A.

Mr Malcolm, being called on, thanked the Chairman most heartily for his kind words and for the honour he had done him in giving him the opportunity of expressing the pleasure that it gave him to be present and to meet so many "old boys." He endorsed what had been said by the Chairman of the Governors and Mr Raeburn anent the equipment and present position of the



R. K. Holmes

THE "RAMSHORN"

School. He had been permitted by the Chairman to propose a toast that was not on the list—the health of Mr Herbert Sloan, their indefatigable Secretary. They all knew something of the kindness and courtesy of Mr Sloan and how strenuously he had laboured for the good of the Club. He had been an energetic enthusiast in its behalf, and as a Club they owed him a deep debt of gratitude.

The toast of the Chairman's health, felicitously proposed by Mr Barnett Gow, brought the meeting to a close.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Notes from Near and Far.

HONOUR TO MISS CHRISTIE OF COWDEN.—It gives us more than ordinary pleasure to learn that our valued contributor, Miss Christie, has had the honour of being made one of the first women Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society. A similar compliment was paid to her, some time ago, by the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, of which she was also the first woman raised to the rank of Fellow.

In connection with the former honour, our attention has been drawn to an article in *Woman's Platform* entitled "Miss Christie's Interesting Experiences in Turkestan," from which we give the following extracts :—

"The woman traveller is daily spreading her wings in more and more ambitious flights. Miss Christie, who is an authority on Central Asia, and is one of the most enterprising women travellers of to-day, has even penetrated to Tibet, a distinction which she shares with no other English woman. Recently, she gave a lecture in London to many interested members of the Ladies' Automobile Club, and chose as her subject some of her experiences in Turkestan. Two years ago she travelled from Baku, the Russian petroleum centre on the Caspian Sea, to the very borders of Turkestan, a journey that had all the interest, and certainly some of the inconveniences, of the unfrequented path. . . . Women are the purveyors of refreshments on the railway by which the great part of the journey was made. At all the stations they are to be seen with a kerchief tied over their heads, standing behind little tables set out with steaming samovar, a basket heaped with hard-boiled eggs, and a supply of bread. . . . The country traversed is in many parts very desolate; there is no water supply, and, therefore, little vegetation. Sand storms are frequent, and, to protect the line from being buried, close hedges of thorn and scrub are planted on either side of the rails. . . . Merv is one of the oldest cities, and its greatest period of importance was in the seventh century. Its very complete system of irrigation was considered one of the wonders of the world. . . .

"Among the many photographs, all taken by herself, with which Miss Christie illustrated her lecture, was one showing the weaving of the brilliantly coloured silk scarves that is still an important industry, though cotton growing bids fair to push it into the background in future. The life of the people was shown in a long series of excellent pictures, taken for the most part in the open air, where almost all daily avocations are carried on. That

Western civilisation is invading even Turkestan was proved by many of these illustrations ; but it will be long before primitive ways are changed altogether."

Equally fresh and interesting are some details which Miss Christie gave to a representative of *The Standard*, who interviewed her respecting the women of Central Asia.

"The purdah, she said, is most strict in Russian Turkestan, far more so than in India, because the people are Moslems. I was very anxious to see a harem, but could not obtain the coveted permission. Nor was the refusal due to my being a stranger, for a Russian lady, the wife of an official resident in Khiva for twenty-two years, had never been allowed to see these women. There is always a garden for them to play in, which they do with toys like children. They have no education, but are apparently content. Once I did succeed in seeing the woman's part of a house, and that was in Bokhara. A Sart merchant, who was considered a remarkably enlightened man, allowed me to visit his residence. His wives and their children were there expecting my visit, which was a great event. There was only one chair in the whole house, and that was carried from room to room by one of the girls for me to sit on. Because I was a woman the Khan could not receive me, but he deputed his chief minister to do so. In India the purdah women can be visited by medical missionaries, but here, under the rule of Russia, there is nothing of the kind, and they must suffer without relief.

"Throughout my journey I met with the utmost courtesy, and every one was willing to help me."

* * * * *

FRESH HONOUR TO SIR DAVID GILL (F.P.).—The King has been pleased to grant to Sir David Gill, formerly Astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, His Majesty's royal licence to accept and wear the insignia of Commander of the Legion of Honour conferred upon him by the President of the French Republic in recognition of valuable services rendered by him to the French Government.

* * * * *

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.—In the list of those who were capped B.Sc. at the Glasgow University on 21st April, we note with much pleasure the name of James Gordon Melvin (F.P.). In addition to the degree Mr Melvin is among those who were granted Certificates of Proficiency in Engineering.

* * * * *

In the April number of the *Scottish Historical Review*, there appears a highly interesting article entitled "The Castle Campbell Inventory: An Inventory of Archibald, Seventh Earl of Argyll's Castle of Campbell (formerly called Castle Gloume), in the shire of Clackmannan, taken on 21st February 1595. Transcribed from the original, preserved in the Argyll Charter Chest."

The writer is Niall D. Campbell, who, a few years ago, had visited the castle, and had noted with much care its situation and surroundings. "It still stands," he says, "in a spot of enormous natural strength, above the town of Doller," a situation more splendid than any he had seen even in foreign climes. "The vast extent of the Castle, which was constantly in use till it was besieged and burnt during the Montrose wars, is most impressive. Much of its strength is due to the fact that it is perched on a tongue of land with

precipitous sides sloping down to the two gorges, each carved out by a foaming burn, which unite immediately below it." To prove the extent of the castle in these times, it is only necessary to mention that it contained no fewer than thirty-two apartments from "The Wardrup above the hall" to the Tower Hall and the Girnell House.

Continuing, the writer tells us that "Enormous numbers of documents are dated at this castle by the successive Earls of Argyll for many generations. They used it when they came to the lowlands as their chief strength, which is such that, except by starvation or treachery, it must have been wellnigh impregnable.

"One of the chief attractions is the woods of natural growth, which cling to the steep sides of the gorge below. Behind it rise steeply the grass-covered slopes of the Ochils, so that on this side there is no view. In the Middle Ages, these slopes were probably covered with copse woods which supplied the castle with fuel. The earl's vassals dwelling in Doller and the plains below had most curious services in kind to pay, such as carrying wine, &c., from the 'Pow of Alloway,' and, as usual, serving him under his banner when he happened to be at the king's wars. At Flodden, great numbers of these vassals followed the banner of Archibald, Second Earl of Argyll, to that fatal battle, where he himself, with many of his kindred, fell. During their residence at this castle, the Argylls became benefactors to the neighbouring Abbey of Culross, with whose abbots they frequently entered into transactions, and a few years ago, during the restoration of the Abbey Church, the presence of certain tombs of Campbells of Argyll is naturally thus explained by the architect, Sir Rowand Anderson."

Now let us give some of the entries in the Inventory, as these may prove to some of our readers that their knowledge of their Scottish language is not perfect.

"The Inventar of ye Inspreich and geir fand and sichtit In ye place of Campbell ye XXI day of Februar j^m v^c fourscoir feftein (1595) be gawin zeirs alexander in blairhill, Mr James Kirk notaries, William Menteth of powmath miln, Jon patoun of hilfutt, William Cunninghame in ye . . . Jon Patoun in middeltoun. Alexander Kirk in blairhill, William Nutoune in mains of dowler, Jon Smith in dowler, Duncan drysdail, Thomas Alexander.

"Imprimis sicktit in ye wardrup above ye hall fourtein feddir bedds and sextein feder boustares.

"*Item* ane grit scotts kist unlokkit yrin sex pair of auld walkit blancatts and sex pair of new walkit blancatts.

"*Item* ane coffer ther contenand ten hieland cadders (?)

"*Item* ane buirdclayt of arras work for ye buird in ye lottar chalmer.

"*Item* ane grit clayt wowin upone ye thrade.

"*Item* ane croslatt of pruiff wit heid peice, thrie gantelatts and pertinentis.

"*Item* tua peice of quhail bain. *Item* tua mekle bredds of vindoks.

"*Item* in ye wolt in ye heid of ye towir ane butter croyche, dores and vindoks.

"*Item* tua stane weychts of leid, ane Irisch weycht, ye uthyr irne weycht."

And so on and so on up to one hundred and forty entries. The original

Inventory covers six pages of paper in a difficult handwriting. It is probable that all the articles named were lost in the fire when Montrose's forces burned the castle.

* * * * *

DOLLAR SOCIETY FOR NURSING THE SICK POOR.—The members of this association who carry on, in a quiet, unobserved way, a most beneficent work in our midst, held their Annual Meeting in the Masonic Hall, on 13th March, when a goodly number of those interested attended. After prayer by the Rev. Mr Armstrong, the chairman, Mr Malcolm, read the minutes of the committee meetings that had been held during the year, the committee's annual report, and also that of Nurse Bell. These were considered highly satisfactory, and their adoption was moved by the Rev. Mr Wilson, who cordially thanked the ladies of the committee for their kind-hearted Christian work. The treasurer, Mr Gibson, read his report, which showed a satisfactory balance in favour of the Society, and, on the motion of the Rev. Mr Spence, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to him.

Miss Haig, of Dollarfield, was re-elected president, and Mrs Macbeth, of Thornbank, secretary. A letter was read from Mrs Dougall, resigning her membership of the committee, not from any want of sympathy with the work or the methods of the association, but owing to many other pressing claims on her time. On the motion of Mrs Malcolm, seconded by Mrs Jackson, Miss Falconer was appointed to the vacancy.

* * * * *

THE *Brisbane Daily Mail* of 24th January has a glowing account of the welcome given to the Rev. James Cosh, B.A., B.D., on the occasion of his appointment to the pastorate of the Ann Street Presbyterian Church, Brisbane.

The *Mail* says, "He was educated mainly in the Sydney Grammar School, though part of his scholastic career was 'put in' in Dollar Institution, Scotland, to which famous seminary not a few of Brisbane's citizens owe their youthful training."

At a public welcome accorded to Mr and Mrs Cosh, the Governor of Queensland, Sir William MacGregor, said it afforded him much pleasure to be present and to see so many assembled to welcome their new minister. When he (Sir William) arrived in Queensland, some three years ago, he had an idea that Presbyterianism was not in quite so healthy a position as one might have wished. Since then, however, he had reason to learn the contrary; and he was sure that the Presbyterian Church had received a tower of strength in the advent of the Rev. Mr Cosh and Mrs Cosh. He (His Excellency) had heard many congratulations extended by ministers and members of the congregation, but when he heard of Mr Cosh's scholarly attainments he felt that it was the people of Brisbane who were to be congratulated.

Mr Cosh left Dollar Institution at the close of session 1883-84.

* * * * *

CONVENTION OF ROYAL BURGHS.—We note with much pleasure that Councillor Mrs Malcolm has again had the honour of being appointed one of the representatives of the Convention of Royal Burghs at the Conference on Infantile Mortality to be held in London in the month of August. At a recent meeting of the Town Council, Mrs Malcolm submitted an interesting

résumé of the proceedings at the Convention held in Edinburgh in the beginning of April. The subjects of discussion specially referred to were the formation of a sea-level canal between the Forth and Clyde, the proposed underground telegraph system for Scotland, and the Sunday Closing Act. On the last mentioned the Convention were unanimous in finding that the Government should be memorialised to alter the Burgh Police Act, so that burghs could apply direct to the Secretary for Scotland instead of to Sheriffs.

* * * * *

HIGH PERCENTAGES.—In our last number we recorded, with much pleasure, the success of Harry E. Beresford, (F.P.) in the examination of candidates for Manitoba Land Surveyors, M.L.S.; and we are now able to announce a still higher honour conferred on him, namely D.L.S., Dominion Land Surveyor. The promotion is easily accounted for by the very high marks gained in various subjects: Solid geometry, 100 per cent.; trigonometry, $97\frac{3}{8}$; plane geometry, $92\frac{2}{3}$, &c. The average of nine subjects is 84. Well done, Harry!

* * * * *

PRESENTATION.—Mr John Templeton Crawford (F.P.), who for twenty-five years has been manager of the firm of Messrs R. & J. Templeton, Glasgow, has found it necessary, owing to impaired health, to resign his appointment. At a recent meeting of the employees, over which Mr J. Templeton presided, Mr Crawford was presented by the firm with a cheque for £100, together with a gold watch bracelet for Mrs Crawford, and a gold necklet for their daughter. The chairman made the presentation, and expressed the hope that rest from the rush and drive of business, and a holiday in Canada, would fortify his health and enable him to enjoy a well-earned leisure.

* * * * *

U.F. CHURCH MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—Our readers may remember that in our December number we announced that the members of Mr Baillie's choir had chosen for study, during the winter months, Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah." The weekly practices were well attended, and the session, a pleasant and profitable one, was brought to a close by a most successful performance of selected choruses and solos, in the Institution Hall, on Thursday, 27th March. This, the great musical event of the year, brought together a large, highly appreciative audience. The soloists gave evidence of careful preparation and showed that they, one and all, had fully grasped the spirit of their different pieces. Miss Webster, contralto, was a host in herself; she was in excellent voice and delighted her audience by the taste and grace with which she sang "Rejoice greatly," "He shall feed His flock," "He was despised," and "O Thou that tellest." Miss Bertram, soprano, with fine feeling and taste, in a voice pure, clear, sweet, gave a most praiseworthy rendering of "Come unto Me"; and Miss Ogilvie succeeded well in the rather difficult "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Mr William Dunn, Alloa, who took the tenor solos, was handicapped by a severe cold, nevertheless he made a creditable appearance in "Comfort ye," "Every valley shall be exalted," "Behold and see," "He was cut off," "But thou didst not leave." To Mr Alex. Brand, Glasgow, were entrusted the bass solos, and the result showed that they could not have been in better hands. He gave

vigorous and tuneful renderings of "Thus saith the Lord," "But who may abide," "The people that walked in darkness," and "Why do the nations."

The following were the choruses, all of which were creditably rendered, "And the glory of the Lord," "For unto us," "Lift up your heads," "Glory to God," and "The Hallelujah Chorus," which completed the recital.

We have before commented on the abundance of musical talent in Dollar, as shown by the orchestra which played the accompaniments. The players were: First violin, Miss Collyer, Miss Paul, Miss Smart, Mr Frank Abbey; second violin, Miss Gibson, Miss Jackson; 'cello, Miss Hemming; flute, Mr Gibson; double bass, Mr Dickson; piano, Miss Robertson; organ, Miss F. Fraser.

At the close Provost Green, in name of the community, moved a very hearty vote of thanks to Mr Baillie and his choir, which was enthusiastically given.

* * * * *

CHURCHES.—A number of interesting and important meetings have been held by the churches during these months, and the reports presented thereat have been most encouraging. The first in the order of time was the Annual Social Meeting of the Parish Church, which was held on 27th February in the Institution Hall, which was filled to overflowing. After tea, Mrs Dougall, secretary of the Women's Guild, gave a most gratifying report of the work done at their meetings; Miss Saunders reported on the work of the Girls' Bible Class, Mr Alexander Cowan on that of the Young Men's Guild, and Mr Masterton gave details of the state of the finances, as well as his encouraging annual account of the Sabbath School.

On the 19th of April, the Annual Sale of Work in connection with the Parish Church Women's Guild was held in the Drill Hall. The Rev. Mr Armstrong presided, and Mrs Dobie of Dollarbeg declared the sale open. There was a large amount of beautiful and useful work. The sum realised was £50. Every one knows that the success of a guild, such as this, owes much to the active interest taken in it by the President and the Secretary, and Mrs Dobie and Mrs Dougall are to be heartily congratulated on the result. Miss Cowan, too, as Superintendent of the Work Party, deserves grateful thanks.

* * * * *

THE Women's Work Party of the United Free Church has also had a busy, successful season. The sale of work which took place on 1st May was presided over by the Rev. Mr Spence and declared open by Mrs Gibson, Burnbank. In the evening a Café Chantant—surely a novel name in connection with a church function—was held, when an interesting programme was successfully carried out. The drawings for the day amounted to the very creditable sum of £45.

* * * * *

THE West United Free Church which had fallen into a state of disrepair in roof and internally has been partly re-roofed and repainted and decorated inside. The work, which had been on hand for over six months, was completed in the second week of March, and the reopening took place on Sunday, the 9th of that month. The alterations were made possible by a gift left

for the purpose by the late Miss Wilson, daughter of the Emeritus Minister. At the close of his sermon on the opening day the Rev. Mr Spence said, "We can never forget, as a congregation, what we owe to one, the memory of whose beautiful and consecrated life will be long cherished by all who were privileged to know her, who by her thoughtful remembrance of the needs of this church made it possible for us to enter on the effort now so happily accomplished. Miss Mary Wilson was ever a lover of beautiful things—a love which some years ago found expression in connection with her esteemed father's church, and here in what, by her generosity, she has enabled us to do for the church in which we now meet."

On Thursday, 13th March, the Annual Social Meeting was held in the church and was much enjoyed.

* * * * *

NATURALISTS' FIELD CLUB.—The Annual Meeting of this Club took the form of a *conversazione*. After tea, Rev. Mr Taylor read a short but very interesting paper on the fungi, pointing out the principal features upon which classification is based, illustrated by finely coloured drawings and followed by a series of very beautiful lime-light views of various fungi in their natural environment, which were explained. Mr Taylor also showed a most interesting collection of natural objects which were much admired. Other members exhibited specimens more or less bearing upon the objects of the Club, among which may be mentioned two magnificent stags' heads and a very fine tiger skin contributed by Mr Gillespie. A rug composed of emus' skins by Miss Smith; and four vicuna skins along with a riding mantle of vicuna hair were lent by Mrs Mitchell. Among objects of historic interest were a sporran picked up at Culloden, the tripod of a view-finder used by Dr Jameson in his famous raid, an ivory casket, loot from the Indian Mutiny, a Mauser rifle with bullets from the Boer War, and many other objects too numerous to mention. A very beautiful blotter composed of leaves of the silver tree—the work of a Hottentot girl—was lent by Miss Staig, while Mr M'Nellan showed some very interesting specimens of ore from South Africa. Miss Westwood lent a case of lovely Indian butterflies. Vocal and instrumental music was rendered at intervals by ladies and gentlemen present, and altogether a most enjoyable evening was spent. A satisfactory statement as to the funds of the Club, showing a small surplus on the year's proceedings, was made by the Treasurer; and as to membership, the Club was stated to be in a very flourishing condition.

* * * * *

WE note with pleasure that the Rev. D. M. M'Intyre (F.P.), minister of the Finnieston United Free Church, Glasgow, has been asked to accept the position of Principal of the Bible Training Institute, in succession to Mr John Anderson, who has been Principal for twenty-one years, and is now retiring on account of the state of his health.

* * * * *

PROMOTION.—Mr Guy Barnett (F.P.) has been an Executive Engineer in the Public Works Department, Burma, and the Indian Government have now asked that he might be "lent" to them for two years, for work at the new capital, Delhi. He went there in May. The fact that he was selected for

the work without application from himself is of course, rather a score for him and for Dollar.

* * * * *

BORDER CALEDONIAN SOCIETY, AUSTRALIA.—“Mr Alexander Stewart (F.P.) of Millera, who has been patron for a great many years, remains a familiar and welcome figure as judge.”—*Tenterfield Star*.

* * * * *

WE most heartily congratulate Sir Robert Maule (F.P.) on the well-deserved honour which His Majesty King George has conferred on him. The “Old School” joins in this greeting.

* * * * *

WE notice, with much pleasure, that His Majesty the King has been pleased to make the award of a Kaisar I-Hind Medal for public service in India (1st Class), to Lieutenant Colonel Patrick Balfour Haig, M.B. (F.P.), Indian Medical Service, Agency Surgeon, Bhopal, Central India.

Marriages.

M'RAE—SIBOLD.—At St James Church, Dollar, on the 28th April 1913, by the Rev. W. Lewis, Sydney Spencer M'Rae, to Sophie Moverley (F.P.), daughter of Mr and Mrs Ernest Sibold.

THORP—SPENCE.—At the United Free Church, Dollar, on 30th April, by the Rev. A. Easton Spence, assisted by the Rev. J. Fawnes Cameron, Blairingone, Robert F. W. Thorp, Bagenalstoun, County Carlow, Ireland, to Margaret Ella (F.P.), second daughter of the late Dr William Spence and of Mrs Spence, Woodcot, Dollar.

KINGHORN—HENRY.—At St Enoch's Hotel, Glasgow, on 6th March, by the Rev. Ambrose Shepherd, D.D., Adam Frederick Kinghorn (F.P.), eldest son of John Pitalla Kinghorn, The Anchorage, Burnside, to Leonora Moncliffe Henry, only daughter of James Henry, 13 Ann Street, Hillhead, Glasgow.

FINDLAY—GIFFORD.—At the Parish Church of St Mary, Chard, on 6th May, the Rev. J. L. O. B. Findlay (F.P.), Army Chaplain, to Dorothy Edith, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel J. W. Gifford (T.R.) and Mrs Gifford of Iaklands, Chard.

Obituary.

LENNOX.—At Strathbraan Cottage, Dollar, on 21st March, Agnes Lennox, daughter of the late John Lennox, grocer, Stirling, aged 86 years.

M'WHANNEL.—At the Old Town, Dollar, on 10th April, Lily M'Whannel or Scott, aged 87 years.

DUDGEON.—At Ochilton Road, Dollar, on 9th April, Elizabeth Dudgeon, fifth daughter of the late James Dudgeon, aged 78 years.

DUNCANSON.—At Rosehead Cottage, Dollar, on 8th April, Jane Duncanson, beloved wife of Alexander White, ship carpenter.

M'CUAIG.—At Coventry, on 9th April, of pneumonia, Ian M'Cuaig (F.P.).

FLEMING.—At Walton Hospital, Liverpool, on 3rd April 1913, Jack Delemere Fleming (F.P.), 3rd Officer of SS. “Veronese,” which was wrecked on the coast of Portugal.

CRAWFORD.—At Edinburgh, on 13th March, James Crawford, foreman joiner to Mrs Snowdowne. Besides being Secretary to the local lodge of



A. Drysdale

IN THE ACADEMY GARDENS

Foresters, Mr Crawford was a prominent Freemason. He was buried with Masonic honours on 15th March.

SMITH.—At a Nursing Home in London, on 10th May, Sir James B. Smith, Knight, of Clifford Park, Stirling, and Bonnybridge, in his 68th year.

LINDSAY.—At Faerwood, Dollar, on 17th May, Ellen M'Mun, wife of William Lindsay, retired supervisor, aged 70 years.

CONNELL.—At Kenmore, Dollar, on 22nd May, John Connell, contractor and dairyman.

COLLIER.—At 457 Lansdowne Avenue, Westmount, Quebec, Susan Georgina Grace, second daughter of the late George Fetherstonhaugh, of Guelph, Ontario, and beloved wife of Frederick William Collier, formerly Postmaster-General of British Guiana.

ROBERTSON.—At East Bridge Street, Dollar, on 11th February, Elizabeth Lumsden, widow of John Robertson, master-joiner and cabinet-maker, founder of the firm now known as C. & J. Robertson. (We regret that, by an overlook, this notice was omitted from our last number.)

MASSEY.—At Montmorency Falls, on Sunday, 18th May, in her 75th year, Jane Wood Starke, wife of William M. Massey, of Southport, Lancashire, England, and mother of W. Morton Massey.

School Notes.

EXHIBITION DAY has been fixed for Friday, 27th June, when Mr Izat of Balliliesk will present the prizes.

We congratulate Mr Cumming, our Classical Master, on his appointment to the Headmastership of the Hermitage School, Helensburgh; and Dr Miller, our Science Master, on his selection as an Inspector of Intermediate Schools under the Irish Board of Education.

Mr Collyer, who for the past twenty-five years has filled the position of Music Master, has been forced to retire on account of the state of his health. His many former pupils will hear of this with regret, and will join in the hope that he may be spared for many years to enjoy his well-won leisure.

Mr M'Gruther is not yet able to resume his duties in the Technical Department, but we are glad to hear that his health is improving. Everyone hopes that he may soon be his old self again.

The entertainment given annually on behalf of the Athletic Club took a novel form this year when "The Mandarin," an operetta in two acts representing scenes in China, was presented on Friday, 28th February, and the following afternoon. The play opens with a vigorous chorus of villagers in the centre of a Chinese village, where the folks are awaiting the arrival of the Mandarin for the trial of a foreigner (Lieutenant John Smith) who has fallen into their

hands. The rôle of Mandarin was delightfully filled by William Purves; and the part of the Mandarin's daughter was taken by Miss Agnes Dowdeswell, whose fine soprano voice and splendid appearance on the stage were a source of perfect pleasure to everyone present. Hardly less delightful to watch and listen to was Miss Agnes Hunter, who has a voice of rich contralto quality. These two young ladies were well worthy of the beautiful bouquets presented to them at the Saturday performance. To Mr J. Calvert Wilson was allotted the difficult part of Lieutenant Smith, and he achieved in it a real triumph. Whether as prisoner "in the cage," or later, confronting the angry Mandarin, or in the more tender scenes, he was equally effective. Chang, Counsel for the prosecution, was played by Hamish Walker; and Chung, Counsel for the defender, by Mr Percy Walton, both of whom brought much enjoyment to the audience. Miss Helen Bonnar sang well as Do-rah-me, and Miss Christian Wilson made a very melodious minstrel. William Ovens as attendant on the Mandarin, J. L. Pollock as Colonel Bluesteel, and Jack Wiseman as Captain Bluff filled their parts well on Friday night, and Ian Clark and R. W. Colven are worthy of praise for the way in which they acted as substitutes on Saturday.

The chorus sang with fine spirit and precision, and were ably supported by a string orchestra with Miss Daisy Robertson at the piano. Not the least pleasing part of the performance was the dancing of "Fan" and "Umbrella" dances by a party of School girls.

Altogether the performances reflected great credit on all concerned, and Mr G. Dundas Craig, the conductor, thoroughly deserved the congratulations offered to him at the close of both performances.

Thursday and Friday, 29th and 30th May, were observed as holidays, and the 1st XI. travelled to Aberdeen to play a team got up by Mr Gladstone Falconer on Thursday, and Robert Gordon's College on Friday. In the former match the School was victorious by 130 runs to 107, and in the latter they suffered defeat by 4 runs.

On Friday evening, 16th May, Mr and Mrs Dougall entertained the staff, senior pupils, and recent F.P.'s to a most delightful dance in the School Gymnasium. There were about 120 present, and all enjoyed themselves to the full.

The *Sportsman* of 26th February, in reporting a match in which the Chartered Bank of India defeated the Customs' Sports by 2 tries to 1, says: "Sibold, an old Dollar boy, played a great game forward; and was always in the thick of the fight, both literally and metaphorically."

The annual business meeting of the Girls' Literary Society was held on 19th May, when the following office-bearers were elected for next session: Hon. President, Mr Craig; President, Miss J. F. Robertson; Vice-President, Miss Helen Bonnar; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Ch. Dudgeon; Committee—Misses J. Wilson, Sands, Norrie, and D. Stewart.

We are pleased to observe that C. J. Paterson has been elected Captain of the Glasgow 'Varsity 1st XV. for next season.

A very interesting function took place on Saturday, 24th May, when the new ash tennis courts were formally opened by Mrs Simpson, of Aberdona and Mawcarse. Professor Scott Lang, the popular Chairman of the Governors, presided over the proceedings, and in introducing Mrs Simpson, said that the tennis courts which were to be opened that day not only added to the equipment of the School on the sports' side, but also very materially improved the appearance of the School grounds. He was thoroughly in sympathy with all games that developed the physique of young people, and he was glad to have the opportunity of asking Mrs Simpson, the wife of one of his fellow-Governors who had distinguished himself in former years on the tennis courts of Dollar Institution, to open these handsome courts by serving the first ball.

Amid the plaudits of the numerous company, which included Mr and Mrs Kerr of Harviestoun, Mr, Mrs, and Miss Dobie of Dollarbeg, Mrs Haig and Miss Christian Haig, Kellysyde, Mrs Izat, Balliliesk, most of the Governors of the Institution, members of the staff and pupils, as well as a large number of other subscribers to the tennis court fund, Mrs Simpson served the first ball which—good omen may it be—was declared "right."

After the headmaster had proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs Simpson, and had also thanked all who had helped to make the tennis courts possible, Mr Simpson replied and called for a hearty cheer to Mr Dougall for all the trouble he had taken in collecting subscriptions and getting the tennis courts made. Thereafter Mrs Dougall entertained the company to tea in the Athletic Pavilion.

The Athletic Club Sports took place on Saturday, 26th April, and passed off with their usual success. The weather was dull and unpromising, but there was a large attendance of spectators. The competition for the Edina Cup was expected to be very keen, but Myers by his good jumping and fine running in the 100 and 220 eventually came in an easy first with 29 points. The prizes were gracefully presented to the winners by Mrs Izat, of Balliliesk. In the evening, former and senior pupils enjoyed a two hours' dance in the Institution Hall. The following is the prize list:—

- Drop Kick (School).*—1. Robert W. Colven. Distance, 50 yds. 1 ft. 3 in.
Place Kick (3 XV.'s).—1. W. Bennie. Points, 59.
Throwing the Cricket Ball (School).—1. W. Bennie. Distance, 75 yds. 0 ft. 10 in.
100 Yards' Race (School).—1. Myers; 2. Abbey. Time, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
100 Yards' Race for other Schools (under 11).—1. Macdonald; 2. Wilson.
100 Yards' Race (under 12).—1. D. Cruickshank; 2. Church.
220 Yards' Race Handicap (School).—1. Myers; 2. Abbey; 3. Muir. Time, 26 sec.
100 Yards' Race (under 16).—1. MacColl; 2. Bonthronne. Time, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
High Leap (School).—1. Myers; 2. Abbey and Wiseman (tie). Height, 5 ft. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
High Leap (under 13).—1. A. Watt and D. Cruickshank (tie). Height, 3 ft. 11 in.
Sack Race (School).—1. Neil; 2. A. Farmer; 3. H. Walker.
Quarter-Mile Race (School).—1. Wiseman; 2. Myers. Time, 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Half-Mile Race (under 16).—1. Bonthronne; 2. Harris. Time, 2 min. 32 sec.
100 Yards' Race (under 13).—1. D. Cruickshank; 2. A. Watt. Time, 14 sec.
Long Leap (under 14).—1. Shaw; 2. R. Gordon. Distance, 15 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
120 Yards' Hurdle Race (School).—1. Abbey; 2. Colven. Time, 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Obstacle Race (School).—1. Neil; 2. Chuan; 3. M'Reddie.
Long Leap (School).—1. Myers; 2. Wiseman. Distance, 18 ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

- 120 Yards' Race Handicap (F.P.'s).—1. C. Paterson; 2. Thornton. Time, 13½ sec.
 High Leap (under 16).—1. W. Bennie; 2. Macfarlane. Height, 4 ft. 7½ in.
 300 Yards' Race Handicap (under 13).—1. D. Cruickshank; 2. A. Watt. Time, 45½ sec.
 Mile Race (School).—1. S. Hill Murray; 2. Robertson; 3. Wiseman. Time, 5 min. 31½ sec.
 220 Yards' Race (under 15).—1. Bonthron; 2. Shaw. Time, 28½ sec.
 Quarter-Mile Race (F.P.'s).—1. C. Paterson; 2. Matthewson. Time, 57½ sec.
 120 Yards' Hurdle Race (under 14).—1. Shaw; 2. R. Gordon. Time, 22 sec.
 Putting the Weight (School).—1. MacColl; 2. Myers. Distance, 28 ft. 6 in.
 Half-Mile Handicap (F.P.'s).—1. M'Leish; 2. J. Robertson. Time, 2 min. 21 sec.
 Tug-of-War.—Winners, Foreigners. Captain, R. W. Colven.
 Consolation Race (under 14).—Bennie.
 Consolation Race (School).—Lucas.
 Edina Challenge Cup.—Won by Myers. Points, 29.

THE MAIDENS' WAIL.

A SONG OF THE SLACK SEASON.

Disconsolately, sighing greatly,
 Moves the maiden throng;
 Their evil fate and grievous state
 The subject of my song!
 "Oh, maidens, why, as days go by,
 That mournful note prolong?"

Maidens. No game to play (they wail each day)!
 And everything is wrong:
 For Hockey is "out"; we'll get Tennis, no doubt,
 But now there's not even Ping-pong:
 Oh, how we aspire to cross the barbed wire,
 And train—the boys among!

Poet. Nay, there's cricket—single-wicket—
 The pitch ten yards or so!
 See the bowler swiftly roll, or
 Send them high and slow!
 And the batter gently pat, or
 Daisies quaintly mow!

Now a fielder has revealed her
 Under-handed throw;
 And in chorus all, sonorous,
 Praises loud bestow!

But "lest ye should behead the culprit,
 Double-quick I'll go."

Maidens. Stay, Mr Poet (sure you know it
 Pours whene'er it rains!)
 You call to mind another kind
 Of game we have played at—"Trains":
 A football too you have seen us punt,
 So now "Adieu"—or rather, "shunt."

A. D.



A. Drysdale

A "MIKADO" GROUP

The football season ended for the 1st XV. with three wins to their credit. Against Heriot's they pulled off a strong game, and well deserved the 8 points scored.

The game against Glasgow High School was played on a very sticky field and this accounted for the low score. The XV. pressed almost all the second half, but the bad footing spoiled chances time after time.

For the first time on record the P.P.'s have lowered the colours of the F.P.'s twice in one season. It was expected that a determined effort would be made by the F.P.'s to retrieve their fortunes in the last match of the season. The effort was made but failed. The XV. played exceedingly well and kept the game going merrily all the time.

With the 2nd XV. matters stood rather differently. A wholesale slaughter by Stewart's College 1st XV. was expected as the opponents were far stronger than the 2nd. Against Glasgow High School at Glasgow, however, a draw was quite creditable.

For the cricket season now in progress Myers was elected Captain; MacColl Vice-Captain, and Wiseman Secretary.

Unfortunately the first two games had to be put off because of rain, so that there is little to report so far regarding the game.

At Edinburgh the 1st XI. beat Royal High School by 8 runs and 5 wickets. Morgan bowling for the XI. had 6 wickets for 15 runs—a very fine performance indeed in his first game. Wade batting made 27 with careful hitting, and Purves and Walker both reached double figures.

Against Glasgow Dollar Academy Club the XI. came down; Wade again being top scorer with MacColl and Dodds next.

For the Glasgow Club, W. Watson came out top in the batting list, a position he enjoyed in last season's F.P.'s game also. C. Strachan, C. Walker, and G. Falconer all added considerably to the downfall of the School XI. Wade had the best bowling average for the School, taking 3 wickets for 11 runs.

With the 2nd XI. the rain spoiled the opening games, and against Royal High School they had first blood, winning by 87 runs to 51 runs. In the return game with Morrison's Academy a rot set in and there was a succession of ducks which made any hope of victory disappear. Morrison's went down quickly at first, but the fifth man in steadied down, and soon runs came until 76 was totalled for their 10 wickets against the 2nd's 29.

The 3rd XI. and 4th XI. have both played, but the 3rd have only 1 win to their credit and 1 loss.

The Quint games are in full swing, and some very smart work is being done in the games. The fielding is very good and smart. Chuan's dismissal of Devon was a fine piece of work—7 wickets for 11 runs; whilst Morgan capped this performance by taking 6 wickets for 7 runs against MacNabb. So far, the league table stands as follows :—

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

The ash courts referred to elsewhere in the Notes are open to the boys at the following times—

Monday, all evening.

Thursday, all evening.

Tuesday, all afternoon.

Friday, all afternoon.

Wednesday, all evening.

Saturday, all evening.

The arrangement allows every member to have at least four half-hour games each week.

We give the following statistics concerning the Tug-of-War teams:—

TUG-OF-WAR TEAMS.

British.

Age.	Name.	Height.	Weight.	Birthplace.
18	D. Smith - - - - -	Ft. In. 5 11 $\frac{1}{2}$	St. Lbs. 11 12	Lancashire.
17	W. Ovens (Capt.) - - - - -	5 10 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 3	Selkirkshire
14	G. Bonthron - - - - -	5 11	11 7	Fifeshire.
15	J. Harris - - - - -	5 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 1	Stirlingshire.
17	H. Robertson - - - - -	5 11	9 11 $\frac{1}{2}$	Kinross.
17	R. Beattie - - - - -	5 7	11 7	Clackmannan.
17	J. Foote - - - - -	5 11	11 1	"
18	W. M'Intyre - - - - -	5 5 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 9	"
133		46 4 $\frac{1}{2}$	87 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	
		Age.	Height.	Weight.
	Average - - - - -	16 $\frac{5}{8}$	Ft. In. 5 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	St. Lbs. 10 13 $\frac{1}{2}$
	Last Year's Average - - - - -	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 9	10 10

Foreigners.

17	E. Myers - - - - -	5 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 10	America.
17	R. W. Colven - - - - -	5 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 0	Argentine.
17	G. M'Clelland - - - - -	5 11 $\frac{1}{4}$	11 0	Argentine.
15	H. MacColl - - - - -	5 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 6	Java.
17	N. Bell - - - - -	5 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 0	India.
18	S. Murray - - - - -	5 10 $\frac{1}{4}$	9 12	China.
16	T. Bryce - - - - -	5 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 10 $\frac{1}{2}$	Spain.
17	R. M'Kenzie - - - - -	5 7 $\frac{1}{4}$	10 5 $\frac{1}{2}$	British Columbia.
134		45 8 $\frac{1}{4}$	85 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
		Age.	Height.	Weight.
	Average - - - - -	16 $\frac{3}{4}$	Ft. In. 5 8 $\frac{1}{4}$	St. Lbs. 10 9 approx.
	Last Year's Average - - - - -	17 $\frac{1}{4}$	5 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 8

Again the foreigners were lighter and the ages this year average practically the same.

The following matches have been played since we last went to press :—

FOOTBALL.

1ST XV.

2ND XV.

Opponents.	Points.		Result	Opponents.	Points.		Result
	For	Agt.			For	Agt.	
Heriot's College	8	0	win	Stewart's College, 1st XV.	0	64	loss
Glasgow High School	9	3	win	Glasgow High School	0	0	draw
F.P.'s	18	8	win				

HOCKEY.

1ST XI.

2ND XI.

Opponents.	Points.		Result	Opponents.	Points.		Result
	For	Agt.			For	Agt.	
Stirling High School	11	0	win	Dunfermline High School	5	1	win
Watson's College	0	4	loss				
F.P.'s	6	3	win				

Officers' Training Corps.

THE condition of the weather has made out-door drill almost impossible, but work has been carried on as well as could be done inside. Shooting has been the chief occupation for the last month, and the standard tests in both table A and table B have now been fired.

The following have qualified :—

IN TABLE A.

Sergt. Beattie, R.	Cpl. Watson, J.	Cadet Hope, L.
„ Cameron, J.	„ Ovens, W.	„ Brownlie, J.
Col.-Sergt. Myers, E.	Cadet Abbey, F.	„ Bonthrone, G.
L.-Cpl. Bryce, T.	„ Radford, C.	„ Harris, J.
Cpl. Roussac, J.	„ M'Niven, J.	„ Dodds, H.
„ Wade, J.		

IN TABLE B.

Sergt. MacColl, H.	Cadet Matthewson, W.	Cadet Macfarlane.
Cpl. Dougall, C.	„ Bleloch, J.	„ Lucas.
Cadet Smith, D.	L.-Cpl. Bwyer, R.	Sergt. Colven.
Cpl. Ferguson, D.	Cadet Dewar.	

In the examination for certificate "A," Colour-Sergeant E. Myers and Sergeant J. Cameron passed in the written papers, and have only the practical test to do at camp. This result is very gratifying, as both cadets had, at the time of examination, their other school examinations to work for. We expect a number to take the "A" certificate next year, and look to them to show their true military and patriotic spirit by taking a commission as soon as possible in some branch of the Army.

Camp is at Barry this year, and our contingent leave on 27th June for ten days. The O.C. informs us that a record number have handed in their

names for camp, and he expects to have as favourable a report on camp work as last year.

The whole corps are being equipped with new ammunition pouches and khaki aprons—the latter for field work and fatigue, saving the kilt from being stained or ill-used.

A contingent from Dollar, sixty strong, took part in the field day with the Scottish O.T. Corps at Rumbling Bridge.

It is a pleasure to us to know that the boys of the old School held the most prominent part of the defence, and held it so well that victory rested with their side. It speaks much for the tradition of the corps, and we hope that future years will bring fresh laurels.

The O.C. desires us to express his thanks to all those under him for the manner in which they responded to the task set them, for their alertness, steadiness, and fine endurance. He is certain that the cadets of no other corps could have held the position in like manner.

Mr Walton has passed examination "A" for promotion, and Capt. Wilson has been permitted to be attached to the Cameron Highlanders at Barry for training.

MR DRYSDALE wishes to make it clear that his initials in the School Notes of last December's issue were intended to refer only to the verses immediately above them. Of the football notes, only the three paragraphs on team statistics were from his pen.

The Greater Dollar Directory.

FORTY-SIXTH LIST.

- ANTHONY, R. M., Chatsworth, Penang.
 BAILLIE, J. FOXWARREN, Manitoba, Canada.
 COLLYER, ARTHUR H., 309 Great Western Road, Glasgow.
 MACKENZIE, MALCOLM A., Assist. Supt. of Police, Sirepur, Hathwa P.O.,
 Saran, Behar, India (Letters).
 BERESFORD, CHARLES, c/o Mrs Paterson, 24 Westmure Street, Glasgow.
 BERESFORD, R. G., Union Bank of Canada, Buchanan, Saskatchewan, Canada.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

- BAIGRIE, ROBERT, Fort Beaufort, Cape Colony.
 BLACKIE, The Misses A. M. and R. K., Abbeyview, Causewayhead.
 EVAN, C. CROSS, 2nd Batt. King's Regiment, Napier Barracks, Lahore Cantonment, Punjab, India.
 GIBSON, R. HALLIDAY, Bank of Nova Scotia, Toronto, Canada.
 HALL, WILLIAM, 182 Mance Street, Montreal.
 HENDERSON, A. LESLIE J., c/o Mrs Gray, 233 Kenmure Street, Pollokshields, Glasgow.
 HUTTON, Mrs GORDON, IAN, and DOUGLAS, 26 Nile Grove, Morningside, Edinburgh.
 MACNAUGHT, E. N., 95A Brisbane Street, Greenock.
 SCOTT, THOMAS, Gergask Schoolhouse, Laggan, Kingussie.
 TOD, Captain and Mrs, MORNA and SHEILA, Kelvinside Gardens, Glasgow.
 WHYTE, JAMES, 51 Carleton Road, London, N.

In our last issue Dr J. W. Simpson's address was, by an error, given amongst the changes. He is still resident at 19 Lansdowne Crescent, Edinburgh.

The address of Mrs Simpson, sen., is 3 Greenhill Place, Edinburgh.